

pathy. In Washington, opposite my window on Sixteenth Street, there was a lawn on which young grass was growing. This lawn touched the sidewalk, and there was danger of its being stepped upon. The proprietor fixed a sign there with this inscription: 'Give the grass a chance,' and no one trespassed. That proprietor knew the American soul.

To close, it is the common proprietorship of the moral ideal which will keep living the fraternity between American and French universities. The force and value of this ideal have manifested themselves during the war. The hesitations and trials which shook

the past world of education were due to the fact that the kind of man education ought to form had not been strictly defined. Alongside of our conception, another existed, mechanical, brutal, and morally inferior, yet one which some thought might produce a better intellectual discipline and a more powerful social organism. To-day the world knows; we know which ideal alone can give strength to many peoples fighting side by side for a common ideal. Let us advance along this road without hesitation. We shall walk side by side, Frenchmen with Americans, for the greater good of France, America, and Humanity.

La Vie Universitaire

AUTUMN SONG

BY RUTH MANNING-SANDERS

TURN now to sleep — the air is filled with dreams;
Over the meadow grass the small winds creep
With scarce a sound, the yellow sunshine clings
'Mong trees where still birds rest with folded wings,
And on a withering branch a robin sings
Of sleep.

Turn now to sleep — for darkness will be soon,
And mists like thoughts that slumber. Mortals keep
With lighted lamps a watch on wintry hours;
But you shall turn, with all your trees and flowers
And garnered sunshine, to the quiet bowers
Of sleep.

The Westminster Gazette

SEPHINA

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

BLACK lackeys at the wide-flung door
Stand mute as men of wood.
Gleams like a pool the ball-room floor —
A burnished solitude.
A hundred waxen tapers shine
From silver sconces; softly pine
'Cello, fiddle, mandoline,
To music deftly wooed —
And dancers in cambric, satin, silk,
With glancing hair and cheeks like milk,
Wreathe, curtsy, intertwine.

The drowse of roses lulls the air
Wafted up the marble stair.
Like warbling water chucks the talk.
From room to room in splendor walk
Guests, smiling in the aery sheen;
Carmine and azure, white and green,
They stoop and languish, pace and preen,
Bare shoulder, painted fan,
Gemmed wrist and finger, neck of swan;
And still the plucked strings warble on;
Still from the snow-bowered, link-lit street
The muffled hooves of horses beat;
And harness rings; and foam-flecked bit
Clanks as the slim heads toss and stare
From deep, dark eyes. Smiling, at ease,
Mount to the porch the pumped grandees
In lonely state, by twos, and threes,
Exchanging languid courtesies,
While torches fume and flare.

And now the banquet calls. A blare
Of squalling trumpets clots the air.
And, flocking out, streams up the rout;
And lilies nod to velvet's swish;
And peacocks prim on gilded dish,
Vast pies thick-glazed, and gaping fish,
Towering confections, crisp as ice,
Jellies aglare like cockatrice,
With thousand savors tongues entice.