

so I turn the manuscript over to you. Take it back to her and plan for a serial; she will send one next time."

Mr. Marsh gloomily tucked the story away in his desk, wondering how Halsey had guessed so straight about the serial.

He wrote three letters next day, and tore all of them up. He finally despatched 'The Search for Sylvia Sherwood' with a brief note saying that he would pass through the town on the following Saturday, and would call and explain. On Monday he told Halsey of it, and that individual was wicked enough to cough sententiously.

"I told her," said Bert, as he straightened the pins on his cushion, "that she couldn't write, that the second story was even worse than the first, and that you said so."

"And she wept on your shoulder."

"No, she didn't. She was angry, mad. She said that she would prove to you that she could write. That was after I told her that you said she never could write. I couldn't tell her that I thought so too. Her eyes are so big and brown that a man couldn't say such a thing to her face. She is going to study style, and I made out a list of books for her to read."

"Exactly. And you are going to take them to her next Saturday, when you go to your Sister Anna's."

"Exactly. It is the best thing I could do, to set her to reading. While she is

studying she won't write, and after she has studied a while she will see that she can't write. It is an excellent plan."

"My Saturday class in journalism," Halsey murmured, as he went out to luncheon.

It was the usual thing for the editor to ask his associate on Monday morning how his class in journalism prospered. There had been no manuscript from Miss Pratt for several weeks, and he sometimes asked Bert when his pupil would graduate.

"Bert," the editor asked one morning, "did you ever find out why E. H. P. wanted money so badly? What did she want it *for*, rather?"

"Bicycle," said Mr. Marsh laconically. "You have had the fever yourself, and you ought to sympathize."

"I do. If I had known that she wanted the money to buy a bicycle I should have been tempted to buy the story. I supposed that she wanted money for extras, like bread and shoes, not for a necessity. Has she got her wheel yet?"

"Yes; that is, she has part of one. We have a tandem."

"A tandem!" Halsey got up and kicked the waste basket over. "If you have gotten so far as that, I suppose I may as well say, 'Bless you, my children.'"

"I don't mind if you do," said Bert, flushing a little.

*Adelaide L. Rouse.*

#### DIANA.

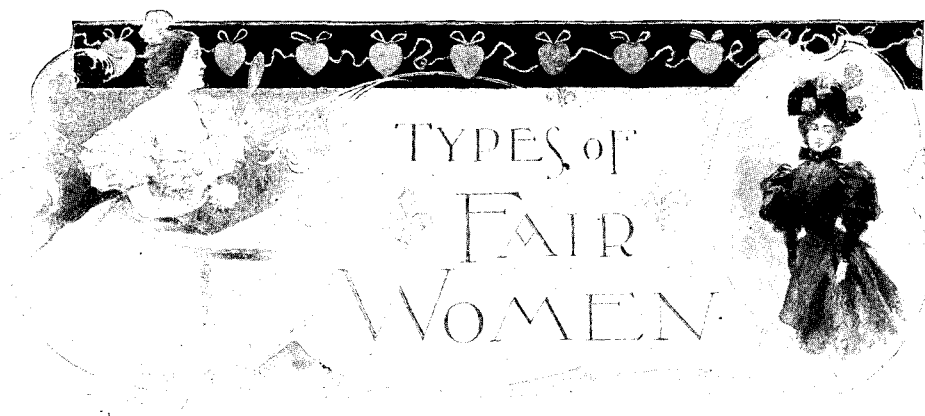
ONE swift caress, too sudden to be stayed,  
And all the peeping world of gods and men  
Have shared thy secret, pale, impassioned maid!  
And Dian, huntress, free and unafraid,  
In magic mail is never armed again.

Light Venus' smile, stern, silent Zeus' frown,  
Men's magpie chatter, pierce thy pride for this—  
That the cold queen of vestals once stooped down  
From her white loneliness, Love's brow to crown  
With one sad, sacred, all renouncing kiss.

Thus woman weakness strives with strength divine!  
Oh, shame, to gaze within the sheltering grove  
Where lips that scarcely touched love's tempting wine  
Turned thirsting from the draft they must resign:  
"Nay! not for Dian god's or mortal's love."

All vain! The trees have told, the zephyrs spied,  
And linked forever with thy goddess name  
The secret that thy woman's heart would hide.  
Ah, graceless eyes that would not glance aside,  
Be hers the honor, yours the immortal shame!

*Louise Belts Edwards.*



It takes a long time to kill a libel, and a longer to prove that an old charge, once true, is true no more. When a few writing foreigners had discovered America, in those early days when American discoveries were accepted somewhat as the reports of African explorers are received today, our American women were supposed to have been pictured for all time; preserved in good literature like flies in amber. The American girl has shown her radiant self to such advantage that her beauty and charm have been forced

upon the civilized world as a fact; but there are still certain classes of foreigners who believe that the American matron is a toothless, sallow creature, sitting in a hotel rocking chair and eating pickles.

Mrs. Trollope and Mr. Dickens accomplished this for us when they pictured some phases of American life in the days when St. Louis and Cincinnati were frontier towns. Even our own—or once our own—Henry James added tints to the picture when he created *Daisy Miller's* mother. Mr.



Miss Alice Lee Moore.

From a photograph by Fäber, Norfolk.