

her. This is what any one standing where she was would have seen:

A mocking imp within
each eye
Hath Judith dear.
so as I
fear—clear

Oh, Judith hath 2 mocking

imps
Behind her eyes
glimpse
surprise

Oh, Judith's eyes

When Dr. Starr returned, Judith's eyes were fixed demurely on the view from the window.

"Give me a very nice lotion, please, Herr Doctor," she said, smiling at him; "something that will make my eyes a bluer blue. They're too gray."

Starr had a dismayed recognition that she had slipped away from him in that unwise interval. She had by some subtle move seized back that intangible advantage, the upper hand. He felt the desperate necessity of getting it back, but the new illumination had vanished, leaving him in stupid darkness.

"They're quite blue enough for safety," was all he could muster, and he knew that this was poor.

"Oh, they're blue enough for ordinary occasions; but tonight I must be unnecessarily beautiful," she said in a happy little voice that completed his undoing.

"Good by. Thank you a thousand times, Dr. Starr," she said with a flippant little handshake in mid air. "I shall expect you to come soon and see if you can't find something else in my eyes." And she went away with a maddening little laugh.

Starr dropped down at his desk and, seeing a scribbled paper there, started to tear it viciously across. A few lines in another writing checked his hand. Beneath his staggering scrawls was written clearly:

He found the mote in Judith's eye
And eased the sting;
He saw the mocking imps that lie
Within its ring;
But something else he quite passed by—
The stupid thing!

Starr gasped, then flung back his head and laughed gloriously. Then he sprang to his feet. But the front door had already slammed.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

"THE GIRL WITH VIOLETS."

HE was a modest little lion, gentle in voice, shy in manner. There was a definite, artistic nicety about his clothes, and the ends of his mustache were so exquisitely pointed you suspected he used them for paint brushes.

Elise, whose sacred glove, worn when shaking hands with Hobson, was now

hung up with red, white, and blue ribbon, was perfectly radiant with reflected glory as she walked beside this artist celebrity. Her one gnawing regret was that he had invited her in the morning, when the art gallery was exasperatingly deserted.

Maurice Griswell, on the other hand, was blissfully satisfied. It was all turning out as he had fondly planned—the quiet moment

when they could go into the green room alone, and stand together before "The Girl with Violets." And then suddenly she would look up, and they would recognize each other—the living girl beside him, and the no less real girl of his idolized picture. And then—then he would tell Elise everything; tell her of those dull, dark days when his sensitive nature was stifled and deadened by the stern, ugly poverty of his boyhood; of the saving grace of the spring violets behind the log cabin, with their sweet voices whispering patience and hope to



"NOTHING MAKES ME SO FURIOUS
AS SUCH A TITLE."

his listening ear as he lay among them, seeing visions and dreaming dreams; would tenderly show her how, in the depth of his soul, gradually had been woven together the aspirations of the long ago and his realized ideal of the present—how forever and ay she would be the girl with violets to him!

His heart was beating it all out tumultuously, but his voice was very quiet and

is so utterly senseless. Any one could see for himself that it was a girl, and—well, perhaps it is just as well to label the violets; they are so streaky. Oh, I like twenty three so much! Isn't it a gem? There's a story in *that*! What is the matter? Have you a headache?"

Maurice Griswell slowly took his hand down from his eyes. "It—it isn't my head," he said very gently. "I—I find



SHE BABBLER TRIVIALITIES FOR ONE WHOLE, BRUTAL HOUR.

commonplace as he turned to her and said, "Let us go into this little room first."

He thought they would never come to it, though he so well knew how near the door it hung.

"Twenty two," said Elise, and his very life seemed to pause. But she had only given a hasty glance at the number, looking down at the catalogue before she had really seen the picture itself.

"Twenty two—'The Girl with Violets.' The artist's name is not given, so he can't be much," laughed Elise. Then, pointing, she continued petulantly, looking indifferently at the portrait: "Nothing makes me so furious as such a title as that. It

the light is not what I expected this morning, and—the disappointment is very great. Let us go into the main hall, if you don't object."

And amused at the sudden whim of genius, she gaily acquiesced, and serenely babbled trivialities for one whole, brutal hour.

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"It seems so funny to come here twice the same day," smiled Elise, as she and Archie Peyton entered the art gallery together. "This morning, when I was with Maurice Griswell——" she paused for emphasis, but Peyton, who, unfortunately, didn't know he was to be impressed, interrupted ruthlessly: "Let's go in here

first," and he steered toward the green room on the right.

"I've got a picture in here that I want to show you. I look on it as my very own, because I discovered it."



"Why, it is number twenty two—'The Girl with Violets,'" cried Elise, laughing.

"It is—you," he said rapturously.

"I? You are surely joking. I don't think it looks a bit like me."

"Not at a glance, perhaps, not as you are at any one moment; but it is the way I myself would have painted the dear face that has been with me all through my college years, and that has made a man of me, Elise."

"But I—I don't think the violets are very natural, anyhow—Archie," she faltered, casting down her beautiful eyes.

"They are dream violets too, dear," he said softly. "They aren't just ordinary flowers; they stand for all that's fine and sweet and—exalted. You go together because—oh, Elise, won't you be *my* girl with violets always?"

"Hush!" she whispered back, turning her beaming face from him, "there's some one in the doorway."

"Confound him! It's that bore, Maurice Griswell. What business has he to be hanging around here?"

Katherine S. Brown.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE.

THE woman in gray, crowded into a corner of the great drawingroom, gazed at the gay company of smartly attired individuals that barred her way to the door, and sighed dismally.

She was hot and tired and bored. She loathed a crowd—she detested these inane teas which nobody liked and everybody came to. She had met all the bores of her acquaintance, and none of her friends, and she was fretted and annoyed by the miserable little contretemps she had just taken part in.

It seemed a queer thing that, out of the entire throng about them, her hostess should have selected the one woman in the world she detested, to present to her.

The sudden flush that had burned her cheek when she and Martha had been so suddenly brought face to face, seemed to sting there still. A murmured word of acknowledgment to her hostess, a haughty lifting of the head and

lowering of the eyes, and a little step into the crowd, and they were parted. Now all there was to do was to forget it and think of something pleasant. She was annoyed at herself for finding this a difficult thing to do.

It had been three long years since she and Martha had been brought in such close contact—two persons may go daily to the same places and move in the same society, and yet, if they desire, avoid each other as easily as though a sea rolled between them.

Martha was changed. Even in that brief glance this afternoon she had noticed how much older and worn she had grown. She recalled now the fact that she had heard in some indirect way that her youngest child was sickly and had

"THEY ARE DREAM VIOLETS TOO, DEAR."