

"Don't be esoteric about Hilary. I can't bear it. Tell me what color my eyes are, or that my character is perfect."

The motor whirled rhythmically. A dew that was half a frost had settled on the pavements and silvered the long stretch of road before them. The lights, as they passed, were no longer points of flame, but blurred and nebulous. Wilfred was silent.

"Please talk to me," Dorothy besought pathetically. "Don't be a brute when I'm crying!"

"I shall be a brute if I talk to you." Wilfred's breath was coming sharply, unevenly. "Your eyes are a deep, sea-going green. Your character is eminently suited to them. You have a beautiful soul, and are altogether one of the most beautiful beings God ever made." He moved deliberately closer, the leash of his control

slipped only for a minute, but in that minute he took her in his arms. "And you're mine, mine, mine!" he cried.

"Oh, very well!" Dorothy said docilely. Then she put her arms close about his neck and sighed. "If you had only done this before, you haven't any idea of the amount of trouble you would have saved me."

It was not until the cab, striking a bad bit of asphalt, jolted them roughly apart that Dorothy spoke again. Wilfred lost no time in placing her head back on his shoulder; but the continuity of her mental processes had been broken for an instant, and her ruling passion automatically asserted itself.

"Isn't there some place on the way home, dear," she asked with a dazzling smile, "where we could stop and get some oysters?"

NIGHT SOUNDS

THERE clung a silence to the land,
Unbroken since the set of sun;
Then, from the garden, still and dun,
A cricket chirruped close at hand.

The moon rose great and slow and cold
Above the woodlands far away;
The shadows of her ghost of day
Were softly dark about the fold.

Then lowed the kine, as if in fear;
Slowly and mournfully they lowed,
Disconsolate. Far down the road
A shot, a cry! A man drew near.

Reeling, he labored toward the gate,
Then on the ancient door-step crashed;
Forth from the room a woman dashed,
To see the life-blood of her mate.

Above his silent breast she screamed.
His setter sprang against its chain,
As, shaft by shaft, beyond the grain
The battle's sudden search-lights gleamed.

Soon tumult wakened left and right,
As, to the roar of gun and shell,
The tempest of the man-made hell
Rushed flaming on the shattered night.

A moment, and the mourner lay
Dead by her dead. A little more,
And that red hurricane of war
Swept, trampling, on its human prey.

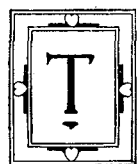
But though the loosened thunders wild
Sprang ceaseless from the battle-gloom,
A quiet breathing in the room
Told of the slumber of their child!

George Sterling

The New King of Roumania and His Family



by Svetozar Tonjoroff



HE earliest civilized sovereign of the country known as Roumania was the Roman emperor Trajan, who invaded and conquered it in the first years of the second century of the Christian era. The latest is King Ferdinand of the house of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, a distant kinsman of the German Kaiser, who succeeded to the throne on October 10, on the death of his venerable uncle, King Carol I.

In the intervening two thousand years a good many things have happened to Roumania. Established by Trajan as a Roman colony under the designation of Dacia—pronounced *Dah-chia* by its people to-day—the country between the Danube and the Theiss was overwhelmed by successive waves of invasion and conquest. Among the races whose hosts have trampled the soil of the ancient Dacia are the Goths, the Huns, the Nogai Tatars, the Petchenegs, and the Turks.

Each of these conquering races has left its stamp upon the Roumanian people as their neighbors know them in the present year of grace—or disgrace, if you prefer it so. Through all these crushing hazards of change, however, they have remained Latins. *Român*, the modern Roumanian calls himself—a Roman. His language,

despite a sprinkling of Slavic or Bulgarian and of Turkish, is Latin—perhaps the nearest approach to the sonorous tongue in which Cato persistently reminded the Senate that Carthage must be destroyed. His feelings are intensely Latin. His new king, despite the accidents of German birth and German training, earnestly tries to be as Latin as he can. The king's son, Crown Prince Carol, has succeeded in becoming a Latin. Hence his great popularity with the people upon the steps of whose throne he stands.

When King Carol breathed his last amid the shadows of the Carpathian Mountains at Sinaia, he left an iron crown and a grave problem to his nephew and successor. The crown and the problem were inseparable, as is often the case with such bequests.

The crown had been fashioned out of the base but indestructible metal taken from a Turkish cannon captured by the Roumanian soldiers at the siege of Plevna, or Plevna, in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. It is of heavy bulk—how heavy the new king has perhaps yet to discover.

The problem was the outcome of the fact that Transylvania was under the sovereignty of the Hungarian part of the dual empire. Transylvania, any ethnologist or politician in Bukharest will tell you, is inhabited by Roumanians in the ratio of