

the preacher, nor his spirit of companionship with children, nor his understanding of the child's point of view. These the reader

must imagine for himself as best he can as he reads this sermon about the man that swallowed himself.

## II—THE MAN THAT SWALLOWED HIMSELF

BY HENRY SLOANE COFFIN

Boys and girls, I suppose you have all seen performers of tricks who pretended to swallow an egg, or a baseball, or even a sword; but I don't believe any of you have ever heard of a man who could begin with his toes and swallow down his entire self. If you will look up in your Bibles, when you go home, the Book of Ecclesiastes, and turn to the twelfth verse of the tenth chapter, you will read, "The lips of a fool will swallow up himself." You see, the Bible does not consider this man clever, for it calls him a fool; and surely he is a fool, for who would like to swallow himself, so that all that people saw of him was his mouth? How would you like to be thought of as just a mouth?

What sort of a man do you think the Bible is describing?

We all know boys and girls who brag. Some boy says, "I can jump two feet high;" and Mr. Bragger at once remarks, "That's nothing; I can jump twenty feet high." A girl happens to mention that her mother has a new dress, and Miss Bragger speaks up, "I don't think that's anything; my mother has a new dress every day." Now nobody pays much attention to Mr. and Miss Bragger. People say of them, "They're just talk." Their lips have swallowed them up, and people think of them only as mouths.

Again, we unfortunately all know boys and

girls who say unkind things about others. Nobody trusts them, for you may be sure that the person who says mean things of others to you will say mean things of you to somebody else. You do not want such children for your friends; you do not want to walk with them to school or to play with them. Their unkind lips have swallowed them up; we think not of them, for they may have some very attractive things about them, but we think of those sharp lips. We lose sight of everything about them and see simply their mean mouths.

Again, I am afraid we all know boys and girls who say things that are untrue. No one ever feels safe with any one who has once told him a lie. We have heard men and women saying, "Yes, I know that So-and-So has agreeable manners, and is bright at his lessons, and can be very entertaining and obliging, but he tells stories, and I don't believe a word he says." His mouth, his mouth that lets the truth out so crooked that it is all twisted and bent and no one can recognize it as the truth, his mouth has swallowed him up. There is no boy left to trust, no girl left to respect. What a terrible thing it is to have lying lips swallow you up, so that nothing remains of you for people to admire and honor and love!

The lips of a fool will swallow up himself.

## AN EXILE

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I can remember the plaint of the wind on the moor,  
 Crying at dawning, and crying at shut of the day,  
 And the call of the gulls that is eerie and dreary and dour,  
 And the sound of the surge as it breaks on the beach of the bay.  
 I can remember the thatch of the cot and the byre,  
 And the green of the garth just under the dip of the fells,  
 And the low of the kine, and the settle that stood by the fire,  
 And the reek of the peat, and the redolent heathery smells.  
 And I long for it all though the roses around me are red,  
 And the arch of the sky overhead has bright blue for a lure,  
 And glad were the heart of me, glad, if my feet could but tread  
 The path, as of old, that led upward and over the moor!

# THE WORLD OF A SINGLE CELL

## FIRST STORY

### THE CHECKERBOARD SQUARE

BY GEORGE KENNAN

*This is the first of a series of four stories relating to Russian prison life and other conditions growing out of Russia's autocracy and oppression of all who believe in the freedom of the Russian people. A second story by Mr. Kennan, continuing the narrative of "The World of a Single Cell," will bear the title "The Girl in Number 59."—THE EDITORS.*

ONE hot, sunny forenoon in July, as I sat reading the morning paper in a front room of the Hotel d'Angleterre in St. Petersburg, Maxim, the uniformed messenger of the American Legation, appeared at my door and said:

"His Excellency the Minister directs me to inform you that there is a package in the post-office for you from Siberia, addressed in care of the Legation. The police say that it must be opened and examined before it is delivered. Do you wish to be present at the examination, or would you prefer to have his Excellency send some one from the Legation to represent you?"

I hardly knew what reply to make. Impulse prompted me to go to the post-office myself, but Siberian experience had taught me caution, and, after a moment's reflection, I decided not to put myself in a position where I might be questioned by the police with regard to a package of whose contents I was ignorant. Nearly all of my friends and acquaintances in Siberia were political exiles or convicts, and they might have sent me almost anything, from a collection of pressed flowers to a revolutionary manuscript.

"Tell his Excellency," I said to the messenger, "that if he can send some one from the Legation to get the package I shall be greatly obliged."

An hour or two later Maxim again appeared, bringing in his arms a good-sized roll, or bundle, which had been sewn up in coarse linen, sealed with red wax, and addressed to me, in English as well as in Russian, with a broad-pointed pen. The covering had been slit with a knife, and through the opening I could see a wad of cheap cotton cloth which had apparently been stuffed back into the package without much care after the examination.

"What is it?" I asked the messenger.

"God knows!" he replied, piously. "It looks like one of my wife's old dresses."

Turning back the coarse linen wrapper, I took out a roll which seemed to be made up of strips of dirty, smoke-stained calico, twelve or fourteen inches in width. There were a dozen or more of these strips, and their aggregate length must have been at least a hundred feet. The pattern of the cloth was Asiatic, and I remembered having seen material of the same kind used as a lining for Kirghis tents in the mountains of the Altai. But why should any one mail to me the torn-up and smoky lining of a Kirghis *kibitka*?

Intrinsically, it was not worth the postage paid on it, and it did not seem to be the sort of thing that any of my Siberian friends would be likely to send me as a curiosity. Until I unrolled the last strip I half expected to find something in the center; but there was nothing. Turning again to the wrapper, I examined the address; but it had been written in a careful copy-book hand, which was as legible as print, but which had no peculiarity that made it recognizable. The postmark was so blurred that I could not read it, and the seals bore the imprint of a Turkish or Tartar coin. Neither inside nor outside the package was there anything to show where it had come from or who had sent it. Again I went over the strips, shook them out, and piled them one by one in a heap. Nothing in the shape of a clue appeared. The secret of the package—if it had a secret—was undiscoverable. But it *must* have a secret! No one that I knew in Siberia was likely to suppose that I would be interested in an old Kirghis tent lining. It must either contain something or mean something. Could there be writing on the cloth? Seating myself with crossed legs on the floor, I went over the strips, one by one and foot by foot, with microscopic closeness of examination.