

strength to stand the trip to the coast, I'll see that your discharge papers are made out. You'll be no more good to the army."

The same inducement had previously failed to interest Saunders, but now he had determined to live, in the mighty inspiration of joy and hope renewed. He drank beef tea and begged for more, and when he flashed a feeble sputter of profanity because he was not allowed a bit of bacon, the ward became noisily cheerful. The captain of P Company was not a hard man, but he had suspected Saunders of malingering until the major-surgeon told him the private's hospital history, and how he had been saved from death by the miraculous intervention of the departed and flagrantly notorious "Shorty" Blake.

"Saunders isn't a bad soldier," said the captain, "but he's always been a bit too sentimental and broody. And if he's decided to save another funeral in the company, you'd better ship him home before he changes his mind. We can't feed him on another batch of such stimulating news if he slumps again. I'll look after his discharge papers, if you will certify him for disability."

It was three weeks later when Saunders, very thin and somewhat wobbly, waited in Nagasaki for the next transport homeward bound from Manila. He met a discharged corporal of Riley's Battery whom he had seen in hospital, and the gunner was eager to tell a highly colored tale whose peroration ran:

"And I was just in time to see the finish of 'Shorty' Blake's bombardment of Nagasaki, and it must have been a wonder all the way. They took him off to the transport in a sampan, with four little Jap policemen sittin' on his head and chest, and him kickin' holes in the cabin roof. The only night I was out with him he was playin' a game of turnin' rickshaws upside down, and sittin' on the axle, with the passenger yellin' murder underneath until Shorty got ready to move on. I asked him where he got all his money for rum and police-court fines, and he was that twistified with booze, he says:

"I ripped the mortgage off the old homestead like the hero in a play, and took my commissions like J. P. Morgan reorganizin' a railroad. If you don't believe it, ask the Jap whose name begins with a jade teapot."

GOD'S HOUR

By Julia C. R. Dora

O RESTLESS soul, canst thou not wait God's hour?

"Let there be light!" He said, and lo! the day

Gilded the mountain-tops, and far away

The dimpled valleys thrilled beneath its power,

Claiming the glorious sunlight as their dower.

A myth, a fable, that the wise gainsay—

An idle tale for children at their play.

Yet fable is fair truth's consummate flower!

Earth waited long till Day, unheralded,

Unsung, unprophesied, in splendor swept

A radiant presence through the Orient gates

Not unto us shall the last word be said;

Yet one sure secret have the ages kept—

Light breaks at last on every soul that waits!



BILL THE TRAPPER

By Mary R. S. Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY HUTT

THE long ribbons of Bill the Trapper's smart sailor hat blew against his face, and he shook them aside as he tightened the snaffle rein, and looked up anxiously to his big cousin's face.

"This is a very objectional horseback hat," he remarked. "I wish Mamma wouldn't make me wear it. And I wish Sir Galahad wouldn't always trot when I want to talk." Then he hastened on to the gist of the conversation. "Of course I know that dragons aren't a common thing. I suppose if there are any they're most extraordinary and unsuspected." Large words were a pleasure to Bill the Trapper, but he was not always fortunate in their use. "What I believe is that there may be just a few, just a very little few, of dragons left in the deepest wildernesses, that hardly anybody knows about. Don't you believe there might be just about that, Bob?"

The smooth forehead was wrinkled with earnestness and the innocent blue eyes were at once dreamy and keen; eyes from which looked out a buoyant soul that would see and seize joy and adventure in every dim place of childhood and of life.

"Don't you believe there are some dragons left, Bob?" The voice was of such tremulous eagerness that the cousin of fifteen hoary winters had not the heart to turn the hose of education on the fire of enthusiasm.

"It is hard to tell what there is in the world, Max," he said, and shook his head wisely. "Those big forests in South Africa, you know."

"Yes," assented the Trapper, with deep gratification. "In darkest Africa—that's where I hope to illuminate them. I'm going to—my plan is, you know, to go there when I'm big enough, and trap them. I shall invent monstrous traps of an entirely new kind—I've got the idea in my mind." The tense small face relaxed into a radiant smile, and the bow of his mouth puckered between dignity and pleasure. "That's why I call myself 'Bill the Trapper.' I wrote a poem about it—about dragons. Would you like to hear it?"

"Of course. A lot."

The little chap settled into his saddle happily, and his knees pressed Sir Galahad's fat sides as if caressing them. This was worth while. This new cousin was an immense improvement on John the groom, who knew nothing about dragons and touched his hat and said "Very good, sir," when Max recited poems. They walked their horses slowly through the sunshine and shadow of the bridle-path of Central Park, under the trees that were misty with the first golden leafage of spring, unconscious that other riders, trotting down the woodland way, all cast a second glance, or shifted in the saddle to watch admiringly the two handsome boys sitting so well their handsome mounts, and so prettily absorbed in each other.

"I call my poem 'The Fearful Night,'" Bill the Trapper announced, and turned his blue gaze inquiringly on his cousin. He was a trifle uncertain as to the title. But Bob's eyes were seriously attentive and