

THE CALL OF THE HEART

By Madison Cawein

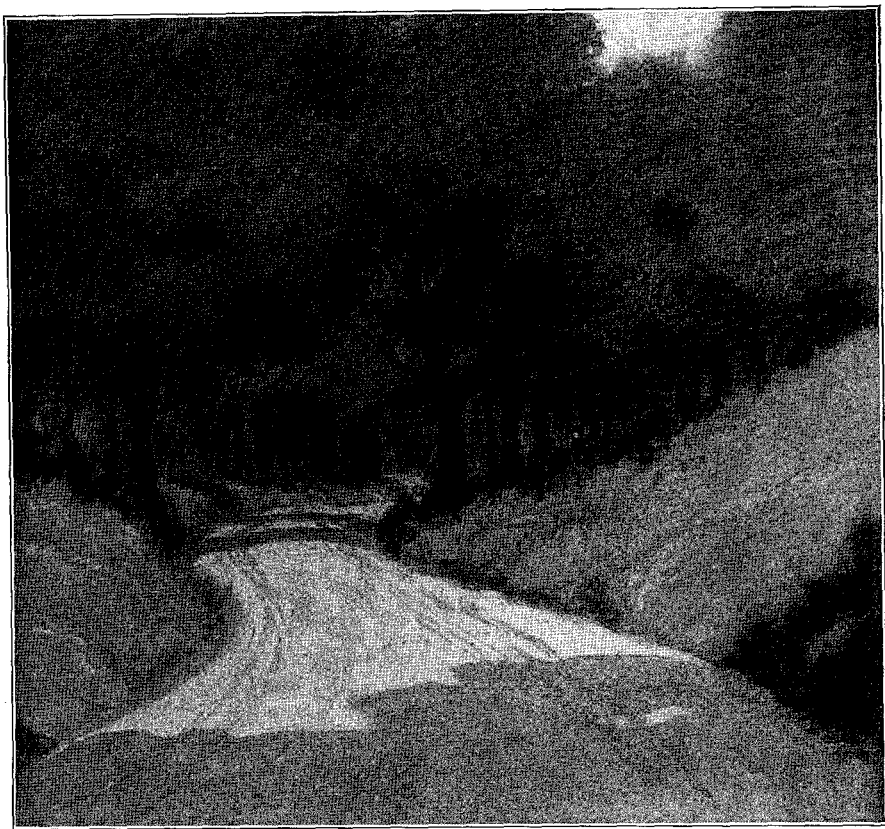
Oh, my heart is on the moorland,
On the old land, on the poor land,
Where it hears the heather calling
And the gorse shake with the bee!
Oh, it's there I would be lying,
With the clouds above me flying,
And blue beyond the black-thorn tops
A peep of purple sea.

Oh, my heart is on the moorland,
On the old land, on the poor land,
Where the gypsy-bands of dreams pitch camp.
The dark-eyed Romany!
Oh, it's there I would be dreaming,
With the sunset o'er me streaming,
With her beside my camp-fire there
Whose voice still calls to me.

With her, the light-foot maiden,
With her eyes so vision-laden,
That little sister to the flowers,
And cousin to the bee:
Oh, would that we were going
Against the moorwind's blowing
To meet the playmates that she knew,
That child of Faëry.

Oh, would that we were sitting
Beneath the wild-fowl's flitting,
Her dark eyes looking into mine
As stars look in the sea,
While, dim as autumn weather,
And sweet as scents of heather,
Our camp-fire trails its smoke of dreams
Like mists along the lea.

Oh, heart, there on the moorland,
The old land, and the poor land,
You're breaking for the gypsy love
You nevermore will see:
The little light-foot maiden,
The girl all blossom laden,
Departed with her people
And the dreams that used to be.



The charm of the unknown road, the invitation to explore, is the more alluring.—Page 579.

ROADS

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER KING STONE



ONE of the pathetic features of a large city is the fact that so many of the streets are numbered. A numbered street loses caste and dignity as a numbered person would. Consider the relative effect on the imagination of "West Forty-ninth" and "Great Jones" Street! Fifth Avenue has achieved an international fame, and rises above its number. But compare the imaginative quality of "Fourth Avenue" and "King's Highway"—most mouth-filling and splendid of appellations! I dare say you would be disappointed if you should see

King's Highway, as you may do on the trip to Coney Island. But its name gives it a dignity and a suggestion of an historic past which no Long Island realty company can quite take away from it, build they ever so many rows of uniform frame "homes."

No street, however, comes truly into its own until it shakes off the dust of town and lapses into a state of nature, becoming a road. Once a road, a name doesn't so much matter. Becoming one with the large, simple things of the country, it can assert its own dignity and charm without a tag. In the country you do not ask the name of the farmer jogging along; his face