

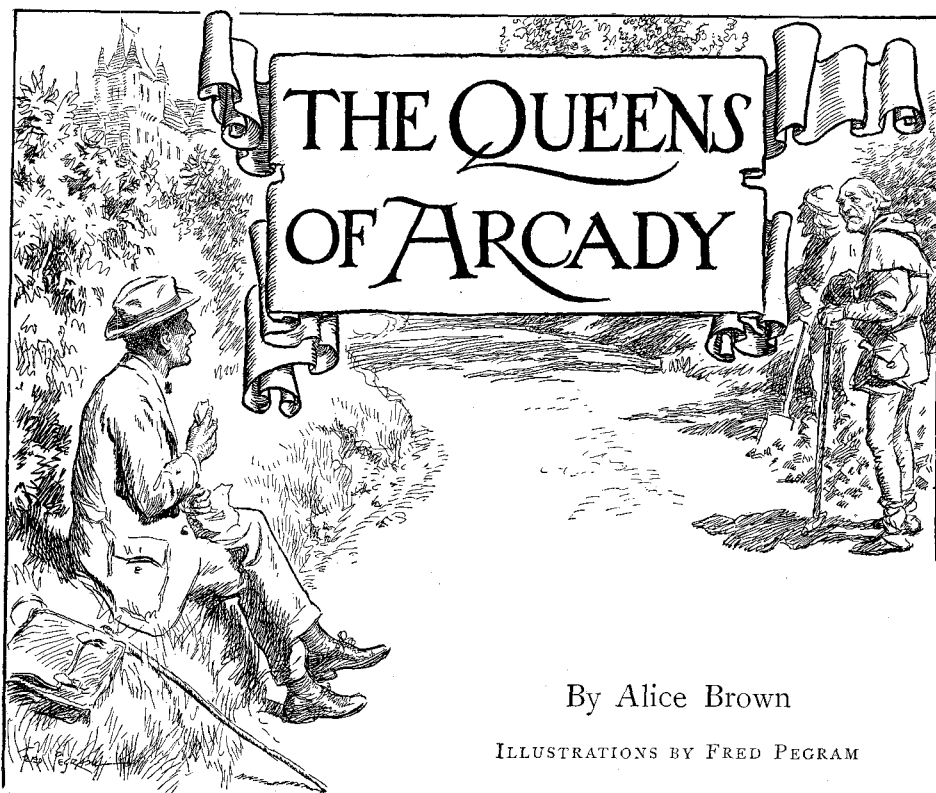
THE CALL OF BROTHERHOOD

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

HAVE you heard it, the dominant call
Of the City's great cry, and the Thrall
And the Throb and the Pulse of its Life
And the Touch and the Stir of its Strife,
As amid the dread Dust and the Din
It wages its battle of Sin?

Have you felt in the crowds of the street
The echo of mutinous feet
As they march to their final release,
As they struggle and strive without Peace?
Marching how, marching where, and to what?
Oh! by all that there is, or is not,
We must march too, and shoulder to shoulder!
If a frail sister slip, we must hold her,
If a brother be lost in the strain
Of the infinite pitfalls of pain,
We must love him, and lift him again.
For we are the Guarded, the Shielded,
And yet we have wavered and yielded
To the sins that we could not resist.
By the right of the joys we have missed,
By the right of the deeds left undone,
By the right of our victories won,
Perchance we their burdens may bear,
As brothers with right to our share.
The baby who pulls at the breast
In its pitiful purpose to wrest
The milk that has dried in the vein,
That is sapped by Life's fever and drain;
The turbulent prisoners of toil,
Whose faces are black with the soil
And scarred with the sins of the Soul,
Who are paying the terrible toll
Of the way they have chosen to tread,
As they march on in truculent dread—
And the Old, and the Weary, who fall—
Oh! let us be one with them all!

By the infinite fear of our fears,
By the passionate pain of our tears,
Let us hold out our impotent hands,
Made strong by Jehovah's commands,
The God of the militant Poor
Who are stronger than we to endure,
Let us march in the front of the Van
Of the Brotherhood Valiant of Man!



By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRED PEGRAM

HE was one of the most intrepid of our war correspondents, and his name was Mitchell. Something was being said about the creation of little imaginary kingdoms since the Prisoner of Zenda showed the way. One of us had smiled at the poverty of imagination visible in the efflorescence of multiple kingdoms, but it was somebody who had no more conception of the richness of cerebral life involved in even daring to infringe the Zenda copyright than he had of the force that goes to the bursting of buds in the spring.

"But you know," said Mitchell, "there really are those little kingdoms, rafts of 'em, if you're clever enough to hunt 'em down."

"You don't mean to tell me," said I, "that any inch of Europe lies there uncharted, waiting for your swashbuckling pen? That you can put out a careless finger, to the east presumably, somewhere round Bulgaria or Roumania, and hit a kingdom made to your hand?"

"Oh, but they exist," said he, with the irritating dogmatism of the man who has in his pocket the very fact that will floor

you, meaning to conclude later whether to bring it out.

"Where?"

"Oh, lots of places: men's minds, if you like."

My triumph this,—but I was not allowed to score.

"I could tell you what happened in one of those same kingdoms."

"Same latitude, I dare say, round the corner from Roumania?"

"Not so far away. We'll call it the kingdom of Arcady. Good old name. Stands for illogical content, makes you lubricated and expectant at the start. I dropped in there because for five years there'd been the most eccentric goings on. King Solon—I'm making up names—he'd died, and his wife, Queen Ismia, in the minority of the young prince, Belphebus, had been acting regent. The things that woman had done! To begin with, the king, some time before his death, had got up a report that a few of his former subjects living in the little province of Flos, nominally under the protection of the King of Altaria, were unjustly