

off all that was ugly or mortal and now, young and triumphant, poised here but a second before winging straight upward to clasp the stars. To see her dream thus return, Pierette gave a rapturous cry and sank, almost in worship, on the corner of that old carpet that, for her, circumscribed a world of magic. He made her a bow and paused while, as though for accompaniment, somewhere away in the night a bird waked and sang. Then clapping just once his palms together, he tumbled, sprang up and nimbly tumbled again, leaped into the air as though winged, passed and repassed, seemed to vanish, and reappeared from the shadows. Iridescent in the moonlight, his figure swayed to the breath of the wind, and the spangles on his costume quivered as they caught the light, as if the dew had changed them to drops of water. He played with the petals of the field-flowers, blew them into the air until they flew like birds around his head, and never one fell to earth; he held a burning hoop, passed through it, wore it around his neck, and fed himself with fire, smiling, and Pierette cried out and clapped her hands.

"Oh, monsieur, I will never doubt you again! I understand now; you said it couldn't be, only to make sure that I believed. I know now—you are the worker of miracles."

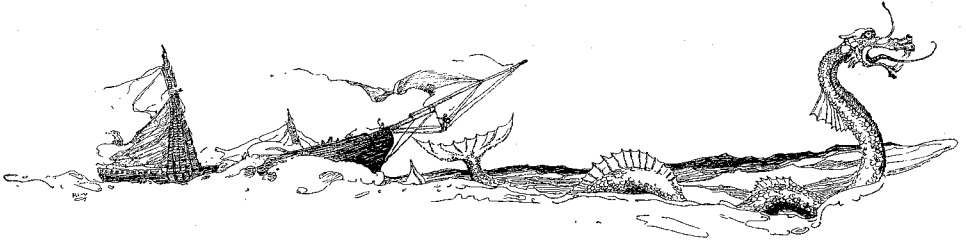
Then he came toward her, making mysterious passes, and she closed her eyes. She kept them closed a long while, a singular heaviness came upon her, and all around it grew silent and she felt alone. Far away in the distance now the bird sang again. "Shall I open now, monsieur?" she whispered, and no one answered. Then she opened her eyes. Beside her was the haystack, the hedge, the same long shadows on the moonlit road, only the wonder-worker was gone. She sprang up and there at her feet was her basket and in one corner the money; she picked it up, counting, and found it just as it had been, the big five-franc piece and all the little sous. Where was the magician? Would he ever come again? Then she pulled up her stockings, took her basket on her arm, and set out on the road, smiling to herself in the darkness at the thought of unforgettable things. Far in the other direction a bent figure with a pack on his back was trudging on to Pont de l'Arche.

"A few francs more or less! Well, what matter?" He gave a shrug. "She was droll, *la petite*—I would have been content had she come. But what was it she said? 'Each in his own place.' Perhaps she was not without reason. After all, first and last, one must always be an artist, *voilà tout*."

THE REGENTS' EXAMINATION

By Jessie Wallace Hughan

MUFFLED sounds of the city climbing to me at the window,
 Here in the summer noon-tide students busily writing,
 Children of quaint-clad immigrants, fresh from the hut and the Ghetto,
 Writing of pious Æneas and funeral rites of Anchises.
 Old-World credo and custom, alien accents and features,
 Plunged in the free-school hopper, grist for the Anglo-Saxons—
 Old-World sweetness and light, and fiery struggle of heroes,
 Flashed on the blinking peasants, dull with the grime of their bondage!
 Race that are infant in knowledge, ancient in grief and traditions—
 Lore that is tranquil with age and starry with gleams of the future—
 What is the thing that will come from the might of the elements blending?
 Neuter and safe shall it be? Or a flame to burst us asunder?



THE RAKISH BRIGANTINE

By James B. Connolly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

"Who wouldn't be a pirate bold
And rove the bounding seas?
And rove the seas in search of gold,
In search of gold, in search of gold?"

THAT was Wallie Whelan singin' t' himself on the steps 'f his father's store on South Street when I got along. This was the store where all the spy-glasses 'n' binnacles 'n' compasses was.

He sees me, 'n' "Look!" he says—"look, Hiker!" 'n' I looks. It was the jib-boom of an old brigantine stickin' up over South Street.

An' Wallie's father he comes out on the steps 'n' listens to Wallie. He was a fine man, Wallie's father—used to give me quarters 'n' half-dollars many a time. "When I was your age, Wallie," says Wallie's father, "'n' you, too, Hiker, I could walk along the East River 'most any day 'n' count a dozen ships from every sea there was. In those days it was like havin' a roof over yer head to walk along the river, so many ships flyin' jib-booms was pointin' in over South Street."

"Ah-h!" says Wallie, "those were the days, warn't they, papa?" 'n' I had to go with him 'n' stand under the jib-boom 'f this old packet so he could feel how it felt.

"A flyin' jib-boom," says Wallie—" 'n' there she lays, a rakish brigantine!"

"Where's she rakish?" I says.

"Why, all brigantines is rakish, Hiker—low, long 'n' rakish. And *black*," he says.

Well, she was black all right, though another couple o' coats of tar 'n' she'd

been blacker 'n' no harm done. And's for the rest of her, she was wall-sided as a ferry-boat, 'n' modelled off the kind the old fellows who sun themselves on the benches of the Battery used sometimes to tell about—the kind that used to be built in mile-lengths in those Down East ship-yards, 'n' when an owner wanted a new ship he'd come along 'n' lay down two or three or five or six len'ths of his fifty-foot tape, 'n' he'd say, "I'll take to here," 'n' the carpenters 'd get busy 'n' saw out what he'd measured off, 'n' they'd round off the corners for bow 'n' stern, 'n' he'd have 'bout as good a sea-goin' old coaster as any man 'd want.

A gang of darkies was hoistin' cocoanuts in baskets outer the brigantine. "Cocoanuts!" says Wallie, beginnin' to breathe hard. "Cocoanuts! Let's board her, Hiker."

An' we boards her. An' Wallie stands on her deck awhile 'n' watches the darkies hoist the cocoanuts out the hold 'n' swing 'em onto the dock. "Cocoanuts!" says Wallie. "Cocoanuts from Brazil!"

There was a tired-lookin' fuhler sittin' on two soap-boxes atop o' one another 'n' keepin' tally o' the cocoanuts in a little book, at the same time not forgettin' ter tell the darkies to get onto their jobs 'n' remember they was hired by the hour 'n' not by no basket. I'd seen him before many a time. He was the mate. Wallie steps over to him. "She has sailed the Spanish main, hasn't she?" says Wallie.

It was a hot kind 'f a mawnin', 'n' the tally clerk was sweating. He slews around