

down, he smoothed and stretched his leg. His eyes seemed closed. So a stone man might have stood! Till very slowly he limped on, passing out of sight. And turning from the window, Nedda began hurrying into her evening things.

When she was ready she took a long time to decide whether to wear her mother's lace or keep it for the Bigwigs. But it was so nice and creamy that she simply could not take it off, and stood turning and turning before the glass. To stand before a glass was silly and old-fashioned; but Nedda could never help it, wanting so badly to be nicer to look at than she was, because of that something that some day was coming!

She was, in fact, pretty, but not merely pretty—there was in her face something alive and sweet, something clear and swift. She had still that way of a child raising its eyes very quickly and looking straight at you with an eager innocence that hides everything by its very wonder; and when those eyes looked down they

seemed closed—their dark lashes were so long. Her eyebrows were wide apart, arching with a slight angle, and slanting a little down toward her nose. Her forehead under its burnt-brown hair was candid; her firm little chin just dimpled. Altogether, a face difficult to take one's eyes off. But Nedda was far from vain, and her face seemed to her too short and broad, her eyes too dark and indeterminate, neither gray nor brown. The straightness of her nose was certainly comforting, but it, too, was short. Being creamy in the throat and browning easily, she would have liked to be marble-white, with blue dreamy eyes and fair hair, or else like a Madonna. And was she tall enough? Only five foot five. And her arms were too thin. The only things that gave her perfect satisfaction were her legs, which, of course, she could not at the moment see; they really *were* rather jolly! Then, in a panic, fearing to be late, she turned and ran out, fluttering into the maze of stairs and corridors.

(To be continued.)

MAGDALEN TO CHRIST

By Amalia Josephine Burr

MASTER, what work hast thou for me—
For me, who turn aside for shame
Before the eyes of mine own blame?
Thou seest, Lord—

I see.

*That shame for me thou shalt endure
That thou mayst succor souls afraid,
Who would not dare to seek for aid
The mercilessly pure.*

But must my heart forever show
These scars of unforgotten pain?
May it be never whole again?
Thou knowest, Lord—

I know.

*Those scars I leave thee for a sign
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest •
As on a mother's sheltering breast,
On that scarred heart of thine.*

WAR AND THE ARTIST

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS



BORN in the strife for sheer existence, uncounted years ago, the primitive instinct to fight still remains, undying, deep in the nature of all mankind. In all history wars have marked the advance of civilization; have been the final appeal to force in the cause of justice and liberty, and have brought in their paths progress and enlightenment. In all history the annals of the nations chronicle the cruelty and oppression of conquest, the enslavement of peoples, the hideous trail of death and devastation which lies in the wake of the storm of war. Patriotism and treason, sublimest courage and most abject cowardice, noble self-sacrifice and selfish ambition, love and hatred, compassion and cruelty, stand in strong contrast in its lurid light, giving story and picture comparable, in the power of their appeal to the emotions, only to the strength of passions aroused in the human heart of love of man for woman, of parent for child, or by blind religious faith, in the name of which the call to arms has so often sounded.

From the earliest days of history war has given inspiration to the artist, and the work of his hands comes down to us on the walls of ancient Egypt, worn with the passing of thousands of years; from the ruined temples of antique Greece built centuries before the Christian era. The picture-writing of primitive and savage peoples describes exploits of war; many archaic war pictures, brought to view after ages of burial under desert sands, bear much similarity to Indian drawings of our own near time and land. Once, years ago, away up on the Poplar River in Montana, I bought—bartered for, I suppose I should say, as the purchase was made mainly by the medium of tea, tobacco, and sugar—a “painted” robe right off the back of the war-chief of a band

of Yanktonais-Sioux our troops had “rounded up” and brought into the agency. The skin was a fine “Black-Bull,” tanned on the under side to the softness of the finest chamois leather and decorated with naïve pictorial representations of the deeds of war of old Kill-them-in-a-hole—as the soldiers translated the name given the chief, from some episode in his murderous career—which in color, in grace, and firmness of line were curiously like pictures from the pencil of some artist of the Egypt of old.

The glory of war is the theme; the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came through his personal might and prowess. The warriors of the Greeks are shown as models of virile strength and grace; their attitudes in the fury of combat lost nothing of artistic beauty in the realism of the rendering. The influence of the Greek masters of their art is evident in battle pictures of a time twoscore and more centuries later.

In the various epochs of European art the war picture is prominent; hundreds of paintings of combats and sieges in apotheosis of princes and potentates, some of them from the brushes of great masters, are spread on the walls of the palaces and galleries of Europe. Yet among the depictees of war in the seventeenth century there was one sturdy soul who rose in revolt against pictorial military sophisms. An engraver and etcher, Jacques Callot, “Noble Lorrain,” made his pictures of war to show war as it was actually waged; represented the soldier, the real fighting man, as he knew him, without fear or favor. In his scenes of battle and beleaguement his intelligent understanding of military science does not detract from but enhances the true artistic feeling in