

hundred and fifty pounds. I neither weighed nor measured him, but I could see he was far from being Old Bill. It had taken me one hour and fifteen minutes to land him, and it was a question during the last quarter of an hour which one of us would die first, and, as a matter of fact, during that time I didn't much care.

Next morning I caught two more tarpon—neither quite as large and neither

taking half an hour. And as I chugged past the Big Chief with the second tarpon he gave me fraternal greeting:

"You handled him pretty well."

That day, however, I heard that the young man on the yacht had killed a tarpon, a big one, in exactly sixteen minutes with his light tackle, and without taking him to the beach. Not yet had I learned it all.

SONNETS

By G. E. Woodberry

EDITH CAVELL

THE world hath its own dead; great motions start
 In human breasts, and make for them a place
 In that hushed sanctuary of the race
 Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.
 Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,
 A name to pray on, and to all a face
 Of household consecration; such His grace
 Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
 And knew no service save of Christ the Lord!
 Thy country now is all humanity!
 How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
 In the harsh scything of the German sword,
 And beautifies the world that saw it die!

PICQUART

PICQUART, no brighter name on times to be
 Thy country raises, nor all Europe vaunts,
 Thou star of honor on the breast of France,
 Soldier of justice; all men honor thee
 Who to false honor would'st not bow the knee,
 Nor parley with the time's intolerance;
 Thou art of those to whom the whole world grants
 The meed of universal memory.

Loyal to more than to thy sabre vows,
 Kissed on the sword and hallowed oft with blood;
 True to thy land's ideal of equal laws;
 Champion of human rights; about thy brows,
 Thy battles done, how fair thy laurels bud,
 Thou lying dead, a victor in man's cause!

HIS MITHER'S HAIRT

By L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON



HERE was no sound in the clean little kitchen save the thump of Jessie's rolling-pin as she rolled out the dough of her scones, pressed them into neat rounds with the cutter, and set them with a slap on the girdle.

But there was a most delicious smell in that kitchen: the smell of baking scones, scones made with buttermilk: a smell, individual, pungent, charged with agreeable anticipation—and only to be savored in the Land o' Cakes itself.

Jessie worked with the absorbed concentration of the artist, but her fresh, wholesome face was too grave for her twenty years, and her dress, almost completely covered by the large, coarse apron, was black.

An almost solemn hush seemed to pervade the cottage, and the atmosphere of the trim kitchen was permeated with sorrow. And this, in spite of the fact that the fire under the big iron "girdle" was clear and hot, and the kitchen—with its well-kept furniture, shining tins, and a dresser stacked with neatly arranged cups and plates—a most cheerful place, with gay chintz curtains drawn across the box bed in the wall, and a big, comfortable armchair covered with horsehair and adorned by a crochet "antimacassar" at the side of the fire.

As she stood by the hearth, poking her scones with a meditative forefinger, she heard a feeble, faltering step pass the window, and turned her head just as the door was opened and a little, frail, old woman came into the room carrying a newspaper in her hand. Jessie ran to meet her and led her tenderly to the chair by the fire, saying:

"Ye're sune back—ye didna' gae far, Mistress Macintosh."

The little old woman sat down heavily.

"No, Jess, I wasna' able tae gae the

hale lenth wi' my brither; my auld legs wadna' carry my heavy hairt."

She untied her bonnet-strings and leaned back in the chair, white-faced and spent.

"I tell't ye I thocht ye was no fit to gae," Jess murmured reproachfully. "Hoo far did ye get?"

"Just tae the post-office. Adam bocht some snuff frae Mistress Guthrie, an' I bocht a paper—here 'tis."

Jess was back at the fire again, turning her scones with a slap. "I haena' the time tae look at it the noo," she said, "an' the best thing *you* can dae is to tak a bit rest on yer bed up the stair till I get the tea. Ye can tak a read at the same time. Wait till I wash my hands and I'll hap ye up."

The old woman rose hastily and moved toward the door, saying almost querulously: "Ye'll dae naething o' the kind, Jess. I can gae fine my ain sel'. Ye just wait on me hand and foot—and what'll I dae when ye gang back tae yer place? Noo Jamie's awa' I hae naebody, an' I maun just thole't. *He* was aye ready to carry me up the stair in his airms if I was tired—he was awfu' strong, the laddie."

Jess swallowed hastily and kept her back turned to Mrs. Macintosh as she remarked almost grumpily: "Ye'll always hae me for the askin'; tho' I'm no yer daughter I *might* hae been."

Mrs. Macintosh paused at the door to say solemnly: "Ah, they Germans has a lot tae answer for."

As the old woman shut the staircase door Jess hastily wiped her eyes with her apron, calling out, "Hap yersel' up noo," and lifted the scones that were baked onto an upturned sieve, ranging them neatly round the edge so that they got the air all round.

Just then there came a smart rap at the door leading to the street.

"Come ben, wha'ever ye are," Jess called, "I canna leave ma bakin'."