

American Bankers Association, with Frank J. Parsons, of New York, heading the special committee, is very deeply interested in the whole problem, and eventually probably will organize all of the similar trusts in the country into a more or less compact group for the interchange of ideas and the working out of general and specific problems that are constantly arising in the study of the field.

Is it not possible that the Community

Trust, the product of the long look ahead—apparently the harness for the Dead Hand—is destined to become, in very truth, the Lamp of Aladdin for the American city (or State) of to-morrow, sorting out its weaknesses, aiding its wise charities, studying causes and remedies of community defects, applying the accumulated wealth of the past, through the wisdom of the future, to the uplifting of each new generation?



Love Songs

BY SARA TEASDALE

I

THE BELOVED

It is enough of honor for one lifetime
To have known you better than the rest have known,
The shadows and the colors of your voice,
Your will, immutable and still as stone;

The wild heart so lonely and so gay,
The sad laughter and the pride of pride,
The tenderness, the depth of tenderness
Rich as the earth and wide as heaven is wide.

II

LAND'S END

THE shores of the world are ours, the solitary
Beaches that bear no fruit, nor any flowers,
Only the pale sea-grass that the wind harries
Hours on unbroken hours.

No one will envy us these empty reaches
At the world's end, and none will care that we
Leave our lost footprints where the sand forever
Takes the unchanging passion of the sea.

III

ABSENCE

I CANNOT sleep, the night is hot and empty,
 My thoughts leave nothing lovely in my heart,
 You love me, and I love you, life is passing,
 We are apart.

The August midnight vibrates with the voices
 Of insects and their passions frail and shrill—
 Oh from what whips, oh from what secret scourgings
 All of earth's creatures bow before her will!

IV

"I SHALL NOT GO BACK"

I SHALL not go back to the place that I love,
 I shall never try to repeat the perfect hour;
 I know the past is gone, yet it is safe enough
 Even to the small blue six-pointed flower.

They say the earth itself in millions of years
 Will drift like fine gray ash that the wind has whipped and
 tossed,
 And the blackened sun will grope blindly among the spheres—
 But I am not afraid that the things I love will be lost.

V

THE HOUR

Was it foreknown, was it foredoomed
 Before I drew my first small breath?
 Will it be with me to the end,
 Will it go down with me to death?

Or was it chance, would it have been
 Another, if it was not you?
 Could any other voice or hands
 Have done for me what yours can do?

Now without sorrow and without elation
 I say the day I found you was foreknown,
 Let the years blow like sand around that hour,
 Changeless and fixed as Memnon carved in stone.





Some of 'em didn't like our ways in handling stock.—Page 710.

Cowboys, North and South

BY WILL JAMES

Author of "A Cowpuncher Speaks," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

[I been wanting to tell you that I wouldn't be at all surprised if some time you'd hear from some one *claiming* to be a cowboy, and saying that this or that in my articles is not so. Of course I know that's not worrying you any nor me either, and this party doing the knocking may be right, not that I'm wrong cause I'm careful not to be—but first, he may not be no cowboy—second, if he is he might be of another country and of different time—like I say in "Cowboys, North and South" there's a lot of difference in the ways of the cowboy, in each State even.]

IT was early one fall when I plans to hit out for new territory. I'd rode for most of the big outfits north of the Wyoming line up into Canada through Saskatchewan and Alberta. The snow'd come earlier than usual and covered our tarps [short for tarpaulin] and saddles many a time, putting kinks in the ponies'

back to boot, and crimping the old cow horses with rheumatics.

Our ropes, latigos, and saddle blankets were stiff and froze; the wind blowed steady and mud and slush was up to our necks. And the boys from the lower country to the south was beller at the weather and wishing they was back in the