

THE MAGIC FLUTE

A THRUSH is singing in the walnut tree,
 The leafless walnut tree with silver boughs;
 He sings old dreams long distant back to me,
 He sings me back to childhood's happy house.

Oh, to be you! triumphant Voice of Gold,
 Red Rose of Song above the empty bowers
 Turning the withered leaves, the hopes grown cold
 To springtide's good green world of growing flowers.

Might the great Change that turns the old to new
 Remold this clay to better blossoming,
 I would be you, Great Heart, I would be you
 And sing like you of Love, and Death, and Spring.

ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON.



PLACING HER

SHE—Isn't she some relation to Tom Jinks, the comedian?
 HE—Sure! She's his second wife once removed.



SHE'D HAVE TO STAY ALL WINTER

ELLA—I'm not going away from here until I'm engaged.
 STELLA—But the place isn't open the year round.



THE still, small voice of conscience would need a megaphone to attract the attention of some people.

THE BRACELET

By Demetra and Kenneth Brown

PERHAPS this story would sound less improbable were you hearing it under the conditions under which I heard it.

He was a grizzled English physician, his youth and his health left in India, who told it to me; and we were driving over the darkest roads through the blackest night during the worst of a storm in Virginia. The rain came down in sheets at times and again was held back in the heavy clouds overhead. Now and then we would lose the road entirely and strike the forest trees, denser, not blacker, than the rest of the night. We ran up banks and among the underbrush, with its waiting showers of water, and once turned over so far that I thought my companion had fallen out. I called to him and he answered at my side, his legs swung around over the wheel so as to land on his feet if we completed the upset. The mare, used to rough cross-country riding, answered the touch on the rein, no matter whither it led; nor for a long while would she comprehend that we were trying to trust to her intelligence and that the restraint of the reins was merely to keep down her speed.

Under these conditions the Indian physician, with his cultivated English intonation, told me the story. When the torrent of rain came down for a few minutes he gasped for breath; when it subsided into a drizzle he took the telling up again. A lightning flash revealing a quarter of a mile of shining road before us would make our minds easy for the minute. Again the warning slaps of drooping branches, as we swerved too far to right or left, punctuated the story with shower-baths.

Perhaps, as I have said, the setting lent credibility to what he told me that night. It seems improbable enough now. My friend believed it—at least during the telling. I cannot pretend to give the local color nor the expressions in the vernacular, which added so much to its picturesqueness. But here it is as well as I am able to repeat it.

It began on a night much like this, in India, only there was more of the lurid and uncanny in the storm. The storms of India are not the studied and catalogued hydrostatic affairs of our American weather bureau. They have more of the mysterious, the terrifying. Passing over the Indian jungles, they borrow of their unknown dangers. In American storms we have flying planks, cars overturned, houses unroofed and trees uprooted—all hard, material facts. In Indian storms there is a feeling of snakes and of poison, of vampires and of tigers roaming. Imagination as well as sense is overwhelmed.

On such a night in such a storm a child lay dying in an English bungalow. Bitterly they had fought for life against the climate; but now all was at an end. Even the doctor, my friend, then a young man, had gone out of the room, had given up the fight. He saw the mother and mutely shook his head. It was not a night for giving false hope or for conventional, consoling phrases.

And the mother knew—knew that the last of her three sons, all born here in India, was lost to her; knew that henceforth her life was desolate, no matter what honors her husband might reap, what friends they might make. And