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COMPLIMENTARY

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THE CONNECTICUT COLLEGE QUARTERLY

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"NOT SO WONDERFUL"

WHEN one is sixteen and has no legitimate right to refute the statement that she is "sweet sixteen and never been kissed" there seems to be nothing particular one can do about it. Jean was sixteen and was, although she would have resented the term, undeniably sweet. Unfortunately, the latter part of the statement held equally true and constituted for her a source of deep, though secret, humiliation and exasperation.

"If I were a really nice girl," Jean said reprovingly to her reflection in the train window, "I wouldn't want anybody—just anybody—to kiss me—merely for the sake of being able to hear that hateful remark (sweet sixteen and never been kissed) without a horrible fear that I'm not looking sufficiently amused and superior. I don't have the slightest right to feel superior, anyhow, and I certainly don't feel amused. I'm always scared to death every girl there will start swapping confidences or playing truth. Glory, how I hate that game!" The reflection in the train window frowned back at her wistfully. "Nevertheless, I am a nice girl," Jean consoled herself, a little humorous quirk tipping up her slim, black brows. "I'm loads prettier than lots of girls, and I've got some sense, which doesn't stick out all over me, and most people like me a little anyway; still, nobody," the mirthful gleams immersed themselves abruptly in the gray pools of her eyes, "no man, I mean, who is young enough to be interesting without being brotherly, wants to kiss me. No man tries. No man seems to think of it!"

Jean turned abruptly from the window with its mirrored face, and let her eyes travel challengingly down the brightly lighted car. "Sometime this week-end," she vowed solemnly, clasping slim, black-gloved fingers tightly in her lap, "I'm going to be kissed! I'm old enough and experienced enough to know what it's like. If I play up to the part, somebody at Helen's dance will surely do it. I'm going to concentrate." Accordingly, Elizabeth Jean Barclay

fixed both bright eyes intently on the gas light above her head and proceeded to concentrate.

The garden of Hallidey Manor was wrapped in snow. The driveways and paths had been shovelled out, and huge drifts piled up, across which streamed broad beams of light from the glowing windows. Music drifted out through the half-closed casements. Gay snatches of conversation whirled abruptly into the winter night, and vanished as suddenly as they came. The courtyard was filled with cars, and the chauffeurs—comfortable in the thought that the dance would last for several hours yet—were heartily enjoying themselves in the lodge house. The youngest daughter of Hallidey Manor was making her first bow to society, and all that love, and culture, and wealth could create for her happiness was laid at her feet that evening. The huge reception room on the first floor of the Manor had been turned into a veritable fairyland by the most skillful decorators in that part of the country and, since eight o'clock, had been gradually filling with young representatives of America's finest and best.

Flushed and starry-eyed from the delights of the evening, Elizabeth Jean Barclay whirled along in the arms of her partner. More than one glance that night had followed, with envy or admiration, the slim grace of her vivid little figure, and her program had been broken into bits by the importunities of the stag line. With characteristic impulsiveness she was flinging herself wholeheartedly into the enjoyment of the dance, and her whole personality radiated with joy and enthusiasm.

"When I meet a new girl," Bud Wallace told her softly, his good-looking young face bent low over her dark head, "I always like to act as she wants me to." A pair of wide, gray eyes laughed up at him for a moment before a flushed cheek with a rim of dark lashes curling demurely upon it was turned for his inspection. "Rather non-committal," grinned Bud, tightening his hold on her slim waist quite perceptibly. "I'm afraid I didn't just get my cue."

"Oh, am I supposed to give you one?" inquired Jean, tipping back a bit in his arms, that she might better study the laughing face above her.

Bud gathered her closer.

"It might help," he murmured.

Jean experienced a distinct thrill. She was also vaguely aware of a faint, warning sensation to which she had, heretofore in her young life, given heed. On this occasion she, metaphorically, abandoned the ship and smiled fleetingly and, she devoutly hoped, alluringly into the admiring blue eyes of young Wallace. Apparently her effort was successful. Bud's voice in her ear was startlingly husky.

"Don Watkins is going to nab you, if I'm not careful," he whispered. "Come on out for a few minutes, will you?"

His arm around her was insistently compelling, and Jean yielded to it mutely. Outwardly she was the same, fascinating girl-child who had attracted the attention of Mr. Markham Wallace the first of the evening and had kept it pretty successfully ever since. How should he know that, beneath the silver lace brushing against his coat, a heart was pounding with frightened, exultant thumps, and that, beneath lowered lashes, a pair of gray eyes were brilliant with excited determination? Little Elizabeth Jean had, so to speak, thrown her hat in the ring, and her sporting blood was up. The stakes for which she was playing were within grasp and, though the last moves loomed formidably near, she was too true a sport not to rather enjoy the excitement of the game.

"The house is packed," Bud grumbled, his hand close on her elbow as he gave a cursory glance into the various rooms opening off from the wide hall. "Let's go out and get a whiff of fresh air. It's not cold. I don't think you'll need a wrap. Besides," he bent his fair head close to her dark one as he drew her through the outer door and pulled it softly shut behind them, "—besides—

there may be a moon."

Jean giggled impulsively.

"The moon was new night before last, as you ought to know," she told him promptly, "and," with an imp of mischief lurking in the wide innocence of her eyes, "even if it wasn't, it's a bit far away to give heat, I should think."

"Oh, should you?" grinned Bud impudently. "That, my lovely Jean, remains to be seen."

With one last qualm of conscience, the lovely Jean hesitated, slippered foot suspended above the drive.

"There really isn't a moon," she told him, an unexpected quiver in her voice, "and the driveway may be wet."

"It isn't."

Bud ignored the first of her remarks as plainly unworthy of notice, and cuddled both her nervous, frigid, little hands close in his own.

"Aw, come on, honey," he pleaded. "Run down as far as the first car with me, and we can sit there for a minute and get cooled off, and then come back,—please."

Elizabeth Jean capitulated with unexpected alacrity to his coaxing.

"A-all right," she agreed, fervently hoping he would attribute the quaver in her voice to some other cause than cold or nervousness, "b-but let's h-hurry."

As if the combined chaperoning force of the country was hot at their heels, the two sped down the drive to the waiting car. One hand on the handle of the door, the other warmly clasping Jean's, Bud paused and, still holding her hand, gently pushed her chin upward till the gray eyes met his.

"Jean," he whispered huskily.

His arm slipped around her shoulders; with a quick jerk he threw open the door of the car, and bent to lift her in. With the abruptness of a Fourth of July explosion, a warm and ruddy light immediately enveloped them. Startled inquiry in Jean's eyes gave way to dismay, then to pure amusement.

"Oh-h-h," she gasped, "shut the door, it puts on the light!"

Helpless with mirth, she allowed Bud, who, strangely, seemed very slightly amused, to drag her inside and slam the door.

"I don't see what's so especially humorous," young Markham declared.

"No-o, nothing is, of course," giggled Jean, "only—" she trailed off into a peal of merriment until Bud, with sudden unexpectedness, crushed her into his arms.

"I'm going to kiss you," he said. "I've wanted to ever since you first looked at me in your cool little way as if I couldn't. Stop laughing!"

With lightning rapidity Jean reviewed a few similar scenes of which she happened to know. In every case the girl had struggled to avoid the kiss. Jean wondered how hard one could struggle and still be kissed, wriggled one foot experimentally, and then, just as Bud's lips were almost touching hers, had a fleeting remembrance of his face as it had looked when the light flashed on. Alas for the thrill of the moment! Jean's sense of humor was too much for her. She giggled in the face and eyes, as it were, of Bud's kiss.

Five minutes later a good-looking young fellow, rather rumpled as to hair and with a somewhat "well I'll be damned" expression in his blue eyes, stalked, with a bit too noticeable dignity, into the reception room of Hallidey Manor closely preceded by a charming bit of femininity, whose cheeks matched the flame of her gown, and whose eyes appeared to be battle fields for mirth and exasperation. She was claimed immediately by a dark-haired youth, and, till the music ceased, went from one black coat sleeve to another with surprising rapidity. As she waited for the next dance to begin, Jean raised guileless eyes to those of her most recent partner.

"Do you happen to know," she inquired apropos of nothing in particular, "this little verse of Sara Teasdale's?"

Then, to the growing astonishment of George Kendrick, Jr., who had certainly done nothing to merit it, she quoted softly:

"I hoped that he would love me
And he has kissed my mouth,
But I am like a stricken bird
That cannot reach the South.

For, though I know he loves me,
Tonight my heart is sad.
His kiss was not so wonderful
As all the dreams I had."

AN OLD ROSE PUSSYCAT AND A LAVENDER DOG

"THEY" say I am a dreamer. But I can't help it,—and truly it is not all my fault. You have heard the little ditty about "the stuff dreams are made of"? Well, "they" did it,—"they" made the dreams,—or rather made me make them.

"They" are my mother and father. Mother always disliked pussycats because they squirmed. Father disliked anything that made what he called "an aggravating noise,"—therefore he disliked both pussycats and dogs.

As for myself,—I liked aggravating noises,—and adored both pussycats and dogs. But I didn't have any of either variety,—at least not real ones. I did have a puckery-faced rabbit and two gorgeous gold-fish,—but they couldn't make any noises or play any games,—they were "beautiful but dumb." Mother and Father even disliked having imitation dogs and cats "kicking around" (as Father said).

And then came the Old Rose Pussycat and the Lavender Dog. One evening as I lay stretched out on the hearth in front of the fire reading about the cat that walked all the way to Londontown, I saw them both. The pussycat was curled up right in the corner of the brick hearth,—in the dancing shadows,—and she was rose color with blinking, green eyes. The dog was on the other side of the fireplace basking in the warm shadows,—and he was lavender. I didn't move, and neither did they. But funny,—when Father forgot to put more logs on the fire and it all died out,—the pussycat and the dog ran away. I looked for them the next day, but they were gone. But that night in front of the fire they came back. After that they came back every evening. Sometimes they played tag with one another, and sometimes they were just still and happy. Once,—only once,—did I try to pat the Rose-color Pussycat. I put out my hand gingerly, because I had never patted one before. I didn't feel anything at all,—isn't that funny? I didn't like the feel, and I never tried the patting process again.

For many years the Old Rose Pussycat and the Lavender Dog held their places in front of the fire every evening,—never did they appear in any other place or at any other time. And never did I tell Mother and Father, for they would have chased them away, sure as I am living.

I suppose, now that I am old and sophisticated, or rather ought to suppose, that they were just shadows and yearnings wrapped up together, colored by the reflection of the blazing fire. But,—I still love my Rose-colored Pussycat and Lavender Dog!

And for that and other things I am called a dreamer. But don't they realize that I am one because they made me one? If I could not have real animals that made noises, I had to have quiet ones that just basked and looked pretty. Dreams come from environment, I truly believe! Now no one who ever had a real, live, barking bull-dog would ever concoct a dream about a silent, little lavender pup that did nothing but wrap himself in shadows and sleep. And so,—if I had lived in a house where aggravating noises had been tolerated, I never should have had such a silly dream, probably. But I don't care,—for I love—to dream—especially silly dreams—like that.

THAT'S THE KIND OF A FELLOW I AM

THAT'S the kind of fellow I am. I would go out and slam the door, slam it hard—once, twice, maybe three times. Then I'd go down the stairs two steps at a time, yell as I passed the living-room, and unlock the door. Outside, I should feel the cold, bracing air on my cheeks. I should toss my braids at the tall, dark buildings and strike off toward the river. Down, down, down,—over stone walls, through bramble patches and across brooks, till I reached the cold, dark water. There I would dabble my hands, and perhaps blubber in it a bit. But I wouldn't jump in; yes, maybe I would too. How sorry everyone would be,—but how cold the water would be, how soggy my shoes; no, no,—I wouldn't jump in. I'd creep back to the old graveyard and sit on "Josiah, lost at sea." He had known how it was to get all cold and wet, to go down, down, to gasp and struggle. I wouldn't try it, even if Josiah did; I'd just think about it.

I'd sleep a bit and, when it was morning, I'd get up and hurry on. In the town streets there would be swarms of children. If I stopped to hear their prattle, I'd slap them a little, or shake them perhaps,—that's the kind of a fellow I am.

With an apple or two hidden in my pockets I would strike for open country. After I'd stuck myself in the brambles for a while, I would walk faster or else slower, kicking one ankle against the other as I walked. I'd gather lots of stones and throw them at a tree, pretending it was a person; I wish it might be. I'd hit it all over and knock off lots of bark; maybe the tree-person would die,—all the better.

Then I would see someone coming over the hill. I would throw away the apples and run, on and on. They won't catch me; what if they did? It would mean confinement, work, and a red flannel dress. They won't catch me, they can't. My! How near they are,—oh, I can't go any farther! I don't want to go back; I don't want a red flannel dress; oh, I don't, I don't!

POEM

Ah, God, thou gavest me a life to live,
  Here in a world so far remote from thee,
And filled it full of happy childhood hours
  In which were mingled smiles and tears for me.

Thou filled my life with wondrous revelations,
  The glory of the sunset land and sea,
Soft stars and shining rainbows in the heavens
  That are but mortal, living signs of Thee.

CONTEMPORARY LOVE VERSES

Apologies to Sara Teasdale

April found me lonely,
  Raindrops in my eyes.
May came swiftly after,
  Radiant with surprise.

June found me in a rapture,
  The world a glorious song.
'Neath drowsy, pearly starlight
  You said you'd love me long.

But then in cool September
  You flew south like a bird;
You kissed my startled, trembling mouth;
  But never spoke a word.

Oh, I can smile quite sweetly now;
  I do not mind the rain.
But yet, amid next April showers,
  I hope you'll come again.

Apologies to Amy Lowell

All day long I have been thinking
How I love you,
But you are far from here.
There is only a cold gray cloud in the sky;
The wind is very still;
It can not move the cloud to the horizon.
I am too dull to even write to you;
I must have sunshine,
Bumble bees droning,
Humming birds humming,
Glistening petals,
Scales of a fairy's wing,
Swaying bluebells,
Chiming little tunes,
Fragile notes;
Pink and white apple blossoms,
Boughs upon boughs of them,
Scents for your hair;
Dew on the grass,
Opals and moonstones;
These must I have
Because I love you.
These I have not,
And yet,
I love you just the same.

Apologies to Carl Sandburg

I met you first at six P. M. at Field's.
We dined, we danced—watched cars—Piercearrows—the "L".
Home in a taxi—stopping and jolting—boulevards—asphalt—bridges—doorstep—Goodnight.
I met you the next night at six P. M. at Field's.

MY FIRST LESSON IN SADDLING AND RIDING

"WHOA! Easy boy, easy! For goodness sake, Sis, use a little discretion. Take that switch away from that horse's head!"

"But, Jack, I was only shooing the flies away. I don't see why——"

"How many times must I tell you that most horses are very nervous about the head. If you are going to do any switching, do it behind the saddle."

When he had delivered this bit of advice in the accepted brotherly manner, he disappeared in the harness room and came back with a saddle and bridle, and my lesson began.

Why one should put the bridle on before the saddle was more than I could see, but I was informed that no other procedure would do; so I grasped the bridle, the head straps and reins in my right hand and the bits in my left, and tried manfully to follow directions.

"Hold the bits so that your fingers are at one end and your thumb at the other, and force them gently between his teeth."

"Oh, Jack, I can't; his mouth is all slimy, and besides he'll bite me," I wailed.

"Don't be silly! Go ahead, push it in. He won't bite you. He can't, if you keep your fingers behind the bits like this. Watch."

It wasn't quite so easy as it looked, but I finally succeeded, and heaved a sigh of relief, only to find that the head strap and reins had still to be placed. How under the sun was I ever going to get the straps over his ears?

"Take hold of them gently with your left hand, and with your right hand slip the straps over, one in front and the other in back. That's right. Now fasten that buckle by his cheek, and let the reins lie over his neck 'til you get the saddle on.

"The saddle and pad are always put on from the right-hand side. The pad goes on first. Place it so that the front edge is about a hand's width in back of the shoulder blades. That's right. Now, pick up the saddle, the front end in your right hand, the back in your left, and swing it up on his back so that it rests evenly on the pad. Unsling the girth strap which is always slung over the saddle with the stirrups. No, no, for goodness sake! I said unsling, not yank. Now you have to do it all over again."

Tearfully, I started in again and managed much better this time.

"Now cross over to the other side. No, not that way; in front. Unless you know a horse very well, steer clear of his rear end.

"All right. Now reach under and grab the girth strap. No, he won't kick you. What do you think he is, a contortionist? Look, do you see those two rings, one on the end of the girth strap and the other on the left flap; also the narrower strap from the girth? Remarkable perceptions! Now pass the strap under and through the top ring, down and through the lower, always over your left hand, until just enough is left to fasten. Now comes the hard part, to tighten it. Pull the girth up until the saddle is firm. There is little danger of hurting the horse; he'll let you know if it's getting too tight."

My fingers were black and blue, and my patience had entirely deserted me

when I finally did this to suit him, and was allowed to start on my next venture, learning to ride.

How I was ever going to get on the animal without a step ladder was more than I knew.

"Jack, you'll boost me up, won't you? I'll never get on by myself."

"Boost you up, nothing! You're going to get on by yourself, and what's more, you're going to do it right."

"Always mount from the right, facing rear. Take the reins and the pummel with your right hand. Holding the stirrup with your left hand, put your right foot in it, and grasping the back of the saddle with your left hand, pull yourself aboard, swinging your left leg over to the other side."

Well, if he could do it, I guessed I could, so I stuck to it, and finally managed to do it three times in succession with passably good form.

Once upon my lofty seat, I was seized with a new terror. I was miles above the ground, and felt as though I were straddling a house. No wonder people who rode a lot got bowlegged. Mine were warping already.

"Well, here I am; what next?" I asked, with a boldness I was far from feeling.

"In the first place, don't ever hang on to the saddle. Take your reins in both hands, the snapple or top rein between your first and second fingers, and the other, the curb, between your third and little fingers. Fine. Ease up on the curb now, or he'll rear. Never use that hand except in case of an emergency. Sit up straight, grip with your knees, keep cool, and you'll be all right. Remember, saddle horses guide by pressure on the neck, not by the bit as do driving horses. For instance, if you want to turn left, press the flat side of the reins against the right side of his neck, and vice versa. If you want to turn way around, pull his head around in the direction you wish to go, and at the same time kick him with your inside heel. Hold your thumbs down, your knuckles up, and your elbows in."

"Help! Mercy! How do you ever expect me to learn all that at once?—— Thumbs up, elbows out,——"

"No, no. You're all wrong, as usual. Listen,——" And the instructions were stoically repeated.

Frightened to death, I kicked the beast behind the girth strap as I had been instructed, and sure enough he started with a jump.

"Oh, Jack, he's going to run away!"

"Of course he will, if you whack him in the ribs that way. Don't blame him. Whatever happens don't get nervous. Horses have an uncanny knack of finding it out, if you are, and will do everything in their power to tease you.

"Now I'm going to make him trot a bit, and you must try to sit to it. Posting, it is called. Watch his right shoulder and try to rise in the saddle every time it moves up. Grip hard with your knees, and shift your weight forward."

Bumpity, bump, bump, bump. Every bone in my body was cracking. Whenever the horse came up, I went down.

"Jack," I managed to gasp, biting half my tongue off in the process, "I'm dying. Please stop. I——"

"No you're not. Hang on, now. I'm going to let you go alone. If he gets going too fast, pull him up a bit with the curb. If he should canter, don't try to post, just sit."

With that he hit Blitz on the flank.

Faster and faster we went, until trees, stonewalls, houses were just a blurred mass flashing by at top speed. How I ever hung on is still a mystery. I was too scared to let go, I guess. Remembering my instructions, I sawed frantically on the reins. Crash! Bang! Oblivion!

The next thing I knew I was stretched out in the middle of the road with

Jack kneeling beside me, pale as death, imploring me to open my eyes. Once assured that other than several bruises and scratches, I was unharmed, we sat right there in the middle of the road and laughed 'til we cried.

"Well, Sis, now that you have discovered for yourself one way of dismounting, I'll teach you another much less spectacular but a darned sight more comfortable."

NURSERY RHYMES

1.

The walls are awfully black and close
When nurse puts out the light,
I snuggle deep into my bed
And pull the covers tight.

The wind comes whispering "Wh-o-o-o-o-,"
My heart goes thump, thump, thump,
I lie so still and hope so hard
That nothing's going to jump.

First thing I know it's morning!
The walls have moved away,
And nurse is waiting by my bed
To dress me for the day.

2.

I wonder where the wind belongs,
I wonder where it learned its songs,
I wonder if it ever longs
To be a little boy?

It whistles as it rushes by,
It howls with glee up in the sky,
I don't believe it wants to try
To be a little boy!

3.

Our house is big and dark and still.
It makes a dreadful noise
When I go running down the stairs
Or throw around my toys.

My nurse is always shushing me,
She tells me not to shout.
I'm really very, very glad
When she is not about.

But Mother is a different sort,
She never says, "Be still,"
She never tells me that I'm rough,
Or that my voice is shrill.

She doesn't look much more grown up
Than pretty Cousin Joan.
I bet, if she weren't Mother,
She'd make noise of her own!

STORY BOOK PEOPLE

IF I could find a good-natured fairy or an elf who would not be above letting me into the "Land-of-Things-as-They-Aren't," I'd bribe that fairy or elf (perhaps with a rose petal or grasshopper's wing, both of which are valued fabrics to such folk) to tell me the path to the city of Make-Believe, where the story book people live.

I have reasons for my own foolish preference to meet characters rather than their creators. You never dare imagine yourself Chaucer, or Dante, or Shakespeare, or H. G. Wells. You simply couldn't do it and continue to keep your freedom as a sane, responsible citizen. But every sympathetic reader places himself in the shoes of his favorite character of fiction. Before a child realizes there are authors and printers and booksellers, he has ventured through many large-print pages as the hero of the tales he reads. Therefore, I would wish to see, could I call up any persons who are not my world fellows, these imaginary people whom I have been at different periods of my childhood from the reading of my first book.

Before all others, there is Peter Rabbit. At the age of three and a half, in the furry brown coat of the bunny, didn't I see myself steal away from our house among the roots of a great tree, leaving Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-Tail at their lessons, whilst I adventured in Mr. McGregor's garden? And didn't Mr. McGregor almost catch me under the wicked hold of a shining sieve? Oh, yes! Peter Rabbit is the first whom I would call upon in renewing these old acquaintances with myself.

Then, I'd like to see Alice In Wonderland, with her straight yellow hair and her starchy white pinafore. A plain looking girl, but interesting. Her courageous habit of devouring little cakes which had "Eat Me" printed on them prompted me to imitate my heroine, and swallow a sample package of patent medicine left at our door. Anxious hours resulted for my mother, but, unlike Alice, I neither grew too tall to button my shoes, nor too small to reach the table top. After this event, greater care was taken of the things within my six-year-old reach, and I never succeeded in eating anything which put me in company with such people as the Mock Turtle who sang,

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail."

Tiny Tim was a dear acquaintance of mine at this period. With him, I smelled the plum pudding as it baked, steaming forth like a laundry on Mondays. I was not old enough to appreciate Scrooge, and I decidedly rated him down because he ate gruel! When Tiny Tim said, "God bless us, every one," I said it too, and beamed forth on my happy world.

Next, I remember "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." I couldn't ever decide whether to be Polly or Phronsie. I think I finally identified myself with Polly because she was ten, and my strongest ambition in life for four years was to be ten. (That, at least, is one of my ambitions which I realized long ago.)

I never quite became Editha, in "Editha's Burglar." I couldn't overcome the fear that after dark a black-masked, pistol-armed bandit might creep into my window. This book introduced me to nightmares, and caused my mother to be less gracious toward the neighbor who put it in my hands.

At nine, I discovered the story that made me conscious of the book world as one apart from that in which I ate and slept and went to school; I read "Little Women." I became an idol-worshipper, wrapt in adoration for the author of that book. Anything that attached to Louisa May Alcott was precious to me. I lived in the world she created, in the family of which Meg, Jo, Beth, and Amy were members. In fact, I was Jo. In imagination I wore the famous

russet boots that a friend who had a cousin who knew an actress gave to stage-loving Jo. I played that part of the Tomboy, and was proud of those short-comings which likened me to my heroine. Then, as I grew up with Jo, the seed of authorship was planted. I yearned to write. Like Jo in other respects, why shouldn't I be a genius of the pen, to earn just loads of money, and be a benefactor to my family,—yes, and to humanity?

Well, there were many others in those early years, the most loved of whom were Robin Hood, Maggie Tulliver, Jim Hawkins, Heidi, and Lorna Doone. There was a little Italian newsboy, known from a stolen glimpse into Horatio Alger's "Sink or Swim," but since Horatio Alger's characters had no standing in our family, I never dared claim acquaintance with his poor newsboys who became rich through virtuous living.

These are the people I would wish to see, if I really did find my way to the Land-of-Things-as-They-Aren't and the City of Make-Believe. These I could greet as shades of my former self, for truly I was they, and lived their lives as one only can in childhood. Later, one is not so certain of the identity. When, as Juliet, you entreat Romeo: "Thou needst not to be gone, 'tis not yet day—," you awake painfully to know there is no balcony, no moon, no Romeo; there is only a doubtfully genuine Juliet singing her plaintive love-song to unlistening winds.

DAWN THROUGH A DORMITORY WINDOW

IN the morning before the sun shows himself above the horizon, he sends a message of light along his pathway. The pulse-beat of the earth quickens; the world stirs. It must be this pulsing stir that wakens me, for I never hear a sound louder than the musical "Whoo-oo-oo!" of the wind, or the hoarse whisper of ducks in the next yard.

The whole day is a splendid gift, but its two ends stand out sharp and clear in my mind like the horns of a new moon against the sky, and it seems to me that, of all times of the day, we are nearer heaven at dawning. Perhaps that is why I am filled with a delightful sense of ease and contentment as I lie abed with my head pillowed in my arms to watch the awakening.

The trees are outlined in ebony against the sky. A quiet star hangs in the blue, like a gold medal on a soldier's breast. The ticking of the clock beside me draws near, recedes, and disappears. I hear the occasional pling of the shade-ring as it strikes upon the screen. A cock crows; the sound, silvered by distance, floats in on the air. A strident answer rises near at hand; a brief, almost intelligible conversation ensues among the hens. Silence falls again like a curtain barring out sound. It is torn by the sharp, yet heavy, resonant "sho r-r-r" of a passing trolley car. The noise softens to a rhythmic wave-beat of sound, mingles with silence, and is gone. It is succeeded by the whistle of an early boat plying down the river. A dog barks out inquiringly in response; the hills return a thin echo.

The shadows have turned from gloom to blue. The walls begin to shine out; they bend toward me. The sky, luminous grey, lights silver-grey tree-trunks and branches. Lower growth and dry meadow-grass brighten to yellow-brown. The leader of the flock raises his voice in insistent demand. An assembly of sparrows twitter and chatter with animation and enthusiasm in the ailanthus trees outside the window.

Suddenly the light in the hall winks out. The room is filled with opaque, blue dawn and a myriad restless, shimmering, irridescent motes. They are like the glint in goldstone, but never still, and alive with color. I fix an intent gaze upon them; they mold themselves into grotesquely fanciful forms, then dissolve and melt away to be renewed again in shapes more freakishly fantastic than before.

Now the sky is blue with light behind it; opalescent clouds drift northward. But for the commanding song of the wind, the earth stands in silence awaiting the miracle of day. A minute so,—then gradually one half of the tree-trunks and upper branches are bathed in golden light. Day has begun!

YOUTH

NIGHTS are weird this time of year. This is the time of year when a struggle is taking place. Summer is putting up a defense against the on-rush of Winter. The battle wages while we attempt to sleep.

Nights are weird, full of strange sounds. Wings beating at the window,—fluttering, falling, rising to beat again. There is a continuous rattling and banging;—a clashing and clanging;—even subdued screams can be heard. Things are trying to get in; large, black, ominous things. Indescribable, shapeless objects seem to cluster outside our doors and form huge, shapeless masses,—crowded together as though for an attack. There is a force behind each phantom;—rushing it on, stirring it up, causing it to screech and scream. It is the wind, the rattling wind. It whirls and swirls around our windows and demands an entrance. It advances its hosts of black figures to beat at our doors unmercifully. It hurls itself, swirling around our windows, tapping with persistent fingers on the panes.

And what happens if we let it in? If we bow before the advance of the dark, mysterious hosts,—if we tremble and weaken at the shrieks and screams of the wind? If we obey the whim of the wind, we will regret it. Chaos will be the disastrous result! If we open our windows the slightest bit, order and peace are lost. Things are hurled here and there. Objects we were sure nothing could harm are knocked awry. Our most cherished belongings are broken and the pieces scattered.

Minds are weird at this time of life. This is the time when a struggle is taking place. Youth is putting up a defense against the on-rush of maturity. The battle rages in the workings of the mind.

Minds are weird, full of strange thoughts. New thoughts are pushing and crowding,—lapsing and then becoming more incessant,—struggling for a place in the focus of the mind. There is a continuous disturbance, foreign thoughts demanding attention and old thoughts, in new clothing, crowding for recognition. Waves of ideas seem to surge around us and vague happenings and memories mass in our heads, as though to attack our brain. There is a force which seems to be pushing us on and yet pulling us back. We laugh, and then, without warning, we cry. We are dazed and appear to be in a dream when suddenly, some happening brings us back to reality. We are buffeted about by forces within us demanding still more attention.

What will happen, if we let these varied thoughts still further into our minds? Will chaos result? What will happen to our old standards and ideals, if we give in to the persistent hammerings in our brain? If we obey the mood of the moment, we will regret it. Our old thoughts were formed when we were younger, it is true, but should we let new ones displace them for this reason? The new ones are more bitter and cynical. We have learned more. And if we open our minds to them the slightest bit, order and peace are lost. We want things, and yet we do not know what; we are restless, yet ambitionless. We lack determination. Our minds are like the leaves, torn and whirled by the night wind, here and there. We find our most cherished ideals broken and scattered, and nothing is as it used to be. We are in a more confused state of mind than ever before.

But, after the wind in the night comes the dawn and quiet; and after the struggle in the mind comes an awakening and peace. In the morning we find that our thoughts do not matter so much. Nights straighten themselves out, and so do all our troubles. After some nights there are cloudy days, and after some thoughts there are cloudy moments, but the sun comes eventually and so does understanding to the mind.

DREAM DRESSES

IT used to be a wonder to me how designers and costumers could create new and distinctive clothes with such ease and rapidity. "It is a gift of genius," I would marvel. But now I can see that there is little originality in clothes after all. It is the actual composition rather than the source that is original. Anyone with an imagination can visualize a costume.

Just squint at a sunset some day, and you will be surprised to see that every ray could easily be a dress. There are long, flowing skirts of diaphanous colored chiffon with ribbons of velvet, shaded with fading streaks of soft lights. There are yards and yards of gold cloth covered with orange and red embroidery. What a beautiful wardrobe of regal gowns could be fashioned from this array of tinted fabric, if we could but snip the heavens with a pair of dexterous fairy shears!

A snowstorm at night is a long ermine cape trimmed with tiny, black fur tips. Is not the midnight sky a strip of black velvet embroidered with sparkling diamonds? Moonlight over a bridge makes a shining coronet set with dazzling jewels. When the unlovely things are hidden in the kind folds of Night's enveloping robe, it is quite easy to imagine beautiful creations.

But we must find dresses in the daylight, too. A pile of soft brown oak leaves looks quite like the fabric of a soft brown suit. A flower garden beside a stone wall is the inspiration for a gay chintz or flowered tapestry. A chintz was created in the bright sunlight, but a tapestry was woven when the shadows lengthened and twilight softened the shades. Sparkling rays of sunlight on the shimmering blue river make a fold of turquoise satin covered with crystal beads.

And so—let us dream on, and fashion our dresses from the beauty around us.

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"

(By Anne Douglas Sedgewick)

"BUT Alix, as she smiled at the Curé and smiled beyond him at all the sunlit world she was entering, took Gile's hand in hers again, and said: 'M. Le Curé, may I present to you my fiancée?'" And with a quiet contemplative sigh, I closed the book. Fingering the edges of its cover, I looked out of my window, across the silver-blue river to the red-brown glancing of the opposite hill-side. Dreamily I half-closed my eyes—only to see the little French girl, Alix, "evidently a foreigner, a creature nurtured in climes golden, yet austere, and springing from an aromatic, rocky soil." As one might try to transplant an exotic orchid into the chill, hard soil of New England, so Madame Vervier sent this child, this feeling, abnormally-sensitive child of hers, into the misty country of England.

It is with interest always, and recurring charm, and with occasionally flagging enthusiasm that Anne Douglas Sedgewick presents "The Little French Girl"—the story of a finely-natured French child, sent to England to be reared; and the reactions of this delicate creature to the robust, virile, and independent life of the English girl. Mrs. Selincourt has drawn with an understanding pen the contrast of English and French girlhood, the differences of English and French ethical and moral standards, and under these elements the essential difference of the two countries. With almost a Thackerian stroke she lays before us her carefully embroidered tapestry—for in instances the individuals cease to live and to breathe and become merely fascinatingly stationary characters on a brilliant background. This feeling of

unreality is due, partially at least, to her over-vivid characterizations and descriptions. She speaks of Gile's eyes as "golden-green," "fig-coloured," and of his forehead as so prominent "that it seemed to be boiling over." There are other over-exaggerations of this type which seem to caricature the individual rather than characterize. In this respect she may resemble slightly Dickens. There are many spots, however, that are notable for their aptness and their grace of phrasing. What could be neater than her comment on conversations: "The talk made Alix think of the thick slices of bread and butter that Ruth and Rosemary and Giles were eating, it was so kindly and useful"; or the contrasting grace of the tete-a-tete in "Mamman's salon"—"and the talk that passed, soft and shining, was like a beautiful, irridescent soap-bubble tossed so lightly from one to another."

There is careful detail in the book — almost too much for a modern novel—that is, if the author wishes to have her novel a "best-seller"; but somehow I feel that Mrs. Selincourt would rather have her book appreciated by the intelligent few than to have its freshness and charm spoiled by the unintelligent and sloppy readers of "best-sellers."

In spite of the parts where the action dragged, I was sorry to close the cover on "The Little French Girl." If a bit of her sweetness and soundness of mind will linger with me for a brief time, and if my fancy, pulled and frayed by a too ecstatic living, will return to her beauty of thought and her quiet as to a drifting, blue-clouded pool, I will be grateful—and I will try not to be too cast-down that the book couldn't last as did the Arabian Night Tales, for a thousand and one nights.

MISTER WIND

Mister Wind, where are you goin'
  That you hurry by so fas'?
Don't you know you raise a rumpus
  When you push and try to pass?

Don't you know you make us shiver
  And draw our collars tight
Nearly land us in the river
  When you blow with all your might?

You had better mind your manners
  And get a bit of tact
Instead of being rough and rude:
  That's a funny way to act!

MISTER RAINE

Ole Mister Raine comes with a swish
Flings himself here and there, just where he wish;
Doesn't even bother to ask us are we glad
Doesn't even bother to see if we are sad.

RAIN

1.

O showers of Springtime,
God's love is your fountain—
The source of your labors;
For you are life-giving:
The trees and the flowers
Awake from their slumbers
And list to your voices,—
O showers of Springtime,
By breezes you're heralded
Forth from the cloudlets;
In earliest morning you come,
Then you vanish;
Bright sunlight is in your path,
Gay, gladsome radiance—

You are like Life
In the birth of Creation—
Darkness—a Voice—and then
Radiant sunlight.

2.

O rainclouds of Summer,
God's blessing is with you:
You strengthen the rivers,
The harvests you ripen,
All life you make fuller
Of glad exultation,
The world pays you homage.
O rainclouds of Summer,
You hide the hot sun
'Neath a cover of magic;
At noon you assemble
The world to make joyous;
Fresh hope springs beneath your tread
Cool, calm courageousness—

You are like Joy
In a life of despondency—
Thirst-cooling drops—and a
Vision of hopefulness.

3.

O rainstorms of Autumn,
God's wrath is behind you
Spurring you onward;
His thunder he hurleth
From mountain to mountain;
With lightning he challengeth
Beasts, men, and forest trees;
Rainstorms of Autumn,
You come up so suddenly
Out of the silence,
Way in mid-afternoon—
Lasting till evening;
Darkness is at your heels—
Deep, dense, dark dreariness—

You are like Grief
From a heart that is broken—
Stillness—the storm—and then
Terrible darkness.

4.

O storms of dread Winter,
God's right is your leader—
He leads, you must follow;
With snowflakes you cover
The fields and the forests,
And bury the world
In a blanket of whiteness.
O storms of dread Winter,
You creep up so silently
Out of the darkness—
Deep in the night time,
And stay until morning;
Cold silence is in your wake—
Sad, sombre, solitude—

You are like Death
'Twixt one life and another—
Twilight—the storm—and
Ineffable silence.