

**When Baby Died.**

"If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
 And... would nestle in your palm again;  
 If the white feet into the grave had tripped—"

How brief the stay, as beautiful as fleeting,  
 The time that baby came with us to dwell;  
 Just long enough to give a happy greeting,  
 Just long enough to bid us all farewell.

Death travels down the thickly-settled highway,  
 At shining marks they say he loves to aim;  
 How did he find, far down this lonely by-way,  
 Our little girl who died without a name?

She seemed so like a tender bird whose winglets  
 Are broken by the stress of rain and storm;  
 With loving care we pressed the golden ringlets,  
 And wondered could there be so fair a form;

For death had chiseled without pause or falter  
 Each feature that the sunny tresses frame,  
 No change of scene no length of time can alter  
 Our little girl who died without a name.

We do not know the fond endearment spoken  
 To which she listened when she fell asleep,  
 And so, beside a column that was broken,  
 We laid her to her slumber calm and deep.

We traced upon the stone with loving fingers,  
 These simple words, affection's tear to claim:  
 "In dreams, beyond all earthly sorrow, lingers  
 Our little girl who died without a name."

She sleeps serene where fragrant mossy willows  
 In sweet and wordless tunes forever wave,  
 And summer seas in long and grassy billows  
 Break into bloom around her lonely grave.

In memory's hall how many heroes slumber,  
 We gild their deeds upon the scroll of fame;  
 I treasure, far above this mighty number,  
 Our little girl who died without a name.  
 —Alonzo Leora Rice.

**The Hunger of a Man's Soul**

It was after the play and they were waiting in the quiet little cafe to be served. She leaned over to draw in the fragrance of the red roses and to avoid his eyes, which were persistent. He was thinking of how young and lovely she was. How could he expect her to love him? The mirror opposite reminded him of his years.

Yes, he would tell her—save her all painful explanations. A young fellow would make her happier. Once, in a burst of girlish confidence, she had told him how she hated young men and new houses. It was childish of him, he told himself, to expect her to know her own mind.

"What can I eat?" she beamed at him with shining eyes. "Anything, from a nice young man to an oyster!" Here was the opening, sooner than he expected.

"Judith," he began gravely, "it is of the young man I wish to speak now. Did—did—they say it is young Travers? Shall I release you?" The last, to the ear of the girl, seemed an anxious, frenzied appeal for freedom. So this was what made him so gloomy so unlike himself. He was tired of her; he wanted to be free. She was pulling a rose to pieces and fitting the petals over her finger tips. "Shall we ring the curtain down on our little comedy?" he asked in an "it's-all-for-the-best" tone. She nodded slowly. She was beginning to see more clearly every minute, just as one's eyes grow accustomed to darkness after the first bewilderment. He wanted to be free.

"Judith," he said, "I shall ask only one favor of you—" he hesitated.

"It is granted," she returned, coldly. "Perhaps I have the honor of congratulating you—also"—the also was added as an afterthought.

"It is that you will tell it all to me." He hesitated, through a sense of deb-

ility. "If you mind, dear," he added gently, "then don't."

Did she mind, she asked herself. No, she gloried in the opportunity. If he sighed for his freedom he should have it. She would make no effort to hold him, but he should understand before she let him go that other men thought her desirable. Then he could go with his freedom—and she would marry any one of the others. It made no difference—she would take the one who next asked her. She was eighteen and infinitely young. The middle-aged man opposite felt that he would barter his immortal soul to be twenty-four—to be young with her.

"Shall I begin at the beginning?" she asked in weary tones. He winced.

"No," he replied, "that would include me. Spare me that." There was a long silence. "It is of young Travers; your engagement—"

"Until to-night," she reminded him in a dull voice, "I was engaged to you. But—" her voice stuck. He was waiting for her to begin.

"Mrs. Carr from New Orleans, was at the Springs," she began; "she is one of my mother's oldest friends. Mr. Travers is her nephew. It was at one of her receptions that I met him first. Shall I tell you everything?" Her voice had a new ring. He thought it was from speaking of her lover.

"Your roses came just as I was starting," she continued, "I wore the blue dress, the one you used to like me in—"

"Child," he interrupted, "you do not understand—"

"Yes, but I do," gayly. I remember it, every bit, you told me that first night I wore it—do you remember it?—what you whispered out there on the gallery about my milk white arms and shadowy hair?" It is a pretty dress. I wore your roses to the reception—they were glorious ones. She was leaning on her elbows on the table, her big eyes full of mystery.

"When Mrs. Carr presented Mr. Travers," she proceeded, "he told me that he had been knowing me for a long, long time and waiting for me to come, because his hands were tied, as it were, and he couldn't come after me. Then I laughed, because it was such a good joke—really, Bob, he said it very much nicer than I can remember. Then he went on to tell me that it was before the war he had known me. He just graduated two years ago. I am afraid I rather encouraged him in the nonsense. It was such a relief from talking to the women, and I can't help being silly, you know, Bob." His heart felt old and musty and faded,



After the play.

and her every word was giving it a fresh blow. She had made a little pyramid of the rose petals and was nervously tearing it to pieces to reconstruct it.

"He was very nice," she continued. "We went back to sit on the stairs to listen to the music. That was the beginning; he came next day for me to drive with him and told me that he loved me."

"The impudent young—" he forgot

that it was of her lover he was speaking.

"He said he couldn't help it," she apologized for him in a world-weary accents. "But they all say that." There was no trace of vanity in the remark. The red of the roses found brilliant rivals in her cheeks. "Then—then one night," she hesitated, "it was moonlight—down on the beach—he kissed me—"

"He kissed you?" the man exclaimed. How dare he—how dare you!

"Don't be too hard on him," she pleaded; "he said something about men not despising a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry." Bob had risen angrily, a determined little hand pulled him back.

"Remember," a cold voice reminded, "you desired me to tell you."

"Judith!" he reproved sharply.

"And that wasn't all," she flashed defiant eyes at him. She remembered how jealous he had been. Once she laughed and asked him if he thought the enamored air went sighing after her, too. But that was when he had really cared for her. Now he was trying to get rid of her. "I had numerous other lovers at the springs, Bob. It may be," she tapped a gay little tune with her fan, "that you might find them diverting. There was Dave Cary," she assigned her little finger to him, "and Fred Langles," the next finger to him, "both of whom proposed to me at the picnic on the fourth day of July. Then there was Mr. Greynor, who proposed to me at the dance at Judge Birrow's son's birthday—the son also proposed, for that matter. Dr. Spalding set my wrist when I sprained it and when he dismissed me he asked me to be his wife. That's all the proposals I had at the springs. There were five more when I stopped to visit Lucy Kildare on my way home." The man made a gesture of entreaty. Truly, he had not dreamed of it being this bad. His heart felt like a church on a weekday. How could he have ever been fool enough to expect Judith to love him against all these young men.

"If you marry Travers—" it was a cowardly subterfuge to get her away from the others. His voice stuck. She sat alert, with brilliant eyes.

"If I marry Travers, what?" she asked.

"I don't know," miserably.

"I haven't exactly decided which one I shall marry." She leaned back languidly.

She remembered the first time she ever saw him. She was doing a skirt dance before the long gilt mirror in the back parlor. She turned to get a sidewise view of herself, and there in the door he was calmly watching her. The others were at the table. The occasion was a dinner party and he had committed the unpardonable offense of being late. That was the beginning. He very much preferred staying with her, he declared, if she didn't mind. That was the night she started loving him. Hadn't he spent weary hours over the intricacies of toe dancing to coach her? Didn't Bob always understand? The thought that he was just across the table and not engaged to her any more almost suffocated her. She couldn't stand it.

"Bob," she said with all that perilous youth shining in her eyes, "have you forgotten that toe dance you taught me years ago?" No, with weary resignation, he had not forgotten it.

"Bob," with cruel persistence, "when you told me that night that you had rather stay with me than to go with the old ladies, did you mean it truly?"

Yes, he was sure he meant it, truly. The cafe was deserted. Only Francois, the waiter, lurked in the background, and he couldn't speak English.

"Bob," moving nearer and laying a confiding hand on his arm. "Bob, does your love lie too deep for words?" There was a pleading quality in her tones not to be resisted.

"Child," he was holding her chin in his most comforting hand and examining her eyes.

"Jack Travers didn't kiss me truly, she comforted, patting Bob's old

hairs tenderly. Francois had discreetly withdrawn, fully remunerated. "He said that before I told him about—about how I loved you—I—I—I told him all about us, Bob—" But she did not finish. He understood. Bob always understood.

"Child," he whispered, with eyes in which youth had come home to live,



"He kissed me—"

"you must be the oldest person on earth! You are straight from the Garden of Eden—with youth that is fresh and genuine and eternal! Yes, you are, child!"—San Francisco Chronicle

**CIGARS WERE ON HIM.**

**Politician's Entirely Unintentional Deed of Generosity.**

Edward M. Gout, the comptroller of New York, is a lover of big, strong, black cigars.

Just after the conventions he went to his club in Brooklyn, sat down in the reading room, and ordered a cigar. The waiter brought in a full box of a new brand. Mr. Gout selected one, after critically examining half a dozen, lighted it, and sat back to read the newspapers.

The cigar suited him. He rang for the waiter again and said:

"I like this cigar. It suits my taste. I wish you would send a box of them around to my house."

Half an hour later, when Mr. Gout was in the middle of an editorial article that likened him to Benedict Arnold, the waiter came back with a cigar box in his hand.

"There's two left, Mr. Gout," he said.

"Two what left?" asked Gout.

"Two cigars, sir. I saw that everybody got one, and there's two left."

"Passed them to everybody?" exclaimed Mr. Gout. "What in thunder are you talking about?"

"Why, sir, you told me to send a box around the house, and I took it around myself and gave cigars to everybody with your compliments. I knew you were a candidate, and I thought you meant everybody in the club to smoke with you. Hope it's nothing wrong, sir."

"No," said Gout, slowly. "I guess it's nothing wrong, but I told you to send a box around to my house, not around this house. What is the check?"

The check amounted to \$12.50.—Saturday Evening Post.

**German Soldier in Disgrace.**

A German military court of honor has deprived Col. Gadke, the military critic of the Berliner Tageblatt, of the right to wear uniform and to use his military title on account of an article palliating regiments on the occasion of the assassination of King Alexander of Serbia. Col. Gadke, who is now in the far east, has been out of favor in military circles for a long time, owing to his free criticisms of German army methods.