

Ah! my Love, do you remember,—
 It was not long ago,—
 We climbed those heights together,
 And left the World below;

Up past the floe of the glaciers,
 Through scented shade of pine,
 Above the thund'ring waterfall
 The crest was yours and mine!

Above the Realm of the Cloudland,
 Upon the Utmost Peak,
 We saw Earth's mighty pageant spread;—
 The Vision Dreamers seek.

And we watched the dawn flush kindle
 Out of the Void of Night,
 Till the grisly Wolf Peak shimmered
 All glorified with light.

Ah! vanished is that tipi now,
 A wild loon calls his mate,
 The lake is cold with loneliness,
 The Mountain grim as Fate.

The Heights that used to signal us
 Are icy, stern and pale,
 For you have gone forever, Love,
 Alone I face the Trail!

THE TATLER

BOOKS . . . AND BURGLARS

The following notice appeared in a recent issue of one of our big dailies:

TO FOIL THE BURGLAR

I find that ladies living in flats have very few safe places in which to put their jewelry and they live in constant terror of sneak-thieves entering their apartments and stealing their money and their jewels. My husband is a literary man and his library is full of books. I have taken a book he does not want, cut a square out of the center of the pages large enough to insert a box and in this I insert all my rings, money and trinkets. The book is put in its place on the shelf, and I think a burglar would have to hunt a long while before he happened to strike the book containing the valuables.

The simple suggestion offers much food for thought. It is comforting to know of one literary man whose library is full of books. Many of them have a larger collection of rejection slips than of anything else. But otherwise, the lady is very careless in giving her scheme away. Her idea seems to be that no burglar would take time to go through the entire library, even if the above notice did strike his eye before a planned expedition to the home of some literary man. (Incidentally a burglar who expected to find much in such a place had better confine himself to the homes of the writers of "best sellers" and to those only during the first year of their success.) But the little sentence "I take a book he does not want" is what would

serve as an excellent guide for an up-to-date burglar, if he be a man of literary leanings himself, or even a great reader—it would not be unusual, burglars have to do something when they are not burgling. And besides, there are many literary men who might not be blamed for trying burglary as a means of padding out a scanty income. It must pay much better than mere literary piracy. Now if our burglar be a man of literary leanings, just think what a snap he would have! He need only acquaint himself with the preferences and usually openly declared likings of the “literary men” in whose homes burglarising would yield anything, and he can put his hands on not more than half a dozen books any one of which is likely to be the home-made safe-deposit vault.

If the home-owner be a novelist, the works of a school which is unlike that he represents would pay investigating, his pet rival's books first of all. If he be a critic or reviewer (by which we do not mean to imply that one cannot be both at the same time, although we admit it is not usual) his likings and aversions are well known. Some reviewers, for instance, would love to have their wives

mutilate the latest volume by Harold Bell Wright or Marie Corelli. Others, like one dramatic critic of former renown, would sacrifice all his Ibsens with a shout of glee. Others (here nationality may give the clue) would joyfully hand wifey some of the myriad mutterings about the Great War written by authorities of the side with which they do not sympathise.

And so on, ad lib. A little knowledge on the part of the burglar would be a dangerous thing for the future of the lady's valuables. And there is another heart-warming reflection suggested by all this. Up-to-date burglars who specialise in apartments would simply be obliged to read, and read regularly, all the literary magazines. It would be necessary, to keep themselves efficient. Also statistics tell us that burglary is constantly on the increase. Which is mighty comforting for the literary magazines, although we admit it's tough on the burglar. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard! Who knows! A prolonged course of literary magazines may prove the means of reforming many a hardened crook!

Cornelia Van Pelt.

PRECOCITY AND GENIUS

BY BAILEY MILLARD

How the old phantoms fade away! As to life and the conditions of survival the annals of science are full of dead and buried theories the wraiths of which flitted about for a while, but were all laid at last. Up to a quarter-century ago the curious fiction prevailed among physiologists that the dull child was a normal being and that the exceptionally bright one was abnormal and marked for early death. Any physician would tell you that precocity was an invariable indication of cerebral disease, often associated with scrofula, rickets, deafness and delicate constitution and stunted frame. Then, too, there was a popular

idea that a precocious child, even if he survived, was not likely to make a high mark in the world, despite his exceptional faculties, as instance after instance had been observed of the reduction of what had promised to be transcendent genius to commonplace mediocrity or worse. It was useless to try to make anything of such a child, for he was doomed from his birth.

The wherefore of these beliefs is now well known. In nine cases out of ten the infant prodigy became the victim of parental pride. His powers were exhibited on all occasions. He was encouraged to cram his brain with all sorts