

roofs, was St. Peter's crenelated tower, and beyond it the fields flowed on to the distant spire of St. Albert's and rolled upward in gentle undulations to a ridge that swung westward, a background for the picturesque Stock Tower.

Everywhere was a crowd of entrancing old gables interspersed with the dusky red of well-weathered tiles. Northward was spread a ruddy expanse of church roofs, and behind them swung in noble curves

the final reaches of the Vistula, fresh from the lands of Krakow and Warsaw; while beyond the pinnacles of the Church of St. Mary itself and the tranquil streets in its shadow, curving past romantic gate-towers and the woodbined walls of St. John's, the Mottlau wound to join the Vistula and seek the ocean, whose breakers dashed a league away, a mighty gulf of grayish blue, flecked by one immaculate sail.

THE NEED OF THE WORLD

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I KNOW the need of the world, though it would not have me know;
 It would hide its sorrow deep, where only God may go;
 Yet its secret it can not keep;
 It tells it awake or asleep;
 It tells it to all who will heed,
 And he who runs may read.
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it boasts of its wealth the loudest,
 When it flaunts it in all men's eyes, when its mien is the gayest and proudest,
 Oh, ever it lies, it lies!
 For the sound of its laughter dies
 In a sob or a smothered groan,
 And it weeps when it sits alone!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when it babbles of gold and fame;
 It is only to lead us astray from the thing that it dare not name.
 For that is the sad world's way—
 Oh, poor, blind world grown gray,
 With the lack of a thing so near,
 With the want of a thing so dear!
The need of the world I know.

I know the need of the world when the earth shakes under the tread
 Of men who march to the fight, when rivers with blood are red,
 And there is no law but might,
 And the wrong way seems the right;
 When he who slaughters the most
 Is all men's pride and boast.
The need of the world I know.

Oh, love is the need of the world! Down under its pride of power,
 Down under its lust of greed, for the joys that last but an hour,
 There lies forever its need.
 For love is the law and the creed;
 And love is the aim and the goal
 Of life, from the man to the mole.
The need of the world is love.

THE CHOICE

BY EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," "The Fruit of the Tree," etc.

I

STILLING, that night after dinner, had surpassed himself. He always did, Wrayford reflected, when the small fry from Highfield came to dine. He, Cobham Stilling, who had to find his bearings, keep to his level, in the big, heedless, oppressive world of New York, dilated and grew vast in the congenial medium of Highfield. The Red House was the biggest house of the Highfield summer colony, as Cobham Stilling was its biggest man. No one else within a radius of a hundred miles (on a conservative estimate) had as many horses, as many greenhouses, as many servants, and assuredly no one else had two motors, or a motor-boat for the lake.

The motor-boat was Stilling's latest hobby, and he rode—or sailed—it in and out of the conversation all the evening, to the obvious edification of every one present save his wife and his visitor, Austin Wrayford. The interest of the latter two, who, from opposite ends of the drawing-room, exchanged a fleeting glance when Stilling again launched his craft on the thin current of the talk—the interest of Mrs. Stilling and Wrayford, had already lost its edge by protracted conversational contact with the subject.

But the dinner-guests—the Rector, Mr. Swordsley, and Mrs. Swordsley, Lucy and Agnes Granger and their brother Addison, and young Jack Emmerton from Harvard—were all, for divers reasons, stirred to the proper pitch of feeling. Mr. Swordsley, no doubt, was saying to himself: "If my good parishioner here can afford to buy a motor-boat, in addition to all the other expenditures which an establishment like this must entail, I certainly need not

scruple to appeal to him again for a contribution toward our Galahad Club." The Granger girls, meanwhile, were evoking visions of lakeside picnics, not unadorned with the presence of young Mr. Emmerton; while that youth himself speculated as to whether his affable host would let him, when he came back on his next vacation, "learn to run the thing himself"; and Mr. Addison Granger, the elderly bachelor brother of the volatile Lucy and Agnes, mentally formulated the precise phrase in which, in his next letter to his cousin Professor Spildyke of the University of East Latmos, he should allude to "our last delightful trip in my old friend Cobham Stilling's ten-thousand-dollar motor-launch"—for East Latmos was still in that primitive stage of social culture on which such figures impinge.

Isabel Stilling, sitting beside Mrs. Swordsley, her head slightly bent above the needlework with which, on such occasions, it was her old-fashioned habit to be engaged—Isabel also had doubtless her reflections to make. As Wrayford leaned back in his corner, and looked at her across the bright, flower-filled drawing-room, he noted first of all—for the hundredth time—the flexible play of her hands above the embroidery-frame, the shadow of the dusky, wavy hair on her forehead, the tired droop of the lids over her somewhat full gray eyes. He noted this, taking in unconsciously, at the same time, the indescribable quality in her attitude, in the fall of her dress and the turn of her head, that set her, for him, in a separate world; then he said to himself: "She's certainly thinking 'Where on earth will he get the money to pay for it?'"

But at the same moment, from his inevitable position on the hearth-rug, cigar