

They had brought from the attic the cot on which Cane used to sleep in the storeroom before he married, and she lay down on it, still dressed. She woke several times in the night to hear his painful breathing in the next room—a breathing that became slower and slower, feebler and feebler, stopped, and then started up again with a fierce, eager, fighting rapidity. She did not know enough to be worried by it. At last she slept in a dead exhaustion.

When she wakened there was sunlight on the window blind—and silence from the bedroom. She was covered with a shawl. Van Schoeck was sitting beside her. She knew from his look what the silence in the bedroom meant. She turned and hid her face in the pillow and reached out her hand to him.

He caught it. "Julia!"

Her reply was in the way in which her fingers clung to his.

Of all the impossible possibilities that have since come out of Findellen, per-

haps the most improbable has been Julie Cane's success in the life and environment of Julia Van Schoeck; for whatever else you may think of her, she has certainly been successful—as conspicuously successful as Niagara Falls. Her career has been such a public performance that it must take precedence as a marvel even over the private miracle of Alice Carey's happy marriage to Alan Birdsall—a marriage which infuriates everybody who sees it, in spite of the fact that the husband is blissfully contented doing as he pleases, and his wife is sweetly pleased to let him. The third prodigy, Martha Perrin's complete recovery from bedridden invalidism, made the reputation of Doctor Beck, but his is only a local reputation after all. And it is only in what you might call the business circles of Findellen that the sale of Cane's grocery to a New York firm, for a price sufficient to retire the widow on a pension, is recognized as the holy wonder that it was.

(THE END)

ON REREADING CATULLUS

BY HARRY KEMP

THE flutes, the silver flutes began with dawn,
 With dawn the flutes and hidden birds began;
 All tremulous with stops the music ran
 Of light, skilled fingers lifted or laid on;
 The birds were practiced, too, and played upon
 Obedient throats that tracked no casual plan:
 For as they played they all looked up at Pan—
 Nor had the flutes his leadership foregone.

Then I saw altars gleaming, marble-pure,
 With fire—or day—too bright to shine in words;
 Again, I saw the satyrs' quick pursuits,
 The nymphs' delayed escapes, with yielding sure,
 While—was it flutes that waked the hidden birds
 Or birds that brought awakening to the flutes?



THE LION'S MOUTH

JACK AND JILL

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

I HAVE been doing some pretty heavy thinking about the intellectual differences between the two sexes. Are women, I have been wondering, born conservative, and are men born radical? In support of this hypothesis I offer you the facts with regard to a small girl, aged three and a fraction, and an even smaller boy, aged exactly two. Let us regard them as Exhibit A and Exhibit B in our investigation, and survey them with the cold eye of science.

Jill is a standpatter. She views with alarm any departure from the established routine. She must always sit in the same chair to eat her evening dish of prunes, and if apple sauce is substituted for prunes she is thrown into confusion. She stands for the rights of property; if her brother Jack appropriates her toy taxicab she raises a hubbub beside which the protests of Judge Gary at the machinations of Mr. W. Z. Foster are as nothing. She believes in discipline; the word "mustn't" is constantly in her mouth. "Mustn't go out without a coat on," she says severely to her father in the same tone of voice in which members of the Committee on Foreign Relations say, "Mustn't go into the World Court without reservations on." She prefers to have things done to-morrow as they were done yesterday. Even Senator Lodge could hardly be more insistent than she on having his customary piece of zweiback presented to him at the customary moment as he kicks off his slippers and climbs into his crib for the night. She doesn't smash the furniture or other established institutions.

We used to take upon ourselves the credit for her behavior; when other parents lamented the ink bottles spilt on the carpet by their young barbarians, we smiled indulgently and prided ourselves on the masterly training that kept Jill in the ways of peace. But now we know better. Up to the age of three at least, we have decided, the female of the species is more lawful and orderly than the male.

It was Jack who brought us to humility.

I shouldn't like to give the impression that Jack is deliberately destructive. The better word would be headlong. Like other good radicals, if he destroys things it is not from a love of destruction but merely from an excess of zeal coupled with a lack of experience. He wants to examine everything, climb over it, push it around, and test its qualities of resistance by banging it against something else. He combines the exploratory fervor of a Balboa with the indefatigability of a La Follette—except that if he ever reached a peak in Darien he wouldn't stand silent but would immediately charge full tilt for the Pacific to see if it was any good for splashing, and that, unlike the Senator from Wisconsin, he is always in uproarious humor. He does not agree with the editors of the *Nation* that the world is a bad place and reform a weary task; he is delighted to find it a place in which there are so many things right-side up that might be turned upside down by the experimental mind with undeniably comic effect. Jill holds that whatever is, is right; Jack's view is that whatever is should be taken apart to see if it is amusing enough to be right.