

eyes widened, he turned, and went in again.

They heard him rattling in the darkness with the *butsudan*.

He came out again. The two shrank back from him. In each hand, stretched forth quivering, he held an *ihai*—a mortuary tablet—the mortuary tablets that the dead man, the night before, had thrown into the river. With a convulsive gesture he hurled them from him to the floor.

"Look at them," he cried, hoarsely, stark fear in his voice, "they were in the *butsudan*. Look at them! They are soaked with salt water, the *butsudan* is dripping with salt water!"

The Japanese, half crouching, with

staring eyes, drew back, step by step, lifting his feet. "*Namu Amida Butsu*," he whispered.

Suddenly, he stopped. He pointed to the floor.

"The *ihai*! The *ihai* of Tamamura! Do you see? Do you see? The ideograph!"

The *ihai* of Tamamura lay face up on the floor. On its smooth surface a red ideograph had always blazed—the sign of life. It was gone. In its place, shining in the gloom, was a gold ideograph of the dead.

They were both the same now—the tablet of the man, newly dead, and the tablet of the long-dead wife.



LA CRUCHE CASSÉE

TWO things there are that make the whole world bright,
 That down to our poor earth draw heaven divine,
 That up to their pure heaven lift earth, that shine
 In joy and woe alike with quenchless light,
 And make all wrong less wrong, all right more right:
 The child and mother—in each face the sign
 Of God's soft seal is fresh; His love benign
 Laughs in their hearts all day, broods there all night.

O little maid, thou interblended gleam
 Of child that was, of woman yet to be,
 Which sweetest is we know not of the three—
 The hope, the memory, or the painted dream.
 Thou only, Art, canst changeless keep the mild,
 Faint evanescence of the woman-child.

G. M. G.



NATURAL SEQUENCE

CRAWFORD—How was it you changed your mind about staying in town all Summer?

CRABSHAW—My wife changed hers about going away.

“ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL”

By Dorothy Canfield

IT was in a shady nook on “Flirtation,” where the rocks sloped directly from their feet to the Hudson. With a reckless disregard of regulations, the cadet had unfastened the top hook of his collar and, with his hands clasped behind his head, was gazing meditatively at the girl who was opening a box of candy. It looked like the regulation arrangement on “Flirtation,” but it was not. The girl was from New Hampshire, and had a sense of humor.

Besides, she was evidently expectant. She arranged her skirts comfortably, tilted her parasol at an angle which shaded the cadet’s head as well as her own, and then said, “Now, Allan, you promised you’d tell me all about it. There’s no reason for putting it off.”

The cadet rubbed his close-cropped head thoughtfully. “I’ll tell it on one condition—that you don’t interrupt. I don’t believe you can help it, but I warn you now, that if you break in a single time I won’t finish the story.”

The girl laid the candy-box on one side, crossed her heart, and, raising eyes to the Spring-blue sky, chanted solemnly:

“Honest and true, honest and true,
Lay me down and cut me in two!”

The cadet laughed, and then grew serious. “You’re not in the proper frame of mind. This is the story of my engagement I’m going to tell you. It’s no funny business—being engaged to be married! Makes a fellow do some thinking.”

“Well, if I were the girl, I must say I’d enjoy having you take such a funeral view of it!”

“That,” said the cadet, as he reached for the candy-box, “is the last speech I won’t count as an interruption.

“I’m going to start in by saying that you don’t know the girl, but that she’s a wonder! It all happened about a year and a half ago—when she’d been coming up to the Point for several months, to hops and things. She was the gayest little ‘fem’ you ever saw—always cracking jokes and laughing like a chime of bells.

“You know our set of six fellows, and how we always hang together. Well, we were together on this proposition all right! We thought she was about the funniest little girl that ever came along. She was always saying something you didn’t think she was going to. I remember she was the only girl I ever saw who had something new to say when we told her we called our room-mates our ‘wives.’ And I tell you no ‘spoonoid’ had any chance around her. She’s got the prettiest eyes, that look as though they’d be just great for looking soft, but she kept them snapping so with fun that there wasn’t any use trying to do the spoon.

“Well, a year ago last Fall, when I was a second-class man, I was sitting in my room one evening, boning on math. I’d been working like a horse trying to ‘max’ my calculus, and I was as grouchy as a bear. My ‘wife’ was not any company, for he’d been ‘doing area’ ever since two o’clock, and had turned in so dead tired you couldn’t have waked him with an ax. I was getting lonesomer and lonesomer, and feeling more and more as though I wanted a blow-out of some kind to