

A black and white woodcut illustration of a woman riding a horse. The woman is wearing a turban and a long, patterned dress. She is holding a small child in her arms. The horse is galloping to the left. The background shows a simple landscape with hills and a tree. The style is characteristic of early 20th-century Indian art.

[illegible][illegible]

Anna Karenina and Sophie Bauerschmidt were sitting on the curb-stone in front of the Bauerschmidt saloon, from beneath the bar they had just come from. They had been there for some time, but which of them had just been rudely ejected by Sophie's father. They were talking about Miss Lucy.

"My sister," said Sophie, "seen Miss Lucy, and she says she's a swell."

Sophie's sister, a creature of a very high pompadour that hung coquettishly into one eye, worked at the beauty counter of a department store, and was therefore the social oracle of the Bauerschmidt circle.

There was an element of bloom in

Anna's mother said that discounted for her all things pedagogical. "A swell," she said. "Mistakenly," she said even so. And Mrs. Mother says she said nothing but a working-woman. Ladies never do work. They just side all day and puds things on their faces like my mother."

"Well, anyhow, said Sophie, "Miss Luzz's got nice clothes."

"She said no so much," insisted Anna. "They ain't got no silk, no cotton, and never never never no beads and her stockings and god holes over them."

"But she's pretty, anyhow," said Sophie.

"Hod air," Anna scoffed. "Why,

"He's got red hair," argued Sophie. "My father put stuff on her hair, and some of it's red and the rest aint."

"That'd be like my mother's," Anna declared, "but Miss Luzz's just all tanned."

"But it's curly," wavered Sophie; "it's curly down to her ear."

"'Alind you never need!" cried Anna, staggered at such denseness. That girl had no real sense.

"It's spit then," said Sophie.

"She puds id ub," said Anna, with finality; "I bed you she does."

"I bet you she don't," snapped Sophie.

"Wad'd' you bed?" cried Anna.
 "Thun!" said Sophie femininely.
 "You're afraid," Anna jeered. "I bed
 a cent she does."
 "I bet you a cent she don't," cried
 the taunted Sophie.
 "All right," said Anna; "jusd wald
 I bid rains." Then, growing weary
 of Sophie's company, she departed to
 a more congenial-pursuits of the
 day.
 Three days later it rained. Miss Luzzy,
 going come to school in the midst of
 damp, depressing drizzle, went to
 her bookcase where she kept a small
 looking-glass carefully hidden beneath
 the gitter-letter "Teacher's Creed." The

linal had often noted and approved the cheerful and long-sustained attention that Miss Lucy gave to her work each morning.

However, that morning the inspection was short. The dampness had thinned her fresh waist into a slovenly limp garment, and the end of her hair was damp and collily pink. Remembering the bookcase door and lying down at her desk looked gloomily and bitterly at the sixty members of Class A. Owing to the inclement weather, Class A was in an uncomfortable state of damp greasiness, and Nature, in a vain attempt to give a bath

neglected children, had only
er matters worse.
Anna Karelnina looked like a wet
a sausage and according to her
custom in rainy weather she had
n of the blue hair-ribbon that was
sle garter, thus letting both her
singles hang down over her shoes.
and, but she had
that her stockings thus worn re-
sembled the gaiters that Miss Lucy
sometimes donned. Unlike Anna,
se morning ablutions no pleading
d extend farther than the dainty
ring of a finger tip which was then
lovely applied to the corner of
eve. Bum O'Reilly every morning

ly washed his face in a three-circle whose centre was his nose—basis of cleanliness in a desert of But, unfortunately, he smelt like very strong stogie. This odor united the ambrosial perfume of stale that smelt like Sophie and the odor of the coal oil with which Joseph, whose mother was vain, smelt his too sparse coiffure. In the of this union Frederick William, in Miss Lucy had placed in the and nearest seat, valiantly but gave forth his usual clean soapy of the laundry.

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