



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

The Change

BY MARGUERITE WOOD

Before she went to boardin' school
She uster romp and play,
She drove the cows in from the field
And helped take in the hay;
But she don't do that any more,
Because of this, you see—
She went away as Mary Jane—
But came back Jeanne Marie.

She uster wear made-over clothes
And always with a smile,
But now her dresses, every one,
Must be the latest style;
She don't ride bareback any more,
Nor climb an apple tree—
She went away as Mary Jane,
But came back Jeanne Marie.

Her hair is all in crinkles now—
She calls 'em Marshal waves;
She's up in all the etiquette,
Real stylish she behaves;
Her ma an' me are mighty proud
O' all she's learned—but gee!
We sometimes wish for Mary Jane,
Instid of Jeanne Marie.

A Homesick Boy

Homesick aint like the other sicks,
You get an' hafto go to bed
An' drink th' stuff th' drug stores mix,
Or have things tied aroun' your head,
An' when your ma she wash your face
An' use th' silver bresh an' comb
To comb you, an' she fill a vase
With flowers, 'cause you're sick at home.

Homesick aint *med'cine* sick at all;
It aint a sick like stummick ache
'At made you double up an' bawl
An' say you *didn't* eat th' cake,
Until your conscience it ache too,
Nen you confess, an' your ma smile
An' say she got a joke on you
Buhcause she know it all th' while.

Homesick aint when they see your tongue
Or feel your pulse, or your ears buzz,
Or doctors listen at your lung—
But, O, how much you wisht it *was!*
Homesick is when you go away
A-visitin' all by yourself,
An' miss the clock 'at ought to stay
A-ticking on th' mantel-shelf.

But you don't miss it till it's night
An' time to go to bed, an' nen
You think if it would be polite
You'd like to go back home again.
An' you don't know just what it is
You want, but wisht you had it, though;
An' grampa sez 'at it is his
Up-pinion 'at you'd like to go.

An' folks tell stories to you, too,
An' try their best to *make* you laugh.
Th' wind cries in th' chimney flue,
An' in the barnyard is a calf
'At bawls an' bawls—An' worst part yet
Is all th' time how well you know
No matter how homesick you get
An' want to go home, you *can't* go.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Harper's Magazine*

A Modern Enquiry

A WESTERN subscriber sends us the following dialogue between a small boy and his mother, which is vouched for as "genuine."

Earl (aged five), just after saying his evening prayer—"Mamma, did God make everybody?"
Mamma—"Yes, dear."
Earl—"Did He make me?"
Mamma—"Yes, of course."
Earl—"Has He sent in His bill yet?"

Beyond Him

'HEIGHO!' sighed Mrs. Stoutly.
'You used to sit with your arm around my waist, John, but you never do it any more.'
'I'm sorry, dear,' replied Stoutly, 'but there are some things that are beyond my reach.'

Slightly Mistaken

NIGHT was coming on, the storm was increasing, and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a distress signal. The rocket was already lit and about to ascend, when a solemn-faced passenger stepped up. "Cap'n," said he, "I'd be

the last man on earth to cast a damper on any man's patriotism, but it seems to me this here's no time for celebratin' an' settin' off fireworks."

The Vicar's Lastly

VICAR'S Daughter: "I'm sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons, William. What is the matter with them? Are they too long?"
William: "Yes, Miss. Yon t' curate 'e says: 'In conclusion,' and 'e do conclude. But t' vicar 'e says 'lastly,' and 'e do last.'"

Doing His Part

A POOR fellow, having with difficulty procured an audience of the first Duke of Newcastle, told His Grace he came only to ask him for something toward his support, and as they were of the same family, being both descended from Adam, hoped he would not be refused.

"Surely not," said the Duke—"surely not! There's a penny for you, and if all the rest of your relatives will give you as much, you'll be a richer man than I am."

Quite Sufficient

"I HAVE several reasons for not buying the horse," said the man. "The first is that I haven't the money, and—"
"You needn't mention the others," interrupted the owner.

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Historic European Towns

Continued from page 7

Sometimes while a placid angel is conscientiously bearing a soul upward, a merry devil will jab it playfully away with a pronged fork. Evidently the "karma" of that soul had not been worked out to the end!

The exquisite Cathedral, made of white marble with black and colored bands, contains a wonderful Andrea Del Sarto—a Saint Agnes, that one would come miles to see, if there were nothing else in Pisa—also many antique columns captured by the Pisans in those early barbarous wars.

But—here is where the Old touches the New—before the altar hangs the same bronze lamp by the swaying of which Galileo discovered that the oscillations of the pendulum recur at equal intervals whether great or small.

Somehow we were more interested in that little swaying lamp than in the colored frescoes of Ghirlandaio just behind the altar on their gold ground.

And the Leaning Tower—one of those "Seven Wonders of the World," that used to keep us awake o'nights when we were children—grown-up interest strangely dwindles away to the fact that here again occurs the magic name! "It was from this tower, famous as to the oblique position which obliged the builders to alter their levels so as to keep the centre of gravity within the base, that, at the age of twenty-five, Galileo made his experiments in gravitation."

No architect looks at the Tower without feeling sad. To the tourist it is a source of momentary wonder—they have seen the Leaning Tower of Pisa! To the artist it brings a sense of uneasiness. Its many arches and columns seem to be ever on the move, like the shadows of the intradoses and the shafts upon its drum, as day after day they travel around the sun.

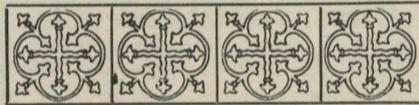
But after all, it is the Baptistery, the loveliest marble dream of the middle ages, that lures one again and again to recollections of that Italian Piazza. This Bap-

tistery is a circular building, entirely of marble, completed in 1278, surrounded by half columns below, and a gallery of smaller detached columns above. But it is the interior that counts, for here, in one comparatively small piece of work, lies the glory and inspiration of the entire renaissance of sculpture in the middle ages.

I remember coming upon an absurd sentence in a recent travel book where the author frankly states "the Pulpit by Niccolo Pisano is I suppose, the finest work of its kind in marble in the world. I recognized it at once as the one which gave me so much trouble to describe in my art study course at Amherst." Perhaps many of us, were we willing to be equally frank, might truthfully echo this statement. I, too, remember how learnedly we dissected it in art examinations. But, on that April morning, when I stood in the marble Baptistery and looked upon it, that small bit of work that caused such a stir in the world, nothing but the passionate love of life which inspired its pure form and outlines overtook me.

You remember how it all came about. Pisa at the height of her glory, having completed her great group of buildings, wished to beautify them within, and as if in answer to the desire came the young Niccolo from some village in Tuscany to the city which was to name him Pisano. Into his dreams were woven thoughts of the Grecian gods, while in his conceptions he adhered to those traditions which Dante has immortalized in song: all the life-quality that gives the Inferno its intense vividness shone out in his work. The success of this pulpit was so great that a few years later he was asked to carve another for the cathedral in Siena. An envoy came on purpose, and in the Baptistery a contract was drawn up in which it was agreed that Niccolo should go to Siena and stay until the work was done, taking three assistants, and also his young son, Giovanni, at half pay, if he wished. This contract was made in 1265, the year of Dante's birth, and the two, father and son, founded the great Tuscan school of sculpture and influenced both painting and architecture as well.

How long we stood in the rainbow-colored Baptistery I cannot tell. I know that the air which had seemed at our entrance like dim moonlight, just tinged with blue, was now flushed with the rays from the windows of stained glass, and suddenly became vocal as a deep Italian voice chanted the resonant notes of a chord that one by one floated upward, mingled, and seemed to melt about us like the sound of invisible harps in the air. The effect was beautiful beyond all words. If one dared to describe it, it would be as a kind of glorified symposium of tone, tint and marble outline, all brought to perfection in that jewel of the middle ages—the marble Baptistery of Pisa.



David Kendall's Holiday

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himself of both ring and stone. "I shall take these up to London to-morrow and have the lapis lazuli reset."

"I might only lose it again."

"I should not object so long as I were the finder."

"Now that was a ball-room speech," she reproached, shaking her finger at him.

"Nevertheless, you may accept it on good faith," he replied with seriousness. Then after a pause:

"I suppose there were pleasant associations connected with that ring, were there not, Miss Bradshaw?"

"There were," she answered with averted face. "It was given me at— in the States."

"You have many friends there?"

"Yes."

"You like the Americans, then?"

"Yes."

"Better than the English?"

"I'd rather not commit myself, thank you," she smiled.

With this rejoinder Kendall was not exactly pleased.

"Really, Lady Circe, you are an unpatriotic little creature. You ought to like your own country best."

"I do."

"And your own countrymen?"

"I do," very solemnly.

"For my part," he continued, "I dislike the Americans."

"Why?" she asked, indifferently.

"They are so uninteresting. Their only thought is how to make money. They never take time to travel and see things really worth while, but, instead, they

lie awake nights scheming how they can get ahead of the other fellow."

"And the women?"

"The women have the most shocking voices—like foodchoppers that need oiling. Not one American woman in ten can talk to you intelligently about history, or literature, or music, or—"

"Or art?" Miss Bradshaw suggested.

"Yes, or art. All she thinks of are bridge parties and clothes."

Kendall might have said more, had not Miss Bradshaw dropped her sewing and buried her face in her palms. He was at a loss to know whether she was laughing or crying.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed, patting her shoulder. "What is the matter?"

Raising her head she directed on him two eyes dancing with merriment.

"Nothing," she managed to get out between laughs, "only—only I'm an American! There now, you know."

The man's face was a study.

"But your accent?" he remonstrated in blank amazement.

"My accent was cultivated. In childhood I had an English governess; later I spent four years at Girton College."

"And you were born in—?"

"In Boston, attended boarding-school in Washington, made my debut in New York. My parents live in New York now. Two years ago I was very ill, and since then I have been 'doing' Europe for my health. I am completely well now, and in three weeks I shall sail for home."

She waited for him to speak, but when he made no comment she went on:

"There is something else on your mind, Mr. Kendall. You wonder why I didn't tell you all this at the beginning. Soon after we met you declared you didn't like Americans; it was then that I conceived the idea of seeing how long we could be friends without your discovering my nationality. It was fun, too, the play," she laughed.

Kendall was silent so long she thought him displeased with her. Finally she turned her pretty head in his direction.

"Are you sorry I disillusioned you?" she asked gently.

"Quite the contrary," he replied, though he seemed preoccupied and morose the remainder of the evening. When he rose to leave her:

"Good-night, Margaretta," he said, feeling in his waistcoat pocket to see if her ring was safe.

After he had gone the girl sat musing before the fire. She wondered why he called her Margaretta. Never before had her name been on his lips, though he had known it some time. But the problem was too perplexing for her, and she went to bed with it unsolved.

For the next three weeks Kendall was an uneasy man. He wanted Miss Bradshaw to walk, or row, or ride with him every day; and the girl readily acquiesced, for she liked him well enough, as far as men went, she told herself. The eve of her departure Kendall slipped on her finger the ring with the lapis lazuli that had a history.

"Someday," he said earnestly, looking down at her, "I shall come to America, and then I shall hunt you up."

"Best not make any rash promises," she warned him with a quiet smile.

The following winter was much like other winters, for Kendall. He entertained, and was entertained by the smart set of London. He danced, dined, flirted, attended the opera as usual. Sometimes he compared the belles and debutantes in his circle of friends with the girl he had met in Guilford—greatly to the detriment of the former. He was never impulsive, always thoughtful and deliberative; but at length in the spring-time he resolved to take a bold and decisive step indeed. So, advising some business in New York—it could easily have been performed by letter—he sailed for the States.

It was just before dinner when Margaretta Bradshaw, lovely in soft, rose-colored draperies, uncovered the long box the maid had deposited on her desk. What she saw there made her start, then smile, and tear open with nervous hands the accompanying note. It read:

"Dear Miss Bradshaw,—Just arrived. May I come to you this evening?"

She did not need to read the signature. She lifted the huge bouquet of long-stemmed marguerites from their bed of tissue paper, and took them in her arms. For a moment she thoughtfully twisted the lapis lazuli on her finger. Being a woman, she guessed why Kendall had crossed the seas, and something inside her throbbed with a great joy.

What answer she wrote it matters not, but after she had handed it to the waiting messenger boy she leaned forward and pressed her lips to the flowers.