

Then I observed what I had not noted before: that her face was very sorrowful.

Then she answered: "Nay, not so! My brother Law and I must bear the slander that we hinder advancement. But it is a false accusation made by men to excuse their own laziness and cowardice. Our task and that of my children here is to aid men by binding them together and making it necessary for them to advance as a whole. We were not meant to rule, but to obey. We are to check the vagaries of our young and giddy cousins, the New Ideas. But men crush the New Ideas because they fear to follow where they lead, while we who were meant to serve men are made their rulers.

"What are your children's names", I asked.

So she answered again: the boy is called Habit and the girl Tradition. The boy carries handcuffs, for he must bind individuals, while the fine chains which cover the girl's shoulders are worn by both individuals and nations. These two are my trusted helpers.

At this point I noted the weird mixture of her clothing and asked concerning it.

"My clothing", she said, is the outward symbol of my rule. The rich, the pure, and the good pieces of cloth are symbolic of the customs which aid men, while the filthy, the ragged and the foul are emblems of those customs which degrade and enslave. I am condemned to wear such unharmonious mixtures as long as men misuse my gifts".

Here she began to step backwards, and silently melted away in the darkness.

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I awoke with a start. It was a cold winter morning and the fire was gone. The Joneses in the next apartment were talking in clear tones.

"Yes, I know the price is high, dear", Mrs. Jones was saying, "but everyone is wearing them this year, so I simply must have one".

I shivered, seeming to hear again the rattle of Custom's chains, and went to hunt up some kerosene to start the fire.

T. W. C., '25.