into the most delightful and peaceful perfection.

There is beauty in the variety of this universal patron. We love the calm silence of nature, found at the brink of a reedy pool or in the heart of a winter woods, as we shudder at the hurting mystery of death's hush, or the nervous, tense silence of fear. What a gentle quiet we keep in the presence of new and precious life—tiny babies, budding trees, young helpless animals, and what awe is expressed in the admiring hush that greets the display of great artistry. We revere the sacred silence, incomparable to any other, of an empty church. We know the sanitary silence of a hospital and the systematic silence of a library. One fancies that there are whole drawers full of it here, all carefully indexed and catalogued.

In everyday life, silence is the ever-welcome intervener; a life belt securing itself around situations that are lost and helpless; a blender of daily discords; a mason slicing off the crude, protruding parts of existence; a universal interlocutor, subtle, deft in preserving the mystery, intensifying the drama, and protecting the beauty of the world. It is life's tactful host—interrupting with artful entrance at the perfect moment, and after a gentle adjustment of the situation, leaving the guests to marvel at the discreetness and dexterity of its departure.

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**IN SPITE OF WORDS**

These words come at least in part
From out my soul and mind and heart;
And come at least in part, I fear,
From my conceit and failure drear.

For what they are, or might have been,
Had I known less of trivial sin,
I have no fears—no deep regret
Of that which may prove fertile yet.

FREDERIC WINTER.

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**CONVERSATION PIECE**

Perhaps he does.
What do you think?
He might, perhaps
He does; I do not know. He does, perhaps.
You think he might?
Perhaps; I think perhaps he does.

But maybe not;
I do not know
but that he would not think of it.
Perhaps; I say I do not know.

**PERSONALITY**

I met her long ago:
Calamity was at her door;
Her father had a year to live;
Her mother's heart—tomorrow,
Or, within a month, would
Cause her death.

I met her yesterday:
Her father has a year to live;
Calamity is at her door;
Tomorrow, or within a month,
Her mother's heart will
Cause her death.

**CONCENTRATION**

I said I thought the day was fair;
She said that Bill had curly hair.
I said that beer was here to stay;
She pondered on Bill's winning way.
When I discussed the social classes,
She said she thought he needed glasses.
But then I said, "Men should be wed,'"
And she said, "Yes. You're right,'"

—GRACE FERGUSON.