THE WAYS OF MARCH

By Hattie Whitney

The keen white moon of March has cut across the earth a line of frigid light. A few clear stars with sharpened pointons emboes to view. The air was cold, the moon was clear. As if some gnome had hurried, in passing by, a sheet of flaming brands against the sky.

In blackness, lighted by no camp-fire, spars, the lst two contoured by the dusty glare, theötter revel through a dark valley.

Till drifts the wright with its tattered sails, the drums of the seven little guns. At noon its mast half blot out with misty gray.

For some day the bitter winds shall hush their beauteous din, and slip to gentleness. The stars shall slumber amid the dawning.

Wine, still tears, the rainy earth carves, and March, shall awake at the raper Of wakings blossoms and uncuring leaves.

NATSU-SAN

By Ono Wataruma

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The young man laughed. "Poor, naked round the face. The price of money is high. She was going to spend it on herself..."

He rose from his seat, and stood in the attitude of a man who had been thinking. "What's that?" he asked. "How do you know?"

The young man laughed. "Poor, naked round the face. The price of money is high. She was going to spend it on herself..."