

band, disregarding his wife's lengthy exposition of her standing tasks.

"Mrs. Main's son has helped her a lot," complained Louisa; "at least that's what the other girls claim."

"I suppose children do serve a good purpose some times," said Alfred philosophically while looking at a group of children scampering about just outside their residence.

Louisa blanched for a moment and then spoke in dogmatic tones on the one subject about which she had firm convictions and an unwavering opinion. "You know my views on that matter, Alfred, and this is no time to start such a discussion—the last time we nearly quarreled."

"Yes, I remember," agreed the husband pensively.

"Ruins your figure. Causes nervous breakdowns. Ties you down till you're contented with knitting needles. And who would come to your bridge parties? A family they say—that's all right when told to ignorant people," enumerated Louisa, adjusting the belt about her slim waist and staring into her husband's reddened face.

"Yes, just for ignorant people," Alfred agreed in laconic sarcasm while reaching for his coat. Then he added, "I think I'll take a walk in the evening air. My stomach seems a bit upset."

Louisa stood in the doorway exhibiting a furious mein as she watched her husband saunter slowly down the lattice-bordered walk accompanied by the spaniel which brushed affectionately against his leg.

—O. K. E. '51.

THE FOURTH CRUCIFIXION

She poured her blood on craggy stone,
Her tears on mangled feet;
Alive in death she trod the street
Alone;
Her heart on a twisted thorn
Bore Christ till He was reborn.

—R. O. F. '51.