D IGHT now it was very late: little I brother was sleeping in his pine cradle under the white hangings; father was smoking, with his hands resting on the table and his eyes blinking with dreams in the midst of the smoke of the black tobacco.

"Right now for water?" the little girl dared to say.

"Right now, lazy one. You ought to have brought it this evening."

Standing in the middle of the room, the little girl was thinking of the elves and the hobgoblins in the woods, of the wolves in the snow, and of the enchantments of the bewitching night outside the houses. Her moist beseeching little eyes looked for pity, first in the eyes of her stepmother, and then in those of her father, who was smoking happily in the comfort of the warm house.

But the father, who loved only his second wife, shouted too, "Go out, lazy one, go for water."

girl went to the kitchen to get of the Nativity. roses, she placed it on her hip; and in a prayer. before going, she said pleadingly to her Silently, under the trees of the wood step-mother, "Will you place my little advanced a brilliant cortege. Magi pass?"

little girl had to lift, unaided, the in the stone cathedral-and like the village is near, and I want to give the heavy bolt which crossed the two pan- Magi in the pictures of her story-book. finest toys to the children of this snowels of the old and heavy oak door against wolves and thieves. Her THROUGH the very road where The little girl was mute with surfather continued to smoke impassively, the fountain was situated they prise. Not a single doubt remained near the warmth of the fire, next to were coming, mounted on strange, that they were the three Magi: Gasthe beautiful step-mother, who was humpy horses. She had never seen par, Melchior, and Balthasar. And

tears, she sought consolation in the noise in the snow. to sleep by the snow, was as if en- big festivity at the cathedral. great wish to have a good mother like One of the three kings was a Negro. (Will you please turn to page 24)

"I had to go for wood this evening, the other children. With the jug on THE little girl had never seen a Mother, and I forgot." her side and her little hands purple I Negro. And she noticed in all "Then go for the water right now." with cold, she took the road toward surprise that his eyes were even richer the fountain.

> THE fountain was in the very heart those strange, gigantic, and humpy branches of a walnut-tree a hundred strings of beads and golden pieces, were years old. Up to the silent fountain piled toys. Little cardboard horses, the little girl went, her soul filled with windmills, charming clay figurines dread. The water had frozen. On thumbed in heavenly leisure by the the spout was nothing more than a saints who once were artisans on earth, hard and white icicle. A great skein and bags chock-full of sweets, bon

> went home now, her step-mother honey-sweetness of the beatitude of would beat her and call her lazy.

> Shivering with cold, she leaned of sweetmeats in their convents. crystals of her tears, she saw the white children. woods filled with colors, mute and mys- When she saw them so near, the lit-

> wrapped in the dawn whiteness of exactly the same as those painted on their robes. A candid promise reigned the triptych of the cathedral.

the heavy pitcher from the pine board. Soon her tears remained suspended The little girl heard: Girdling it with her arms with a ten- in the eyes of the little girl, and her "I wonder if the village is still far der gesture as if it were a load of hands were raised to her little breast off. It is now three days since we left

shoes on the window for the time the The little girl saw tunics, shining the black king. "Poor people and golden, and regal silks filled with who live in this country, oh, if I could "Oh, yes, I will beat you with them pomp and majesty. There were three only give them the sun of Ethiopia. if you come late. Go away, lazy one." venerable and beautiful figures, with The children are waiting for us in Her eyes brimming with tears, the long white beards, just like the saints their dreams. In all likelihood, the

fascinating him with her eyes. their like before. Filled with fear at the same time she felt that a great The breast of the little girl leaving and respect, she hid herself behind a joy in looking at the marvelous vision the house was filled with sighs and tree to watch them pass. The foot- the little girl felt keen bitterness in with bitterness. Her eyes filled with steps of the strange mounts made no thinking that they would soon pass

her maternally and serenely. The She could see them better as they came not leave any rich gift from heaven. whole country-side was covered with nearer. They looked like three won- The cortege had stopped as if in snow; the roofs of the rustic houses derful kings come from distant realms. search of the road leading to the vilseemed crowned with big, white tiaras. They wore on their heads rich, crim- lage. The little girl realized that this Little lights, silked with tenderness, son cloths, and on the cloths golden was the moment, and she must not let were shining through the misty, crowns, big and shining. Their tunics them go by. Determined, she came whitish window-panes. The earth, put seemed long, pontifical brocades in a from behind the tree, and making a

chanted under a pure dream of love. One could readily see in their faces "Good evening to you, dear sirs." It was the night of the Magi, and the that they were not from the lands of

in order to let the holy Magi pass in Their noses were aquiline, and their I I est silver. The Magi turned on silence under their windows, and the cheek-bones stuck out. But there was her their sweet, paternal, and benign little girl felt envy and sorrow and a infinite sweetness in their black eyes. eyes; particularly, the eyes of the

in tenderness than those of the other kings. On the backs of the horses, of the woods, beneath the horses, with their necks adorned with of snow hung on the metal frame. bons, and all kinds of delicious, tempt-The little girl began to cry. If she ing, sugary tid-bits, prepared with the the women saints who had been makers

against the trunk of the tree. "Oh, Behind the kings one could see comhaly Virgin, where can I go for ing three more horses, loaded with diwater?" Through the enchanted vine gifts and priceless treasures for

tical, in the silence of the snow. the girl could not any longer doubt. The trees appeared to be static saints They were the Magi because they were

in the woods; it was the enchanted The little girl heard them speaking hour when, down to earth, over the very low. The woods became filled ESIGNED and silent, the little snow-covered homes, come the angels with a sweet and divine clarity as they

heaven through the golden door."

66 A ND how cold it is here," said covered land."

under her window, they would high stars that were looking down at The royal riders spoke not a word. not see her little shoes, and they would

solemn bow before the kings, she said,

little children went to sleep very early the North.

## The Hurricane

By IDA GIBBS HUNT

(Wife of the American Consul)

I UST as I had finished an article on upon us already.

easy-going inhabitants with their sweet

even from my inadequate pen.

Guadeloupe that night.

ing its beauties of nature and its kind, husband there alone in Pointe-á-Pitre. one could doze off a bit. The storm grew more and more experiences which may interest you, and the air was full of sounds of de- that we felt blessed after all. mountains at Trois-Rivières for the tried to reassure them, saying that the all means of communication cut off. hot months and my husband came up house was too solidly constructed to

girl of seven) stood on the veranda fernal noise and the water began drip- glimpse of banana and mango leaves. as long as we could, watching the fury ping down into the dining room from All day long no news from "the

Later she saw her mother coming, A FTER five o'clock there was a fared at G-, a little farther on. struggling against the wind and ran A slight calm, but the rainy deluge By boat and on foot over fallen trees out and brought her in. Her mother continued with hardly a minute's let and other debris he had taken a day had fallen twice and bruised her leg. up. By six, the wind had considerably and a half to travel some sixty kilo-While we doctored the bruises with decreased and I could move around meters. I shall always love that boy hot salt water, the father came over and see how the others were faring. both for his filial devotion and for the also and said that a cyclone from I found them frightened, chilly, and good news he brought me. around Martinique was predicted for uncomfortable, but calmer. Water Two days later the route was was two or three inches deep in the opened up by convict labor as far as dining room and dripping from the the Rivière Salée (Salt River), a nar-A T noon when my "bonne" spread ceilings more or less everywhere, even row channel separating the Bassethe table and prepared to serve on the beds. We turned and pulled Terre side of the island from Pointesomething to eat, the wind suddenly the things around to avoid the drops á-Pitre, and the next day I was en shifted from northwest to south, blew as much as possible, while the storm route for the Pointe, as it is commonly

tinued until after midnight, when an Guadeloupe for The Crisis prais- My thoughts went anxiously to my abatement was quite perceptible and

Next morning we looked out on a French manners, a terrible catastrophe furious every minute. Other neigh- scene of devastation and ruin unimagblew out of the sea, laid its luxuriant bors came in for refuge and the wo- inable. Not a tree, nor a shrub in the vegetation low, and almost wiped out man with the bruised leg was crying vard was unharmed. All had been certain of its towns. Pointe-á-Pitre and praying and calling on all of the either uprooted or denuded of leaves suffered the worst and though the con- Saints. I heard repeated again and and branches; pieces of roofing and sular building remains standing, it is again Saint Marie, St. Joseph, St. wreckage lay all around and every much damaged. The corrugated iron Christopher, till I grew nervous and house in the neighborhood was damroof was taken off, doors blown in, a retired to the north bed-room and lay aged or demolished. Desiccated leaves partition felled, and much minor dam- down to still my beating heart and in abundance were scattered over the age done. Our things, such as furni- wait, not knowing whether this mon- sides of our house and up under the ture and household effects, are nearly ster wind would pass and leave us veranda roof, several outside doors all ruined. Our lives are saved, grace safe or wipe us all out in its course. blown off their hinges and the balusá Dieu, though there are hundreds of The rain poured in torrents, the wind trade of the veranda lacking in places. whistled, roofs blew off, trees and However on looking around we noticed Let me relate some details of our branches fell on and around the house, so many others houseless or roofless

struction. The little girl curled up I had even thought of telegraphing We had rented a pretty and solidly on the bed beside me crying with fear Mr. Hunt first thing in the morning built summer house or villa, in the and her mother soon joined in. I but saw that all wires were down and

for the week-ends, except when the be blown down, but that our roof THE beautiful trees on the hill oparrival of a steamer Sunday prevented. might go. I was not certain though. I posite me that I love so much to On Wednesday, September 12th, a For three solid hours the rain fell look at were missing altogether or terrible wind arose before day and by in torrents and the wind blew an aw- lifting their naked, barren branches to ten o'clock it was blowing a perfect ful gale; but the end was not yet. By the sky, a piteous sight. There was a gale accompanied by driving storms. this time, part of our corrugated roof clear view of the sea now still angry We (my "bonne" and I and her little had been ripped off, making an in- and raging where I had before only a

of the storm and noticing what trees above. We lay low and let it drip, Pointe" and then, next morning, the were losing their branches, not real- awaiting either death or an abatement. most distressing reports of terrible deizing that a cyclone was bearing down One thing that comforted me a little struction by wind and sea, of houses upon us. But soon we were obliged was that I've long had the impression, felled and numerous persons drowned. to come inside and close all of the or presentiment, that I was not to die You can imagine my state of mind! doors. We have no windows. At this by violent means, and another thing Towards noon, however, a young man moment, a neighbor's little girl ran was the thought that Pointe-á-Pitre, living near the consulate came in to over saying that her mother had gone to situated on 'a sort of bay or channel, say that Mr. Hunt was all right as market and had not yet returned, what was more protected than here. he saw him just as he himself was leavwas she to do? "Stay here," I said.

the bed-room door open as it went and still raged. called, with a friend and her husband. drove in a wetting rain. After that, At length we made the wet and cold At the Salt River were dozens of autothere was no more thought of eating. guests as comfortable as possible, dis- mobiles and a great crowd soliciting We were all busy locking and barring tributed a little food and wraps and boats to be ferried across to Pointe-ádoors to the south, inside and outside again lay down, but not to sleep. The Pitre, for the bridge had been blown ones, realizing that the cyclone was strong wind and heavy showers con- (Will you please turn to page 24)