

# El Portal

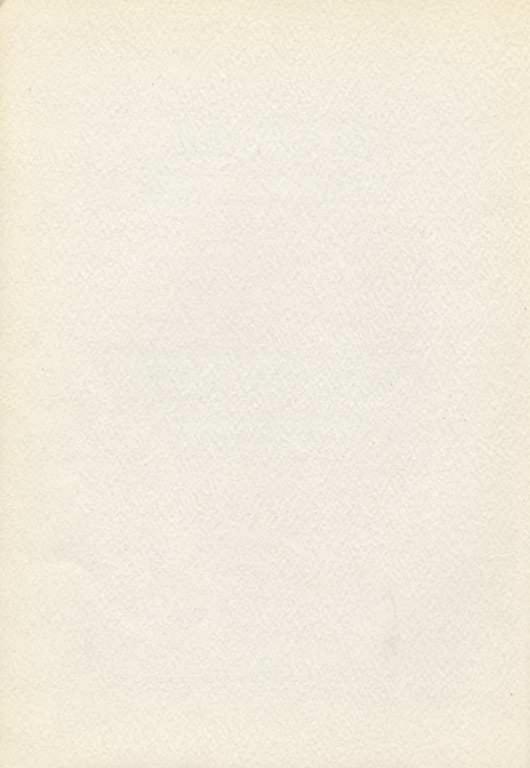
Volume V

June, 1956



EL PORTAL, a literary annual edited by the English department of the San Jose State College, San Jose, California, from the best material submitted in the Phelan contest.





### Contents

THE BROTHERHOOD OF DUST, First Prize (Lyric) Wesley Dexter Gordon	9
EMPTY ARMS, First Prize (Sonnet) Katherine Banwell	10
A BARD'S SONG OF DEIERE, Honovable Mention (Lyric) Erms Faxon	10
PRIMA DONNA'S LOST SONG, Second Prize (Sonnet) Rita Szekeres	10
Admonition, Honorable Mention (Lyric) Erma Faxon	10
" YOUR RIGHT TO SAY IT," First Prize (Essay) Elizabeth Bedford	11
THE FOOL OF CITADEL, First Prize (Play) Wesley Dexter Gordon	13
A RETURN TO DUST, Second Prize (Play) Barton Wood	13
TRAGEDY, Third Prize (Play)	13
WARD NINE, First Prize (Short Story) Raymond Wallace	14
BLIND RAPTERY, Honorable Mention (Lyric) Erma Faxon	18
TAHOB, Honorable Mention (Sonnet) Barton Wood	18
THE PIPES NO MORE, Honorable Mention (Lyric) Erma Faxon	18
ELANZER PIER, Honorable Mention (Narrative Poem) . Wesley Dexter Gordon	19
O Take You a Part of My Heart Along, Honorable Mention (Lytic) Wesley Dexter Gordon	20
ESTRANGED, First Prize (Free Verse) Marjorie Carey	21
BALLYCLARE LOVE SONG, Second Prize (Lyric) Erma Faxon	21
TO A TRACK MAN, Second Prize (Free Verse) R. Catherine Gunn	21
BACHELOR APARTMENT, Honorable Mention (Essay) Randy Smith	22
ISEULT, First Prize (Narrative Poem) Erma Faxon	25
STUNT PILOT, Honorable Mention (Short Story) Jean Holloway	28
THE STUDENT MARRIES, Second Prize (Essay) Barton Wood	29
THE METAMORPHOSIS OF FREDDIE WALTON, Second Prize (Short Story)  Frank Fair Carter	31
OUR FEATHERED FRIEND, Third Prize, (Essay) Frank Fair Carter	36
THEATRE PARTY, Third Prize (Free Verse) Raymond Wallace	38
PEOPLE, Honorable Mention (Essay) Audrey M. Batchelor	39
LAMENT OF A WOMAN ON A LONG ROAD, Honorable Mention (Lyric), Erma Faxon	40
PIONEER PICTURE, Second Prize (Narrative Poem) Marjorie Carey	41
(Contents continued on next page)	

### Contents (continued)

#### -0-

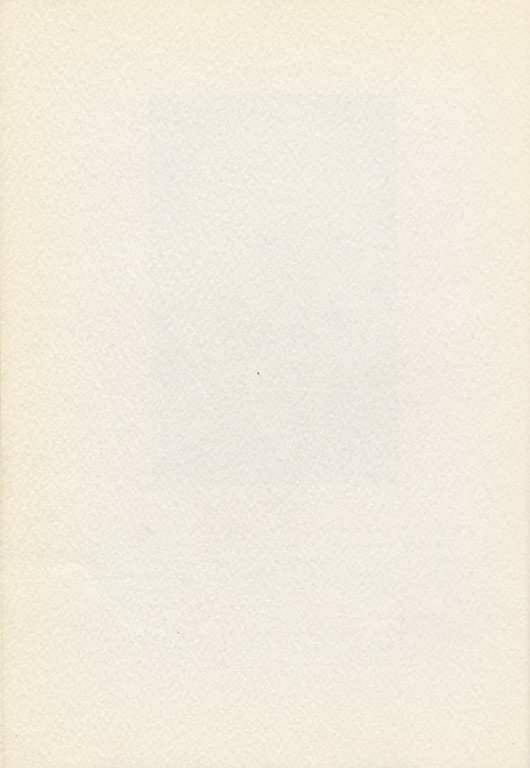
THE KID, Honorable Mention (Short Story)	Francis B. Mitchell 42
THE PERFECT PLOTTER, Third Prize (Short Story),	. Edna Mae Steele 44
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Third Prize (Sonnet)	. Katherine Sanford 46
QUALIFICATIONS FOR A CO-ED'S HUSBAND, Honorable Mentio	m (Essay) R. Catherine Gunn 47
LET Us Go FORTH, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Erma Faxon 48
WATERFRONT, Honorable Mention (Short Story)	. J. Warren Bowers 49
SONNET ON THE TRADITIONAL THEME, Honorable Mention	(Sonnet), Erma Faxon 53
OGIER BECAME A KNIGHT, Third Prize (Narrative Poem) .	. Edna Bradfield 54
THE THREE GIFT-MAKERS, Honorable Mention (Lyric) .	Erma Faxon 55
Tomas, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Erma Faxon 55
Side-Door Pullman, Honorable Mention (Essay)	. Raymond Wallace 56
SERMON FOR SOPHOMORES, Honorable Mention (Essay) .	. Louis R. Walther 57
KEVIN, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Erma Faxon 58
THE GREAT SQUEEZE, Honorable Mention (Essay)	. Edna Mae Steele 59
CELT IN EXILE, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Erma Faxon 60
BUT BETTLES, OLD FELLOW, Honorable Mention (Short Sto	ry) . Barton Wood 61
THOUGHTS, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Barton Wood 65
NINITA, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Barton Wood 66
THE FLOWERS, Honorable Mention (Lyric) W	Vesley Dexter Gordon 66
DAWNING, Third Prize (Lyric)	Elizabeth Show 66
YOUNG VIOLINIST, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Erma Faxon 66
ROAD TO ATHLONE, Honorable Mention (Lyric)	Erma Faxon 66
CLEAR BOARD, Honorable Mention (Short Story)	Dick Waldron 67
THE PIPES STILL ARE SOUNDING, Honorable Mention (Lyric	:) . Erma Faxon 70

According to the rules of the contest not more than two cash prizes could be won by any one student.



1861 Senator James D. Phelan 1930

Senator James D. Phelan bequeathed to the San Jose State College the sum of \$10,000, the annual income of which was to be awarded to students for excellence in poetry and for the Montalvo Contest as sponsored by him. The cash prizes made possible by the generosity of Senator Phelan have stimulated a keen interest in creative writing throughout the college. The speaker of the day at the Phelan literary program was the editor of the Overland Monthly, Mr. Arthur H. Chamberfain. Of In this issue are found the contributions meriting awards and honorable mention. This issue of El Portal, containing the fourth annual literary awards, is dedicated to the memory of the sponsor of the contest, Senator James D. Phelan.



# The Brotherhood of Dust

(Jack London's Wolf House Replies to a Materialist)

#### By WESLEY DEXTER GORDON

O crumbling ruin, Head-stone of your own futility, You mock at my mortality!

I count the years till you shall be dissolved Into the senseless night from which you came. There is no hope that fate

Can disinter the flame

Of dreams which burned your rocks into the sky:

A few brief days you lived expectantly, But now it is too late to live, Like him, you die.

. . . . .

Yes, years are few till acid-winds shall blow My unresisting grains Across these hills.

But hills do not forget.

These hills shall always know I shadowed sunlight on their grass;

I shadowed sunlight on their grass;
That now I feed their soils without regret;
That dust once touched with light

Must ever glow.

They see without the sense of sight,
And feel the certain joy
Of hills that are to be.

There is in me

What change cannot destroy!

These hills shall not forget,

Though future seas may thunder here,
And swaying kelp replace these swaying
pines:

When future hills have pushed those seas spart,

To feel, as now, the sentient urgency of spring.

The seas shall not forget.

In that far day some youthful heart
Will stand where you stand now and sing,
And marvel that his soul is filled
With longing for a dream.

I go to join the dust that once was Illum, To join the dust that echoed Helen's mirth, That guarded sighs which spoke the birth Of budding love, Of love which braved the Trojan swords,

Of love which braved the Trojan swords, And blossoms now throughout eternity. I shall be one with Sappho's dust!

To feel the dreams she felt,

To tremble with her tenderness.

Oh how can Time's duil rust

Destroy such timeless ecstasy?

Today her laughter warms the Grecian hills,

And Grecian pools reflect and hold her

form,

As when Aurors was the dawn,

And Zeus the god of storm.

My rocks, whose passing you lament,
Go eagerly to join
The living dust of martyrs' blood.
Because Savonarola knew how impotent
Were fires of bigotry to burn
His citadel of hope,
Forever shall his spirit yearn
To know the final truth.

Ah, follow me! I go where Aztec dawns Deploy the clouds like aliabaster ships Across the topaz-tinted skies; Where love-soft lips

Where love-sort lips Of Azteo girls

Speak love infinity cannot contain.

Because their molecules of flesh

Are dust, you think the years enmesh

The Aztecs' thankfulness for rain!

Jack London's elements lie deep
Beneath the wasting rock
Which marks the place you call his grave—
You think he sleeps a dreamless sleep,
A sleep you call oblivion. Oblivion!
These hills are pregnant with his dreams!
And hills do not forget.

Forever down the highways of the winds shall come

The singing Brotherhood of Dust, to say
"No heart shall see the day
When all the dreams that are to be, have
been:

For dreams live on

When those who dreamed are but a name."

### Empty Arms

#### BY KATHERINE BANWELL

When God surveys his Heaven tomorrow morn And finds my tiny curly-headed boy, Whom some poor blundering angel death has borne

Away; and, in His wisdom, knows the joy That trusting baby eyes can take away From earth when Heaven sees their wistful stare; And looking down at lonely grief, He'll lay His hands on me and soothe a heart left bare.

But now my arms are empty, night is long, And God has not discovered yet my need. I weep and blame, alone I can't be strong. Perhaps I'll understand with Him to lead. He'll be with me, I know, with dawning day, But morning is so far, so far away.

# A Bard's Song of Deirdre

#### By ERMA FAXON

I walked in a wood that Deirdre knew, and the bough

And the quiet stream and the thorn remembered how

She, walking with her love, seemed all alone, Having no place of peace to call her own.

Over the fields and the bogs she wandered, the years

Bringing no rest to her feet, to her eyes but tears;

Her eyes shone brighter for knowing the gift of grief,

And little flowers sprang in her footsteps over the heath.

Deirdre, who scattered woe abroad in the land And lavished her beauty with ever a heedless hand.

Lies with the roots and the seeds, leaving naught behind

But a lonely and wordless song droned low in the wind.

### Prima Donna's Lost Song

#### BY RITA SZEKERES

My public waits for me to loose the thrill
Of song, to give them some composer's swing.
My child, your little song of life is still.
My throat is mute with pain. How can I sing?
Your baby fingers curied around my own,
Just yesterday. Your happy eyes were wide
With love of life—and now, I am alone,
And clamoured voices tear me from your side.
But ah, my little child, they cannot know,
They who command me forth to sing and smile,
That I have lost my song, that I must go
Bereft of all the melodies worth while.

How can they know, as now the curtains rise, That I have lost my right to lullables!

#### Admonition

#### BY ERMA FAXON

World without pity, wilt thou plunge again To weighty darkness and the thick, red stream Of human blood that spreads along the plain Where grapes once dropped their clusters, and the gleam

Of water sprang in richness from the main Source in a mountain? Maudlin world, beware Lest greed and craft once more conceal their snare.

Men have already borne enough of grief, But careless of their scarcely covered sores Now march anew to battle while the thief Of time makes off with all their hearded stores of thought and song and beauty laid aside To rust while slaughter rages far and wide.

Years have revealed the mystery of fire, And men have learned to build and weave and pray,

But still they stumble weary through the mire of hate and fear; they have not learned the way To tolerance, but blunder on and tire So soon of peace that they will rise and band, Glowering and doltish, at a brute's command.

# "... Your Right To Say It"

("I do not agree with what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."—Voltaire.)

#### By Elizabeth Bedford

IT IS interesting to note, as one grows up, how things from the past relate to things in the present. Were I as clever as Addison I would have an apt line or two from Virgil to support this platitude, but since my Latin is meagre, an illustration may serve as well, and will incidentally introduce the theme of this essay.

The recent controversy in our excellent Daily, as to whether or not swearing shall besmirch the news sheet, calls to mind a system which was in force in my grammar school days, and also presents a question which goes far deeper than the present discussion in the paper. At one school which I attended, the rule was that any boy who used profane language on the school grounds would automatically receive a D grade in English. I accepted this pronouncement without question for several years, but when I had reached an age sufficiently advanced to use a dictionary, I was greatly surprised to find the word damn listed among the respectable words of the language. Nor was this the worst, for the dictionary upheld its definition by a quotation from no less a person than the same Shakespeare whose "Julius Caesar" was required reading in our English book. The teacher solved the problem temporarily by removing the dictionary, but echoes of the controversy reach me even in college. Of late years, however, the problem has assumed a wider scope. Not only swearing, but also sex in its less happy aspects, insanity, dirt, and disease are forced upon the student in the name of literature, until many worthy individuals are roused to protest and urge a return to what might be termed "the decency standard." They contend that life for most of us does not consist of prostitutes and dementia praecox, and so why insist upon reading about such unpleasant things, and why, above all, place such stuff before the impressionable mind of youth?

The sincerity of this protest cannot be doubted, although it seems to me that the idea of protecting youth might better have started in the aforementioned grammar school. When each morning those of even more tender years than the college age walk past magazine rucks laden with the worst possible trash; and when such

uniquitous volumes as The World Almanae flamboyantly advertise books guaranteed to teach the purchaser "how to attract the other sex; know how to enjoy the thrilling experiences that are your birthright"; and when the "movies" picture life as one gay liaison after another, the question of protecting cellege students from immoral literature assumes an almost pathetic air of attempting to "sweep back the Atiantic with a broom."

All this, however, does not justify the immoral or the profane in literature, nor does it explain why writing of such a nature is done by college students themselves. That the question of whether or not literature should portray the sordid side of life has been much discussed and never concluded cannot, I think, be doubted by anyone who has read Jeremy Collier on the one hand, and such prose as Fielding's brief essays incorporated in The History of Tom Jones, on the other. The limits of the discussion seem to be defined by the naturalistic or realistic group who insist that they must portray life as it actually is, as opposed to the conservative school, who emphasize good taste and propriety. The majority of the contemporary authors seem to prefer the naturalistic presentation, although it is at this point that one of my conservative friends invariably remarks, with a tone of prim finality, that "Willa Cather's works can certainly be offensive to no one." And of course the obvious and easy solution is for those who do not wish to be shocked to avoid shocking books. But this solution, like all compromises, will really satisfy no one, for it is inevitable that the more active conservatives will not be content until the offending and harmful books are no longer available, while the naturalistic school will condemn the conservative attitude, and being realists will probably accuse the opposite faction of lacking "guts."

That this discussion of literary values (which is a debated topic in intellectual circles) arouses such interest on a college campus, is an interesting answer to those critics who insist that college life is too cloistered to prepare for actual living. Certain it is that members of the opposing groups may be found among faculty and students alike, and indeed it says much for free speech that both attitudes are so vociferously defended.

Perhaps the naturalistic writer's most annoying opponent is the one who objects to any frankness in literature or student writing because he shrinks from anything sordid or brutal. Obviously the fact that some individuals dislike being shaken from their comfortable lethargy does not justify restrictions on creative writing or assignments in literature classes, but for the benefit of those individuals who cannot bear to read anything which lacks a happy ending, it may be suggested that Louisa May Alcott's Little Mon.

Happily, the majority of conservatives are not of this timid variety, and their objections to immorality and vulgarity in literature are much more formidable. They agree in general that the great masterpleces of literature have already been selected, and that while the fact that these are labeled great does not mean that a student must like them or agree with the ideas they express, nevertheless they concede that the favorable consensus of critical opinion over a period of years does give them a position of unquestioned eminence, and they are quite willing that such authors as Fielding, Congreve, Chaucer, and Sterne be read by students.

However, the conservative group as a whole is not so liberal in regard to contemporary literature, and it is on the subject of offensive frankness and unnecessary vulgarity in student literature that the campus battle is fought. Concerning contemporary literature, it may be said that while it is subject to greater controversy than its predecessors, it has naturally developed some writers whose names have great significance, and the student of modern literature is guided by the opinions of publishers, instructors, and modern critics. Concerning the values of student literature, however, there is no such volume of criticism available, and it is largely for this reason that many individuals object to the present policy of allowing the student writer an unrestricted choice of theme. Nor can the student realist dispose of this criticism by accusing his opponent of refusing to face facts, for this group of conservatives is quite willing that the subjects which they regard as offensive in student writing be dealt with frankly in psychology, biology, or hygiene courses. Concerning their objections to these facts being portrayed in student literature there is, it seems to me, much to be said in defense of the conservative stand. In the first place, dignity is an essential part of any college, and there is often little dignity in the initial attempt of a young author trying to handle some profound theme concerning the significance of which he is only vaguely aware. In addition, the creative impulse can often be equally well expressed on some more conventional theme, and it is also true that some college writing depends almost entirely upon sensationalism. If for the moment the seemingly contradictory policy of allowing students to read salaclous literature but not to write it, is overlooked, the conservative stand seems to be one of not objecting to the innuendo of the Restoration dramatists, for example, because those writers have been definitely placed in the history of English literature. (And they leave one with the impression that the place is a none too flattering one, as indeed it is not.) Similarly, they do not object to students of literature reading Tristram Shandy or to biology students studying the drawings of Grav's Anatomy, because they realize that a student of sufficient maturity to master the great mass of detail in such books will not be harmed by them. In fact, their objection is not so much to students writing unconventional stories and essays as it is to the fact that other students read the results. And particularly do they object when such material appears in the college paper, whose wide circulation must include some individuals who lack any background for a critical evaluation of literature, whether written by a student or a professional, and who may have also escaped psychology and biology courses. It is this group of individuals whom the conservatives are particularly anxious to protect from the evil influences of vulgar or psychopathic literary attempts. They are quite willing, for the most part, to trust the faculty judgment as to whether a piece of work is a sincere attempt to portray some phase of life, or whether it is merely written in the spirit described by the Duchess when she told Alice, "He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases." Ultimately, therefore, the solution of the most liberal conservatives would be to allow students to write whatever they choose, but, for the sake of a great number of easily influenced and immature students, not to publish everything they write. The question of what to publish would presumably be left to a faculty committee who would undoubtedly be capable of judging the real merit of the work. This would of course mean faculty censorship of the "Spartan Daily" and the "El Portal." The conservative solution has, it seems to me, very definite advantages. Certainly it is true that a number of the students at college lack both maturity and common sense, and despite the fact that more mature individuals should not be denied all sophisticated literary attempts in order to avoid undesirable influences on the less advanced group, still the college exists for the benefit of the whole, and perhaps the more sophisticated scholars could write for their own pleasure and read Tristram Shandy at their leisure. In fact, were the publications of the college the only reading material available to college students except that which is kept in the library stacks, I am inclined to believe that the policy of "the greatest good for the greatest number" would dictate that the conservative suggestion would be followed. But it should be noticed that the same individuals whose lack of literary background makes them liable to be influenced by unwholesome stories in the college daily are equally liable to be injured by suggestive magazines and salactous books. Since many of these individuals will never take courses in literature, their ability to evaluate what they read is accordingly limited. And it is precisely for this reason that I believe we should have an uncensored student paper, in which the insincere sensationalist has the privilege of publishing what he writes, for it thereby becomes the duty of the sincere authors immediately to write to the "Daily" and criticise the erring scribe, and since the paper stands ready to print any letters from members of the student body, provided that they are pertinent and observe a certain word limit, these protests against insincere literature must reach the same group who were undesirably influenced by an inferior story the previous day. Nothing will do more to suppress the sensational author than the just reproof of his peers, and the intelligent literary criticism which is applied to a mediocre work in the paper will be a guide by which the uninitiated may judge what they read outside of school. This, the policy of a literary noblesse oblige, will be far more effective than faculty censorship, which would very probably arouse united student antagonism, and it will also develop a sense of critical evaluation, which is the real basis of literary appreciation.

# Plays

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The editors of El Portal regret that the length of the prizewinning plays prevented their being published in this magazine.

# Ward Nine

#### By RAYMOND WALLACE

THE lock of Ward 9 clicked, and the door opened to admit an orderly accompanied by a thin, timid, bewildered-looking man of fortyfive. The attendant regularly stationed in that ward came forward. "New man, Joe," said the first. "Name's Henry Potts. He's been here a month, now, and he's kind of cooled down a bit; so they're taking him off the receiving ward. Look after him, will you? He's not crazy." The two attendants grinned at each other, and the first one went out, trying the door to make sure the spring lock had caught.

"All right, Potts," said the ward attendant. "The main thing for you to do here is to get along. I don't know whether you're crazy or not, you understand. That isn't my job; if I believed all the stories told me here, none of them are crazy. The doctors will talk to you every once in a while, and they'll decide whether you're same or not.

"There won't be anything for you to do this afternoon but look around and get acquainted. In the morning you'll have a little work to do, same as everybody else. Can you make beds?"

"I-I guess so. I never did."

"Well, you'll have a chance to learn; I need a new bed-maker. The guy who's doing it now would be better on the end of a polisher, where he wouldn't have to think. It's an easy job, and if you do it okay you can keep it. My name's Joe Carson; just call me Joe."

"Well, listen, Mr .- uh -- Joe, I can't stay here. I'm not crazy, you know; even the other orderly said so. I was railroaded in here-"

"Spare it, spare it," cut in the attendant wearily. "I told you I wouldn't know whether you're crazy or not. It isn't my job. I keep order in the ward, and as long as you don't make any trouble we'll get along all right. The doctors will decide whether you're crazy or not."

He went back to his seat at the desk in the corner, leaving the new patient standing bewilderedly by the door. A pleasant-appearing young man in a nearby armchair laid down the magazine he had been reading and came forward.

"How do you do, Mr. Potts," he said affably. "I heard your name when you came in. They call me Albert Laughlin. I usually take it upon myself to show new patients about, to help them get oriented. If you'd like to walk around the ward with me, I'll introduce you to the people you ought to know. Some of them are much more interesting than others, of course."

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Laughlin. This sort of life is still rather odd to me; I was awfully upset when they first brought me to the hospital. Outside, you see, things were different. I had money and powerful friends. If I could just get in touch with-"

"Tut, tut, Mr. Potts. We don't speak of the outside here. Many of us are in your fix, you see, but once we're here we just try to forget the matter. In due time you may get out; you must just decide to stay peacefully until you do. And that brings up another little point which I hope you'll forgive me for mentioning. Ward 9 is known in the hospital as the quiet ward, because we don't make trouble. We even get forks to eat with, and other little privileges we value rather highly. Any disturbance would result in the shifting of some of us to other wards where these things would be denied. I trust you may be relied upon not to cause any disorder."

"I suppose so," said the newcomer a little uncomfortably.

"That's fine, Mr. Potts. I knew we could count upon you. Now we'll just look about a little."

The ward was a long, wide corridor with doors opening along the sides, leading to the small rooms which served the patients as living quarters, and although they had knobs very much as any ordinary doors, they were for ornament only, for they turned no latch. A close observer would have seen that the keyhole was over the knob instead of under, indicating the relative importance of the two.

Down the center of the ward were tables at which twenty or more men sat reading, playing checkers or chess, or simply gazing into space.

"They're not all out here just now," explained Laughlin. "Some of them prefer to keep to their rooms after the morning work is over. I really can't blame them. To anyone who does not have my keen interest in human nature, the atmosphere sometimes does become almost unbearable. By the way, I want you to meet Andrew Mortensen. Andy, this is Mr. Potts, a newcomer here. Mortensen's a poet," he explained to Potts. "Ask him to show you some of his work sometime."

"I should be glad to," said the man introduced as a poet, a tail, middle-aged man with sweeping grey hair and a commanding presence. "I am at present engaged upon my greatest work, a narrative concerning the development of money. I begin with its invention, carry it on up to modern times, and then append a fanciful prophecy of how it eventually falls into disrepute and disuse. We poets have always been contemptuous of money, you know," he added with a smile.

"Is he really a poet?" whispered Potts as they moved on.

"No, poor fellow. He has never written a line which might be called poetry. He was a market operator who lost everything in the crash. He began to talk about the worthlessness of money, and then he became rather violent about it, and ended here. There's not much likelihood of his ever leaving again, they say."

They came to a table where four men sat playing cards; one chuckled happily as he raked in the pile of chips in the center of the table.

"These gentlemen are Mr. Wilson, Mr. Brainard, Mr. Josephs, and Mr. Hendricks. You'll learn to know them by their first names after a while-Boys, this is Henry Potts, a new man and a good fellow. I think he's going to fit right in here."

"Like to sit in on the next hand?" queried the man who had just taken the pot. "We're just dealing."

"I—I don't have any money with me," said the recent arrival doubtfully.

"Oh, that's quite all right. We'll take your IOU. You're a man of some means, I suppose? White chips are a million, reds, five, and blues, twenty-five. We ante a white, and no bets or raises less than five million. I took in nearly half a billion dollars on that last pot."

"If you'll excess me, let's make it some other time. I'd like to just look around today."

"Quite all right, quite all right," said the multimillionaire heartily, as he turned to the table again. "Any time."

"No need to inquire about them," remarked the guide. "You can see for yourself." They came then upon a strange figure leaning against the wall, his left leg drawn up so that the knee projected straight in front of him his left arm was extended rigidly forward at the height of his shoulder, and his head was turned so that his eyes stared almost unwinkingly to the left. He made no move nor any sign of having seen them as they came up.

"This is Perry. He used to be an acrobat; now he's a catatonic. He doesn't really belong in this ward, because everyone here is supposed to have some sense of responsibility and be able to perform some duty, but they're trying him around in the different wards to see if the change will have any effect. He stands like that for hours on end, without moving. He will sit at the table during meals, but has to be fed with a spoon. Right after he's through eating he takes this position again, and stays so until time for bed."

"What causes this sort of thing?"

"Nobody knows. It's called catstonia; catatonics often take some strained position which they maintain for unbelievable periods. Sometimes they remain catatonic for life; often they snap out of it all at once. Never say anything before Perry you wouldn't want him to remember. He seems unconscious, but if he ever comes out of it, you will find that he has a remarkably good memory for everything that has been going on around him."

"You appear to know a good deal about mental iliness, Mr. Laughlin."

"Why, yes, I have a smattering. Educated at the best universities of Europe, you know, and then one picks up a lot just listening to the doctors and attendants."

"Look here, Albert—may I call you Albert? you're obviously not insane. How do you happen to be here?"

His guide smiled. "I must congratulate you on your perspicacity, Henry. No, I'm not insane. It's a long story; I'll tell you some time, not now. I'm here for political reasons."

"It's a damned, outrageous, crying shame! You've been railroaded in here the same as I was! Why, even that orderly ought to be able to see that you're just as sane as I am, even if it isn't his job, as he says."

Laughlin eyed him keenly, seemed in some hesitation, then made up his mind. "Listen, Henry, you're a man who can be trusted, or I wouldn't tell you this. Don't look to Joe Carson for any help. He's just as crazy as anyone in this ward."

"What!"

"It's a fact. He came to the hospital with a mental breakdown several years ago, and after a while he got to imagining he was the superintendent. They found that by catering to his whim somewhat, he was much less difficult to handle, and when he proved his reliability, they let him be ward attendant. Saves the expense of one employee, you know. But those keys he carries fit only the doors in the ward. He can't get out any more than you or I."

"Well, I'll be damned! This is the craziest place on all God's earth! Why, it's absolutely inhuman—it's the greatest conspiracy in the world, when they can put perfectly sane men into such a madhouse as this! There may be others here, too. Isn't there some way we can get together to devise a plan for getting away from here?"

"You don't entirely understand my position, Henry. I don't want to leave; it wouldn't be safe. I told you I was in here for political reasons. As long as I stay here I am safe. The minute I venture outside these walls my life is in danger. I should be assassinated within twenty-four hours."

"Albert, I'm going to get out of here some way, and when I do I'll move heaven and earth to help you. I'm a rich man; I have a certain amount of influence; something can be done."

Albert smiled wanty. "Thanks for your good intentions, at least," he said, "but I'm not so sure. How, for instance, are you going to get out?"

The question came like a blow to Henry Potts; he sagged disconsolately. "I don't know. Over in the receiving ward I talked to doctor after doctor, told them my story, and they all just nodded politely and said they'd see. But look here," brightening, "I heard talk when I was in the receiving ward of Doctor Lightner, who was in charge of Ward 9. They told me he would listen reasonably to any patient, and had helped several a good deal. How can I get an interview with him?"

Laughlin looked at him a little oddly, shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "He will talk to you all right," he said at length, "but there's one thing I'd like to caution you about. You may have noticed that I haven't asked you to tell your history; I never do, for I feel that if people want me to know, they will sconer or later tell me of their own accord. So I don't know just why you're here, but don't be too surprised if your story doesn't sound so convincing to Doctor Lightner as it does to you."

"So you think I'm crazy, too, after all?"

"I didn't say that. All I wanted to do was to save you a possible disappointment. You may be perfectly same, but remember that they had to make out at least a fair case against you to get you in here, so that it may turn out rather hard to convince others."

"Well, I'll chance it," said Potts shortly. "Where is this Doctor Lightner?" "Come, I'll show you. He has his office right down here near Carson's deak. That's the door; just walk in. He receives anyone during the afternoon."

Potts opened the indicated door and disappeared, while Laughlin moved over to talk to the attendant.

"Another one complaining to Doctor Lightner, Joe," he said. "Poor fellow, he seems quite nice, but cooty as a bedbug. Think's he's rich and powerful. He'll be playing poker with Wilson and the other billionaires in two or three days."

"Is he going to be hard to handle, Albert?" asked the orderly.

"I think not. He seems peaceful enough. Of course, I don't know how he'll be when he finds he isn't going to get out; I tried to break it to him gently that his tale is pretty thin stuff, but he didn't take it very well. We'll just have to wait and see." He moved off down the ward to the chair he had occupied when the new patient was brought in.

Behind the door on Carson's right, Henry Potts confronted a small, grey-haired, pince-nezed gentieman. "Yes?" he said, looking up.

"My name is Potts—Henry Potts; I'm new on this ward. Albert Laughlin tells me you'll give me a fair hearing if I tell you how I come to be here. If it's so, it's more than any of the other doctors would do."

"Why, yes, Mr. Potts, I think I have some reputation for square dealing with the patients. Let me see—Henry Potts—I must have your case history right here if you just came in."

"That case history! That's just what I don't want you to read if you're going to hear me fairly! It's full of the lying statements of my relatives and the incompetence of the sanity commission; It's on a par with the slipshod method of operating which gives a lunatic like Joe Carson the responsibility for preserving peace in a ward!"

Lightner shot him a keen glance from under his brows; then leaned back in his chair.

"All right, Mr. Potts," he said soothingly.
"We'll dispense with the case history for the
time, and suppose you just tell me the whole
story."

"That's what I wanted the others to do, but they wouldn't listen. The difficulty began about six months ago. I own a clothing store in the city, and it has always paid well. Suddenly I noticed that the receipts appeared to be dropping off, although I knew the daily sales were as large as ever. The books began to show a loss, and I couldn't imagine where the money was going. At last I discovered the leakage. My niece is my secretary, and my son is one of my clerks. They were diverting the money from the sales, and pocketing it themselves, altering the paperwork so that the books showed a loss.

"I was terribly shocked and grieved, because I had always treated them in the handsomest manner. It did not surprise me so much in my son; he has always been a ne'er-do-weil—takes after his mother. I put him to work in the store two years ago; then he began to talk about going to college. He had wasted enough time already.

"My niece had always seemed such a sweet girl it was some time before I could comprehend why she would do such a thing. She has been my ward since her father died, ten years ago—her mother died when she was born—and I have always been more than a father to her. Then I remembered that a year or so ago I had refused my consent to her marriage to a young loafer who will never amount to anything. She was quite cut up over it at the time, but I thought she had entirely forgotten it, as young girls will.

"But quite the contrary! She and my son had joined against me and were draining the revenue from the store. At first I would have said nothing. During the course of a frugal life, I had saved a considerable sum, which by cautious manipulation I had increased to over a million dollars, invested in various safe bonds. I now proposed to sell some of these and make up the deficit and say nothing, hoping they would come to their senses and cease their operations.

"But then I discovered that they had also purleined my securities, so that I could neither find them nor any record of them. I had then no recourse but to speak out, and I accused them haldly. They laughed at me, saying that I had been working too hard and worrying too much, and that business would soon pick up again. I saw through their plot then; they were going to make me appear insane, so they could get rid of me and squander the money I had been so many years accumulating.

"I mentioned the matter to my friends, only to find that they had already been poisoned against me by my infamous son and niece. Then the ungrateful wretches saw that I was going to fight the matter through, and feared the collapse of their plan, so they made a desperate effort to silence me for good. I came home to dinner one evening, and my niece insisted upon pouring my coffee herself. Usually it was done by the maid. As soon as I raised it to my lips I smelled the oder of hitter almonds. Prussic acid! They were trying to poison me! "I ran to the bureau and seized my gun, firing shot after shot at them as they ran from the room! Unfortunately, I am not accustomed to firearms, and none of the bullets struck their mark. In a few minutes the police had come and taken me into cuatody. On the basis of that, and that alone, I have been judged insane. You see how absurd the charge is. It has been man's inalienable right since time began to protect his own life, even at the expense of his attacker's. I am no more insane than you are."

"Your story interests me greatly," said Doctor Lightner. "It has a degree of internal consistency which one seldom finds in the ravings of a deranged man. Before I take any action, however, there are one or two misconceptions I should like to clear up. You heard from Albert, did you not, that Joe Carson is a lunatic?"

"Yes, that is true."

"You must be careful of accepting as fact any of the things told you by patients in a mental hospital. It happens to be one of Albert's delusions that Carson is mentally unsound."

"Delusions? Do you mean that Albert is insane, too?"

"Just that. What reason did he give you for his being here?"

"He-well, he didn't say, exactly. He simply said he was here for political reasons, and that he would be assassinated if he left."

"He fancies that he is the deposed King of Spain, and that the revolutionists will take his life if he steps outside our walls."

"I should never have dreamed there was anything wrong with him. He seems so perfectly poised, and he displayed so much courtesy in showing me about."

"Ah, yes, he was a floorwalker before it became necessary to send him here. Now then, Mr. Potts, if you'll try to be patient for a time, I will do what I can toward effecting your release. You will, of necessity, be here for some time, you know. You were committed by law, and if you are to be released, it will also be by due process of law, which moves slowly. Try to acclimate yourself as if you were going to stay."

He rose from his chair and opened the door for his visitor, who went down the ward toward the groups of readers and chess-players. Doctor Lightner stepped across to the orderly's desk.

"This man, Potts," he began, "he doesn't belong in this ward, Carson. He should never have been sent here in the first place. He may cause trouble at any time; he's an advanced paranolac of the most dangerous type. You should have heard the tale he just told me. I want you to make out a transfer to Ward 5 for him at once. By Jove, I'm going to tighten up some of this laxness around here or know the reason why! He's the third man in here this month who should have been sent to the dangerous ward. Heads will drop if this sort of thing occurs again. I won't have it! I won't have it, I tell you!" He hanged his flat forcibly on the desk, his voice rising. The orderly rose swiftly and with a deft movement secured a half-nelson and hammerlock on Doctor Lightner. "All right, doctor, just cool off now or we'll have to send you over to the bathhouse for a little hydrotherapy. You think it over and you'll feel better in the morning." He propelled him gently into his room.

"Sometimes I'm afraid I'll go nuts myself," he muttered, as he locked the door.

### Blind Raftery

#### By ERMA FAXON

Raftery that was a dark man long traveled the roads—

The small roads of Ireland he followed, and he ever singing

To the birds, and the birds singing back, and men laying their loads

On the ground to be hearing the music, and Raftery flinging

His magical songs to the wind that they soon would be winging

Away into strange abodes.

He walked to the cast and the west in the sun and the rain.

And it is that he passed through a wood where the little leaves curled

Their edges the more to be holding his songs, and the main

Sea staying its tide that no lyric be lost; then he hurled

His lines to the wide-rolling wave to be borne to the world.

Foreign tongues have taken the gift of his words for their own;

Ancient foes of his land chant his verses, and never a star

Burns whiters than one over Raftery. He lies nione

In his grace; it was Mayo he praised where the fogs never are,

But the heart of the world stands still to be catching a far

Faint note from a bird that is flown.

#### Tahoe

(A sonnet in terza rima)

#### By BARTON WOOD

The sun was low; the air lay cold and still, And in the wood the wind no longer spoke, But walked in silence past the snow-wrapped hill Like some expectant usher in a flowing cloak. Then, awed, I turned to see what fire-struck cloud Had lighted up the west and dawn invoked, For with a blaze of flame the sky seemed ploughed. There stunned, surprised, I saw instead a god Reclining on the hill, his shoulders bowed. As though immersed in thought. Then at a nod He seized a color—streaked it up on high. Then stood admiring. Meanwhile on the sod I sensed a step go past, a call, a sigh; And there, enthralled, a goddess watched the sky.

## The Pipes No More

#### By ERMA FAXON

The hunter has broken his staff and spear, The women strew ashes around the door, The barley is gone, the leaves are sere, And the pipes on the mountain skirl no more.

The days are too long, and the nights are cold. And even the hawks are leaving the land. For nothing can live where a grief so old Is buried in every grain of sand.

Men would sing, but their song is gone;
The women's tears are dried at the core,
But Erin's bare bones go aching on
While the pipes on the mountain skiri no more.

# Elanzer Pier

#### By Wesley Dexter Gordon

He kept this inn for many a year, Did the old skinflint, Elanzer Pier. He kept the place for himself alone; To a starving tramp he'd not give a bone. If his guests were gaunt with poverty, He assured them quick that His Majesty Had drunk his wine and praised his food, Till he got them all in such a mood That the fifth he served was consumed in awe, And without regret they covered his claw. If the guests were rich, their laces fine, He would red his eyes and start to whine Of his spendthrift son and dying wife, And so well he detailed his daily strife That the guests overlooked the miser fare And paid his price with a pitying air.

The good priest warned Elanzer Pier
That his ways were wrong, but he laughed to
hear.

He relied, you see, on that oaken door
To bar men out, and to guard his store.
And then one night, (oh, the wind was wild!
If meaned and sobbed like a dying child,
And, oh, it was cold, like an iceberg's breath,
And the neighbors knew that wind brought
death),

On the stroke of one, by this ancient clock, He was hurried from bed by a heavy knock. His scheming heart was never bold When men were abroad who might steal his gold. So he cried above the storm's fierce din, "You must tell who you are, or you'll not get in!" The answer which came, in an angry shout, Overwhelmed old Pier and dispelled all doubt. "Unhar this door, you coward's dog. And bring your best wines and put on a log. For though I am lost, I am very rich!" And the Keeper's palm began to itch, Though the voice was harsh, and the words were short,

The stranger looked to have lived at court. When he whirled aside his woolen cloak, Old Pier saw a sight that made him choke; His eyes glittered green at the jeweled sword Which hung at the side of the haughty Lord. The gem held his eye like a witch's stare, He forgot to give to his guest a chair, And his bent frame shook, while his pulses throbbed;

"Oh, you'll be the thief and he'll be the robbed!"
"Come, come," said the Lord, "and make me
warm.

I've been lost since dark in this winter storm." Then Pier stirred the fire, as I do now, And vowed in his heart a greedy vow To rape his Lordship of his purse; He knew his part well! no need to rehearse. The first of the wines should be the best, A glass or two would confuse the rest. When he should observe the proper mood, He would ply the Lord with tainted food, But long ere this, with tears in his eyes, He would have the Lord with bitter sighs, Until he was drunk, and weeping too, As only a drinking Lord can do. "You see," said old Pier, as the clock struck five, "A wonder it is I am now alive. The robbers thought they left me dead. I had lost much blood and my breast was red. My neighbors say they are still around, Though a trace of them has not been found." Thus Pier lied on, intense, but cool, Till the Lord snored loud, like any fool. "Do you sleep?" saked Pier, in a louder voice, And the snoring made his heart rejoice. Then he snatched up the sword with lightning

And fliched the purse to glut his greed.

Oh, his thoughts were as base as his hands were quick

And he hid the wealth beneath this brick.

He had planned it well, had Elanzer Pier,
He knew he was safe, and was full of cheer.
He opened the door and blew out the light
And returned to the guest with yells of fright.
"The thieves are come back, come back here to
rob!"

And to make more real an angry sob,
He had driven a knife-blade into his arm.
But the guest heard not his false alarm,
He slept right on, not hearing, not knowing
That his wealth was gone and the wind blowing.
A palsy of fear shook the Keeper's frame,
But he cried to the Lord, "Oh, I'm to blame!
They knocked on the door, they said they were
lost,

And now we are robbed at what a cost!" He shricked and curst at his Lordship then, He curst and kicked again and again.

The wind sucked in and frightened him,
He'd not noticed before, but it sounded grim.
He jumped to the door to bar out the wind
And its spectral cry, "You've sinned, you've
sinned!"

"Ill light the candle and build up the fire And drive out my crime and my green desire! I'll put back your wealth, yes, all I've taken, If you will but speak, if you will awaken!" Shadows from the fire on his Lordship's face Seemed to crawl like worms in a rotting place; Old Pier shrank back and cried, "I am mad!" But the wind whispered fierce, "You're bad, you're bad!"

"I know I am mad, but why do you gloat?" He managed to ask through a tightening throat, As he crasht to the hearth, his courage broken. And the wind howled on and no word was spoken. For an hour he lay on those very stones, And babbled his fear to the wild wind's moans. When, middenly, his Lordship stirred, And his lips were pursed to form a word! And the tale he told, and all in his sleep, Was of greed and death, and fears that creep Across the night from deserted graves, Where they long to chain all men like slaves. "It was in this room long years ago That a man was slain by a single blow Of a jeweled sword pushed home by greed, Oh, the storm tonight laments the deed!"

"It can't be true," sobbed Elanzer Pier,
Whose eyes rolled white and bulged in fear.
"Hello!" said the Lord, to the dead man's sprite,
"I'm glad you are here, I'm alone tonight.
You say you are cold? Quick, host, some sack,
I'll build up a fire that will warm his back."
The fire blazed up on a sudden draft
And the Keeper cried, "I'm lost, I'm daft!"
"Of our thieving host we must make an end—
I can see we're agreed, my spirit friend.
Do you mean it was he who sealed your fate?
Then come, take my sword, and release your
hate."

"Your supper is free! I'm too old to kill!
I'll put back your wealth, I will, I will!"
Just how, or why, I cannot tell,
But with sword clasped tight, somehow he fell.
As the point pierced his heart he gave a scream
Which awakened the Lord from a bitter dream.

Now, that is the way, said the ancient host, That Elanzer Pier gave up the ghost.

# O Take You a Part of My Heart Along

By WESLEY DEXTER GORDON

As you follow the track of the sinking sun To weird black isles where white seas run, Recall some words of this burning song— O take you a part of my heart along!

O white Cathay where dolphins play In wind-whipped spray! O ecstasy of emerald sea By far Capri!

When you see hallowed shrines of the Orient land, And your heart beats with Time where the Pyramids stand,

When you bargain your life with Jorusalem's throng,

O take you a part of my heart along!

O desert wells where camel belis Weave desert spells! O silver light of desert night Too deep for fright!

When the dawn pulls the shades from the Matterhorn,

And you shout to the day that your soul is reborn, When the winds drive the hail with their whirling thong,

O take you a part of my heart along!

O blue snow sheen and fields of green That soft winds preen! O calm Lucern where deep loves yearn While star-lights burn!

When the incense curis like a silver veil To enslave dancing limbs in a moon-kissed dale, As they sway to the boom of the Temple gong, O take you a part of my heart along!

O high romance where brown feet dance And eyes entrance! O beggar's sigh and practiced cry That splits the sky!

When you follow the track of the sinking sun To low white isles where green seas run, Recall some words of my burning song— O take you a part of my heart along!

### Estranged

BY MARJORIE CAREY

When company visits her daughter and grandchildren,

The old Finnish woman retreats to the kitchen, To sit beside a warm wood-range, With a huge gray cat curled by her feet. Nearly forty-two years she has lived in America, Never learning the language of its people. Spending months and years in the confusion Created by strange sounding words. Isolated and alone by kitchen cupboards, Shunned by children and relatives. The family is now ashamed of her Finnish, Since the grandchildren grew to school age Where they learned of the Mongol invasion That swept over the land of the Finns. They call themselves Swedish, to puzzle The neighbors next door who wonder at Swedes Who speak Finnish. And so the old lady Sits quietly alone away from all people, Her narrow blue eyes see four dull walls And drifting voices blur in her ears. Some afternoons the youngest grandchild Invites in her little girl friends to sew. If her daughter is out, the lonesome old lady Leaves the kitchen door propped open wide To watch from the doorway the happy girls. Once in awhile she entertains her friends, She answers sharp knocks at the back door To greet elderly women with chattering Finnish. Women, with tightly combed hair in small knots Screwed far back to reveal their lined faces. The daughter, entering, speaks very briefly, Stopping the highly pitched words of the others. An allen presence, bringing reminders of age, And of children who refuse to speak Finnish, Cold acting girls who say to their mothers, "Why won't you forget Finland that bore you, Be American, and learn to speak English? Why do you wear those funny big dresses? And men's shoes two sizes too large? Always, since a child you embarrassed me, Walking to town in the middle of the street." All these things are unspoken but present, In the heavy silence of the warm room, But the daughter leaves with her sharp glances, And her air of tepid toleration. When comes the time to eat, delighted old voices Praise the strong black coffee and fresh white bread. Then the women put on heavy black coats, Shapeless, and faded by time and neglect, After repeated goodbys the weary old lady Sits a tired moment by the wavering fire.

# Ballyclare Love Song

(Londonderry Air)

#### BY ERMA FAXON

The little roads that lead across the marsh and moor

Are resting gray and still before the morn, And yet I stop this moment at your cottage door To leave my harp with you as day is born. I must go on now, for the mist is rising,

And soon the ships will glide beyond the bar. But winds will blow song-filled, and I, surmising What strings you touch, will bear your blessing far.

No hearth e'er held a warmer welcome glowing Than your two hands that beckon as I pass; No sun is sweeter than your deep eyes knowing That you sustain me as dew feeds the grass. I ask no gift except your dear heart's hoping To hear my step when gleaming hours have gone,

And I come home, a weary blind child groping For known and changeless stones to lean upon.

### To a Track Man

#### By Rose Catherine Gunn

You, poised, breast throbbing against the line, Who are you?

Apoilo?-muscles dancing under transparent bronze,

Strides so fieet they clip off measured day,
Toes tipped with rockets, arms pawing sunshine,
Pegasus?—heels springing in feathered ecstasy,
Young charger, snorting with sun in your hair,
Bursting with blood that faunches and leaps
away,

Pan?—surefooted as the ibex, hard breath but melody;

Whoe'er you are-

Heavens dome themselves to give you boundaries, Winds strike impatiently the flag that sets you off,

All Zeus' thunders pinch their lips to silence Awaiting the golden second that ticks you into flight;

Your slender feet, against the damp earth beating. Flatter it, as though each thud were but a kiss. You, breathless boy, finishing the lap, look up, And see that you, naked to the day, are king!

# Bachelor Apartment

By RANDY SMITH

THERE are four of us in our bachelor apartment, and we have our share of study, poker, and house-cleaning troubles, but our chief source of annoyance is women.

Take Jack for example. He's a cynic when it comes to skirts. And Eddie. He shies away for a time, and then comes back for more punishment. And Ralph. He's solved his problem, or believes he has, by getting married while still an undergraduate. And myself. I fall in love, or seem to think I do, with a different wren svery two weeks.

Oh, we have our troubles all right.

Time was that when a young guy and a young gal felt that old biological urge boiling up, all they had to do was to announce the fact to pa and ma. Pa would generally toss a few chickens, maybe a cow, and perhaps even a horse in the direction of his prospective son-in-law, and call it a dowry. Ma would shake the dust out of a priceless old lace tablecloth or some equally impractical thing, kiss her daughter goodbye, and call it a day. And the dumb young fools would search out the nearest prairie preacher and get spliced. Time was.

But those days are gone forever, and I for one am satisfied, although things are a good deal more complicated today. There's the ever-present problem of finances involved in present-day marriages between the youths and damaels of the country. For the few, such a problem simply doesn't exist, but for the many it is ever present, standing as an almost insurmountable hurdle in the paths of these who would take the final leap. As a result, the younger generation is getting discouraged. Try as he will, a young fellow cannot hope to succeed in drawing down a salary that will conveniently support both a wife and himself, before he reaches thirty. Not unless he has both parental aid and influence.

So, in order to combat this obstacle of finances, the younger generation tries to laugh off conventions, and the difference between marriaga and immorality lies only in a few words spoken over those who are legally bound together. The moral youngster will struggle along for years in an attempt to gain sufficient financial backing for his venture into the matrimonial sea. Finally, finding his struggles amounting to naught and influenced by those who have lost all regard for the moral code, he, too, tries to laugh off conventions. It's a sorry plight that the young men of marriageable age find themselves in today.

Eddie is all right now, or at least externally he appears so, but for a few months I thought he was going to lose his head. Oh, she was a nice enough girl. Too nice. And Eddie spent most of his evenings at her apartment, which is as nest a way as any to flunk out of college. After about a month of this, he somehow got the idea, that he was in love with her. And she got the same idea—that she was in love with him. Now if this had been a short story, everything would have been nifty. They could have osculated in the approved manner, and the rest is left to the imagination. Unfortunately, this isn't a short story, and even if it were, the osculation part came much nearer the beginning than the end to be convincing. Well, this necking, which is an improper term for osculation but much more expressive, became more frequent and as an inevitable result, more heated. You know how those things are.

So there they are, two young college kids who think they are in love with each other. But this is 1936, and Alice's pa hasn't any cows or horses or chickens to lend Eddie as a starter. Furthermore, Eddie has no ideas of becoming a farmer. He's preparing himself for a job as a history prof, and here he is, in his third year of a five-year course. He's in love, and he has two years of schooling yet before he gets his teaching credentials, and even then he has no definite assurance of a position.

Now, Eddie is a guy with scruples. He is not a bounder to tie up with a gal merely because she might possibly be had. No, sir. Eddie is an honorable guy. So what does he do? He puts the proposition up to himself, cold. Then he goes to Alice with his conclusions.

I am not present when the showdown comes, but I can imagine that Eddie's patter runs in this manner: "We're getting exactly nowhere," he tells her. "If I were in a financial position to do so, I'd marry you faster than Sir Malcolm Campbell can do a mile. But I'm not, and I know it and you know it. Personally, I'm nuts about you. In fact I'm so nuts about you that I cannot trust my will power any longer. Yours isn't holding out so well these days either. Have you noticed? So let's call it quits for now, and maybe, in a couple of years, providing we both feel the way we do now, we can take that last big leap."

Alice, while she hates to admit it, realizes that Eddle has smacked the bull's eye dead center. This Eddle is a pretty logical guy. Maybe that's why he's preparing himself for a history prof's job. So, very reluctantly, Alice agrees, and they part friends.

Eddie moons around the apartment like a drunk with a hangover for a month or so, but he eventually recovers. In fact, he has recovered so much to date that he is now squiring another co-ed places whenever he gets in a mood for necking. If he continues to progress, he will no doubt reach the climax of his new love story within six weeks. And then he'll have to go through this renouncing business all over sgain.

Jack never gets that way over a flossie. He is a smart cookie. He stays out of alliances that might entangle him. He has but little faith in this institution called marriage. Perhaps that's because he has but little faith in the fair sex. You always need one member of the gentler sex and one representative of the gruffer sex as ingredients of this cocktail called marriage. Even an unsuccessful one, although I'll grant that the latter usually has two parts male and one part female or vice-versa.

Jack and I are trotting to school the other morning when I get an insight on how Jack stands on this business of love and marriage. A man, looking rather foriorn and bedraggied, is walking on the opposite side of the street, carrying an infant while the wife clip-clops beside him. "Married life!" Jack says laconically and meaningfully, inclining his head toward the couple. Those two words sum up all the distrust that Jack holds for the world's most popular institution.

While Jack is no Clark Gable, he hasn't a nose like Jimmy Durante, nor a mouth like Joe E. Brown. In short, he is a passably good looking ed. He would have no difficulty, should the desire strike him, in staking a claim on any one of a dozen damsets flitting about our campus. But in the six months that the four of us have batched together, Jack has had but one on-campus date. He treks back to the old home

town frequently on week-ends, but I'm positive it isn't a doil that exerts the magnetic pull. Any home town doil in love with a guy would write to him once in awhile, but Jack never gets any scented notes in the mail; so it can't be that which keeps him from teaming up.

The only answer is, then, that Jack is a cynic as far as dames are concerned, and a positive revolutionary as regards love and marriage. The upshot of it all is that Jack will probably tumble some day for a doll like a six-ton truck going over a cliff, and he'll wind up with a wife and an offspring for another cynic to gape at and snort disdainfully, "Married life!"

I'm going to forget Ralph momentarily, and state my position, for I'm not so sure but that Ralph has solved the problem much more offectively than we other three bunglers. I spend the majority of my time about the campus searching out pretty faces with tantalizing shapes to match.

When I discover a particularly effective combination of the two, I lose little time in getting acquainted. You can get by with that sort of thing in college, and not be arrested for molesting. Once you brush up a speaking acquaintance, the rest comes easy.

But, in the majority of cases, the speaking acquaintance seldom progresses past that atage. There are so many obstructions that I feel aren't worth the effort to overcome. For instance, a doll lives too far from the college district, possibly at home. Or, someone else may have already convinced her of his manly virtues, forgetting to tag her with a "hands off" sign. Or, she just inn't interested in your line of patter.

Still, I suppose I have a batting average around 200, which isn't bad for a bush leaguer. One out of five, you know, The next step, then, after angling a speaking sequaintance, is to put on the pressure. Find out where the damsel abides, call her on the telephone a few times, and eventually wangle a date.

If I were Eddle, then, I'd be off to the races, but I'm not Eddle. I lose interest after the first or second date. The chase, I suppose, is more thrilling than the capture. Never yet have I felt that age-old desire to "go steady." Perhaps there's something wrong internally. But I just can't picture hitching myself to one post when there's a million of 'em, all beckening. Three or four times I thought I was in love. In each case, I lasted about two months and then (I'll have to be honest) either my interest or the doll's waned.

Two months! An incredibly short time, when you consider that this institution of marriage is supposedly "until death do us part."

I wonder if I'm an exception, or if all marriages are founded on a love-while-it-lasts basis? If they are, none for me, thanks. I prefer to remain a bachelor, even though it entails cooking, mending, and house-cleaning for myself.

My problem is not one of lack of finances as regards getting married (although I have my financial troubles too) but in finding a gal that sustains a heart interest between us for a period longer than two months. What do two young people find to talk about, anyhow, after they've traveled together for two or three months? I've always found that the conversational supply has dried by that time. We'd both know each other's life histories, aspirations, habits, abilities, and mannerisms as well as we didn't know tomorrow's exams. I can imagine no worse fate than knotting myself to a gal for a lifetime after discovering everything there was to discover about her in two months. If I ever meet a doll whose quirks I can't fathom in that space of time, I'll marry her, finances or no finances.

Ralph is the oldest in our quartet, and he possibly has more brains than the rest of us for that reason alone, but I'm not quite convinced of that. His romance is one of these story book affairs, and thus far it has all the earmarks of a "they lived happily ever after" fable, but it won't last forever. It can't.

His story is this: It seems that he had just received a discharge from the medical corps of the navy, and having nothing better to do, decides to get a degree as a laboratory technician. Well, there he is, studying and doing very well when THE GIRL walks into his life. It is one of these things that flourish in the apring, while the trees bud and the birdies sing. They are married secretly within a month after their first meeting, which technically takes him out of the bachelor class, but harken!

She is the daughter of a doctor, and has been sent East to study laboratory technique in order to aid her father. They get along happily, if I am to believe them, until she finishes her course. Naturally, there is nothing else for her to do but go home. Ralph decides that where she goes, he goes too.

But there are complications. She knows that mother will have two kinds of hemorrhage if she announces that she's whispered "I do" while studying in the East. So, it is decided that Ralph will follow her, a month or so later, after she's prepared mother for the great shock. But she can't bring herself to break the news to mother; so when Ralph arrives his status is that of finnce.

From the start, things break right for Ralph. It seems that father, good old Doc, has been frustrated in his yearnings for a son to follow in his footseps by the fact that each succeeding child (there are four) happens to be a girl. Here, at last, is a substitute—a prospective son-in-law who might have leanings toward the medical profession. Doc puts his proposition up to Ralph—he'll give his consent to an early marriage, say in a year or two, if Ralph will study medicine. Further, he'il finance Ralph through college. Ralph jumps at the chance—he'll only have to study three years before entering Stanford's medical school, and four more after entering. A snap!

Raiph is struggling along on a mere \$75 per month allowance from the old Doc, and now has only one more year before entering Stanford. Incidentally, his official status is still that of flance, as the old Doc fears that a hook-up now might result in the abandonment of the med. course.

If that be married life, I'll pass. But that's one form of married life among the younger generation, and a common one at that. Ralph and his wife are forced to live apart, and are ever fearful that their marriage will be discovered by her family. What that would mean I don't know. But one thing is certain—there'd be plenty of hell popping.

I have no ideas for the solution of the problem which confronts the present crop of collegians. The majority are of legal age to marry, but their economic status makes marriage practically impossible. Perhaps they want too much, considering as necessities those things which were regarded as luxuries by our fathers and mothers. A car. A radio, A frigidaire. All other modern conveniences of a like nature.

We four bachelors, striving to get our A. B. degrees, are fairly representative of a large group. We average twenty-two and a haif years in age. Legally we could marry. But it will take five years, perhaps longer, before any of us are in a position to support a wife decently.

Oh, we have our troubles all right!

# Iseult

#### By ERMA FAXON

#### I ISEULT'S ETERNITY

A potion we drank and found death and deep sighing,

For Tristram is slain, and forthwith I'll be dying. And soon you shall follow at new lamb's first crying.

You'll lay me far down in the island's lush grasses

And build a calrn o'er me among the morasses, Leaving me there till the hear-season passes.

I'll sleep through the winter beneath a moss cover But I shall awake when the swallows low hover, For April and I come in search of a lover.

I'll not be the same as I was when you knew me; The warmth of the loam will have gone through and through me,

And the mist on the moors will have settled into me.

So I'll be arising as light as a feather And out I'll be drifting above the sweet heather, And I'll be as soft as the soil in March weather.

I'll come in cool morning before folk are staring.
My grave shift and girdle of rope I'll be wearing.
And I'll only be glancing to learn how you're
faring.

My voice you'll be hearing above the fierce thunder;

My face you will see in the lightning-flash yonder;

And you'll close your own eyes, and listen and wonder.

I'll not be expecting God's glory to follow— I left you for Tristram, for I, like the swallow, Knew more than to rest on a reed that was hollow.

I was queen at Tintagel, but now late or soon Our minstrels shall mourn us when earth is at noon,

And we three shall dance on the curve of the moon.

#### II TRISTRAM WAITS

Lift me high from my lying That I may last see The sun at its dying:

No barque brings to me

The breath of my being: The light I am seeing

Is only a star where vast gleaming should be.

This is the fruit of my dreams and my revels— To watch the fog thinned

Into gray shreds while the hourse gale dishevels The sea silver-finned.

My spirit is flying Like a gull crying

Wild and full-throated into the wind.

No man is knowing The wound in my breast.

I shall be going

Afar without rest

Where moon-shadows quiver

Upon the black river

Guiding my soul on its infinite quest.

Weaklings encumber the world and are filling. The places of kings.

Courage and faith have departed, unwilling

To linger where things

Once lovely be broken,

And by the same token

Fools crawl unaware of a beating of wings.

White child, cease thy weeping And whispering prayer;

I would be keeping

Thy shining hands where

They flutter before me

And weave a spell o'er me

Scourging out sorrow and heart-chilling care.

My stallion will champ and neigh long for a rider That he has borne

Swift o'er the heath and the rocks where the wider Guilles are worn

By waters that wander

And endlessly squander

Largesse upon men that hold sweetness to scorn,

What is that sobbing—
Or do I hear
Only the throbbing
Of blood in an ear
Soon deaf to the humming
Of bees and the thrumming
Of harps and earth-music once clarion clear?

Mark, my liege lord, go swallow thy pardons?

Mine is the fire
Of arrogant manhood that fuses, then hardens
Embiszoned attire
For the love it has cherished
When all else has perished—
And nearing lost rapture, leaps up to expire.

Iscult, art thou coming?

Nay, child, I but called
To a dark queen. You grave, mumming
Priests are enthralled
By zeal in remitting
A soul gladly quitting
The agonized body wherein it is walled.

God forgive men in their unwitting blindness; I cannot wait Now for Iseult whose immeasurable kindness

Was fettered by fate.
Raise ye the torch! Let the trumpets be sounding
Measure for marching while storm waves are
pounding

The full beat of drums in triumphant estate.

#### ш

#### THE DAMSEL OF BRITTANY AT A WINDOW

That queen out of Ireland who married Mark
And went to Cornwall came to Brittany
Holding in pride
Her mantle free,
Her dark head high, her gray eyes wide,
Fearing to leave him sobbing in the dark
While he died.
I was with him—I who loved him well
And told him but one lie,
One word about the color of a sail
In its broad swell—
Then saw him die.
No cry—not even one low wail
Escaped my lips because I saw that queen,
That other Iseuit, coming without fail

Hers he had ever been. He was mine too, in part-The part that wanted rest And sought it in the cool touch of my hands So still and gleaming white And in the cleanly fragrance of my breast That sheltered a lonely heart. Since Tristram left me, three tight bands Of molten steel seem bound about my head What good are white long-fingered hands If they cannot caress the hair Of a man-now dead? I was so young, and I shall never care For worldly gain; I, who betrayed my soul to keep my knight, Have felt such pain That even in remembrance piercing light Stabs my poor eyes. When I have gone To that far place where glorious piety Pervades the spirit, folk will chatter on Of tithes, then say in all sobriety, "Dost thou remember Issuit, she of the white hands And soft commands,

To keep tryst with her knight;

And soft commands,
Who was so calm and excellently good?
So quiet was she that even the solemn hush
Of the confessional seemed like the rush
Of men and horse at tournament of kings."
Here at this gaping window I once stood
To watch a ship with white and flaring sail
Ride nobly into harbor, giving hail
To waiting landsmen, and the whir of wings
Over my burning head caused me to gaze
Skyward where a guil
Screamed its shrill warning. In the deadly luil

Screamed its shrill warning. In the deadly lull That settled down upon the shifting maze Of sandy paths, Iseult of Ireland came Nor spoke a word

And glided to the bier where Tristram lay Perhaps he heard Her prayer. I could not hear nor think nor see

Nor breathe for the dull Pounding in my breast that made of me

Pounding in my breast that made of me A thing that could not pray,

An altar candle ravished of its flame.

My saintliness is yet the whispered theme
Of all the kingdom's fools. None understand
How all my life was cut to fit a dream—
How young I was, nor how old I have grown
Within an hour.

Life has betrayed me, scorning my demand; I am alone—

But Tristram is a valiant golden bee Swooping and rising through eternity Where Issuit of Ireland is the open flower.

#### IV MARK FACING SOLITUDE

Lonely the oak with its trunk lightning-riven Buries its root in the water-lashed soil; Bitter the sorrow of man ever driven Into the darkness of hatred and moil Of battle's mad bondage—to pant and to soil His hands in the blood of his brother and coil The conqueror's chain about limbs that have striven

To climb the same hill as himself to reach heaven. Weary the king of his castle and land; Sick with the flesh-searing grief that has torn Red welts on his heart; yet the stain on his hand He scorns to cleanse off—a blood guerdon worn That he may remember a frenzy reborn In the stillness each night but to die at each morn.

Weary the king—but enough of this keening! I am still Mark with my power in deep meaning From Cornwall to . . . some kingdom, no matter where:

I am still Mark, and my name is known there.
I am a king, and my dark queen has left me;
The strength of my soul and my arm is bereft me.
Not for the woman that fled am I grieving.
But for the flood of my own strength that died
Of knowing that Iseuit cared naught for my pride
And less for my kingship—cared naught for
deceiving

A lord and his people, and went to abide In the forest with Tristram. So well did they hide That I found them at once and left token behind me.

Young Tristram, good liege man, knew where he might find me

But never once looked; so I took them by force, And Tristram escaped as a matter of course. I loved them too well—my young queen and her lover.

Yet I should have put them to death in the fire And never have left them to live and recover The trophies of passion and granted desire: Or I should have starved them, not left them to

Their path into song and romance where blue

Floats over the centuries, veiling their sin But masking my face with a hideous grin. I tore them apart, stripped their love of its flower—

And they mocked me by dying within the same hour. Lonely the oak with its trunk lightning-riven; I am still Mark and am standing alone In the tower at Tintagel where tempest has striven

To wrest the firm lichen away from the stone, And nothing remains as my right and my own But two graves and one thorn. Who was I and why prone

To challenge their youth? In my age, envy-driven, I shackled two stars in their march across heaven.

#### V ISEULT GIVEN WINGS

Truth hides in the visions of men, in the prayer Of a priest—for in secret and nameless, I fare Onward, an essence abiding in air.

What strangeness is here—aye, so radiantly bright

The free spirits glow, and one great ray of light, The rich source of all life, burns pellucid and white.

This luminous space where God needs no horizon Was fearsome at first, for I fixed my new eyes on The distance and saw the parched earth that Man dies on.

Then void-charging planets loomed huge to deride

And never a saint offered shelter to hide me, And I longed for the moor till I felt you beside me.

For only a Tristram could know the fierce yearning

That slept in my heart for the constant returning Of a giance to a giance in pursuit of fresh learning.

Born but a woman and fostered as queen, Trapped in the glitter of argent and sheen Of heraldic enamels, I hastened to glean—

The leaves in the gust, the wine in the potion, The lapsing of waters, the pulsing emotion Of an ardent soul claimed by immortal devotion.

Tutored by fawns, we ran blithely defying Mark in his wrath, on God's mercy relying— Remembering lends me relief in my dying. Renascent in wisdom, I wake to the thrill Of ethereal beauty; yet rain on a hill And the bog flowers were sweet, and I cherish them still.

Mark creeps on a mountain top searching for peace

With a slow, seeking gesture; Christ, grant him

That his anguish and impotent fury may cease;

And let the pale maid find repose in the flow Of the cool tears of Mary, whose pity bends low To distress that is destined to flourish and grow.

We bequenth to the world in its whirling confusion

A quickening legend, for in the seclusion Of unfulfilled love, we escaped distillusion.

Earth, be thou absolved! By thy passion betrayed.

We feared our own souls; now we walk unafraid And by holy compassion are gently remade.

# Stunt Pilot

By JEAN HOLLOWAY

S TUNT pilot Arthur Jones pulled on his helmet and strapped it firmly under his chin. Then he surveyed himself grimly in the tiny cracked mirror of the Oakdale airport. Again he reasgued himself.

"This will be my last flight," he said loudly and firmly to convince himself—"my last flight!"

Five minutes ister he sat in his cockpit and was wheeled onto the field. The waiting crowd roared and applauded generously at his appearance. Arthur waved gayly at them, thinking all the while, "My last flight! My last flight!" The mechanic spun the huge propeller, the engine roared, and the great plane taxiod across the field and rose slowly.

As Arthur looked over the side, he could see the patch of white faces growing fainter and fainter until there was only a blur on the flying field. Silly foolal he thought angrily. They wanted a thrill. What would any of them care if he should lose control and crash? They would count it all part of the show and soon forget it. What did they care about his facing death every week? Mary was right. He should be down on the ground doing the safe, sane things that ordinary men did. He should be working in an office and driving a car instead of a plane.

He made the plane do a double loop and chuckled mirthlessly as he visualized the crowd's gasps. A back loop next. There: That should convince the fools down there that he was a real pilot and could take a plane up with the best of them. Now the most dangerous of all, the tailspin. Down, down, down - he looked over the side as he fell and became suddenly giddy as he saw the ground rushing up at him. Frantically he grabbed for the control stick; it would not budge. He knew then that death must come. The wind roared past his ears. In a few moments he would be spattered all over the flying field. Oh well, no one would care-no one but Mary. "I don't want to die," he cried suddenly. "God, don't let me die like this!" Then that cool, concentrated nerve that every good pilot possesses in time of danger came to his aid, and he felt carefully for the control stick. If he could jar it loose-. He was so close to the ground now that he could see tree tops. Carefully, steadily he pulled the stick. It came free; he yanked back and surged up just in time-. . . . .

Pilot Arthur Jones stood in his dressing room before the cracked mirror taking off his helmet.

"That was great stuff, Jones," the manager of the Oakdale airport was saying. "That tail spin of yours even gave me a thrill."

"Yeh?" said Jones dryly. "Yeh?"

"There's to be a big fair here next week. I can offer you a thousand dollars to fly that day—" Arthur thought fast. A thousand dollars! Enough to get married and make the down payment on that little house Mary wanted. An office—a car? Hell, no! He was a pilot—:

"Thanks, Jim. I'll be glad to do it!"

# The Student Marries

By BARTON WOOD

WHY is it that the young undergraduates of our colleges in their early twenties are assuming the responsibilities and restrictions of marriage? Why is it that, although jobs have seldom been as difficult to obtain and the future as uncertain as at the present time, young men and women of our American universities are marrying even before they have effectively prepared for the future? And, too, what has become of the so-called freedom between the sexes that so occupied the mind of the Great American Public of pre-depression days?

The answer is this. Today's youth is serious. It has prematurely aged. It has heard the great god, Machine, meaning out its soul-sapping rhythm; it has seen the hollow-eyed unemployed stalking silently through the streets; it has seen industry and thrift swallowed up by the hungry maw of the degression; and it has felt the shadows of war and national debt stretch themselves in increasing swiftness across the future.

What does the future offer? Young men and women have suddenly become concerned with this question. It is a serious one, and one that can only be overcome by struggle and fighting. Yet those of college age are too inexperienced, too easily discouraged, to carry on this fight alone. They need support and faith in their ability. They have suddenly found that the future depends on them, that they are living now, just as much as they will be ten years from now, and they are a little bit frightened about it all.

I recall the argument of a friend of mine, a senior in college, who had two years of study to complete before receiving his teaching credentials. He had just been notified of a job as clerk in a grocery store, a position that paid twenty dollars a week. He was giving up school for it. I asked him why.

"I have two years of study before me," he replied, "and at the end of that time the chances are still that I won't get a job. This one will give me enough to live on. Ruth's a brick, and she's willing to make it a twosome. With her to help me I know that I'll make a go of it, somehow. I don't feel now as though I were shut up in a box." And it is this "box" that is aging youth. It is the thought that after going through all the hard work of four or more years of college they still may not even have the good fortune to make twenty dollars a week as a grocery clerk. Explanation enough for the minor key that pervades even the dance halls of our colleges today.

It is one of the unfortunate whims of fate that the very machines that contribute to our unemployment should, at the same time, condition youth into an early maturity. Science has been directly responsible for the realistic attitude of this century. It has atripped away superatition, romanticism, and all the other illusions of the gilded age. For this, we owe it a sincere vote of thanks; yet it is the same science that has stripped away our Jehovahs, our arts of friendsipp and conversation, and our ideals of a pioneer America.

Youth felt this. It has echoed its cynicism and distrust of all that might fail into the despised category of the conventional. It has weighed all the time-worn principles of the Prophets, and found many wanting; it has read the sex novels and pseudo-psychological monsters of the present century, and interpreted them as seemed fit; and after all of this so-called getting down to truths, it has shown only that appearance of having returned from everywhere and everything.

Freedom between the sexes with its genil, the automobile, the sex novel, and the drug store, had been transmuted into license. It was something new, something modern and smart. Man, with his chains of conservatism, had labored too long in the gailey of convention. Now, with the magic balm of science, he had conquered the physical world and set forth the irrefutable laws of the universe. He stood supreme on his little hill of dirt, a god in himself.

It was a logical argument, in a time when logic was all. He who conquered in the world of science would naturally be better able to conquer in the world of human relationships. But was it logical?

Man's relations with man, and the problems of the human mind, are older than any record extant. In the early dawn of civilization while the anthropoid ages were still walking the earth with their blood cousins, the Pithecanthropi, man was beginning to feel the influence of man on his relations. From these early beginnings in the Pleistocene period of the Cainozoic age, through the Heidelberg man, the Piltdown man, and the Neanderthal man, the stone and bronze ages, the beginning of true civilization in Mesopotamia, the Egypt of the Pharaohs, the Hittite Empire, Phoenicia, Israel, Persia, India, China, Greece, Rome, and so on through all modern civilization, man was learning to cope with man.

Furthermore, much of this knowledge has been preserved for us. The list of authors alone who have treated of human relations would fill a library. Yet America, in the twentieth century, not content with an almost unprecedented freedom, would be "modern" and substitute license for freedom. Rome, a few years before the birth of Christ, was also "modern," Now Rome is a memory.

Today's men and women of college age are no longer trying to get something for nothing. They have had the depression to sober them. Moral looseness and economic luxury go together; and in some respects, the lessons shown by the depression have almost compensated for its economic losses. Now the intelligent amongst our undergraduates have come down to earth. They have found that reason and theory by themselves do not make up happiness. The great god, Machine, with its bloodless efficiency, has left behind mangled corpses and psychoneurotics. Our institutions for the insane are overcrowded. The pattern of life has been cut up into a series of wheels and gears, and the old values and ideals of the human being have been thrown in as grist.

It is small wonder, then, that those who feel this the most acutely - our students - should make a real attempt to get back to something stable, something that won't go around every time they lean on it. They want to find again their arts of friendship and conversation, their ideals, and their Jehovahs. They are weary of conquering the world and would be satisfied to conquer themselves.

They have found the answer to this in marriage. The grey beards of the country have consequently "viewed with alarm." Youth is going sensual. Youth has linked itself up with a puppy love affair that it will soon think better of. Youth is sacrificing its future while it is yet too young to realize what it is doing. Youth is sentimental.

If the grey heads could only trade places with these young people for a day! They are not sensual or sentimental. The younger people of today are looking for a complete friendship that can only be realized in such an intimate relationship. They want to escape for awhile from a too complex environment. They want to worship their Jehovahs in peace; and in addition to this they wish to release themselves from the mental strains that have been complicated by the realism of the century.

Neither are students in their twenties concerned with puppy love. The censoring generation is judging by its own standards and ex-The sexual education of modern periences. adolescents cannot be compared to that of thirty years or more ago. The boy or girl today has had so many puppy loves that by the time he reaches his junior or senior year in college he has a pretty fair idea of what he seeks in a wife, and why. We can thank the automobile for that much.

As for the future, how do they know it will be any more conducive to marriage than the present? After several years of preparation in school will the future offer anything to them?

The chances are that it will help. Yet nowhere can be found that golden optimism that used to be the heritage of college students. Now, they are seriously preparing for the future, yet aware at the same time that all their effort may have immediate results. They have found out that life begins today, and are meeting it accordingly. The result is undergraduate marriage; and it is one of the best signs the age has offered.

But how are young students who have found the perfect mate going to manage marriage, when already their financial burden may be as heavy as they can carry? That is, of course, an individual problem; but it can be solved only through sacrifice of all parties concerned-and it is worth the sacrifice.

The double standard is decreasing just as surely as the self-sufficiency of women is increasing. There is no longer prevalent the idea that the woman belongs solely in the home; although her first duty is there. With modern conveniences, the woman who has no children and who may be living in a two-room apartment, has a great deal of time on her hands; and there have been many cases where the young wife has been willing to work and send her husband through college, although it may mean the partial sacrifice of her own education. Yet it has been a success, and they have been happy.

Then there is even the temporary solution of secret marriage; of living for the time with one

of the parents; or of temporarily stopping school to accept a position. All of these require sacrifice, on the part of both the young man and the young woman.

Youth has accepted this challenge. It is making sacrifices, and it is succeeding. It has determined to face facts squarely and solve them, and has not become lost in the mazes of false theory and realism. It has accepted marriage, not for sensual and selfish reasons, but as a prop to better fit it for facing its all too numerous problems. Let us not condemn then, but rather let us give all the praise that determination and initiative deserve. Youth will need it.

# The Metamorphosis of Freddie Walton

By FRANK FAIR CARTER

THE social strata of the Horace Mann High School and their various divisions form a caste system that in its complexity rivals that of India. However, for the purpose of this story they can be divided into two sections: the cosmopolitan set and the rest of the school.

The cosmopolitan group consists of the Neophytes, mostly first year students, who buy cigarettes in tins of fifty and vie for the honor of presenting them to the Aristocracy; the Pals who buy cigarettes occasionally, but do not dispense them; the omniscient Aristocracy, who neither give nor buy, but merely beg. These students grow magnificent pimples and ostentatiously sport the emblems of the various sub-rosa fraternities to which they belong. The females of this group maintain their social standing by the usual method of being politely stupid. They have one trait in common with the male Aristocracy: they never buy their own cigarettes. These divisions exist even within the classroom. The Neophytes pass their courses by studying; the Pals by copying what the Neophytes write; the Aristocracy by holding offices in a hypothetical student government and by being nice to the teacher.

It was the misfortune of Freddie Walton that he fell within the most lowly of these classifications. Never before had he been so impressed by the rank injustice of the social order. The seeds of rebellion were sprouting within him. His hitherto complacent acceptance of his position was on the verge of giving away to soul-harrowing doubt. Freddie Walton, the Neophyte, was in love, and She, Sally Pearl Dean, was of the Aristocracy.

Freddie pondered his difficulties as he pushed his way through the after-school mob towards "The Barking Dog," Harry Churchill, prop. "The Barking Dog" in a confectionery boasting s magazine rack, a soda fountain, two tables, and four booths. Better known as "Harry's," "The Barking Dog" is the rendezvous of the high school aristocracy. Here, the Aristocracy, disdainful of the Neophytes and Pals, gather to entertain the fifteen and sixteen-year-old ladies of their choice with sapient discussions of the last dance and other worldly topics. Occasionally the recognized wit will cause great laughter by repeating a quip painfully memorized from the latest movie. After each sally the Neophytas turn to each other and say, "Ha Ha! He's sure a kick!"

As Freddie approached the establishment he assumed an attitude of sophisticated ennut, iit his cigarette in the approved manner, and slowed his gait to a listless shuffle. Last year the Neophytes had affected a rigid, straight-as-a-ramrod carriage, but Bud Lewis had graduated. This year J. Lafayette Valentine was the man to follow. J. Lafayette Valentine walked with a listless shuffle.

When Freddie entered "Harry's," he glanced about in search of a likely group to join. He at once eliminated four youths near the magazine rack because they carried books. They were sissies, a sissy being anyone who studied or exhibited a tendency to have good manners. After much thought, Freddie chose a little crowd near the corner booth, where Dink Lambert, Fanny Goodwin, and Bob Loopertz regaled a party of spelibound onlookers with their latest experiences.

Dink Lambert was a leader second only to J. Lafayette Valentine. The reason for their difference in popularity was very simple. J. Lafayette owned an automobile. Dink got his Old Man's car only two nights a week on the conditions of good behavior and an eleven o'clock curfew. It was tacitly understood among the crowd that Dink's Old Man was a mean old bugger. Freddie edged toward the attraction.

Bob Loopertz held the floor "—and then my old man butted in and asked me why it took two hours and a half to drive three miles. I didn't say a word for a minute. I just atood up and looked at him. Then I said 'I guess this is a free country,' and then walked out. Boy! Was he sore!"

A gusp of admiration rose from the assembled throng.

"That's what gets me," chimed in Fanny Goodwin. "They're so darn curious. 's if it was any of their business."

Dink Lambert puffed his cigarette judiciously and cleared his throat. He was about to speak.

"Course, you kinds have to make allowances. These old folks haven't been around much, you know, and they're apt to be sorta funny. Why, heck, my old man's almost forty."

"Yeah, but just the same, they give me a pain sometimes. No sense in being so old fashioued," Fanny Goodwin persisted.

At this moment Freddie's attention was distracted by a convivial whack between the shoulder blades.

"Hi, Walton! Howsa old rumdum?"

Cheez? It was J. Lafayette Valentine, speaking to him, Freddie Walton. Freddie covertly peeked at the bystanders and saw that several were watching.

"Lo, Val. How goes it?" Freddie affected a familiar indifference.

"Gotta stinker?" the great one demanded.

"Sure! Sure! You bet, Val." Freddie held out his pack of cigarettes. "Oh, take another. Three won't last long. Here, light it off mine, Val."

Freddie's ego soared to a record height. Forgotten were his heresies of five minutes earlier. He made a mental notation of the way Valentine blew the smoke from his nostriis.

"Who ya draggin' to our jig on the nineteenth?"

By "our" Valentine referred to Pi Pi Pi, his "frat." Everybody who amounted to anything belonged to a "frat."

"I don't know, Val. I guess Fil dig up a wench somewhere." Gee, Val really expected him to go to his frat dance.

"Gotcher bid yet?"

"Er-well-no. Not yet, Val."

"Well, get it from me. Buck and a half."

"Sure thing, Val. I'll buy it from you."

"Good. Here's one now. Gimme a buck and a half."

Freddie blushed. "I haven't got that much. That is, with me, of course. Pve got a lot at

home. No use packin' a lot of dough around all the time, I always say."

"Okay, kid. Bring it tomorrow. Say, you don't happen to have two hits you can lend me, do you? I'll pay you back," Valentine added magnanimously.

Freddie counted the remainder of his week's lunch money. He had sixty cents. He held out a twenty-five cent piece. Valentine took the coin.

"Thanks." Then as an afterthought, "Come on. Get in the crap game."

Freddie's joy rose another ten degrees. Ah, the exquisite satisfaction of such camaraderic with the great! With a gloating smirk at the envious glances of the other Neophytes, Freddie started for the door with Valentine.

Joy, after all, is an ephemeral experience. There is always some unforeseen occurrence that dispels it at its height. As Freddie neared the door, he saw Sally Pearl Dean enter, walking indecently close to the protective bulk of Don Blummenfeldt, who was approximately third in rank from Valentine. Freddie was dumbfounded by the thought that came to him. Maybe Sally Pearl was going steady with Don Blummenfeldt! Gosh, that would be Heil!

"Going steady" is that stage of friendship where the girl, because of the dictates of True Love, refrains from breaking engagements with the boy two hours before he is to call for her. In the manner that "going steady" is practiced at the Horace Mann High School, it involves a reciprocal obligation. Where the girl deprives herself of the pleasure of making "dates" with three or four boys for the same evening, the boy is expected to provide sufficient entertainment to compensate for the lack of variety, "Going steady" usually stops going for either of two reasons: (1) the boy ceases to provide as much entertainment as could be had by accepting all offers. (2) The girl weakens and breaks an engagement without warning. When either of these two things occurs, True Love ceases to exist. And without True Love, of course, there can be no "going steady."

What was especially sickening to Freddie was the person with whom Sally Pearl (never Sally or Pearl, always Sally Pearl) might be going steady. It was had enough for her to love another, but to love Den Blummenfeldt! Aside from his recent meditations on his way to "Harry's." the only real apostasy of which Freddie had been guilty had been a diallice for Blummenfeldt. The principal reason for this dislike was Blummenfeldt's participation in the recent performance of "The Cat Squealed Twice." This had been presented by the school's dramatic society. Blummenfeldt's role had required that he embrace the winsome Sally Pearl on several occasions. With the fervor of a true artist, he had thrown himself into these scenes and performed them with a gusto quite repugnant to Freddie.

Sally Pearl, unaware of the gall in Freddie's heart gave him her number two smile.

"Lo, Freddie." Her voice travelled a range of several octaves, starting at a high falsetto, and ending with an adolescent contralto.

Freddle could not resist. His face lost its agonized expression as his ears testered on the brink of a cavernous grin. Once again his mood changed. His loathing for Blummenfeldt crept shamefully into some dusty corner of his mind. Ah, to be recognized and spoken to in public by the delectable Sally Pearl: Foarming with an ebullition of good feeling, Freddle dashed off in the wake of J. Lafayette Valentine and lost his thirty-five cents.

Someone passed the dice to Freddie. "Your dice."

"Not me. I'm finished."

"Broke?"

"Hell, no!" Freddie laughed scornfully. "I'm just tired of playing."

Freddie reentered the store. The crowd had thinned considerably. With a courageous effort, he walked over to the booth where Sally Pearl and Don Blummenfeldt sat, and also sat, uninvited except by Sally Pearl's smile. This intrusion was by no means a breach of etiquette. It was the custom among the Aristrocacy to intrude at will. While Freddie was not of the Aristocacy, he acted on the hypothesis that to become a member of any group, one must first display a working knowledge of its customs. This particular custom was encouraged by the young ladies, for regardless of how it discomfited the original companion, it did make people realize how popular one really was.

"Lo, Sally Pearl."

"Lo, Freddie."

"HI, Don."

"Hi, Freddie."

"Oh, Freddie, I'm so glad you came along. Have you got a cigarette? I'm just dying for one. Your last one? Oh, that's too bad. Well, you can have a drag off it when I'm through. I won't smoke it all the way down because I have to be careful about my voice, anyway. I must watch my voice. You know, in 'The Cat Squealed Twice' "—

"I saw you in that. You were swell. You were pretty good too, Don." Before Don could acknowledge the compliment, Sally Pearl resumed the discourse.

"I'm glad you liked it. Mr. McCarthy liked my performance, too." Sally Pearl paused for breath.

"Mr. McCarthy? Who's he ?" Freddie inquired.
"Why, Mr. Hemingway Pugh McCarthy, of
course. He teaches dramatics at the college. He's

course. He teaches dramatics at the college. He's very artistic."
"Good old Mac. He's a good egg," Don added,

feeling that he was being left out of the conversation.

"Yes, he's a dear, Freddie. A lot of people don't understand him. Artists have a hard time. He said that when I smile I looked like Mona Lisa."

"Yeah?" Freddie was spellbound.

"It was sweet of him to say that, I really don't know, though, whether my smile is like Mona Lisa's or not. I haven't seen her in a picture for years and years. Acting comes kind of natural to me, I guess. My great-great grand uncle was a famous actor—Sir Beerbottle Dean."

"Gee! A real English knight?" Don gasped.
"Oh, yes. Everybody's heard of him."

A moment of reverent silence followed, as though to do honor to the memory of the erstwhile Sir Beerbottle. Then Freddie took the plunge.

"Say, Sally Pearl, wanta go to the Pi Pi Pi jig with me?"

Sally Pearl smiled wistfully. "I'd just love to, Freddie, but I sort of promised Don."

Freddie was stunned. He took his leave and started home, debating the most dramatic form of suicide. When he entered his home, he was trying to choose between soaking his clothes in gasoline and igniting them outside of Sally Pesrl's window, or disemboweling himself in the back seat of Don Blummenfeldt's Old Man's car. As Freddie walked into the living room, he sniffed the air. Fried chicken, ch? Well, no use doing anything desperate just yet. His mood changed even more as he ate his way through the supper Mrs. Walton had prepared. He mellowed. He philosophized. He'd have to buy a bid to the dance, anyway, he reasoned, or Val would get sore at him. Besides, Sally Pearl might go with him another time. He could see that she had really wanted to go with him. Well, he might as well proposition the Old Man.

"Say, pop, can I have a few bucks?"

"Nope."

"Aw, nuts, pop, I need it."

"Whaffor?"

"I gotta go to a dance."

"Why?"

"Well, I gotta. Everybody goes. Luvva Mike!" Mrs. Walton's curiosity, masquerading as maternal solicitude, could be held in check no longer.

"Is it a school dance, Frederick?"

Freddie fluttered his lips in a manner indicating contempt. "Naw, not a school dance. A frat dance. Pi Pi Pi. Nobody goes to school dances but sissies."

Mr. Walton interrupted. "Pass potatoes."

"Frederick, what kind of boys belong to these fraternities?"

"Swell guys. Take Val, now—that's what we call J. Lafayette Valentine—he's president of Pi Pi Pi, Boy, is he a kick when he's ti—when-when he's in the mood!"

After approximately forty-five minutes of cross-examination, during which time Freddie informed his mother that yes, they had chaperones, and no, there wasn't any drinking, and yes, he would take only a nice girl, Freddie's parents gave in.

On his way to school the next morning, Freddie gave voice to a song he had heard Valentine singing.

"-And if we catch a Delta Pi Within our sacred walls.

We'll take the bugger out in the street And best him 'till he bawls."

Gosh, it'd be great to belong to Pi Pi Pi. He pictured himself, arm in arm with Valentine, united by the sacred bonds of fraternity membership, singing the praises of Pi Pi Pi. Freddle arrived at school just in time to find his seat in his elocution class and grin three times at Sally Pearl before the last bell rang. This was the only hour of the day that he and Sally Pearl were in the same class. Freddle leaned back in his seat and hoped that Miss Bacon would not call on him. Unfortunately, Miss Bacon did call on Freddie, who, as usual, had neglected his homework.

"Frederick, I am ashamed of you. You are hurting no one but yourself. You may be sure that Sally Pearl has not neglected her work." Thus calling upon Sally Pearl, Miss Bacon settled down with the well-filled cat expression of a teacher listening to her favorite.

"What have you chosen to read, Sally Pearl?"

A sudden pang of wit assailed Sally Pearl.

"I am going to read 'A Dissertation on Roast Pig,' with all respect to Miss Bacon."

Now this remark was certainly innocent enough. Mildly humorous, perhaps, but no more. But like many dramatics teachers, she was a very artistic soul who was giving her life to The Drama. Her sense of humour she had given away long before. Freddie tittered appreciatively. What divine humour! "—respect to Miss Bacon—roast pig—pig—bacon—" Freddie mulled it over in his mind. However, his grin vanished as he saw Miss Bacon's countenance.

Miss Bacon was aghast. The eminous portent of their instructor's stare was evident to the class. Miss Bacon grew purple. Her lips trembled. Saily Pearl's lips trembled. Tears came to Miss Bacon's eyes. Tears came to Saily Pearl's eyes. And then, with a sudden torrent of sohs from both, Miss Bacon led Saily Pearl to the Principal's office.

Mr. Bumpkin hastily doused a cigarette, turned on the electric fan, and hid his racing sheet in his desk as he heard the approaching lachrymose tempest. "Oh, hell, Hetty Bacon at it again," he told himself. No sooner had he planted his feet on the floor than the two weeping females burst into the room. It was apparent to the well-practiced eye of Mr. Bumpkin that Hetty Bacon had been insulted. This made the third time in two months. He succeeded in looking dignified as Miss Bacon, shaking with sobs, pointed an accusing finger at Sally Pearl, also shaking with sobs.

"Oh, Mr. Bumpkin, this girl deliberately insulted me for no reason at all. And after Fve tried so hard to help her. I simply won't stand for it."

Mr. Bumpkin squirmed. "Now-now," he murmured. "Well, Sally Pearl, suppose you tell me what happened."

Mr. Bumpkin finally restored peace. Miss Bacon and Sally Fearl even resumed diplomatic relations to the extent of using the same mirror to powder their respective noses.

Needless to say, such a tid-bit of gossip was not allowed to escape the wagging tongues of the populace. When Freddie strolled over to "Harry's" that afternoon, all the orthodox subjects of conversation were displaced by what Sally Pearl had told Miss Bacon and what Mr. Bumpkin had done to Sally Pearl. As Freddie neared the store, he heard a call from a group of the Aristocracy.

"Hi, Freddie, old boy, old boy. C'm here." J. Lafayette Valentine ordered.

Freddle could hardly believe his ears.

"Bring your buck and a half?" Valentine demanded,

"Oh, sure, Val. Here it is." Freddie produced. Val thought hard. This kid didn't seem to have much trouble digging up dough. He'd be a good guy to have in the frat.

"Say, c'm'ere a minute." Valentine drew Freddie aside. "You belong to a fraternity?"

"No. Oh, no, no Val! I don't belong to any," Freddie protested expectantly.

"Howja like to come around to meeting next week?"

"Gee whiz! I'll say. That'll be swell, Val. Thanks."

Freddle was shivering with delight.

"Okay, kid. I'll see you about it later."

Valentine rejoined the group and Freddie tagged along.

Don Blummenfeldt was finishing a speech as Freddie came up to the group. "Well, it served her right for getting fresh with a teacher."

Freddie felt important. His dislike for Don Blummenfeldt came out of hiding and whispered in his ear. A fig for Don Blummenfeldt now!

"It served who right?" Freddie demanded.

"Serves Sally Pearl right. Who d'ya think?" Don explained.

The swine — Freddle's blood galloped through his veins, calling right and left upon his chivalry.

"You just better be careful what you say about Sally Pearl," Freddie spoke in his most menacing tone.

Don was taken aback. This was unexpected insolence from a mere Neophyte — one of the hoi-polloi.

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah."

Freddie no longer considered himself a Neophyte. Why, Val had asked him to come around to meeting.

"So what?"

"Well, you just better be careful."

Things were beginning to slow down when J. Lafayette Valentine stepped in and saved the day for the spectators.

"Here, knock this chip off his shoulder," he said as he placed a burnt match on Freddie's shoulder.

With a wary sweep of his hand, Don brushed the match from its perch. The two circled each other.

"Go ahead, sock him-poke him one-let him have it, Don," the spectators urged.

Drawing a deep breath, Freddie rushed in.
Den fought well, but he lacked the spiritual
fervor of his opponent. Den was merely fighting
to protect himself. Freddie was fighting for a
cause. After a brief combat, the two drew apart
panting, glaring at each other. A bloody nose
and a strange puffiness about Don's eyes testified
to the ferucity of Freddie's onstaught. Freddie
was seemingly unscathed, with the exception of
his disordered hair and a red spot upon one

cheek. Neither combatant seemed anxious to renew hostilities.

"Well, I guess that'll teach you," Freddie proclaimed.

With muttered threats, the two separated with their respective followers. Freddie proudly noted that he had acquired a following. Then he remembered. He was no longer one of the lowly. As he prepared to expound upon his fighting abliity, he stopped short. Sally Pearl was approaching. An inspiration came to Freddie. With no trace of his former humble mien, he walked up to Sally Pearl.

"Lo, Sally Pearl."

"Lo, Freddie. Why, why Freddie Walton, you look like you've been fighting," Sally Pearl remonstrated.

"Let's go inside and have a soda," Freddie suggested. Safely seated, he resumed the conversation. "I did have kind of a fight. I and Don Blummenfeldt."

Sally Pearl was shocked.

"Don Blummenfeldt?" she repeated.

"Yeah. You see, he said something about a certain lady that I didn't think he oughta say."

Sally Pearl pricked up her ears.

"What lady!" she urged.

Freddie looked at her meaningly. "Oh, just a certain young lady,"

"Why, Freddie, I think that was simply brave of you."

Freddie's chest swelled.

"Oh, that wasn't snything. It was a good thing for him that I wasn't really mad," he said modestly.

The rapidly assembled throng gasped admiringly.

"Say, Sally Pearl," Freddie continued, "I don't suppose you'd want to go to a dance with a guy like Don Blummenfeldt, would you? He's got two black eyes, anyway. Howja like to go with me?"

Sally Pearl looked into his eyes and searched his soul.

"Why, Freddie, I'd just love to," she cooed.

A short time later, the guy who had licked Don Blummenfeldt, and was going to get into J. Lafayette Valentine's fraternity, and who went around with Sally Pearl Dean, arose, and pushing his way haughtly through a crowd of Neophytes, started homeward. Before he left the store he put his hand in his pocket and started to pull out his package of cigarettes. Then he remembered. Shoving the package back in his pocket, he turned to an eager Neophyte.

"Hey, you, gimme a cig-stinker!"

# Our Feathered Friend

By FRANK FAIR CARTER

THARLES LAMB wrote an essay about roast pig. Herman Melville wrote a novel of a whale. Keats wrote an ode to the nightingale, and Gray wrote a lyric concerning a favorite cat. But who, I ask, has written a satisfactory tract on the chicken? No one, in recent times. This is unjust, and is the more so when one considers the perfidy of authors who, gorging themselves with chicken, derive stimulation for a gushing panegyric to a green linnet or some other bird, never pausing to pay homage to the source of their inspiration. Driven by the passion for justice that is the heritage of every American citizen, aided by a deep love for the chicken and an understanding of its problems, I have attempted a short treatise on the subject.

The chicken's chief mission in life is the production of eggs. It has been ascertained by the most careful observation that the sex of the chicken is the dominant factor in determining whether or not the chicken will lay eggs, the females, as a rule, being the egg producers. Once it was established that hens lay eggs, there immediately sprang up a large group of profiteers who essayed to make a living from the toils of these unpaid workers. They would keep a large flock of the birds, they told themselves, and when the eggs were laid, they would take them from the unsuspecting hens and sell them. Simple! However, this plan did not at first proceed as the capitalists had expected. There was no revolt against this bondage; that could have been checked. There was no organized protest from an outraged citizenry, for these poultrymen had representatives in Congress. trouble was of a more subtle origin. It lay in the artistic temperament of the birds. Now, let there be no mistake concerning this temperament among chickens. It most assuredly exists, as these exploiters discovered. Some days there would be a great many eggs, and on other days there would be none.

This uncertainty became a very serious, but short-lived, problem. Realizing that they were on the point of losing this source of unearned increment, the hen keepers set to work in a pother of scientific curiosity. Huge laboratories were erected for experimentation, and in one reliably reported instance a poultryman disguised himself as a member of the Patriotic Legion and, by making fierce faces, frightened Congress into granting him a huge sum of money for his experiments. After several months of intensive research, the answer to the problem was found. A stoop-shouldered, bespectacled scientist straightened up from his bench, peered about him for a moment, and crosked, "Turn on the lights."

There was the answer: turn on the lights. If the hen could not lay eggs every day, make the days longer. Anyone knows that artistic tantrums are of comparatively short duration; therefore, by making the days longer, they would provide the hens with time for a tantrum or two and still leave them time enough to lay eggs. This solution was eminently successful in most parts of the country. The eggers, as some people refer to the hens, quickly acquired the habit of beginning to lay their eggs as soon as the lights were turned on in the morning. One hen told another that by laying one's egg early, one could do as one pleased for the remainder of the day. This resulted in a great eagerness among the chickens to rid themselves of their eggs with the greatest possible dispatch.

There were certain sections of the country, however, where this method proved impracticable. One progressive Kansas farmer installed lights, and did very weil until a thunder storm occurred. Then hens did not comprehend the difference between the frequent flashes of lightning and the artificial light to which they were accustomed. When the surprised Kansan entered his hen house the next morning, he found his flock in an appalling state. After that the Kansan reverted to the old method of squeezing the hens and, in extremely obstinate cases, running the hen through a wringer.

You may ask, "Of what value are all these eggs?" Now, the most obvious answer is that eggs provide the hens with a convenient method of acquiring progeny. This use needs little elaboration, as it is fully understood by the hens. Until recent years the other principal use of eggs was as food. They may be eaten in any manner, of course, but most occidental gourmets impose two restrictions on egg eating: (1) The shell should be removed before eating. (2) The

egg should be enten in the earlier stages of its existence. The first of these demands has created a nation-wide interest in the development of hens that remove the shells from their eggs before they lay them. The palpable advantages of such a fowl have caused a flerce battle among the vested interests for the patent rights when, and if, the experiments succeed. No sooner has one company, by the use of highly appealing arguments, inspired a favorable attitude toward its own interests among certain government emplayees than another company gains the advantage with even more appealing arguments. After increasing the appeal of their arguments five or six times in the course of a year, several companies are on the verge of bankruptcy. So much for the removal of the shell. I have mentioned that most occidental experts prefer a very young egg. Among certain orientals the converse is true. The Chinese believe that an egg is not fit for human food until it is nearly senile. It seems, however, that there is a period in the egg's life, or rather death, between these two extremes, during which it is diligently avoided by both occidental and Chinese diners.

This last fact proves the old adage that this is a smell world after all, for what the gourmets abhor, others demand. Perhaps the first demand for rotten eggs was from some one of our many anti-social organizations generically referred to as Greek-letter fraternities. The secrets of these societies are kept from the public eye by solemn and awful vows. But in spite of the fearful punishments awaiting the traitor there have been occasional renegades who gave to the world tales of initiation rites where such eggs were used in most ingenious ways to test the worthiness of new members. Contrary to rumor, they are not used to accustom the initiates to effluvia approximating those of certain forms of fraternal entertainment known as smokers. After the fraternities demonstrated this new use for the egg, it was accorded its deserved popularity. There is no end to the humorous possibilities of a properly putrified egg. Poultrymen, in their effort to maintain a supply of these wares, attempted to find a breed of hen that would deliver itself of its fruit only when such fruit had achieved the desired stink-producing qualities. No chicken could be found in America or England who would discard her self-respect to this extent. The poultrymen had nearly given up the search when a new hope was aroused. A clearsighted New England Yankee suggested that the chicken keepers look to France for an answer to this problem. "Get French hens," he said.

"They probably will not lay eggs, but if they do, they will certainly lay rotten ones." This bit of advice was accepted, and the entire nation is now waiting the arrival of a shipment of hens from France.

I have dealt with the product of the hen. Let us now consider the hen herself and her mate. No one who has read the foregoing can deny the patience and industry of these dear friends of man. Notwithstunding the abuses which they have suffered from mankind, they continue to lay one egg after another. Occasionally a hen is so transported with zeal that she tries to produce two eggs at once. Most of these attempts have not been entirely successful.

Once again I shall bow to the stomach and mention briefly the uses of the chicken as food. As with eggs, the chicken must be divested of its outer covering. Unlike most eggs, however, there are certain internal appurtenances which should also be removed before cooking and esting. This is an important item, and its neglect can cause much embarrassment. The newspapers have recently carried the story of a lady who, in the excitement of preparing a large feast, forgot to remove the entrails from one of the hens she was going to cook. The meal had progressed very well and the chicken was brought in to be carved. Brown and crisp, it attracted the attention of everyone at the table. It had been on the table but a few moments when, to the unconcealed surprise of the diners who had been ogling it, it laid an egg. While the astounded lady and her guests were staring at this phenomenon, the bird laid another egg. Apparently in some way affected by the heat of cooking, the ex-hen continued to lay eggs at an astounding rate until fourteen had been produced. This was too much for the distraught hostess. With a shrick she sprang from the table, seized the now cackling carcass and dashed from the house. She has not been heard from since. Such unfortunate incidents, really due to carelessness, should not discourage the incipient henophile, however. They are very rare.

It is unnecessary to write here concerning ways of cooking the bird, but a few remarks on methods of procuring it might prove of inestimable value. There is always the pressic method of buying, but it is not a very satisfactory one, inasmuch as the chicken must be paid for. A more exciting and far cheaper method is stealing. Although preferable to buying, stealing also has certain disadvantages. In the first place, the American is a gregarious person and a large company of one's friends is not conducive to

successful pilfering. Secondly, there are certain unpleasantnesses attendant upon a poorly managed raid. These unpleasantnesses are usually periods of enforced retirement within the cloistered confines of a jail. There is now a proposal before Congress to exempt all war veterans from punishment when caught stealing chickens. Congress is expected to pass the bill, after amending it to provide the war veterans a small bounty for every chicken they steal. This amendment has been violently opposed by veterans themselves, who patriotically declared that the matter should first be put before the citizens.

Another disadvantage of stealing is the tendency of the poultrymen to indulge in target practice with their shotguns, using the vanishing posterior of the pilferer as the target. Even the poorest marksman will show an uncanny accuracy under such circumstances.

There remains one method that embodies the sporting aspect of stealing and its zest, without the dangers. This method was popularized when someone made public his twin discoveries that (1) chickens like to cross roads in front of automobiles, and (2) chickens run over by automobiles are not likely to make noises that would notify the owner. These discoveries revolutionized the motoring habits of a nation. Instead of going for long drives in the mountains, the citizenry began to drive along roads in districts where chickens were known to be kept. In order to keep the greedier drivers from monopolizing the chickens on both sides of the road, a white stripe was painted down the center. People were compelled to run down their game on one side of the highway only. To make it even more difficult, the drivers were forced to go in one direction. The driver who missed his prey on the first attempt was deprived of the opportunity to turn his automobile around and ride back for another try. If he wished to go back he must cross over to the other side of the center line and return. These restrictions very nearly rulned the sport until it was found that for some reason or other a blast from an automobile horn inspired the chicken with an immediate desire to gain the opposite side of the road. Desire is evil, and the chicken incurred his just punishment nomewhere on his way across the road.

Lest I be accused of entertaining a purely mercenary attitude towards the subject of this paper, I now shall elaborate the spiritual qualities of the chicken. There are few animals that make better pets. One of the happiest periods of my life was a three-year companionship with a Brahma rooster that I had raised from a

slightly lopsided egg, with some invaluable aid from a setting hen. I named my pet Hackenschmidt after a once famous wrestler, who was noted for his prodigious strength. "Hack" grew rapidly and became a most faithful pet. It was his habit to fly to my shoulder and perch there until I fed him. Touching as was this display of affection, I was soon compelled to discourage it, for Hackenschmidt became spoiled. He would not only perch on my shoulder, but if food was not offered immediately, he would attack my ear in a violent manner. This was annoying in itself, but I soon found that it was setting a bad example for several horses that were kept on the ranch. In later life Hackenschmidt developed into a rather dissolute character. On several occasions I surprised the old roue in clandestine meetings with a young white leghorn hen. This was the only moral laxity of which he had ever been guilty. In all other matters Hackenschmidt was the soul of dillgence, faithfulness and friendship. I shall never forget the pathos of the meal when the lump that was the last of Hackenschmidt slid down my brother's throat and disappeared. I can go no further; my grief overwhelms me-

But who, I ask, who can deny that the chicken is deserving of our love, admiration and gratitude? Ha! I have you there!

## Theatre Party

BY RAYMOND WALLACE

The play is poor, and hardly worth The eagerness I brought. With all the earth for setting, The staging is faulty still; The actors are novices all, And hardly learn to play their parts Before their exit; The direction is most negligent of all. If the play's a comedy, Its most amusing blossoms Flower from the soil of sorrow; And if it's tragic, The bitterest of its scenes Are set in a background of bathos. Since I must be both audience and actor, I hope I may deliver One or two good lines before my exit, Then leave the theater when the show Becomes too great a bore.

# People

### By AUDREY M. BATCHELOR

DOCTOR GRAYSTON filled his pipe, lit it, and settled back comfortably in his leather chair behind his big desk. A standing lamp at his left cast a soft glow over his cosy but beautifully furnished study, and over his silver-grey hair and strong, well-defined features. A fire blazed briskly in the fireplace.

Dr. Grayston-doctor, writer, psychologist of eminence-drew once or twice on his pipe and gazed thoughtfully for a moment into the flames. Everyone loved and admired Dr. Grayston. To meet him was a privilege. To know him was an experience one did not forget. From all walks of life people loved, esteemed, and sought him. Wherever he went he inspired hope, faith, courage, confidence, and power. He drew forth as a magnet the finest and best in human nature. At the mention of his name, tired eyes lit up and set expressions softened. Crude men in the rough lumber camps were proud to address him as "Doctor" and were still more proud to be able to chat for even a moment with him. Men on the street-down and out-were drawn to him. After talking to him many a man squared his shoulders, lifted his chin higher, and started out again on the path that had looked so futile. Young people standing at the crossroads of life, frustrated, wounded, frightened, despondent, bared their young souls to him. Always they left him with a finer, broader, more stabilized outlook, and renewed faith and confidence in themselves and life.

There was something exceptionally fine about Dr. Grayston, and human nature was quick to realize this and to respond to his innate fineness. This man of medium stature, broad shouldered, silver-grey haired, with strong, well defined features, and clad mostly in grey, presented a figure of quiet strength and dignity. His was a rare understanding. His keen blue-gray eyes read character at a glance and penetrated with remarkable intensity into the innermost depths of human nature. In a quiet, silent way he understood the heights and depths, the hopes, the yearnings, the strivings, the fears and the struggles within the human heart and soul. His heart went out to humanity. He did not condemn nor despise its weakness, but accepted it—somewhat sadly perhaps -- but with tolerance and sympathy, and always he strove to draw forth and develop the finest in men. His face bore deep lines of character. It was a face that exhibited the force and power of restraint. It was a face vitally alive—vitally intense. The eyes keen, alert, deep, shone with a genuine warmth and radiance. A tender, sometimes whimsical smile played about the strong, clean-cut, firm mouth. He could laugh merrily, even heartily, but always beneath the laughter remained a deep carnestness. He was quietly but gloriously happy in his life and work.

Turning towards me with that quiet, kindly smile of his, he asked, "And what shall we discuss tonight?"

"People," said I enthusiastically.

A warm smile spread over his face. I had touched the topic nearest his heart.

"What a vast subject," he said, just a wee bit amused.

"I know," said I quite earnestly, "but do let's discuss it."

"Very well, then," he said. "Let's discuss it at random and strike upon a few of the outstanding traits in human nature." He began:

"The most fascinating and interesting study in the whole world is people. Human nature is ever new—is ever old. Alike—unlike—all are moulded after the same fundamental pattern; yet each is a separate identity, totally unlike any other individual in the entire universe.

"Man learns to know man from direct contact with human nature. Good books are important, certainly. They are one of the first fundamental steps of education. They serve as a basic guide and background in living. But the process of becoming truly educated is to be able to apply one's knowledge to life. Knowledge is power only if properly directed, but if merely assimilated and unused, it remains a mere potentiality. A man or woman may have a remarkable and fluent knowledge of history, literature, Greek, et cetera, but if that knowledge does not enable him or her to come closer to humanity that individual's education is only partial. The heart and soul must become educated as well as the intellect. Sometimes this is where people fail-They pride themselves on being well educated when they are lacking in tolerance, justice, sympathy, understanding, and in a broad universal outlook. The system of education today in our schools and colleges prepares one to meet life more readily, more efficiently, more broadly and more humanly than the educational training of yesterday."

He paused reflectively a moment or two and then went on, "We understand the people best. who are on the same mental plane of thought as ourselves. Such people we regard as kindred spirits and we experience in knowing them a wonderful congeniality. It gives us little difficulty to understand them and to be understood by them. There are other people, with whom we come in contact, with whom, figuratively speaking, we do not speak the same language. With these people we feel strange and out of place. Their inheritance, their background, and training-their whole environment-has been different from ours; consequently their outlook on life is different too. To know and understand people, who speak a language other than our own, we must try to visualize things from their standpoint-taking into consideration, of course, their environment, inheritance, and upbringing. In plainer words, we must allow ourselves to enter mentally into their medium of thought and to look at life through their eyes. When we are able to do this, we find ourselves becoming more tolerant and less critical. Not only that, when we learn to know people-when we learn to know something about the heart of humanity-life becomes fuller and richer.

"Human nature is at heart friendly. People vary, of course, in their degrees of friendliness. Again heredity, environment, upbringing, education, and temperament determine the response individuals make to other people. There is within all human nature the fundamental craving to be understood. What joy we feel when we find that someone actually understands us-that someone has confidence and faith in us and is able to see and appreciate our best and finest selves. We no longer feel alone-someone understands and cares. Human beings need sympathy and understanding. But of all periods in life youth is the one that needs the greatest sympathy and understanding. Youth is a period when one especially needs a friend. Youth is a period of struggle and inner turmoil, a period of restlessness, self-dissatisfaction, and indecision, a period of continual searching and seeking for truth, a period of striving for adjustment and self-expression. Youth is especially unsure of itself. It is over-sensitive and self-conscious. It is often afraid of being laughed at or of appearing odd or different from others. Youth takes life, not necessarily responsibilities, but life, so seriously. Everything looms large and important—little things mean much. Age looks back on youth and smiles, for it has learned to take life serlously, yes—but not too seriously.

"Is it not wonderful to realize that all human beings are bound together by an immutable bond stronger even than themselves? A bond that extends beyond time, space, race, creed, doctrine, and custom, to the every essence of life itself. All are a part of the universal scheme. Each, no matter how lowly, has a place in the universe. It is the responsibility of each individual to strive to justify his existence in life by developing his potentialities to the highest and by giving to life and to his fellow men his best and finest self, thus contributing to the great progress of the human race. When an individual realizes the full significance of his place as a human being in this grand universal scheme, life takes on a different meaning."

Dr. Grayston ceased speaking, clasped his hands together earnestly, and gazed into the dying embers.

# Lament of a Woman on a Long Road

By ERMA FAXON

My love was rich honey sealed in a too full heart—

Fresh water dripping from spread and pointed fingers

Was never so sweet. As a child remembers grief From the taste of salt on his lips, so my love lingers.

The sun is over a tree, and it casting no shade, And the sea beats over a rock where the winds have laid

Their booty mangled and torn from petals and seeds.

Dying a-cold as the pulse in a breast that bleeds.

The road is twisted before me now and long, And my eyes have forgotten the face that I sought by day;

The rain is upon my head and a thorn in my foot. And still I follow a strange and bitter way.

# Pioneer Picture

### By Marjorie Carey

- Drifting blossoms settled on the newly painted wood
- Of three red wagons, shining where they stood, Three jarring spots of color against the landscape's green,
- Three patient means of conveyance to a country yet unseen.
- But the New York women, sewing in the house nearby,
- Loved them in their brightness, standing out against the sky,
- For they symbolized the journey, now so near at hand.
- When rumbling wheels would take them to the Promised Land.
- And brown heads bent devotedly to sew each long white fold
- Of the wagon's canvas covers to protect them from the cold.
- Of the Indians they chatted, holding not a doubt, But what a train of wagons would be safe from battle shout.
- The only thought that made each woman's eye grow dim,
- Was the inevitable knowledge of leaving friend and kin.
- And mothers looked at children, at their boy and at their girl,
- Wondering if the unknown future would be kind to them or cruel.
- But over all the busy planning and the other things to do,
- Was a happy realization that a dream was coming true.
- This excitement filled the hearts of woman, man and maid,
- And the boys were killing Indians, shouting as they played.
- Then there shone the dawning sun upon the parting day,
- That saw the many hopeful gladly start upon their way,
- And for months the wagon train rolled over the prairie expanse,
- Till each day's journey seemed a year's painfully slow advance.
- The marks of wagon wheels grew fastly fainter, as they ground

- New ruts upon the grass with creaking, tiresome sound.
- The scouts rode on to find an easier way to circle every hill.
- While the train encamped a fireless night in darkening chill.
- And the coming menace of the Indian Nation seasoned every dream,
- So no happy Western setting, but torture was the theme.
- One by one the wearying cattle died beside the road,
- And the burdened oxen staggered as they drew the heavy load.
- Sheets of rain descended on the canvas-covered tops
- Flooding hearts with sadness in each dully splashing drop.
- Men began to think of the peaceful orchards back at home
- And dropped their heads in anguish at the hope that made them roam.
- The store of food grew smaller and the travellers felt hunger
- Gradually becoming weaker as the days increased their number.
- They crossed wide-running rivers, dangerous to ford, Losing men and precious wagons in bravery's
- reward. But most of all their hearts were saddened by
- the frequent sign, Of tiny wooden crosses marking loved ones left
- behind,

  And the smouldering piles of ashes and broken
- wagon spokes, Telling of Indian slaughter and death to white
- men's hopes,

  For when the Indian country broadened to the
  view.
- The train took on great silence and words of joy were few.
- The victims of the fever were buried in the darkest night,
- Wagons rolling over them to keep their grave a secret site.
- Children wept for mothers whose diaries held the tragic note

By kindly hand in writing strange, "She died enroute."

Six months dragged by and found the remaining few.

Discouraged by the struggle and the suffering that grow,

Despoiled of cattle herds and valued human lives, Sick of rutted roads and the racking daily drives. Then upon their troubled souls, lightening their way.

Dawned the splendid vision of the Promised Land's array,

Green fertile valleys, rivers flowing to the sea, Tall growing timber shading many a twisting stream

Where California sun caught the nugget's golden gleam,

So the train of tolling people rested in the sight Of all this gracious country, bathed in sunshine bright. And the faithful oxen munching, ate the waving grass,

Pulling faded paintless wagons, reaching home at last.

But as each family gathered in the sunny Western air,

They knew a bitter sorrow for the dead who were not there.

were not there.

For their steady perseverance in human sacrifice,

Had bought them Western freedom at an unexpected price

And the misery and grief that stung each pioneer heart.

Made them men all powerful with a message to

impart.

And they wrote the message clearly by each deed

and every act,

That a man must suffer greatly to make his
dream a fact.

# The Kid

### By Francis B. MITCHELL

I FIRST saw the kid one day when I walked into a heer parlor. While prowling around looking for a story for the evening edition, I decided I needed a glass of heer; so I entered one of those joints that the socialities visit when they're slumming. When I had my twenty-six ounce glass of heer in one hand and a digarette in the other, I turned and leaned my back against the bar. It was then that I noticed him.

He was sitting at a corner table, kind of brooding over his beer. Handsome isn't a word that would describe his looks, Pretty would be a better term. Blonde, wavy hair—not the kinky kind, but just smoothly wavy-topped—a perfectly shaped head. His cheeks were round and pink, and his eyes would make a beauty queen green with envy. Those eyes were of the deepest blue and were veiled by long, curly, black lashes. I'd guess that he was five feet two and weighed about one hundred and ten pounds.

"Say, what's the idea?" I said, turning to the bartender, "I thought you weren't allowed to serve beer to kids in these joints." I suppose the bartender tried to warn me, for he was making some funny, gurgling noises in his throat. Anyway, I had hardly gotten the words out of my mouth when I was jerked around to face those blue eyes, now filled with rage and hate.

"Was yuh referrin' to me, fella?" snarled an amazingly deep voice.

"Well,-er-I'm so-"

"Well, if yuh was, I just want yuh to know that it ain't any of your damn business what I'm doin' here, and besides, I ain't no kid." Here the voice rose to almost a scream of rage and the boy flung himself out of the door.

"Whew!" I gasped, reaching for my beer; then I began firing the why and wherefores at the bartender. After drinking enough beer to bloat a German, I found out a little bit about the kid.

It seemed that for no apparent reason at all his mother had named him Percy, and that handle, coupled with the kid's looks, was enough to make him the brunt of all the tensing and gibing possible, when he started to school. That was why he kated his name, his face, and anyone who referred to them. Even when he grew to manhood, he was constantly reminded of his handsomeness by some blundering rube such as myself. That was why he kicked up such a fuss when I called him a kid. You see, I'd touched a sore spot that made him fighting mad at everything and everybody.

I saw the kid several times after that. I even talked to him a little, but he wasn't much of a conversationalist, because he was always looking for somebody to make a crack about his pan. It made you feel kind of funny to see a fellow so hard and cynical about everything. Why, that kid could probably have cashed in on his looks out in Hollywood. I always had a feeling that I'd like to do something for him, and that's a funny feeling for a newspaperman to have.

I got to trailing around some dizzy, divorcemad dame for the Sunday scandal sheet, and I didn't see the kid for quite some time. One day, however, I was sent down in his neighborhood to cover some sort of a killing. I busted in on the police captain down in that precinct and found that the job had taken place in the beer joint where the kid used to hang out. It almost knocked me off my pins to find out that they were holding the kid as the murderer.

Right away I ambied down to the beer parlor and after tessing down several schooners of brew I thought I'd ought to be in good enough to get some information out of the hartender. The beer wasn't enough, and I had to slip the mug five bucks before he'd say a word.

"Well," he began, pocketing my dough, "the kid was in here sippin' beer yesterday afternoon. He was slouched over there at the same corner table lookin' as gloomy as ever. I didn't pay much attention to the bozo that came in, except to notice that he was a tough lookin' fella. Well, I served the guy his beer, and he turned around and spied the kid sittin' over there. He made some crack about the kid bein' a pretty boy, and the kid bounced up ready to fight. This fella seemed to get an awful kick out of the kid's rampage; so he kept on teasin' him. Jees, that boy was mad. He cussed and stamped around and his eyes was kinda' blazin', like a mad dog's. Well, this lug kept after him until the kid drew back and heaved his beer mug at him. The mug landed square between his eyes and the guy crumpled upon the floor. I thought he was only knocked cold, but it turned out that the glass had broken and a piece of it went through his eye into his brain. That's how it happened. Want another glass of suds?"

I took another beer and thanked the barkeep for his story, and then I high-tailed it for the police chief's office. I reminded the chief that I knew a little bit about the way he's pulled wires to get his appointment; so he let me into where the cops were givin' the kid the works.

He was sitting upon a little platform with enough lights on him to make him blind as a bat. The cops were sitting outside the ring of lights, so they could see the kid but he couldn't see them. The kid didn't looked scared or anything—just sort of glum. He wasn't saying a word either, when the cops fired a question at him.

The cops knew he had done the job, but they wanted a confession, so they'd have a clear case against him.

"What did you hit that guy for?" fired one of the cops.

Silence on the part of the kid.

"Come on, speak up. It'll go easier with you."

More silence. Then one of the cops lost his
temper.

"Damn you, you sissified lookin' little runt, tell us why you hit that guy, or I'll bat your ears down," he shouted.

At that, the kid raised his head. The deep, blue eyes blazed with enough hate to kind of make you want to wilt. The cops saw then the way to get at him; so they began calling him sissy and pretty boy and all such names. Finally the kid cracked and, standing up, he screamed—a scream that made you chill. It sounded like all the hate and madness a man's soul could hold was tearing its way out through his throat. Then he babbled out a disconnected confession. It was easy to see that he was out of his mind.

The cops looked at each other with a satisfied smile, and I could have killed each and every one of them.

"Let's see. This rube's name is Percy, ain't it?" one of them said. The others laughed a nasty laugh.

"That's a good name for him," cracked another. "When we got to work on him, he just couldn't take it, Percy! Hah! He's just a panty-waist."

The kid just sat there babbling—not seeming to notice what they were saying, and I left to get to a phone and get the story into the deak. Funny thing about that, too; when I got through to the deak, I couldn't seem to remember the kid's first name; so I gave it as Mike, and that was the way it came out in the evening edition.

## The Perfect Plotter

(Or Gyping the Genius)

### By Edna Mae Steele

HOODOO

Is your name a Jinx?

Are You Trying To Succeed In Life Under A Name That Makes Others Despise or Disitke You?

The way that your name looks in print or sounds when spoken will positively make people like or dislike you. It may even cause them to despise you and prove a serious handicap or asset throughout life.

A Christian name, two of them, or a name and an initial, will vibrate in harmony with one surname or be completely out of tune—a sour note—with another. The combination, even if in tune, may, on the other hand, suggest a hod carrier when a millionaire's name is mentioned — a washer-woman in place of a society belle, or a puglist instead of an actor or author.

### When To Use Our Magie Name Book

- 1. When you name the baby.
- 2. When you decide on a life mate.
- When you give names to the characters in your story, scenario, essay, or article.
- Before you choose your firm or business name, pen or professional name.
- To eliminate the Jinx from the names of your friends.

Our book containing chart with full instructions sent postpaid for only \$10.00. Just inclose the bill, check or money order and your name and address.

Men's names we classify as Romantic, Virile, Effeminate, Weaklings, Rube, Comics, Genteel, Heavies, Villains, Roughnecks, Quaint, Odd.

Women's names we classify as Popular, Colorful, Quaint, Comic, Drab, or Unsympathetic.

ACKEDCRAY COMPANY

13 Keystone Street, Auburn, New York (President Foolmore)

> San Jose, California February 18, 1936

hello mr. foolmore:

I am an creative genii, a most important part of the dr. holliday's scribbling troop, the only thing of its kind this sighed east of chicago, inclosed will find \$10.00 please send by S.O.S. a copy of yor magic names book, for i think my name is a hoodoo. a non-dee-plum might keep my short stories from bouncing back and me from getting a nervous bustdown, and more choicer names will give more loco color to my created characters?

> goodby, a genius

> > Auburn, New York February 23, 1936

Dear Genius:

Your ten dollars graciously received, I am sure you will find the "Personality In Names" book most satisfactory for you in your work.

Because you are a good customer of ours, we are going to let you in on a bargain. "The Perfect Plotter" can now be obtained for only \$70.00 plus tax. It is a marvelous invention designed to aid young writers like yourself. It is not a toy, but a scientific device which will help you construct perfect story plots.

This Plot Genie will lead you into rich, unexplored fields of priceless story material. It will boost your mind out of the rut—lift your imagination from the worn grooves—give your thoughts wings with which to fly out of circumscribed territory. It is the best collaborator you could ever have.

Don't wait for that rare fissh of genius. With the help of this Plot Robot you won't have to wait for your inspiration—for that "fire in your eye." If you are interested in this bargain, you'd better act fast; we only have a few left.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Foolmore, pres.

San Jose, California February 28, 1936

dear mr. foolmore:

am fetching this 70.00\$ plus tax to you by airmail because i want to be sure not to miss out on your smazing bargain. I never had an idea that there was any such thing as a perfect plotter but i am exceedingly happy to know it. there are lots of good names for characters in your most excellent magic name book, but i've thought and thought but i can't think of anything to have them do. I can't think of any plots.

so please send me your perfect plotter by airplane mail. I want my imagination lifted from the worn grooves, as you say, even if it does cost \$70.00 plus tax.

> Ever, the gentus

> > Auburn, New York March 2, 1936

Dear Genius:

Inclosed you will find the "Perfect Plotter."
With it you will have no trouble rising to the
greatest heights of literary fame.

We caution you to follow detailed instructions carefully. Don't pinch or huckie the disc. The best way to hold it is in the hollow of your left arm, grasping the top of it in your left hand. Spin it closing your eyes—three times to the right, back four to the left. Then, jot down the numbers you obtain from the plot robot. After you have spun out nine, you may refer to the index book for your corresponding plot numbers. The first disc number supplies the locale; the second gives the principal male character; the third the beloved; the fourth the obstacle to love, etc.

Every combination created by our marvelous invention is guaranteed to be workable. It will break up old suggestions. A cattle ranch doesn't necessarily suggest a cowboy any more than a jungle always suggests a savage.

If you have any difficulty, just write and tell us. We are always willing to help young writers.

Sincerely yours,

Mr. Foolmore, pres.

. . . . .

San Jose, California March 10, 1936

dear mr. foolmore:

received the "perfect piotter" with open arms, but it makes me half leery trying to figure out how to whip into shape the far-fetched situations I spin out on my robot.

my hero, for example, is a nomad—a dutch nomad and his locale is a farm. this dutch nomad is in love with a feminine trapeze performer. the problem is a race war threatened by oppression—no. 8s in case you want to look it up. duty to country stands in the way of their love according to your perfect plotter (which i am beginning to suspect is not so perfect).

the complication is that an illicit love affair threatens loss of relief of a loved one, the crisis, no. 13, is that there is a threatened boycott. And the climax is "wherein the enemy masquerading as a friend to the hero, meets the person he impersonates." now, mr. foolmore, if you could by any means tell me how this plot goes, i would appreciate it immensely.

you might be interested in knowing I have my characters all picked out from your priceless magic names book. I have written down all their idiotsincrazys as you told me, individualizing each one, but my dutch nomad, I can't seem to make him live. I thought a few dutch phrases would help a lot so if you would get me the following info. I would be very much surprised and keenly delighted even though I am inclosing \$10.00 for extra assistance as you suggested I do.

- 1. a fancy name of a not so fancy dutch cheese
- 2. two hundred dollars 3. chislers 4. cussing
- 5. yes, you're right. No, you're not.
- 6. "the states"

Ever, the genius

> Auburn, New York March 15, 1936

Dear Genius:

Do not be discouraged. If a plot assignment given by the Perfect Plotter looks difficult, do not discard it. The more impossible it seems to you now, the more refreshing and novel will be your completed story. We have held a trustee's meeting to figure out the plot you are having trouble with. It is an exceedingly simple and obvious story. Don't give up hope, just keep on thinking about it. Maybe you forgot to "sleep on it" before you started to string it together. We prefer not to give you the answer now; but if you give up, we are forced to do so.

It is with the greatest of pleasure that we assist you in characterizing your dutch nomad by asking our translator of foreign language to supply you with the following information. It is as follows:

- a fancy name of a not so fancy Dutch cheese.
   ans: Edammer Kass (world renowned)
- Two hundred dollars ans: Twee hondert guidens
- 3. Chisters

ans: Zwendelaars

 Yes, you're right. No, you're not. ans: Ja je heb gelyk. Ans: Nee dat ben je niet

Cussing . . . ans. vlocken 6. "the states." de vercentgd staten

Sincerely yours.

Mr. Foolmore, pres.

San Jose, California March 21, 1936

mr. foolmore:

i appreciate your dutch help, but my story is in such a ticklish spot that i don't know searcely which way to turn. i have finally made it plausible that the lady trapeze performer and the dutch nomad go swimming together. it is really extra-romantic. I haven't decided yet whether they shall go bathing in the sea or the crick, but that doesn't bother me as much as the problem of the story does.

your perfect plotter says to make a race war threatened by oppression be the obstacle. duty to country, if you remember, stands in the way of their love. If you will please give me a hint as to how this part fits into the plot and tell me whether or not i am getting warm when I have them go on a swimming party, I would appreciate it very muchly.

Please send it by special delivery because the couple are in such a romantic scene as they stand that i am tempted to let them end there happily, while

> i remain, the genius

> > Auburn, New York March 28, 1936

Dear Genius:

If you end your story there you will break the spell of the Plot Genie. You can't, then, hold us responsible for how successful you are with it. Do not brand our "Perfect Plotter" as unsatisfactory until you have really thought the plot through. The story is obvious. If we told you how to connect your nine elements, all the inspirational force behind the Robot would be lost.

We suggest that you ask Dr. Holliday how he thinks the elements should be woven together. Please try to do some research on your own part. Remember we have other customers who pay much better than you who are demanding our time.

Hastily,

Mr. Foolmore, pres.

. . . . .

San Jose, California March 31, 1936

dear mr. foolmore:

dr. holliday doesn't know. don't keep me in suspense any longer. I will pay you well. just tell me what does the dutch nomad do after he takes the lady trapeze performer in his arms and whispers endearments in her ears. come on, how shall I end it? tell me, or else I'll sue you and get my seventy dollars back.

> sincerely, the genius

> > Auburn, New York April 6, 1936

Genius:

> San Jose, California April 10, 1936

foolmore:

1 will!

ever, dr. holliday

## Abraham Lincoln

#### BY KATHERINE SANFORD

When God's ire cooled at sight of Canaan's pain, He took celestial clay and made a man with soul attuned to heaven, heart to strain Of earthly sorrow since the world began; And Lincoln saw the way nor spursed the path; But walked barefooted over moss and thorn, with fortitude transcending joy and wrath, Rejoicing in the journey, yet forlorn.

His face was trenched with inward battles fought, Possessive wisfulness his chiefest charm, And whimsical his veins of wit unsought, His moods profound, yet ne'er foreboding harm. He was a threnody of mirth and sighs, Whom mortalizing here, God robbed the skies.

# Qualifications for a Co-ed's Husband

By R. CATHERINE GUNN

BESSIE and I were sprawling on the campus in a warm splotch of spring sunlight this afternoon, and our conversation wound around to husbands. Why? I don't know, because Bessie and I have both decided to be "bachelor girls" and live in a New York skyscraper. She wants to compose, and I lean toward scribbling, so we must have solitude for output.

"What do you think the average college girl expects before she'll marry the man?" I asked her.

Bessie was quick to answer. "You really can't say much on that score," she advised, "until you've first considered a co-ed's requirements in a boy-friend."

"I confess I'm dumb, but why?"

My friend was disgusted. "Because, doesn't a zephyr become a tempest?" Here I begged her not to go poetic on me. "And doesn't an acorn become an oak?" I couldn't see the point. "Weil, a boy-friend becomes a husband, doesn't he, now?" I was beginning to catch on, and shook my noodle.

"I guess that's right, but I could never figure Butch a husband." It was so funny I had to laugh cut loud. "Why, Butch, he just couldn't, that's all, and yet he makes a divine boy-friend!"

Bessie got analytical. "What makes him a divine boy-friend, may I ask?"

I looked up quickly and would have been ready for a scrap if I hadn't seen that Bessie really wasn't slamming Butch but just inquiring. "Well, the first thing I noticed about him when I was introduced to him at the Junior-Senior banquet was that he was big and looked athletic. I hate to admit that his stature and atmosphere, surely both external characteristics, were his primary attraction at first sight. He was well dressed, too. I've found out since that he has few clothes, but they're good."

"I know," Bessie interrupted, "you went for the pleats in his coat and his white shoes!"

I pulled off a dalsy's head. "Well, yes, every girl likes a fellow who looks like he's got money, even if your impressed girl-friends run into him later working in a grocery store. A girl's nature is just such that she wants a man that other girls think is a nice kid and yet won't ever tell his 'steady' their sentiments." "I couldn't stand to have a boy-friend who couldn't dance, could you?" Bessle put in. "College life these days is just one dance after another, and you're out of everything if you're dragging around with a wall-flower."

"Yes, dancing is essential, but spending is just as important," announced one who knows from past experience. "Even if you don't care so much about going somewhere after the dance, your friends soon begin to make remarks if your friend won't go as far as the next one with his money. Of course, a fellow doesn't have to always act 'flush, but at least he has to be a good sport about finances," and to sound more profound I rolled over on my stomach.

Bessie had her ideas. "Don't think I'm silly now," she warned, "but....I think a boy is most interesting who seems to be a woman-hater."

"But ...."

"Now just wait a minute. I mean, I like the strong, silent type, the kind that likes to throw little slams at the women, not to be smart, but sincerely sort of harried by anybody who fiddles and fusses."

I promptly let her know that I didn't fiddle and fuss.

"Oh, maybe I'm vague about all this; but just wait until you meet one of the type. You'll say something you think is smacking of genuine intellectuality, and he'll just sit still and look at your little pug nose, giving it the credit for your childles mind. And take it from me, he'll thrill you!"

"Yes, I know one of them. They usually smoke a pipe and go off by themselves to study in the shade."

"Uh-huh, that's the kind; only you never hear him talk about profs or grades; yet he manages to draw down a B average every time. I think probably the silent variety is the most eligible in my classifications for making good husbands to a co-ed."

By this time I knew our discussion was getting somewhere. I would put Butch under Bessie's microscope and see what he looked like. "Well, when a girl starts thinking more seriously about this boy-friend, what do you think she looks for, Bess?" I ventured. Three varsity men strolled by in the rear just then; so Bess didn't answer right away. "Twe done quite a bit of research work on thia," she told me, and I understood, having been let in on her most secret heart for more than four years. "I find that when you start feeling a little personal about him, your views after too, and I don't mean what is popularly thought, wanting a man who can cook and make beds. If he's been a darn good spender ever since you've known him, you begin to wish he wouldn't be quite so ready with his money. You even try to talk him out of going downtown after the dance, now don't you?" and she turned on me. I shook my head.

"You're still glad that the girls think he's a nice kid, but you wish many a time he wouldn't retalisate so glibly. If you've a picture of him as your husband in the back of your mind, you don't care so much about his pleated coat or his white shoes; you get little electric shocks of joy when you see him down under a car all greasy and his shirt torn till his brown flesh shows through."

The green grass rippled under my vision and there was Butch all over mud, like the day I drove out and found him coming up from working in the irrigation ditch. His back had been brown, too.

The voice went on. "A girl that has studied for four or five years to fit herself for something better in life can't be satisfied at this stage of the game with mere outside appearances. She's forgotten that he once had to pass on the color of his shoes or the breadth of his shoulders. Now she is concerned that this man she is going to live with be more intelligent than the next fellow. that he will be able to converse with men on a man's level. She doesn't care half so much now whether he is a good dancer as she does that he is a good worker with initiative and ambition for attaining an executive position. A college girl can't appreciate a man who isn't educated. He has to prove that he's educated by his being unsatisfied with himself until he has reached a goal,"

I broke in. "He should want security for his wife and family, I believe, and his education should stand good for a position which can insure it."

"A college-bred girl has gained independence and a wide scope of understanding. Even though love may keep her from it, she feels it her right in a modern world to have gentlemen friends without being chastised for it."

I agreed with Bessie that no broad-minded woman could be happy in this day and age with a jealous husband. I pictured a tall boy whom I used to know. He had been sweet, but impossible, always asking, "Who was that?" when I'd speak to boys on the street. Jealousy was so abhorrent.

Bessie was looking very serious now, and so was I. No one would ever have guessed at that moment that we were two of the future's gay "bachelor girls," husbandless and carcless.

"A susband just has to be thoughtful, too! If a girl gives up her own career to be his partner, this should warrant her receiving all the little attentions a girl desires in life. Birthdays, saniversaries, and holidays mean so much to the sensitive feminine nature. I'd soon grow to hate a man who considered cards and flowers and candy something 'we can't afford,' even if the wife herself voices such an opinion."

"I certainly think you're right. The little things are what count." I remembered how Butch had brought me a cake on Valentine's Day with something sweet in bright icing on the top, and then that sweet compact on my birthday, and, oh yes, how could I forget the lamp and manicure set for Christmas. The darling!

Bessie looked at her watch. "Gee, I almost forgot that I've got a class this hour, an 'ex' in Philosophy too. Whew!" And she jumped up from the flat place she'd made in the green. As we brushed off our skirts and packed our books into the curve of our arms, Bessie said, "I'm still wondering why you said Butch wouldn't make a good husband," as though she'd been thinking about it for a year or more.

The notes I'd taken in Botany Lab. fell out of my binder. I flew after the paper so that Bessle wouldn't have to hear me say that I'd sort of changed my mind about Butch.

### Let Us Go Forth

By ERMA FAXON

Let us go forth, for the white gulls are whirling.

Over the rocks where the tidewaters race.

The pipes of the mountainy people are skirling, And I would be feeling the wind on my face.

Let us go wading through broom and sweet clover Now while we're young and the sky is still clear,

For the tide must go out, and the moon will roll over.

And men must seek rest when the deep night is near.

# Waterfront

### By J. WARREN BOWERS

THE dirty green bay water slapped monotonously against the moss and barnacles on the hull of the rusty old square-rigger-rusty because she was made of steel. The "Star of Greenland" represented the apex of sailing cargo carriers, with a steel hull, hollow steel spars and masts. Among the ships of the salmon trade in the arctic, she had held her own against all comers, both in speed and tonnage, until steam wrested her usefulness from her. Now, as a ship, she was a nonentity. She was destined to spend the rest of her days rusting and rotting away until some hopeful junk man might think he could get enough iron to pay for the trouble of junking her. However, just at present, her lot was slightly different from that of her sisters on the mud-flats up the river.

The "Star," her rigging creaking slightly in the light breeze, was tied up, not to a rotting, dilapidated, deserted wharf, but to a modern pier in the busiest part of the waterfront.

As twilight dropped down over the ships and warehouses of the waterfront, and a cloud passed over the "Star," lights came on along her well-deck, revealing the sorry state of her rigging, not only neglected, but dissembled, hanging dejectedly next to the mast, instead of standing taut to the rails. The steel belaying pins to which the rigging was usually secured had evidently disappeared.

Down in the well-deck of the ship a few figures moved about, but a number of men were gathered in groups squatted on the weatherbeaten deck, intent on greenbacks and dice. Sticking out from under coat tails, and bulging from hip pockets, indications of a belaying pin might be seen here and there. At one of the games, where the stakes were slightly higher than the average, the unkempt outcasts were a little more intent on the game. A gigantic negro, a rip in his dirty shirt revealing the play of sinewy muscles, shook the dice deliberately as he glanced menacingly from face to face in the dim light. Giving the cubes a final blow of hot breath, he flung them defiantly on the deck with a breathy "Hah." They rolled a seven. Eyes gleamed, and there was a general uneasy movement of heavy bodies in the darkness. The black man, constantly on the alert, not even so much as flickering an eyelash, slowly and carefully reached out and gathered in the piles of bills and stuffed them in his pockets. His luck soon changed, however, and the dice passed to a shorter, but stockier man—a man with a wide, blunt jaw, a hopelessly battered nose, and small, vicious eyes.

When this man received the dice, he opened his huge maw to emit a gargantuan laugh in a deep, unpleasant voice, and to expose a few scattered teeth. Then, in a nasal twang reminiscent of backwoods districts, he bragged, "Haw! Wal, ah reckon as how youse fellers kin lay daown some big money, naow. Ah'll wipe ut off th' deck."

Boss of this gang of strikebreakers, Joe Nash had a unique position in all dice games. Although knowing that money gravitated his way when he rolled the dice, the men usually bet heavy in order to curry his favor. The "Rat," so named because he was a professional strike organizer, and had deserted the picket line for the ranks of the "scabs," flashed his beady, narrow-set eyes at the menacing figure of Joe Nash, licked his lips, and hesitantly dropped a five spot.

Next to the "Rat" was an ex-football player, large and well-built, one knee on the deck and his elbow on the other. He had been laughing at an indecent joke when Nash spoke. He stopped laughing, the smile disappeared, and he dropped a bill on the deck.

The narrator of the obscune joke carried a bloody bandage over one eye, an eye that would never see again. A cargo hook had raked across his face from the left temple, across the eye, slashing through the nose, to peter out low on his right cheek. A band of strikers had caught him the previous Sunday when he had gone ashore to spend some of his money. He had been left for dead in a gutter of Chinatown.

These experiences, however, had been relegated to the realm of mere memories in the pleasure of relating his "juicy" story to the big youth by his side. When Nash spoke, he was inwardly gloating over the effect of the joke. Without a word or look of remorse, he dropped some bills on the deck.

There was one player, however, who placed only a dollar against Nash's dice. That man was "Big Jack," the negro. He played no favorites. The other players glanced belilgerently in his direction, and then guardedly looked to their leader. Nash leered contemptuously at the negro, and rolled, keeping his eyes on him rather than the dice. They rolled a seven. He scooped in the money, watching the negro. He kept rolling, and winning, until the men began to leave the game, cleaned out. Noticing that the ranks were thinning, Nash looked around for new victims whom he might invite into the game.

In a position of utter repose, except for the fact that his head was propped up so he might casually watch the game through half-shut eyes, a white hoy in his teens attracted the eye of Nash as he scanned the idlers dispersed here and there on the dirty canvas of Number two hatch.

Freckle-faced and pug-nosed, this youth wasn't beautiful, but to the waterfront gang he was good-looking; so he went by the moniker of "Handsome Charlie." He halled from the wide wheat fields of a vant inland valley where a laborer was fortunate to get as much for a day's work as Charlie was now getting per hour. Raised frugally in a poverty-stricken laborer's hut, he was early taught to place a great premium on money—the standard of value, the gauge of worth, and the foundation of success.

"Ah'll let you in this heah game, if you want, young feller." Before the advent of his present success on the waterfront, Nash had spent his life in comparative isolation in a remote mountain district of the South, and his new-found authority augmented an egotism which saw all things in the light of "I" and "me."

Slowly, and deliberately, Charile answered, "I don't think I care to get into your game, Nush," with a little emphasis on "your," and a note of contempt, which Nash luckily missed, on the proper name.

"So youse won't play wit' me, eh?" Nash knew that Chariie carried close to a hundred dollars, the previous week's pay, in his hip pocket, zeatously guarding it, entering no games of chance, and spending never a penny needlessly.

Interest was diverted from this tableau by Big Jack. "Dat deah goes to any man that"Il jump over the side o' dis ship wid his clothes on," he said, as a dollar bill floated to the deck. Immediately a buzz of discussion of the novel proposal went around, but for a moment no distinguishable answer was made, nor any move to accept the pseudo-challenge, partly because of Nash's glowering presence, and partly because the dryness of clothes was worth more than a dollar in this gathering of isolated men, most

of whom had but one change of clothes, and all of whom would go to work at dawn, sweating and hurrying on one of the most exacting, and at the same time most remunerative, of laboring jobs in the world.

For a moment no one made a move to accept the proposal of Big Jack. Presently, however, Handsome Charlie stood up on the hatch, stretched, yawned, and then reckoned that he might jump over if he were allowed to remove his clothing. A few cheers, Big Jack's assent, and Charlie was stripping off his coarse garments.

Handing his clothes to the negro, he admonished, "You'll take care of 'em for me, won't you, Jack?"

Reassured by the smile in Big Jack's eyes as he answered "Yasaah, Ah'll take ca' o' dem, boss," he clambered onto the rail, and carefully stood up to full height, the deck on one side and the murky waters of the bay on the other. The crowd of stevedores moved as one man to the rail, bringing a stray length of rigging which they dangled over the side for Charile to clamber up on.

The crowd cheered as Charlie leaped into the blackness, and viod for positions on the line to help pull him back.

Jack handed him the dollar bill. "Now I'll shoot some dice," said Charlie, "but on one condition."

"Wha's dat, boss?" asked the black man.

"On the condition that, should I lose the dollar, I get another chance. For instance, two dollars for jumping from that spar." Handsome Charlie extended his arm toward the barely discernible mainmast spar in the gloom far above the heads of the men on deck. As they looked up, an audible expression of mingled surprise and interest went through the crowd. Wisps of fog. fleetingly visible from the deck lights, occasionally passed through the rigging, driven by a mild breeze which also caused the spars to sway slightly back and forth, creaking slowly and ecriely.

Realizing that he would share somewhat the limelight of such an adventure, Big Jack acquiesced, inwardly smiling that the boy should guard so jealously his interest in the relatively small amount of money involved.

In two rolls of the dice, Big Jack had his dollar back, and Charlie was climbing the rigging for the spar high above the heads of his comrades.

When he reached the big spar, thick as a telephone pole where it crossed the mainmast, Charlic carefully stood up, hugging the mast. The cold was more apparent up here, where the warehouses did not shelter one from the wind. He gianced across at the metropolitan city, lit up for theater-goers and night club patrons. He did not envy them, however. They were spending money, and he was making it.

Turning his eyes from the city which he had not seen for so many days, he gianced down at the deck, and almost lost his hold on the mast from the shock when he realized how high he was. In the uncertain light, men on the deck were tiny blotches of darkness, with a shiny face reflecting the light here and there.

Slowly Charlie crawled out to the end of the swaying spar, extending far beyond the ship's side.

Grasping the very tip of the spar, he peered over the end, down at the gently moving water far helow. It was so dark by now, however, that the only sign that he was not suspended over a bottomless cavern was an instantaneous reflection directly below him, which might have been a bottle bobbing around in the water. His knees, grasping the spar, shook.

Carefully he brought himself to an upright position on the end of the spar. He almost lost his balance until he accustomed himself to the movement of the spar. A slight murmur went through the crowd. There was something classic in the nude figure, barely visible, far out in the night, silhouetted against the sky, something that appealed to even these rude laborers.

"Hey, Jack!" drifted down out of the night, "How about five dollars? This is too far."

"No sah. Yo' jumps, o' yo' pays me two dollahs."

Charlie leaped into the night, one hand to his nose, the other pointed straight above his head. The cold air whipped by, the side of the ship went by in a flash; an impact against the soles of the feet, and bubbles were going by, upward, always upward. Finally they stopped, and started down. Charlie shot out of the water like a leaping fish; he swam to the dangling rope amid the cheers of the gang on deck, eagerly waiting to pull him up.

He had no sooner got a good hold on the rope than the men started across the deck at a run, jerking him out of the water. He managed to get his feet against the side of the ship, and walked up like a fly on a wall, the rope burning over the rail. As he reached the top, to avoid brulsing his fingers between the rope and the rail, he released his hold, and allowed the momentum to give him the extra few inches for a grasp on the rail.

With a smile the size of his name, Big Jack handed Charlie two sliver dollars and a towel, noting the almost fanatical light in the youngster's eyes as he felt the big coins.

Standing in a pool of water, shivering, and briskly wiping himself with the thin towel, Charlie became aware that everything had suddenly become quiet. Charlie glanced across the deck to where Joe Nash was still squatted at the scene of his game, scowling at his men. "You-all betta get ta bed. Ah reckon ah has wu'k fo' yo' to do termorra."

They quietly went below. Joe slowly rose from his squatting position, leered deliberately at the black man and the white boy, and awaggered off down the deck, his shoulders swaying from side to side, his big feet taking long steps, slightly suggestive of the mountaineer who was the real Joe Nash.

"Joe doesn't like us, does he, Jack?"

"No sah. Us's got to stick tugethah, an' watch out fo' dat dea white trash."

Descending the companionway into the forecastle, Big Jack and Handsome Charlie found the men in no mood to retire. In the weak light from the single globe in the center of the room, the men were visible, sitting in groups on the edges of the narrow berths, some muttering, others merely listening.

"Dammit," protested the man with the bandage,
"I'd give ten bucks for a good big shot o'
whiskey."

"Me, too," piped up the football player.

Handsome Charlie stepped to the center of the room and commanded the attention of the men. "How many of you will chip in if I go ashore and buy a little whiskey?" The answer was instantaneous and noisy. Bills flashed before Charlie's eyes, waved frantically by the thirsty men. Obviously, he would be well compensated for his time and effort.

Jack whispered in Charlie's ear, "Dem union men gonna kill you, boss."

"Fil take care of myself. No bunch of yellowbellied Communists is going to scare me." The "Rat" overheard the remark, and one corner of his mouth curied up cynically.

Handsome Charlie left Big Jack in charge of his interests on board, took money to buy the whiskey and a big-pocketed overcoat in which to carry it, and disappeared down the gangplank into the warehouse. At the front door, where the warehouse faced the waterfront street, Charlie met the watchman. "Goin' ashore. Unlock the door, will ya?" A product of the slums of the city, the grimfaced old fellow neither showed nor felt emotion or interest in the danger which the youth from the country was about to face. He did not remove the cigarette from his mouth to speak nor did his lips move appreciably. "Sure, I'll let ya out." He unlocked the door, swung it open, and continued in a subdued tone, "Comin" back?"

"Maybe-in about an hour."

The door closed behind Charlie and clicked. He remained in the shadow of the door-jamb and looked up and down the street, his mouth open as if forgotten, the lips forming a letter O, his eyelids wide, as if to let in every clue of danger.

About two blocks away two policemen marched back and forth in front of a warehouse. Across the street from the policemen, a few lurking figures might be seen here and there. Otherwise the street seemed deserted. Presently, Charlie pulled the coat closer about him and started cautiously across the street, every sense alert. No one noticed him, and he disappeared into the narrow alleys of the great city.

No sooner had Charlie walked off the "Star" than the "Rat" appeared on deck and slunk off through the shadows to Nash's cabin.

Only a few momenta elapsed before he returned to the forecastle and Nash crossed the deck, went down the gangplank, entered the warehouse and headed for the battered pay phone.

Nash's dial rang a phone in a basement gambling dive not far away. In shirt sleeves and vests, five men, expressionless and motionless except for the absolute requirements of the game, ciothed in an aroma of cigarette smoke, watched the cards, chips, and each other's faces.

When the phone rang, one player, without taking his mind or eyes off the game, picked up the phone and muttered something into it. However, he soon took on some semblance of interest, taking the cigarette out of his mouth, and his eyes off the game. "Just came ashore, eh?—'Course, there's no use having him on your gang if he won't play—Eh?—Naw, ya don't want a bunch o' drunks workin' for ya—Yeah, we'll get 'lm—Joe's place—O. K." Replacing the phone, laying down his cards and reaching for his coat, he spoke to the other players. "Come on, gang. Gotta job." Without changing expressions, they collected on their chips, and filed out.

At Joe's, a freekle-faced, pug-nosed youth wearing a big overcoat attracted only slight attention. He sauntered up to the bar, bought two quarts of hundred-proof whiskey, put them in the big pockets and went out. Slinking off down the street, keeping to the shadows, lids wide, eyes roving, he caught the impression of five shadows emerging from the darkness of a doorway across the street, and broke into a run. The shadows resolved into men, running.

Thinking fast. Charlie rounded a corner, almost slipping on the fog-wet puvement, his lega hitting the heavy bottles in his overcost pockets. An object, about waist high, at the edge of the curb, loomed up, and he crashed into it—an ash can with a swinging cover. Quickly he dropped the bottles of whiskey into the can and ran on, picking up his cost tails and holding them waishigh to give his legs free play.

The five men came pounding around the corner. One man slipped, slid into the ash-can, rolled to a stand, and kept on, only a few steps behind his comrades.

Racing on, around corners, up alleys, and across fairly busy streets, a vivid but unpleasant vision kept dancing before Charlie's eyes, minging itself with the fog-obscured buildings—the vision of a bloody bandage and a huge, bone-deep gash running diagonally across a man's face. The picture of the face became very large, at times extending from sidewalk to sidewalk. Everything else was pushed from Charlie's mind save the pounding of feet, becoming louder every time he ran too long on one street, and diminishing whenever he turned a corner. Mingling with the pounding of feet was the pounding of his heart. He was gasping. It wouldn't last much longer.

Rushing around a corner so fast that he went off the sidewalk into the deserted street to avoid slipping from too sharp a turn, he spotted a high board fence covering the front of a vacant lot. He raced toward it, and, leaping, crashed into the hard boards, his extended fingers barely catching the top edge of the fence. Pulling himself up, he threw up a leg, caught the edge with his foot, rolled over the top and dropped to the ground on the other side, running as he landed,

At the far end of the lot, a door stood ajar, Running through it, he knocked over a table, heard a Chinaman squeak "Wasamatta?" ran through another door, glimpsed the counters of same sort of retail store and raced out onto the sidewalk and up the street.

When the five men reached the street with the board fence, they lost track of their quarry, and, after a frantic search of adjacent doorways, went into a little Chinese candy store and used the phone to call Nash. The dock watchman roused the gang boss from his berth to answer the phone.

"We lost 'im, Nash. De dam' li'l cuss ran like a scared rabbit."

Swearing as he considered the unfavorable turn of events, Nash finally answered. "C'mon daown to de wea'house. Da 'Sto'm Queen," on da yodda side o' d' dock, leaves in two hous's fo' Shanghai. She's a oi' coal steama' and needs stoka's. De cap'n's offerin' twenty-fi' dolla's fo' a man. Ah'il split wid youse an' d' Watchdog."

As he spoke the flickname, his eye was on the watchman, who, leaning against the galvanized iron wall of the warehouse, a cigarette drooping from his mouth, a hored look in his eyes, merely nodded assent.

"Youse guys git daown hea' on d' double quick, an' hide inside d' do'. When d' Watchdog lets Cha'le in, youse kin clout 'im on d' bean. If he's carrying liqua, put 'im aboa'd d' Sto'm Queen."

"How we gonna get across de dam' street? De cope'il t'ink we're strikers startin' a riot."

"De cops ain't close t' dis wea'house, it's da'k, an youse kin ak' lak y' was jus' comin' t' wu'k. Git daown heah quick, naow." He put the receiver back and returned to his bunk aboard ship, a satisfied smirk playing about his lips.

After a few blocks, Charlie realized that no longer was anyone after him, and slowed down, trying to orient himself.

Hearing a familiar sound, he turned in the direction from which it came. "Choo," a rattle, as of a long line of freight cars taking up the slack, "Choo,"

Handsome Charlie came in sight of the freight yards, saw the long freight train just getting under way, the little flagman's booth and the flagman himself, waving the red lantern. "Where's it goin', chief?"

"Down to the big valley. All empties. Good chance for you to get out of this city, son. This is a dangerous place for a young fellow like you. Strike goin' on here, y' know."

"Yeah." Charlie started for the train. It was gaining momentum.

Thinking of the nondescript shack that was home, he suddenly stopped. He had bragged about the money he would bring back from the big city. The money he had left with Big Jack would be enough to make him look plenty important in the eyes of less daring workers that had stayed home. And he would have more than that. He would have more when he delivered the whiskey aboard ship. The long freight pulled out without him.

Circling around through side-streets and alleys, Charlie found the ash-can where he had dropped the two quarts. The can having been partly filled with papers, the bottles were not broken. He picked them up and started off, a fanatical light in his eyes, greenbacks filling his mind.

The "Star of Greenland," her spars creaking slightly in the light breeze, had for a considerable time been clothed in darkness and quiet, the gloom accentuated by a fog that had spread over the bay hours before.

On the opposite side of the docks, lights showed, and numerous sounds came from a dirty little weather-besten tramp steamer, rusty streaks running down her sides from discharge heles, and nondescript seamen moving about on the last minute preparations for sea.

The warehouse between the two ships was quiet and dark.

A figure in an overcoat loomed up through the fog and headed for the warehouse door. A slight knock and the door opened, enough for him to enter. It closed, and for a fraction of a second no sound could be heard. Then there was a sharp crack like the noise when a batter bunts a grounder to third. Quiet for a moment. Then the sound of straining bedies, and footsteps moving away from the door.

Within fifteen minutes, amid the shouts of a bos'n's mate, the "Storm Queen" moved into the bay, leaving the windjammer to stand vigil alone.

## Sonnet on the Traditional Theme

By ERMA FAXON

Life has become the grave and simple task Of walking in a rushing dream where durk Uncertain figures never pause to hark To song or gentle words but ever ask For costly gifts. I honored you too long, Thinking to find you careful of my soul, But comedy has played its mawkish role, And you stalk the next doe to pass along.

Some day this verse will reach you, and the theme

Will sound familiar to your sated ears: Yet in your bitter refuge, hold no fears For my relief from you. I choose to seem Aloof and pace with wavering step apart, Bearing your poisoned arrow in my heart.

# Ogier Became a Knight

### By Edna Bradfield

In days long famed when Charlemagne held sway, There came, by force, unto his court, a lad To whom the fairles of fair Avalon Had brought rare gifts. They had blessed the boy With bravery, with will and strength to match The fiercest foes life's fortunes would bring forth; And, even more, to Ogier they had given A gift of gentleness and courtesy So rare, that even Charlemagne the Great Was moved to love the lad who at his court Stood surety for the homage of his sire—Godfrey, King of Denmark.

#### When, in time,

The father's love turned cold, and Godfrey broke His faith with Charlemagne, stern custom willed That Ogier should die. With naught of fear, For confidence is youth's prerogative—
The lad spoke forth: "Not mine the blame for that I most abbor, a broken faith, but mine The chance to make stonement. Dead, revenge Alone is served; alive, yourself, my lord, Will be the served. And with such zeal shall I Your servant be, all men shall say, e'en those, Your envoys whom I grant my father wronged. 'A Dane can keep his faith unto the end."

Before reply could come, a messenger, In haste, ill tidings brought: the Church at Rome Was sore besieged by Saracens and Turks. Up sprang Duke Naymes. "Pray let me, my lord, Be first to go in sid; and let me take This lad to be my squire."

"And what if he Should flee to Denmark?" asked the Emperor.

"My lands and liberty to you I pledge,"
Duke Naymes said; and forth with Ogier went.

Upon a hill o'erlooking Rome they paused. The Saracens most plainly could be seen Advancing to attack. The din of arms Called to the youth, and Ogier begged the right To ride to battle at Duke Naymes's side. The duke, all mindful of his tender years, Bade him to stay behind among the tents.

Obediently the boy remained but gazed With longing eyes upon the plain below, Where now with pride he saw the Orifiamme—The golden standard of King Charlemagne—Borne by Sir Alory into the thickest fight. Duke Naymes he saw among the bravest lords Encircing Charlemagne and dealing death To Turk or Saracen who ventured near Their Emperor. Ogier's heart beat high. His master and his king triumphant rode.

But, no . . . confusion reigned; the circle broke; The Oriflamme was wavering; it was down. Ogier rubbed his eyes in doubt. . . . It could Not be the golden standard of the king Was down. Sir Alory, where was he? There! But surely that horse's head was turned In flight.

Ogier seized a battle-axe
And rushed adown to meet the coming man.
Seizing the bridle of the frightened horse,
He stopped the flight and seized the Oriflamme.
"Go, coward, go and hide yourself at home
Among the women and the monks, but leave
This banner of the valiant Franks with me."

Sir Alory could not reply, so great
His fear of death, but unresisting gave
Unto the lad his armour and his horse.
A squire at hand assistance gave to fit
The armour to the youthful form. Up leaped
The lad into the saddle. The sword he grasped
With his right hand; the banner of the Franks
He held within the other. Straight into
The thickest of the fray he plunged and found
His master prisoner with other lords.

Their bonds he loosed and hewed a way for them Through ranks of Saracens that closed around Their noble prize. With visor down he rode In Alory's armour and on Alory's horse; And everywhere the foe fell back dismayed,

A horror shook the Frankish host; the king Was down; his horse was slain, Youth needed now The strength of age. The guardians of his life Drew near. High waved the banner; quick the charge;

And Charlemagne beheld his princely foe Slain by his standard-bearer who, at bay, Now held a host to let his monarch mount Another horse to join his anxious men.

Thrice that day did Charlemagne face death; And thrice did Ogier save his life. At last The Frankish host in victory drove the foe Back from the gate of Rome. The valiant fight Was over.

"Call my standard-bearer here,"
The king commanded. Visored, Ogler came.
"Sir Alery," the king began, "though you
A coward played at that first onset, you
Most nobly have redeemed yourself. Most brave
And generous Alory, to you I owe
My honor and my life. State now, I pray,
Your wish; for no reward can I count pay
For this day's work for me and France. Speak up!
Which province of my kingdom do you want?"

No answer came. The king and courtiers stared, A squire made bold to speak: "Dear, my lord, And this is not Sir Alory you address; But one, I know not whom, who ordered me To clothe him in that coward's armour while He raised the Orifiamme from out the dust. And he it is who brought us victory."

Not now the eagerness to act, instead A trembling seized the valorous Ogier as The helmet he removed and innelt before King Charlemagne. "Have pity, sire, upon My father, King of Denmark, and let me, His son, atone for his ill deed; and let Me be your faithful vassal in his stead."

The king was moved and kissed the youthful brow

Of Ogier. "Anger has dissolved in love, My noble boy. I grant you your request. The sword of Charlemagne leaps to touch Your shoulder. Rise thou now, Sir Ogier The Dane. Henceforth art thou a champion For France and Charlemagne."

## The Three Gift-Makers

### By ERMA FAXON

Between the wind before and the wind behind-Haifway betweeen the stars and the deepest pit Where the Ancient Sleepers guard the heart of earth

Three women sit.

One is robed in bright and broidered silk, And one has fragrant breasts and shining hair, And one is guunt and wrinkled, and her breath Chills the sweet air.

The first lays down her challenge—I shall give Gold to the women of earth who covet power. The second laughs—I touch her barren stem And it shall flower.

The third is gentle, and her knotted hands Hang open unto women.—I give best What all will need when coins and youth are spent:

I offer rest.

### Tomas

### By ERMA FAXON

When Tomas was young, and his arms were stout, He knew where the nuts and berries were ripe; He followed the roads, day in, day out; He loved his beer, and he loved his pipe— Oh, Tomas was a frolicking lout As over the top of the day he went rollicking O!

He took him a wife, and they settled down, And Tomas let his beard grow long, And he tilled his patch at the edge of the town,

And he tilled his patch at the edge of the town, And he loved his wife, and his sons grew strong—

Oh, Tomas was a frolicking clown

As over the top of the day he went rollicking O!

When Tomas was old, and his knees were lame, He called for five hot drinks a day,

But he ate and snuffed and laughed the same
As ever before his hair turned gray—
Faith, the soul of him rose like a frolicking flame

Faith, the soul of him rose like a frolicking flame. As over the top of the day it went rollicking O!

# Side-Door Pullman

### By RAYMOND WALLACE

R IDING the freights is no longer the hazardous performance it once was, but it still
involves risk enough to make it no pastime
for a sissy. Formerly, one "rode the rods," that
is, on the brake beams underneath the car. The
general practice was to place a board across the
mechanism from one side to the other and lie
on it. In this position, all the dust and gravel
stirred up from the road-bed by the wind of the
train's passing struck the clandestine passenger
with stinging force, and unless he had some stout
nails through each end of his board, or some
other device to keep it from silpping, it was
liable at any time to drop off and cast him
under the wheels.

This type of peril is now past. Now one rides on the top, in an empty car, on the platform at either end of a tank-car, or anywhere else that suits his fancy, except the engine, the caboose, or inside a loaded car. The chief dangers to be dealt with now are the railroad police and the difficulties of getting on and off.

Freight trains do not, like passenger trains, travel long distances as one unit; they are usually broken up and re-formed at every division point. As nearly as is feasible, towns about one hundred miles apart along a stretch of railroad are selected as division points, and at each is located a police unit, consisting of one or more men, according to the size and importance of the town. The policemen vary widely in their attitudes toward hoboes, or itinerants, as the more modern word is. Some officers have no objection whatever to their riding the freight trains, so long as they do not break into sealed cars; others are sadists who severely beat anyone they catch on the train, take his money, if he has any, and throw him into jail. There is no very reliable way of finding out just what type of officer one has to deal with at the next division point, although itinerants are very generous among themselves with information on this subject. The trouble with reports from this source is that they are totally untrustworthy, being based on nothing more factual than rumor, imagination, and wishful thinking. I have always found the railroad men themselves-excluding the policeto give the most nearly authentic information.

Because of this uncertainty, it is inadvisable to get aboard the train right in the railroad yards. The men who wish to ride wait at some point not too close—perhaps a mile or so—from the part of the yards where the trains are made up, and climb aboard as it goes by. Freight trains travel rather slowly for the first mile or so, and are usually not difficult to board. However, an error in judgment as to a train's speed is likely to prove fatal, and besides, there is always the danger of getting in the way of something traveling on an adjacent track.

Late one night in Kearney, Nebraska, I was catching a train in company with another fellow. He stood behind me, and swung on first. His hag, hanging from one shoulder by a short length of rope, flew out and struck me on the head, knocking off my glasses and catapulting me almost into the path of a backing switch-engine on the next track. The crew of the engine saw my mishap, and called, asking if I were all right. When I replied that I had lost my glasses, they backed the engine fifty feet or more until the headlight illumined the scene, and I found them again. The train had by now picked up considerable speed, but with the aid of the headlight I had no difficulty in getting on.

There are a few exceptional cities where no such difficulties are met with. In one middle western city, where I was fairly well acquainted with conditions, I simply sat in the passenger depot until the freight came along, then walked out and boarded it. In another town, a lumber company which happens to be located at the most favorable spot, has put out a bench for the men to lounge on until their train comes. One small city in New Mexico is the prize of the lot. When a train is being made up, a call boy is sent up to the saloon and pool-room where the railroad men congregate, to gather up a train crew. When he has collected a crew, he wakes up such of the itinerants as may have gone to sleep, and calls, "Any of you guys goin' east?" or, "Any of you guys goin' west?"

The best place to ride on a freight train is in an empty box-car, the doors of which have been left open. Sometimes there are no empty boxcars, and the next best thing is an empty gondola, which is the type of car used for hauling coal or gravel. Even if one has to sit on top there is some choice of position. Riding too near the engine is unpleasant because of the smoke and cinders; too far back is as bad, because of the dust. The general opinion seems to be that about twenty cars back of the engine is the best spot.

It is inexpedient, when coming into a town, to stay on the train until it actually stops. Freights must begin slowing down several miles before they come into the yards, and the last mile is usually covered at a rather slow speed. Sometime during that last mile is the time to alight, always taking care, of course, not to jump in front of anything coming along the next track. I have seen, on more than one occasion, a full fifty men clinging to the ladders on the

sides of the cars, waiting until the moment is favorable for dismounting.

The last, and it may be the least, of the difficutties one may encounter in riding freight trains, proceeds from the others who are riding, but it is a contingency impossible to guard against. Itinerants as I have found them are not a class who are looking for trouble, but they are men who do not shrink from it, and in order to maintain a place among them, one must be willing and able to uphold his own interest in any dispute which may arise.

Taken all in all, riding freight trains is hardly the ideal mode of travel; it is dirty, dangerous, and disreputable, but it furnishes interesting experience, and a view of things which cannot be had from any other angle.

# Sermon for Sophomores

### By Louis R. Walther

NOW I want to talk about women. Yes, I know you decided all about women a long time ago. But that's one of the things I want to talk about. Bad thing, decisions about women. It's too hard to make the women fit the decision.

Of course, right at the outset we have to recognize that women are a strange, unaccountable race of creatures whose ancestors must have all been females. They are valuable in their place, of course. But it's senseless to expect them to do things like vote when they haven't been allowed to vote for generations.

Strange as they are, and with all their limitations, however, you can get a lot of fun out of them if you can handle them, You've got to have technique. Then it is simple.

Naturally, the first thing is catch your woman. The thing to do is to go after a girl who's always got a bunch of fellows talking to her all the time. Even if you can't see it, there must be something the matter with a girl who is alone a jot of the time.

When you've decided which one you're going to flatter with your attentions, you manage to be seen often by her. But you act nonchalant. If you haven't much money you talk of that freely and casually without seeming to attach any importance to the matter. At the same time, though, you must appear always to be doing interesting things.

Then some afternoon when you are pretty sure she has nothing to do, you chance to meet her.

"Hiyah, celery tipa," you say. "How come so sweet and pensive?"

"So what?" she wants to know,

"So what, yourself," you come right back at her. There isn't any answer to that, so you follow up:

"You know," you tell her, "thinking isn't good for girls. Makes them look like school teachers.

"Things being like that," you go on, "can you think of any reason we shouldn't go down and see the show at the Cal." Of course, it probably isn't any good. But everyone else has seen it. Why shouldn't we?

"Besides," you add just to show her that you're really not interested in her, "I haven't got a thing to do besides work. And I never do that." "Well-" she begins.

"We just left," you announce. That gives you the first skirmish.

After that it is mostly a matter of impressing her with how much you know. The principle to follow here is easy, once you get on to it.

The first thing to remember is never to let yourself get entangled in a serious argument. Guerrilla tactics is the thing. A snipe shot and a quick retreat.

Someone says, "Women really have as much ability as men."

"Quite true," you agree. "The number of men a woman has is the best possible measure of her ability."

If you can prevent it, never let a woman express an idea. If she does, you are at a disadvantage. You either have to agree with her or disagree with her. If you agree with her it given her self-confidence, thereby making you that much less important to her. If you disagree with her, she thinks you quarrelsome, and at the same time she thinks you less important than before because you take the time to dispute with her.

The thing to do, of course, is not to let her know what you think about her ideas. Keep her guessing. But this takes finesse.

You must not give the impression that you did not understand her. If you do she will doubt your ability. On the other hand, you must not let her think you are brushing it aside just because it is hers. You must counter with a quick retort which seems to give friendly approbation yet suggests that there are countiess phases of the question which she could not grasp.

"Political science should be taught in all the schools," perhaps she will say.

"That would surely be a great ides," you applaud; "and the first thing on the program would be to find something scientific about politics."

Notice you say, "And the first thing..." To say, "But the first thing..." would be to start an argument, with the disastrous results already mentioned.

At this point the real danger of the situation creeps in. Now is the time you have to keep a cool head, or control of the situation slips from your hands.

Up to now you have been matching wits with the woman. Now the battle shifts to another front. You've got yourself to fight.

Little by little you begin to fall under the delusion that some of the things the woman says may have a bit of truth in them. Sometimes you will get the twisted notion that some of the things

she wants to do are more important than your own ambitions. Time and again you will be tempted to discard lance and buckler, to say a thing as though it were really important to you.

Such feelings are insidious. They creep up on you. You have to put them down resolutely. Hesitate and you are lost.

### Kevin

#### By ERMA FAXON

Kevin was like the wind and the rain that never ask the way

But go without the sign of a thought for any way they go;

So it was with Kevin that he never meant to stay Longer than a month or two in the place of Ballinasioc.

From the first of the year to Marymans he dithered away his time

Smoking his pipe among peaceable men who cursed the price of meat,

But in the middle of Tuesday morn when the market was at its prime,

A tousled girl with a sidelong glance maundered along the street.

A little thrush in the berry bush suddenly flew away,

And he that was as wild as the air that never needs a roof

Took to himself a raggedy lass, and in the single day

Bought him a patch and a white-walled hut and a goat with an evil hoof.

Soon every creature that flew or crept or swam around the world

Pitied Kevin straining his gives for wanting the fog and sea,

But a year from Tuesday he kissed the lass and sold the goat and hurled

The hearthstone into the bog; sure now, the clouds and Kevin go free.

# The Great Squeeze

### By Edna Mae Steele

CAPITALISTS, communists, and Christians are a part of this world, but a capitalist, a communist, and a Christian in one family is a bit of hell. This I discovered last summer, after I had been guest at the Laigne estate for only two hours.

The dinner was hot; the diners were coldcold and unaware of each other as only the members of such a household can be. Each was lost in thoughts of his own world. When this frigid truth dawned on me, I ceased my polite jabbering and permitted my feelings to blend into the atmosphere. I shivered with the green gelatine salad before me. The crisp, Irish linen, which was so cool to touch, was reflecting a dazzling light from the crystal chandeller into the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Laigne and their only son, Barry. It was almost petrifactive.

Of a sudden, I imagined I could hear the scratch of Toistoy's pen as he wrote the key sentence of his masterpiece, "Anna Karenina": "Happy familles are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way."

To hide a look of pity, I took another gulp of ice water and squirmed into a more comfortable position on my stiff-backed dinner chair. Just then the maid minced into the dining room. Guiltily I started; for she had aroused these beings before me from their trance, and I felt that they were reading my thoughts.

Mrs. Laigne's sharp glance followed my jaw to my ears. "Yes, you belong to this lineage, all right."

I blushed with confusion. With an empty chuckle she added:

"Oh, don't take me wrong, my dear; I only meant you have the family ears."

"Of all the childish remarks!" snapped Barry impatiently. "Have you no tact, mother? Can't you see you're embarrassing the girl?"

Automatically, the father thundered in a business-like tone;

"Now, Barry, don't-"

But he stopped short as he met those snapping, steel-blue eyes of his son. They warned him of danger. He was starting his "don't's" again.

Silence once more. Silence there was always when the three were together. A stranger would never guess that here was a mother, a father, a son. But I was no stranger; and before my stay was at an end, I knew each individually. Barry became one of my best friends. The three have had a strange influence over my life.

The mother would take me driving. She was living only for the future world, she told me. Not a Sunday of church had she missed for ten years. Not unlike Ibsen's Brand, she thought she was making her entire life a prayer. To God she would give "all or nothing." Never before had I seen a person lost so completely in religion. And as is characteristic of old people, she continually repeated little phrases about her good deeds and saintly life.

Mrs. Laigne could not, however, speak of her Godless son in a tearless voice.

"Barry's mind is twisted," she choked. "He isn't like other people. He seems to think backwards. God knows I did my best to guide him. I think those college professors were responsible. They best every ounce of religion out of him. He's so moody and radical I don't know what will become of him!"

I discovered that Barry hated his father because he was a capitalist—one of the "fat boys." Then, too, Mr. Laigne would not permit him to go to Europe to study. Barry knew that his father did not trust him. This made their relationship even more distant.

For days Barry would sulk in his room. All the while the sharp click, click of his typewriter could be heard far into the morning. Barry would burn his feeling into articles—very good ones, too— for communistic papers. Poetry he wrote; not this white lily tripe, but lines for the class struggle— lines in red flame.

Sometimes he would grow restless. Out of his room he would stamp like a caged bear striking out for the woods. His mother, evidently accustomed to these apells, would wring her hands and stare out of the window after him until the last wisp of his tousled red hair disappeared around the corner. Two or three days later he would come back quite himself again.

Barry returned from one of these rampages the night before I left for college. His mother had gone to the weekly prayer meeting to offer up special prayers for her son. I'm afraid she would have had something else to pray about if she could have overheard Barry's parting advice to me. He told me to teach myself how to write, then burn for communism. "To have a foundation is the main thing," he stated. "And there is none more concrete than those four black volumes of Karl Marx. You will want to join our organization, too. Those other college units are just overgrown high school clubs."

On and on he raved. He painted scenes of blackest tyranny. Each word was the bitterest. Each thought was clear-cut and sincere. Could such conditions actually exist?

"Like Marx, you will find that your curtain will fall, your holy of holies will be shattered, and you will have to find new gods for the vacant shrine." Barry continued "Make communism that God. There is nothing else worth living for. Lend your pen to the great movement to aqueeze out the capitalists, and your future in writing is made."

With his words fresh in my ears, I entered school looking for a chance to lend a pen to trump the wizardry of capitalism—to follow the footprints of reaction.

Now, the college year is mine; and what did I find? I witnessed a little strike for peace by students who itched for a juicy war. Instigators of the movement were a handful of adolescenta with a stoppy philosophy of life. They weren't even old enough to ruh a stubble of whishers. A petty warfare against abaurd abstractions, I witnessed. There was nothing on God's earth to fight for. These little rebels were sutonomous; but they wouldn't admit it—they didn't want to. The worse conditions were, the better they liked it. I immersed my burning forehead in Marx's hig, black volumes; but my head drooped; I fell asleep.

I looked in vain for the force that was to squeeze out the "Mother of all Damnation" capitalism.

There is that Marxian axiom: "Religion is the opiate of the people." In only two or three I found that communism was really their religion; it had drugged them—deluded them with dreams of leadership in the great cause, the United Front.

And here was the kind of journalism they demanded:

# CHILDREN DOING WORK OF ADULTS By a young worker

As usual, I was picked up in the "slave market" with a group of other workers and was taken out to pick figs. On the job there were three young kids among the adults. Two of them were picking figs and the other one was carrying the full boxes over to the beach where the women were packing them for shipment.

These kids were picked up at their home and were supposed to have been "relatives" who were just coming out to "help."

DID I HEAR ROOSEVELT SAY HE ABOLISHED CHILD LABOR?

Ah! What dire injustice. This story ripped the heart out of my breast (as you can imagine). What a cause to fight for:

"Thank you, no," I told myself. "None of such stuff for me." I could not fight a phantom. There was no great squeeze at college. There was nothing to fight for; and everything to live for. No one could want more freedom of thought or speech.

Summer will come again when the green glaciers of vegetation on the mountains disappear in the blazing sun. Summer, and I shall be embarrassed; for perhaps I shall see Barry once more. He will expect to see me waving a red flag; but I am still just myself.

## Celt in Exile

#### By ERMA FAXON

Clouds lean on the mountain, and cold rain is

Hard to the earth whereon bruised feet have worn

Old paths to a hearthstone, and my heart is panting

With a grief long borne.

Wind broods in the birches, and sleet is careening Over the rooftree where quietness lies, And I, in a far land, must give way to keening For a grief that ne'er dies.

Long gone from the gien and the wee house within it,

I and the sons of my flesh and my bone

Must end life 'mid strangers as all men begin it—

With a cry and alone.

# But Bettles, Old Fellow

### By BARTON WOOD

"EMPHATICALLY no, sir."
"Nor can you afford to pass up the exceptional opportunities that Gertie Guich Gold Mine

offers you."

"One would think not, sir."

"I'm glad to see you are such a wide awake person, Mr. Barbrook. In my business, one gets to know all sorts of people, but I regret to say few of them realize the importance of taking advantage of an opportunity in its earliest stages."

"One should strike while the iron remains hot, sir."

"Exactly, my dear man. One can not overemphasize the importance of striking while the iron is hot. In fact a hot iron is essential in all sorts of business. I once remember my brother, who used to be a blacksmith, saying—"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh, yes, yes. I am straying a bit from the subject, but one should advance all the details of an important business venture such as I'm outlining to you, Mr. Barbrook. Now, as I was saying, few people have had the foresight and mental alertness to take advantage of the iron-clad, fool-proof investment that Gertie Gulch Gold offers you. In fact, if I were to be explicit, I would say that you are the first gentleman I have met this morning who has the intelligence to see what an opportunity this really is. So, in view of this fact—"

This business had gone far enough. As a matter of fact, it had gone definitely too far. Besides, my back was cramped. These Americans put their keyholes in such impossible places.

I confess that when I first took this opportunity of finding out just what was going on, the shock of finding my own butler sitting in my favorite reading chair and talking in such a manner to a complete stranger shook me up a bit. However, don't get the impression that a mere succession of facts such as these would cause a Barbrook to turn a hair. At any rate, not Guy George Albert Barbrook. It was really a much more complex situation than first met the eye.

Another impression that I wish to correct is that ordinarily I am not addicted to peering through keyholes, even in my own home. However, one must keep himself acquainted with the facts, and sometimes a bit of secret service work on the side helps to keep one on his toes, so to speak.

The most disturbing facts in the case were these. In the first place, Bettles, whom I referred to before as occupying my best easy chair, was not only doing that, but was helping himself freely from a box of my own Queen Annes that I had purchased only the day before. One does not ordinarily object when he finds some one occupying his easy chair, even a butler, but a box of cigars is a box of cigars, and an empty box is quite worthless. I would have to be a bit firm with him in this matter.

The other disturbing fact in the case was that Bettles was allowing himself to be adversed as Mr. Barbrook. Now, I wish to make it quite clear that, although I do not lay any great claims to the attractiveness of my features, there is a certain maniliness to me that attracts the ladies and to be quite frank, it has often led to a deal of envy on the part of other men of my acquaintance. So you see that when the definitely unpalatable countenance of Bettles had been mistaken for my own, it would have been at least decent of him to set the matter straight.

I was feeling definitely piqued. The situation called for a bit of tactful tactlessness on my part. I drew myself erect and raised my left eyebrow ever so little. One must use finesse in the matter of eyebrow raising. A friend of mine once remarked that a gentleman could be either made or ruined socially by the way he performed that operation, and I believe he was quite right in the matter. I took a firm grip on the door knob and pushed the door open in a very dignified manner.

"Good morning, Bettles," I remarked casually, and then bowed slightly to the visitor.

Betties' blank stare turned out to be most disconcerting. He seemed to be attempting to put a bit of reproach in it. Decidedly, it was not the proper type of glance for a butler to be giving his master.

"Good morning, Pantsworthy," he replied. "It really seems that you are forgetting something, my dear fellow. You know I told you it was customary to say 'sir' when addressing me in front of company. Please remember it in the future."

62

And then as though that were not surprising enough, he turned to the strange gentleman sitting across from him.

"Pantsworthy is really a good egg, Mr. Smith. He merely forgets occasionally," Bettles remarked apologetically.

It was a decidedly difficult situation to meet. I could see Mr. Smith, the stranger across the room, peering at me in a very questionable sort of way. Being rather quick on the uptake, I soon diagnosed this as being due to the fact that the expression on my face was a trifle vacant. It was not that I had failed to take in every bit of the situation, however, but merely that I often took recourse to a mask of vacancy in order to hide my true feelings. I quickly changed my glance to one of complete indifference. One must take care that one's talent is not misconstrued.

"Yes, sir," I remarked without thinking. Mr. Smith had quite taken my attention, and my answer suffered. If I had been able, I should have done a complete job of kicking myself then and there.

"I shall have my bath in an hour, Pantsworthy. Thank you." Bettles dismissed me by turning back to Mr. Smith.

A Barbrook is never down. I rallied, squared my shoulders and marched from the room.

The interview had been most unfortunate. Indeed, it had been almost painful. Not only had I been dismissed by my own butler, but I had been addressed as Pantsworthy. I couldn't help but rather admire Bettles' nonchalance in handling the situation, but Pantsworthy—!

The inference was obvious. In my younger days, I had been nicknamed "Pants" by the more daring. This was mainly due to an unfortunate experience that had occurred to me one day during school hours, but which would be better passed over now. Suffice it to say that I abbor the name. It was going to go hard with Betties.

I applied my eye to the keyhole once more. I winced. Bettles had just lighted another Queen Anne.

"Eh, yes, Mr. Smith. As soon as I get the money you may be sure of my financial support."

"You'll never regret your investment in Gertie Gulch Gold, Mr. Barbrook. And now I must be going." Mr. Smith held out his hand. "Don't forget to look me up when you're in town. Goodbye."

I could see they were making for the door, and so I beat a hasty retreat. People seem to have such prejudices against being looked at through keyholes. I would keep my eye on Bettles, though.

"Good day," I heard Bettles conclude as Mr. Smith's automobile drove off.

For the second time I drew myself up majestically. Despite the hectic afternoon, my poise was still in good form. The old self control had never deserted G. G. A. Barbrook in times of need. I dare say I appeared a bit like a hungry cat ready to spring on his prey. In fact, when I had confronted myself with the large mirror in the hallway I did appear distinctly feline. There are times when a command of one's appearance comes in decidedly convenient. I confess my eye had a gleam in it that was, to put it mildly, foreboding, even to such a man of the world as Bettles.

The front door opened cautiously and Bettles appeared. To say that he appeared is perhaps putting just a dash of the wrong interpretation on things. At any rate, the door opened and a few seconds later Bettles was apparently inside. He was distinctly slinking. What I mean to say is that if he had been a greybound, or even an overly nervous police dog, his tail would have been between his legs.

"Oh, cheerio, Bettles,"

"Yes, sir."

"He hum. Decent out, what?"

"Quite so, sir."

"Your bath is ready, Bettles."

"Yes, sir."

"I said your bath is ready," I reminded him.

"Oh, er, ah, thank you, sir, however-"

"Well 7"

"If it's quite all right, sir, I think I shan't take it after all."

I saw that I had everything well in hand, and so I decided to teach Bettles a bit of a leason. I hadn't quite forgotten Pantsworthy. Then too, it was only on rare occasions that such a good opportunity as this happened along. Bettles was a good sort, the kind that can wheedle anything out of you he wants and then make you think he has done you a favor by accepting it. There were times, though, when he had to be put in his place a hit, if you know what I mean.

"Oh, come, come, Bettles. I'm quite sure you want your bath now. I've taken pains to see that the water is warm, Bettles, and I'm ready to attend to you personally."

"Thank you, sir, but, er, that is, ah, yes, sir."
"Exactly, Bettles. And you may dispense with
the 'sir.' Just call me Pantsworthy, or better yet,
just 'Pants'."

"Quite so, str."

"Bettles!" I reminded him again.

"Er, yes, Pantsworthy."

"No need to be so meticulous, my dear Bettles. Just call me Pants."

"Eh, right-o, Pants."

I stood up very straight. There was a picture of my great aunt Myra hanging in the living room. What I mean to say, of course, is the picture was hanging, not my great aunt, although she should have been from the looks of it. At any rate, what I am trying to get across is that the picture left a very definite impression implanted in those who viewed it. I remember that when I was a little child I used to dream my great aunt Myra was sitting up on the throne on judgment day meting out punishment. A bit gruesome, to be sure, but quite descriptive of the old girl. She was a bit of an autocrat, or possibly several bits.

I did my best to imitate the old dear, and if I do say it, I didn't do half badly.

"This way, my good fellow."

We entered the bathroom in a silent procession of two. In my best soup and fish manner, I began to draw the water, then pecied off my cost and began to roll up the sleeves on my shirt. I believe the poor fellow had become quite humiliated by now, but I was determined to do a thorough job of it.

After he had been divested of his clothing, he sat himself down in the middle of the tub. It did seem a bit shocking to see a man of his diguity in such a completely human setting. However, it's things like that that do one good after he's passed the forty mark. It sort of shakes old father time out of your bones, if you know what I mean.

"Are you quite comfortable, Bettles?" I inquired pleasantly.

"Yes, Pants, sir."

"I am sure you are, my dear Betties. It seems only fair that I should give you a heliday once in a while. Sort of take care of you, if you see what I mean. One should do it more often, eh, Bettlea?"

"One might think so."

"Oh, yes, yes, Bettles, to be sure. However, I don't think you are quite comfortable. Hmm. Oh, of course, my good fellow. I'm so forgetful." I drew a Queen Anne from my pocket. "Here. Do try one of my cigars. They're realiy quite decent." I bit off the end of one and placed it between his teeth. I applied a match and stood off a little distance to view the general effect.

It was really good. The effect, I mean. I confess I tittered a little. In fact, if one must be

really truthful, I might even go so far as to say I gave a bit of a roar. From the effect it had on Bettles, I believe it must have been quite a roar. Bettles was always such a sensitive person. It must have given his complexes something of a shake up.

One shouldn't judge me too harshly, though. You see, it's so seldom that one gets entertainment such as this was. I'm sure Dingo Joe's would give a great deal of money for a feature act like it. I must make a note and tell Joe the next time I see him. Bettles did look so much like a goldfish in a glass bowl,—that is, if one can imagine a goldfish with a cigar in his mouth.

"Now, look here, Bettles." I assumed the big brother tone. One has to use tact when dealing with Bettles. "Just what was all this foolishness about? I'm referring to a certain Mr. Smith and his presence here."

Bettles was distinctly at a disadvantage. One cannot be dignified in a bathtub. Especially when one has a cigar in his mouth and is being bathed by his master.

"The gentleman in question, sir, came to see, er, you about a certain investment known as Gertie Guich Gold Mine, Incorporated."

"Yes, Bettles, I know that. Especially the fact that he came to see me. Also, I wish to remind you that ordinarily one's butler does not entertain in the best easy chair in the room, smoking his master's best cigars."

I was quite pleased with myself. I am sure he must have been taken back a hit, especially in the case of the cigars. I'm quite sure he wasn't aware of my knowledge of the cigar episode. However, I had underrated Bettles. His answer knocked my ego over a triffe.

"Your observance is most admirable, sir."

Plainly he was referring to the business of the keyhole.

"Bettles!" I admonished him, at the same time scrubbing him unmercifully behind one ear.

"Yes, sir."

"Now tell me, Bettles. Just what was your reason for indulging in such despicable practice?"

"Well you see, sir, I was aware of your aversion toward this type of investment. It would have been a definite waste of time for him to have interviewed you, sir."

"You are quite right, my dear fellow. But that doesn't explain why you allowed him to see you, thinking you were I." I observed his homely features more closely. It would most certainly have been decent of him to have set this matter straight with Mr. Smith. "I was quite convinced of the merit of the investment, sir."

"Oh, pish."

"Yes, sir."

"I said 'pish,' Bettles. One must not believe everything one hears from everybody. That, I'm sorry to say, is one of your faults. You have allowed this Smith person to influence you into considering that worthless Gertie Gulch business as a sound investment. Think twice, Bettles, old thing, and listen to the advice of one who has built up a considerable fortune through investments of a more sound nature."

I was a bit winded. However, I had made a rather good speech of it at that. I was glad I had convinced Bettles of his folly.

"Quite so, sir," Bettles remarked.

"So you see, it would be very foolish to throw your money away in that manner."

"Yes, sir."

"Eh, Bettles?" I was beginning to smell a rat.

"I said, 'Yes, sir'."

I backed off a little and eyed him coldly, "Just what do you mean. Haven't I shown you that Gertie Gulch is worthless?"

"No. str."

I dare say it came to me as something of a blow to hear him reply in this manner. However, as I have intimated before, a Barbrook has never been defeated in his purpose by such trifles. I would have to prove my point through more drastic measures. An idea was beginning to ferm in the back of my head. I believe I said before somewhere that Guy George Albert has always done credit to the family name and upheld its traditions. I now had held of a scheme that definitely proved the fact.

"Bettles," I remarked as I held his other ear back so that I could continue operations unhampered, "I am going to give you an object lesson."

Bettles cringed noticeably.

"I have been planning to put a little money in Simon Sons Steel. As soon as you have dressed I wish you would go to the bank and draw out ten thousand dollars. You will then see Harrison, my lawyer, and have him invest it in Simon Sons."

Bettles looked a trifle blank. It was not unusual, though; so I thought nothing of it. I proeeded to explain further.

"Now the reason I am having you do this is that you may be put in close contact with the actual business of handling a legitimate venture in the world of finance. So you see, Bettles, it will do you a great deal of good. You should be thankful to be in a position to receive such good tutorship from an old master of the game."

"One should, indeed, str."

I ogled him a second. "Well, are you?" "Yes, sir."

I looked at him quite sharply. He seemed to be entirely serious, though, and so I considered the matter closed. I did hope he hadn't remembered the Oldfield Oli venture which had turned out most unsatisfactorily a few years ago. One cannot go completely through a successful business career without a little mistake here and there, you know.

This business of scrubbing one's butler was losing its fascination for me. I'm quite sure Bettles was feeling the same way about it; so I decided to terminate my activities in this direction. A parting word of advice was in order.

"Well, Bettles," I began. "Well, Bettles. I hope you have learned something of a lesson today. There is still such a thing in the world as respecting the rights of one's employer." I backed off again to get a last minute impression of Bettles. I believe I said before his pose was most amusing. It was If I only knew where one could get such a picture developed, I should have gone after my camera then and there. In my mind's eye I could see the finished picture hanging in its frame over the kitchen window with the title, "Butler in Bathtub," inscribed beneath it.

In fact, I believe I mentioned something to that effect, but Bettles seemed to be entirely unenthusiastic about the whole business.

"Well, cheerio, Bettles," I remarked as I backed out through the bathroom door. "Don't forget— Simon Sons—S as in spinach, I as in—"

The door closed most rudely in my face and the latch clinked shut. There are people who fail to appreciate what's being done for them.

. . . . . . .

"Your coffee, sir," remarked a familiar voice at my eibow. I pulled myself together and opened my eyes. Nine o'clock did roll around so soon every morning.

"Thank you, Bettles." I pulled myself into a atting position. Then I noticed something that shook me a bit. Bettles was standing with his left hand in his pocket. To those who do not know Bettles intimately, this fact may seem a bit odd, but nothing to become alarmed about. Such is definitely not the case. I was alarmed.

"Yes, yes, Bettles?"

"I regret to inform you, sir, that a very unfortunate affair has occurred." "Well, come, come, Bettles. What is it?"

"The newspaper informs us-"

"Well?"

"The newspaper informs us that Simon Sons has, er, as it says, crashed, sir."

"What? What do you mean?"

"Your investment was financially unsound, sir."

I let this little dig go for the present. Ten thousand dollars was considerably more important than little digs one gets from one's butler. As a matter of fact, I might say that the subject of the ten thousand dollars was decidedly uppermost in my mind.

"Oh, I say, Bettles." My mind was in something of a turmoil. "Oh, really, Bettles. We must do something, Bettles."

"It seems a trifle late, sir."

"You mean to say that I have lost ten thousand dollars and there's nothing to be done about it?"

"No, sir."

I peered intently at Bettles. There seemed to be no circles under his eyes. In fact, he seemed to be quite in possession of his faculties.

"Then you mean we can do something about it?"

"It appears entirely unnecessary, sir."

I groaned. I had a fleeting impression that these nights at Dingo Joe's were proving too much for a man of my years. "Where am I, Bettles?"

"In your room, sir. You see, it was this way, sir-..."

"I say, Bettles. Tell me. Tell me anything, but please, Bettles, please stop contradicting yourself."

"Yes, sir. But I was not contradicting myself, begging your pardon, sir. You see, yesterday, after I had gone to the bank, I committed a most unforgivable sin, sir."

My naturally alort brain was beginning to function again.

"Oh," I remarked.

Bettles looked at me suspiciously.

"I said, 'Oh,' Bettles."

"I was under that impression, sir. You see, er—I hope you will forgive me, sir—the ten thousand dollars that I obtained at the bank was not invested in Simon Sons."

"Oh," I replied.

"No, sir. You see, I came across Mr. Smith on my way from the bank. He was most insistent---" I waved my hand to show that I had understood everything perfectly. It was a gesture I sometimes used to show that I was entirely on deck, so to speak.

"Bettles."

"Yes, sir?"

"What does Gertie Gulch Gold list at today?"

"It is up seven points, sir."

"Yes, Bettles. It would be." I paused to consider the situation. Not that I hadn't everything at my finger tips, but one must be composed at all times.

"We shall quite forget the 'Butler in Bathtub' business, Bettles."

"Thank you, sir."

"I shall see that your salary is increased twenty dollars per month."

"You are most generous, sir."

"But, Bettles."

"Yes, sir."

I lowered my voice to a rich Basse Profundo. "Don't ever let me catch you acting in such a contemptible manner again. I wish to be most emphatic in this statement, Bettles, and I warn you it will go hard with you if you do. That includes the easy chair and the Queen Annes, Bettles. Don't ever let me catch you..."

"I won't, sir."

# Thoughts

BY BARTON WOOD

I would forget the dreams of yesterday.

The bruised and shattered thoughts that go their way

Are only mocking sheaths; the sword is gone. The sky is dead where yesterday the dawn Revealed the scarlet rhapsody of song. And night has made its melancholy gong The curfew of my soul. Now sil is black. But still relentless, memories drive me back As even in the durkest night the stars Appear to spy the wretch escaped from bars, Who, trembling lest his very heartbeats sound, Sinks down in cur-like fear upon the ground. Thus I would hide my mind from memories; And lock the door to thought, and break the

keys;

And tasts the changeless blackness of a void— If only thus my mind could be employed!

## Ninita

#### By BARTON WOOD

Mexican girl of the sun-tanned south, What are your thoughts as you greet the sun? Mexican girl with plum-stained mouth, What is this dream you are thinking on?

In it a wish for those sunny lands Cherished by you in your day of dawn? You that were young with satin hands— In this the dream you are thinking on?

Mexican girl with flashing smile, Why do you gaze at the sun so long? Sad are your eyes, yet they laugh the while; Laughter and sighs make wondrous song.

Tell, little Mexican girl so sad, What are these tears that dim your eyes? Speak, little Mexican girl so glad, What is this laugh that gayly flies?

Ah!—but a light in your face now plays There where a blush surprised your cheek! Those were no thoughts of childhood days— Mexican girl with eyes so meek!

## The Flowers

#### By WESLEY DEXTER GORDON

The flowers you buried with me Were fragrant and beautiful. You knew I liked flowers— And of course one usually does Place flowers on his dead.

The beauty of the flowers Has perished. Even the fragrance...

I wish you had given me in life As many beautiful things To remember you by as you did Flowers when you buried me here.

Would it have been Different Had you known that memories Are the only things That live in graves?

## Dawning

#### By ELIZABETH SHOW

It is so dark, so maddeningly still!
There is no sound, no tiny fringe of light
To bring relief to this monotony.
To break the dreary blankness of the night.
Alone, I cannot stop the fears that come.
They slip in through the black air stealthily;
I think: Oh, is death merely nothingness,
And does it end life with finality?

But dawning brushes up across the sky With radiance that fills my heart with laughter, And suddenly I know death is not all, That night is dark, but dawning follows after!

# Young Violinist

By ERMA FAXON

The birds have hidden their songs away
Fearing your gentle rivalry;
Young lad, so rare a melody
Is yours that never a man can say
Where you have learned it, or what day
First heard it sung. In jealousy
The birds have hidden their songs away
Fearing your aubtle alchemy.

Young lad, lift up your viol and play And set the voice within it free, For all youth's love of life must be Imprisoned there. In ecstasy The birds have hidden their songs away,

### Road to Athlone

By ERMA FAXON

I cannot eat while my child goes a-begging. Stretching his hands to the strange passerby; The while that my laddle is cold in torn breeches, I'll not be warm though the hearthfire be high.

Young blood is hot from the sun of far places, Young eyes must follow the birds on the wing— But my laddle has never a farthing to bless him, And I can scarce bear for the kettle to sing.

Christ, that the walls of my cottage were smaller; Yet I must wait till the earth takes its own Before I'll stop hearing my lad's weary footsteps Trudging the highroad that leads to Athlone.

## Clear Board

### BY DICK WALDRON

"CLEAR BOARD," called Bob Bentfield to his fireman as they swept past the last main line block signal and hurtled on towards Las Vegas.

Number 19, extra fare from Chicago to Los Angeles, three minutes ahead of time, with Bentfield at the throttle, began to slacken its fast pace as the train entered the yard limits. Under his expert touch the giant engine responded like a docile beast, obeying his slightest command. He reached up and closed the throttle and cut in the air as the extra fare "Chief" crossed over a maze of switches leading to the station platform. The engine, like a bloodhound, slowly picked its way over the many tracks and finally to the station itself. The clamor of the bell and the steady whine of the air brakes announced the train's arrival to the town. Slowly, yet steadily, the train moved onward; slower and slower until it finally stopped with a shuddering gasp.

Las Vegas, a blistering hot town, perched on the parched mountains of New Mexico, was enjoying a typical summer day, whose simmering heat threatened to stifle all those who showed too much energy. This small, sweltering cluster of buildings was also a division point on the Santa Fe System, and here the running crews were changed on all east and westbound trains. Las Vegas was a product of the railroad, and the majority of people living there were railroad men. The Bentfields had lived there ever since Bob had worked on the line. Their son, Pete, was born and raised there, and now he was coming home. He had left four years before, determined to be an expert in diesel engineering.

In this respect he had fulfilled his highest hopes. His grim determination had carried him through school, and he had graduated with high honors from an engineering school in Chicago. His high honors had gained him a position on the Santa Fe engineering staff. He was to be stationed at Las Vegas in charge of the new diesel equipment. Father and son had come home together from La Junta, next division point east of Las Vegas. Now that Bentfield's run was over, both descended from the cab of his engine and started home.

"Well, Dad, it won't be so long before that new diesel job will be handling The Chief. I'm telling you, that engine's a honey. They'll be able to step up the schedule a good bit and save a lot of money too."

"That diesel may be good on the flat country, but it will meet its match on the grades between here and La Junta. Two hundred and fifteen miles of stiff grade is more than anything but steam can stand. We still make pretty good time; forty-seven miles per hour around here will always be good time."

"Forty-seven miles per hour! Why dad, they'll be running slow freight at that speed soon. When I say time, I mean real progress. Fifty-five or sixty's about what I had in mind; that ought to be a fair average for that diesel."

"Son, steam is still plenty fast; it will be a long time before anything can run it off the rails."

"Not when you compare it with diesel; take it from me that baby's a honey, and it sure can step! Why, coming down to Kansas City we hit a hundred, rolling as smooth as a clock. What all railroads need is speed, speed at any cost and diesel's the answer."

"Steam can match that. Why, on the run over the grade I've frequently hit seventy-five without any effort at all. It wouldn't be hard to keep up an average like that."

"Dad, you make me laugh. Steam doesn't stand a chance against diesel. Economy combined with dependability and ease of operation will spell the doom for all steam engines. Why, any dumbhead can see where a saving of two cents per mile on fuel alone is tremendous."

"Your saving of two cents a mile means little when it is compared with other details. The initial cost is much greater and repairs are bound to be more expensive when there are no tools and shops built as yet. The only good that diesel can do is to force the locomotive works to build better engines."

"The trouble with you, Dad, is you're licked, but you won't admit it."

And so it would go morning, noon, and night. Always the same argument, both of them falling to give in on any one point.

Two days later Bentfield was working The Chief up the Raton Pass west of the long tunnel. The sharp bark of the exhaust beat a steady rhythm as the giant locomotive labored up the stiff grade. The wailing whistle echoed and re-echoed many times up the valley as Bentfield called for a clear board through Wooton. He pulled the throttle back another notch and slowly the snake-like train gathered speed for the last stiff climb. The drawbars creaked and strained, flanges shrilled loudly as they swung across a short bridge to the other bank of a now dried up stream. They thundered through Wooton doing about forty. The tunnel loomed ahead like a giant dragon and soon engulfed the whole train in its inky blackness. From here on the grade was all down hill to La Junta.

68

The Chief shot through Trinidad, and all the buildings were a biurred mass. Seventy, and just rolling along. Bentfield's thoughts wandered a bit. Steam was, is, and always would be supreme: there was no other answer. No real railroad man could see the day when anything but steam could be used. To tell the truth, Bentfield loved his engine so much that any thought of giving it up gave him a bit of a scare.

Number 19 roared down on the dingy depot of Timpos. An operator peered from the dusty window as the speeding juggernaut swished past. The blinking lights of the many cars were dimmed by the choking dust.

"Hot damn!" exclaimed the op., "number 19 sure's traveling." He reported the train through, and the time.

Bentfield eased on the air to slow her down a bit. The Chief smashed into a curve and came recing off the tangent with a staggering lurch. Away in the distance was the town of La Junta gieaming like a jewel in the late twilight. He pulled out his watch—5:03. He was due in La Junta, twenty miles away, in seventeen minutes. That was easy; he released the air and opened up the throttle. The train leaped ahead and careened across the wide plain, esting up the miles.

At La Junta the division superintendent awaited impatiently the arrival of the crack train. In the dispatcher's office he eagerly watched the swift approach of The Chief. The blinking lights on the chart showed clearly the train's rapid approach and final entrance into the yard limits and the station. He stepped out on the platform and hurriedly walked up to the engine. There he met his long-time friend, Bob Bentfield.

"Say, Bob, I've got great news for you about the new diesel. The brass hats have offered you the run over the hump with the new diesel, and on yes, I almost forgot, and an increase in pay-How's that strike you?"

"The new diesel," he mused slowly. "So, they're going to put her on main line service after one test run. Yuh know, Harry, I hate to say so, but somehow I don't feel right about that gas buggy. No, I don't think I'll take it; thanks just the same."

"You what? My God! Have ye gone mad? It must be the heat, Bob. Do you know what you're saying, and doing? You're turning down the biggest chance you'll ever get."

"No, I started on steam and I'll finish that way. It was good enough to see me through thirty years of service, and I'll trust it the few more years I have left. Why don't you give the run to Haddock? He'd like it."

"Well, Bob, I thought you'd take that job for sure, but you know your own mind. Even so, why don't you think it over for awhile? Maybe you'll change your mind."

"My mind's set. Thanks. But I'll take some other run, if you've got it to offer."

"Sure Bob, I'll give you that freight three days a week. Not as much pay, but nevertheless you'll still be making something. You may change your mind later on; let me know if you do. I've got to run now; see you later."

. . . . .

A swish, a rumble, and a clatter, and number 19 shot past the siding, kicking up a wild wake of dust. The observation car quickly disappeared around a cut and once again it was quiet. The signal slowly flickered from yellow to a bright green, indicating that the next two blocks were clear.

As the signal light faded to green, hogger Bentfield gave the whistle five short blasts calling in his brakemen. Next the engineer put the reverse bar to full forward position and cut in the booster. The engine started easily as he gave the throttle a gentle tug. The fireman opened the oil regulator another notch, to increase the pressure. The slack slipped from car to car as the 63-car freight train began to make headway. Bentfield pulled the throttle back a few notches as the engine jerked across the switch onto the main line. The drivers began to feel the strain of the many cars and spun furiously. He eased the throttle down a bit and opened the sand cock. The sand gave the drivers firmer footing, and once again the locomotive continued the task. Slowly

and surely the speed increased as the caboose slipped across the oil baffer onto the main drag. Bentfield opened the throttle wide. The air was rent with the rhythm of the barking exhaust and accented on every fourth beat. Eight, nine, eleven, thirteen, and finally up to fifteen miles per hour the mammoth engine led the pack. The booster automatically cut out at fifteen, and the engine gasped harder as it fought against the stiff grade.

The next three miles they covered in twenty minutes, and they slowly rumbled through Arriba doing a bare twenty. He thought of how three days ago he had passed through this cluster of shacks so fast that they were a mere blur. No longer was he at the throttle of The Chlef. No sir, not any more; longer hours and less pay were his reward for being loyal to steam. Yet, he was still happy, and that's what counted with him.

. . . . .

Pete met his father at the roundbouse and started to walk home with him up the dusty sidewalk. He noticed that his father looked tired and worn from his long day's work.

"Dad, you're a fool to take that damn freight run. Your seniority ought to rate better than that, and you know it. If you'd taken that diesel that would have been soft: no hard work, just sit back and let 'er roll."

"I know, I know; but I'm happy and that's what counts with me. I want to enjoy my work; no one gets any kick out of running that diesel can. Say, she's due here some day this week, isn't she?"

"Saturday, Dad; what say I meet you at the station and show you the works? Maybe you'll change your stubborn mind then."

"I'll be glad to look 'er over, son. It's a date."

Saturday was well on its way when Bob and Pete wandered down to the station. A small group of citizens were clustered about the call board reading the reports on the new diesel's run as far as La Junta. Pete and Bob made their way to the board and studied the information thereon.

"Well, Dad, who's right now? Six hours ahead of schedule and breaking all records; that's what I call real proof. The only use for steam on that baby is to heat the cars."

"Six hours ahead of schedule; well, I must admit that that's stepping. They could run steam that fast, too, if they wanted to." He seemed to be talking more to himself than to his son. "I can't see why they don't do it."

The argument finally boiled down to an agreement to meet down at the station at 7:30 to see the new diesel. Bob Bentfield arrived at the roundhouse early in order to see that his engine was olay for the night run to La Junta at 8:00 p. m. He crossed the repair yard and turned abruptly around the coal bunkers, and there on the turn table he saw his old engine. Number 3456 was a real beauty; a long steek boiler that fitted closely to the cab. A short, smug smoke stack that sent forth a lazy, steady stream of smoke, that climbed into the listless sky. The giant set of driving wheels dwarfed Bentfield as he strode past. He looked up to the cab where he had sat for twelve years running The Chief.

"Hey, Bentfield. You're just the guy I'm looking for." Tom Drake, foreman of the roundhouse, was shouting at Bob. "Take 3456 down to Arriba; they need her down there. Run on the main track; you've got pienty of time."

Pete Bentfield, arriving at the station at 7:30, promptly began looking for his father. A small crowd had assembled, making the task a hit more difficult. At 7:45 he gave up hope and began to wonder what was keeping the new diesel. Two tragedies in one; he couldn't show his father the new train, and most of all, the train was late. He watched the signal board as it changed from yellow to red, telling him the train was in the last block. Finally he heard the clarion bell and he watched eagerly as the train rounded the last curve. That couldn't be the new train; that was a steam engine. Maybe it was an extra section; no, that wasn't it either.

Now the rumble and hiss of the panting monster was clearly audible. It glided past Pete, who looked up into the cab. There, seated at the throttle, was his father, Bob Bentheld, with a very large smile on his face. Behind the giant steam engine was the smoke-smudged diesel being towed to town. A smell of hurnt eil and rubber told the tale of failure to Pete. The diesel had burned out on the grade to Arriba.

"The grade was too much for 'er, son. She just upped and burned clean up, and made a good fire, so I bear."

"Clear board," called Bob Bentfield to his fireman as they hurtled past Arriba doing sixtyfive. Number 20, eastbound "Chief" was three minutes ahead of time.

## The Pipes Still Are Sounding

### By ERMA FAXON

The pipes still are sounding, the north wind is blowing,

And folk are for having a fair in the town, But I cannot dance to the pipes while I'm knowing That you'll never see my new russety gown.

I'll not be forgetting the tune that you taught me, Nor shall I sing.

For the song in my throat has been choked since you sought me

At coming of spring.

Far down the long road you are riding and riding, And you'll not return from the gay tinsel town; So I'll flee from the sound of the pipes and be hiding

The hurt in my heart underneath a new gown.

