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WHAT STUDENTS ARE THINKING

By Paul G. Trueblood

Students in American colleges today are confronted with many thought-provoking questions. For instance, there is the problem of race relations which waxes constantly more formidable with the steady influx of foreign peoples and with our apparent inability to assimilate them rapidly enough. Shall the American college youth of today line himself up with the advocates of racial non-interrelation and strict racial homogeneity? Or shall he assume responsibility in the assimilation of our foreign population, and the establishment of political, religious, and social equality among all our citizens regardless of race, rank, or color? In other words, shall his attitude towards those of other races who reside within our borders or contemplate such residence be friendly or hostile?

Shall the modern American youth take his stand in the ranks of the proponents of political, religious, and social isolation for America? Shall he favor and promote the spread of nationalist sentiment or shall he oppose internationalism to nationalism? What shall be his attitude toward war? Must he accept war as a necessary evil because of the fact that it has been in the past the chief force in the welding of national unity? Or shall he endeavor to replace physical conflict with cultural competition on the assumption that humanity has passed that stage of its evolution in which brute force must be depended upon for settlement of differences?

What shall the American student of the present consider his duty in regard to law enforcement in general and the prohibition law in particular? In the light of his economic education, can he intelligently brook the flagrant violation of community-will, and view without alarm the prevalence of disrespect for authority? Is the anti-prohibition movement the crystallized sentiment of the majority of sincere American citizens, or is it the demonstrative ebullitions of a self-seeking minority of misinformed advocates of misconstrued liberty?

How shall the thinking youth of America regard the modern tendencies in religion? Shall his attitude be one of unreasoning acceptance of existing doctrines? Shall he be constantly on his guard against losing his faith? Or shall his attitude be that of open-minded questioning? Shall he recognize the value of sincere doubt and subject his faith to the strictest scientific and psychological analysis? Shall he endeavor to preserve a faith so superfacial and fragile that its eventual shattering will leave him desolated? Or shall he delve below the crust of custom and establish himself upon the solid and fundamental realities of God's fatherhood, Christ's saviorhood, the Spirit's inner companionship, and religion as a sacrificial service?

These are a few of the problems about which students in American colleges are thinking to-day.

PICTURES

A long, hot road, a scraggly brier hedge,
And now and then a bush of
Sweet, wild roses, choking in the dust.

Desert; night, stars, silence,
A vast, illimitable space,—
And cactus sentinels tall.

—Eugenia Savage.

Deep and Shoal

A Group of Sea Poems by Don B. Middleton

THE PHANTOM SHIP

The moon tiptoed on the Ocean's rim.
As I sprawled on a wave-worn bole;
A bleached trunk lit by moonlight dim;
A skeleton left by a soul.

The long waves curled in rippling light
And broke on the shining beach;
The Ocean was streaked with path of white
As far as the eye could reach.

My gaze sought a shell, large, half-open;
A shade fell upon my brow.
I again glanced up, the path was broken
By a bold and fleet black prow.

Her funnel, sharp against the moon,
Poured forth no sooty smoke.
Her engines droned no throaty tune.
Miss was even the bilge-pump's choke.

She bore neither side nor toplights cold
To cast a warning ray,
To fishermen setting tarred crab-nets old,
On the flats outside the bay.

The rounded stern in outline grim,
Moved silently into the night.
The moon slid behind the Ocean's rim,
And gone was the path of white.

THE HARBOR AFTER SUNSET

Purple star-fish, cling tightly to white-dotted piles;
Schools of smelt, idly bucking the channel current in limpid shadow;
Chugging launches, bringing narrow-eyed men home to sweethearts' smiles;
An outbound steamer, thrusting a ruddy bow into the evening glow.

THE SONG OF THE SEA

I can hear the roar of cannon,
Hear the crash of falling spars,
And the shrieks of mangled men
Amid the ruin.
Hear the clash of steel on steel,
Hear the crack of breaking keel,
In the roaring of the surf
Along the shore.

I can hear the call to wander
O'er the giddy spinning earth,
In the whispering of the sea breeze
Hurrying by.
Hear old Moby Dick's vast blowing,
Hear the ocean streams, deep flowing,
In the mufmur o the waves
On the sand.

I can hear the rattling blocks,
Hear the creaking of the yards,
And the pounding clipper bow
On the tide.
Hear the thunder of the gale,
Hear the bang of storm-split sail,
In the booming of the swell
On the rocks.

A PROPHECY

Sure, my clipper ship's a tuggin'
At her bright manila sheets.
In spite o' the copra she's luggin'
She sails with a bone in her teeth.

Aye, we've robbed a South Sea islet
O' some more o' her baked tree-pearl.
Our cargo's white as the stardust,
An' smooth as the cheek of a girl.

Hey, we're rovin' the starlit sea
Like a stag a coursin' the downs,
An' the whole crew's singin' a chanty
For the coleens o' Dublin town.

Hear the jib a boomin' for'ard
As she rounds on the starb'd tack.
Lord, I wish she was racin' home'ards
With a whole gale at her back.

'Twill be good, one more in Lunnon,
To mash a classy Jane,
An' drink cold Port an' Bourbon
Down't old Nick's on the Thames.

An' when the money's gone again,
Sucked in by the house-man's cards,
Then the crew'll chanty the anchor in,
'N we'll be southbound under the stars.

THE EARTH

The earth is a ragged brown man
In a thin tattered coat of cool white,
And he runs with an uneven stride
In a circle, half dark and half light.

'VELLE EST FACERE'

Dorothy G. Ellis

To the Spectator:

I chanced the other evening, as my custom is, to stroll into the Willamette Coffee House, and as it happened, the company were talking of Colonel Lindbergh.

One said "Methinks he is a forward youth. He is become a veritable coxcomb, if I may be allowed the expression." In like manner, another said "Yet he professes great knowledge of the air; he goes on long flights of glory in the strong-pinioned bird, the Spirit of St. Louis, and vaunts himself in many strange and foreign coutries; he sojourns among the courts and is admired by the nobility of all powere; and to what end? In a word, even as many who are but just come to years of manhood, he flourishes in the flattery of females. They, machinating creatures, do devise all manner of encomiums with which to shower this hero, and he is easily pursuaded on in his folly. Duly pleased with soft words, he swoops and soars over the hills and fields, seeking to make an great show and noise over the countryside."

The vicar himself had a discreet word: "According to my Morning Oregonian, which as you know I read daily with my coffee and grapefruit, the youth is eminent in his profession. A writer to that journal bespeaks for Lindbergh all the polite virtues and a hardy courage. For this reason they concede him eminent among the several who pass their days in furious conquest of the skies. It may be that there is something of merit in what he says. Baristicus, the ancient Latin statesman, says of fame and glory that lasting fame consists not only in gaining but in continuing to merit admiration."

Meanwhile, as they converse, I cannot forbear, on seeing no mercy being offered Colonel Lindbergh, to vouchsafe an answer to their accusations. For it occurred to me that the disposition of mind, the innate character of the aviators, for such they call themselves, ought to be considered. As the great scholar, Joseph Addison, has said, "Those men only are truly great who place their ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the consciences of worthy enterprises than in the prospect of glory which attends them."

And I thought if this be true, the vicar has the better logick and by this measurement the youth falls not too short. His modesty, his fortitude, his manly demeanor, his diplomacy, all are celebrated everywhere; in short, he has a command of all those virtues comely in a private citizen and in a soldier of fortune.

With him, to will a thing is to see it done.

At length, the vicar himself, now entertaining my convictions, esteems our country and her interests to be never the worse for the exploits of such virtuous men as Colonel Chas. Lindberg.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,

WILL WATCHFUL.

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THE MODERN SPECTATOR

By Wendell M. Keck

As the amusement of men of wit and probity has ever been a matter of interest to me, I am delighted whenever I hear of the doings of my old friend, Sir Roger. Two afternoons ago, as the old knight and I were doing a turn on the square, I asked him what entertainment he had had the past fortnight. He replied that for the most part he had done little, but that a few nights since he had attended a basketball game in the local gymnasium.

"I assure you," he said, "that the whole performance astounded me. To imagine that ten men should strive with such vigour to toss a ball through a hoop and hempen cage! Indeed, in my youth I have spent a half-day at the plow and sweat less than those youths, or have labored an entire day and been less fatigued.

This was of interest to me, and I hoped that he would be disposed to relate more of his experience and his reaction.

"I am told that these youth pass hours together each day in practice at tossing the ball to one another, at the same time moving themselves to such a position that one of them, more expert than the rest, may toss it into the hoop, and so through the cage. And all this for three months at a time, and then only for play."

As we talked further of the game he remarked how lustily the schoolmates of the players urged them on to greater endeavor. "The females would now and then sing of 'varsity', of 'cardinal and gold', and of some genuine blue spirit, while at other intervals an oddly clad yokel with glasses, a large horn, and a booming voice would lead his fellows in frenzied calls to fight." He related further that he was surprised that one

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THE CYCLE

By Kenneth McCormick

The house stood there alone, in a deep forest. It was a tired house and it watched wearily over an exhausted piece of land. An encircling picket fence leaned drunkenly this way and that as it made its way uncertainly from one tree to another for support. A grass-grown road wound quietly away from the house through a break in the trees. In a vine-twisted corner of the front yard a marble slab marked the grave of a tiny visitor to a world that would not receive her. Unobtrusive as the place was, it lured one.

* * *

She thought of all her dream homes as they stood, silently, before their first home. It was hardly the little cottage beside a stream she had always hoped for, with perhaps a fireplace, and hollyhocks outside the front window.

"Kind of deserted looking, isn't it, dear?" he soothed, catching her disappointed look.

"Just a bit. But we can make it real, can't we, Dan? Oh! it'll be fun," she enthused suddenly as she glimpsed the old pump, lost in a tangle of weeds and teasle.

He carried her through the front gate and picked his way carefully across the overgrown front yard to the porch, where she danced to her feet as he put her down.

"It'll need lots of work. I know I can make that land produce though even if others have failed," he confided.

"Of course you can," she said as she squeezed his arm and pulled him into the front room. "Oh! that paper, Dan. The pattern is like snakes. Can't we change it?"

"Sure, some day, Myra. Let's see what we've got to do in order to stay here tonight."

They walked, arm in arm, through the four deserted rooms. The windows were broken in odd patterns and glass was upon the floor. She stepped daintily as if to avoid the ugliness of these rooms.

"I'll fix the windows in one room, honey, so that it won't be too cold for you tonight."

Myra gazed through one of the patterns and saw a carpet of ferns stretching out endlessly through the woods. The ground was moldy; it must be soft, like the Persian rug she had dreamed of for the parlor.

"Oh, Myra," he called from the kitchen. "Come here and let me show you the barn and henhouse. You're going to raise the chickens, you know."

The barn with grave misgivings about its own condition, stood idly behind the wodhouse. A snowbank of wild blackberry vines in blossom almost covered the henhouse. A path cut its way through to the door. "The whole place is right out of a book, Dan. We'll like it, I know," she cried.

He kissed her, for he liked to have her happy.

Within a few days the farm home and buildings raised a slight flush of life. The grass grown road lost its old color, as wagon loads of implements and old furniture rattled over it. The clearing just visible through the trees once more felt the touch of a plough and tried its best to show the vitality it once knew. A cow lowed lonesomely in the barn. The pump squeaked when Myra worked its handle vigorously.

A few hours with the scythe had changed the appearance of the yard. Old Father Time, as Myra had called Dan when she had come to the porch with the potato peelings, had then dropped his historical implement and had gone to straightening the fence. It was two or three days before all the windows were replaced. The

(Continued on Page 3)

Studies in Nature

REMINISCENCE
A Prose Poem
By Paul G. Trueblood

The broad gold light of sunshine on the sea . . . the shimmering horizon, distant, indistinct . . . an occasional sail . . . gray-green ocean flecked with ephemeral white-caps . . . streamers of moon-white foam flung across buff sand . . . stunted pine trees cling'ng desperately on the brink of yellow bluffs . . . the wide universe above, sunfilled, windswept . . . .

Tall, reverent fir-trees on a dark hillside at night . . . their black arms gemmed with stars . . . dim, narrow, winding, fern-edged trails . . . vague, half-articulate voices in the tree-tops . . . somnolent murmur of brook water in the canyon's bosom . . . faint rustlings in the thickets . . . thin breeze . . . flower fragrance . . . star-music . . . poignant silence . . . caesura . . . a China-fragile disk guided by invisible fingers rolls across black heaven . . . leaf, twig, stone, and flower grow wanly luminous . . . .

The quiet bosom of the river, polka-dotted with stars . . . banks indefinite, tree-thronged, shadowy . . . lap of black water against gray boatsides . . . sibilant whisperings of dim margins . . . low, full throated bass of rapids below . . . intermittent plash of dilatory oar . . . weird cry of night-hawk, like the twang of muffled cello strings . . . midsummer warmth . . . remoteness . . . proximity . . . breathlessness . . . .

Flowers, stones . . . mountain-water, sea-wave . . . gold, silver . . . light, dark . . . music, silence . . . noon-day, midnight . . . April, October . . . calm, storm . . . wind, tranquility . . . then . . . now . . . always . . YOU . . . YOU . . . .

MATINS

I saw the Morn in splendid disarray
As she stole noiselessly
Dwon the star-studded gallery
From the grey realm of night.

On her head the royal circlet,—
Gleaming oriole of the moon,
Till snatched from her fair brow
When she made ready for the day
And donned the blazing crown
Of massive gold, more fitting to her negligee,
Whose flowing sleeves of orchid lace
Fell free, as she her stately form
Bent low, in adoration of her Maker-God,
And down the distant cloisters
Of far hills, spread all about
Her rose-embroidered train.

—Dorothy G. Ellis.

AN INDIAN SONG

Listen to the wind
Whispering in the pine tops
Away up in the darkness.
Crooning in gentle tones
The lullaby of
The forest people.

Now the rising murmur
Of the distant gale sings
A passion-laden saga
Of the love of youth
And maiden in
The shadowed wood.

The lower branches stirring
With uneasy shudder tell
The story of the hunter killed
In ambush as he waited
For the deer
By the lake.

The trees sway and huddle
In swift fear. The wind
Wails the song of the making
Of the braves, and of scalps
Taken swiftly on
Dim trails.

The storm goes whirling on,
And the moaning forest,
Caressed by the soothing fingers
Of the night wind,
Mourns the passing
Of a race.

—Don B. Middleton.

CLOUDS

In drifting banks like thistle-down
You came, and wrapped me round:
But 'cause I shivered at your touch,
And turned me from your icy clutch,
With sullen face you drew apart,—
From nearby hilltops frowned.

All day, enwrapped in gloomy greys
You tramped about the woodland ways;
As if to chasten with your might
You kept them hidden from my sight;
And all day long with mocking face
You kept away the sun.

And 'though he lavished golds and wines,
With rose and purples rich entwines,
You would but let him smile
Upon me here a little while
Like some poor convict peering out,
At evening, through the bars.

But now your vengeance fully spent,
Your mind takes on another bent—
For yon cold wanderer of the nights
You deck yourselves like sybarites
And whirling, dip, a glinting gleam,
In fantastic Gavotte.

Then, when the day with brightness fills,
From soft repose among the hills,
Where ghostly campfires to the sky
Lift up a thousand columns high,
On silent feet you steal away,
Above the dappled hills.

—Lester Smith.

SENTIENCE

I climbed a brown hill in the late December;
And as I plodded upward, head bent low,
I sensed a presence greater than myself,
Around, about, under, over all.
A sibilant voice among the rustling weeds
Beckoned me nearer; stooping down I heard:
"O, Worldling, lift thine eyes!"
Then I beheld,
Upon the very brow of that brown hill,
A glorious pine upreared against the sky!

—Paul G. Trueblood.

TO THE NATURE POETS
(Shelley, Burns, and Wordsworth)
By Dorothy G. Ellis

What of a burial place? Of human epitaph?
No mortal tomb can hold their fame,
Nor bronzed plate the name.
To those who knew them not
They have been always dead.
But you and I, who loved their songs,
And with suspended voice and heart
Intoned those lilting passages,
Can never know their fall.

A coffined plot can never hold
The lark that wheeled and bent to earth
To tell the story of its sunlit flight.
We hear that Soul's articulation
Nor think that by tomorrow's night
It shall lie broken-winged and stilled,
Forever fallen from its sky.

We walk in gray fields, stubble-scarred,
Where tawny daisies on the hills
Defy the hoar frost's killing breath.
From low nests startle up the birds;
We hear their wild, untutored songs.
What if Time's plough, relentless, turns
Its furrow on that hardy grace?
Always between the clods upspringing
We see the daisy's face.

We thought that we knew Nature's heart,—
(We had been neighborly so long)
But when that 'solitary man' had dreamed
Beside the lakes; Of daffodils and clouds
Had sung; we wakened from our blind survey
And found in Nature's pageantry
The tears and ecstacy of God.

THEM
By Margaret Arnold

There are only three things I want, but I do need them most earnestly. At one time or another everyone wants THEM, and when THEY are not forthcoming, 'tis a sad state of affairs. I have been sitting here exactly thirty minutes and waiting for THEM to come. I have been chewing my pen, and my fingernails, and gnashing my teeth. My paper is ready, my pen freshly inked, and my hand poised ready for THEM to descend and cover my paper. Psychologists say to write, write words, make figures—anything to start associations and the train of thought; but although my paper is crazy with heiroglyphics and numberless figures my mind still refuses to get out of the lumbering freight train variety and pick up speed.

I chewed my fingernails and wondered how writers, real writers, I mean, get THEM. I suppose Milton got "Paradise Lost" from a Sunday school class which had gone astray. Coleridge his "Ancient Mariner" from a bad dream had from helping his wife on Monday; Isaak Walton discovered his "Complete Angler" on a rainy spring day when a pedestrian had to wear "Weeds" to keep from skidding on the worms; and Lawrence found his "Revolt in the Desert" when his small son refused to play in the sandpile. But to come right down to plain facts, it wouldn't be hard to get THEM if I could look out of my window at the blue of the Dardenelles, or lean over the balcony of a Florentine hotel and watch the streets silenced by the moonlight. THEY would come easily, then. Nor would it be hard to reach out and grasp ONE from the sky if I were sitting on the peak of some high mountain, nor to find ONE in the grandeur of the Grand Canyon.

But I'm not in Florence, nor am I on the peak of some mountain; I'm in one of the most prosaic and unromantic spots of the whole world, a school room. Do you wonder that THEY don't come flocking to my head in hordes? Do you wonder that my pen remains freshly inked? I always tell our cook after she has baked custard pie, that there are three things I like to eat, three things more than any other food. She asks me what they are and I say:

"The first is—custard pie.

The second is—still custard pie!

And the third is—More Custard Pie!!!"

She laughs and cuts me an extra piece. But although I have sacrificed a half hour, a perfectly good manicure, and several varieties of prayers to the Muses, I still do not get "THEM"!

"Oh, Muses—

The first thing I want is—ideas.

The second thing I want is—still ideas!

And the third thing I want is—More IDEAS!"

—MARGARET ARNOLD.

A CRY

I wonder, God, if you can know
The sorrow, misery, pain and woe
We mortals daily struggle through?
I doubt it, God! (I fain would say
That you could hear us when we pray,
That you could help us see the True,)
But when I see Wars done for gain,
And hear frail pray in vain
For just one cooling look from Thee,
I needs must think the Thing that drew
The picture of a happy world
Is surely dead—or else was hurled
Afar—beyond eternity.
And when I see earth's sparkling dew
Dried up with sorrow and despair,
I know, O God, you're not out there.

Oh! Haste the day when Man shall cease
To look to God for heavenly peace!
And speed the day when Man shall see
That all his life, its history,
Is shaped by forces deep within
His present self; and that to sin
Is but to say that far above
Is found all good, all truth, all love.

Ah, the Thing that keeps good-will
In hearts of Men, and strives to kill
The force of evil's binding chain,
Is deep within men's very souls,
And there, too, is the seat for goals
Not bounded by crass earthly gain.

And then God laughed, laughed loud for joy,
Just like a little country boy,
To hear man's weakly naive cry.
He turned to Abraham near by
And said: "Oh, Abram, the stream
Of time has carried men at last
Beyond thy selfish one-race past,
Soon men shall live my noblest dream."
Again God laughed, again for joy,
Just like a little country boy!

—Wesley D. Gordon.

ARTIFICIALITY

Is there any genuineness? Everywhere I turn I see artificiality and camouflage. The beautiful rose color in my sweetheart's face is artificial—I found out last night when I told her "goodnight". The soft wave of her hair was put there by her hairdresser's marcel iron. Her soft, low voice is the result of years of training—she told me so. Her dainty step has been acquired. The light touch of her fingers on my arm, her slow, entrancing smile, the sympathetic look from her eyes are all assumed habits. There's not a spark of spontaneity in her!

Last night we walked through the city park. It's just another piece of artificialty. Trees from all parts of the world, plants and shrubs taken from their native, wild habitats have been planted here and there to make a beautiful—though illogical—park.

I'm sick of al lthis artificiality. I want to find a place where water falls the way God planned it; where trees grow their own wild ways; where flowers make their own beautiful color, where animals are free, and where man smiles because he is content. I want to live where I can be natural! I'm tired of pretending.

—BUNEVA CULBERTSON.

JEST

By Kent Goodnough-Hyde

I shall be glad for April—when she goes;
No faithful lover, she —
And this her paradox eternal: that she laughs
At my fidelity.

FABRIC

By Kent Goodnough-Hyde

On the loom of my thoughts I have wrought me the fabric of dreams,
With its rich folds I shall slowly wipe away reality.
And after that?
The pattern will have worn thin and I shall make me another,
More beautiful — more enduring.
Why? —
I am not certain why.

On the loom of thought have all the fabrics of dreams in the world been fashioned.
Beauty — Love — Peace —
Patterns wearing thin rubbing away reality,
Dreams to be dreamed again
On the looms of the thoughts of men,
Patterns more beautiful and more enduring.

Kent Goodnough-Hyde '28

WRAITH-MOON OF APRIL

Wraith-moon of April, in a cloud-blown sky,
The darkening dusk calls forth my song to you;
And singing—will she somewhere know
That in each song my heart to her is true?

I have no word so keen as your curved edge,
No song compelling as your form can be.
Wraith-moon of April in a cloud-blown sky,
I love her well; tell her for me.

Kent Goodnough-Hyde '28

BEFORE THE MAST

"I've word of his ships for the king," I said,
And they stared as at a ghost.
"His ships went down and the crews are dead.
All save myself were lost."

They did not ask of the trade and the tide,
They questioned not of the gale —
They did not ask of aught beside
The worth of each sunken sail.

It is quite the same, for did they speak,
There is little enough I could tell —
It is not good to hear men shriek.
My silence does just as well.

"Is there anything further?" they said to me,
And I answered them, "Nothing more."
(Nothing but down on a gull-grey sea
And a fleck of foam for shore. —

Nothing but men who lived as men,
And dying—died like kings;
And the roar of the deck again and again,
And the fear of a sail that sings.)

I had word of his ships for the king, and all
That I had to tell I told;
(But I did not speak of the stern, deep call
To follow the sea as of old.)

ASSURANCE

God walked with me in the rain last night,
Gloom stalked beside me but I knew no fear;
Trees wept silently and prayed last night,
God walked with me.

God walks with me in the sun today,
Bright skies above me while the birds sing cheer;
Storm, calm, gloom or light, or come what may,
God walks with me.

—Paul G. Trueblood.

THE SCRIBBLE BUG

A buzzing noise is in the air—
The Scribble-Bug from out his lair
With dives and swoops and droning buzz
Is out to nestle in my fuzz.

In truth this Bug's a buzzing curse,
Who makes me write nonsensic verse;
No drug is proof against his bite—
Relief comes not until I write.

A quatrain brief—a couplet terse,
A short essay—a bit of verse—
It matters not; the Bug has bit—
No peace I'll have until I've writ.

The spasm's stopped; the Bug's gone home—
Pray Heaven no more today he'll roam,
But snooze in his own "Buggy" lair,
Instead of buzzing in my hair.

—Wendell Keck.

THE CYCLE

(Continued From Page 1)

ground about the little grave was spaded and flowers set in. The house suddenly seemed to live, as though some farmer-beloved patent medicine had been applied to it.

A hard year passed quickly, filled with hours and days of worry, discouraging crop results, with stifling heat and chilling cold that made the little house simmer and shiver, with occasional loss of stock, and now and then a visit to town, when Myra wore her best dress and last year's hat.

Any repairs about the house had to be done by Myra, for Dan was too busy making a living. He did get time one night to make a cradle and put it away in the back kitchen, after she had lined it with soft pink and blue cloth.

In the glow of a lamp lit supper table he sat tall and rugged. She loved to watch him. He was working so hard to make her happy. But lately his old enthusiasm had been failing. She had noticed it first the day that the calf died; then more so a week later when a late rain had drowned out the corn.

"Never mind, dear," she soothed as he watched the rain from the kitchen window. "We'll be all right."

This evening she came up behind him and put her arms about his neck.

"What's the matter, Dan?" she asked after a moment.

He pushed his chair back from the table and took her on his lap. Her head snuggled comfortably on his shoulder.

"We're not making much, Myra. It wasn't because I was too busy today, as I said, that I didn't go to town for that sack of flour. We haven't any money. There's no crop coming, either. I went down to the lower field today and the wheat is rusted out; there won't be enough to pay to run the cattle in. If I could only get a little something together for you. But I can't.

He was silent a long time, while she stroked his hair with her hand. Their shadow stood dully against the wall, paled by the smoked lamp chimney.

"I'll be all right. I'm being careful and I'm strong. You love me like you used to, don't you, Dan boy?"

"More. Lots more," he said as he hugged her. "You're game, dear."

If it had been winter he could have cut wood and sold it, but he had to raise feed to see the cattle through the cold season. The hay was poor, but the best the worn-out marsh could give, and he had been saving every fork-full to be stowed carefully in the barn.

Finally he lifted her to her feet. He screwed tight the lids on the cans of wild blackberries she had prepared that day, while she went to and fro between the pantry and supper table. He stepped to the door of the front room and noticed especially its emptiness. It hadn't seemed that way before. And that wall paper! Myra had mentioned changing it but that was impossible now. When he though of money he dared not look out at that little gravestone. There was something uncanny about that gravestone very different from ordinary gravestones.

"You know, Myra," he said as he dried the dishes. "If I could have someone to help me in the field for a few days we might be able to get through. But no one will come and I can't blame them, because everybody knows I have nothing to pay with."

"I could help some, Dan. The house work can go." Myra urged.

"No, no. You musn't. You must rest all you can," he spoke, frightened.

She persuaded, and explained that she knew how well she was. The next day she drove a team all day while he worked frantically. If they could get those potatoes in before the rains, they would have something to keep them. Myra was worn out by the third day and held the reins loosely, the old horse finding her own way among the furrows.

That night he woke to hear her crying by his side. After doing everything he could for her comfort, he raced to the barn and turned out the old horse. She plodded around the barnyard and lumbered slowly down the road as he leaped to her back. She was old, like the farm, and couldn't hurry. He beat her sides to no purpose and finally sat, disconsolately on her back as she jolted along, occasionally nipping a leaf or mouthful of grass by the wayside. It maddened him that she appeared so disinterested.

The doctor was out on a call when Dan finally arrived in town, and would not be back that day the nurse said. All he could do was to purchase some medicine and turn his horse toward the farm.

The baby had a poor chance. Myra had suffered more because of the past few days of exertion. Dan clumsily cared for her needs and sat by the bed when she slept, ready to give any possible help. The child lay at her side and scarcely moved. He dared not tell Myra but the child wouldn't live, he was sure.

His chores were maddening and he rushed through them in his haste to get back to the house. A two days' rain was fast rotting the potatoes as they lay on the top of each furrow.

He though the baby lived a week, but later when he figured it out it was only three days. Myra scarcely missed it, she was so ill. When she asked for the baby, he quieted her by telling her it was being taken care of.

A week later the mail brought him an official envelope, the result of many calls, hardly friendly, by the farm owner and a lawyer. The horse, cows, implements, and the few potatoes he and Myra had stored went back with the house to the owner, along with the uncounted weeks of clearing and repairing.

The day they were forced to leave she was too weak to walk. Dan carried her, picking his way across the tangled front yard. He lifted her carefully into the buckboard that a kind neighbor had lent him for the day. Behind them the house dropped into another sleep.

* * *

The house stood there alone, in a deep forest. It was a tired house and it watched, wearily, over an exhausted piece of land. A picket fence, which leaned drunkenly this way and that as it made its way from one tree to another for support completed the isolation by encircling a number of smaller buildings. A grass-grown road wound quietly away from the house, through a break in the trees. In a vine-twisted corner of the front yard two marble slabs marked the graves of two tiny visitors to a world that would not receive them. Unobtrusive as the place was, it lured one.

THOSE TERRIBLE TWINS

By Dorothy G. Ellis

They were terrible, little Frankie and Phyllis Randolph. The whole feminine population off Currinsville 'felt' for 'poor, dear Mrs. Randolph' and made clucking sounds of commiseration when the children appeared. The general opinion was given that the twins were the direct offspring of the Evil One.

Frankie and Phyllis liked everyone, whether their indiscriminate affection were returned or not. However, they readily felt the warmth and chilliness with which they were received, in all their various haunts.

To-day, the twins met rebuff and again rebuff. So they explored their way up the honeysuckle path to Mrs. Thompson's. Their calls at the Thompson home were frequent, and very informal. They announced neither their coming nor their going. One moment they were there: one was distracted a moment, and they were gone.

However, things were not quite the same after a visit from Frankie and Phyllis. In a manner of speaking, they made themselves felt.

They were distressed on this particular morning. Everything they touched turned out unpleasantly. The long shaded avenue had seemed so friendly but here it was, not an hour since they first came out, and they had been sworn at once, and frowned on; last, and still more rancorous, they had been told to go home.

The two inseparable, insatiable ones sat cross-legged in Mrs. Thompson's garden, and pondered. Something was decidedly wrong. The moment they made their appearance grown ups acted so funny. Why, they didn't even talk sense, or what the twins thought sense. Take old Mrs. Meyers. So little a time ago, they had seen her in cordial conversation with Mrs. Heaton. Hadn't they both heard Mrs. Meyers herself saying how she disliked 'that conceited Mrs. Heaton'?

And very naturally, the candid Frankie had said, "What you talkin' to her for?" Why Mrs Meyers had turned on them so fiercely at that! She looked just like a hen swooping down on a person. Her voice was real polite, but her eyes weren't. She looked so hard at Burrie, and said "I think your Mother is looking for you, Twins".

The garden palled, finally. The youth of to-day is interested in action and the twins were very, very young. Still life and beauty left them untouched. The house looked inviting. There might be cookies, too. There usually were.

Pursued by beasts endowed with jungle savagery, the intrepid two achieved the doorway. They stood panting there.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Thompson. Lay down, Pete! You ain't a lion now! You can't be; this isn't the jungle, up here."

Within the sun-flecked kitchen, a woman rose creakingly from her knees before an oven door. Mopping her flushed and kindly countenance, she surveyed the speakers.

"Well, children, I declare, you're looking bright as new pennies this morning!"

Two pairs of daring, deep-blue eyes smiled at her from dark fringed lashes. She could not see which of the scrambled arms and legs belonged to one roly-poly body. They were never still long enough. But she knew there were two children, if they could be numbered separately. She envied them their graceless symmetry, their unconscious youth. She was amused at their overflowing life and action. Therefore, they loved her.

Momentarily, they stood quiet, intent. Their eyes were fixed reverently on the table, where crisp and sugary cookies marched in soldierly rows.

"I'm glad you happened to come just now. These cookies are right spank out of the oven, and you'll have to try 'em so I can tell if they're good enough for dinner. Better take two, that's right."

They beamed on her. She was pretty nice. The two were agreed on that. They had found her, their 'treasure', by tracking the spicy odor of fresh fruit cake to her big yellow and blue kitchen. She was invariably, at any hour of the day to be found there, mixing and stirring. She said that 'children didn't bother her a speck; she guessed she could protect herself from such little mites of mischief'. So the twins loved her and worshipped her from the door step hour on hour.

"You just close that screen door, Frankie, so's the flies can't get at this pudding, and both of you step easy. Don't go dropping things around here till I get my cake out of the oven."

Frankie's bare brown feet went 'spat', 'spat', out on the veranda, obediantly. The sunlight falling on the snarl of his curly hair formed a veritable Childe Herold headdress. It suggested that his hair had not so much been cut as snipped off here and there, wherever the barber, in patient agility, had managed to grasp a lock and sever it from that bobbing head, which was never for a moment wholly still.

Phyllis waxed conversational.

"Father shut us in the big closet this morning, Mrs. Thompson,—Buddie and me."

She screwed her angelic face into a ludicrous mask of seriousness: ludicrous because seriousness seemed so remote an expression for that chubby countenance, from which some elfin spark of deviltry was never quite apart.

Mrs. Thompson was interested. The fact that Mr. Randolph had inflicted this form of punishment on his offspring was nothing unusual, it is true. Generally, however, there was a sufficient motive for his so doing, and Mrs. Thompson found herself amusedly curious to know what it was this time. It usually paid to listen to the twins, for what they didn't know, they asked about. And all that they knew, they repeated, guilelessly, with no effort to interpret. They quoted innocently and fully. Their reputation was deserved, but unsought.

So Mrs. Thompson listened and prompted the narrators. Phyllis went on.

"Yup. Father was awful mad. Say, why do fathers get so mad at their children? Mothers don't. At least, they don't shut you in a dark room, where it's fraidy, kind of. When mothers get provoked, why, they just put you in a chair and nen they look at you sorry and kind of shamed and sad, and pretty soon, you feel all twisty and sorry yourself, inside of you. Don't we, Buddie?

"And anyhow, we hadn't done a single thing bad. Least I didn't think we was any worse'n ever, did you, Buddie?"

Buddie raised his eyes from a concentrated study of the water blister that swelled on his naked toe. He surveyed Mrs. Thompson.

"Say, honest, if you let that kid talk all the time, she just hasn't got 'ny better sense. Y'oughta...."

"Listen here, Buddie! Am I telling this or are you, I just want to know."

"Well, I guess it all came of our cat dying yesterday. No, I don't know what it died of, Mrs. Thompson, but mother always said Puffy suffered from a, let's see.... 'P'nishus disposition. She uses the longest words you ever heard. Isn't that what she said, Buddie? And she said one of these days it was going to get his whiskers in the whip cream once too often, and get in trouble.

"So, maybe it's a good thing it died. You couldn't learn Puffy anything. Not if you put her in a pitch black room for hours and days, and didn't give her a thing to eat, or anything.

"Father was comin' in this morning with our little shovel, the one Buddie and me play in our garden with. Now, Buddie Frankie Randolph, will you please to keep still? A course it was my shovel, and we asked him if he had been planting things in our garden, 'n he laughed kind of funny and he said Yes. He had just planted our cat. And it,—I cried, and so did Buddie.

"Aw, I never did such a thing. If girls don't tell the worst stretchers."

"You did too cry, Buddy, hard as anything. Now be quiet. I'm trying to tell Mrs. Thompson about Puffy. You'd rather hear about the cat, wouldn't you, Mrs. Thompson?"

"Oh, yes. Phyllis, go on. That's too bad about such a nice litle cat as Puffy."

Phyllis sighed, and dug at the braided rug with a grimy big toe.

"Yes'm. Puffy was a real nice kitty, and we had it ever since it was a little baby kitty, and it was all soft and furry, and its eyes was squinted shut all the time like old Grandma Johnson's before she went to the eye speshulist. And it mewed so much because it was hungry simply all the time. We named her Puff, because if you ever scart her the least bit, like just pulling her tail a little, or something like that, why she'd put all her four paws close together and draw her head back like our old turtle used to, and then, her back would go up, 'Puff'. Like a regular snow ball.

"Gee! But I did like that little kitten. But it got big, and then it died. I got to wondering about Puff and if she was hungry where she was when she died, but mother wouldn't tell me. I guess I asked her so much about it, she didn't like it, or something. And then she said 'Phyllis!'.

I knew she was mad. Mother never says Phyllis, only when she's good and mad, or there's company or something awful like that. Other times when she likes me, or wants to tease me to do something I don't want to, she just says 'Sister'.

"This time she said 'Phyllis, will you be quiet? Puffy is dead and can't come back, and she won't get any bigger nor have any baths, nor scratch anyone. 'N she wont have any more kittens, or get in any more salads. Puff is gone to the Happy Land! Now don't ask me any more outlandish questions!'

"Well, Buddie 'n' me were talking and Buddie said he didn't want to 'cuse mother or papa of storying but he didn't believe they was both telling the real, honest truth, because, well, because, he said 'Mother says Puff has gone to the Happy Land, but I saw Papa put him in a hole in the garden before school this morning'. Buddie he said it took Papa almost half a hour digging a big nuf hole and covering it all up flat again on top.

"Say, Buddie and me got that dead cat out of that hole in less than two shakes. We was just looking at it good to be sure and remember how cats looked dead. We felt pretty sorry Mother had fibbed about it, because what did she want to go and tell a whopper like that for when Buddie seen Father put that poor cat in there, himself? Well it was kind of funpy, anyway.

And then our Father come home and caught us. A course he didn't say hardly anything, but I could tell by just the way he looked we would catch it this time, all right. I guess he was afraid if he did say something, the other kids would go home and tell their folks how he cussed. Parents are awful scart that other folks'll find out how they act when there isn't any company, only just their kids around.

"There was about ten other kids helpig us 'zamine that poor old cat. Peter Brown was there, but we made him go home. He had Spot with him and that dog was too blamed intrusted.

"But Papa sent the rest of the kids home right away. He's pretty unreason'ble. He just wouldn't listen to a word about us wanting to see Puff before she went to the Happy Land or anything, but he put us in the dark closet to feel sorry. We always feel sorry quickest in there, because it's darker.

"Buddie and me listened to Mother and Father through the keyhole. Father looked so cross. He was rubbing his hands with a handkerchif real hard, from putting old Puffy back in the hole again. I spect he got mud all over him. He shook his head and he said to Mother,—Buddie, will you be still?—

"He said 'Mother, I don't know what we're coming to. Those kids get worse every day.'

Phyllis' eyes shone with pride.

"He said we'd be the death of him yet. Mrs. Thompson, if we was the death of Father, would he go to the Happy Land, too?"

Buddie crossed the floor which lay in checkered sunlight, to rear himself back ponderously in a chair which was built for a man of ampler proportions. He crossed his left leg over his right knee, and surveyed Mrs. Thompson.

"Mrs. Thompson, you don't want to let that kid get started. She talks worsen other girls. She's just like Mother said about somebody once I forgot who. She said if you once let 'em get started, you might just as well give up till she gets done."

Mrs. Thompson chuckled.

"Yes, Frankie. Let me see. That would be Aunt Phoenicia, from Wall's End."

"Now men folks are different."

Buddie thrust his lower lip forward, and thought deeply. Then he resumed.

'I was talkin' to Major Coles this morning. Good ol' Maje. We was talkin' about Harley Denham."

Mrs. Thompson straightened suddenly, and her face took on a half-doubting expression, as she looked toward the adjoining room.

At this moment, her daughter Melissa appeared in the door. Her head was swathed in a huge towel. When she had seated herself by the open window where the breeze ruffled the curtains, she tossed a mass of reddish brown hair before her face to dry. Beauty which survives a shampoo is unusual. Melissa Thompson was very attractive, if not beautiful.

As evidence of her being acceptable, the twins smiled on her, and resumed their conversation. Buddie pursued his subject.

"I said 'Major Coles, do you like Harley Denham?' and Maje, he said 'Well, what's your 'pinion?' Mrs. Thompson, I never told the Maje, but I don't like Mr. Denham a bit!

Melissa spoke, her voice came muffled.

"Well, Buddie, just what did you say about Harley,—Mr. Denham? You don't know Mr. Denham, do you, dear?"

"Oh, we just talked along. I told him about the time Sister and me was playing the alley back of ol' Mrs. Denham's and a horrible lookin' man drove up to Harley's. He tooted the horn, so Harley came out and this man he gave him a package and went away. Harley's Mother she came to the door and looked so sorry.

"She said 'Oh! Harley! I wish you wouldn't use that awful something. We couldn't hear what it was, we was too far, but she looked so kind of sad and everything when she said it. But Harley just give her a kind of laugh, he never paid a bit of attention to his mother. He said 'I guess I'm old enough to look after my own affairs by now.' "

"I'd have licked the tar out of him if he'd been my son," Mrs. Thompson spoke grimly. "I never have liked that man, Melissa. I think he's capable of being real bad. He's not a good boy, and I haven't liked seeing him around here so much, though a body knows he's got soft enough ways."

"What'd you say, Mrs. Thompson?" Buddie asked.

"Nothing, Buddie, nothing. Go on with your story, dear."

"But, Mother," broke in Melissa, tossing her hair back over her head. She had the look of one who is forced to believe something very much against her desires. She spoke her distress.

"Major Coles has promised Harley a fine position in the bank. Why, he knows everybody who is anyone at all. I can hardly believe he would drink, or treat anyone so."

"'Little pitchers', daughter. But you really may owe this child a reward for some timely eavesdropping. I always say that where there is smoke there is pretty apt to be fire, and I don't want you playing with things like that.

"There's Robert Randolph, you know, dear. Of course, Robert's just playing now, but when he settles down to business, he'll make a man. Look at his father."

"Yes, Mother," Melissa laughted, "and look at this young brother and sister of his. All over town, they call them the 'Terrible Randolph Twins'. I wonder if Robert was ever like that. Mother, what are you laughing at?"

"I was just thinking," Mrs. Thompson struggled with her mirth, "that the old Puritan, Major Coles, is probably busy hunting another applicant for that bank position of his. After he investigates Buddie's little story, he will, anyway.

"Buddie, would you and Sister like to stay to lunch, if your Mother will let you?"

Two angelic countenances lit up. While Frankie sat beside Melissa, watching the entrancing process of the hair-drying, the more domesticly minded Phyllis puttered around her hostess. He endeavor was to help. Her intention was affable, indeed. She grasped two dishes of sauce, but less agile than the older woman, found them difficult to manage. Some of the liquid spilled onto the light, braided rug.

"They was too slippery, Mrs. Thompson," she said, voicing her careless regret.

"Why, Sister! Aren't you sorry? You've spilled apple juice all over my clean rug?"

Phyllis ground her brown toes deeper into the rug, and tipping her head to one side, smiled enchantingly.

"You can't see it, can you? It don't show, does it?"

"Oh, child, child," Mrs. Thompson murmured, "just give you fifteen years more."

Meanwhile, young Franklin Randolph engaged Melissa in conversation. He proved himself a past master at natural topics of interest to young women, even women more than a decade removed from him in years. He talked about his 'big brother'.

"Robert is funny, isn't he, Miss Thompson?"

"Why, I don't know. Whatever do you mean, Buddie? What is so funny about your brother?" Melissa looked studiously polite.

"Well, you know,—writing poetry about girls, and callin' Ma 'Mother' all the time, and wearing a clean collar and keeping his hair combed. Everything silly that way. And the last coupla weeks . . . well, you simply couldn't believe it if you didn't see it, Miss Thompson, the way he carries on.

"Mother says he was biting his nails. Naw, she didn't says it that way, but that's what she meant. He was biting his nails because some girl was mad at him. His girl told him he didn't need to come around any more until he showed some ambition, or something he hasn't got anyhow.

"Well, honest, Miss Thompson, he doesn't eat enough to keep a dog from his ribs stickin' out. He says 'Yes, sir' to everything Pa asks him, and he's polite to Ma, and he jumps like he'd been shot out of a gun when the telephone rings, and . . ."

"I suppose his friends keep him rather busy, don't they, Buddie?" Miss Thompson put in.

"Oh, you betcha. Some fuzzy girl, or some fellow or other just call him all the time. He says 'Hello,' as purry as a cat, and then he listens a minute. Then he snaps like he could bite the receiver in two and says 'No! I can't go. I'm busy this evening.' He throws that ol' telephone down, and he goes bangin' off up stairs, growlin' fit to make your hair stand up."

"Why, how perfectly funny, Frankie," beamed Melissa Thompson.

"Yes. That's what I'm tellin' you. And the funniest thing is the way he acts toward Sis and me. Most of the time, when he's sore, he gives us heck. We get the blame for everything at our house. Dad always says the next time he's going to lambast us, and Ma says 'Now, Father, they're just children.' Bob, just because he's about fifteen years oldern us, he looks over his nose, and says he don't see how any two persons in the same family can be so perfectly full of the dev. . ."

"Oh! Buddie, you mustn't say that!"

"Well, he said it. How can I tell you what he said, if I can't say it the way he did. I'm just explaining what he was saying."

"Oh, all right, dear. Go on. What was it you were saying?"

"Well, this time he hasn't scolded us once. He don't even know we're around at all. He caught me using his cane this morning, and he smiled kind of silly. All he said was 'Hello, Old man.' Gosh! I think he's sick, or something."

"Isn't he feeling well, Buddie? What is the matter with him?"

"I don't know just what it is, but Dad was talking to him last night, and he said 'Well, son. You've got it bad. I guess the only cure for a case like yours is to get in and work. And so long as you want to go to work, you'd better just pack up and get out. Go to the place that's open in Detroit. You'll get over it'."

Miss Melissa Thompson sat erect. She thrust forth her right arm, and grasped Buddie by the shoulder. This brought her face quite near to the face of the little boy. He thought how big and soft her eyes were. Just like pansies, or something.

"Buddie, tell me. Did he say he was going away? To work? Is that all he said? Where would he go? But, I mustn't sit here and ask you foolish questions."

Melissa rose and went inside, catching her hair into a soft loose curl, which she fastened with a big comb. Mrs. Thompson looked after her. A worried expression gave way to a little pleasant smile. It was a wise smile.

"Best run along home now, children. Your Mother wanted you back right after lunch. I wouldn't want her worrying over where you are. She wouldn't let you come again. And you'd best not stop along the way. Today's your Mother's club day, so she'll be busy enough without trailsing over town hunting you rascals."

Stuffed with good food, the intrepid two made their perilous way back through the garden jungle, with Pete the airedale, trailing them. He was too old and docile for a lion, but they could not be too particular. Lions were scarce. They meandered down the street under the wide, spreading elms. The sidewalk being too warm in the mid-day heat, they spatted along the curbway.

Life was too peaceful. Their stomachs were full. They craved excitement. Buddie spoke.

"Shucks! This is some town! They've gone and put cement on all the alleys everywheres, so you can't find a single one with nice, cool, soft dirt to walk in,—the kind that ploshes up between yer toes. This is the bunk!"

"I know it, Buddie. It's dreadful. Let's see what those kids are doing over at Peter's barn.

A brief halt hour can do much to one's appearance if one is a willing youngster, and one who applies himself or herself to the job.

Mrs. Randolph rose from her cool and dainty sitting room with a petrified smile upon her aristocratic features. Her friends posed about the room, illy concealing their amusement.

In the doorway, hesitating, paused two little culprits. Every trace of cherubic or seraphic ancestry was was wiped away. To say they were grimy from head to toe would be committing an injustice to the thoroughness with which the transformation had been made. They were appallingly dirty. They reeked of dirt. Moist, dry, and common, ordinary, garden dirt.

"Phyllis Randolph! What have you done to yourself?" The words came whisperingly through Mrs. Randolph's white lips.

Her daughter swallowed heavily. She shot an entreating but ineffectual glance at her mother from between lowered lashes, and explained. "Well, it was like this." Phyllis sighed. Sometimes a person got awful tired of explaining.

"Buddie and me was coming straight home from Mrs. Thompson's and we saw the kids by Peter's barn. They hollered for us to play a new game, and it was lots of fun so we stayed just a teeny minute.

"Peter says it's called 'Christyun Martyrs'. We were the newest ones, so we had to be it. That's how I hurt my foot."

Phyllis thrust a shapely leg toward her mother. Mrs. Randolph shrank bank from the sight of the turban-like bandage which covered this gory member.

"It's not cut bad, Mother. It just bled lots. We stopped it easy though. The girls tore the ruffle part off my dress, the piece with the embroidry on it, and made me a bandage to wear on the place. I guess my dress don't look very good."

"I noticed that one once" Mrs. Randolph commented dryly.

"It's a nice game, though. You know you hafta torture the martyrs and Peter had the lawn mower for a a part of the game, but Mr. Brown went and took it to mow the lawn with. So all we had was some spikes, but Peter said they used them all the time. He read it in a history book. They made those people walk on 'em, to show how brave they was.

"One of the spikes went into my foot. It had to bleed all over everything, of course."

Mrs. Randolph seized a twin in each firm hand, and hustled them stairward. Behind her might have been heard a clucking of tongue, mingled with the grudging laughter of her guests.

"Terrible Twins" . . . "Death of her" . . . "Always into something"

"Hush! She's coming down again!"

Two subdued twins roamed through the halls in search of something in which it might be lawful to take an interest. Robert's room looked the most interesting.

They sallied forth fearlessly.

They found their older brother ensconced in a deep window seat in his room. He was smoking a pipe. He blew the smoke out of the window. Mrs. Randolph didn't like to have him smoke. This was was easier. She didn't know and therefore worried little.

The twins approached the window seat. Robert viewed them passively.

"Well, where have you two been this time?" The twins relaxed. Robert was in an indulgent mood, so they could stick around. They scarcely realized what Robert felt so keenly. They could not be expected to know that he had been through everything,—that the cares of the world had passed over his youthful head, and left him weary, disillusioned.

Buddie was investigating a dusty trunk which yawned widely in the center of the room. Something unusual seemed eminent. He gave Robert's question a vague answer.

"Oh, nowhere. Just over at Peter's, and Mrs. Thompson's and around."

"Rather a dull day for you, evidently. Aren't up to your usual day's work, are you? What were you doing up at the Thompson's, if I may ask, young Mr. Randolph?"

"Aw, don't be funny, Mrs. Thompson was cooking, and Melissa just washed her hair. We stayed to lunch, and, let's see. Oh, yes. Melissa and me talked a while, and then we came right home. As far as Peter's, we did.

"Say, Melissa is awful pretty, isn't she, Bob? Her eyes do look like pansies, don't they, sort of?"

"What?" Robert stared, open-mouthed, at his younger brother. "Oh, yes. Of course she's pretty, but where'd you get that crazy idea about her eyes?"

"Why, you said yourself they looked like pansies. You don't need to blame me. In that poetry piece you wrote about her, you said her eyes was like pansies, and her lips was like . . . .

"Well, you don't need to interrup' me. I'm just explaining that it wasn't anything I said, at all."

"All right, we'll let that drop! What did you talk about? You didn't mention poetry to her, did you, fellow? Can't you talk?"

"I'm tellin' you, if you'll quit interruptin' all the while. Sure we talked about poetry, and she said she liked poetry about her. She wanted to know if you was really going away, and how long you was going to be gone, and all kinds of crazy questions. Like you ask us kids. She said she was sorry, but she wouldn't say so to you, if you didn't come to see her before you went away, or anything.

"Say, Bob, don't you want to hear the rest of it? We talked a whole lot more. Well, say, where you going?"

Robert hastily donned a clean collar, the fourth for the day. He brushed his shoes to a brighter polish with a handy cushion. He flopped into a vest, covered this with a coat. He glued his hair back, and dashed for the door.

On the threshold he turned towards the two astonished twins, who were speechless at this unusual haste. Suddenly, he plunged a fist into a pants pocket, and withdrew a coin which he solemnly handed to the stunned Frankie.

"I'm going over to Thompson's myself, to talk to that girl you think is so pretty. Ha! Ha! Looky here, you kids are all right, but this time you don't get to come along. See?

"You take that and go spend it. Spend all of it. I'll tell Mother I said you could go out again. Goodbye."

And he bounded down the steps, taking them three at a time. He was whistling 'I've Got My Old Gal Back."

Buddie turned to Sister, who limped after him down the back stairs.

"D'you know something? We got a nut for a brother! Looky here!"

He held a small band, palm upward, before him. On it rested a shiny, circular piece of metal, which shined enticingly in the late, afternoon sun.

Sister smiled in that artless fashion which the angels strive for, but never quite attain, and breathed:

"Buddie! A whole dollar!"

In the corner drugstore, the clerk took two orders for Raspberry Sundae, and shook his head as he murmured.

"Back again! Those terrible Randolph twins!"

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY

By Dorothy G. Ellis

I took it from my study wall
And hung it in the vestry
Because it cried out defamation
At what I had to do;
There was a sermon to prepare
On "The Present Falling Away
From Ancient Virtue",
On "The Modern Revolt From
Ancestral Morality".

Devout parishioners of mine
Will mark the comeliness of face
And ladies fancy how they, too,
Might masquerade, once Lent is done,
In satin bodice, and bouffant sleeves
In alternate stripes of buff and wine.

They, undiscering, cannot know
The strong fagility that meets my eye
Below the tired oval of a childish face
With one perpetual expression to the
Canvas bound. And will they see
The shadow of her Titian hair,
That falls on neck and brow and eyes,
More tantalizing far than all the veils
Egyptian princesses may don?

And I have sometimes wondered,
If I should open wide my study door,
Draw back the musty curtains,
And open the casements,
If, on some dancing, solitary ray of light,
A breath of air from lilacs near might lift
The very curls from her patrician brow,
Then let me see what lies deep in her eyes,
And follows me, and questing ever,
Tortures with her longing after—what?

O! Hand of painter, crazed man,
What had she done to you?
That shadowed face, in breaking light,
Lined with heartbreak there reflected,—
"A canvas done in sepia tones" they said,
"A pretty thing," when I made it my purchase
At an auction sale.

I've shut my eyes, rested my throbbing head
In my two hands, to shut out crowding thoughts.
Opened them time after time,
And in that first, startled meeting
Of her gaze, as she appeared,
Enthroned on my wall,—
That face, pulsing with a life which,
Amaryllis-tinted, sprang from her dead visage;
The blood that stained her frail, inquiring face
Sent me back to the long past day
When a Young Visioner had laid aside
His taunting tools,
His oils and brushes put away,
And drunk that last blood-chilling draught,—
Then laid his strong white spirit down
Before his 'latest portrait'.

I hung it in the vestry,
The folk who come may pause
To say "a pretty face, my dear";
Well, let them see it so.

My sermon on morality and virtue
Is complete. The thoughts
That she reproached me for,
In every look from her sweet face,
Are spread in cold, unyielding type,
Ranged in orderly paragraphs
Across my page.

I shall read it to my people tomorrow
If I am not moved, on my way to the chapel,
To pass through the vestry.

THE NIGHT HORSE

Shades o' Blarney Castle!
Hear 'em gallop down the wind.
All the witches in ould Erin;
Swift as flight an' black as sin.

The owl stills his hootin'
As the crew goes rushin' past.
I can hear their husky schreechin'
High above the shriekin' blast.

Houly Mither! They're upon me
An' wid cackles o' delight,
They dismount, and all surround me
Ne'er will me eyes fergit the sight!

Their broomsticks made a tripod,
And beneath the huge black pot
Green ghost fire snaps and crackles,
And it's could instead o' hot!

Their dirty teeth are gleamin',
And their eyes are burnin' coals.
And their skinny hands are clawin'
And a tearin' at me clothes.

I can feel their fiery breathin'
Burn the whiskers on me face,
And they're snarlin' and snappin'
Like lean were-wolves on the chase.

At last the big pot's ready,
And their yellow nails sink deep
Into me crawlin', shrinkin' flesh,
And now I've left me feet!

Above the hissin', red-could pot,
Above their hooded hooknosed heads
They hould me, then they drop me,
On the floor beside me bed.

—Don B. Middleton.

HILLTOPS

A wind-swept space, fragrance of fir and pine,
A passing cloud, a glimpse of distant sea;
Deep draughts of air new-cleansed by shower and shine,
My hilltop, where my soul is free.

And You, Heart of my heart, my dearest one,
Standing serene and sweet through storm and stress,
Stilling Life's turmoil when the day is done;
My hilltop, where my soul finds rest.

—Mrs. John Reed.

LIFE

Life gave me flame-lighted diamonds
No sapphires of scintillant blue,
But God flung His stars on a violet sky,
Saying, "Look! All these are for you."

Life gave to others rare orchids
And roses of radiant hue;
God sprinkled His meadows with daisies
And said, "My child, these are for you."

Life clothed my friend in rich sables
And laces like cobwebs in dew;
But God draped His hills with white velvet
And whispered low, "This is for you."
Life, in a passion of fury
Snatched from me all I held true,
Left me bewildered and broken;
Then God saw, and gave me—YOU.

—Mrs. John Reed.

DECRESCENDO

Kenneth D. McCormick

Vaterman walked magnificently into the foyer of the Civic Auditorium. It was early for the concert, but the entry hall was even now filling with fashionables, who would, no doubt, be late to their seats. Gentlemen with silk hats and dress suits conversed pleasantly with opera cloaks and Spanish shawls, or walked grandly with their hats in their hands.

His feet took him naturally to the main floor entrance. But upon producing the huge pasteboard that had been sold him at the ticket wicket, he was waved impatiently to a flight of stairs. From its height the crowd was even more interesting. All the details of the evening impressed him tonight as they had not before. He bowed to a gentleman in careful evening dress, but the latter neglected to return the courtesy. Vaterman had forgotten for the moment. He turned and at the top of the stairway came upon another strata of the concert crowd. These balcony people were really more interesting than the main floor crowd, anyway. Fur coats and felt hats were mingling, and he noticed no one promenading.

Again the usher waved him higher—this time to uncarpeted stairs. His ticket brought him, finally, to the gallery, where he found more company, for the gallery crowd is always early.

Vaterman looked down over the sea of empty seats below him. Gallery, second balcony, first balcony, and far below, main floor. He had never seen the auditorium from this angle before. In fact he had not seen it from any angle for some time. However, when he had seen it last he had been on the floor, from which he had occassionally looked back and up at the gallery, through his glasses. Its crowd appeared rather boisterous, he had always thought, but now that he was one of the group, he hoped the people on the floor weren't thinking such of him.

The program was commanding his attention. Harolde Hauptmann was singing tonight, which indeed, was the reason Vaterman was present. The artist was billed as a Man-singer, but with tones of silk. Vaterman remembered that 'silk'.

The last minute crowd was filling the floor seats and ushers were hurrying in the aisles. Hauptmann was suddenly before the crowd, bowing and smiling to the boxes. Vaterman wished for the glasses with which he had once looked at the gallery. He had pawned them just two weeks before. Too bad. Those glasses had been focused on some great musicians.

The piano was playing and Hauptmann was standing at ease, his notebook in hand. Vaterman leaned forward, his program on the floor. What was that aria he was singing? Oh yes. Vaterman remembered. It was the one he himself had been singing the day he had first met Hauptmann—Hapman he was then. Harold Hapman.

It had been years before and Hapman had come to Vaterman's studio one day. It was just one of those ordinary downtown studios in a small place. The sign on his window read, "H. Earl Vaterman, Voice Culture." Being over a dry goods store as he was, noise had not bothered and he had considered himself nicely located. There were two rooms, as in all such studios, with draperies, a small grand piano in one room, a davenport in the other, and a half dozen signed pictures of singers who had honored Vaterman with their photographs. One had sung from the local opera house stage, another he had known in music school, who since had become great, while others were of those he had heard in the city and whose pictures had come from musical journals. There was, as well, a picture of The Graces on the wall. Vaterman had looked at that picture often.

The particular morning that Vaterman had been singing a Handel aria, Hapman had come into the waiting room. He was tall, fairly good looking, and had poise that Vaterman admired at the time and hated later. He looked very common and would last but a little while, Vaterman appraised, as the boy stood fingering some music he had brought with him.

"Give me your music and let's hear a number," the music teacher suddenly said, as he went to the piano.

Hapman's tones were soft and silky. Even his voice had poise. Vaterman was startled as the number progressed—Hapman was certainly deceiving. He had a voice. But something, Vaterman's quick ear told him, was lacking. He had never heard a man's voice like this. He analyzed it as he played along mechanically. Vaterman always knew his pupil well before the end of the first lesson, but he felt lost with this boy.

He dismissed Hapman a half hour later after the boy had told Vaterman that he was in an office as clerk and that he wished to take lessons as long as he could afford them. He had had considerable training in voice before and was now entirely interested. He had heard of Vaterman through a concert artist. Vaterman had bowed.

In his inner sanctuary, with his piano and The Graces, Vaterman sat, his head in his hands. He had taught years and here, finally was the opportunity he had always looked for. All music teachers look for the same one. In all his list of pupils he had never had one who would finally become anything more than lead in the church choir of some fair-sized town. Many had started well, but had slowly worked out. With his experience he had learned to find the defects in each voice and realize that artistic quality was not there. Temperament in one, quality in another, physical health in another, all kept his group from the artist circle. But this morning, when he had been not a little blue anyway, had come a lad with the voice in ten thousand. A man singing tones of silk! What would he be when carefully trained? Vaterman scarcely dared to think. But as soon as he did he hesitated, for there was something lacking. Vaterman's head sank deeper in his hands. This was the first voice he had ever failed to analyze. Was it that he had come to deeper water than in which he could swim? Was he doomed to be a small town teacher with small town pupils? Perhaps

he was realizing today what most teachers must—mediocrity.

He looked again at The Graces. That picture of nude girls dancing in rhythm, with veils in the wind above them and a scurry of leaves about, had made him a singer. When he sang he had but to think of that picture to get his power, his tone. He looked at them long and for once turned away disappointed. They were failing, too.

A newsboy was standing awkwardly in the waiting room with Vaterman's afternoon paper. He advanced slowly into the studio, at the teacher's beckon—he had never ventured this far before. Vaterman read idly for a time and then looked up to see what the boy was waiting for. There was silence for a moment. The boy's eyes were passion, and he was gloating on The Graces. After a terrible moment, the newsboy was calling Vaterman names from the safety of the second landing down, and never came again.

When Vaterman became calm later, he realized what Hapman needed. He could never forgive the newsboy, but the affair had made him realize what Hapman lacked. It was manpower the young singer must develop. That poise! He looked at the picture again. Something of the beauty, the rhythm in the close loveliness of those figures had put power behind his own voice that was different. It was what Hapman must have.

At the piano Vaterman crashed out his emotions. He had conquered, what couldn't he do now? He had the great voice of a pupil in his hands and finally the mystic lotion at his command that would make of it the greatest voice in the world. He could see them now, bowing to him in his box as young Hapman—damnable stage name but he could change it—finished his concerts. He would probably travel right along with Hapman. The piano raging and rippling, finally accepted all the emotions of Vaterman, transmitted them to the air and quieted the drunken teacher. Vaterman slept well that night.

The first glamor of success soon lost its luster, for it was one thing to discover the remedy and another to apply it. When Hapman appeared for his next lesson, it was with difficulty that Vaterman maintained his usual dignity. If Hapman were to immediately discover his possibilities, all would be gone. The boy would surely lose himself in hopeless revery. There was plenty of time for the boy to discover his greatness. He must work now.

Vaterman was patient for weeks. At each lesson he heard idle, soft, delicate, well-poised tones. That poise! Vaterman barely averted a passion every time he thought of it. For weeks he had stood before Hapman and tried to explain to the boy what it was he needed. He had long since given up hope of inspiring the boy with The Graces. He had tried to point out the rhythm, the strength that came from their figures. But the poise had entered again. Hapman simply didn't respond to such things. From little things the boy had said, Vaterman wanter to curse. Hapman had hinted that he intended to be an artist without lust—Lust, he had said, Vaterman wanted to curse, of a glass vase which he had hurled across the room that Vaterman had controlled himself. Lust! what did he mean! Did a man have to use his man power that way only? Art came from the directing of that force. But Hapman would not listen.

It was late at night before the fire in his grate at the studio that Vaterman thrashed the thing out with himself. There was no use in trying to reason with the boy longer. Hapman must simply discover the force he had. It was wrong that such a voice should lie dormant in a man. How could he live something into those tones! Not just volume, but—man power. It had been weeks since his Victory bacchante at the piano. Most of that joy had been entirely lost in the first few days. Only that day had Hapman said that he felt he was getting all the technical knowledge he needed and that he must work higher.

Vaterman found his hands for solace once more and let his head sink even deeper into them. The grate was cold when he arose, but he had a plan.

Vaterman took Hapman to the city the next night.

"I want you to hear another type of music, just for comparison," he told Hapman as they drove along in Vaterman's car. "Music is something in you," he repeated for the thousandth time, "and must be brought out, along with a part of you."

Hapman always agreed with such statements. That was the maddening thing about it all. He simply didn't get the point. He practiced hours on his technique and Vaterman had to admit that as far as such was concerned the young singer was perfect. That very day he had sung difficult passages from Romeo and Juliet. Every tone had come carefully weighed, each crescendo had swelled properly, and the diminuendoes had been not the least bit flat. All his singing was marvelous and Vaterman had to wonder at it—except for the one thing, the lack of that inner power. It was terrible, Vaterman realized, to have one's finger on the trouble and yet not be able to correct it.

Once in the city he drove to the water front and parked near a cheap cabaret.

"Here is where one gets atmosphere for singing," Vaterman lied.

"This kind of contact will do you good."

They followed the head waiter to a table and lounged in their chairs. The dances bored the boy, and the singing was atrocious, of course. Even the solo dancer, who had personality and was rather clever in her dances, won only a yawn from Hapman. Vaterman watched him carefully for an hour. He wanted Hapman to see law life for one night—he was sure the contact would awaken the boy. If man power could be combined with those soft tones! Gad, what a voice—silk and man strength united.!

Hapman's indifference was maddening. The teacher had been playing one card after another and he was now holding his last. He couldn't play that! This was only a boy! Just a youngster really! But the vioce—Vaterman bit his lips and watched Hapman more. There was never a change of countenance, no emotion, not even interest. Vaterman was ready to scream. How could he change that mask? To bring something out? There was nervous emotion somewhere in that boy!

They left the cabaret—the three of them—at two o'clock. Vaterman had seen the solo dancer behind Hapman's back and invited her for a ride. He had also barely sketched his plan to her. She needed only the sketch to understand. On the ride Hapman was vaguely interested in the woman and occasionally joined in her conversation. She kept up a rapid fire of chatter about cabarets, cocktails, and men. Vaterman steered the car viciously as he thot of what he was doing.

At three when they reached the studio, Hapman was chatting with the girl and had once accidentally put his arm around her.

It took much explaining to get Hapman up to the studio with Vaterman and the girl. A half hour later when the teacher left the studio he choked a sob. As he shut the door Hapman was sitting on the davenport dumb, while the girl was working the tricks of her trade before him. It was beastly, Vaterman cursed, as he went down the stairs, to leave a mere boy with such a woman. But it would bring that voice out, and anything was right that would do that. Vaterman had to argue with himself vigorously before he believed it, however.

Hapman wasn't back for two days. Vaterman swore the next morning as he straightened up the studio. He ground his teeth as he found a light undergarment beneath the pillow of the davenport. He cursed himself as he took the garment, and stopped short as he crumpled it. What if he had become too fully aroused! What if he became only a cabaret hound. Vaterman was wild. He screamed, and the garment flew out the window from his frantic hands.

It was but a few minutes until a rap sounded on the door. Hapman! Surely. Vaterman rushed to the door and threw it open. A tall policeman stood in all his height with the light undergarment dangling ridiculously from his hand. Vaterman was disposed to laugh.

"Stop that noise," the policeman snapped. "What's going on here? This is supposed to be a music studio and not a lady's dressing room. Step aside, while I look this place over."

The music teacher stood staring, while the officer went over the two rooms.

"You'll come with me," and the officer pushed the feebly resisting Vaterman out door.

At the station he was grilled as to what had occurred in his studio, why such a garment should fly out the window, and other questions equally embarrassing. Vaterman broke down, when witnesses from neighboring downtown apartments, testified to having seen a woman and two men enter the studio in the early morning. It was impossible to explain his plot to those hardened officers. When he had thot of it, the plan had seemed right—because it was to do a great thing for Hapman. But now before the officers he was mute. His plan had trod on the toes of convention.

The scandal reached the papers and Vaterman could not stay, of course. The town would not tolerate such a man as teacher of young men and girls. Threatening letters told him to leave town.

It was hard taking down the pictures. He had practically made himself in this studio and now he was leaving it, disgraced as a musician.

"I'm not disgraced he shouted to himself, hysterically, in answer to his thot. He fell into his lounging chair and stared, terribly at "The Graces". If his plan did not work, if Hapman became thoroughly aroused and lost himself as a musician, then Vaterman was disgraced.

He dropped to his knees on the floor.

"Hapman, come back, boy! Show me you can sing now. Please—Oh my God!" and he caught himself in his hysteria.

Disgusted with himself he rose to his feet and began fiercely dismantling his studio. Each picture seemed to be wrenched from its place as he took it down. There was Morgan, who had sung in town the year before and had visited the studio. Then there were prints of McCormack, one of Caruso, and several of his friends, who had gone beyond Vaterman in the music world.

He stood long before "The Graces" trying to force himself to take the picture down. They had made him a musician—those figures, and perhaps unmade him as well. But he had been right! He knew he had.

As he collected scattered music, as he picked away the metronome—no one could know when its friendly tick might again spur on a pupil, he realized that each thing had become so much a part of the studio that it was wrong to remove it. Vaterman alternately crooned and cursed as he went on with his wrok.

When he closed the piano and pushed the bench under it, he suddenly knew that he was through. It was too much and he cried. Vaterman was never ashamed of those tears. One cannot lose a friend without sorrow.

The door was opened and Hapman peered in. He could see only Vaterman, shaking with sobs, at the piano. The boy stepped quietly to him.

"What is it, sir?" he asked, softly, as Vaterman reeled around.

"Hapman! my boy," and the music teacher flung his arms about him.

Then followed a long talk. Vaterman told him why he had done it, what he had done it for, and against what Hapman must shield himself—the very thing that had made him. And there Vaterman stopped for he was possessed with the fear that it had not done for Hapman that which he had intended.

"Open the piano, son," he said, fiercely. Shuffling through the music, Vaterman found what he was looking for and took the sheet of music to the piano. It was the Good Night song from Romeo and Juliet.

The teacher sat down at the keys and hesitated before playing. What if Hapman couldn't sing other than in his technically perfect way? Vaterman was suddenly playing the introduction. Hapman seemed lost. He hadn't sung since that night. He coughed a bit and then started on the first note. Vaterman held his breath. The first tone came in the old way, and the succeeding ones as well, until with a rush of madness, Vaterman was playing wildly. The boy stopped short, and then burst into a high note that filled the room, that seem-

ed to be releasing a hidden something. Hapman was singing at last.

The keys were wet with Waterman's tears when the solo was finished. He didn't remember having played a measure after that first tone that came after Hapman's pause. The boy had saved Waterman's life with the singing of that number. He had power and had it in his voice! Vaterman cried some more and clung foolishly to Hapman.

When he had controlled himself they sat down and Vaterman talked again—how long he didn't know, but when he finished, Hapman at last realized what it was that he had, and what he must put into his music. He couldn't misplace that new power, now that he had directed it one to his voice. Vaterman had won!

The teacher was old after that day. The hard weeks after his leaving were filled with the regret of having lost his old friend, the studio. Gradually Hapman and himself were separated. The boy went to another teacher, until Vaterman could establish himself in a different town. But the past record soon followed him and he was forced out. He had spent all his money trying to get started and was now on the streets. The last he had heard from Hapman had been a hastily scratched card saying that the writer was traveling with a light opera company. Vaterman carried that card in his pocket for weeks.

He wandered about, doing some singing and getting a little here and there. His victory had spent his strength. The old Vaterman was gone. Newspapers told that Harold Hapman—now singing as Harolde Hauptmann—was performing in the East. High salaried companies were bidding for him. Vaterman had a collection of such papers.

He had no good clothes now and his teaching had completely fallen off, long since. That night he had dined at Joe's Place—dinner twenty-five cents. He had saved for some time to get a gallery ticket to this very concert.

Hauptmann was returning to the stage for an encore and Vaterman was suddenly realizing the artist's presence. The boy was singing that Good Night song from Romeo and Juliet! It was the studio again and Vaterman was playing. His hands moved before him and tears were on his knees, as he bent forward. Hapman was through, and bowing to the boxes and Waterman was on his feet waving, while hoarse angry voices around him were pulling him down.

THE MODERN SPECTATOR

(Continued From Page 1)

youth was not permitted to play because "he was low in his markes in Latin." He said, "I should imagine that the best tossers would play, whether or no they could read Tully."

By this time we had reached the corner of the square where we must needs part. Waving a hearty farewell, the old knight departed and went to his favorite coffee house.

SELECTED FROM KENTUCK

By James Lane Allen

"March has gone like its winds. The other night as I lay awake with that yearning which often beats within, there fell from the upper air notes of the wild gander as he wedged his way onward by faith, not by sight, toward his distant bourne. I rose and, throwing open the shutters, strained eyes towards the unseen and unseeing explorer, startled, as a half-asleep soldier might be startled by the faint bugle-call of his commander, blown to him from the clouds. What far-off lands, streaked with mortal dawn, does he believe in? In what soft sylvan waters will he bury his tired breast? Always when I hear his voice, often when not, I too desire to be up and gone out of these earthly marshes where hunts the dark Fowler—gone to some vast, pure, open sea, where, one by one, my scattered kind, those whom I love and those who love me, will arrive in safety, there to be together.

March is a month when the needle of my nature dips towards the country. I am away, greeting everything as it wakes out of winter sleep, stretches arms upward and legs downward, and drinks goblet after goblet of young sunshine. I must find the dark green snowdrop and sometimes help to remove from her head, as she lifts it slowly from her couch, the frosted nightcap, which the old Nurse would still insist that she should wear. The pale green tips of daffodils are a thing of beauty. There is the sun-struck brook of the field, underneath the thin ice of which drops form and fall, form and fall, like big round silvery eyes that grow bigger and brighter with astonishment that you should laugh at them as they vanish. But most I love to see Nature do her spring house cleaning in Kentucky, with the rain clouds for her water buckets and the winds for her brooms. What an amount of drenching and sweeping she can do in a day! How she dashes pailful and pailful into every corner, till the whole earth is as clean as a new floor! Another day she attacks the pile of dead leaves, where they have lain since last October, and scatters them in a trice, so that every cranny may be sunned and aired. Oh, grasping her long brooms by the handles, she will go into the woods and beat the icicles off the big trees as a housewife would brush down cobwebs; so that the released limbs straighten up like a man who has gotten out of debt and almost say to you, joyfully, "Now, then, we are all right again!" This done, she begins to hang up soft new curtains at the forest windows, and to spread over her floor a new carpet of an emerald loveliness such as no mortal looms could ever have woven. And the, at last, she sends out invitations through the South, and even to some tropical lands, for the birds to come and spend the summer in Kentucky. The invitations are sent out in March, and accepted in April and May, and by June her house is full of visitors. . ."

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

When the day is sad and dreary,
  And the sun is overhead,
Shinin' down in all its fury—
  Like to sweat yer till yer dead—
And yer want to go a swimmin'
  Where the pool lies cool and deep
Where the chestnut trees is droopin
  O'er the bank so high and steep.
But what's the use o' dreamin'
  When yo' got the crops to tend;
Then if ever, let me tell yer
  'S when a feller needs a friend.

When yer snatchin' little snoozes,
  Underneath a friendly tree,
With one eye just slightly open,
  Keepin' watch for Dad—oh, gee—
And yer hear far strains o' music
  From the angels floatin' down
(Which is really from an organ
  At a circus in the town),
An' yer think o' dogs an' monkeys,
  Candy, popcorn,—all galore,
Till yer thoughts are kind o' crosswise,
  An' yer head is purty sore;
Then yer dorg he comes up to yer,
  Es if ter say, "Pard, I'll help tend."
So, at last yer heart is happy,
  Coz yer know you-ve found a friend.

—PAUL G. TRUEBLOOD.

SOUTHERN LOVE SONG

Out in the evening, under the trees,
Swayed by the playing of the evening breeze,
Teasing the crickets as they chirp on the grass —
I greet the hours that pass.

Here by the brookside, under the hill,
Thrilled by the music of the whippoorwill,
Picking my banjo for a thread of a tune —
I'm happy under the moon.

Night 'round me playing, stars shining down,
Close by the ripple of the water brown —
I wish I had just nothing to do
But sit here, honey, with you!

— Malcolm Medler.

WIND IN THE NIGHT

Restless, vagrant, teasing wind!
You come as a lover and wrinkle my hair;
The boughs of the cherry tree sway at your will
And clouds ride over the moon!

The shades lie deep on the lawn, and there
My roses have yielded their petals in fear
(Killarney roses with petals of wax)
They do not like your caresses.

Sometimes you fling one a breath of their perfume,
Tempt me to follow you into the night;
Where would you lead me, O wind in-the-night,
O roving wind-in-the-night?

LELA BELLE SANDERS.

THE FOUR WINDS

The four winds are moaning and moaning;
The four winds they sigh and they sigh.
"Oh sister, how lovely you are!
Your mouth is like honey, like bitter wild honey;
Your eyes are sad dreams,
They are lost in the mists,
Your golden brown body sighs as it goes."
"Oh sister, how lovely you are!
Green ice are your eyes;
White ice are your arms;
And ice of the north are your lips.
Death is your gaze.
Death is your breath
Death, pallid death, is your touch.
The four winds are moaning and moaning;
The four winds they sigh and they sigh.

— Lela Bell Sanders.

CHANGELESS

Time may change granitic-heights,
Change the tidal ebb and flow,
Time may change familiar sight,
The setting sun, the after-glow.

Something there is time cannot kill,
Though worlds roll through eternity
And elements be changed to will—
It is my love, my love for thee.

Wesley D. Gordon.

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