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THE
Montanan
A Literary Magazine



STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

“THE STORE OF THE TOWN
FOR MEN AND WOMEN”

“*Barney's*”
FASHION SHOP

“IF IT COMES FROM BARNEY'S
IT MUST BE GOOD”

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THE MONTANAN

A Literary Magazine

VOL. 1, NO. 1

MAY, 1920

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The Montanan is published to serve as an outlet for the very living literary interest that is on the campus of The State University. As stories and essays and verse appear in print and become known to wider circles of readers than at present, stimulus will come to that interest, enlarging and enriching it.

It is hoped that literary material will come in abundance from students, faculty, and alumni, assuring frequent publication. The editors contemplate publication as often as sufficient material of high merit accumulates. At least four issues are in the minds of the editors for the coming college year. Winning literary products of university contests will be printed.

The submission of an article does not, of course, assure its appearance. Material will be chosen by the editors as a group. If a writer wishes the criticism of the editors he should ask for it on the manuscript submitted; otherwise the material, if not accepted, will be returned without comment. If he should wish his material to appear anonymously he should state that request on his signed manuscript.

Of necessity the contributors to this issue are largely the board of editors. While considerable material has been submitted much of it has not been in finished form and therefore could not be used. It is desired always to print the best material on the campus. The problem of the editors is how to get hold of it. Doubtless there is considerable material as good as that of this issue and better. If you have stories or essays or verse do not criticize this magazine: send to any editor whatever you may have. Material is now being collected for the fall issue, the editors desiring to have sufficient material on hand by June first.

The Montanan bespeaks your interest, hopes for your sympathetic reading of its contents, and asks, in the interest of building up the best magazine possible, that any criticism you may have of it be forwarded first of all to the editors. No activity such as this can thrive without the effort of community endeavor and the stimulus of community approval behind it. Thus far in its career it has met with the heartiest approval and co-operation, and therefore it feels encouraged. Will you give the magazine your support?

DAUGHTER OF PAN

Hail the joy-born woodland maiden,
Daughter of Pan—
Pan, the goat-hoofed laughter-maker,
Pan, the joyous sorrow-shaker;
Hail his daughter!

She with ripe-red laughter laden,
She with sun-white happiness,
Brings to us who know of sorrow
Fresh-red dreams to fill the morrow.

—H. G. Merriam.

Something Across the Ferry

THE gatekeeper jerked back the iron-paled grating with a clang and the crowd of homeward-bound shop girls and commuters hurried up the gang plank of the Jersey City ferry. Mabel and Stella elbowing their way thru the throng, pressed forward to the front of the "ladies compartment" and threw themselves down on a bench. A gong sounded, the big boat trembled, the pilings of her stall-like peer began to slide past the windows, and the ferry plowed thru the Hudson toward the Jersey side.

"Uxtra! Uxtra! All about de big Jersey City tennymment fire!" squawked a ragged newsboy, with the face of a man of forty and a voice which might have belonged to the Witch of Endor, "Papier? Papier, Miss?"

Mabel shrugged. "Not today, Clarice. Go peddle your tenement stuff to the mayor. It might give him a thrill."

"Ain't them little devils the weeds?" giggled Stella. "You'd think from the way he squawks that a tenement fire was a choice article from the novelty department. For my part, I wouldn't care if all the tenements east of Elmira burnt down—our ol' shack included."

"You've said it," her companion assented. "Just think of it, kid—wakin' up every mornin', six days a week, with nothin' to look forward to but Ol' Man Polinski's shirt factory, and at the end o' the day, nothin' awaitin' you across the ferry but "the Haviland," with its cabbages and garlic and squally brats. If we had anything to look forward to, kid, something at the other side of this ol' slough—but we haven't. We're like a couple o' fish in a show window, Stella; movin' back and forth in our dirty little glass jar, where the water ain't never changed, an' any day we're liable to be knocked outa the window, with nobody to pick us up."

"Fishes is right, kid; suckers, I'd call us. I'm getting mighty tired of it. Some o' these days I ain't goin' to git across. I'm goin' to do a Kellerman off the bow of this ol' floatin' hearse an' join the rest of the fish. If it wasn't for Charlie Fink I'd do it now, take it from me, kid."

"Yes, it sure is a hell of a life. I had a chance to land a job in a chorus last winter, in 'Betty o' the Bronx,' but ma wouldn't stand for it. When somethin' turns up your folks is always ready with the big patent hope-extinguisher. Ma even starts kickin' if I suggest takin' in a movie. It's the bunk, I say."

"Yes, it sure is the weeds," agreed Stella. "Say, kid, just feast your luscious orbs on that!"

"Oh heavings! Take me to the land o' jazz! What is he, Stell?"

"Huh, a dope, I guess—may be a con. Lamp the expression, kid. Looks like Sam Hatfield in 'The Resurrection of Fu Sing.'"

The object of their derision was indeed a forlorn-looking spectacle. He was a man of forty-five, perhaps, dressed in a somewhat threadbare suit of blue serge. His hands, clasping a folded newspaper, were long and white—not the hands of a laborer. A spot of ink on his cuff proclaimed him to be a bookkeeper or clerk. The man was staring

straight ahead, his eyes fixed, yet unseeing. The expression on his face resembled that of a death mask.

At his side was a hat box, stamped with the name of a Seventh Avenue millinery establishment. Two or three bundles suggestive of dry goods lay on the box.

"Let's get outa here; he gives me the creeps," said Stella. The two girls mounted the stairs to the upper deck and finding a bench, sat there for several minutes after the ferry arrived. At length they descended the stairs.

"We must hasten homeward, my deah," mimicked Stella. "Mother is waiting for her girruls. Oh, how I long once more to see that deah, deah fireside—n-i-t!"

"Oh, cut the comics, Stell. It's bad enough to think about it without the movie stuff. For the love o' Pete! Here it still sits!"

"It" referred to the man who had been the cause of their merri-ment a few minutes before.

"Come on, kid, let's jar him loose from his frame. It's our public duty," whispered Mabel. They walked over to the man.

"Wake up, Father Gloom," said Mabel. "The procession has arrove. Wifey and the kids are patiently waitin' to see the new spring lid. Wake up! You gimme the jimmies."

She laid her hand on his shoulder and shook him somewhat roughly. Instead of responding the man's head fell forward and he slid from the seat to the floor in a huddled awkward heap. Stella screamed.

Two or three of the deck hands ran over and picked the man up, laying him on the seat.

"Is — is he dead?" asked Mabel.

"No, he ain't dead; just keeled over. Let's look for his moniker."

They found a pocketbook in which was written the name, "Thomas Snyder, Liberty Apartments, Jersey City."

As one of the deck hands threw water on the man's face in order to revive him, Mabel picked up the crumbled newspaper and glanced at the heading. Stella stood behind her, reading over her shoulder. This is what they read:

"Tenement burns! Liberty Apartments utterly destroyed! Seven burn to death!" And below the following: "Among the dead is the entire family of Thomas Snyder, a wife and three children. Snyder is a clerk in the Holly Gas Works."

Mabel doubled the paper up and threw it over the rail. "Gawd!" she muttered, "Gawd!"

—Tate W. Peak.

LIBERTY

Here stands the Law,
The only Law men love,
Strong-limbed Liberty.

Here stands the Hope,
The only Hope men know,
Full-breasted Liberty.

Triumph

I HAVE always had a passion for gambling. Surely the lure of the gaming table is too strong in my blood to have been acquired during the few short years of my life. But the inheritance, if inheritance it is, comes from an ancestor more remote than my father, who, during the entire period of his four score years, was a man of principle. That principle was a compound of steadiness, honesty, integrity—virtues that in me are not lacking, but lack the strength and breadth and hardiness they possessed in my sire. Perhaps I have fallen heir to more than my share of hot blood from the scapegrace younger son who roved the Spanish Main under McDonald, and later settled in Virginia. Be that as it may, my heart quickens and always has quickened at the sight of the green felt, or the sound of shuffling cards or clicking dice. Excuses in no way alter the facts. I am a born gambler.

The first game I can remember was one called "Hull Gull," in which my mother would hold out her hand closed over a number of grains of corn. I would guess the number, and if I guessed correctly I would get them all; if not, I would pay her from my own pile the difference between the right and the wrong estimate. When we played this game it was always my mother who tired. I could have gone on for hours.

One Saturday, after I was old enough to go to school, I did go on for hours, when pennies, not grains of corn, were at stake. It was late when I reached home, and I stopped at the woodpile and gathered an arm-load to allay suspicion and to lighten whatever punishment might be in store for me. Neither my father nor my mother spoke a word when I came in and dropped the wood in the box by the kitchen stove. With some misgiving I showed them the pocketful of pennies I had won. My father was very angry. He switched me soundly and made me promise never to repeat the performance. After that he took me around to the homes of the boys from whom I had won the money and made me return, as nearly as I was able to reckon it, the amount I had taken from each.

For many years I kept the promise I had made to my father. But it was the letter and not the spirit that I kept; always there was the desire, whenever a game was in progress, to slip in from the outer edge of the crowd and shake my own pennies along with the rest. Sometimes after school I would go down the railroad track, about a half mile from town, where some men gathered on certain afternoons to shoot craps. I would watch them, fascinated, and wonder at the courage it must require to shove sixteen—thirty-two dollars out on the blanket, and say "shoot it all." Yet I knew, deep down in my heart, that I could step in, play with the boldest, and, win or lose, smile.

I was often accompanied on these excursions by Perin McKenny, a boy of about my own age, with whom I later became very intimate. He was a boy of quick decisions, quiet, modest, neat, possessing qualities of the artist, both in temperament and in ability. Throughout high school we elected the same classes, in-so-far as classes were elective then, and delighted in the keenest competition. His botany drawings were perfect, or seemed so to my envious eye, and made my notebook with with

its many erasures appear a sorry thing indeed. On the other hand I was always quicker than he at mathematics and full as accurate. I remember that he used to puzzle as much at my ability to solve an "original" theorem or corollary as I at his skill in drawing. And we would laugh and call quits.

Our friendship and rivalry were carried into athletics, where he starred in football and baseball, and I in football and track. We shared the football honors. I, at the end, was elected captain, while he was chosen quarterback. Then, as if to swing the balance in his favor again, he was made president of the senior class.

Upon graduation we accepted similar positions in the two banks that shared the town's patronage. I was not strongly in favor of cramping myself into a life so confining, but as my father and mother were rather far along in years, and as their support fell naturally upon my shoulders, I embraced the opportunity with eagerness, and set about learning all I could about banking.

Looking back, as I do now, at the way in which we two grew up together, fostering the same ideals, engaging in the same pastimes and sports, each endeavoring to outstrip the other in whatever pursuit we held in common, it does not seem at all surprising that the rivalry which we carried into our studies and our sports, and later into business, should have been carried still farther into a more personal field, when we fell in love with the same woman. Nor is it surprising that our affections should have been centered upon her. It would have been a surprise to me, though, if everyone who met her had not come under the spell of her winsomeness and charm, for she was the most beautiful and gracious woman I have ever met. Slender, light haired, blue eyed, she reminded me of some quiet pool when the afternoon sunshine flashes across its surface and dances with the dancing shadows. But no description of her physical characteristics can convey the depth and understanding that manifested itself in her personality. Suffice it to say that in every respect she embodied all that I hold ideal in womanhood.

Throughout the summer and late into the autumn months of the year in which she came to our town, Perin and I gave her every attention and vied with each other in showering benefits upon her. We had rivals, naturally, but the field narrowed down until only the two of us remained, regarding each other as chivalrous rivals, worthy opponents, strong, fair-minded men. The prize for whom we strove made us no decision (for we had not as yet asked for one), but treated us with equal graciousness, making us strive with all the more fervent ardor to obtain from her some sign of special favor. But none was forthcoming.

One crisp autumn evening I had the negro janitor build a fire in the office stove, and planned to return after supper to an evening of study. After he had got a good blaze started he pulled out a pair of dice from his pocket and deposited them in one of the drawers of the table.

"What's the matter, Mose?" I laughed. "Are you swearing off?"

"No, suh, not ezackly, but these heah ain't Friday dice. Dese bones is mos'ly unlucky on Fridays, suh. Y'see, they's days w'en—" and Mose proceeded to outline his theory of the baleful influence of certain days on certain dice.

On the way downtown that night I fell in with Perin McKenny. We had got into the habit of late, of sizing each other up every time

we met, and I confessed to a feeling of pride in the possession of so worthy an opponent. In his eyes I read a kindred feeling. He smiled and handed me a cigar.

"If she were my sister, Ned, there's not a man in the world I'd sooner trust her with than you. But she hasn't even offered to be a sister to me. Has she to you?"

I shook my head.

"Then," he continued, "we are on an equal footing. Isn't there some place we can go and talk the matter over?"

I suggested the office at the bank. He agreed. I unlocked the door and we went back into the office where I switched on the light and cleared away the books I had left on the table. The room was close and oppressive so I went to the end of it and raised the window. As I did so I heard the bump and rattle of cars that told me a freight train was switching in the yards. Then I turned, and we sat facing each other across the table and smoked for several minutes in silence.

I remember every detail distinctly now, every little minor, insignificant detail: what I saw, what I heard, what I thought, what I did. How many times have I not lived again in the months and years that followed, every minute of that night, in deepest remorse! How distinctly, even now, when the significance of the night's happenings has been modified and changed by time, can I recall his face as he sat opposite me.

"Ned," he was saying. "I am in a kind of wistful mood this evening. It is, and is not, akin to self-sacrifice. This thing cannot continue forever as it is going on now, but must end sooner or later in one of us securing the prize. If I were eliminated from the race right now I could say 'Luck to you, Ned, and happiness' with a sincere heart. But, if, as I say, it goes on—I tell you she is not a sister. One of us must drop out tonight, or from now on we become enemies, not rivals!"

I replied hotly: "If you think you can intimidate me into withdrawing, Perin, you forget that I do not give up easily."

A look of pain crossed his face. "Don't misunderstand. But can't we— isn't there some way—"

"The day of jousts and tourneys is past," I said, "but there is a way, as man to man, we can settle it for all time. Do you remember when we used to go down the track and watch the gambling?"

He nodded.

I opened the drawer and took out the dice. From the farther corner I caught the cold and ugly gleam of blue steel. I closed the drawer hurriedly and tossed the dice out upon the table. Perin hesitated. For just the fraction of a second he paused, and it was as if every thought, every muscle, every heartbeat, every emotion had been arrested by the enormity of the stake. Then he quickly reached forth a trembling hand and picked up the dice. His jaw was set in determination and his face was as colorless as gray marble.

The dice shook and shattered out unto the table. Four! Perin winced.

I, sitting opposite, was not excited. I laughed as the dice clicked and rattled and spun and came to a standstill. The old fierce enjoyment that had lain dormant for so many years had awakened from the subconscious and taken possession of me, directing my thoughts and sending my blood in a hot riot of delight through my body. Five, six,

nine, five again, rolled out. Past and present and future, all that I had been, all that I was, all that I might become, were staked on those erratic cubes of celluloid; yet I leaned back and smiled at the beads of perspiration that stood out on Perin's forehead.

"Take it easier, old man," I bantered. "Fortune may smile on you yet."

He cast a look at me, half anger, half rebuke, and threw out the dice. When they stopped rolling a three and an ace were uppermost.

I felt a sense of overwhelming loss; yet the "I" that felt it was an ego withdrawn like a spirit hovering above the table watching the game; it had no volition, no control; it was a thing apart from that smiling automaton that should have been Ned Branton. It was a very different, a very calm and unconcerned I that spoke:

"Very well, Perin, you win."

He sank trembling into his chair, started to rise, sat down again, fumbled for his cigar, relit it nervously, and hid behind a cloud of smoke. Then up from it he emerged unsteadily, clinging to the table for support. "This will never be mentioned outside these walls." I picked up the dice and returned them to the drawer before replying. Again I caught the glint of steel.

"No," I repeated after him, "this will never be mentioned outside of these walls."

My right hand crept forward and closed over the thing in the drawer. A second later and I had fired into the cloud of smoke. There was no loud report. There was no scream. Perin made no sound as he sank upon the carpet. There was a brief moment of silence so intense I could hear my watch ticking in my vest pocket. Then through the open window I heard the two short blasts of a locomotive that signalled its preparation for departure.

That sound spurred me to action. I sprang to the 'phone and asked central to call a doctor. Then I leaped from the window and raced wildly down the street toward the tracks. I passed someone who called out, "what's your hurry, Branton?" I sped on. As I neared the depot I saw the station flunkey's lantern at the switch wave a high-ball to the engineer, who had already pulled out onto the main track. I swung to the rod of a passing box car and scrambled up into it through the half-open door. The switch lights blinked past, and the train gathered speed as it struck the down grade.

I tried to put from my mind all thought of the night's happenings, but try as I might, I could not. The picture of Perin McKenny, unconscious, and clutching his side where a trickle of red had made its appearance, was not to be erased by the power of will. I turned and glanced about the car. By the dim light I saw—not three feet away—I saw a man stretched at full length, in almost identically the same position in which I had left Perin. Horrified, I would have cried out, but I could utter no sound. Reason told me I was a victim of hallucination; impulse urged me to leap from the train. Both were wrong. The man lifted his head and regarded me with some curiosity.

"Goin' south fer yer health, Mister?" he drawled. "And have y' got a cigarette on yuh?"

I held out my case. He got up and took it, turning it over two or three times in his hand.

"Kinda toney," he grunted, and took out two or three cigarettes and stowed them away somewhere about his person, assuring me that they would last him till morning. Then he lit one and held the match for me.

"You're a sorta prosperous-looking citizen," he observed critically. "You don't reckon they'll be a reception committee waitin' t' meet yuh down the line here, do yuh?"

"There might be," I replied. "I don't want to meet anybody. I want to go on through to — Texas, or somewhere and start in again. I want to atone—"

"That's a good word, Jack,—atone,—atone—. If I can remember that an' spring it on the judge next time it may save me 30 days' vag. But say, Mister, you ain't goin' on through to Texas or nowhere if the bulls is after yuh. They'll be friskin' these pleasure vehicles of ourn quick as we hit the yards. You 'n' me'd better climb off at the junction an' make tracks west. We can hit the Frisco tracks tomorrow an' continue on our way rejoicin', as the feller says."

"That sounds like good advice. You see I'm new to the ropes," I apologized.

"I'll learn 'em to yuh, if you'll stick with me a while. Yu'll hafta get out o' them duds though, or yuh'll loom up like a henhouse in a fog, as the feller says. I'll rustle you some tomorrow that'll make Wanderin' Willie sigh in despair."

"Is that your name?" I asked.

"Nope. I'm just Shorty. Who are you?"

"I'm 'Dude' Flynn."

"You're learnin'," he told me. "I reckon that's as good a name as any. Better'n Percy or Montavilla. Hell of a name that—Montavilla!"

Under guidance and direction of Shorty I made a clean getaway. He was a past master of the art of getting away and seemed to find a kind of gruff pleasure in instructing me. The nondescript garb in which he clothed me would have screened me from recognition even in my home town. He looked me over approvingly from battered derby to tattered shoes, and chuckled.

"That's art fer art's sake, as the feller says."

Clad as a knight of the road I allowed the old adage that clothes make the man prove itself in my life. I tramped, I gambled, I drank, begged meals, rode the blind or the rods, with the flotsam of humanity with whom I was constantly thrown in contact. Shorty, having no place else to go, or nothing else to do, accompanied me. We roved all over the southern states that winter, until misfortune in the form of a police judge, "laid both of us low, as the feller says"—to quote Shorty. Shorty's use of the word "atone" had little effect on the majesty of the law, so that in spite of it we were both sentenced to 30 days for vagrancy.

During the five months in which I had lived the life of a vagabond, that life had so fascinated me that I lived it eagerly, intensely, for it gave me opportunity to get away from my old self and its disquieting memories. Even then there were times when futility of attempting escape bore itself in upon my consciousness. I would lie awake and look up at the stars or gaze down into our campfire, troubled by a conscience that would not be quiet.

I knew I was not facing the issue squarely, but it was not until I was shut in with myself by the security of iron bars and stone walls that I was able to unite the divided self and restore harmony in my

being. Now conscience upbraided me for having considered myself a good loser, for having been so cocksure of a self that was too weak to bear up under loss. During the hours when I should have slept I lay awake trying to justify myself in my own sight, but found it unavailing. I weighed my soul and found it wanting in strength of purpose. It had not even lived up to its own questionable standard of "win or lose, smile"; at the first defeat it had done the shameful, the cowardly thing, and submitted itself to the control of brute jealousy. After passing judgment I felt that I had sunk as deep as I could into the depths of degeneration. I felt the upward urge, as must a seedling in spring, toward light and a higher life, and knew that when I was released I could not return to the road and its doubtful sidelights. What might be gained through surrender to justice and law? or through some method of my own toward atonement?

The question was settled for me when, one morning the jailer entered with the news that America had entered the war. He had orders from higher up to release vagrancy men who would enlist in the military or naval forces for foreign service. With him came a recruiting officer of marines who gave us a talk on the advantages offered in that branch of the service. After a brief conference with Shorty I decided to take this opportunity to correct the weaknesses and mistakes that had so nearly wrecked my life. Shorty's doubt only strengthened my resolution.

"You'll be 'the first to fight,' as the feller says," was his comment. "An' this country ain't none too strong in backin.' The chances are about two to one you won't come back, if you go in now."

"I'm through with chances for all time, Shorty," I told him. "I am going into this thing with the certain knowledge that I won't come back—in one piece, anyway. Chance has driven me from home. Chance—mere chance—is all that stands between me and a life term for killing the best friend I ever had. But the penitentiary does not offer me the opportunity to make good. The service does. Don't you want to come along, too?"

Shorty didn't. So I left him there and went away with the recruiting officer. I had no difficulty in passing the examination. I was physically fit. The recruiting officer marked my papers O. K. and sent me to Paris Island where I was assigned to the Fifth Marines. After the required amount of training the regiment was sent to France. The training I received, the brisk, snappy drill, the strict discipline proved to be the mental tonic I needed. I had accomplished something toward my regeneration and felt some pride in my attainments, for I was finally promoted to the rank of sergeant; yet it was not a selfish pride. For me that promotion was only a step toward the higher sacrifice on the battlefield. I looked forward with eagerness to the encounter and felt highly elated when the order came to advance and hold the line that had broken before the onslaught of German infantry.

The sound of artillery was music to my ears. The broken and desperate fragment of the French army that we met assured me that the great sacrifice was in store.

Our first night at the front our captain was recalled by official order to take his place on the staff at Paris. He swore roundly and handed me the order. "It's too damn few officers we have here now, Flynn. Look after this hole in the mud, will you, till that replacement gets

here? Too bad that Lieutenant Collin got picked off.— You'll be goin' over the top tomorrow. Give 'em hell!" and the captain departed.

I looked at the order and ran after the captain to return it to him. But in the second that I glanced at it I had read the name of Lt. Perin Mc Kenny, U. S. M. C. Nothing could have surprised me more; for it had never occurred to me that Perin might have lived. Always I had pictured him as lying dead on the carpet of the bank office, blood-soaked and stiffening. Here was gladdening news indeed. I left the officers' dugout in charge of a corporal and turned in to snatch a few winks of sleep. I did not want to meet Perin and yet—

Before daylight the guard woke me up.

"The new louie says everybody up. Get your men out. Four-thirty's the zero hour and we're pushing ahead. The artillery opens up in about ten minutes."

At the appointed time we were waiting, ready to charge. It was still too dark for faces to be recognized. Yet I trembled lest Perin should recognize me when I reported to him that the men were ready to go.

"Very well," he said, and returned my salute.

At the zero hour we charged. The bombardment from both sides was terrific. For hours, it seemed, we rushed forward over ground that shook and trembled beneath the concussion of the big guns. Then a gray line swept out of the enemy trenches to meet us. Here and there along our line men were falling.

Perin it was who led the charge. I was, perhaps, 25 or 30 feet away to the left, when I saw three Germans rushing toward him, their saw-tooth bayonets at charge. I do not know what intervened, but I can remember that I reached him, swinging my rifle like a club. One of them I stopped when a shell burst almost in our midst. I turned toward Perin and saw that he recognized me. Then I pitched forward unconscious.

I woke in an emergency dressing station. There was a dull pain in my bandaged head and a strangeness about my body. My left leg was in splints. But I was happy in spite of my pain. I had "come back."

A few weeks later, when I was able to sit up in the convalescent ward in a hospital in southern France, Perin came in on crutches. He saw me and smiled. "So I have found you at last!" he called. "I've been hunting for you all through the ward."

I tried to smile back, but instead the tears rolled down my cheeks and fell to the white coverlet.

"We went on through," he continued, "and drove them back. All Belleau Wood is ours now. They got me, though, the next day; and it was a close call when you went down. I wouldn't be here now if you were not a good sprinter."

"But I can't ever make it up to you, Perin," I said.

"You have done more than that already," he replied. "You have made it up to your country."

"But the rest of it—"

"There is no rest. Margaret left for Illinois before you had been gone a week. I was past all danger then. Your bullet skidded along a rib and ploughed out again, so I wasn't much the worse for it."

"Then you're not—"

"No; I thought it over and decided that friendship was worth more than the dishonest victory I had won. I could not accept your terms even

when I had won out by them. Are you willing to call quits once again? We aren't even rivals any more."

"No," I said as I took his hand, "not even rivals, for I, too, have given up that same ambition that set us at sword's points. Can we be friends again? Is my friendship worth anything at all now after what has passed?"

The war is over now and Perin and I are both back in the old town holding down our old positions. For us the past is buried and a bright present is here. My father died a few months ago, but he lived to see the fruits of steadiness, honesty and integrity that he had early implanted in my training come to bear and so died happy. I, living, am happy, too, for friendship has proved stronger than the passion for gambling.

—Homer M. Parsons.

ANDROMACHE

She dropped the silver shuttle when she heard
The women's moaning;
Toward the hushed towers like a livid bird
She winged the gloaming,
There, seeing Hector on the Argive plain, her world grew dark.

Her little cry, pain smothered, thru the years
Has echoed down,
And every warrior's wife has known her fears
And worn her crown,
And maids at fragile echoes of her tears have paused to hark.

Yet do I think the Destinies were kind
To her of Troy.
Like flowers to feel a Hector's kisses bind
My hair were joy
Greater than those Grey Three vouchsafe to mortal hearts to know.

No peasant love was hers, eventless, long,
A stormy while
Falls to the hero's bride, yet his last song,
Soft as a smile,
Sounds in her ears like sea waves in a shell, eternal, low.

—Ruth Hamilton.

CONSOLATION

Consolation! Consolation! Consolation!
Sweet of sound,
Sweet of touch,
Sweet of sight,
Bind our wound,
Break our crutch,
Bring us light.
Consolation! Consolation! Consolation!

—H. G. Merriam.

The Golden Sponge

"I'M going to have a slate, too," seven-year-old Jane Sayre told Hilda Hagenberger as they scuffed through the fallen leaves, together on their way to school. Hilda, be it said, was carrying a new slate and from it dangled a golden sponge.

It was the sponge which at first sight had suggested all sorts of possibilities for Jane, and now that she had decided upon a slate for her very own, it was the sponge that sent the sick little thrills through her small body until she trembled with something akin to the ecstasy she experienced in anticipation of a new doll at Christmas time. She wished passionately she had displayed as much foresight as Hilda and come to school equipped for work on this first morning.

But then Hilda was unmistakably a superior person, living as she did in a white house almost smothered by its surrounding lilac bushes, with flower gardens running riot over the entire front yard and a long clovered meadow, beside, where red cows grazed afar off during the day to be chased home at evening by Hilda, herself, and the little sister Alma, who came with Hilda sometimes to deliver the Sayre's milk. Jane thought humbly enough of their own low brick white-pillared house shaded by the friendly cottonwoods, whose sprawling roots marred the smooth turf of lawn her mother cherished and her father tried hard to cultivate; and scarcely to be considered was the trim garden in the back yard, where asters and scarlet gladiolas were now holding forth against the frosty nights.

Jane's mother had watched her small daughter go down the pebbled garden walk and out the iron gate with a tender smile about her lips and a rare pride in her heart. Perhaps she did not think just then how sweet were the gray eyes and sensitive mouth in the little eager face she had just kissed, but the trim socks and crisp blue gingham dress peeping below the child's coat, and the bright hair escaping so prettily from the velvet tam she wore jauntily over one ear were entirely to the mother's satisfaction. "Yes," she mused somewhat irrelevantly when the sturdy legs of innumerable small Teutons trooped by a moment afterward, "she will do."

Jane in the meantime was deciding in favor of these same Teutons that she would not do. She heartily approved of the tight flaxen braids on a plump child across the aisle and the manner in which they were doubled up and wound with string before the finishing bows of red ribbon were added.

Moreover, it was fascinating to watch Hilda Hagenberger in the seat ahead of her caring for her slate with the sponge. Hilda also wore braids, and to Jane it was the height of romance to reach down under your desk, where the sponge hung suspended on a string, and with one braid slanting across your back and the other falling over your shoulder until it finally came around in front, minister to your slate with water from a fancy cologne bottle. Hilda must have washed hers half a dozen times during the morning and each time Jane vowed anew she would wear braids in the future and have a slate with a sponge.

"But mother," she protested tearfully that evening when she beheld only one hair ribbon in readiness among the small garments her mother

had carefully laid out ready for the next day, "why can't I have my hair braided? It would look all right, moth-er." She had been teasing for braided hair and the slate with a sponge ever since she had come home. Suddenly she whisked about in her little white night gown and stood before her mother's tall mirror while she tortured her fluffy hair into two miserable uneven pigtails. "See, like this!" she said, surveying the effect, when she had finished, with huge satisfaction and turning a hopeful tear-stained face to her mother upon whom had descended once more the painful task of explaining that braids were never worn becomingly by small girls with short fluffy hair.

"I foresee there is going to be no end to the trouble we shall have sending Jane to school with these German children." Mrs. Sayre sank despondently into a chair before the open fire and regarded her husband, who had been buried the while in an old volume of Matthew Arnold's poems, which he had brought home from the town's meager library.

"Why, how so?" he inquired, looking up and beholding his wife's attitude of dejection with some surprise.

"Oh, Jane has been teasing for a slate ever since she came home from school this afternoon because Hilda Hagenberger and some of the other children have slates, and she has just sobbed herself to sleep because I refuse to let her wear her hair braided. She's too young for braids; her little face looks so thin. And George," Mrs. Sayre leaned toward him in her earnestness, "I can't let Jane have a slate; they are too dreadfully unsanitary."

Mr. Sayre bent and kissed his wife's hair. "Poor little kid," he said reflectively. "It's the instinct for imitation, and it amounts to a passion, sometimes, in childhood. We must see what we can do about it."

"Couldn't we let her have the slate, Ellen?" he said after a moment's thought, "it couldn't really hurt her, you know—and if the other children have them? They're only a trifle unsanitary if the children spit on them, and we could provide Jane with plenty of rags and a bottle of water."

"Rags! It's a slate with a sponge that Jane wants, and the sponge is the important thing, George," Mrs. Sayre protested, but smiling a little in spite of herself. "Jane has told me a dozen times since dinner, if she has told me once, how cleverly Hilda Hagenberger washed her slate."

"Well, suppose we consent to a slate, then, Ellen, with a sponge. By George!" he exploded a moment afterward, "if the stores were open, I'd go and get the slate tonight, and have it on the foot of Jane's bed in the morning for a surprise."

"I believe that you could almost break in and steal a slate, now," Mrs. Sayre laughed, immensely cheered after the stormy scene while she was putting Jane to bed.

It would have been difficult, indeed, the next morning to say which was the happier, the tall man or the little bright-haired girl skipping merrily at his side. Mrs. Sayre watched them go to town together and smiled every time Jane frisked through the leaves or stopped to lift her little face and sniff the crisp air.

"There will be time, of course, to go home and show them to mother, and get some string for the sponge?" she was suggesting hopefully as she came back from one of her frisks to slip her hand happily into her father's and trip at his side.

"Of course," he reassured her, "and I shouldn't wonder if we could take the slate home with the string already attached. I have an idea the store man will give us some string if we ask him for it."

This was enchanting. Jane beamed at her father as they entered the store. But a moment afterward her little face filled with anxiety at not finding a single slate displayed among all the array of school supplies laid out on a counter before them. There were, to be sure, bundles of slate pencils wrapped with red, white and blue striped paper, exactly like Hilda's and some done up in gold paper like the one Sadie Gluck had at school in a new orange pencil box with a key, but Jane was only reassured by spying a whole showcase full of sponges which she marched up to and stood gazing at from her tiptoes.

She could scarcely believe some moments later that she heard the store-keeper aright, that he actually was telling her father there were no slates in town; and she listened with a heavy sinking of heart to the eternity of a week's wait the store-keeper pronounced with the matter-of-factness of business.

Her little body sagged all day with disappointment. But by night hope had reasserted itself, fanned into flame by glimpses of Hilda's slate and sponge as the children walked home together. "A week isn't so ver-ry long," she told herself as she shot out like a bird into the air in her swing.

She swung thus every day, picturing herself in pleasant imaginings, walking down the aisle of the schoolroom with the slate under her arm, trailed by the most enchanting of sponges, canary yellow and unusually fluffy, and watched by all the little boys and girls who turned in their seats to look at her, nodding their approval as she passed, and a few of them who hadn't slates casting covert glances of envy in her direction. She had come to see sponges everywhere: in the puffy clouds that piled high behind her house, and even the golden fleece in the story her mother was reading to her was pale yellow and grossly porous.

On night Mr. Sayre came home earlier than usual with a package under his arm. It was a windy night and Jane was watching several pairs of swallows which had flown from the barn in the next yard and were now circling with a flock overhead in the sky.

Mrs. Sayre found them a moment afterward in the living room and Jane in tears. "But it's dub-bl', and the sponge is too lit-tl'; it hasn't any holes a-tall," the child sobbed. And Mr. Sayre, who in his generosity had forgotten all about "the instinct for imitation that is almost a passion, sometimes, in childhood" had to make plans straightway for another early morning trip to town.

—Wilda Linderman.

THE GARDEN

In spring we make a wee flower bed,
Louise and I and brother Fred;
Louise has a trowel and I a spade—
We dig our garden in the shade.

For valley lilies pure, you know,
In gaudy sunshine will not grow;
And modest violets from the light
Like shy small people shrink from sight.

—Wilda Linderman.

Golden Browns

IT is a bleak December morning. The wintry winds blow shrill, drifting the snow in billowy piles against the window of my kitchen—which seems all the more cheerful, in contrast, with its snapping tea-kettle, and the odor of ginger cookies.

I cut the cakes, and as the fragments fall away, so do the years, and I am a little girl again at my mother's kitchen table, intently watching the process of cooky-making, and anxiously awaiting that moment when my mother will deem it proper to bestow upon me a few fragments that I may pat and roll to my heart's content, and then cut into tiny cakes with a thimble and bake. I feel again the tragedy of that awful moment when, after too long an interval of play, I open the oven door and find my cakes but bits of charcoal on a blackened plate. But my grief is assuaged when mother, filling a paper bag with the freshly made cookies, says, "You and William may take these to Mrs. Fleming," a neighbor who excited our childish pity because too old to make cookies. We are to share the pleasure of the errand by each carrying the cookies half way—but which half! This was a serious question, and decision of it brought much dispute. Tho our childish minds but dimly comprehended the reason, we each desired the latter half because it entailed the personal pleasure of presenting the cookies. Therein we displayed a very human characteristic not uncommon among mature persons.

I hurry to the oven fearing that during my trip across the continent and the years my cookies may have burned, but no, they are a beautiful golden brown. I turn them out to cool, and roll and cut more dough, and as I do so another scene arises. It is an old-fashioned New England kitchen of light and airy space, with ceiling high and floor of maple, smooth and white, in which I am mistress of the board and the bright eyes of little children look up at me expectantly and little hands twitch nervously until quieted with tiny fragments of the dough which they roll and pat and bake and burn in turn—for the love of cooky-making has descended even to the third generation. Four little heads, dark and fair, peep out from sheltered nooks, which, with tiny dishes and their bits of dough, aided by a child's keen imagination, are to them kitchens of their own wherein they wield despotic sway. Lest I cross the imaginary line dividing their domains from mine I must thread my way carefully. Very clearly I see again the childish faces of my boys and girls as they bend with serious air to roll and pat and carve their cakes.

My pile of golden browns is growing fast, and the sight of them brings another scene to me. It is a western prairie, with the scent of sagebrush in the warm spring air and the sound of children's play coming in at the open door, of children grown too tall and busy now with outdoor play and games to pat and roll the cakes, but with interest in their making unabated—for when they scent the odor they leave their play and followed by their playmates cluster round the door, and I cast anxious glances on my cooky pile. Soon they peep into the kitchen calling, "Mother, we smell cookies; may we have one?" "One," I say and look about to count, but it is of no use, for wistful looks from childish eyes cannot be denied. In they file and one by one, with grimy play-

stained hands, draw a cookie from the pile and smiling thanks run back to play. The lessened pile full well the tale of numbers tells, but what are cookies compared with the happy memory of children's smiles?

My cookies now are done, and as I place them in the stone jar so like my mother's, I wish that children everywhere might know the blessed influence of cooky-making. And whoever said the housework is dull and kitchen tasks but drudgery, never experienced the joy of cooky-making, with reminiscences, on a wintry morning.

—Belle M. Whitham.

IN DECEMBER

I am the shadow of the autumn leaf
That fell two months ago.
I am wasted and spent until nothing is left of me
But memory—and a wistful sigh.
I am a ghost of the past; even cottage doors
Are closed against me.

But I can remember days when I was welcome;
Days when the summer sun was warm and bright,
And the cottage doors were flung open
And I danced there in the sunlit kitchen
A sprightly dance—while a little child
Crept and cooed and patted the floor joyously
In his endeavor to catch me.

Days and days, and happy days—till came
A day when the substance of me, (I am the shadow)
Drest herself in a garment of yellow and red
And ran off with the night wind.
The trees are empty now, and in the night-time
I creep among the branches, seeking,
Seeking I scarce know what.

Last night I looked down through the cottage window:
I could see the fire in the cook-stove, hear the kettle sing,
And watch the happy faces of the man and his wife
As they sat down to supper, there in the yellow lamp-light.
The child in his high-chair laughed,
And banged his tin plate on the bib of his chair.
Even the shadows looked happy and contented.

Now I think I know what it was—this thing that I sought—
But
I am a ghost of the past; even cottage doors
Are closed against me.

—Homer M. Parsons.

The Black Crepe Hat

AUNT MILLIE of Conway had a black crepe hat in her shop window. It was flanked on one side by a cherry-colored affair, and on the other by a flamboyant sailor. But all the world shopped and gazed at the black crepe hat. Aunt Millie had outdone herself indeed.

It doesn't sound so very charming to be sure, but if you could have seen its cunning corners, and the way the sheer, soft crepe coiled like smoke-wreaths about the delicate straw, and over it all the most exquisite and elusive of black gauze veils! Well, all I can say is, that Conway rose and stood on tiptoe and held its breath, waiting for the next funeral.

But the black crepe hat was marked "\$30," and in Conway one doesn't pay thirty dollars for any millinery creation whatever. So two funerals came and went, Grandpa Goodwin's and the strange girl's, who worked in the cotton mill, and still the black crepe hat waited. The cherry-colored affair was sold to the mayor's niece, and fat Mrs. Meredith bought the flamboyant sailor and looked perfectly ridiculous in it. But the black crepe hat remained alone on its pedestal of honor.

Aunt Millie pondered a long time, and almost put the price down. But her little apprentice burst into tears and said that then one of the mill girls would buy it sure, and it was only "for a queen or an opera singer or maybe Mary Pickford."

Martha Louise came in one day after a yard of velvet and adored the hat.

"Someone with very pink cheeks would look lovely in it," she commented.

Martha Louise is forty-five, and she is the only one of the Carys who never married, which seems a pity for she would have made someone such a good wife. It's queer, too, for she was the most romantic of them all. She paints water colors of White Horse Ledge and Sugar Loaf Mountain and the Ossipee range. Twice a year she holds exhibitions in the Town Hall, but nobody ever buys anything. Conway doesn't run much to art.

Hetty, the school teacher, dropped in the next afternoon and said that somebody with really gold hair should buy the hat, that gold and black were splendid together. But there's nobody in Conway with really gold hair except the youngest Burke baby, and of course, it couldn't wear it.

Even the minister called to see Aunt Millie and inquire about her Sunday school class. The ministers of Conway have always been nice, but this is the nicest one they've ever had. He is quite young and blushes nicely when the choir girls speak to him, even now that he is married.

"Some young lady with forget-me-not eyes and a soft white throat would be set off to great advantage by that hat," he remarked, and sighed.

The minister's wife has forget-me-not eyes and a soft white throat. Her father had died only a little while before, and the hat would have been very appropriate, for she was still in mourning. But ministers' salaries do not usually allow of thirty-dollar hats for wives, so she wore

her old grey turban all winter, with the plush nearly worn off. Sometimes Aunt Millie would step out of the shop and the little apprentice would try on the hat before the mirrors and hold the hand glass at every conceivable angle. It didn't look well on her, tho, for she has brown freckles on her nose, and her hair is the color of old molasses. So she re-adjusted the veil with careful fingers and smoothed the white chiffon reverently and put the hat back on its pedestal and cried over it.

It was on the 20th of June that Let Ambrose died. All the way from the big bend to the Mill bridge the roses were in bloom and Durkin's meadow was full of Queen Anne's lace. The square was the prettiest it had ever been, with the flag fluttering every day (these were war times and Conway had the tallest flag pole in the country) and big white clouds rambling above it, and the honey suckle bushes in bloom below. There were meadow larks nesting in all the pastures, and the trees in the orchards were full of tiny apples, delicately green, that the children liked to eat with salt on them. It must be dreadful to die in June.

The Ambroses are the second richest family in Conway, and everyone was certain that Let's widow would buy the hat. Sure enough, it disappeared from the window.

"I suppose it went to Agnes Ambrose," said Hetty to Aunt Millie conversationally. It was the afternoon of the Ladies' Aid and they had sent Hetty across to the shop just to make sure. They had been gossiping about Let and the way Agnes had been taking on.

"Maybe, maybe," said Aunt Millie with her mouth full of pins, "fetch me that green maline," she added to the apprentice.

That was all Hetty could get out of her. Aunt Millie knows all the secrets of Conway from before Cleveland's administration, and she has never told but one of them.

The Ladies Aid captured the apprentice and questioned her, but she cried and wouldn't say anything.

Everyone in town went to the funeral except Grandma Curtis, who's bedridden, and Martha Louise, who said she didn't have anything to wear, and the mayor's niece, who was out of town visiting at the Crossroads. The hat was not at the funeral. Agnes Ambrose didn't wear it, nor her oldest daughter, nor Let's sister, nor anyone. Nobody in Conway has ever seen so much as a crepe rosette from that hat to this day. It is written in the annals of unsolved mysteries of the town, such as who shot Dave Whitney, and why the railroad moved the division point to the Crossroads and which of the Meredith twins is which.

Two nights after they buried Let Ambrose, the apprentice came back to Aunt Millie's to do some extra sewing. The mayor's niece had ordered another hat—that made three that summer and the whole town was talking, it being war time and all.

"I seen her in it," she told Aunt Millie in a scared voice, "and oh, but she looked grand. Like the hat was just picked out for her by the good angels and they'd placed it on her head. It's funny too, for she ain't got forget-me-not eyes, nor gold hair nor no pink cheeks. But she looked jest—jest grand. She was trying it on in her room she rents at

the minister's and I peeked under the shade. Please, Aunt Millie, won't you tell me why she bought it? She looked jest—jest grand!"

"Fetch me some green maline," said Aunt Millie.

There was silence for a while. The scissors snipped. Aunt Millie cut a thread.

"They went together years ago, Martha Louise, 'n Let," she said slowly. "Folks used to say they was engaged. And then, all of a sudden, he up and married Agnes. That's all. * * * You're putting those stitches all in crooked," she added sharply.

—Ruth Hamilton.

RONDEL—YOUTH SARCASTIC

For all your righteous platitude and prayer.

You lie, old blatherskite, when you declare:

"The best is yet; grow old along with me."

Here's youth—when age falls into disrepair,

Looks on. Wisdom to welcome beggary?

That cannot be.

Wisdom to hoard your happy golden years,

And run your fingers through them when death nears

To ape and mock your miser misery?

"And death complete the same!" Is't news that cheers—

Death's fingers clink them in his treasury?

That cannot be.

Polonius, too, could offer good advice,

And wordy. Yet—but then, if this suffice

To reconcile you, this—philosophy—

Keep it; even term it, if you care to, nice—

But best? Tell not that ancient tale to me!

That cannot be.

—Homer M. Parsons.

JAPAN

Of all the foreign lands I know

Japan's the place I'd like to go;

There dainty bamboo houses grow

And yellow lanterns hanging low

Stir softly in the dark.

And pretty ladies sit at ease,

Like children dropped upon their knees,

Politely serving rice and teas—

And 'rickshaw carriages one sees

And bridges bending in an arc.

—Wilda Linderman.

The Green Plush Rocker

"**N**OW, Father, you don't want Sally to be ashamed of her home and her folks when she comes back, do you?"

When he heard his daughter's name introduced into the argument, Father knew he was beaten. Still, he made one last effort to hold the fort.

"But Ma, I don't see 's she's ever had call to be, has she?"

"No, of course not. But you don't appreciate the difference. People are changing. It's not enough to have a tight roof over your head, and a big wood pile, any more. We must have the house remodelled, the grounds laid out, and we must keep a gardener and a maid." Mother adopted an aggrieved air. "It isn't as though we couldn't afford it. We have as much money as the Greenboughs, or the Bitherbodys, or anybody else in the town. I can't see why you object; I really can't. We are just as good as they, and you should be willing to prove it."

"Now," Mother was referring to her papers, "with a big front entry, a tea-room in here, the parlor divided into small reception room, and a library, and ——."

At each suggested change Father seemed to shrink further into himself. His blue eyes had the hurt look of a small, rebellious child's. Still, —he was beaten;—and he knew it.

"And—and the settin' room, Ma?" he queried desperately. If the old green plush sitting-room, with its air-tight stove, sunken chairs, and ugly, friendly comfort would be left him, an oasis in a desert of horrible pink and white and gold rooms, maybe he could bear up, somehow.

"The sitting-room, Father, I think can be made over into a very nice music room and conservatory."

Father's last hope had fled. Descending upon him he saw an army of pink and white fragile maids (to match the room), with little curtsies which struck terror to his heart. He saw himself hounded from room to room, looking vainly for a comfortable corner where he might take off his shoes and settle down in peace with his pipe to read the evening paper and smoke. He felt a suffocating pressure about his neck as of stiff Sunday collars worn every day; his eyes grew misty and his lips trembled with self-pity. Mother continued talking, but with unseeing gaze out of the window, Father sat reviewing the happenings which had culminated in this tragedy.

About a month previous to the Indian Summer day on which this conversation took place, an epidemic of modernity had struck Harlemtown. The cause of its strange appearance was shrouded in mystery. It was not due to any progressive citizens moving into town, for no one ever moved into Harlemtown. At various times people moved away, but these were of the younger set described by the estimable pillars of Harlemtown as "wild" and "harem-scarem." Those who remained were contented to remain, and endeavored to teach their children to be contented, and thus the population remained static.

Contentment was the keynote of Harlemtown. Had Irving mislaid his Sleepy Hollow anywhere, he might, with the utmost confidence, have transplanted Harlemtown to New England and surrounded his characters

with its peaceful atmosphere. Shut in by high mountains which blinked in the sunshine like lazy elephants, with the blue sky perpetually smiling above them, Harlenton was sufficient unto itself and asked no favors of the outside world. Even the one train daily which passed through the pretty valley slowed up when it got within "whiffing" distance of Harlenton's complacent sleepiness.

Into this innocent and blinking-eyed existence was deposited, by a no doubt chuckling fate, a tiny germ of social aspiration. It seemed to attack several people in the town at the same time, but it pounced upon Mrs. Bitherbody the hardest. Fashion magazines, pamphlets of architecture, and books on landscape gardening began to flood the mails. Then the carpenters commenced work upon the scandalized old house, and when this had been transformed into a miniature mansion with four great white Colonial pillars in front, men came and ploughed the smiling daisy field around the house, and cut down all the great trees except a stiff row along the "drive"—no longer the "lane." Moreover, the now-lorgnetted Mrs. Bitherbody imported a white aproned maid—not a "hired girl," mind, but a haughty creature whose only business was to answer the door bell and make daring visitors quail before the majesty of her aloofness.

Father's modest lots adjoined the Bitherbodys and he felt it in his bones from the first moment of the upheaval next door, that Mother would be pulled into the maelstrom. Thus he was not entirely unprepared when Mother mustered her forces and bore down upon his meek defenses that morning in the kitchen. And while he weakly assented, having known all along that he would assent, something deep down within him was muttering over and over, "I won't have it so. I won't! I won't!" And this wee small voice immediately began making and rejecting plans to defeat the indomitable purpose of bright-eyed little Mother.

A week later operations were well under way. Mother often glanced at Father covertly and anxiously, when the carpenters and gardeners started work. But Father seemed lost in a brown study, and once absent-mindedly gave the astounded but sympathetic boss of the gang a five-dollar bill and told him that he need not bother to come back next day.

"We're going to be all torn up for about a week, Father." Mother announced one day. "I was thinking you might stay at the Club rooms. Mathilda and I'll be so busy cleaning and straightening around that we won't have much time to get meals."

"Why, yes, Mother," Father said absently, meekly; then suddenly brightened and repeated with animation, "Why, yes, Mother."

"Poor Pa," Mother observed to Mathilda later, "I thought it would be better to have him gone when we move the old furniture out and go over the old rooms. Mr. Huggens didn't want to take that old easy rocker or the settee, and I'm going to store them in the summer kitchen. We won't be using it any more this year."

The day the carpenters left Mother telephoned Father to come home. She put on an old faded gingham dress to soften the shock of his arrival at the changed house for him if she could. But if Father was shocked, he did it well. It was Mother who gasped when he came up the walk. He wore, not the shiny black "best suit" with tortuous white collar, that he went away in, but a stylish, (indeed Mother afterwards in a letter to

Sally described it as "impertinent") grey tweed suit, with a soft hat to match, and he carried, rather awkwardly it is true, although Mother overlooked this, a cane. Fahter kept his honest, blue eyes, in which was unholy glee at Mother's amazement, averted, and there was an apologetic stammer in his voice as he remarked, with forced gaiety:

"Like me, Mother? Bitherbody took me in hand. Well, well, well, the old place is surely changed—and it sure looks stylish, I'll say that much."

Mother led him through the house, all the time with covert glances at Father's unaccustomed garb and pointed out the improvements.

A few nights later about eight o'clock Father exhibited a strange restlessness. He got up from the Morris chair in the "library" and glanced at Mother across the table. She was stiffly and conscientiously reading one of the heavy volumes which had been bought to place in the new bookcases lining the walls. He walked to the window, cleared his throat, then came back, sat down, and pretended to read again. Finally in an explosive tone he said:

"Guess I'll go down to the club for a little bit, Ma."

Mother looked surprised, and a little hurt, but she said cheerfully:

"Why—that's just the thing, Pa. Mr. Bitherbody does, and it looks smart—gives you tone and polishing."

Father did not come in until twelve o'clock that night. Mother went to bed at ten and pretended to be asleep when he came surreptitiously up-stairs. The next morning he appeared rather sheepish, and introduced apologetic explanatory statements into Mother's over-cheerful conversation.

"Got awful' int'rested last night. Bitherbody's learnin' me to play rummy."

Mother was startled, but she tried not to show it. Father's folks had been strict Methodists and to conciliate Father and card playing required the re-adjustment of much of her mental furniture.

The same thing happened the next night, and the next, and the next. Mother began to be frightened, especially when Father started to drop hints of "pools" and "jack-pots." She had a vague idea that these terms applied to gambling. In answer to her frantic, special-delivery letter to Sally, however, she learned that it had something to do with a little friendly game that men often played. Sally laughed at her qualms and pooh-poohed the idea of "dear old Dad's" doing anything out of the ordinary. So Mother manfully tried to smother her uneasiness. But her attitude was constrained and nervous. Father was apparently enjoying life hugely. He never showed signs of missing his old friends, the easychair and his pipe. Once he smoked a cigar with a gold band on it out on the front porch—I mean the "veranda"—in full view of the library windows where Mother was endeavoring to reconcile her long and supposedly intimate knowledge of Father's character, to his present strange behavior. That his face showed savage distaste for the cigar when his back was to the window, and babyish bliss when he faced that way, of course Mother could not know.

Mother gave up the idea of a maid, immediately after Father had ventured the remark one day that a maid (inwardly quaking for fear Mother would hear the quaver of dislike in his voice) "dustin' around, you know," wouldn't be so amiss. But still the club drew Father to it every night. Then Mother dropped hints of having some of the old

furniture back and even tried to get Father interested in a plan for a vegetable garden in place of the planned-on flower bed in the spring. Things were fast reaching a climax, and poor Mother felt her foundations sliding from under her feet. She took to telling her troubles to, and wiping her eyes on, Tom, the old cat who had been rescued from his banishment to the "garage."

One night about an hour after Father had left, Mother sighed, and, taking Tom in her arms, went to the back door to put him out. She stood in the doorway and gazed out on the old familiar back yard, looking friendly and comforting in the frosty November moonlight. She took a deep breath, then exhaled it suddenly and sniffed several times. Her face, which a moment before had been sad and wistful, had an intense and eager look. Surely that odor, brought faintly on the wind, was the smell of Father's abominable old pipe! Mother looked toward the summer kitchen from which direction the breeze was blowing. Sure enough, there was a betraying glimmer under the door. The vague suspicion, a moment before springing to life in Mother's mind, became almost a certainty wanting only proof. The front window of the shack showed only blackness, so she stealthily tip-toed around to the back one. Peering inside, she gave a gasp, quickly stifled. Within, in the old green plush rocker, his feet on the stove, sat Father! He was in his shirt sleeves and collar and tie were flung on the settee. Around him billowed lovingly the yellow smoke from the disgraceful pipe clenched between his teth, and he was reading a suspicious-looking dairying book. He was blissfully, whole-heartedly enjoying himself in his element. Mother's look passed from surprised disbelief, relieved triumph, to maternal tenderness; then she softly turned and tip-toed around the building and into the house.

A few days later when Mrs. Bitherbody, on her initial appraising call, entered Mother's "library" she gave a start of surprise. Mother stiffened too as she noted her caller's amazed glance rest on the bold white back of a large dairying booklet staring out from the dark leather books in the case. But a little sparkle came into Mother's eyes as she marched across the room, past all the gilded, spindle-legged chairs, and, pulling the incongruous old plush rocker gently forward, said sweetly:

"Do sit down a minute before you go, my dear Mrs. Bitherbody."

—Pearl Hefferlin.

LODGING

The bread and wine of life are bitter,
(Thy heart hath bitter grown)
And I am weary of the tavern.
(You drink too long alone.)

I'll leave this inn and all its rabble,
(Someone may need thee there)
And seek a richer board and silent.
(Death may give scanty fare.)

—Tesla V. Lennstrend.

Tennis

THE first essential to a good game of tennis is a suitable costume. For men white French flannel trousers, white shoes, and a silk shirt will do quite well. A man should also wear silk sox to match the stripes in his shirt, which is worn carelessly open at the throat, sans tie. If he does not wear his hair in a pompadour, he must play under a great handicap, for a good tennis player without a pompadour is as rare as a day in June. However, it will add greatly to the appearance, and help to conceal a lack of pompadour, to wear a silk handkerchief folded and tied tightly around the brow. For girls, a simple little sport-costume of silk tricolette or pussy-willow taffeta, such as one sees in *Vogue* or *Vanity Fair*, will be quite all right this season. Gingham is becoming more popular every day, and will doubtless supercede silks by the time it reaches the ten-dollar-per-yard mark.

Tennis is played on a chalk-marked space of ground called a court. Some prefer this ground to be smooth, but there are others who think that little tufts of grass growing around the court make the game more interesting. There is a net stretched across the middle of the court to keep the players separated in case they become provoked with each other, as sometimes happens. The implements used in the game are long-handled, tightly-strung rackets and hollow rubber balls. Both are very light, so that should a player, in a fit of anger, strike his opponent with one, the blow would not prove fatal.

Now for the game itself. The players take their positions on opposite sides of the net, each with his racket, and one with the two balls, which he bats over the net in such a way that his opponent cannot possibly reach them to send them back. The object of the game is to place oneself in as many unusual positions as possible, in pursuit of the balls. For instance, if you see a ball about to land a few feet in back of you, hold your feet steady, turn the rest of your body completely around, grab your racket firmly with both hands, and bat the ball backwards over your head. When you have accomplished this, someone is sure to call out "Forty-love" and the game is yours. Another play which is quite effective is the Side-step Sprawl. You use this play when you see that the ball is going to land six or eight feet to your right. You slide to the right as quickly as possible, and leaning far over, seek to stop the ball with your racket, at the same time raising your left hand and foot high into the air to maintain your balance. The ball invariably goes lower than you anticipated, and you strike your racket violently against the empty air. The force of this movement pulls your right foot from under you, and you drop gracefully at full length across the court. The Backward Drop is also rather a common play. You see the ball coming swiftly towards you, about six feet above your head. You raise your racket high in the air and gallop backwards as fast as you can, until you see that the time is ripe. Then you kick both feet forward into the air and strike. Of course, you miss the ball, and the surprise of doing so causes you to sit down gracefully, but firmly and emphatically. Altho this play seems futile at the time, it is bound to have a lasting effect, and is apt to change your attitude towards tennis entirely.

The successful player is an expert on such simple little tricks as this. You who are just beginning the game, keep up your courage, and do not be disheartened, if one of your efforts fails and you wake up in a hospital with broken limbs and spirits. Try again—perhaps next time it will be nothing more than a dislocated shoulder and a sprained ankle.

One thing a player must always strive to do—that is to maintain his outward serenity. Many times you will be tempted to relieve your feelings by some such outburst as “My Goodness” or “Jiminy Crickets!” but to do this is not considered good tennis etiquette. It not only displays your lack of self-control, but is also taking an unfair advantage of your opponent, as no man can be expected to stand up under such a torrent of words.

You will find the counting quite simple, at least for the first few years you play. All you need to remember is “Love,” which will be your own score. None but the most unreasonable players will expect you to keep track of the score, anyway. They will be glad to do it for you, whether it is your serve or theirs.

Now you have all the important points of the game, and all you need is persistent practice. If there is only one court in your town, be sure to get there early in the day, and let no one drive you off. Altho there may be ten or twelve sitting on the side-lines waiting to play, do not leave. It is good training to play before an audience like this, and it strengthens your poise to pretend that you do not hear their undertone remarks about “piggishness,” “nerve,” and “some people—.” If you will follow this plan for a few summers there is no reason why you should not become an accomplished performer. In time, you may even have to learn to say “Fifteen-love” instead of simply “Love.”

—Lillian Woody.

VAGRANCY

A vagrant breeze in passing swiftly stirred
 The intricate vine to murmurous calling;
 Thru airy dreams the apple blossoms heard,
 And drifted like silken kisses falling,
 The while my breeze limned a dainty code
 With cheery boughs on azure space:
 He tossed the myriad dusts up from the road
 To instant life, and ran a race
 With shadows across the grass; he flung the light
 Of robin's song across the day,
 Wrote anew a rune of blossoms white,
 And flickered in arrowy light away.

Of old this vagrant bit of scented air
 Had stirred the canvas Jason spread
 In long ago, lifted the fragrant hair
 On Grecian Helen's brow, and shed,
 In Rangoon, perfumes of the eastern seas.
 My errant fancy journeys as the breeze.

—Tesla V. Lennstrend.

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