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THE MANUSCRIPT

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DRIPS

BY HILARY ADAMS

I AM thinking, thinking, of big blue chairs, and teddy bears and honey bees, but those are some one else's thoughts, not mine. I do not know why I have come to think of things that people are taught to think about, when what I am is bare and tattered with the wind, the storm of seeing people, meeting them and finding that they are as tattered as I. It's rather disappointing to discover that no one sits above the wind. I remember what I am, a little girl that loves to sing, but I don't sing any more; a little noisy girl with grim eyes that tag the winds. My eyes are grim, but they don't look it. You see, I was pushed out of my tipsy nest too soon with nothing to trust any more, and that's why my eyes are grim. If they don't look that way, at least that's the way they feel. "G'wan kid, peddle that bull to someone else!" That's me. Yet I don't say those things any more because I've learned a new line, and when the new line fails me, I make myself a tiny girl again, and wrinkle up my forehead in perplexity. But it's been a long time since I've really been perplexed. Being alone, so alone with only water dropping in a pool to mark the time, a child in the infinite with only myself to talk to, to question, this other child which is also myself has made me unquestioning. I do not ask questions, because I am afraid that some one else will push me off a crazy hill, and I shall be all alone again in darkness with only a dripping to mark the time and sound.

They tell me what to think because it is poetic to think so and so, and in order to comply, I dig into myself and tell about the three trees which stood like tall flag poles above a house and waved. I always used to pray to those trees; so you see I know them. I cried when they were cut down, because some one took my prayers away from me, and I was alone, with only drippings of water. So I talked to this child who was myself, and told her that these were drops I heard dripping from the rock which Moses struck. And then I prayed awhile to the drippings until they became a trust to me.

Sometimes for poetic thoughts I tell about the clouds that curl like baby fingers; they are baby fingers because the sky is blue, and that is the only reason. But I really think about the nights, the ugly glaring nights with eyes like snakes, trampling and piercing into me, and tearing down my little world of trees and drips; those eyes are glassy like a frightened bird's watching its scaly legs turn to a snake's writhing body. Those are the eyes that guard the city; above the mist of light you can see them, darting about, ready to pounce upon faith and trust. Those eyes are what I really know about, but I never talk about them to any one, since I've learned this new line—poetry in the sky, the earth, and the trees.

People like to tell me about the tough part of town, down where it is dirty and the men lounge about in hidden doorways, watching the girls. They say that they like it, that that is life; and they talk to me about studios, and men and chorus girls. They talk about it because they have never lived it, and if they knew, they wouldn't talk about life and people who live on water fronts. Instead they would get a new line as I have, and talk about the clouds, the earth, and the flowers and drips. I guess they tell me because they think that I don't know, but I do. I know the men, with their dripping mouths, spitting disease t h r o u g h scraggly beards, rattling their dirty

money in their pockets that cover their stinking thighs. They are the men who applaud when the chorus girl pulls her dress above her head on the stage. That's what the chorus girl is there for; so she doesn't mind either. And after the show is over, the men hide in dark corners, and watch the girls go by; sometimes, if the streets are dark enough, the men follow. Sometimes the girls run, and sometimes they don't.

I know about the Chinese, too, and the negroes. I don't know why people tell me about these things that I know about. I know because their fingers have torn at my flesh as I have passed them, and sometimes, when nights were dark, their eyes pounced upon me, and I ran until I could run no longer. That's why I talk now about earth, because it is fresh and perhaps I can lose those smells of men in dark little alleys. But these people keep telling me, and I have to listen, because I couldn't tell them that I know. They wouldn't believe me—all I know is trees, and prayers, and drips. That's what I saved, and I'm glad.

I know the studios, too, with their crazy pictures, and I know the people who live in them; those people are sad and so they give parties and pretend to be happy, but all the time they are thinking about drips and prayers, too, if they have saved that much. Once a yellow face came close to mine, and a yellow hand clutched my breast; the city's eyes smothered me then, but these sad people in their crazy studios saw the eyes in time to tear the hands away. They only threw him down the stairs; over and over he went tumbling, and then they cursed him. But that's the reason I know.

If these people who do not know what they tell me would keep still, perhaps I could remember my trees, and drips, and prayers without thinking of the eyes that guard the city.

OFFICER!

BY EVELYN SIBLEY

I KNEW it was going to happen. As soon as I saw that I was going to hit the big green car, I shut my eyes. Beany said afterwards, it would probably have been better if I'd put on the brakes, but Beany is just the type who would say a thing like that—it was his car I was driving.

When the c r a s h came we both stopped and I opened my eyes. My radiator—Beany's radiator, for I suddenly decided to relinquish all claims to the car—was sunk a good six inches into the left rear fender of the other car. Since I could see nothing else to do and since Beany's car did not, at the moment, require a driver, I decided to get out and investigate.

The driver of the big green car got out, too. I think it must have belonged to him for he was considerably annoyed.

"Hey, you," he bellowed, "What the hell do you mean by driving like that? Can't you see I had the right of way?"

I drew myself up and looked as much like Nazimova as possible.

"Sir," I remarked, "I am a lady, and as a lady I am not accustomed to being cursed at."

"Well, you'll get a lot worse than cursing when I'm through with you," he threatened. "I want damages."

"Do you really think," I said by way of table-talk while I collected my thoughts, "that you'll get them?"

At this, the rabble which had accumulated howled and shrieked with mirth, and I, deciding that my little remark must have unsuspected value, smiled amiably and decided that it was a good line to continue.

The stranger whom I had encountered in this novel way, however, did not think it was funny. For a moment he gasped like a fish and attempted to swallow his Adam's apple. He was unsuccessful.

When he could speak he only uttered one word, "Officer!"

By this time, of course, there were one or two of these protectors of the law present, but they had been holding back until they were summoned. I think they were rather enjoying the spectacle made by the bulbous-nosed man with the long green car.

"Officer," said the man sternly, when one of them shuffled forward. "Arrest that woman."

"He can't," I said, gaining courage from the faces of my audience.

"Why?" d e m a n d e d the bulbous-nosed one.

"He has no warrant," I explained, calmly.

"What's that got to do with it?" shrieked my enemy, jumping up and down like a frog. "This is my car, ain't it?" He pointed to the long green motor.

"How do I know?" I asked testily. "I never saw you before."

"Don't be a dumb egg," he sputtered. "How do I know that one is yours?"

"It's not," I corrected him calmly.

His mouth dropped open and I saw two rows of gold-bridged teeth. He recovered himself quickly.

"Officer," he hissed, "arrest that woman. She's an auto thief. She just admitted it."

"A d m i t t e d nothing," I retorted. "The owner of the car knows I have it—he gave it to me—forced it on me in fact."

"Then he's crazy," blurted the bulbous-nosed one rudely. "Any man who'd trust you with a car is crazy. Didn't you see we was going to hit?"

"I rather imagined we would collide," I admitted. "But I didn't see it."

"Are you blind?" he gasped weakly.

"Certainly not."

"Then why didn't you see it?"

"I had my eyes shut."

About this time the officer of the law decided to take things into his own hands.

"You'll have to come to the station with me, Mister," he said sternly. "You'd better come along, miss, and help straighten this out."

"You're darn tootin' she'd better come along!" interrupted the bulbous-nosed one.

"Speak when you're spoken to," I told him coolly. "The rest of the time hold your tongue."

ORCHESTRA

BY MARJORIE LAWSON

Violin

A wisp of light
through primitive darkness.
A waver of sound
In dim moss-hung forests.

Viols

All the lovers
the world has ever known,
together forever—
Browning and his Elizabeth.

Cellos

Souls of great men
with a warmness akin to
the earth—
Lincoln and his dream.

Piccolo

Gardens at Versailles—
brittle love played in
Dresden masks—
Tinkle of heartless fountains.

Drums

Ancient rivers flowing strong
through darkest lands.
Threats of war
And thickly peopled banks.

FUMES OF ETHER

BY WILMARTH S. ROBINSON

KELTON, as he lay on the operating table, was acutely conscious of only two things: the intense pain in his side, and the checkered design of the cloth which covered his eyes. Doctors and nurses hovered around unnoticed. He felt no excitement, in spite of the fact that his operation was to be a novel experiment and the chances were against his ever awakening from the sleep he was soon to enter.

He minutely examined that design on the cloth. It was merely fine blue lines at right angles to each other on a white background. The squares formed were about half an inch in width. He tried to count those which were in his field of vision, but kept losing track. . . . Then the conference of the doctors broke up, and the fumes of ether choked his throat.

Kelton sank down through an infinite, ringing space, still clinging to those squares before his eyes. The lines turned black, started to grow hazy, and s u d d e n l y burned white against a black background. The jet squares merged into each other; a multitude of black crosses appeared against a background of flaming red. They whirled madly for an instant and disappeared. . . . Kelton was in an unending, straight corridor. His footsteps echoed ringingly. Far-off voices echoed from somewhere back of him with a metallic, hollow boom. They faded, becoming fainter and fainter, and soon he was cut off from the world he had just left, and was going farther and farther down that never-ending corridor—making an effortless progress, floating, yet leaving ringing footsteps behind him.

The corridor suddenly ended; Kelton was in the Place. It was like an immense vault. He stood on a ledge on one side, the wall dropping sheer below him into unfathomable space, and curving above him to meet the opposite wall in the infinite gray distance above him. But, though he could not see the opposite side, he had a peculiar sense that it was a vault, with an impassable wall on the opposite side, lost in impenetrable gray distance. A weird procession was suddenly before his eyes; it did not appear, it was just there all at once.

It was a procession of people, all dressed in a short, gray, formless garment. They plodded slowly past. Kelton knew them all; their faces were as familiar as those of his own family; but he had never seen any of them before. One old fellow stopped for an instant and stared straight ahead with cold grey eyes. He had heavy black eyebrows and a hook nose, placed slightly askew on his face. Kelton glanced sharply at him, and felt the hairs rise on the back of his neck from an instinctive wave of animal hatred. The old man's face twisted into an ugly sneer, and Kelton was aware that the sharp contrast of those black eyebrows and iron gray hair stirred deep, unpleasant memories within him. Then the procession swept onward. . . . Those tantalizingly familiar, yet maddeningly unrecognizable, faces.

A girl passed by—a girl with a sad, beautiful face. Kelton had a mad, irresistible impulse to rush out and stop her, to take her in his arms, and to kiss the s a d n e s s from those delicately drooping lips. But he was as though chained by paralysis. The girl passed on.

The procession became distorted, as if viewed in an uneven mirror, and then rapidly merged into gray blankness.

Kelton felt himself drawn toward the opposite side of the vault as a chip

is sucked toward the vortex of a whirlpool. He could not see the source of that strange drawing power, but he felt a vague, nameless horror of it. He was drawn gently through the blankness of the vault as if he were a fragment of buoyant mist, lost in the upper reaches of the atmosphere.

Details that had been vague were now becoming clear. He could see the floor far below him as he swept slowly through the grayness. It was a limitless plain of dull gray sand. The roof and all the walls were lost in infinite distance.

"Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death . . ." Again that nameless horror. . . . "I shall fear no evil." . . . Slowly his turbulent mind calmed, and he was strangely at ease.

For what seemed time immemorial he swept on. And then the opposite wall suddenly jumped into view with startling clarity about its form; everything else was so vague; this wall was amazingly real. It was dead gray, like lead, and yet not like lead. It seemed to be somehow unstable, as if he could pass right through it; but it was perfectly opaque.

Kelton, inexplicably on the ground, slowly approached the wall. He was impelled by some exterior force, and began to feel a strange reluctance to advance. But he kept on. The wall became more unsolid to his vision as he slowly drew near. Now he was close enough to touch it, but a strange unwillingness filled his being. He stopped. The wall appeared to be growing thinner. Kelton felt that he could almost see through it. He became clairvoyantly aware that to pass through would be the end and the beginning of all things. It was made only of gray vapor now. He slowly took a step toward it.

Suddenly a thrill shot through him. The force impelling him forward vanished. The wall suddenly solidified; became densely real to his vision. He was snatched, instantly and without jar or effort, back across the vault. Details became vague, unreal; the floor of the vault was no longer gray, but white. . . . Kelton was suddenly in the midst of a strange city in the dead of night, and he was sneaking stealthily down a deserted street with a slender steel sword in his hand, hunting for someone to kill.

A dark figure before him. Sharply contrasting black eyebrows and iron gray hair, dimly seen in a stray beam of light. The ring of steel upon steel, hard and cruel in the soft night. A sharp sting on his forehead, and blood blinding him. The thud of his sword-hilt upon the other's breastbone. Dark pursuing figures, and the glint of naked swords. Stumbling. . . . Conflict. . . . Sharp stabbing pain in his side. His head pillowed in a girl's lap, and warm tears mingling with the blood on his face. . . . Kelton felt that he was familiar with this scene, had been through it before.

The whole scene d i s s o l v e d into blackness. Rest, and oblivion. Then he began to be conscious of a dull, aching, throbbing pain in his side. He was flat on his back, eyes closed. He struggled to open them, finally succeeded, and found that he was in bed. A sickening taste of ether filled his mouth. He was violently ill. And his mind was mulling over the details of his dream.

That night he caught fragments of a conversation outside his door:

"Heart actually stopped beating—" "Adrenalin saved him—" Kelton then understood part of his dream. And somehow he felt that some day he would understand the rest of it. Perhaps when he had passed the gray wall. . . .

A DIFFERENCE

BY INEZ BIERSDORF

MINYO was cold, so cold his bones ached. Minyo sat by a stove but the stove gave no heat. Minyo was also very old. Truthfully Minyo could not say that life had been kind to him through those long cold years. The cold had made Minyo's bones ache for hundreds of days. Why had not life been warm for him sometimes?

Minyo rubbed his purple hands together, but two frozen hands cannot warm each other. Minyo mumbled a half prayer to himself that Tody might hurry. To be sure, the low phrases were not addressed to some supreme being but that did not keep the earnest words from being a prayer.

By the cold stove lay three thin slabs of partly burned wood. Minyo had found these slabs in the remains of what had been a magnificent bonfire for boys with woolen mittens to play around. The bonfire had not been built for heat, but the remains of the thin slabs of wood would make a feeble fire to warm the aged bones of Minyo and the small chapped hands of Tody.

If Minyo started the fire in the rusted stove now, the flames would be dead by the time Tody returned. Then Tody could not warm his chapped hands—small hands dirty and chapped because he had no warm water to wash them in and no mittens to keep them from the icy wind.

Tody sold two-cent newspapers by the Five-Ten-Fifteen Cent store. On each two-cent newspaper he profited one-half cent. People did not seem to buy many newspapers on this corner. Somehow they managed to spend all of their pennies inside. But no matter, Tody liked this corner best. The windows of the Five-Ten-Fifteen Cent store were gorgeous! Bright ribbons draped over red tubes of tooth-paste; picture postal cards in between rows of shining buttons; red and green handkerchiefs encircling tiny dolls; rubber balls on the backs of wooden toy elephants. If so many price tags had not been stuck to each article, the window would have been as beautiful and grand as any painting — paintings which Tody had seen in the great art museum on a Saturday afternoon when the man in the high box had let him enter the massive building for nothing. Tody had felt like a man of the world that day. Knowingly, he had stood with his frozen hands clasped behind his back among the learned men of the city, who held leather gloves and large hats.

Tody had three cents yet to earn this night, six more papers to sell. The wind tore at the newspapers, flapping them wildly back and forth as if attempting to make their presence seen to the otherwise-interested passers. When the six papers belonged to other people, Tody could run home and warm his hands. Old Minyo had promised this morning that he would find wood for a fire tonight.

Tody loved fire almost as well as the Five-Ten-Fifteen Cent store windows. Fire was bright and crackling. One could leave the tiny stove door open and watch the flames leap, first higher and then lower until all was dead, dull, black ashes.

Meanwhile, Minyo became colder as the wind whistled to him from the corner of the shack. His lips became so cold he could barely murmur his prayer that Tody might hurry.

Minyo might burn one piece of wood now and save the other two for Tody. One piece might soothe his aching bones for a little while. Hesitatingly Minyo lighted the wood with a small piece of newspaper, the one newspaper

disappointed Tody had failed to sell last night. The blackish flames brought a faint twinkle to Minyo's sunken eyes. He held his frozen fingers in the flames. Suddenly the flames stopped. The piece of wood lay a black slab of charcoal. The bonfire had demanded too much of it for fun. There was nothing left for warmth.

Still Tody did not come. The unfriendly wind whistled shriller to Minyo. His hands again grew purple and stiff. Surely one more slab of wood would last until Tody came. But it died as soon as the first. Yet Tody did not come. Hours of coldness passed. The third and last stick of wood was burned as quickly as the other two.

When all the wood was ash, Minyo fully realized what he had done. There would be no wood for fire for Tody! Tody loved fire—fire for warmth. And Minyo had promised him a fire. Minyo had broken his promise.

The wind creaked open the door, and Tody fairly flew in. "How's for fire now, Minyo? Cold! The wind is terribly wild. Sold all my papers! How are you?" Tody jingled the pennies in his pocket.

Minyo's sunken eyes became smaller. His lips trembled, perhaps not from cold, as he answered, "I could not find any wood today."

"I guess there's nothing like looking for some now," cried Tody, abruptly slamming the door more violently than the wind to suppress a sob which seemed to come from the very inside of himself.

Minyo felt like sobbing, too, when he was left thus alone. He should find the wood for Tody. He was the one who lied.

Again the door slammed and the cold stove was alone. The wind shook the door as if to keep it company in its solitude.

Everywhere Minyo's wavering steps carried his quest, his feeble eyes saw wood—houses, fences, walks, trees, telephone poles, steps, railings, garages—all wood—wood which burns, wood which would warm Tody's little chapped hands and his aching bones.

Wearily Minyo returned empty-handed. There would be no fire that night. If he could not find wood, Tody could not. Why had not he saved at least one piece for little Tody? He had truly meant to. Did Tody know that he had lied? The wind helped him enter the bare shack. Why was Tody standing by the cold stove?

"Come, feel the heat, Minyo," called Tody cheerily. His voice sounded strange against the whistling wind. How could the cold stove be giving heat? Dazed, Minyo stepped beside Tody, who had opened the small stove door to watch the tiny yellow flames.

"But, Tody, where did you find the wood?"

Tody laughed weirdly into the fire. "Somebody's gate."

Minyo sighed. He drew nearer the stove and extended his purple hands. Someone, who created the world, had not made a difference between lying and stealing when one is cold.

I love hills.
They are like the huge graves of giants.
I like to lay my cheek on a grave,
And wonder why I am alive
And someone else isn't.

—Mary Lou Moser.

"ANGIE SAID"

BY KATHERINE BROWN

IN JUAREZ, Mexico, just across the river from El Paso, there is an old Spanish mission said to have been built three hundred and seventy-six years ago, and as soon as we learned about it, Angie said we must go straight over and see it. She insisted that she couldn't possibly see how any building could be so old. I pointed out the Tower of Pisa and the Pyramids, and dozens of other old churches, but she wouldn't be convinced until she saw for herself.

"This is different," she argued. "No church could last so long when the people fight all the time as the Mexicans do."

Before we started next morning, we went to see Mr. Palmer at the First National Bank, and he gave us a letter of introduction to the president of the bank in Juarez. It was Angie's idea. She thought we might not feel so strange in a foreign country if we knew someone. When we got to the bank in Juarez, Angie couldn't remember a word of Spanish and as I had never learned any to forget, we didn't know how to ask for the president. We stood around in the lobby quite a while wondering what to do when a very nice looking man came out and bowed to us.

"Bustamanté is my name," said he in perfect English. "May I be of any assistance to you?"

I was too surprised to say a word, but Angie rose to the occasion and handed over Mr. Palmer's letter, explaining as fast as she could who we were and all the rest of it. Senor Bustamanté was delighted to see us, or anyway he said he was, and offered to secure a guide to show us about the city. While we were waiting for the guide, he chatted with us about the most commonplace things just as any American gentleman would.

Presently a young man came with whom Senor Bustamanté conversed in Spanish for a few moments, then introduced to us as Senor Manuelo Ramierez. By this time Angie had recovered a little from her excitement and remembered a little Spanish.

"We would like to see the old mission, please," she said to the young man in poor Spanish as we got in the car.

"Suppose we take in the bull ring and the race track first, then on our way back we can give the mission and the market the once-over," he answered in surprisingly good English. Angie looked a little foolish, but I smoothed things over by saying that would be just fine.

The bull ring was a huge arena with bleachers all around something like a football stadium, only not so large. In a pen under the bleachers was a long-horned, vicious looking animal that bellowed horribly at us when we came near. There was to be a bull fight next day, and I wanted to come back over to see it, but Angie thought we should not, so that settled that. Horse racing is a popular sport with the Mexicans, too, Mr. Ramierez explained, and that it was a toss up which was the most exciting. Angie asked him which he preferred, and he said football. It seemed that he had played on the varsity team when he was in the University of Texas, so he was quite partial to the game. He had been sent to the "States" to school so that he could be a Methodist minister like his father, but when he came back home, he decided that there was more money in selling Fords, so that was what he had been doing ever since.

"I'll bet that man would be a knockout on any college campus," I said to Angie that night.

"Don't be silly," she snapped, "I think it's terribly ungrateful of him to be such a disappointment to his family."

Juarez is situated in the middle of a clay bank, and there is usually a strong wind blowing, making the place hazy with dust most of the time. Large families live in tiny adobe houses with no windows and only a piece of burlap for a doorway covering. Some families have only a cave dug back into the bank with a network of sticks built out in front. Naked children, goats, dogs, pigs and chickens run about the narrow and dirty streets all day long, and dirty, weazened old women sit on every street c o r n e r from m o r n i n g until night holding out scrawny, clawlike hands begging for alms. Angie threw some pennies to an especially feeble looking one, and she scrambled after them with amazing agility.

WHISTLING

Whistling to the clock
Little tunes that come
Dancing through my head.
Little bits of this
And little bits of that
For the pleasure of
A jolly ticking clock.
Round and shiny-faced
It sits,
Listening to me whistling,
Whistling to the clock.

—Leroy A. Swanson.

The old mission, a square adobe building with a bellfry in one corner, was at the end of the Sixteenth of September street. The street has been graded away, leaving it standing on a little knoll, and one must go up a flight of steps to enter. On nearly every step sat old women and little children begging. Mr. Ramierez told us not to give them any money because they would only spend it for drink, but they looked so hungry that Angie took the left side of the stairs and I took the right, and we gave each of them a penny.

Our guide told us that the Spanish monks had completed the mission in 1548, hewing every timber by hand and fitting every part together without the aid of a single nail. The high roof was supported by heavy timbers of solid mahogany carved in intricate patterns, and the man who met us at the door told us that these faithful priests had cut the designs into the hard wood by hand. The chapel was cool and quiet, and in the dim shadows near the altar were a few people kneeling. I tiptoed across the uneven puncheon floor and leaned against the rough wall on the other side to get a better view of the room. Angie followed me on tiptoe and sat down on one of the crude benches near by. Somehow, it did not seem right to make a bit of noise.

"Just think," I whispered, "p e o p l e have been coming in here to worship every day for three h u n d r e d and seventy-six years."

"I don't see how anyone could feel very religious in such a dirty place," she answered.

Everything was awfully dusty, but I don't think a person should pick too many flaws, and I told Angie so.

"Anyway," she insisted, "the whole place would be much more attractive if somebody took a broom to it."

The choir loft was small and furnished with crude, hand-made benches like the main floor. One could walk from there directly out into the belfry, and from that height we could see the muddy Rio Grande stretching across the desert far in the distance. The bell, which had been imported from Spain about one hundred years after the completion of the mission, was made of several kinds of metals alloyed together, and produces a very sweet, vibrant tone. It is the duty of the priest to strike it every hour, and the people of Juarez regulate their lives by that bell. As we were leaving the chapel the man who had shown us

through the mission mentioned that we owed him a dollar apiece.

"What!" Angie said, "do you mean to tell me that we owe you two dollars? How absurd!"

The man explained that his business was to show people through the mission, and that he must live just like other people. He spoke excellent English, too, which was maddening. I told Angie afterwards that bootleggers had to live, too, and she agreed with me for once. There wasn't anything to do but hand over the money, so we did.

Mr. Ramierez was waiting for us when we came out, and he said we would go to the market next. Under a makeshift roof of sticks among swarms of flies were people sitting about on the ground displaying their wares. The stench of rotting vegetables, wilting flowers and decaying meat was almost unbearable, but no one seemed to notice it. Here a withered woman displayed some pieces of pottery, and there a little girl with a face far too old for her size was begging the passers to buy some dirty pieces of lace. A man making baskets called his wares lustily, while his wife at his side tried vainly to hush a crying baby. Suddenly two women with shawls thrown off and hair flying, went rolling about on the ground clawing and scratching at each other's faces. Two ugly looking men drew knives from their belts and elbowed through the crowd.

Mr. Ramierez said we had better go. He drove us back to El Paso, and when we got to our hotel we asked him how much we owed him.

"Have dinner with me and we'll call it square," he smiled.

I wanted to awfully, but before I could say a word, Angie thanked him and said she didn't think we had better this time. A little later Mrs. Palmer telephoned and asked us to have dinner with her, and of course we accepted. When they called for us at seven, Mr. Ramierez was with them.

A man said to me
"Beauty is dead.

Look 'round you at this dead, cold earth,
This hard expanse of gravel stretching to
A brown and listless sea
That does not rise or fall but only lies
Stagnant and dead, along a dreary shore.
Nothing grows here and nothing dies.
Color and sound have vanished
Into a void of grey and soundless death.
Nothing can change; these stones
Stretch to the leaden sky on the one hand,
And on this side the water, dead for years,
Lies without movement and without an end."

And so I opened wide my eyes
And looked about me in the lightless day;
It was the same world I had always known
When I had looked with too discerning eyes,
Vibrating with the beauty of dead space
And formless waves that carry to the eye
The sounds and colors men call beautiful.

—Christopher Sandstone.

"THREE SKETCHES"

BY HELEN JESSEN

A Walk

I WALKED, today, out past the last filling station, out past the last copper-threaded pole. There were ideas where I walked, and pleasant thoughts, and little inspirations so intangible they were merely hints after all. Sometimes I tried to catch and hold them, but they slipped away like tiny minnows from my fingers.

Once I saw a group of willow trees, naked and shivering, as they leaned over the sluggish, murky-green river, and I wondered if they could feel the cold as I did; or if they minded the rain.

I dreamed until I came back to wet cement, and ugly, glaring street advertisements. No chance for reverie now, when the walks were crowded with the Sunday file coming from church. I watched the girls in their proper attire cast amused glances at me. I knew that my shoes were caked with fresh dirt from the river bank, and that my ungloved hands were swollen, purple bruises against my coat.

What if they had been to church, I argued, while I had been wandering the roads? What if I had presumed to be an inharmonious note in a falsely sanctified atmosphere? I would wager that they had been sitting in bored, uncomfortable silence, nodding at the half-heard sermon and wishing they were somewhere else, while I had seen the sun make rainbows in the dew; and I had seen a grey cloud-child riding slowly on his grey cloud-horse.

Companion—

I saw him, first, on a narrow strip of muddy road, whistling the Pilgrim's Chorus as he pulled one foot out of the black ooze only to have the other sink ankle-deep in mud again. He smiled when he saw me until the laugh-lines around his eyes multiplied into myriads of radiating wrinkles.

Once, when I had gone up the mountain to see the crazy picture-puzzle of farms and fields, I found him lying on his back, watching the aimless clouds without trying to define their origin or their purpose. He spoke to me then, and read me bits of verse as beautiful and meaningless as f r a g m e n t s of thought.

From that time I kept meeting him everywhere I went. Sometimes we walked in silence, or began to speak, and stopped because the other understood; sometimes we sat on the river-bank while he told me stories he never finished because he said that a beginning and an end were the creed of the multitude, and he wished to forget that creed.

Thus day by day I gathered scraps of his philosophy until I believed that all that mattered were eyes to see, and power to feel.

Faces

I leaned over the cool, silent pool, which held up sun-spotted shadows, and dreamed. There were memories in the green water, and mystery behind that lily-pad. I felt them there and bent farther over, all eager to find them out. And then I stared, for I had discovered wisps of faces, curious faces, that were mine.

There was one, a pale oval, thin and unsatisfied. The eyes questioned, feeling something they could not explain, yearning for the answer. It was the face of a child whose mind is like an inquisitive wind that creeps through key-holes, and slips under closed doors to catch secrets. The eyes watched me, I thought, too intently, but I was

afraid to return their look. They might accuse; so I turned to another.

It was the part-in-dream face of an adolescent; yet there was something there that proved the dream was half realized already. Eyelids dropped over eyes that were ashamed of thoughts revealed in them; still there was more slyness in the half-veiled glance than innocence. I could not watch that face, on which wisdom sat as ludicrously as an elderly dame's clothes on a child who longs to be old. I turned away from it sensing the pathos, blind to the humor of it.

I found myself looking at a face, stolid, expressionless, unsoftened even by harmless placidity. It frightened me, for I knew it was mine, and I could not understand it. Perhaps it was reflection, and I smiled into the dark pool to make sure. Then I saw there were two faces, side by side, one answering the smile, the other, the real face, staring blankly back at me. Why was there no soul in that face? I laughed aloud, running blindly away from the damnable water. Puzzled, uncomprehending, I threw myself onto the soft, damp ground, trying desperately to solve the riddle of that cold, empty face.

For hours I lay thinking, and then as calmness came to show the futility of reason, I wondered. I wanted to go back to the green pool that did not lie, and find my face of the future; yet I was wise and did not go. I knew instinctively what I should see in the face behind the lily-pad.

OUTWARD BOUND

(SUTTON VANE) BY FLORA HELEN SHANE

There has always been an indescribable aura of mystery around the idea of ships—ships that were not real but sailed out of the elements; and ships that disappeared from the seas back into the elements. Legends bring word of the great ship that sailed out of the deep blue sky and foamy clouds just at daybreak and brought babes to the outstretched arms of mothers; of a great white vessel that sailed the ocean's placid calm and then dispersed like smoke into the air about; of ships that sank, and still manned by their deadman crew, ran their courses as of old.

There was a ferry-boat on the Styx, that carried sad gray shapes to Hades. Since the very universe is almost a vast sea with planet-boats and little fiery gold-fish that we call the stars navigating it, might not there be a great invisible ship to receive our souls when they rush forth?

Just such a boat was outward bound, with souls upon it. There was no crew, no engine, no anything, but it sailed by power of the unseen and elementary forces. It was bound for both Heaven and Hell—there were no circular paths with different degrees of heat—they were both the same place. When we embark on the long journey, why not a ship? We may hurry to make the boat, or we may have dallied, but there we are at last. There is just one class, but our rooms are very comfortable. And then begins the journey, during which we must think very hard about what we have done and where we will go. It is all a very serious question, for most of us make earth either a heaven or a hell while we are still on it. There are always some halfways—the undecided. Then the gong strikes and the great mysterious ship moves slowly on its way—port unknown—just outward bound.

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IN WHICH WE BOW

Almost a year ago, the managers of the Orange Owl turned over their magazine for one issue to the English department. That department, through a committee of three, edited and published an Orange Owl like unto none that had ever appeared before. The Old Bird was dignified, spectacled and gowned, but withal a pleasing personage. The English department was duly congratulated upon having produced a truly acceptable literary publication.

But the Owl was only masquerading, of course, no matter how well he may have played his part. And that one issue made still more apparent the need that had long existed, for a publication at the Oregon State College which should be concerned wholly with the recognition and promotion of literary talent.

The Manuscript is a direct outgrowth of that literary number of the Orange Owl. It is not, however, an organ of the English department, but a student enterprise sponsored by the department. Its aim is to recognize and encourage all forms of literary talent, whether found in the English classes or elsewhere among the students.

We have tried to make this first issue of The Manuscript truly representative of the better writers on the campus. We have given consideration to every manuscript that was submitted, no matter what the form or the subject matter, and we have selected for printing what we believe to be the best of each kind of work. Many good manu-

scripts have been rejected, of course. We could not possibly print all the good material that has come to us.

We have tried to be sane in our judgments—to recognize genuine value when it existed in new literary manners, and to adjudge the traditional forms, not by their adherence to old standards, but by their content—by the quality of the meat within the shell.

The Manuscript is frankly and unblushingly amateur. It makes no claim to professional dignity, and has not sought to adopt a professional makeup or style. Size, color scheme, and type were selected solely because they seemed most in keeping with the aims of the editors.

POEMS

BY NELLIE UPTON

SONG TO A YOUNG CHILD

Little songs are sung by a new nation,
Little songs of a child, who stands sturdy,
Yet fearful of his simpleness,
Timid, fearful.
Lest the passions of an older people
Lap him up.
Lest the scorn of other people
Scorch his lips
And frighten him to hide his face
Back in the hills of his mother's lap—
Never to come forth again,
To sing his hope.

WET EARTH

I should like to go
Singing out through the half open window,
Out across the wet grass,
Under the stiff little branches of the trees,
Down to herd the sleek blackbirds
With their white eyelids.
My toes would sink in the squashy ground
And over my head I would hold a leafy fern
To keep off the rain.
Blue-black feathers would cling in my wet, shaggy hair,
And dancing about in the mist,
I would flutter the blackbirds over the ground,
Between the little lakes,
Past the weeping willow trees,
And way off to the earthy fields,
Out of town.

RESPITE

I want to see the morning
Break above the trees,
And work in the sun all day—
To feel my throat bare
In the warming air—
To see the tassels
On the hazel bush,
And hear the brown birds
In the evening call,
Filling my throat
With their singing.
I want to be of the wind and the sun,
And hug the earth for awhile
Before I shall have to go—
To crowded places.

PEASANT FEET

I dreamed
My feet were large, flat,
And white like a peasant's;
And he shuddered at them, saying,
"She has peasant's feet!"
And I was ashamed,
And went back to the foot hills
To herd my sheep.
And then you came and told me
That I was of the earth and wind
And my feet were white and broad.

THE FAILURE

BY JACK BUEL

A MAN walked ruthlessly among the flowers. Each day he crushed them beneath his heavy shoes, until there were but the fragrance and bruised petals; and when they were gone, even the fragrance, there he built his house. Flowerless vines grew about the porch, into the windows, across the steps; and one dark night they entwined themselves about his feet and he fell, the red flowers that bloomed suddenly in the night, mingling with his blood.

John Banty was getting fairly near the time when he would have to say goodbye to the homely little town in which he had lived the seventy odd years of his life. John regretted it. He had never been able to achieve the success that allows one to feel superior to his fellow man. He was a failure. He had never had money, never had a wife to care for, never had the experiences which would have allowed him to tell some young man the way from the experiences of his life.

During the winter when it snowed and the boys made snow balls to throw at the passers-by, there was always a welcome hail when old John came into view. "Hey, fellows, here comes old John," and then they would batter him with hard lumps of snow until sometimes when he came home to his little shack, stuck like a toadstool in the center of a vacant lot near the edge of town, he was bruised and lame. The winter was a season of terror for him. He sought lonely hours, back streets, and the comparative shelter of the corner grocery. Often when he was younger he dreamed about the home he never had, about the children who would play in the yard and the garden he would make with his own hands, but now he knew that children were tearing down his dreams. Their small cruel hands uprooted his flowers, one by one; tore down the white fence leaning on the fragrance of his garden; stuffed hard balls of snow into his warm dream. Once he thought it was because he didn't understand them. He bought candy and sat down on the curb—offered it to them; and after they had eaten it they ran to his house and threw mud at the door.

Old John spent lonely hours in the corner grocery with his fellow townsmen. He would enter the door in his heavy tattered coat, take his dirty knitted muffler from about his throat and sit beside the stove. No one paid any attention to him. He was old John.

The men talked politics. They had long involved arguments which started with the present administration and ended only when they were interrupted. They gossiped about pretty Mary Burroughs when she entered the store. Mary had wanted to go to college once, but her folks couldn't understand these new ideas. She had wanted to go to college only as an escape, and when the doors had been closed on her, she beat them with her bare hands; and the sound of her blows on their ugly fronts were the things men talked about.

Old John's eyes used to follow her about when she came into the store. He heard the blows, knew the bruised flesh they left upon her knuckles, knew the dreams that were being smothered, knew the doors, bolted with welded chains and bars. John watched her until her dreams became his, until the doors that shut her in were the same obstacles that shut him away from his dreams, and he cut the chains with hard earned dollars. Mary left the

town one day and no one knew where she had gone—where she had found the torch that cut the bars! But old John knew. He looked at his hands, gnarled and calloused from sawing wood. He knew they had freed a dream and he returned to his own small world that lived in his brain.

After Mary had gone, old John sat with his cold dream, lonely among the men with whom he had grown up. It hadn't always been so. Once he had been young, had felt the wind, had walked the lonely roads through the fields. He had sat on the hills, his back against a tree, and surrounded by his dreams had felt the orchards, lying whitely in their dim ovals at his feet in the valley, envelop him in their friendliness. Once the trees had been his friends, the fences beside the roads, the soft warmth of the sun, the lark that trilled at his side and made glad songs of his dreams. And then his father had died and he had had to run the blacksmith shop.

HALF-APOLOGY

In speaking vehement truth I gave offense,
And so by being over-right was wrong.
I wish it might have been a lie I spoke!
Then might I so confess, and be forgiven.

—Leslie M. Oliver.

John was young, just sixteen, when he had taken over his father's shop, and sixteen was old enough in those days to take the responsibilities of a man. John's dreams slowly began to center about the shop. He fixed new stalls for horses, he made tool racks; placed new doors upon the building. The farmers were a little skeptical about entrusting their horses to young John, and then one night in the store when everyone seemed friendly, he told about his hopes, how he intended to fix the shop, the new devices he had thought of for shoeing horses, his plans for enlarging the building. That night men rode home chuckling to wake their wives and tell them what that fool Banty kid was up to. Flynn's shop down the street began to get all the trade and soon John's shop went to Colonel Manson, and with it went John's dream.

The colonel had made his money by lending small sums for large securities and high interest. He used to wink slyly to those about him when John passed, and remark, "There goes that failure." Soon other men began to wink when John went by, and whisper and grin, and then one day as John passed the school yard, one of the boys ran to the gate and shouted, "Failure, failure! John Banty's a failure. My father said so." Everywhere he went the whisperings followed him, seemed to rise from the dust under his feet, muttered through the trees, "John Banty is a failure." One day he walked into the woods and stood beneath a tree. The wind whispered through the trees, the timid leaves trembled and shouted tiny words. He put out his hand to grasp them and they seemed to recede from the touch of his hand. He was in a forest of whisperings which he could not understand—which said things that weren't like his friends. He ran rapidly among the trunks, threw his arms about them and fell sobbing at the base of an oak which felt strange and far away like a tree in a dream with weird faces that grimaced and pointed long gnarled fingers at him—and whispered, whispered, whispered.

John sawed wood for a living. He could remember the first job he had found. Colonel Manson had hired him. He had come to the back door and asked if there was any wood to be sawed, and the colonel had told him to come down to the store that night and he would let him know.

John went to the store and around the counters men grinned when he entered. Colonel Manson thrust his hands into the armholes of his vest and smiled, "Well, here's the boy that wants to saw my wood. Well, well. Do you think you can saw it without having a mortgage put on it? Well, I'll tell you, if you promise not to get any of your high and flighty notions about how a saw ought to be worked, and you just saw it like any other person, I might let you have the job. Ten cents an hour. Pretty high wages for a failure, I'd say." And here he winked at the rest of the men about him. They all laughed, slapped him on the back and told him now that he had a job he could start right in failing at it.

That night John sat awake with his clenched hands between his legs and stared at the wall. His dreams began to form on the blank surface opposite him, but they were no longer the dreams of friendly trees, of long rivers shining in the sun with boats crinkling their surfaces with the movement of their black hulls. They were ugly dreams, dreams that had nothing to do with quiet rivers, with tall cities built among high bridges. They were mean dreams. They scarred the walls, and when the night was over, he had saved but one dream that wasn't ugly. The dream of a house with flowers about it and children playing in the yard.

John grew old. He came home at night to his shack and sat in the stillness, huddled close to the fire in his black, patched stove. The people he had met that day came before him. They were huge, grotesque, hideous with misshapen mouths that whispered. The loose lips of small boys, suddenly become old in cruelty, shouted, "Failure, failure, failure." The trees outside his window whispered louder and louder each evening until one night he seized an axe, and cut, and cut—cut until there were no trees outside his window to whisper; and then pressing his hands against his ears, shutting his eyes, and closing himself to the world, he hid beneath the covers of his lumpy bed and tried to dream the dream he had saved. The ugly dreams intruded, put out their scaly hands and thrust his dream away.

One evening old John stood in his doorway, a queer bright light in his eyes. He looked at the trees, felt the unfriendly warmth left by the sun and he smiled and muttered, "Soon—soon you will be my friends again, and you won't whisper, ever—ever." And down the road before him lay the remembrance of fences, of a lark that made a song of dreams, and old John smiled. Soon they would be his friends.

The next morning, in the alley beside the store, Colonel Manson was found, a knife stuck into his breast and crushed flowers in his mouth, whose redness mingled with the blood. And on his lumpy bed in his cold shack lay John Banty, a smile on his lips as he dreamed in an unstrange still world.

A man walked ruthlessly among the flowers. Each day he crushed them beneath his heavy shoes until there were but bruised petals and a fragrance; then they killed him and the red flowers blossomed and mingled with his blood.

Moon-Darkness

Last night the prodigal moon poured radiance down,
And the dim'd stars flooded heaven's arch with light.
Tonight I'm dazzled by the glory in your eyes,
And stars and moon shed only darkness—ah, tonight!

—Leslie M. Oliver.

SWEET AND PURE

BY WAYNE BAGLEY

Cast of characters—Hero, heroine, villain, blind mother, crippled father, sick little sister, mortgage, incidentals as needed.

Subtitle—Over the green hills the rising sun shone into the valley. Dawn!

Inside a cabin—The blind mother, crippled father, sick little sister gathered hopelessly, weeping piteously.

Father: "Cheer up Mira, we cannot fail! When I was with Washington at Valley Forge we never said die!" (Salutes the flag.)

Mother: "Yes, and look at you now." (Wrings out handkerchief.)

(Enter the villain.)

Villain: "Aha!"

Father: "Who is it?"

Villain: "Aha! It is I! Where is the money for the mortgage? Remember, you have only till tomorrow to pay the last installment!"

(Exit villain.)

Father: "Oh, the villain! He is heartless! Such a man can never go to heaven!"

Mother: "Yes, I cannot see him, but I know—I know—I can tell by his voice that he is wicked!"

Father: "Yes, yes—and little Nellie sick. If our son—if Oscar—were only here—"

(Slow fadeout. All weeping copiously.)

(Fadein on beautiful blond heroine.)

(Heroine weeps sadly, clutching a letter to her heart. Emits final tear and reads letter again. Closeup of the letter.)

"My Sweet — how I love you! I think of you all day; at night I have night-mares. I love you to distraction. Oh, my Lord, how it tears me! But you will never know, for I cannot tell you."

(Heroine smiles sadly through tears, and weeps some more. Then she hears a noise and starts gracefully to her feet. Enter hero, romantically, over the garden wall.)

Heroine: "Oscar!"

Hero: "Oscaloosa!" (They clinch.)

Hero: "Ah! Sweetness!"

Heroine: "Oh, honey!" (They trade clinging glances for the next half reel.)

Hero: (Loosening himself from a half-nelson): "Alas, my family — my dear father and mother, not to mention my little sister, are in dire peril! I must tarry no longer, they need me, even as you need me, and what's more, it's fifty miles, and the road is full of snow."

Heroine: "I cannot let you go—I cannot! Let me go with you, perhaps I can help!" (Blushes daintily.)

(Hero and heroine rush out of the summer garden into a roaring blizzard and stagger desperately into it for half a reel. Finally they get to the barn. The car won't start. The faithful old horse has the colic. Hero hitches himself to the sleigh; heroine gets in, and they head out into the blizzard.)

(Fadein of the blind mother, etc., still weeping. Fadeout.)

(Fadein of hero staggering through the storm. He falls. Heroine stretches out her arms to him. He gets up and goes on again. Very slow fadeout.)

Subtitle—Dawn.

(Fadein of blind mother, etc., still weeping. They start. Closeup of a heavy hand knocking on the door.)

Father (standing erect and saluting a picture of George Washington): "Come in!" (Enter villain.)

Villain: "Aha!" (The blind mother weeps. Closeup of sick sister.)

Villain: "Well!"

Sick Sister: "Not very, thank you."

Villain: "Have you the money? Answer! Either I get the money, or you get the gate!"

Father: "Alas (sob) I haven't it (sob). But spare us, spare us! We have a sick uncle, who is very sick, and we are hoping for the best—or rather the worst." (The audience weeps.)

Villain: "Aha! N-n-never-r-r! Sign on the dotted line!"

(Close shot of hero ploughing through deep snow, with the goal just in sight.)

Father: "Ah, well." (He sits down to sign the paper. The pen is dry. Villain curses. He produces pen. Father starts to sign. The door bursts open admitting hero.)

Hero: "Stop! Foul villain!" (He knocks him across the room.)

Mother: "Stop, son. You must remember to love thy neighbor as thyself!"

Hero (clutching blind mother, sick sister, father, and heroine to his manly bosom, and throwing villain a roll of stage money): "Take that you foul beast, and I hope you catch cold!"

(Villain gives a sickly sneer and crawls out door.)

Father, Mother, Sick Sister: "Oh, Oscar!"

Hero: "Very simple, dear little father, mother, and sick sister. Uncle died, very conveniently, so now we're millionaires, and can live in peace and comfort the rest of our days!"

(Fadeout of hero and heroine doing the usual ending; father saluting the picture of George Washington; mother weeping happily; and sick sister regaining her health.)

Storm

A crashing sob of thunder
Snatches me from dreams.
The black room rocks—I gasp
Aloud in panic.
And when it ceases, the wind,
Delighting in its savage potency,
Catches the ragged, throbbing edges
Of my fear
And rends it further, laughing.
Then the lightning seizes me,
Fastening me to the sheet
With spikes of flame.
Motionless, a slave of agony, I lie
Until I hear your footsteps
At the door—
Until your arms release me
And I weep wearily
Against your shoulder.

—Mary M. Harlan.

THE OTHER HALF

BY OLIVER JACKSON

THERE is nothing more typical of the lumbering industry than the logger's stag shirt. Wherever it is worn, it smacks of the woods and of the lumberjack. And naturally enough, each lumbering district in the country has its own individual style. I was wearing one I had purchased in northern Idaho when I met a western Washington logger.

"You've been up in the short-log country, haven't you?" He immediately recognized and classified me by the style of shirt I wore.

No less characteristic are the methods used in each section to harvest the big sticks. In that same Idaho district whence came my shirt, the donkey engine is rarely used, and the logs are delivered to the mills by horses, log-chutes, and water, each agency in turn doing its part in transportation. The country is too sternly mountainous to permit the bringing in, profitably, of heavy machinery, but the creeks and rivers are swift and willing carriers, once the logs are delivered to them.

My first experience with a logging chute came near to being my last. I was headed for the camp at the head of the canyon, and the chute lay across the trail. Every few seconds, a great log would come hissing and rumbling down, flash across my path like a great projectile, and plunge with a hollow boom into the creek bed, raising a geyser of muddy water where it struck. How could I cross this danger zone?

I decided, after watching, not to dispute right of way with these wooden bullets, but to wait until one had just passed, and cross right behind it. But in my inexperience I had failed to observe that the logs sometimes came in pairs. I charged bravely across the gap between one safety and the other. Even as my feet were in the chute itself, I heard the ominous rumble and hiss, and I leaped out with more enthusiasm than grace, and scurried for cover like a rabbit. Out of danger, I stopped and mopped my forehead, and told myself that I had underestimated those fellows' ability to bunch their shots. They hadn't killed me, but they had shortened my life, I was sure of that.

The next morning found me one of the crew that fed this same chute, and for the next month I spent my days climbing up and down its length. It extended up into the hills a distance of a mile and a half, following the bed of a ravine. The timber was still untouched along most of its route. Firs of all kinds, cedars, hemlocks, and pines were mixed indiscriminately, and mingled their balsamy odors with the ozone of an incomparable mountain atmosphere. At the head of the ravine the chute branched into two, extending like the arms of a letter Y into a heavily wooded flat where the fallers were at work.

All day the ringing swish of their saws is punctuated by the sharp bark of the axes; but all such sounds cease momentarily with the long-drawn warning cry, "Tim-ber!" A tree is about to fall. The second's breathless hush melts into a whisper—just a faint rustling of the branches high up in the tops, which grows swiftly and terribly into a mighty crackling roar, and ends suddenly in a reverberating boom that wakes the echoes on the nearby hills. Another tree down—a few more logs for the straining horses to drag to the chute.

From far below the long, musical call of the watcher comes ringing up

the canyon: "All clear!" The logs roll into the chute, are given a shove with a cant-hook in the hands of a husky "jack," and one by one shoot downward and out of sight.

The creeks, I have said, are swift and willing carriers. But a dry summer often reduces their flow to a thrifty trickle, and the logs pile up below the chutes. The lumbermen have provided for this shortage of water by building dams at strategic points. There are several on Marble creek, and one just above the camp on the little unnamed tributary stream which received our logs. They are sturdy, log-built barriers, with a central floodgate that can release the whole head of water in a few minutes. The improvised flood so produced makes a clean sweep of the creek bed, and carries with it the day's quota of logs.

Supper was just over, and every logger was in a state of surfeited, cud-chewing content, the troubles of the day forgotten, and tomorrow's not yet thought of.

"Hey, Bud." It was the Boss speaking to me. "Want to chase down to Marble and watch the flood go out? There's a big jam right across the mouth, and I want to hit 'er with my flood at the same time the big one on Marble hits 'er. Set your watch by mine and time both of them."

No time to lose. A mile of fast walking, and the jam was in sight. I chose a vantage point, and waited.

The canyon here had been fire-swept and was barren and open, its steep sides dropping a thousand feet from where I stood to the dry creek bottom. Straight ahead, its mouth formed a great V, filled to the skyline by the timbered hills on the far bank of Marble. At the point of the V was the jam—a great piled-up heap of logs blocking not only our own creek's passage, but Marble's as well.

Even as I looked the sound of the flood reached me; the Boss had lost no time in opening the floodgate. There are few sounds in the world like that of a flood. It growls, hisses, and roars, all in one mingled voice. And when you add to its malignant note the deep resonant thump-thump-thump of logs striking the rocks of the channel and colliding with each other, you have a sound that can be produced by no other agency in the world.

The point of the flood came around the bend upstream. It was a swiftly advancing tongue of muddy water, rolling at its very tip a great log, and striking spitefully out at it with a smaller log that rode the water end-on. In a moment the channel was overflowing, and the stream was a tangle of rolling, bumping logs and foaming water.

This was the thunderbolt that my lumber-camp Zeus had loosed against the log jam. And it was not unlike a thunderbolt in the way it hurled itself and its logs onto the barrier that blocked the way. But the jam held—it was the accumulated debris of several floods as bellicose as this one. The water churned and swirled, backed up, and subsided sullenly into a frothy pond, which rose slowly as more water joined it.

Then without warning that giant's woodpile seemed to lift itself. It moved slowly at first, grinding and crackling as some weaker sticks gave way, and the water behind rushed in with new vigor. As the great pile gained momentum, it lost its solidity, and dissolved into its constituent logs. Then I saw what the jam had hidden—that Marble, too, was in flood, and running bank-high in a fury that had broken the jam, and was now washing its wreckage out of sight down the stream.

POOR SALLY

BY MABEL BROWN

POOR SALLY lived in a barn. Sally's barn was not like the one you think of on grandfather's farm, bulging with hay and smelling of harness, for it was situated on a busy thoroughfare between two high buildings and it had a red and black painted facade with a swinging sign that told you that there was a tea room below. Once long ago it had housed the finest, shiniest carriages and the sleekest, fattest horses in all New York —but that was before Sally's time and before it became fashionable to live in barns and go in for art. Years before, the shiny brass buttons of a little girl's brown velvet frock had predicted this amazing good fortune. Up and down her little skinny fingers had skipped—rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; then, big house, little house, chicken house, barn—and it had always come out barn, much to the amusement of Sally's companions. So it was not so surprising, after all.

In those days Sally had lived in a big enough house, to be sure, with a butler at the front door and two governesses to look after her—one of them French, and both of them afraid to let Sally out of sight because so many things could and usually did happen to her. She had grown up from an ugly, gawky child into an ugly and unbelievably gawky young woman. The amazing part of it was the way her friends continued to adore Sally even though she was always spoken of in a disparaging tone as "poor Sally." Yet when you knew her for the brave, blithe, ever sympathetic person she was, you understood.

It must have been when Sally was about eighteen that she knew—knew that no amount of coaxing and fixing was going to make her anything but just "poor Sally." From that day, she gave no thought to clothes except to take a noon hour on certain days of the year to purchase one of those wretched fitting tweed suits that hung so limply on her bony frame. She strode in her flat-heeled oxfords and stood with her hands in her skirt pockets, feet apart, head thrust forward on a spindly neck, with her incessant cigarette hanging loosely on her lips. People almost gasped when you first introduced them to Sally, but you knew that they would soon be agreeing with you that she was delightful. Things still could and usually did happen to Sally.

She had come back from two years of service in France, not changed a whit for all her adventures, for no scourge could mar a face like Sally's. She had had her hair cut like a man's and her little narrow face behind its big horn-rimmed spectacles looked more ridiculous than ever. But the old crowd had taken her to their respective hearts again and Sally's barn was the scene of many a belated orgy.

On one such occasion, the crowd, having burst in on Sally, were celebrating the success of a play that they had just produced, and were well nigh reducing the painted furniture and the hand-dyed curtains to wreckage. There had been a round of toasts and now they were burlesquing the play with much shouting and laughter. Suddenly the door was thrown open and a tall, gaunt figure half fell, half staggered into the room, his queer, crazy eyes darting here and there. His clothing was loose and unkempt, his hair a black limp mass against his startling white face. The burlesquing players stopped with their lines unfinished and looked from the strange visitor to their startled hostess for explanation.

"I don't know who you are. I don't

care." The voice of the intruder rang out high pitched, anguished, and distraught. "You have ruined my symphony with your jazz and crazy shouting. I tell you, I had it all—my symphony, and now it's gone! It was you, you vandals, you soulless half wits, who took it from me just as it was coming—and now it's gone for good and I can't bring it back."

Sally had taken a glass from the table, filled it from the decanter, and with her usual self possession had placed it in the hand of the half-crazed youth. He seized it, drained it without seeing Sally at all. He opened his lips as if to speak again, then driving his long white fingers through the shock of black hair, he turned and stumbled out of the door again.

Once again Sally's guests turned to her and Sally's only answer to the mute question in their eyes was, "I don't know who he is, but will you please go? I'm going to see about him, and please don't come again until I let you know."

The crowd, much subdued, straggled off; and slipping a vivid orange smock over her tweed skirt and blouse, Sally hurried down the narrow, dark stairway to a little studio beneath her own. She knocked softly on the door. There was no answer, but the crack of light beneath the door revealed that the room was occupied. Quietly Sally turned the knob and peered in. There he was, face buried in his arms upon a table strewn with paper.

"Hello," said Sally brusquely. The face lifted and stared at her blankly, unseeingly.

"We're getting very neighborly, going into each other's studios so informally," she continued.

The only answer was a groan that might have meant anything. There was an awkward silence. Even Sally could think of nothing to say.

"I suppose I ought to thank you for stopping them," he said at last, with all a world of weariness in his tone. "I'm sorry. I was a bounder to do that, to burst in on you that way. But I almost had it, that perfect bit that would finish my symphony—and then they started in up there, and somehow—I guess I just forgot myself for a minute."

"Would you mind telling me about your symphony?" said Sally.

Haltingly at first, then with increased enthusiasm, the young artist with the strange, wild eyes described the symphony, the broken symphony, that was to have brought him fame and the realization of his dreams. He paused when he had finished, as if to recall something.

"My violin," he said at last, "do you see it?" He arose and began groping about the table. "I always put it here, but I was so excited."

With a pang of sudden pity, it came to Sally that the boy was blind. Those queer, furtive, restless eyes that would not stay quiet! Swiftly she picked up the instrument from a chair and placed it in his hands. He began to play with a light shining from his pallid face, and the exaltation that comes with the creation of a beautiful thing. On and on went the strange melody, carrying them both far beyond the narrow confines of the room. Sally was aware of a great ecstasy; she felt herself one with the surging power that was drawing those singing notes from the violin. Unceasing, unbroken, the symphony swept on, rising to a perfect climax—drawing to a perfect finish.

With a great, shuddering sob the musician sank to his chair. There was a long silence.

"I don't even know who you are," the boy said brokenly at last, "but you have brought my symphony back—back for always; I can never lose it again. I was seeing you there, somehow, all the while I was playing. You are so kind and so beautiful. It is your beauty that has inspired me. We blind

feel beauty without seeing it, can sense loveliness that even eyes can't see. It it a great gift for recompense. I have sensed tangible beauty always, but never so poignantly as now."

Sally wiped a suspicion of moisture from the horn-rimmed spectacles and laying a clumsy red hand on the young musician's arm she whispered a husky good night. Once outside the door she lit a cigarette, thrust her hands into the pockets of the orange smock, and then ascended the black stairs to her attic.

THE KID

BY WAYNE BAGLEY

It was certainly strange. No one would ever have thought of these men taking in a little, helpless kid. Ed, who kept his other name to himself, had brought him in. They'd thought it was for the one time alone, but it turned out that the kid didn't have a home, so he stayed on. He was only about five, and terribly small and skinny, as is only natural in one who is used to only one or two meals a day, and those not regular. His family must have thrown him out, they finally decided after much useless and stupid arguing. At any rate, he was very small and weak, and not too healthy. His name was James, it turned out, and Ed was the one to say that it was a good name, and not one to be ashamed of, like Percy, or Reggie, or some other damn-fool thing.

And these four out of the whole city had been elected to take him. Ed, who was small and stooped and shifty-eyed. Karl, who was large and slow and stupid, but a giant in strength. Ted, a common looking man, except for one eye which had been gouged out in some street fight, and left a sleepy sort of wink on his face. And Peterson, the leader, the brains, the talons of the four. I was tolerated as a friend.

A gang is the right way to describe them, I suppose, though they were far from being a common gang, such as one reads of being rounded up in a raid. For one thing, they were too clever to be caught. For another, they didn't claim to be a gang that could strike terror into the hearts of any and all. They were small, exclusive, and unusual. I don't know what their branch of business was, nor did anyone else. Not a common branch, that is almost certain, or they'd not have lasted so long. They were well known as a gang in police circles, and much sought after, but Peterson was too smart—much more than you'd ever dream, to look at him. He was too vital, too brutal, to be considered a thinking, or even clever, man.

Jimmy—the kid, that is—seemed to thrive in their company, though. The gang was going good in those days, and so he got a lot of good food, which seemed to be mostly what he needed to strengthen him up and make a regular kid out of him. Of course, I don't say that the atmosphere was good for him, and he got to be quite a little devil, but altogether he was as nice a kid as you'd see anywhere. And he got to love the four of them, and they got to love him. Especially Peterson.

Well, things went on that way for a couple of years. But a change had come over Jimmy. He was still a nice kid—one of the best in that section of town, but there was no denying that he was getting hard-boiled. This when he was only seven years old. By the time he was nine it was pretty bad, but no one knew how bad he really was getting until one night when he came home with some blood on his sleeve, and just laughed, a little bit scared, when Peterson asked him if he'd cut himself.

Later that evening a newsie went by yelling the headlines. A kid cut in a street fight! Bleeding to death! Peter-

son sort of pricked up his ears at that. I looked at Jimmy, and he was white as a ghost. Peterson saw it, too, and sat for a long time with a sort of blank look on his face. Then, about an hour after the newsie'd gone, he sort of jumped, and half whispered, "My God!" I wondered if he was thinking the same thing that I was.

Then he turned to Jimmy and asked him where he got the blood on his sleeve.

"None of your damn business!" snapped Jimmy, and turned white again, and Peterson sort of nodded absently and said "Oh," to himself, without any particular meaning. Still later he said, "Come on, Jim, let's go for a walk down the river a ways."

That was all right, and they started, but Peterson came back and shook hands with everybody, as if he were going to be gone for more than a few minutes. Then they went out. We all felt worried without knowing why.

The kid was found in the river a week later. Peterson we've never seen since.

INHERITANCE

My estate humbles me with its vastness;
Acres and acres, a myriad of acres—
A world beyond the horizon
Vibrating by night-time
With the pulsations of the skies;
But the walls of my house are high,
High and narrow,
And I cannot get out—
I do not know where to look for a door.

—Thomas Wilson.

A woman lives for many things,
A man,
A child,
The light of her eyes,
The fluttering of her heart,
And when those are gone,
She is empty.

—Nellie Upton.

THERE IS NO WRONG

BY GLADYS BURGESS

"What is right and what is wrong?" I questioned my grandmother, when I was twelve.

She replied, "Go you to your Bible, and take not the name of the Lord thy God in vain. The Ten Commandments are the foundation of all that is good and the reprimand to all that is evil."

Now that I am in college and my New England ancestors and New England environment are all gone, I ask, "What is right and what is wrong?" and I am told there is no wrong. It is merely the question of looking at things from the proper standpoint. One is naive if one speaks of God and believes in His existence. To be sophisticated—and everyone seeks for that most admirable trait—I wonder—one must have known the experience of being intoxicated, one must have satiated one's carnal senses. To be really literary one must punctuate one's works with strong profanity, hearty oaths and rigorous "damns." Then one has a style.

Satan has my sympathy. He is out of a job and fast becoming a nonentity. Young people no longer "go to the devil"—they are merely "leading their own lives."

Yesterday, when the icy wind was driving freezing rain over desolate streets, I stepped into a little cafe just to get something warm. And there sat Satan, lonely, forlorn, infinitely bored. From him surely I could get some pointers on right and wrong. So I went over to his table, and began the usual conversation.

"Awful weather," I said. "I am frozen through and through."

"Yes," admitted Satan, "it's pretty bad; but then, what can you expect? After all, it's winter."

"For you it must be especially disagreeable," I ventured then. "You are

accustomed to quite other temperatures."

Satan looked coldly at me. "How so?" he asked.

I stammered, embarrassed, "Well, so far as I know, you have it pretty hot down in your place—the hellish fires, burning sinners, and so on."

Satan interrupted me impatiently. "It's incredible," he exclaimed, "that you believe in that childish, superstitious rubbish. Even you, a freshman in college, cultivated, enlightened, can repeat such nonsensical nursery fables. Let me assure you that you are greatly mistaken. We enjoy the most perfect climate—a subtle blending of the freshness of spring and the mild mellowness of fall. Our gardens are more beautiful than your limited fancy can even imagine. Blossom and fruit mingle on the very same tree. Your ideas of my abode are antiquated and vastly incorrect."

I blushed under his reproach but my curiosity remained. So I persisted. "And the lost souls?" I asked timidly. "What of the damned, those who have done some irreparable wrong?"

He lifted his hand and his face expressed his pained disapproval. "What words," he sighed, "what expressions, what crudity! Lost souls—damned—I am grieved to hear you speak like this. There is no right and wrong in this age. It is merely a matter of individual choice and personal tastes. Why, our guests, as we call them, are entertained most elaborately. Concerts, theaters, dinners, and for those with the more quiet and scholarly tastes we have libraries and collections of prints and etchings. We do our best to gratify every possible wish."

"Why, how wonderful," I exclaimed, "that sounds almost like heaven."

Satan seemed pleased. "Yes, anything you can get there we have, too, and even more elegant, more exquisite, more subtle. Only," said Satan sadly, "they can never, even for one moment, forget that they are not in heaven."

"Never," said I, a little terrified, "that is—"

"Yes," answered Satan wearily, "that is it. To have everything heaven can grant you and yet not be in heaven—that's hell."

And while I was still thinking over these awful words he disappeared from my table.

AND YET—

Am I perfect that I should wish
  To keep my entity forever?
Do I know myself that I should wish
  To be myself forever?
Is then mind so fine a thing
  That I should wish to live in it
  When my body lies decaying?
Is perfect knowledge not a final death
  To all my aspirations
  Which are my soul?
And yet—I would know
  And be myself forever.

—D. H. Sponnenberg.

MAUNDERINGS

BY DALLAS MOORE

I am afraid. Forebodings assail my peace of mind, because my last unkind letter has brought no response from my girl. Several times, now, points of friction have occurred between us in our correspondence, and each time a hastily written letter from me has been followed by a seemingly long lapse of time without an answer, during which I suffered through a dozen planes of despair, each plane more torturing than the one preceding.

Right now, I am waiting for the postman to end my present pain. What if she shouldn't answer! I'd never know, then, the truth about the situation. I should be too proud to write, or to call upon her the next time I should be in her town. Perhaps noth-

ing would ever bring us together again!

Maybe I could arrange to run across her accidentally sometime. . . . I should be in fine clothes and be driving an expensive car. I should bow very low, out of politeness, of course; and let her sense my new position, and be the first to speak. I never could allow myself to be the one further to break the ice. She had formed it, and she must break it. Of course I should hesitate, and then reply rather distantly. Then she would come closer and say, "Oh, sir, do you remember me?" Then I should take her hand and pat it as I used to do so long ago, and say, "Yes, dear," with a catch in my voice. I should not hold out long; I am not by nature unkind. The knocks of the world have hardened me somewhat, it is true, but I can be kind. I should invite her to ride with me. She would survey the car and my clothes. With a slight motion of my stick I should direct the chauffeur to drive through the park, and my chauffeur, being well trained, would drive slowly and quietly down a deserted lane. Music is wafted through the trees. She is nestled closely to my side. I pat her hand again, and kiss it for the first time in many gloomy years.

No, I had never fooled myself; I had always loved her. When she broke with me, I was very angry and hurt, but I could not now resist the charm that I had learned to love so tenderly.

I, who had been called Shockproof Peter in school; I, who had had a thousand affairs. I, a blase person about the campus, had allowed myself to fall so completely in love with a mere girl! We had spent hours, days together high up in the hills, where our little wornout car would take us away from the world.

Well! The mail hasn't arrived yet, or else she didn't write. I surely will give her hell the next time I see her! No woman can trifle with me. I am adamant. I have had too much experience to let a naive college rookess twist me around her finger. I'll say, "Look here, you little imp, do you know to whom you are talking?" I'll say, "I have stood enough from you; you, who have torn my heart out and stamped upon it with those big feet of yours. Ha, ha, ha!" I laugh raucously, "I had never noticed that you had such big feet. Lord, I never saw such feet in my life. I never noticed them until just now. Maybe there are some other things I ought to notice before it is too late. Yes, your treachery. I might have known not to have trusted an experienced woman like you. You have led me astray; destroyed utterly the only true love I have ever known. Yes, by God, you'll pay for this. No, it is the man who pays, and pays, and pays with his life blood! I might have expected this from some people, but not from you. You, who used to whisper little nothings in my ear, when we were on the hillside. You seemed to be purer than the stream that dashed by below us; sweeter than the highest note of the little songbird in the trees. Here I am, broken, crushed, abject, and you laugh."

Well! Here's the mail now! And a letter from her. It says, "Dearest, I'll be so glad to see you, when you come down next time. . . . You won't forget to write, will you?"

"You bet I won't forget, Darling," I wrote, "and maybe I won't be glad to see you!"

In pride and in desire, with youth's high heart I cried,
"Earth's highest guerdon will I have, or naught!"
Now that high prize burns on my naked breast,
—And is a sign for all the world to shun.

—Leslie M. Oliver.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

BY BERNIC GROW

The dragon lay in the mouth of his den, lazy and satisfied. The sun, which beat down fiercely on the rocky side of the mountain and scorched the scrub oak that grew below, made little lights and glints on the shining scales of his body. The scales on his back were purple, and on his sides they shaded down through green to a burnt yellow. There were b o n e s strewn about in the recesses of the cave, bones of rabbits and chipmunks, that were gnawed clean and bare. The dragon lay in his den with his bulging eyes half closed until up from below he saw riding on a white horse a knight in armor, who held in his hand a lance and from whose helmet streamed a purple plume.

St. George rode up the mountain, perspiring frankly and freely within his armor, but thinking noble knightly thoughts. He dismounted with a clank, gripped his lance more tightly in his gloved hand, and advanced up the trail to the dragon's den. At last he stood before the mighty creature, not ten feet away, and he began a hesitating advance, when suddenly the dragon sneezed—a mighty sneeze that echoed down the mountain, that made the bones on the cave floor rattle and that frightened St. George so that he almost fell backwards over the ledge before the cave door. However, after a pause he rallied his vagrant courage, gripped his lance more tightly yet, and muttering something under his breath the while about "for the sake of his fair lady," began stealthily to skirt the walls of the cave. Suddenly he stopped and, raising his lance high in air, would have plunged it far into the pulsing side of the dragon, but the steely weapon snapped in the middle like a brittle toy without even leaving a scratch or a dent on one of the shining scales. As though to remove an annoying fly the monster flipped his tail in a great arc toward the spot where St. George would have thrust his lance. The knight, still with half a weapon, was running terrified in the direction of a lone tree which grew before the cave. The dragon lowered his tail and watched while the worthy knight climbed with a speed that was born of intense fear to the topmost branches of the tree, apparently little hindered by the cumbersome weight of his armor.

The sun set and soon afterward the dragon closed his bulging eyes and snored long and rhythmically. At first St. George shuddered nervously up in his precarious perch with each reechoing snore, but finally along toward morning, when he discovered that the monster only slept, he was reassured. Just as dawn was streaking the sky in the east, St. George crept cautiously down from the tree, scuttled past the slumbering beast, and plunged down the path to where his horse was cropping the wet grass. When the dragon awoke he could see the venturesome knight, a tiny speck below, galloping swiftly away toward the country beyond.

RAIN

The rain drippin' off the roof outside
Makes me remember how
The rain used to drip off the trees
Upon our tent,
So slow and solemn like,
And I'd count the drops
Just one,—so,
And then another
And another
Until I'd lose track
And start all over again.

—Leroy A. Swanson.

HIGH PLACES

BY LESLIE M. OLIVER

Thousands of years ago I came into being, and I knew not how, but only that I was. And after a thousand years had passed, I felt an urge within me, and I went up into a high mountain, and lifting up my hands I cried, "Oh, most awful lord God, I am all weakness, thou art all strength; I am low as the dust, thou art all high. I worship and fear thee!" And I went down from the mountain alone, with a strange fear in my heart.

A thousand years went by, and I felt an urge within my heart. I went up into the high mountain, and I lifted up my hands, crying, "Almighty God, thou art my father; I am thy child. I am vile and thou art holy. I worship and love thee!" And I came down from the mountain alone, with a strange longing in my heart.

A thousand years went by, and again I went up into the high mountain, and lifting up my hands I cried, "O God! I am of thee, and thou art of me. I am thy beginning, thou art my end. I am thy root in the earth, thou art my flower in heaven. I reach up my hand to grasp thine." And when I went down from the mountain, there was a deep peace in my heart, for God strode beside me down the path.

Disappointment

I am disappointed with Jenny.
Life came to her, ready to be taken—
She let it go.
Love was hers for the asking—
She gave where there was no return.
I am disappointed in Jenny—
I am disappointed with myself.

—Mary Lou Moser.

THE CLIFF

BY WESLEY COUTTS

It stands with its feet in the sea and its head in the clouds, a buttress in the elements. Angry green waves dash against its base—salt spray washes its face. Scraggled, scarred, grey. Caves hollowed by the swirling water. Deep, ugly cracks split by the snow and ice. Its feet in the sea—its head in the clouds.

Cameos

Lady

Fastidiously steps the snow,
Toe pointed delicately—
Billowing skirts swishing
To the jeweled cadence of a minuet.
The trees bow,
And the dainty lady
Steps fastidiously on,
Toe pointed delicately.

Crimson

A troop of crooked
Gray old women
Sprang up in every hollow.
And the sun grew afraid
And hid behind a hill,
Trembling with rage,
Shaking his fist,
Swearing—
Ready to run.

Silver

The cool sea stretched her body,
Threw her arms above her head,
Bending back;
And the stars
Chattered in scandalized giggles,
And the moon slid down.

—George A. Oppenheimer.

Query

What is the why
Of all this loveliness—
The white, pronged moon—
Your eyes? I wonder——

—Mary Colby.