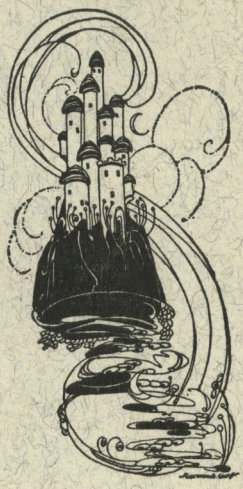
The Manuscript

Spring Edition, 1929



Oregon State College

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THE MANUSCRIPT

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THE COMET

My mother said, "I think we'll let her sleep.
She is so young. What could a comet mean
To her?"

My father said, "I think you're wrong.
What may a comet mean to you? Let me
Ask that?"

"I do suppose we ought to have
It so that she can say she saw a comet,
Since they have said another won't come on
For eighty years, although I can't imagine
She'll remember it."

"I'll lift her out of bed,
Awaken her, myself. I swear she'll see
That comet as it swings above the silver
Maple tree from which her own swing dangles
Like a silver spider-rope. I want,
Tomorrow morning when she swings,
For her to feel the flying of that meteor,
Which flew as she, although asleep and we who
Are awake, are flying now. Toward what I do
Not know. And she won't know. But she will have
A few more years in which to speculate,
In which to catch, perhaps, some rumor of
The truth. Think of the solidarity
Of three of us, unified and gazing
At the same sight at the same instant.
Think of us watching from an upstairs
Window, lips apart, this sad, pale spectacle:
A stunned, astonished star fleeing
Wildly from its own weird burning.
It is a sight which you and I can never
See again; a sight our child may see,
And yet the like of which we cannot ever
See again together. After eighty
Years I will be gone, and you will be.
What do you say? Shall we awaken her?
Or shall we let her sleep?"

"I hate to trouble her.
How placidly she dreams. Can you
Be cruel enough to interrupt that peace?"

"You make me furious. What we don't
Interrupt, life will."

"Then wake her up;
You won't be satisfied unless you do.
You've set the clock?"

"I've set it for the hour.
Shall I awaken you?"

"I'll be awake, and so
Will be the child, unles we settle down
And go to sleep."

"Then you don't mind if I awaken her?"

"No, I don't mind. I think
It will be best, except I hope it will
Not frighten her, and that you will not stand
Her in a draft."

"I'll hold her in my arms;
She won't be cold; nor will she be afraid."

"I hope you're right; she's such a little thing."

"I know she is. But if I'm blundering
Tonight, then tell me what are parents for."

—Audred Arnold.

AT SUNDOWN

After the echoes of day cross the furtherest hill,
The scrape of the plow and the lilt of boy's laughter—
And even the whippoorwill's call is still—
The old house breathes a sigh
And settles down for the night
With a weary creaking of joints and sills.
Its rough gray clapboards are brushed
By purple perfume from the lilacs at the corner.
And the tall locust blows smooth, white blossoms
Across the split gray shingles
Onto the white quartz doorstep.
High above, the sky is softly, lustrously white
Like a great hollow pearl
Held aloft by the rim of the hills.

—Gladys Burgess.

WE CALLS IT QUITS

By SIMERI JARVI

"WHAT'D he say, Bill?"

"Didn't say anything."

"Well, I don't give a damn, I'm going tomorrow whether the bull likes it or not. I'm just going to stay another day out here like so much——. What do you say, Oscar?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"If the bull asks me to stay, I'm going to tell the bull that I'm **not** going to stay. That ought to satisfy any man. A feller wants two days of shopping before Christmas, anyhow. There isn't a Christmas yet that I've been sober. I'm not stayin' any longer. I got to get to town."

"Shut that radio off, someone. Let's talk it over. Chase that dog to hell offa my bunk. There's enough fleas on it already. Open that door, Ike. It's too doggone stuffy in here. Wonder what the boss means by keeping us in camp so close to Christmas. Other camps been closed weeks already."

"Vy, dat man is kracy. Ve go home 'morrow, an' if bosu he don' likin, he can come wit us. Dis is free country. Ain't it? I goin' see bosu right now, an' I goin' tell him li'l bit Finn, an' how."

"Listen here, fellas. You know Alec figures on logging that last corner and wants the donkeys drained before letting you guys go. You know we might not be so welcome back if we leave without his permission. Personally I don't care how you guys decide. I'm satisfied."

"This ain't the only camp on the coast."

"Ho, ho, dat's a goot one. Bosu he can log dat corner off with his wife, and he can drain the pots next July. I tell my wife, 'I see you Christmas,' and the kids they are waiting for me. By golly! I goin' to pack my packsack now. Kime cigarette, Oscar? Someone play dat radio for li'l bit. Blay dat goot song where de ladies dey rad-a-daa."

"What's the matter with you, Ike? It don't take no one to play a radio. It plays itself. Here's a cigarette."

"Well, I'm going to start packing now. How about it, fellows? Are we all going to leave in the morning? I hear the cook and both chasers are leaving, too."

"If the cook's going, I'm going too."

"Me, too."

* * *

Morning came.

"Whoa."

"Wow. Where the hell did that dog take my sock?"

"Booo. Gangway!"

"How do you feel, Oscar?"

"I feel with my fingers. Hooray! There's the bull now. Bet he's sore."

"Ye fellers leavin'?"

"You bet."

"Well, I wish you all a merry Christmas. If I'd have known you guys were leavin', I'd have had a truck waiting for you."

"Goot by, bosu. Happy Christmas for you."

* * *

In town (Astoria).

"What kind of a doggone man you be?"

"I be Finn."

"Ol' right, doggone, have a drink."

NO SOAP

By NORMAN R. HAWLEY

THET 'ere bear's been in this garden again an' I'll be dum-switched if I don't git the ol' heathen yet! Heah! Heah! Sport, you come out from thet hole under the house an' take a smell o' this track. By crackie, you'll hump yer back an' travel, if you do! Come on, Sport, bring yer pack an' git after this!" "Old Jim" Crosby shouted in an exasperated voice for the occasion was important. His ancient and honorable enemy had made another sally into "Old Jim's" holy of holies; retribution was now in order.

"Old Jim" was not old, neither was he young, but he lacked a wife's loving care, and his general appearance had gradually deteriorated into a semblance of seedy age. He admitted that he had contemplated holy matrimony more than once, but, on each occasion, the fair lady of his choice had "smelled o' soap," and he would further add: "I'm tol'able easy to please—I don't ask fer much, but there's one thing thet I can't swaller, an' thet's the smell o' soap. It makes me sick to my stummick."

Meg had moved into the Lake shanty one evening and set up housekeeping. By the following noon, she and "Old Jim" had become fairly well acquainted through the unexpected, though not too fortunate, meeting of their respective packs of dogs. "Old Jim" had been quite overcome with the delicious gymnastic movements of his heart, as he observed the efficiency with which Meg restored order in chaos. With clubbed rifle and educated feet, she joyously and impartially administered blows and kicks to every canine in reach. The flowery attributes with which she addressed the assembled dogdom served as balm for the aching void in "Old Jim's" soul. He was sure of his ground when he came close enough to this new goddess to discern that she exuded a very human and unsoapified odor. For Meg's face was brown and seamed, her waist large, and her arms brawny; but "Old Jim" observed these only in the light of true love.

He had but a moment before been basking in the aftermath of a passionate love session with Meg, but recently concluded, when he came upon the devastating evidence of Bruin's latest activity. Now, under the urgency of "Old Jim's" cajoling, Sport, long of ear and sad of eye, poked a casually inquiring nose from the hole and sniffed. He leisurely extracted himself and, after a delicious stretch followed by a lengthy yawn, sat down on his haunches and scratched.

"Plunk," went a rock against Sport's spare ribs. "Woof," coughed Sport. "Git," howled "Old Jim." Sport "got." His quavering voice brought his long-eared henchmen, replicas of himself, scuttling from the sanctuary of the hole. The delegation gained momentum of voice and entered the nearby timber in an uproar of discord. Sport followed the scent; the pack provided the applause, and "Old Jim" contributed the profanity.

"Thunder and Mars," "Old Jim" finally seethed in a steam of exasperation, "them dum-foozle dogs has treked me over seventeen townships a'ready an' no hide nor hair o' thet ol' bear. I've climbed through 'nough vine maple to make a basket for every Injun squaw in Oregon. My shins is barked an' my stummick's empty."

"Old Jim" might swear and puff, but the chase went on. Through stretches of great gray trunks that supported the sky above; through dense young

growth that clutched and whipped at face and body; across burns where the fallen logs were stacked like devil's jack-straws; down ravines, through valleys, and over ridges, they raced or plodded.

"Oh, Lord A'mighty! Look what thet ol' heathen of a bear has gone and done! Travelled in a circle an' here we are most home again," "Old Jim" panted to himself. Sure enough, upon topping the last ridge, the cabin, the garden, and the broken-down fence, in all of their abandoned glory, lay far below them.

Down the ridge they swept with the pack in full cry and "Old Jim" in full anger. The dogs roared into the ravine behind the cabin and lifted notes of exultation to heaven. "Old Jim" roared too, but not from joy. Manzanita, dry and hard, tore at his clothing; spruce needles, sharp as steel, pricked at the exposed portions of his anatomy; and hidden roots tripped him. "I hope to Heaven them dogs has thet bear," he wheezed, "an' I hope he ain't got them."

Coming up with the pack at last, he found them milling before a fissure in the rocks at which they sniffed excitedly. "Old Jim" milled and sniffed with them and added a yelp or two of encouragement to aid the din.

"Wal, Sport, we'll build a smudge an' smoke 'im out," "Old Jim" volunteered. He built a fire in the entrance of the hole; covered it with green twigs and sat down to wait. The assemblage waited a long time.

"Sport," "Old Jim" finally whined, "this is all waintin' an' no shootin'. If you was worth a pint o' salal berries, you'd go in thet hole, but you ain't. I'm hungry an' so are you. Let's go up and git some grub while the pups watch."

They climbed the slope and as they reached level ground behind the cabin, "Old Jim's" hunger overcame him. "Sport, shall we have a drink o' milk? Let's do," and to satisfy the inclination, he started for the cellar—but he never completed the journey.

The opening vomited a black shape, made indistinct by a great gray billow of choking smoke. The apparition came rushing forth like a locomotive of destruction, snuffling and sneezing, with a red cavern agap. "Old Jim" had made the mistake of leaving his gun with the pack, but he still had his legs. Apparently the bear started for him, so he started for the fence as Sport started for the invader. The fence offered little opportunity for safety, so "Old Jim" changed his course for the longer, but more logical, path around the house. The bear sneezed, Sport yapped, and "Old Jim" spurned the turf. "Old Jim" swore as he went; swore at his ignorance at not knowing that the cave in the ravine and the cellar connected; swore that he had deliberately driven the bear out at such an inopportune moment, and swore especially that he had no gun.

On his third lap around the house, "Old Jim" met the young hounds that had eagerly abandoned their posts for parts more promising. He also met the half-blinded bear that had stopped to paw his streaming eyes and bawl. "Old Jim" slid into the bear like Ty Cobb into second base.

"Get away from that bear, you old fool! Do you want me to shoot you?" It was unmistakably Meg's voice. Meg had come in the second of necessity. As though in a nightmare, he strove to tell her that he was not in such a position from choice, but "Old Jim's" tongue had gone down his throat along with his chew of tobacco. He dumbly wondered when the great jaws would close on his shrinking neck. His skin goose-fleshed in anticipation. A paw fell on him, another, and yet another. He jerked spasmodically and then realized that they were dog paws!

(Concluded on Page Eight)

"IN THE MOW"

By REX ROBINSON

THE steel cable jerks taut and slaps against the track and rafters of the barn, and the rising clatter of the wheels and cogs of the mechanical hoist outside warns the two workers in the mow that their short rest is over. The cable sways and jerks, gliding like a long bright snake through pulleys that creak in sullen protest at the strain put upon them, and disappears through a small hole in the gable peak.

Slowly, slowly, the great forkload of ripe vetch hay blots out the patch of cloudless sky beyond the loft. The fork pulley snaps into the carriage, and the fork, with its heavy load, starts down the track with a rush, a rush that quickly slows to a deliberate, ponderous advance, an advance marked by wide careenings like those of a stately galleon under press of sail. The majestic advance stops, there is a moment's hesitation, the trip rope tightens, and the hay falls with a rush and a swish that drives a breeze of dust-filled air into the faces of the men who have slowly struggled to their feet. The bare fork, looking like two giant jaws with long teeth interlocked, gnashes its teeth several times and jerks itself off to the end of the track, to fall off into the infinity below the level of the mow door.

The two men, mere pygmies under the soaring arch of the lofty rafters, wade back and forth, back and forth, straining and jerking to drag the reluctant hay out of its tangle beneath the track and carry it over against the sides of the mow. It pulls free in long ropes and coils and flakes, heavy masses that bend the fork handles nearly to breaking.

And with every plunging step the men take in the soft yielding footing that catches at their ankles and drags at their knees, with every shifting of the hay, countless motes of dust and particles of leaves rise into the still air to hang and dance in the sunbeams that find their way through the cobweb-festooned windows. The workers dig at their stinging eyes with grimy knuckles and burst into violent coughings and sneezings.

Back and forth, back and forth, the workers wade, straining, and tugging, and pulling, until they take their breath in labored gasps. Shoulders, arms, legs, and backs ache and throb with the unceasing effort, while sweat pours in salty streams down flushed faces literally to spatter to the hay, and the backs of faded shirts turn dark and moist. The air, full of the dry, dusty odor of the hay, is quiet, giving no cooling breeze.

And always, just as the mow is nicely leveled, the giant jaws of the hay fork come rumbling down the track to drop another stubborn tangle that must be torn apart and trampled into submission.

At last, after a time so long that the sweating workers lose all thought or feeling for anything but the dust and dirt and fatigue, the fork stops its journeyings along the track, the cable sags again to the level of the hay, and the men drop their forks and slide from the mow for a drink of water.

THE SCIENTIST REPLIES TO THE EVANGELIST

"Are you
Prepared to meet
Earth's cataclysmic end?"
"In forty million years I'll be,"
He said.

—Audred Arnold.

I PLAY BALBOA

By RAYMOND SCOTT

PUSHING aside the sagging branch of a scrub pine tree gnarled and twisted by many winter storms, I suddenly stepped from the dense undergrowth to the very sun-flooded edge of a great cliff overlooking the sea. Shading my eyes with my hand against the sudden glare, I gazed upon the mighty Pacific and felt a suggestion of that thrill Balboa must have felt when he beheld it for the first time. On either side of the high promontory upon which I now stood I saw the irregular rocky shore line extending for miles and miles, broken into huge scallops by jutting reefs and crescents of tawny beach.

The sun, an orange ball of fire overhead, made the sea a glittering sapphire, except close inshore where it changed to a billowing emerald. Each white-crested wave, as it heaved itself from the sea's bosom and flung itself against the rocky shore, reflected the sun's rays in a myriad of colors: red, orange, green, and violet. Hundreds of feet below me spread a jumble of huge bluish-gray rocks, and as the shimmering green water boiled about them, it churned itself to a caldron of foam and spray. A little beyond this turbulence a line of snowy foam marked an almost-hidden reef. As each towering wall of green water struck the mountain-like boulders with a dull boom like the sound of distant thunder, it flung great masses of itself high into the air. And after the boom of each crashing wave, I heard the swish and patter of water falling back upon the rocks.

The points of another half-sunken reef, which once must have torn itself from the cliff, projected like the teeth of a giant's saw. As the waves broke along these teeth with a resounding crash, they threw gleaming columns of iridescent spray high into the air. On the largest of these teeth, five or six snow-white gulls perched, while others flew and dipped about the cliff, their raucous cries mingling with the thunder of the sea. The afternoon breeze made a soft roaring as it swept over the cliff, bending and twisting the fringing jack pine. It brought with it a fragrant spray-filled breath of the sea: salty, fresh, and nipping.

NO SOAP

(Continued from Page Six)

An ear-splitting report, a yowling howl, a crash of splintering wood, and "Old Jim" arose to take a survey of his surroundings. He saw a black shape lumbering toward the timber's edge; he saw Meg hastily making exit through a large hole in the fence that had not been there a moment before, and he also saw a young hound, with a gunshot wound in his side, kicking in his death throes. "Old Jim" cast only a fleeting glance at the bear, the dog, and the hole in the fence. His eyes were on Meg—a very different Meg—one that flaunted a short skirt, a head of combed hair, and a general washed appearance.

"Old Jim" slowly seated himself on the door step and called Sport to him. "Sport," he said, "don't you foller thet ol' woman. She ain't no fit company fer you. She comes up here and misses thet bear thet's as big as a mountain and kills one o' our pups, instead. 'Sides she's takin' to using soap!"

THE FORERUNNER IN THE GARDEN

The doom
Of crocuses
Is not unlike the fate
A man endures when swaggerers
Succeed.

—Audred Arnold.

HOT STUFF

By CECIL CARROLL

THE torrid sun, emblazoned at its zenith, beat down relentlessly upon massive, muscular backs. A gentle simoon, sweeping over scorched sand dunes, seared the skin and penetrated to the very bone. Two shining, singing rails, stretching toward infinity, vanishing in the distance, reflected ever-increasing waves of heat. An occasional jack rabbit scurried from sagebrush to sagebrush in search of protection from the rays of the sun. The constant pink, pink, pink, of trip-hammer blows, which sent the spikes home, broke the stillness of the air. Streams of sweat trickled down firm-set, strong faces as parched lips uttered curses. Deep, gruff voices, mingled with coarse laughter, greeted the reboant echoes of the spike mauls. Men were at work on the "Jerry."

"It ain't no use." Bill's handsome young countenance appeared somewhat troubled as he straightened from his half-cramped position over a short-handled shovel.

"Anybody who says 'ain't' shows a lack of breeding," cut in Joe curtly. He was a finished product of the small town high school.

"Wal' ma foaks are jest as good as yurn, an' ah guess ah show as good a raisins as any of yuse, and ah say 'haint'." Jess, a whale of a fellow, was a perfect portrayal of the third dimension. A billow of fat surged on a sea of blubber in acquiescent symphony with spit-laden guttural outbursts from his small sucker-like mouth. His hickory shirt was wringing with sweat, and he exuded the putrid odor so common to sweat-soaked garments. Time-worn suspenders absorbed a small quantity of the copious brine from his back. He was the X. H. B. horse wrangler.

"You're all right in a way, Jess, but you weigh too much. Say, runt, what time is it? Must be near noon. The ten-twenty went by quite a while ago." Bill's ravenous appetite was becoming uncontrollable.

A rat-like face glanced up from a heavy embossed watch-case. "Just ten ta."

"Ten to what?"

"Your own business." Well-spoken English for a weasel-like Greek.

George knocked the few remaining embers from his pipe. "Let's have a little left over." Whereupon, he accepted the little brown box proffered by Bill, gently tapped the metallic cover, and gorged his protruding lower lip with that omnipotent preparation within, which makes Swedes men and men Swedes — Copenhagen, the essence of life. "Hey, Jess, how's the love-sick baby? Wha'd she drop ya for? If the second-hand man beat my time, I'll be hanged if I'd admit it."

Sweltering under the none too comfortable warmth of two pairs of heavy pants, Jess' fiery passions flamed to a white heat. "Jest drop huh now. Whatcha godda bring huh inta it foar? Now, drop huh, ah say, drop huh." With an upraised shovel he surveyed through blood-shot eyes his elusive prey—a minute human dynamo, an atom-like bit of dynamic energy.

All sardonic frivolity ceased as the shout of the boss's plenipotent voice crystalized the air. Everyone was hard at work. Shovels grated against rough gravel, and picks plied in the solid road bed. Old ties were removed and new ones replaced.

"Bring that tie here, Jess."

"Get ya ohn tayes—drop huh."

Men drop their tools; it is noon; and the tie rolls to the ground. Day after day men work on the "Jerry."

THE HEADER-PUNCHER

By BERT EVANS

TO the header-puncher, that first day of work in the field was one of inexpressible, almost intolerable, misery. For eleven hours that day he had stood at his post — stood until his feet and legs became numb from being motionless—stood gripping his wheel until his fingers stiffened into a curve that fitted around it—stood and looked unceasingly over and down upon the header, while his neck throbbed and ached from being constantly twisted.

Powerful chains, pulling and tugging with irresistible force, clanked and banged on all sides of him. From below came the incessant roar of the mighty cylinder as it tore through and devoured the yellow straw and grain that was crammed into its jaws. That great toothed demon caused a ceaseless vibration throughout the machine; it shook the flesh of the header-puncher until he could feel himself quivering, helpless; it seemed to him that he had no bones, no structure; he conceived of himself, as he stood there hour after hour, as being a big, unresisting, quaking jellyfish.

Stinging, biting dust poured out of the cylinder house and off the draper to swarm upon him. It was like a million senseless gnats crawling over him, sticking to him, pausing now and then to take a bite of his defenseless skin. It settled over and blackened his face; it went down his open shirt and stuck and stung him on his sweating back and chest. He was sometimes forced to lean over the railing and glare with eyes wide opened in order that he might pierce the density of the dust and see where his header was running. His eyes smarted and turned red from contact with the flying particles of dirt and chaff. He was agonized and almost frenzied by itching, yet he could not let go of the wheel to scratch himself.

The power of the machine, a giant gasoline engine, whirled and pounded below him. Its deafening roar and monotonous chug rose sometimes above the whining cry of the cylinder. It sent waves of heat up at the header-puncher from its heated sides.

Not three feet from his face was the exhaust pipe of the engine. It passed that close for no other reason than to add to his agony. It cooked him, burned him, broiled him, left him sizzling in his own grease; it scorched him until he could imagine that smoke poured out from his skin.

That was not all the heat. The sun blazed down upon him so fiercely that it burned the back of his neck, and tanned brown his shoulders and back, even through his shirt. It seemed to him that all the rest of the world must be cold, that all the rays of the sun must be concentrated upon him.

Streams of sweat ran out of his hair, down his forehead, and into his bloodshot eyes. His shirt was partly soaked with sweat and streaked with white in places where sweat had dried and left grains of pure salt. In a semi-conscious form of reverie he thought he was melting; he thought he was running away through the cracks in the boards; he could feel the teeth of the cylinder tear and splash through his buttery head; he could feel himself dissolving and floating away in no shape or form.

The sultry, smothering heat continued. There was only one breeze—the one that brought back the ungodly heat from the exhaust pipe to singe the puncher's face. He stood in the heat of Hell, in all the misery that the devil himself could give him. He stood and he worked, because he was a man, and a man must work.

POPPIES IN MY GARDEN

When I was very, very small,
And it was spring (it now is fall),
I teased to own a little rake,
Because I hadn't one at all.

"A little garden let me make,
A little corner let me take,
And I will plant some poppy-seed
To make a poppy-seeded cake."

And daddy said he thought, indeed,
The rake was just the tool I'd need.
I also said I thought a hoe
Would be a help if I should weed.

I used my hoe between each row,
And how it made the poppies grow,
Like dancing ladies on tiptoe,
Like dancing ladies on tiptoe.

—Audred Arnold.

FENCES

Somehow, I never did like fences.
Fences are things that shut things in
And shut things out.
I always think that Hell will be
A place where there are rounds and rounds
Of fences—one inside the other—
And I shall spend eternity
Making trails
Inside the outside fence of Hell. . .
Carving hearts and arrows
Upon the inside rails. . .
And gazing at you—outside there—
Who could not come quite all the way with me. . .
For fences are things that shut things in
And shut things out.

—Dorothy L. Anderson.

THE KEEPER OF THE BEES

By LAWRENCE E. OPEDAL

THE hum of over three and a half million angry bees creates a weird sensation, especially in one who is speeding along in the night with only the thin wall of a truck cab between himself and one hundred clamorous hives. The keeper of the bees, Leo O'Pedal, and his driver were moving the bees to a summer location in a fireweed district of the Cascades. Even though bees are hauled during the coolest part of the night and have a screen in place of the top, the heat generated by the excited bees often causes the whole colony to suffocate. Bees are able to maintain a perfect ventilation during a fire which chars the outside of their hive, but they are completely demoralized when they find their hive in motion.

The night was ideal for moving bees. As the truck neared the mountains, the air became cooler, and the bees lessened their threatening. The trip was made in silence except for occasional snatches of a cowboy spiritual offered by the driver. These were usually ended by some wandering bee as it completed its life ambition. Cemetery Hill, steep and wet, compelled the load to stop, and in spite of jammed brakes the truck began sliding backwards, faster and faster. An abrupt stop against a snag caused the truck to rear till it balanced perfectly on its hind wheels. It remained there a second and then fell—frontward with a bang that jarred over three million, five hundred thousand anatomies. The roar of as many complaints was deafening. The road on beyond, dampened by a recent rain, slanted toward a deep canyon. The driver "swore to God" he wouldn't drive that road with two hives at a time. The only resource left for the beekeeper was to unload the bees, sprinkle them with water from a nearby stream, high-tailer to town, and bring his Ford runabout to the rescue. That crate had a reputation for going where goats would tread but fearfully. With the truck plunging wide open down, and the Ford roaring red hot up, the beekeeeper was again on the job by the middle of the afternoon, alone. Intimate contact with the bees had swelled the driver till he would no longer stoop to such work. The Ford could hold only five hives at a time, and had it held more it would have been unable to pull them up the mountain side. Besides being in a weakened condition from spending the winter in a cast, the beekeeper had been up early the preceding morning to screen the hives before the bees became active; furthermore, he had been up all night, and had not eaten since dinner on the preceding day. In the warm afternoon his actions became mechanical. He carried two buckets of fresh water from the stream and sprinkled the bees; then he loaded and roped five hives, and drove slowly over the rough road to his new site. Not having the heart to smoke the already smothered bees, he removed the screens without the subduing smudge, and received the punishment — punishment which grew so old that being stung no longer stung. He worked in a trance. It was as though he dreamed a most unpleasant dream. Late in the afternoon, while he was lifting one of the heaviest hives, all went black; his hive smashed open on the ground, and when he regained consciousness he was clothed by a stinging garment of bees. He scoooped the hive together and finished hauling his last load as the sun sank into the "V" of the canyon. He tried to eat—he

wasn't hungry. He tried to sleep—no sleep until after midnight.

Three days later Leo had camp in order and was enjoying the mountain air, delicately blended with the aroma of wax and honey. After the day's work of looking over his bees, he yielded to the lure of the canyon where a clear mountain stream made fishing superb. One Sunday afternoon when he had just returned from a long hike in the canyon, two intoxicated girls broke into the tent. A moment later the "driver," in the same condition, offered a hearty and most informal greeting. While the driver showed off a "brand new" car his dad had given him, the beekeeper did not notice that one of the girls was devouring his salmon eggs, or that the other had found his queen record-book and was tearing the leaves to bits. Denied this amusement, both girls lay down on the cot and began sobbing. After they had been crying for some time the driver staggered over and gave them a splendid lecture on the evils of drink. They departed after a dinner of trout, huckleberries, and mountain honey, everyone in his right mind and happy.

On one his hikes, Leo, passing a neighboring apiary, beheld a "most pathetic sight." Smashed hives scattered in all directions, honey flowing everywhere, together with the wail of the homeless bees gave him chills. Word was sent to the local gun club, and the next day its members enjoyed a sweet, juicy bear steak.

Leo had hauled down several loads of choice mountain honey and was making preparations for the return of his bees to winter quarters, when he found his "pet leg" demanding immediate attention. A silver plate which had been used to hold a fractured femur was removed the same day. By the time the wound had healed, the road was so soft that no trucking concern could be persuaded to take the trip. Asking the "driver" would have been dangerous. The old Ford must again come to the rescue. The last trip was made in the rain and mud, but being a heavy load it took the road beautifully, skidding around the slippery curves and responding to the swales of the road like a heavily laden steamer in rough water. The last hive was unloaded without a mishap, and in honor of the Ford that played so gallant a part in the adventure, the keeper of the bees painted on its starboard a beautiful sign in old script which reads: "Ye Olde Henrye — Mountain Bred and Mountain Bound."

THESE DAYS I LIVE

These days I live I want to go
As freely as the rivers flow
    Which leave the mountain, find the sea,
    Intent on some far destiny
Which they have never asked to know.

A bird, a word, a flake of snow,
    A tree to fell, a field to mow,
        Are humble as I want to be
            These days I live.

A bowl to fill; a lamp to glow;
My life is nothing more, I know.
    So how can I feel vanity
    Who in this vastness am a bee
Imprisoned momentarily
            These days I live.

—Audred Arnold.

PILGRIM

Some day this clay of mine will be
A wind-blown dust,
Ephemeral as rain, as free.
In earth I never want to be
At rest. More fleetly shod, I trust
At last to find you, God, and will
In dew and bud if tireless dust
Lies never still
Until it must.

—Audred Arnold.

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS ON THE ART OF KILLING A MAN

By ELLIOTT MacCRACKEN

MEN are killed daily by various means not natural to the laws of nature; and although the art of murder has been practiced for thousands of years, many of the killings today are carried on in an uncouth manner. Some men are even so ungentlemanly as to beat a man to death with a club and leave him in the street. This method is very bad because it shows that neither skill nor cunning was used by the murderer. The Chinese who killed their culprits while having the pleasant dreams influenced by opium, the Siberian who bound a man with catgut with the knowledge that the gut would dissolve in three days and leave no traces, the Indian who set traps that would automatically bury a man, the Egyptians who poisoned their victims with drugs that left no perceptible trace, the Spaniard whose undesirable enemies were sent to sea with the understanding that the captain of the boat would dispose of them, the Frenchman who perfected indirect murder by the use of mechanical devices, the Latin-American who killed by sniping, the Argentine who fought duels with only one gun loaded, the Englishman, who, although a bungler, arranged some very nice suicide cases, the German who burned men that they would disappear completely, the savage tribes that use poison where dissection for traces is unknown, and the Slavs whose daggers silently end life, use more discretion than do the citizens of this country. The Scandinavian, who loves life too well to destroy it, stands supreme, and very few murderers belong to his family.

There are several motives which will justify a man (in his own mind at least) in killing another. Some kill from tradition and call their death-pact a feud, while others kill for political, social, or monetary gains. Courts ordain death to avenge death and discourage killing, and many a father kills the man who maltreats his daughter. When the offender bungles too badly, people are forced to kill in defense. There are many other motives, but in this writing I will narrow down to one and describe an acceptable solution. For our motive we shall choose love, and to restrict this, confine it to the perplexities which develop when two men love one woman. In this case I will assume that it is the woman's duty to select her mate and kill the loser to prevent interruption of domestic tranquillity.

After choosing the dark-haired, flashy-eyed suitor for whose name we will substitute Robert, Alice, who is the girl, decides to kill Archer. She chooses poison because women are partial to this method. In order to avoid suspicion, she gives the two an equal amount of attention, and by careful manipulations informs them that they must each go away for two months, and she will marry the one who brings home the most interesting story.

To encourage both, she buys a large box of candy for each and dates each piece designating when it is to be eaten. In the last piece of Archer's box she inserts a drop of a solution obtained from a poisoned arrow temporarily stolen from a friend who is visiting in the city. The friend received the arrow from her boy-friend who stole it from a museum. This is a delayed poison that takes a week to work and leaves no

traces, except that sometimes yellow spots are found on the heart. Alice arranges Archer's schedule so that he will be in Leopoldville, French Equatorial Africa, when the poison takes effect. From this region the arrow came. The blame would naturally be placed on some person in that vicinity. To insure Archer's being there at the time, she forwards his return ticket, and he will be able to start homeward then. As a precaution she arranges that he will travel through Africa a week before and after the time set for his death. As Archer is a persistent character, the chances are very favorable that he will finish the candy on the right date. Consequently he will die peacefully without the knowledge that Alice has chosen Robert for a life mate. It happens that he does this so further complications of the plot are unnecessary.

On the seventeenth of August two cablegrams were delivered to homes in the city. The first was to Archer's parents and read as follows: "Mr. Archer Rethfield dead from poison awaiting instructions Mode Hotels, Leopoldville, French Equatorial Africa." The other was to Alice and it stated: "Married today Patricia Hubelthwaite, London." Robert's name was affixed.

MAKING WHOOPEE!

By CHARLES W. BOCKMAN

WHAT is meant by making whoopee? Like so many idioms of the day, "making whoopee" was introduced and popularized in a New York musical comedy. It was hungrily accepted by worshippers of the new, and diffused to all parts of the United States. Youth, the eternal sophist, finds in it another medium by which he may vociferate his imagined worldliness, and age, mimicking youth in a sorry attempt to effect the existence of Ponce de Leon's fountain, hears in its echo a faint sigh of enchanted waters. There is something fascinating about its vulgarity. Making whoopee—there is something enticing about its suggestiveness. It is an expression only of enjoyment, and it carries a slight implication of wickedness. It is an end and a beginning. It is a promise and a result. It is a seductive device to ensnare the goddess "Good Time" to our cathedral of play. It has been mouthed in a dozen tongues, and has retained its original meaning. It is a new saying with an age-old meaning, and it livens age-old instincts in a new way. It is reigning under the especial grant of public favor, but it is inevitable that its reign will be short. It will soon be relegated to the morgue of the passe, for the world is shouting, "Off with the old; on with the new," and the new must become old. Some wit will have an inspiration; a new phrase will be born, and the cry will be, "The King is dead; long live the King."

THE ROAD BOSS

By ROBERT STONE

THERE were three of us cutting and burning brush on the surveyed path for the new road. The day was warm, the morning was half gone, and we were all beginning to imagine better things to do than working at brush. Into the clearing stepped a tall wiry man dressed in a black shirt and dirty blue overalls. It was Joel Lankin, the road boss. He was bare headed, and as he stood there picking his teeth with a long fir splinter, the sun made little glints and shadows in his coppery hair. His face was a dark freckled brown, and the end of his long hooked nose pointed directly at his stringy yellow mustache.

"Well, boys," he drawled, "are you doing lots of work?" He bent over and picked up a brush-axe that had been nearly hidden under a pile of limbs. It was a clumsy club of a thing with a home-made handle that I had fitted to it the day before.

"You fellows just pile up what I cut," he said. Mechanically he started to demolish a clump of brush. The old brush-axe rose and fell with careful precision. He didn't hurry, he didn't slow up, but he worked steadily and tirelessly for nearly an hour—he acted as if he could have kept it up all day. The rest of us were breathless and dripping with sweat when he finally threw down his implement and lighted an old pipe. This was a signal. We gathered about him and prepared for a welcome rest. With his back against a rotten stump and his sizable feet sprawled over a small log, he began to talk. Between enormous puffs on that venerable pipe, he volunteered information and advice on an endless variety of subjects—blasting powder, brush-axes, officers, money, the Bible, cross-cut saws, apple pie, women, and the county Guernsey association. The three of us listened with the proper attention and remarks — for wasn't he old Joel, the best road boss in the county—and our boss besides? After half an hour of this, he pulled out a grimy Ingersoll, shook it, and announced that we'd better knock off for lunch.

Some weeks later, I was working under Joel again. It was on the rock crusher this time, and the day was hot and dusty. After getting everything started, old Joel had sat down against a fence with a pail of apples beside him. Munching and watching, he regarded us all with an impersonal stare. Sometimes he would relieve some dirty, sweaty farmer for a few minutes; sometimes he would give a few directions to the gravel haulers. But for the most part, he just sat—eating apples.

"I'll bet that guy could eat apples faster'n the devil could grow them," Ed Bradley shouted at me above the roar of the crusher. I was helping him feed rock to those remorseless steel jaws that shut and opened so powerfully.

Ed strolled over near the fence to signal to the engineer for more speed. I picked up a large round rock weighing about seventy-five pounds. It was one of those terrible nigger-heads that the crusher jaws sometimes slip on and throw out — as when one squeezes a melon-seed between his fingers. Then I dropped the rock squarely in the center of those vibrating crushers. There was a heavy grating sound of metal on stone. I dodged back; the rock came out, and it went up for about fifteen feet. It was coming down near the fence—right where Ed Bradley stood. I yelled at him, but he was too busy gesticulating at the engineer. It was the calm and precise Joel Lankin that with incredible speed leaped up and reached for Ed Bradley. It was old Joel who jerked Ed out from under the menace of the rock.

"You darn near got your fool head knocked off that time, you old son of-a-gun," Joel drawled at him. While the rest of us stood white and shaken, he laughed softly to himself and told us to get back to work.

SERVITUDE

Heedless of the wind and rain
Whistling in their sleeves,
Farmers plough the vacant plain,
Heedless of the wind and rain,
Farmers lose and farmers gain.
They may have what black-bird leaves,
Heedless of the wind and rain
Whistling in their sleeves.

—Audred Arnold.

GOLD FLOWERS

By WILLIAM HATFIELD

THE huge trucks like roaring dinosaurs whipping their trailer tails, swept down the last hill into Inyo. Eight of them in line—their dancing lights blazed a path ahead on the highway. Produce from the fertile soil of Imperial Valley must reach the city market at five o'clock every morning, and at one o'clock there must be coffee ready at the Inyo all-night cafe, where the drivers would stop for fifteen minutes. The dimly lighted windows vibrated at the roar of the trucks grinding to a halt outside, and Wes Evarts, the night "hasher" shuddered with them.

"How's flower girl tonight?" The first of the men called as they entered—big men with heavy leather coats and huge gloves.

"I'm all right," Wes replied.

"Ha! He's all right, boys. Get that, will ya? He's all right. How's it feel to be all right, Kid?"

"Why—I don't know."

"Ya don't know? Hey, Stout, flower girl don't know."

"Yeh," the ugly Stout agreed, "that's rich. He don't know."

One of the men, a Mexican, spit his first mouthful of coffee over the counter. "Please, my boy, tell me, do you know how to make coffee?"

"I've made it for three—"

"With lye," the man interrupted.

"No, sir. There's nothing but pure coffee in it."

"Shut up. Get out a' here."

"Aw, let flower girl stay and talk a while. Come back here, kid. That's it. Now tell me, flower girl, ain't ya gonna give me another doughnut for being so nice to ya?"

"But your company only pays us for one, and coffee."

"Come on now, slip over a nice doughnut."

"But," Wes protested, "you'll have to pay for it this time."

"Ha! That's another rich one. Get that, Stout? I've got to pay for this one. I've got to pay for it. Come on, kid, b'fore I paddle ya. Hand over a doughnut."

Wes produced a jar of doughnuts and brought forth a single one for the scowling driver, but before he could return the jar to its usual place, it was grabbed from him and the entire crew helped themselves.

"You've done that once too often," he yelled hotly.

"Get that?" the ugly Stout laughed. "We've done it once too often."

"Ha! That's a good one, too," another agreed. "Tell ya, kid, what ya do now. Get out a' here—back to your kitchen. Get back there to a-peeling spuds."

Wes was glad to leave. It was the same thing every night from these drivers. Bullies—every one of them. He broke an egg over the edge of a frying pan—just as he would smash a driver. He pictured himself as usual at this time, bawling the men out for their misconduct. One of them speaks back and receives a blow on the jaw. Then the others would eat in silence—and pay for their extra doughnuts. A vigorous scrambling of the egg helped to soothe his temper.

The men at the counter were talking in low voices. Harsh protests from one of them was all Wes could understand. Every night he could hear him objecting to something the others discussed inaudibly.

"No," he would say, "I'm not ready yet, an' I won't be for several days."

(Continued on Page Nineteen)

The Manuscript

A literary magazine published by the English Department from material originating for most part in composition courses and designed to afford laboratory material for students in these courses

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

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CINQUAINS

By AUDRED ARNOLD

LATE FROST

Who wants
To audit spring's
Accounts and try the knave
Who has embezzled April's green
And gold?

POSTERITY

A man's
Nostalgia
For immortality
Explains the hostages he leaves
On earth.

HERO-WORSHIP

At dusk
The clouds which lie
Along the world's west rim
All jostle out to watch the sun
Ride by.

HOBBY

Such love
For growing things
Seemed to his wife a sin.
But she had heard of vices that
Were worse.

LIMITATION

The stars
Are visible
From where I sleep. But who
Has ever really felt or seen
A star?

GOLD FLOWERS

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

Once there was a scuffle and another man spoke loudly. "Keep your voice down, will ya?" he said.

Tonight the man with the loud voice was excited. He was insistent about something—something all the rest had agreed upon, and they were mumbling persuasive offers.

"Just give me a few days, and I'll have it fixed," he concluded.

As it was almost time for the men to leave, Wes entered again, carying a large basket of beautiful flowers. The hot nights and the long hours of sunshine in the desert town provided him with a hothouse for raising flowers to sell in the city. Soon he would have enough money to invest in better equipment and a small truck to market his own produce. Flowers from the desert. They sold at top prices on any market. It was a rare opportunity to build up a real business.

The men were leaving when Wes hurried outside to load his basket on the last truck.

"Gimme the half," demanded the driver. Wes handed him fifty cents and a small package.

"Will you give this to the old man?" he asked.

"Say, flower girl, I'm taking your flowers up for fifty cents a shot an' that's all. If you want me to be mail man for ya, come 'cross with the wages. I'll take the package up this time, but from now on that stuff's out. See?"

"I don't know as I see," Wes answered him curtly.

"Why, for the love of Mike, who ya talkin' to?"

"To you!"

The driver climbed down from his seat and grabbed the boy's shoulders. "Say, kid, when I want any a' your lip, I'll ask ya for it." He pushed him toward the cafe door. "Now get back in your hole. Tomorrow night I'll see you again. I gotta get goin' now."

"Yeh?" Wes was boiling with humiliation. He held up a card, and the driver's face turned an ashen color when he glanced back from the road. "When you see this maybe you won't be so hard boiled." His words were drowned by the roaring truck pulling away, but the driver caught the meaning and hurried to catch up with Stout and tell him of the kid's discovery.

Before one o'clock the next morning, Wes had wished to kick himself a hundred times for losing control of his temper. If he should prove to be correct in his assumption, he would have Stout and the rest of the bullies in a place they would in no wise enjoy. But he had given his secret away in a flash of anger. There was no end to what they would do. It might be even worse than he thought. If only some other customer would come in now. There had been times before when other people were in the cafe, and the drivers would eat quietly and leave—always careful not to attract the attention of anyone they didn't know.

There came the rumbling of the heavy trucks, then the spitting of dying motors, and eight solid-faced men pushed in and took their places along the counter. No one else was there!

"Come here, flower girl," the ugly Stout called.

Wes moved a little nearer, but kept a good distance from the counter. The other men were eating and watching him with narrowed eyes.

"Be a good kid an' tell me where you found that card and what was on it." It was evident that the men meant business, and that they knew what the card contained as well as he did.

"I left it home," he replied.

"Did I ask ya where it was? Tell me what was on it. Where'd ya get it in the first place?"

"I found it in one of the trucks seve-

ral days ago, when I was loading my flowers."

"Yeh, go on. Go on."

"Suppose I don't."

"Suppose you ain't seen around here for a spell," came the answer. "Ya know, kid, it ain't good business to be nosin' in other people's affairs."

"I won't do any nosing if you let me alone. That's all I want. And I'll tell you what was on that card. It was a shipment card of the Jackson Arms Company."

"What of it?" Several of the men straightened and glared at him. Others glanced at each other.

"I'm not dumb." Wes spoke to all of them. "It's been in the papers for weeks — that someone is smuggling guns into Mexico. The card doesn't prove anything, but it might bring around a little investigation." One of the men made a threatening motion. "Now just a minute! You can have the card if you'll let me alone, and take my flowers into the city without mashing them every time. Sure, I know you can do anything you want with me. I'm here alone, and there's eight of you. But what's the use? I'm not asking much, and if you agree, I'll not say anything about it."

"Well, get your flowers on that truck an' let's be going."

The men left the cafe, still silent, and started their trucks. Several had left when Wes appeared with a large basket of red carnations and found Stout waiting beside the last truck.

"Just hop up here, flower girl, and we'll let you deliver your flowers in person."

Wes accepted the invitation and took his place with the basket on his lap. He had expected as much. It was no use to resist. If he had only notified someone.

"So you're wise, are you?" the man said as they started. "Thought you'd blow things up?"

"I didn't mean that."

"Well, we'll turn around here and take a little trip back to Mexico where you can have a chance to get rested up for a couple of weeks. You know, flower girl, we're not really crooks—just drivers, but being that we run clear to the Mexican line every day anyhow, we got a swell offer to cary these guns down. Ya can't blame us for that now, can ya?"

"What do intend to do with me?"

"You'll just spend a week or so with a nice family over the line until we get this job done, then after we've drifted, you can come back. We can't take any chances."

There was no chance of escape from the locked cab door. Only a few stops were made in the most out-of-the-way places. At noon the stray truck, still loaded with produce, had crossed the border and arrived at a group of shacks on a side road. Wes was escorted into a hut occupied by several members of the crew.

"Here's a cook for us," the driver explained. "Keep your eye on him, 'cause we can't afford to lose a good cook."

Again Wes realized his helplessness against men who were twice his size and probably armed. Here were four men who were breaking a federal law—dangerous men, and not the kind to allow the least chance of escape. The other drivers would be back from the city later on, and then such chances would be all the more dangerous.

But back in Inyo. They should have started by now. If they would only hurry. They would look for him, and someone would follow the flowers. Lucky the drivers had allowed him to bring the flowers. They hadn't noticed it. And they didn't notice that they were nearly all gone when they reached the hut—dropped out one by one along the road. They would surely follow the trail—the officers.

"Now, flower girl, we're gonna let you give us a bit of information. Just a little. See?"

"What is it?"

"What is it? Well, it's this. We want to know where that card is. You see, it wouldn't be a good thing to leave that lying around so you could get it when you get home, now would it? Would it, flower girl?"

"I gues not," Wes replied.

Stout turned to the other men. "He says I guess not. Flower girl doesn't think it'd be a good thing to keep. So he's gonna tell us where it is. Ain't that nice of him?"

"I didn't say I would," Wes replied.

"Oh! Get that, will ya? He didn't say he would. That's rich. He don't think he will." Then the man's humor became ugly. He caught Wes by the arm and proceeded to twist it up back of him. "Now." He spoke through his teeth. "Ain't ya gonna change your mind a little? Just a little? A little bit?" And he wrenched the arm mercilessly.

"Oh! Don't! You're breaking—my arm." Wes struggled to free himself, but only brought more pain to the throbbing muscles. "I—I've got it here. Let go, Stout, please!"

The door opened quickly and several men were gazing in over ugly rifles. "Yeh, that's it. Let go!" said the biggest and hardest looking man. "You gents just line up along that wall now, and hook your fingers into the ceiling." Then he spoke to Wes. "Nice flowers, kid. They told us at Inyo to follow them."

Wes, by this time gathering himself, shouted at the astonished drivers: "Well, I guess there's one load of flowers you wish you'd taken up. And that package you took up for me yesterday. That's a rich one, too. It held the directions for this little catch we've made. Thought you'd like to know that."

THE BOSS

By DOROTHY L. ANDERSON

"WHAT? Sure, sure. I don't care a hang whether you got any experience or not, just so you ain't dumb. That's all was wrong with the other little girl we had. Just too all-fired dumb. Well, hang up your hat."

"Where, sir?"

"Where? Oh, that's right—where. In there behind the door of J. A.'s office is a hook or two. That's where Ruthie hangs her things and I guess you can too.

"Now then. Sit down over there and I'll wise you up to what it's all about. All you got to do is sit there and look pretty, see? Oh, I don't believe you'll have much trouble. Er—excuse me! And when the phone rings you answer it like this, 'Viller Brothers.' Say it loud enough—it ain't no secret. Brother and me have worked this here jig for twenty years and we ain't apt to be very modest now that we're as top-rank as any other building outfit in this town. 'Viller Brothers,' see? Just like that."

"Yes, sir. Viller Brothers."

"Now we haven't much correspondence, and I imagine that with J. A. away you won't have to do much typing. He handles all that end of things. Me, I'm the handy man. A—by the way, girl, what's your name?"

"Rose Wilson, sir."

"Well, Rose'll be enough, if that's O.

K. with you. Ruthie's been in this place for so long my mouth somehow just don't fit right to saying 'Miss' any more."

"Yes, sir."

"There's three other men will be around here most the time. Their names is up behind you there on them c'tificates. Salesmen. Crutt, he's the world champion sitter. He'll be sitting here smoking and wearing out that good chair unless he's out eating. But you needn't count on him for company, 'cause Crutt's a married man and he's offa women. Morton and Penninger are around most always too, but they generally keep pretty busy scrappin' with each other. The boy in the north room with all the rulers and pencils and stuff is Maxon, the architect. He's a good boy except when he's got a headache or an inspiration or something—which is most of the time—excuse me a minute—"

"Gus. Oh, Gus. Where's that list of specifications for that Briar Road job—216, I think it is?"

"Have it in a minute, Maxon. Let's see; that's in the big cabinet. Where the . . . well, where the hell is that thing? Lord! I can't do a thing when Ruth's away. Rose! Rose, come in here and see if you can find this thing—no, answer that phone, Rose, and remember—"

"VILLER BROTHERS. Mr. Villler? Which Mr. Viller? No, Mr. J. A. is out of town. Mr. Gus? Just a moment, please."

"Hello; yes, Mrs. Haynes. No, Mrs. Haynes. I'll send a man right up to look at it. What? Oh, all right; I'll be right up." Bang!

"Dam' that old jane anyway. That makes the third bath tub and the fourth kitchen sink we've put in up there. Rosie, if you ever grow up to be like that old hen I hope your husband will wring your neck. Old Haynes is a good feller, too. Why the deuce didn't he wring hers? The specifications? What specifications? Oh, yeah, Maxon. Well, go ahead anyway you want to. Mrs. March would have 'em changed anyway.

"Say, Rose. I just happened to think. You mustn't pay any attention to the way we cuss around here."

"That's all right, sir. I'm used to it."

"Say, for Pete's sake, girl, cut out that 'sir' stuff. My name's Gus, and I ain't used to answering to anything else."

"Yes, — Gus. VILLER BROTHERS—the telephone for you again,—Gus."

"Oh, yes, Bradley. The deed? We'll have it ready for you in an hour. Fine, thanks, Bradley. All right, in an hour then."

"A quit-claim deed, Rose."

"Morton—Mr. Morton—"

"What is it, girlie?"

"Say, Mr. Morton, where does the boss keep these quit-claim deeds and what does one look like?"

"Here y'are, girlie. (Just a kid, that's all.)"

"Get it, Rosie? Get the deed? We'll fill it out like this. Er—how do you fill it out, anyway?"

"I don't know, sir—Gus. I'm very sorry."

"Oh dammit! Of course not, and it's got to have Ruthie's signature, besides. Get Bradley Brewer on the phone. No, no—not the directory. Always look on that list first.

"Hello, Bradley? Say, I forgot. Ruthie's gone, so the deed will have to hang. I know it, but I ask you, what can I do? Oh, tell the old boy he ain't got no choice. That's all."

"Well, Gus. Isn't about time for us to take the little girl out to get a bean?"

"You stick to your leads, Maxon. The only kind of women you'll ever have a show with are the janes what come offa your pencil.

"Rosie, you got any particular plans for lunch? Well, come along then."

* * * *

"Mr. Villers—er, Gus. These phone calls came in while you were gone."

"Columbia Brick, Pacific Foundry, Twinlaid Hardwood Floor, Seal Brick and Tile, Henry Gorbett.

"Call Gorbett, and then get me Miss Green at Seal Brick."

"And the rest, Gus?"

"Let 'em go. They'll call up again. If anyone comes in, tell 'em I'll see 'em in a few minutes. I'm going into the other office."

"Atwater 1035. Mr. Gorbett, please. Mr. Gorbett? Gus Viller calling—"

"Ring the bell in the other room—no, the other button. Aw get back to your box, Maxon. Nobody rang you in."

"Thank you, Mr. Morton. I suppose you've been working here for a long time?"

"Seventeen years. Say, girlie, don't let Gus scare you out. He's like that with everybody—you'd better get the other number. That little ding means he's through."

"Rosie! Go to the file and get that invoice on Seal Tile for May twelfth."

"What file, Gus?"

"What file? Why, how should I know. 'Hm. How should you know either. Ruthie, Ruthie! If you don't come back soon, I'm going to quit and go fishing. All right, Rose. Go sit down.

"You're a dam' pretty little girl, Rosie."

"Why, Mr. Viller!"

"Didn't I tell you to cal me Gus? Well, do it! Almost three o'clock and nothing done. Better look over that check book. I'll get the very devil if I've mussed it up."

"Hullo, boys! Couldn't stay away a minute longer!"

"What the hell! Ruthie! Lord, girl, I'm glad to see you back. Wait. Write out ten dollars for this little girl. Yes, Rosie, that will be all the help we need. Goodbye."

"Thank you, sir—Gus. Goodbye."

"Gawd, Ruthie, they're all dumb—all but you. Swear a little bit and let's tear into this work!"

A MODERN MARCO POLO

By WESLEY COUTTS

ROMANCE? Travel? Turkey, studded with mosques and minarets; Arabia, scorching in a burning sun that gleams from dunes of vari-colored sand; Greece and stately columns; Egypt lying dreaming of its age-old glories; Spain and Morocco and Italy, full of music, dark flashing eyes hinting of mystery, and shining black hair. Do they call to you, stay-at-homes?

Go over to one of the rooms in Hawley Hall some time, as I did. Knock on the door and hear a pleasant voice say, "Come in," and then tell me if this is what you saw: a thick Persian rug on the floor; a wierd Chinese lamp throwing amber light on ebony book-ends carved by Igorotes in the Philippines; bamboo spears and palm-wood shields, used by head-hunters in the South Sea Islands; a bronze heron desk lamp from France; an Italian mural tapestry; bronze fu-dogs of China holding letters from England, Switzerland, Holland, the Azores, Suez, in fact, most places in the world; a burnished brass smoking stand holding

a large carved lion letting forth clouds of drowsy incense from its nose and eyes. Then become aware of the blond young man lounging in a white silk robe embroidered with great black dragons.

This fellow is a sophomore, a very human person and willing to answer your questions and tell you tales of globe-trotting.

"These?" he asked in answer to my inquiry about the roomful of strange objects. "A few of my treasures collected in a lifetime of travel."

Mark began his strange and colorful life in Egypt in 1907, the only child of a major in the United States Medical Corps. Since then he has visited twenty-seven countries, attended schools in Egypt, France, Philippine Islands, California, and Oregon, and traveled miles enough to circle the world approximately sixteen times.

We talked for some time about different things, and I was surprised at his knowledge of foreign affairs and thrilled with his stories. He talked easily, asked if I wished to take notes, and offered me rice-paper cigarettes he had brought from Manila.

This youthful-looking person has the distinction of being the first white man to enter a village of head-hunters in the Philippines. In conjunction with this trip he claims he experienced his greatest thrill. Quite calmly he spoke of being chased all one night by these cannibalistic Igorotes. Thirty miles in nine hours over hills and gorges! From his description I saw the tropical night, smelled it, heard it. I could picture the hundred-foot cliff his companion fell over and could see him hanging to a root a quarter of the way down.

Then Mark took me to France and to the prep school he attended in Paris—L'Ecole Alsassain on the Rue D'Assas. I heard of his classes in the University of Poitiers in Tours.

"One of my most vivid recollections of France," he said, "was a certain beautiful summer night spent rowing over the crystal waters of the lake on Louis XIV's palace grounds in Versailles. Moonlight filtered through the age-old oak trees and danced in the wake of our boat. My companion was a Persian princess, cousin of the present emperor of Persia, and sister of my school-mate, Gahavome."

In rapid succession we jumped from place to place. Turkey, Hawaii, Gibraltar, Guam, Panama, Palestine, Japan, England, visiting a wonderful church, buying curios from natives in their markets, clinging to bedposts during a three-day storm in mid-Atlantic, eating nothing because the ship was flouder-ing around too much to allow cooking, having the sensation of sinking with the boat while aid was coming in answer to an S. O. S. His twenty-one years have been made up of thrilling experiences. All his life he has been going some place.

Forgetting, it seems, my presence in the room, he became reminiscent. "Moonlight on Manila Bay—Elizabeth, an English girl, answering my letters for a year now. Some day I intend to go back there."

I rose to go, expressions of thanks forming themselves, when he stopped me. "Don't thank me. It has been a pleasure to have you come. You listen very well. Come up again soon and see the rest of my valuables. I can tell you some stories about my oriental rings if you would like to hear them."

That was my modern Marco Polo. For two hours he had fascinated me. The interview was indeed a pleasure, and I shall go back as soon as possible.

We leave
Our childhood days
With arrogance. Yet age
Discovers us with our loved toys
Again. —Audred Arnold.

THE JUDGE'S HAT

By MARGARET HOLMES

PERCY R. KELLY was built to be a judge. Indeed, when he takes his place in court he provides a perfect subject for an old-fashioned charade: a bay window above a bench. His height, more than average, is discounted by the outward slope of his vest just where the necktie disappears.

I first became aware of him in that part of my chilhood when playing with dolls and taking the cat's latest offspring for doll-buggy rides began to be replaced by digging underground tunnels, scrambling over the roofs of houses, and dramatizing detective stories with the youth and maidenhood of our end of town. It was an occurrence startling enough to penetrate the consciousness of any hoodlum miss to have the judge of the circuit court remove his hat with a slight bow and carry it clear down in front of his nose just because she was a girl.

It was a most interesting phenomenon, although I didn't give it that name. Other men acquaintances were still saying, "Hello, there." One or two of them touched their hat brims when they thought of it.

I began to go out of my way when I saw the judge coming just to see that hat come off and travel deliberately down past the white, sloping forehead to a point directly opposite the nose. Many a time I have altered my course or quickened my pace to be able to greet the judge and see him remove his hat and smile. Sometimes it was cold, too, but the gloved hand which exposed the shining, bald head of rather majestic proportions travelled not a whit faster. In the hot summer afternoons when the judge turned out in his black alpaca coat, the first I ever saw, little streams of perspiration stood out on the uncovered head.

From the very first, I believe, I appreciated the deep courtesy in the man's nature which prompted that little tribute. For I was favored not a whit more than any of my friends. Every little girl on speaking terms with the judge was greeted in the same courtly manner.

Then I grew up a bit and found a beau whose manners I invariably measured by those of the judge.

My pleasure was most keen when I learned, while handling court reports for the local paper, that it was quite permissible, and even advisable to chat at length with persons on that beat.

I learned much from His Honor that summer. Standing on worn, old stairways, leaning over desks, sitting in his surprisingly comfortable office, I had a view of a bit of the quiet philosophy assembled during a life lived in the very heart of the routine of crime. The judge never referred to any of his cases. He exhibited great human sympathy in dealing with them, but he refused to "talk shop." The district attorney supplied any information I needed.

We discussed books, politics, education—or sometimes we told each other stories. He told me a good one about starting to a ritzy summer resort with a rich friend in a Marmon, and arriving, after a disastrous series of blowouts, in a decrepit Ford, much to the horror of the other visitors. When I went to the circus I brought him back a detailed account of what he had been missing.

One day he put up a scholarly defense for Herbert Hoover. At the time the outcome of the election was still in doubt.

When we talked of books he shuddered that I had read a bit of Dante. That anyone should write in so dismal a vein when the field of joyful subjects was still unexhausted baffled him.

I counted it a lucky day when I could attend the judge's court. The judge always swept into court. Only six paces separated the door and his chair, but he always made a grand entry. He was followed by the attorney for the defense and the clerk. In the court room the sheriff and the district attorney rose to their feet like minor characters from Shakespere, the sheriff declaring impressively that the court was now open. And I, who had jumped to my feet with alacrity, would sit down, feeling that I had returned in part his never-failing courtesy. Perhaps the others stood to honor the court; I stood up for the judge.

The judge and I are older now than when I first met him, but I shall always alter my course or quicken my pace when I see him, primarily, I suppose, because I enjoy his company. But there is still something of the child in me which makes me watch with interest as the hat comes deliberately down to the level of the judicial nose and returns smoothly to cover that which nature's covering forsook some years ago.

FOR THE TAKING

By HARRIET MILES

AWAY down deep in his heart, every man, no matter how hard and practical, knows that he has found a spot that he calls God's country. To some, God's country is in the silent, dreadful desert; to others it is "down south in heaven" where mocking-birds sing all day and night; others love the great Northland of intense cold. To me, God's country is high in the Cascades where thin, cold air exhilirates, penetrates every fiber of one's being and stimulates each sluggish cell. There, night covers all with a crystalline blackness that weighs down upon the hills like a great ocean. Only one campfire valiantly pushes back the blackness far enough to make a bubble of orange light on the bottom of the ocean of night. All around the edges of our bubble of light, the white, slender trunks of aspens stand like a row of curious little boys. The tender aspens, lonely for their friend Day, reach quakingly their young arms toward the cheery campfire like frightened children clinging to even the smallest candle in the dark. High above the aspens, ancient pines whisper and murmur to themselves, glad of the sweet restfulness of night. Fearing lest the birds and squirrels sleeping in their bosoms be disturbed, the pines softly whisper their philosophy of steadfastness, truth, and service to all the world below. What a beautiful philosophy our simple woodland teachers would give us if we would only listen! Far down the glade a mountain stream goes rushing mirthfully down to join his brothers. Shouting noisily his joy into the stillness of night, he eagerly rushes on. The clamoring young stream grows up to be a swift, silent river that marches on to sea with a quick, firm tread that one hears endlessly on the banks. With the happy voice of rushing water that can be compared with the swift, tinkling exercises of Liszt; the pleasant murmuring of pine trees; an occasional call of a night bird; a fire protestingly snapping and dying; night pushing in till the little circle of light is narrowed down to a glowing memory—one drifts off into nothingness, lost in the delights of nature.

MR. VAN

By JOHN BLEVINS

THE playful beams of a nine o'clock sun were darting mischievously into Van's bedroom every time the gentle morning breeze wafted the curtain away from the window casing. In jocose delight the rays tumbled about the pinkish rolls of his cheeks, and slipped down the folds of a double chin. They danced upon the ridge of an ample nose, and glistened in the shiny surface of a bald head—happy nine o'clock beams disporting in riotous glee, trespassing merrily.

Van began to stir. Two chubby fists started upward from the sheets, followed by two lavender tubes of deeply wrinkled silk. At arms' length the fists unfolded, and stubby fingers stretched themselves in every direction like new broom handles protruding from a barrel. Van's rotund form followed the stretching hands, and slowly he eased his feet to the floor, and encased them in silk-lined leather slippers.

"Nine o'clock," he mused as he surveyed the clock out of one eye, while a yawn stretched his mouth to the limit and closed the other. "Sure had a good night's snooze. The guy that invented that pneumatic mattress sure made good use of a windy idea." Van softly chuckled as he resolved to work that last thought into a pun as soon as he got time.

The gods had fashioned Van for a giant, but his iconoclastic torso, scoffing at convention, developed horizontally instead of vertically until his vest looked like half an umbrella.

Van dressed with great care. He decided to wear the brownish-gray tweed business suit. He selected a shirt, tie, and socks to match, and laid the entire ensemble out on the bed with more care than pall-bearers use for a king. When he was dressed he surveyed himself in the mirror and was satisfied with the result. However niggardly Nature had supplied him with the characteristics of an Adonis, no one could say that Van did not present a pleasing appearance. Van's sartorial display was meticulously correct. From shoes to hat his attire was the vogue on every occasion, and the best work of the tailors' art.

Van decided not to shave himself. He would go down and let Slim do it. Slim was a good old scout and a brother Elk. And besides, Van was just dying to give some "brother' a chance to compliment him on having been elected to the office of Grand Herder of the Goat at last night's conclave. One more office and Van would be through the chairs — he was a popular Elk and proud of it.

At ten-fifteen Van parked his car in front of Slim's.

"Hello, pipe stem," he called to Slim as he opened the door to Smith's Tonsorial Parlor.

"Hello, tiny," was Slim's rejoinder, as Van oozed himself into a chair just that moment vacated.

"How's the butcher business?" queried Van as he tried, with only partial success, to suppress a smile.

"Just fine," returned Slim with a more successful attempt at solemnity. "I had just had an order for a good fat elk; mighty glad you came." At that they both laughed and Van adjusted himself for the shave.

Through the lather and hot towels, Van and Slim relived the excitement of the previous evening's revel. Through the lotion and powder, Slim told how glad he was that Van had been chosen the Grand Herder of the Goat. When it was over, Van was well satisfied with the service—Slim was a good barber.

GRANDMA DAMON

By ENELSE JANZEN

GRANDMA Damon revolved ponderously over the checkered kitchen floor, which gave a painful squeak at every step. She was short, very round, and very rosy, and locks of crinkly, mellow, gray hair persistently strayed from under a fancy comb. She sighed heavily as she cut a huge triangle of apple pie for her caller.

"O-oh, yes, come now, Mis' Drugas, try it. It do be good. It were from our own apples in our own orchard. They be neely all little ones this year, but they's good for cookin'. Our Willie, 'e clumbed up a tree and shook 'em down fer me tonight. The boys 'ave been stealin' from the best trees. It were them pesky lil' Franklins. Gramp', 'e heerd somebody what were a-goin' through the gate. He knowed right away what were 'appening."

Gramp' crossed his knees, took out his pipe and knocked it on the edge of the kitchen table, and prepared to continue the account.

"Yes, I looked through the bedroom winder an' seen three of them boys sneakin' between them two pear trees yonder before ye git to the orchard. I called for Willie—"

"'E called our Willie," continued the old lady, just as if Granp' had not been there, "but Willie, 'e jest called back, 'Aw, Gramp', they ain't nobody there.' But there were. 'E took 'is shotgun and shot at 'em. Gramp', 'e heerd a squeal, but Willie didn't hit nobody. Willie's a good boy. 'E wouldn't never hurt nobody."

Virtuous Willie mumbled something about, "Aw, grammuh! I'll aim for 'em next time, and they won't see the inside of an apple for a long time, if I don't miss 'em."

Grandma Damon wiped her stubby, red hands on her apron and dolefully shook her head.

"Ain't it turrible 'ow bad the boys are growing up? Stealin' apples, settin' fires to empty 'ouses, puttin' frogs in the preacher's hat, so when he passes it around the frogs jump out at 'im. They would be good boys if they would go to Sunday school like our Willie. I make 'im go every Sunday. Willie, 'e's a good boy."

Like the religion of her restless, emotional neighbors, Grandma Damon's changed with the weather. Last month she had seriously considered sending her red-haired Willie to the Catholic academy. Last Tuesday she had been converted to Four Squarism and was now the staunchest square in all Pine Ridge. Indeed, the rafters of the old playshed, where meetings were held, still tingled with the ring of her words, and the simple, loving heart of the skinny little pastor (who had been a circus performer in his sinful youth) still throbbed with the music of her tone: "An' the good Lawd do answer prayer!"

EGOISM

I have
No fear of death,
But I should hate to leave
Behind a world which I should stay
And mend.

—Audred Arnold.

TRAVESTY

It snows.
But what of that?
For snow soon melts. It's snow
An old man wears upon his head
That lasts.

—Audred Arnold.

That was on Tuesday night. Her devotion took another form the rest of the week. If one were curious to dispel the mystery of peculiar noises coming from the little house among the apple trees, one might peer through a knothole in his cabin at dusk and perceive strange doings. He would first likely notice a very animate shadow on the drawn blind, a broad shadow, shaped like a German zwieback, and from its upper section two wildly waving arms. One would hold his breath while the arms almost encircled a dodging figure. One did not wait long till "our Willie" emerged, a dark streak in fearful flight down the path. Invariably, a boot, swung by the wrathful arm of Grandma Damon, shot after the fugitive.

That was Grandma Damon when she was "riled." But now her complacent smile and her twinkly eyes showed only pleasure in the tanned loaves of bread as she took them from the oven; and her caller felt only the peace of Grandma Damon's juicy apple pie settle upon her.

GOSSIP

I saw
A thunder-cloud
Approaching Mary's Peak
Whom we for generations have
Called chaste.

—Audred Arnold.

THE KNAVE

Man's brain
Is like a cup.
To fill it is his stint.
Death slyly spills the brimming jug:
A jest.

—Audred Arnold.

LANCASTER 7-8-5-9

By ELLYN KAYSER

DANGLING easily on the strap, her electric blue felt perched back on her carroty hair, Cleta Anne McBride chewed Wrigley's aid to digestion meditatively as she perused the front page story of Hollywood's latest love triangle. Her great blue eyes, blackened and tired under the strain of the day, looked wistfully at the exotic picture of filmdom's glittering lady, Rita Bargo. Those Russian sables. Nice with red hair. She looked at her own worn velveteen. She could have one like that if she called Lancaster 7859. She recalled the words.

"Mickey, my sweet," J. Palmester Pooney, successful dabbler in stocks and bonds, had said. "I'll be in this burg seven weeks. Then I sail for Europe. Marry me and we'll play quoits aboard the Leviathan. Any time you call me, I'll be happy to hear you say the word. Remember, Lancaster 7859."

Lord, but she was tired. Especially tired of being a saleslady for corrugated rolling pins for stout matrons at F. & M. Even the rain that lashed against the car windows as the trolley went rumbling like an electric monster through the gathering gloom made her fidget. She was thinking hard. Fired—sunk—canned!

"Rodney Avnoo." The conductor's rasping voice startled her into the realization that she had ridden two blocks too far.

Outside, though it was but 6:30, it was dark and rainy. As she slopped along avoiding rivulets of water, she wondered if she would need puddle-jumpers all her life. Her supple body ached, for she had rolled with Conklin's reducer all day long for those foolish fat women who believed she had lost weight. The clever, artistic Cleta Anne McBride smiled sardonically and then

laughed outright when she thought of her job. With four years of Latin, too. This rain—she could exchange it for sunshine if she married J. P. Pooney. Hang marriage! She thought of her own family where none of the members understood each other. Father was a little dried up hen-pecked man. Mother was a corpulent woman with an Irish temper and a good heart. Because her mother was a nag, her father's only pleasure was knocking ashes on the front room rug when Della was away. Her family always quibbled and ragged about the getting and spending of dollars. Money was what you had to have if you wanted to go to college or did not want to marry boorish men. As she passed the Brownlees' lighted French window, she saw the lovely interior where the T. J. Browlees sat facing each other separated by an expanse of linen, crystal, and silver. Nice. It was rumored, though, that they were to be divorced. She did not approve of divorces.

The house was cold and dark when she entered the front door. She knew she was expected to fix the furnace, boil the potatoes, and flour the steak. They usually had that. Instead she tossed her wilted felt across the room and flopped down onto her cretonne-draped bed. She punched a small fist into a helpless pillow as she gulped back a dry little sob. Life was dull by comparison. She didn't want to brown the onions. She wanted to prance like a young colt down the promenade at Atlantic City with a bright green scarf fluttering behind like a mane.

In all her nineteen years she had never felt so low. Cleta Anne, a paradox and actress, to older people seemed wise, conservative, and fastidious. To those of her own age she appeared gay, irresponsible—even reckless. Men said of her, "Darn clever kid." She hated petting. She would say, "Listen, big boy, I'm like the diamond in a jeweler's window. Good enough to look at, but when you touch me the burglar alarm goes off." Slang-whanger that she was, she held it against people who said "it don't" or "he ain't."

"Cleta!" It was her mother's penetrating voice above the sizzling grease in the potatoes.

She hated to get up. To sympathize with one's self was fun. She switched on the lights and looked in the mirror. Red eyes. Shiny nose. The carroty hair was awry. She did not like her mouth when it drooped petulantly that way. She added mascara to the lurking violet shadows, for she revelled in dramatic effects.

"Coming, mother." She sighed as she slipped into a smock with tottering red and yellow skyscrapers.

Della McBride looked at her daughter as Cleta was emptying the garbage. She always held her nose. Mickey looked better in silk dresses. They better became those slim white hands that the president of the auxiliary had said looked like porcelain. No, it was alabaster.

When John came and the family was seated at dinner, Della began," Your father and me has a surprise for you."

"For goodness' sake, Mother, say, 'father and **I have**'."

Cleta was sorry. Her folks were "good eggs." She had just made up her mind to climb Matterhorn with Pooney. She would wear a green and white sweater.

"Cleta—" She stopped spooning her pudding when her father began. He hated that name. She had been named to placate two grandmothers.

"Yes, Dad?"

"We're going to send you to Aunt Julia's. We thought you'd like to go. You would, wouldn't you?"

She couldn't stand her Aunt Julia, but she didn't say so. She wouldn't go to her aunt's. She would call Pooney. She would "go places and do things."

He'd be so happy. She'd write her folks from New York. Lonesome? For a while. She breasted the tide of parental words and excused herself to go to the telephone.

"Lancaster 7-8-5-9." That central was so slow.

"Mr. Pooney, please."

"Sorry, ma'am. Pooney left yesterday with his wife for Peoria to visit his sick daughter."

MOUSETRAPS

By JOHN MERRITT

A MOUSETRAP is an ingenious little device which is designed to catch and securely hold small rodents, such as mice and shrews. One of the first types of mousetraps that we know about is the falling-basin trap. A basin, overturned and resting on a thimble, makes a fairly good mousetrap. The mouth of the thimble must be under the pan so that the mouse must go under the pan to get the cheese placed in the thimble. In this position the thimble will roll out and let the pan fall over the mouse, making him a captive. The obvious disadvantage of this trap is the fact that the mouse is captured alive. However, he can be used for feed for the cat, or he can be killed with a stick. Another early type of mousetrap, which is somewhat different from the basin-trap, is the wire cage catcher. The mouse follows the odor of cheese onto a little trap door above a wire mesh cage. The weight of his body overbalances the trap door, and he is dropped into a little prison, from which he cannot escape. An advantage of this trap is the possibility of catching a number of mice with the same setting. As in the other trap,however, the mice will not be dead when caught. These two traps although still in considerable use, are found to be somewhat unreliable and not so efficient as modern ones.

The appearance of a mousetrap is somewhat like that of an ordinary toy. The common ones are either round or rectangular, and their greatest dimension is about five inches. The "out-of-sight" trap consists of a U-shaped wire spring which pins the mouse to a small wooden block when he trips the trigger. It is not very large or apparent, and the mice evidence but little fear of it. The snare mouse-catcher is made of a round wooden block with several holes around the side. When the trigger is sprung, a wire loop encircles the mouse and squeezes him against the top of the hole. Nearly all the traps are made of wood, except the wire cage, and the rest of the parts are steel wire and springs. Therefore, the mousetrap can be quite easily recognized.

There are several ways in which the traps are both valuable and useful. The most important use is, of course, to exterminate troublesome mice and to keep them from eating supplies and from running through the house. The yearly loss for the United States due to mice and rats would easily run into millions of dollars. Each trap helps to reduce this enormous loss. A second use is catching mice for town cats, which have little chance to catch for themselves. The poor cats would go hungry if it were not for an occasional "hand out" from a housewife's trap. A third and very important value is the advertising possibilities. A big manufacturig firm could set up a side factory for the specific purpose of making mousetraps for advertising. The advertisements, printed on the wooden bases, would be always apparent to whoever used them. Frequently, printed traps are given with grocery orders merely for their advertising value. If there is no urgent use for a trap at any time, a small child could use it for a toy. By repeatedly setting it off, or

catching a stick he could amuse himself for some time. He could use it for a boat in the bathtub, or a car on the floor, or for an airplane on the end of a string. Indeed, a mousetrap could have many different uses.

A tom cat is not so efficient as a mousetrap because he requires other feed during a "slack" period. A man is also outclassed because he could not catch a mouse barehanded, and if he used poisons, he would soon have the house "perfumed." The trap nearly always "gets his man." Thus, a mousetrap, simple though it may be, is a practical little helper of mankind because it tends to control a troublesome little rodent.

CHARACTERS

By WILLIAM EVENDEN

WISPS of cigar smoke hung about the glistening bald heads. The lonely white collar of Commissioner McDougall sagged limp and discouraged. Two townsmen who had just dropped in on the chance that "there might be somethin' doin' tonight" coughed chokingly and loosened their coats. Auditor Boosham sat apparently at ease, simmering in his own grease — a fattened man with a boy's face from which the boy had gone and left it coarse. The suit that held him bulged and swelled so tightly that one might have thought it was all that kept him from spilling on the floor. His whispered sentences to the mayor were punctuated by a stubby forefinger that jabbed at, but never quite hit, the white daisy in the listener's coat lapel. Mirth—and he expressed it most frequently at his own wit—was a grunting chuckle that seemed to struggle from deep in the mass, for it shook him like a jelly and left him gasping like a stranded sucker from the town's muddy river. Despised by many and tolerated by the mildest—Lemuel Hawkins, Meteor's only insurance agent, summed up the townspeople's opinion of Clifford Boosham in two words, which in respect to "Lem's" good name and the reader's sensibilities will remain unwritten.

FORMULA

Springtime brings the tramps along
  Pleading for a bit.
Transients come with oath and song.
Springtime brings the tramps along.
Do the farmers' wives do wrong
  If they keep the axe in sight?
Springtime brings the tramps along,
  Pleading for a bite.

—Audred Arnold.

Wars against the rattle-craze.
The hue of life is dark:
Darker than the night,
Black and white.
Oh, I know,
For my years are five-and-twenty,
And not once have I ever known pure magenta.

Futile bagatelles of childhood,
In the years of groping,
Whom have you satisfied?
The groping never stops.
Hidden in a baby's cry
Are the protests of a stranger toiling toward a chilly door,
A door around the corner where the draft
Of death blows out, and withers with each gust.
And the knowledge it is near,
And the empty tap of rattles,
Seem the going into Nothing
Of us all.
What are rattles on a place called earth?
I should like to see them taking on the hue of sun and soil:
All the pink bewildered rattles stained with sun and soil.

I would be the pink bewildered rattle pacifying you.
And you with gesture frantic
Would toss me in an antic
Of despair, because bubbles are not lasting, and new rattles are a care.
Tell me if
You've ever seen a rattle doing good,
If you've ever seen a rattle canonized.
For the good that rattles do
Hasn't yet been advertised. Never, as a great man's mother,
Has the rattle prompted you.
Famous, peerless, and arrived,
You have never thanked the rattle for the magic
Of its tapping, for the bagatelles
Of childhood somehow failed to pacify.
I am very like to give
A sterner goad than this,
For a child must also live.

Think of this magenta rattle,
And the prattle,
I have spoken of before.
It was brought to me in childhood by a woman called my nurse.
"Baby, we regret to inform you that life sometimes

Isn't any joke: take this rattle just the same."
As I waved it with abandon in the sunlight
Off the flimsy handle flew.
"Have you spoiled it, Baby?" said my nursemaid.
"Goo," I told her.
"See that you take more care," says nurse, and hands it back.
Frail, frail rattle.
I have never missed that rattle.
Homage I have never paid.
In my crib, in infancy,
The pink and cornflower rattles have passed sadly into trash:
A crash,
A crushing footfall,
Forlorn and useless rattle,
You are nothing to me now.
Food and sleep I need,
Food and sleep.

In my youth I would have liked a planet;
When a child, I would have picked a star.
Each star I called a daisy:
"I love you; I love you not."
Every star had stem and petals;
Every star, a root."
I had a whim
That I could find the star-stems
After snow-storms, and in the spring.
Now stars are stars.

In summer and in winter I shall think
Of those stars,
And the rattles which I took
In my hands, in their stead.
The dream, the revery,
Will give place to cynicism, bitterness, and grief.
I shall think
Of those stars
Lost to me,
Traded for the din
Of my chagrin.
And the tapping of the rattle will remind me as I go,
That I lost a star-in-snow.
When the bright magenta rattle teased my eyes,
Many were the stars left stemless.
In another childhood I would
Scorn the rattles, and insist on stars.

—Audred Arnold.