The Manuscript

Winter Edition, 1930

Oregon State College

Vol. 3, No. 2

THE MANUSCRIPT

Vol. III | Corvallis, Oregon, February, 1930 | No. 2

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SHE MAKES THE BEDS

She makes the beds: she is in league
With him who sends the boon of sleep.
She shakes the pillows, smooths the sheets,
And when the evening shadows creep
Who seeks his bed may shake away
The cerements of his fatigue.
Oh, she who makes the beds each day
Is of a quaint and godly league.

The patchwork quilt my mother made
Is prayerful as a church in Lent.
Log cabins, stars, and bleeding heart
Spring where her shining needle went.
The goose that pillows us in down
A goodly, golden egg once laid,
Or so I dreamed it as I slept
Beneath the quilts my mother made.

She makes the beds: how fair a task.
I wonder will I do it well
Who have the formula and all
To cast the same mesmeric spell.
Will I bestow beloved sleep
With beds well-made on those who ask
No greater boon than sleep at night—
I make the beds: how fair a task.

—Audred Arnold.

WILLEM VAN HOOGSTRATEN CONDUCTS AN ORCHESTRA

For a moment
He is an old, old woman
Leaning toward the light
Of sixty waiting faces,
Threading a needle.

Ah, now:

"Put your foot on the treadle,
You big bass drum.
Little silver flute-notes,
Pin each seam.
Stitch, you violins,
Sew, you 'cellos.
You are making a garment for your transfiguration."

—Audred Arnold.

A PLACE IN OREGON

By MARGUERITE SATHER

RAINY Oregon stretches away for miles from Silverton. I see those long clay roads climbing slow hills, covered with straggling pine and fir trees; dividing the broad, blank fields; passing by two or three isolated cabins, settled in patches of firs; and vanishing far off in the distance towards the blue promise of hills. A wide, brown, swirling river cuts swiftly under its high red banks on either side, unconscious of the town about it. Deep trees overhang the brown foam at the edges, and shadows lie long and sleepily under the Spanish moss where darting, hard-shelled insects fall down from the branches. Brown mud oozes between the cobblestones of the ponderous width of Water street where it curls down to the riverside, lined with decaying wharves. Every springtime the brown water rushes in a mad torrent threatening the frightened inhabitants for miles around. Then, as if weary of its struggle, it recedes, leaving the gutters in front of the biggest hotel in Silverton filled with foaming scum, twisted twigs, and bits of feather.

In summer, wistaria meets over the warm asphalt, and the young people swim in the luke-warm creeks. The drug stores are bright at night with the organdie balloons of girls' dresses under the big electric fans. Automobiles stand along the curbs in front of open, frame houses at dusk, and sounds of supper being prepared drift through the soft splotches of darkness to the young world that moves every evening out of doors. Telephones ring, and the lacy blackness under the trees disgorges young girls in white and pink, leaping over the squares of warm light toward the tinkling sound with an expectancy that people have only in places where any event is a pleasant one. We knew all about each other in Silverton: how each one swam and danced and what time our parents wanted us to be home at night, and what each of us liked to eat and drink and talk about. Consequently we began from boredom to invade the ice cream parlors and country club parties, and to change into something serious the casualness of an intimate social world founded on the fact that people like filling the same hours with the same things. We swam at five o'clock because the glare of the sun on the water was too hot to permit swimming before that. The five o'clock swim and six o'clock soda became self-conscious rituals that moved along more robustly than the long-legged, affable men of Silverton could follow with ease. Toward a summer evening the leaves gradually stenciled black friezes over the sidewalks, and men in shirt sleeves threw arcs of warm rubber-smelling water upon the moonvines and Bermuda grass until the air was fresher with a baked, grassy scent, and the ladies behind the thick flowering vines had a moment's respite from their fanning. About nine o'clock a breeze gently floated in a stillness so complete that you could hear the laughter of children ten blocks away.

In my youth, number twenty State street had a pincushion of grass pushing up on either side of the straight brick path, and two octagon paving blocks that formed the sidewalk. The roots of a big tree cracked the blocks, and we children skating home from school fell over the crevices. I also remember the house next door to ours. The house was an apologetic one for sheltering big families that had grown faster than the family income, in that way obligations have of increasing their proportions more rapidly than the hopes and abilities that begot them.

Nothing ever seems to happen in Silverton; the days pass as folks lazily gossip in the warm sun. A lynching, an election, a wedding, a catastrophe, a business boom all take on the same value, rounded, complete, dusted by the lush softness of the air in a climate too hot for any but sporadic effort, too beneficent for any but the most desultory competition.

Every place has its hours: there is Rome in the glassy sun of a winter noon and Paris under the blue gauze of spring twilight, and there's the red sun flowing through the chasms of a New York dawn. So in Silverton there existed then, and I suppose now, a time and quality that appertain to nowhere else. It began about half-past six on an early summer night, with the flicker and sputter of the corner street lights going on, and it lasted until the great incandescent globes were black inside with moths and beetles, and the children were called in to bed from the dusty streets.

THE SHELL-RIMMED CO-ED

By Ardyth Kennelly

THE shell-rimmed co-ed is a distinct type. That is, now that you've noticed her, she is. She's in every class and study room, and she doesn't leave you all tingly and breathless at the sight of her. She makes you feel a little bit the same way that you feel on drab gray days when you can smell rain in the air. She's an admirable sort of person inasmuch as she never loses an assignment, never received less than B (at which she was horrified) on a pop quiz, and never felt like running away on a perfect spring day when staying in school was unbearable. You wonder wistfully if she ever longed for a ruffled rose chiffon breakfast coat or silver lace pyjamas. Or if she has gone to class just **once** without having studied her lesson with painstaking precision.

She is maddeningly self-satisfied. She gives you the impression that she wouldn't be anybody else for the world. She usually has her nice brownish hair neatly grown out and neatly tucked up at the back. And she never loses hairpins. Sometimes you wonder how she'd look with her hair slicked back, jade earrings in her ears, carmine paint on her mouth, and slim-heeled red satin slippers on her feet. You don't know what color her eyes are, but you think they're blue. A nice, ordinary blue. And since you're speaking of her eyes —you can't help wondering about her soul. "The eyes are the windows of the soul" they say. You fear that her soul is a colorless sort of thing without a sign of wings "like long flames flickering through . . ."

She is very practical. And although you see her in the library every day, you notice that she doesn't hunt 'way down on the bottom shelf for that slender little volume of Dorothy Parker's poems called "Sunset Gun." And she says of Robert Frost's "West-running Brook"—"Why, you know I didn't get a thing out of that!" (Not that a great many other co-eds haven't uttered those very same words.) Economics she devours, but she shrugs her shoulder at Stephen Vincent Benet's "John Brown's Body." Sometimes when you see her studying history or solving a particularly difficult problem in mathematics you think that after this you're going to have her for your ideal. And then, before you quite know it, you find yourself lamenting—

> "You have been so very good
> All of today—
> But I heard a singing leaf
> And I ran away. . . ."

Very likely when she finishes college she will be a business woman. An ideal woman who will know all about

files and things and who can spell 'deceive' without ever thinking. Should she decide to marry, she will think very much more about her husband's earning capacity than about his knack of wearing clothes, and whether or not his hair is curly. Her children will be solemn, near-sighted youngsters who can remember the capitals of places, never have any trouble with fractions, and who aren't very hard on shoes. And, in rearing them, she will remember her psychology well enough not to allow her children to develop the ridiculous habit of kissing her good-night. And no doubt she will run her house on a budget!

ROARING RIVER

By O. M. Lloyd

TRACING the contour of a lofty ridge in the Oregon Cascades is an old packers' trail that has been literally hewn from the rocky slope. Whenever I made the trip over this narrow path of rock, I used to stop and gaze into the vast canyon at my feet. My ears caught a faint roar, which seemed to emanate from the strip of dark green in the canyon's bottom. The sound reached me from that great distance more as a hollow whisper than a roar. No particle of air seemed to stir, so I knew that the prolonged murmur of the canyon was not the wind, but the voice of a river, well concealed by the strip of green trees it had protected from the fire that laid bare numberless hills. The power of speech existed in that voice, for it retained the same pitch through no two successive seconds, but jabbered endlessly on. After becoming at one moment scarcely audible, the whisper swelled in volume, as though the mouth of a huge megaphone, through which the sound was being broadcast, were turned suddenly in my direction. It was like the sound of a distant train when from its solid roadbed it roars over a bridge.

The canyon was so old that most of its jagged rimrocks were weathered away. At one time a splendid forest had covered its steep slopes. It was different now. From the tops of the ridges on either side to the timbered strip along the river appeared only the naked, black and white snags of what had been magnificent trees. A profusion of thick brush now grew in the rich soil. The slopes were a heap of fallen logs, bleached as white as bones by the sun where they were not charred as black as night by the fire. They reminded me of a pile of toothpicks glistening in the sun on the opposite slope of the canyon.

It was not until I stood on the bank of Roaring river that I realized the distance to the summit of the ridge; nor until I had undergone that tortuous descent that I learned that the country is not as smooth as the tawny slopes of the distant hills would lead one to believe. What appeared from the trail to be little ridges and hillocks down in that abyss, were high rimrocks. The toothpicks I had observed were enormous logs. All familiar landmarks had disappeared, and I was lost, but for the knowledge that somewhere near the top of that ridge above me a path had been chiselled out, which would lead me to where men lived.

I started my wearisome climb out of the canyon when the slanting rays of the sun had begun to change the color of the landscape, and the purple mists of evening made it possible for me to look straight at that Medusa which had scowled on me from on high since morning. For a quarter of an hour at a time I bent to my work, with the sweat streaming down my face and down my back. It even seemed to trickle down into my burning lungs. When I stopped to rest, I looked back on the distance I had covered, with the satisfaction of an artist, inspecting

his painting to note the effect of hours of work. The picture I saw was, indeed, one which no artist could have portrayed; for its beauty existed in such acute perspective that it could never be represented on canvas. Several times I turned to admire the splendor of the sunset, for it is fully two miles from the river to the trail.

Up on the trail, before I turned toward home, I paused to quiet the pounding of my heart and the heaving of my lungs. I turned and looked once more into the darkening abyss, and there came out of it a voice, which seemed to whisper to me something which I already knew.

WHAT PRICE CLEANLINESS

By Raphael Greno

I HAVE never seen the interior workings of a commercial laundry, but I can easily visualize the ruthless machine of destruction that lurks within walls covered with advertisements of prompt service, delicate care, reasonable prices, and the inveigling bait of "free mending." How like the spider and the fly!

When a bundle of soiled laundry is received, it is consigned to the marking department, where the reign of demolition begins. Here, without regard for the delicacy of silk and lace, every article is conspicuously labeled by an unscrupulous person who deliberately smears the black ink all over the garments. This laundry mark is an indelible stigma that must follow its owner through life; a mark that is on record, and may be traced without difficulty. It would be as wise to leave one's signature at the scene of a crime as one's handkerchief. However, the real purpose of this brand is to enable the owner to recognize his maimed and disfigured raiment when it is returned—if it is returned.

The garments, each having been labeled with an auto license number, are thrown into a huge tub along with the washing of the other customers. This large receptacle is filled with bleaching powder, shrinking solution, and perhaps some water. The mixture is then violently churned by several propellers with saw-edge blades. This devastating process continues until the operator feels that his bit toward destruction is done.

The laundry is taken from the huge tub, and introduced to an enormous rusty iron wringer with cleated rollers. Ever-vigilant workmen stand about with hammers, ready to smash any buttons which may escape the crushing machine. Other hands pick garments at random, and toss them into a kettle of plaster-of-paris in order to starch them.

The remaining garments are then conveyed to the mending room. Here there are countless sizes and colors of thread and buttons, so that the wrong one can always be used. Black socks are invariably darned with white thread, while blue goods are usually mended with red thread. Any number of color combinations are possible without an extra fee being exacted.

After being hopelessly tangled and pressed with a steam-roller, the garments are segregated by their laundry marks. Of course, no system is without its faults, so it is possible that several pieces of raiment may be lost in the process. Therefore, the laundry is delayed a few days while the lost pieces are being sought.

Finally the once-treasured garments are bundled and sent back to the owners, along with a fabulous bill and a small card that advertises prompt service, reasonable prices, delicate care, and free mending.

THE EVENT OF THE COW

By Bert Evans

SHE was a fine, bay cow, this cow; but she was stupid, blissfully stupid. Of course, I am aware that that is a perfectly normal condition for a cow.

Her stupidity caused her to be a troublesome creature. I say, I affirm—her stupidity; and yet, sometimes, I wonder whether she was not a bit clever. I think of that possibility now; yet had I suspected in the days when she vexed me that her actions were prompted by anything but complete dumbness, I should undoubtedly have strangled her.

She used to vex me particularly during the summer months, when I would come in from the field, quite tired after a day's work. Always she would be gone from the barnyard. I would run about looking under mangers and sacks and up in the hay-loft and muttering to myself, "Where is that damn cow?" and screaming to the men, "Has anybody seen that damn dairy?" Sometimes I would find where she had bit a wire in two and thus made her escape through the fence; sometimes I would find no trace of her manner of going.

Satisfied that she was not about, I would at length trudge out of the barnyard into the field and over the hills in search of her. Invariably I would find her lying patiently awaiting me in the farthest corner of the field—in fact, fairly jammed against the corner fence-post that she might be every inch as distant as possible from the barnyard. She would be lying there gazing at the exact spot on the summit of the hill at which I would appear; she was precise in her calculations, I admit, yet I maintain she was dumb. Her soft brown eyes would follow me intently as I approached, and until I had arrived within a few steps of her, she would not move. Then—ah, I cannot rid my memory of it—she would belch in that unappetizing, unmannerly, and unembarrassed way of cows. She would rise to her feet without haste, whilst chewing on whatever ungodly things she had managed to belch up. Not the slightest respect would she pay me, but would walk stiff-legged past me, straight homeward along the trail. She ventured even to wheeze at me when she passed, and I am certain she was contemptuous in her attitude.

But sometimes I would come in from work and would not pause to look about the barnyard for her, thinking it would be useless. I would set out immediately toward her corner in the field. I would arrive at the corner and she would not be there. As infallibly, then, as I would find her in that corner after first looking in the barnyard, so now, after walking back the half mile, I would find her seated, gently chewing, under a wagon-bed, or in a corner of a stall in the barn. She would rise at my approach and gaze at me in a manner displaying complete innocence even of thinking anything to cause me unnecessary wanderings—or even of thinking anything at all. (In those days I never gave her credit for being able to think. But now, by Heaven, I am near to believing that that cow was quite deliberately and malevolently plotting against me. For, after all, did not her wheezing bear the attitude of sneering and more than the essence of contemptuousness?)

But all this has been mere preliminary. It is told only that you may understand the character of the cow—her shortcomings (unless you consider them as achievements) as illustrated by her actions. Of course, there are more incidents and habits that would show her dumbness, or her malevolence, or her perverted sense of humor. I shall not cite them, however, as I

feel that the mentioned ones should suffice as a background for understanding and appreciating this, the true Event of the Cow:—

It was very early in the spring of the year. The ground had been frozen hard, and the weather had been very cold. On this particular Saturday, a warm wind had come up in the afternoon, and had thawed and softened the crust of the earth until there was a thin layer of mud on top of the deeper soil which remained unthawed and hard.

I came in from the field and set about my chore (which consisted of the cow) in great haste. I had occasion to hurry, for it was Saturday night, and the sooner I finished my work, the sooner I would be able to get in to town; and town, when one goes there but one night in a week, is rather an attractive place. Further, my brother, whose chore (he being older than I) consisted of carrying in a handful of shavings to start the next morning's fire going, urged me to hurry so that I would be ready to leave with him.

I was quite elated, and whistled, and scurried about in the barnyard looking for the cow. She was not there, of course. I bridled a horse and galloped out the gate into the field. I headed straight for the creature's (the cow's, not the horse's) nest in the corner.

Now, halfway between the barn and the corner there was (and, I suppose, is) a hill—a very steep hill which has but one side, and which, I had often thought, had tried to combine in that one side as much steepness as if it had been a normal hill of four sides. Along the trail at the foot of this side-hill I galloped.

There came suddenly to my ears the sound of a faint and feeble "moo," long and drawn-out and sad. I glanced upward. There, high above me on the hill, half way between top and bottom, stood the cow! I was astounded. Never in her history had that cow been found on that hill at this hour, when, she knew, I would be coming for her. However, I reflected quickly, cows, like people, must sometimes change their policies. I was not disappointed that she was nearer home than I had expected her to be.

I turned my horse and started up the hill; up ten or fifteen feet he carried me, stepping hard and cautiously. I clung tightly to his mane; high above me the handsome silhouette of the cow showed black on the hillside. Then the horse's forefeet slipped, and his nose struck the ground. Down he slid to the trail, frantic and quivering.

That desperate and exciting slide made me understand the situation. The slide had made the horse tremble with fright: what, in Heaven's name, would a cow's emotion be if she skidded so precariously? There she stood, in the center of the hill, her feet spread wide apart to brace her. I suddenly shrieked with laughter; and the cow, hearing me, moved her head slowly and cautiously a little toward me to observe.

I jumped down and sent my horse homeward with a gentle slap. Then I made my way upward toward the cow.

It took me a long while to reach her, for my feet slipped constantly on the mud-covered frozen earth and caused me to slide downward. Eventually, quite out of breath, I reached her. She was obviously terribly frightened. She stood trembling in mortal fear. Her brown eyes were opened wide and gazed with the expression, "I pity me." My laughter ceased. What mattered past shortcomings? She was now a creature in need of aid; she was quite stuck on the hillside, and she was appealing to me to help her. I was overwhelmed by a wave of tenderness.

"Come, Annabelle," murmured I, placing my strong arms (a childhood fancy) about her neck and attempting to lead her forward.

The cow did not budge. A tremor

shook her, and her eyes opened wider as she visualized a slipping foot and a sliding and bouncing cow. I am glad, now, that she did not trust me; for had she done so, and slipped, she would undoubtedly have seized me with her teeth and we would have descended the hill together. A tumbling act with a cow, I think, could have its discomforts.

"Be calm, Annabelle, be calm," I said quite softly, and again I tried to lead her, but without success. "What, cow, have you no confidence in my guidance?" I was slightly annoyed.

I went above her, and gave her a gentle shove. Her left forefoot began to slip, and she jerked her head down in terror to watch it slip and tried to make it stop. Another leg slipped, and in horror she gazed at it. She glanced at me in despair, and shuddered.

I was no longer amused, and no longer sympathetic with her predicament. I remembered that I wanted to go to town, and that my brother might take the car and leave me if I did not hurry. I grew vexed. I could not be detained with this asinine cow all the night.

One great shove I gave her with my foot. For a moment then she tottered while her eyes strained up in prayer. Four feet slipped together. The cow sprawled downward, and I watched her descent; it was utterly without form.

Imagine the lack of gracefulness that would attend the skidding descent of a large and ungainly man down over the bumps on a muddy hill; and then imagine a cow—whose ungracefulness is the standard one—acting the same scene, and, added for greater effect, a setting of grey dusk that made each movement grotesque. That was the descent of the cow. It was not beautiful, but it was successful. I beamed with pride at my sagacity, and felt happy that I had so aptly assisted her.

But wait! The descending cow had succeeded in getting herself stopped, just a few feet above the trail. She had turned completely around twice on her way down, and stopped with her head up the hill. She did not remain stopped there. She clawed at the ground and started up again. Her motive I cannot explain: it is a matter for psychologists of cows. I can say only that the cow certainly did scramble toward the place from which she had fallen.

I began suddenly to be frightened. "Horrors," I muttered, "can this creature be intending to trample me?"

She attained her original place and stopped there, shaking and puffing and coughing.

I became thoroughly e n r a g e d. "Cow," I shrieked, "why in the name of common sense, if you possess any, did you come back up here when you were so nearly down? By that Heaven that bends above us, cow," I became poetic, and pointed to the darkening sky, "you are utterly a fool. I am through with you! You can find your own way down, or you can stay here. As for me, I'm going home." I suspect that she did not understand all that, but she looked at me timidly, at least, and appeared humiliated.

I left her, slid down the hill, and went home. I was covered with mud. My brother was angry at the delay I had caused him, and I was angry at the delay the cow had caused me.

I explained ill-naturedly how evidently the cow had climbed up on the hillside in the morning and had been there when the wind came that made the ground muddy and slick. I explained that now she was up there imploring for help, that I had offered mine, and she had not accepted it satisfactorily, and that now for all I cared she could remain up there until the ground froze again next winter.

My brother made not the slightest pretense of believing me. He was convinced I had been unable to find the cow, and that, being in great haste to

be off to town, I had made up this report to put the blame on the cow and thus save myself the task of searching for her.

I was angry, and cared not what my brother's suspicions were. Neither did I care what the cow was thinking, nor how she was feeling. We went to town, when I had managed to get out from under the mud and into some other clothes. All the while, my brother guffawed and complimented me upon my ability as a liar; even when we had returned from town late that night and had gone to bed he remarked about it in his sleep.

I need not say that Annabelle stood on the hill all night, quite alone and probably quite unhappy. In the morning she still was standing in the same place when we came with sacks and wrapped them about her feet and led her down.

She sighed when at last she stood on level ground. For a long while thereafter she never ventured out of the barnyard. But eventually she resumed her habit of awaiting me in the corner. I have not the slightest doubt she is waiting there this very instant, and I wish her a pleasant wait.

HARDLY A LAUGHING MATTER

By Kenneth Hamilton

I BELIEVE that the American collegian needs a more fully developed sense of humor. Some specimens of him, it is true, show a slight glimmering of that rare trait, but they are merely glimmerings, not the fully developed sense of the right thing at which to laugh. Now one is walking on quaking ground when he speaks of another's sense of humor. Tell a man that he has no artistic sense and he will proudly agree with you. Question his sense of humor and he will grow apoplectic telling one what an egregious ass one is. (Usually he isn't polite enough to use the term ass.) Collegians, please be merciful. We need a sense of humor. Not the sportive sense of the cave man who rolled a twenty-ton rock on his sleeping neighbor or the sparkling wit of that jocose person who pulls the chair from under one as he sits down; we need the ability to appreciate the contrasts of life as they come. In a college stock-judging class a nearsighted fellow goes alongside a temperamental lady Hereford. She, coyly enough, lifts one of her hind feet and places it forcefully, oh so forcefully, in the collegian's stomach. Quite amusing to the class; but to the collegian? Oh my! An instructor must interfere to prevent mayhem. A proper sense of humor would have enabled that fellow to laugh with the rest. After his laugh he could go home and take unto himself the arnica bottle, still chuckling over the contrast of the competent judge (his mind's picture) with the doubled up punk that the rest of the class saw. In the movie palace we throw peanuts at the organist. Is this humor? If it is, then with a nickel I can be a Stephen Leacock, with a dime I might become Mark Twain. It is an English class. Here comes the prof. with those corrected themes. Ah, here comes yours. Quite a good theme, if you do say so. What did you get, C? B? F ! ! Plugged! Bells of Hades! Oh for a sense of humor which would enable you to laught it off! But a sense of humor you haven't got. You storm, you sulk, you grouse. And still you're flunked and haven't the sense of contrast to enjoy it.

SENIORITY

By Jesse Yeates

"YO, Gene! Happy new year." I called.

Gene Bauphman's full-blown Irish face grinned at me from the cab window of the lazily sizzling locomotive. "Hello, Scotch!" he bellowed. "Better get out of that snow storm and grab your berth. Hang tight, 'cause we've got old Bill to help shove us along tonight."

It was then I noticed that our train was converted into a double-header, for a second Mallet hissed behind Gene's.

"Fine," I thought, as I made my way back to the Pullman, "No blizzard will ever stop us from plowing up the Gorge."

I was tired, and the rhythmic clickety-clack of wheels on rail joints had soothed me to sleep before we had cleared the Portland yards.

I awoke with the knowledge that I had slept some time, but still greater was the oppressive feeling of impending doom. I had no time to analyze this sensation, for suddenly the front of the car rose and, for a fractional second, hung in air. I jumped, but the floor dropped away from me, and I landed hard.

Above the grinding clatter about me and even above the frightened outcries of the passengers, I had heard a crash ahead.

Gathering myself together, I shot for the door. As I hurtled into a snow drift, I heard an excited voice call, "The head engineer is dead!"

Never did a hundred yards look more dreary to me than did the hundred to the head of that train. The moaning waters of the Celilo Rapids were a fit frame for my feelings.

I passed the second locomotive, astraddle of a welter of twisted rails. Its light glared crazily across the tumbling waters of the Columbia, like the baleful eye of a gigantic, gloating gnome. I plowed down the embankment and crept along the side of the other iron monster. Its up-turned wheels mocked at me, as if to say, "We have quit turning, too!" Even the throbbing steam in the prone boiler whispered that it was dying.

Half-dressed men were pulling an inanimate object from the partially submerged cab. I saw the limp feet, the bedraggled overalls, and the poor old greasy cap pulled far down over sightless eyes. As from far away, I heard a voice. I leaned against one of those mocking drivers. I needed support to insure that I was not imagining.

"Tough on the old boy," the voice had said.

"He's still alive!" I cried, as I leaped forward and tore the cap from the hidden eyes. "Gene—" but I never finished that sentence.

I was looking into the strange eyes, the dead eyes of a total stranger. I would have fallen but for the support of a strong arm and the caution of that familiar voice that said, "Steady, Scotch, old man. Buck up!"

"Gene!" I cried. "Gene, you were in the head engine, but you aren't dead! They said you were!"

"Just luck, Scotch. New rule went through today. Engineer in seniority drives lead engine. Poor old Bill had me beat just two weeks!"

THE MANUSCRIPT

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

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JOSEF HOFMANN

I signed my check,
And made a note of it:
"For Hofmann tickets Tuesday night."

"I," said the storm,
"Can be a virtuoso also."
Making a great commotion
With an arpeggio of wind,
And a crescendo of rain,
Which whimpered off in a diminuendo of mist,
He scowled at our pretense.
"Listen to me," he screamed,
Tinkling in the treble;
"Listen to me now," he wailed,
Tugging at the pinions of the bass.
"Am I, or am I not, a virtuoso?"

You cannot deal with any one so obstinate.
Why bother to knit up apologies
For spitting fingers to unravel?

Anyway,
As I have said,
I had already signed my check,
And made a note of it:
"For Hofmann tickets Tuesday night."

Josef Hofmann,
With a face like thinking sculpture,
A great pianist at twelve,
And today something better.

"Say, just pardon us, please,
But in a little bit
Can we borrow your spy-glasses?
We want to see his hands."

Somebody's house-key
Lies forgotten under a seat
In the dress-circle.

"Your key?"

"My key? Perhaps. But what of it?
I am not going home tonight."

The crowd breaks.
It won't be long now,
It won't be long.
For every tired head
There shall be a white pillow,
A white pillow soon
For every tired head.

For every tired hand,
Reaching for more,
There shall be a strap of sleep
On the street-car of night.

He shuffles back,
Josef Hofmann,
With a face like thinking sculpture,
And drops his hands to the black and white.

"The Butterfly Etude?"

"Certainly. Chopin.
In the old days no one ever went home
Until the artist played that."

—Audred Arnold.

WEBSTER HEARS OF GOLF

By Marion W. Shellenbarger

UNFORTUNATELY, Noah Webster was not a golfer. Consequently he was able to transcribe only the literal meaning of the very unique language and nomenclature which is so much a part of golf. However, there have recently come into recognition some jottings penned in his diary, written perhaps after a drinking bout with some Scotch divoteer. However much we question Webster's sobriety at the time of writing these notes, we believe that because of their vividness and clarity they deserve reproduction here. It will be well worth our pains if those fifty-seven able-bodied persons who do not play golf will awake to the fascination of the game and cease to exist as fossilized survivors from a golfless age.

BUNKER—a mound, sometimes of alpine proportions, placed as a memorial to the hopes and ambitions lost in the sand trap which is usually just beside it. In keeping with the mournful tone of the spot, bunkers are often put between the trap and the sun, thus enshrouding the spot in perpetual gloom. Recently Congress made non-punishable the act of shooting persons who, when asked how their shots are going, reply, "from bunk to bunker."

CADDIE—The caddie is to golf what the red-cap is to the depot. He is the butt of much abuse — abuse occasioned, perhaps, by a putt missed or a drive topped through no conceivable fault of his. He is forced to carry most of the time for some fussy old dub he could easily beat with one hand in his pocket. At the proper time he must register enthusiasm, encouragement, or sympathy—without opening his mouth. However, when asked his opinion on the choice of a club, or on the playing of an approach shot, he shows that his knowledge of the game may surpass that of even the pro. Here's to the caddie—the only one that sees the game as a recreation—the only one who can value a missed putt for what it's worth, and not as a calamity plunging the player deep into the muck of despair.

DORMY—the point in match play where you must win all the remaining holes or it's curtains for you—a mighty good time to rub the old rabbit's foot and lay into your shots if you don't want to pay for the lunches.

FAIRWAY — the prescribed route from tee to green. Like many prescriptions, this course is seldom followed. We recommend that Mr. Duffer, cane in hand, stroll over the eighteen-hole journey some fine afternoon. Doubtless he will be amazed at the resilient, verdant carpet that leads to every green. How soft! How pleasant to approach the green over this delightful sward! But alas, how seldom does he shoot from it. Let him, then, tread softly, as if upon sacred ground, for indeed it is not often he even sees it other than by a wistful glance from dark, tangled wastes where his poorly directed shots have led him.

HOLE-IN-ONE—the **ne plus ultra** and **sine quid nullo** of the game. Sometimes a hole-in-one immediately makes a star golfer out of the worst duffer in the club, to judge from his unassuming narration of the event. The desire to make his ace has brought back to health many an ailing golfer, yea, even from the shadow of death. A hole-in-one, to correct a common error of housewives and others, has no connection with hosiery or pockets.

NIBLICK—the one club the duffer never has to shine. Besides its primary use for all sorts of blasting and exca-

vating, the niblick may be used as an automobile jack, a grappling iron, a fishing pole, pike pole, stretcher handle, hatchet, or as a splint for casualties in arguments on the ledge-like eighth tee.

NINETEENTH HOLE — the only water hole on the course that never dries up; the refuge of the vanquished and the victory-hall of vanquisher. It is a well-known fact that the building of fireproof locker rooms dates from the passing of the eighteenth amendment. Also it is true that cement or tile floors have universally been replaced by softer ones of wood or linoleum.

PAY ME — the victory chant; the charming way your opponent has of letting the locker room know of his one-hole victory over you. The only alternate for such publicity is carrying a blackjack for your opponent and using it as soon as realization of victory dawns upon him.

PROFESSIONAL — otherwise known as "the pro" or just "the taker of the coin." To achieve financial success, the young pro must carefully rid himself of any aversion to the art of grafting. If all the money won by pros from unsuspecting strangers, club members slightly under the weather, and persons with delusions concerning their brand of play were put to Germany's credit, that country would be as financially independent as we are. It is said that "a fool and his money are soon parted" was first spoken by Democritus, after engaging the local pro for a friendly little game.

ROUGH—It is certain that the person who originally applied the term "rough" to the thicket, weeds, trees, quagmires, and rocky slopes that guard the fairways was no more a golfer than golf is a vegetable. To call such ground "rough" is like calling a battleship "heavy" or a hole-in-one "pleasant." So keen has the competition become in constructing difficult courses, that a prominent eastern firm is planning to import by the acre the impenetrable jungles of Brazil. The pioneering instinct is strong in man; when he ran out of new land here in America he raised thick crops of tangled vegetation, and then invented golf as an excuse to explore it.

STYMIE—just one of the playful habits the balls have in a dollar-a-hole match—that of so coming to rest on the green that the farther from the hole is denied a clear road to it. Remedy: call your opponent's attention to the pretty red bird, then kick his ball.

TRAP—the visible proof that Satan himself designed the first golf course. He alone could steer a safe course amid the yawning traps and ambushed hazards of the modern golf pasture. One must be careful not to confuse the traps with the holes left in the ground after the women's handicap. Although the two are alike in size and appearance, the traps may be identified by the sand spread over the floor of the excavation. The sand serves to break the fall of any one accidentally tumbling into the trap. In addition, because of its infusible nature, sand can weather the most fiery blast of curses from the victims of the trap.

RAIN

There is no rainfall like the rain
    That falls in Oregon,
Nor any hills like western hills
    To hear its carillon.
The singing rain, the black downpour,
    Is beautiful, indeed.
Beneficent the bugling rain
    That wakes the sleeping seed.

—**Audred Arnold.**

GUMMING THE WORKS

By **Denny Patch**

"HEY, you beetle-headed Swede, how's to come alive and send those signals in the way I give 'em to you? You're working in a 'highball' crew now. If you can't punk whistle there's plenty of men in Seattle that can. Now for God's sake pull that whistle wire over there by that hemlock stump—dig out your ears, and keep your eyes open."

The angry speaker, a powerful brute of a man, addressed a frightened boy of perhaps twenty years. The two men stand glaring at each other from either side of a large rotten log. The blistering August sun, the dizzy heat waves, and the ugliness of the surrounding logged-off land help to intensify the strained situation existing between the two men. Any logger of the Puget Sound would recognize the speaker as "Highball Red," the best and fastest hooker on the Hood's Canal. Highball Red stands, feet widely spread, arms waving madly, chin protruding, and eyes leering—the typical picture of a mad, log-crazy hooker. Bark dust streaked with sweat gives his sun-tanned face a reddish tinge. A dark stain of tobacco juice extends from each corner of his big mouth to the point of his block-like chin. As he speaks he punctuates each statement by spitting. The receiver of Red's abusive speech is a boy clearly not of the woods—the new "tin" pants with the price tag still attached, the new calked boots, the clean white shirt, the pale almost white face, the poorly developed body, all shouted of his inexperience as a logger. The boy stands facing the hooker. A mingled expression of fright, amazement, and disgust plays across the fine lines of his well-shaped face.

Highball Red withers the amazed whistle punk with a final contemptuous sneer, turns abruptly, and walks away. As he strides away, the boy calls, "I don't know the signals. If you'll tell me what to do, I'll try to do it."

If the hooker hears the question, he fails to indicate it. He walks on up through the slashing to where his crew of "chocker" men awaits his return.

With hateful eyes the whistle punk follows the progress of the retreating hooker. Finally he picks up a large coil of wire that lies at his feet and starts walking toward the designated hemlock stump, uncoiling the wire as he goes. When he is half way to his destination, the woods ring with the sharp cry of the hooker, "Hi-Hi-Hi."

No whistle sounds the hooker's signal to the big skidder down at the landing.

"Hi-Hi-Hi." This time the hooker's call is louder, more piercing.

Silence — no whistle sounds the signal. Back in the woods Highball Red jumps upon a stump and screams, "You half-witted skidroad sheik, blow that whistle!"

The whistle punk, ignorant of the danger of his position, ignorant of the danger of turning in a wrong signal, conscious only that he must obey, pulls desperately on the whistle wire.

Peep! Sharply the single blast chirps down at the skidder. The engineer yanks a lever. A white jet of steam shoots skyward; powerful wheels groan and then hum. A big steel drum revolves, winding in bright, glistening steel cable. The heavy skyline, extending from the skidder to the woods, draws taut. Back in the woods two cables attached to a pulley on the skyline tighten, and two big fir logs are yanked free from the ground. For a moment they dangle aimlessly in the air, then like a maddened bull they

charge down the hill toward the landing. The logs gain momentum, dust flies, saplings are bowled over, stumps uprooted.

The inexperienced whistle punk is in the path of the logs. He sees the danger and runs. Awkwardly he stumbles and falls. As he desperately tries to regain his feet, the big fir log strikes him, drags him a few feet and then batters him into a lifeless jelly of blood, bone, and dirt against a stump. The logs crash on to the landing.

Highball Red dashes recklessly down the hill to where the lifeless body lies. He gives the twitching, bloody form a single glance, then grabs the whistle wire and reefs it desparately—one, two, three, four times. Four sharp blasts from the skidder answer his effort. Strange, horrible, shrieking blasts they are; they sound over the empty slashing, echo from the valley below and reecho from the hills above. A silence follows, then from down in the valley comes the dull answering whistle of a locomotive—the relief train, coming with first aid, is on its way.

The woods crew come up silently to where the dead man lies.

Highball Red casts a nervous sideway glance toward the body, and then hoarsely commands, "One of you go down to the skidder and bring up that canvas tarp."

A man slips away and presently returns with the canvas. He lays it at the hooker's feet and steps nervously back.

"You fellows pick him up in that tarp and bring him down to the landing."

Nervous hands carry out the hooker's orders. The hooker walks slowly toward the skidder followed by the crew bearing the dead boy's body. They reach the landing. The canvas bundle is hoisted cautiously to a large log. The crew gather in a semicircle, backs turned to the corpse. No one speaks—silence—an unbearable silence.

The railroad rails begin to ring. The low rumble of the locomotive is heard. A puff of black smoke appears far down the track—another. A black mass is dimly visible through the heat waves—it comes nearer. The black thing takes form. The big locomotive pounds up toward the skidder, rocking and weaving over the uneven rails. The rumble of wheels becomes a roar. Squealing brakes are applied. The locomotive shivers and stops directly in front of the crew. The camp superintendent, a tall hungry-looking man, jumps from the engine cab. He walks briskly to Highball Red.

"Who got it?" he questions sharply.

"That new punk that came out from Seattle yesterday."

"Hurt bad?"

Highball Red swallows and jerks his right hand over his shoulder to the tarp bundle lying on the log.

The superintendent shoves through the group of men to the indicated log. He jerks the corner of the canvas back and looks quickly away. After a moment he turns to Highball Red and says, "Have two of your men put him in the engine cab. You'll have to work short handed for the rest of the day. I'll wire the agency for a new punk as soon as I get into camp. How many logs have you got out today?"

"Fifty-two, until this happened."

Two men put the tarp bundle in the engine cab. The superintendent mounts the engine cab. The bell clangs. The big locomotive eases backward for a few feet and then opens up to pound and rock out of sight.

The crew goes back to work. Men curse, sweat and labor with the stubborn logs. The skidder groans and strains. Highball Red gives the ringing "Hi-Hi-Hi," and logging goes on in the "highball" camp.

HOW TO ICE SKATE

By Mary Alice Burtis

A WEEK or so ago, at the local movie palace, the news reel showed a champion woman fancy skater. This was a girl who performed a series of spinning, changing steps with great speed and ease. When you see some one who is able to do things like that you might just as well decide that it is a gift, as to waste your time wishing you might equal it. The ability to skate can belong to any one. But the ability to skate extraordinarily belongs to a choice few. There are some people who are born skaters; there are others who will never be more than just mediocre; but there are a few rules which everyone must follow closely in order to skate at all.

Let us suppose that you have never had a pair of ice skates on before this. In the very first place, dress warmly. You will become exceedingly heated after you begin to skate, but it is very foolish to attempt it while trying to keep warm by holding your hands in your pockets. You must feel free to swing your arms and body for ease and balance.

Secondly, be sure your skating shoes are not too large and wide. You didn't learn to walk in the shoes you wear now. Your shoes should be large enough to allow room for heavy wool socks to be worn without cramping. But there should not be room for the foot to slip sideways while moving. You will never learn to skate that way. And don't start out with the long, narrow, straight-bottomed hockeys. They are strictly for speed skating. Runners are the most widely accepted type of skate for plain purposes. These skates are curved up both front and back, allowing greater freedom for moving the ankle while walking on the ice or while skating. Fancy skaters nearly always use hockey skates with especially chipped or notched toes for spinning or quick stops. The shoe should be laced firmly about the ankle.

When learning to skate, the most important and the hardest thing to do is to regulate your balance with each slide. For the beginner it is better to hold the body slightly forward and the knees bent. It is easier to start well if you give yourself a send-off with the toe of one skate while you strike out firmly with the other foot. Make your strokes just as long as you possibly can. Try, with a strong send-off, to see how far you can go on each foot. And with each stroke bend the body slightly in unison. The swing this gives you is one of the beauties as well as a necessity of correct skating. Try that slow easy change of balance sometime without skates on, and picture each stroke to yourself.

It is very necessary to strike out firmly and uprightly on the ice with each runner. If your ankles persist in turning so that you skate on the side of your shoe, there is something wrong. Your shoes do not fit; they are not laced correctly; you do not bear down firmly enough or with enough push ahead; or your ankles need the support of a strap. There are many available ankle supports to be worn either inside or outside of the shoes.

If you have a tendency to swing your arms wildly with each stroke, train yourself to stop. If you once learn that is only a hindrance, it is easier to correct yourself. Some use a stick which they hold in both hands either in front or behind them. If you wish, try coasting a chair before you. This helps you balance yourself, and you feel freer to work on the other things, such as long strokes and correct swing.

After you once get to moving, it is sometimes most difficult to stop quickly. Nothing is more characteristic of the beginning skater than that vague helpless drifting on till he stops from pure lack of force. It is difficult to stop quickly on skates until you learn one of the more advanced methods, such as putting one foot in front of the other and going around in a large circle, or with the feet in the same position, twisting the body suddenly so that the runners dig into the ice and stop immediately. If you should try this, be ready to take two or three short steps immediately or you will find yourself on your back. The easiest way to stop is to lift one foot and dip it in the ice lightly for just a second at a time until the slight drag caused each time brings you down to a low enough speed that you can easily catch the point firmly in the ice. If you do this before your speed is sufficiently slackened you may do a "splits" much to your pain and chagrin!

Skating requires many hours of persistent effort, but it is a glorious sport when perfected. A great deal of it is to get the "feel" of retaining your balance easily. And don't forget—whatever else you fail in—take long strides, light firmly with each foot, and swing your weight with each stroke. Good luck to you!

CIRCUS HAMMER MEN

By Dallas Jacobson

FROM the edge of the lot I watched the setting up of the circus tents for the afternoon show. The grey canvas that lay on the ground was rippled into an oval lake by the breeze, and four long poles stuck out of it like the mast of a scuttled ship. Brilliant red and gold wagons were scattered over the lot, still housing the smelly animals that squealed or growled in mingled rage and fear. Six half-naked men, hardly less savage in appearance than the animals, stood in a semicircle at the end of a long row of battered stakes. Cigarettes hung limply from their lips, and their stubble-covered chins were stained with tobacco. Each leaned against the handle of a heavy hammer and cursed the others. Their short rest was ended by a growl from the scar-faced "Boss," and, as one, they shouldered their hammers and formed a circle around the next stake. One of them straightened the stake and started it with a single, smashing blow. Muscles tensed as each man brought his hammer into play in turn. Whirling in great circles, the hammers crashed down upon the stake, one just missing the other. Like the keys in a mighty typewriter they rose and fell with such rapidity that there was scarcely a pause in their rhythm. Sweat oozed from the brows of the straining men and fell like muddy tears to the ground. Bulging muscles rippled under their shining, tanned skins as their hard hands gripped the smooth handles. The smell of hot sweat mingled with that of canvas and hay, and drifted away from them on the little dust clouds stirred up at their feet. Grunts and oaths escaped their lips each time a hammer fell, and mixed with the rasp of heavy breathing. The stake slid smoothly into the dry earth to match those behind it. The regular beat of their strokes ceased, as tired muscles relaxed and let the hammers drop into the dust. The husky forms slowly straightened, and their thick chests rapidly rose and fell as they filled their starving lungs with air. They wiped the sweat from their faces with grimy hands, and gazed back over the row of stakes, each one straight and driven to the same depth, and in their dull eyes burst a gleam of pride.

IT DIED

By Helen C. Olson

THE story of Stoneway is not a triumphant one; not the story of a great and glowing thing. It is the story of a single man, Samuel Stone, without whom the town could never have been. With a gale and sandstorm he came, bringing strength and fixity of purpose. From his powerful determination sprang the foundation of a town that blossomed, for a time, under what seemed to be the veritable smile of the gods. He brought the world to Stoneway's terms; he made the roaring trains pause in their flight to the east; and his town lived and grew. Smoke and a grimy turmoil replaced sandy waste and a white peace. The stillness of the desert land departed, and in its stead came the roar of swiftly driven machinery, running unceasingly in busy mills. Not a great many came, but Stone drew people to him, and Stoneway grew. It was a part of the man himself, and he made it progress. It had to—the man would not let it lie stagnant, and success was appearing above the horizon of Stoneway's existence. It had built up a name that seemed to be one that would stand the test of time, and men and women lived and worked happily under stress of Stone's relentless energy. The man and his town accomplished things and lived.

Then their last trump was sounded. Faster and faster spun the wheel of a heartless fate, and the chain of Stoneway's life broke. The night came when the earth trembled without warning beneath Stoneway, and the mills crumbled and fell. The wind cried aloud, and the stars grew dim—dawn came, and Samuel Stone was gone. Twenty years had passed since he had come with the storm before the founding of the town. The morning had come then, and with it had come peace—a calm peace and deathly still. Now there was no peace, only sorrow and turmoil—strife was come, for Samuel Stone had fallen in death. It was not the elements of the storm that dealt the fatal blow, leaving the town a crumpled and weak thing. While Samuel lived, Stoneway lived; but he died with the storm, and Stoneway died unexpectedly with him. When the train paused to bear him away to his final rest, the huge carrier of freight and prosperity made its last stop at Stoneway.

A few inhabitants struggled for a time, but their tower of strength that had forced the world around to recognize the town was gone, and they soon gave up the fight. Perhaps it is for memory's sake that a few still cling to the barren spot where once a strong man laid the beginnings of what might have spread to encompass a prosperous community. There is nothing more to keep them. They can hope for no rebirth, for the world of men and living things has passed them by. Cars flit on through the night like ghosts, and like ghosts they disappear—never stopping, never turning back to the town that life deserted.

Although the world no longer recognizes it, it is nevertheless there—there amidst far-reaching waste, with no fire, no warmth, no glow; dull, listless, drab. It is not a restful place now, for it is dead, and it will never live again. The boards are loose in the walls of the buildings, and the glass from the windows has long since disappeared. The vacant houses gape at miles of gritty, sandy, flat lands with a hopelessness that beats forever upon the memory of one who sees. And there is no green. All is gray—gray that dulls the consciousness and dries the heart to dust. For us the sun shines by day and the stars by night, but in Stoneway the

sun's rays beat down cruelly through dull days, and the stars glare stonily through restless nights. The land is dead; and the fresh sea of our life does not touch it in its lethargy. The fruit of Samuel Stone's labors was reaped before its seed was truly sown, and the prairie wolves howl over the drying bones of Stoneway in the heat waves of the sun and in the dead rays of the moon.

OLD SALT

By J. DIXON EDWARDS

TO the average person the word salt suggests that commodity with which one seasons food. This particular salt, sodium chloride, is, nevertheless, only one of the multifarious salts known to science. Science, indeed the world, however, in the midst of its vast number of salts has taken little cognizance of one which has been left untroubled and unnoticed, one which has given this world more flavor, more piquancy, charm, and rich tradition than all the rest. The old salt of whom I speak is not that well-known table variety, albeit he has quite as saline a twang both literally and figuratively. His conversation and demeanor reek of the briny wastes which are his habitat. From his lips with natural ease and articulation flows the lingo of the "foc's'le," the songs of sailors in the rigging and the crow's nest, all with the quiet but ruffled tone of water swishing on the bowsprit. He is in reality a rare type of seaman, a sailor of the old school, the school of mizzenmast and topgallant extant in the seventies and eighties. Occasionally one comes across him in remote corners of the globe, living in a shanty by the water, decrepit and rheumatic, unable longer to engage in the calling of his youth. Dwelling thus close to his beloved element, looking wistfully at it day by day, longing and reminiscent, he is one to be pitied, so very near and yet a thousand leagues away. A loud-mouthed, raucous person he is not. You rarely find him carousing in taverns and dives with the rabble of the waterfront. Long ago he relinquished this indulgence, wishing no doubt to preserve an unaddled, unblurred memory of his life beneath the sail. In contrast to the lower level of seamen he is a classic type, singularly complacent, reticent, and intriguing, who spends his time sitting on a jetty or pier telling yarns to children who, grouped about him, sit gaping in wonderment at this pied-piper who lures them from their tiresome play to a sea of mystery and enchantment. A fuming meerschaum hangs listlessly from his mouth, the corners of which have turned yellow from long addiction to tobacco. With his hands in the pockets of his reefer, and a misty, plaintive glance in his eye, he recounts, perhaps, how he shipped from New Bedford on a square-rigger, how the ship foundered and he was marooned on an island in the South Pacific. A faint quaver may be detected in his voice, a slight tremble in his rough, scaly hand; these are the dim reflections of a now vague reality. In the midst of a tale of mutiny, in which the captain cornered in his cabin is showering maledictions on the crew, one may observe that his hand stirs with a slow staccato movement, as if reaching for a belaying pin. The memory of these high adventures never fades; clear and unerring it endures to the last, brightening and enriching his latter days.

I once met such an old salt as this, Java Jack by name, on the quays of Boston. He was a tall, lanky fellow with just enough accent under his sailor's twang to tell me that he was from

the Ozark country. Strange, I thought, that a man from the Ozark mountains should pick his living on the sea! In answer to my queries he merely mumbled that he "ambled off one day and forgot to return." He was a queer fellow, with an undershot jaw, irregular teeth, knotty arms and legs, and in his left cheek a peculiar twitching which he said had come upon him the day he had put into port from his last voyage. I happened upon him quite unexpectedly as he was spinning a sea yarn for a group of his land cronies. I was glad to see that he had some friends to confide in, glad to see that he was not alone in his decrepitude; but it was easy to discern that he did not feel entirely free with them. He could not tell them the inmost thoughts of his heart, for what knew they of the sea? As I approached, he beckoned to me to sit down and listen. A tale of cannibals it was, headhunters of the Marquesas. I did not expect much, for I had heard such thrillers before; they were all alike, stories of imminent peril and ultimate escape. As I sat there, however, watching the old sailmaker, for such he was, having grown too old for an active life, the intense reality of his tale burst upon me. Every so often he picked up a marlinspike and gesticulated deftly, the better to illustrate some action of his story. Perhaps it was this same marlinspike that he used to pierce the cannibal chief! Who knows? As for me I could almost see the "blarsted heathen" leap into the air as Jack drove the weapon true. So fascinating was his tale that I came again the next day and again the next to hear this incomparable story-teller unfold his yarns of mutiny, shipwreck, high adventure, and all the life and color of the sea, the lone night watches under the stars, and the beauty and mystery of the incomprehensible deep. He was a man rich in sea lore, a bit of salt brine torn from the ocean. So are they all, these old salts. If you would seek to know them, you must search assiduously, for they are rare now, a generation that is fast passing.

THE "BACK-ROW" GENIUS

By Alfred A. Jacquot

AMONG the cake-eaters, apple-polishers, wet-smacks, back-slappers, snobs, and what-nots arranged along the college scale of mental status calibrated in degrees of wit and popularity, there are none with quite the genius of the back-row student. His classification is no serious problem, for he is one grade above the cake-eater in the fact that he is in no way an undesirable companion outside of the classroom, and is one degree lower than the apple-polisher, since he works neither his instructors nor his lessons. He possesses a rare sense of humor, and can crack any number of jokes about the "A" student while shrugging off his own failings with indifference. In the classroom, however, his brilliance amounts to a mere glow, which is no handicap to the class as a whole, and is a decided boon to the borderline students, since it saves some one from a position among the ten per cent failures. He realizes his rating in the classroom is approximately on a par with a commerce "punk's" standing in an engineering class, but he slides along, hoping that the professor will overlook him until the passing grades are distributed. However, his ingenuity at formulating answers without any knowledge of the subject, should he be, to his misfortune, called upon to contribute to the class discussion, is remarkable. He can give a definition of "gubernatorial" so infinite that it covers anything from lacrosse playing to arithmetical progessions. His characteristics taken collectively show him to be a jolly good fellow who never lets his studies interfere with his college education.

OLD IKE

By ELWOOD A. MCKNIGHT

I REMEMBER one of those hot summer days when the heat seems to envelop you in a suffocating pall. There were several of us sitting in the bunk-house, reading, talking, playing cards, and just enduring. We were greasy with idle sweat, and even the effort of brushing away a fly was exhausting.

An old man came galloping up to the door on a dripping horse, carrying a cloud of dust with him, as moving objects do in stirless air. He cried out, "Whoopee, I'm certain'y wild!" and slid his mount to a stop with his head in the doorway. With one wild leap he was in the center of the room, where he cut a buck-and-wing, threw his head back and shouted, "Powder river; rocks on the bottom."

His sunken gray eyes had a wild fire in them, and his cadaverous cheeks, drooping gray moustache, and tobacco-stained snaggle teeth combined to give him an aspect of uncouth ferocity. He wore a battered, weather-stained sombrero of great antiquity, runover high-heeled boots, and grimy waist overalls. His shirt was a marvel of tears, patches, and food drippings.

The lead-skinner looked up with languid interest. "Hello, Ike," he said, "What's on your mind?"

"Jest dropped over to see if you had any 'baccy. I run clean out and I hain't had time to go to town since Heck was a pup. Thankee kindly. Well, boys, y'ain't got a little liquor? Heh, heh, heh," he cackled. "I hain't had a drap o' licker sence I was snake-bit last spring, and you fellers drank dang nigh all the medicine up."

He looked about the room and his glance fell on me, where I sat with a magazine in my lap and a look of blank amazement on my face.

"Hi, kid, whatcha readin? The Bible? Moses and the Lamb done wash my sins away!" he shouted, turning a double handspring in the middle of the floor. "Whoopee, I'm certain'y wild!"

"That's quite a by-word of yours, isn't it?" remarked one of the men.

"Yessir, reckon I'm known quite a bit around for that holler. Y'know, the last time they took me up to the bughouse at Medical Lake, they put a bunch of us to scrubbin' walks with gunny sacks. Wa-al, purty soon I got tawful tired, crickin' my back that-away, so I ups on my hind legs an' whirled that sack three times around my head, and hollered, 'Whoopee, I'm certain'y wild,' and you oughtta seen them other nuts run.

"Wal, I reckon I'd better be goin', old hoss'll be gettin' a chill."

And out of the shack he went, gained the saddle in one convulsive leap, and shot down off the hill standing up in the saddle with the reins in his teeth. Presently his voice drifted back to us,

"Powder river, a mile wide and an inch deep! Whoopee, I'm certain'y wild!"

THE FIRST SHOT

By JAMES L. SMITH

THE first rays of the morning sun were forcing their way up over the horizon, trying to drive away the death-like silence that thundered in my ears. The only sign of life came from a thin curl of cigarette smoke rising from the blind across the lake. Even the eighty or more decoys that were haphazardly scattered about the lake silently waited for the unexpected to happen, and not even the wheat that had been strewn about the pond could tempt them to make a

movement or utter a quack. Suddenly, far in the distance, yet appearing to rise out of the willows that hemmed in the lake on three sides, a bunch of ducks, three, four, or was it five, came beating their way across the clear sky. As swift as a squadron of pursuit planes they approached. Slowly I drew my head back into the blind, like a turtle drawing in his head, and at the same time brushing away from my face a few bits of dried grass that helped to conceal the blind. It took only a minute to pull in my head, but by the time I was concealed, the ducks were upon us, and the decoys went crazy with their burst of quacking that contrasted greatly with the deathlike silence of a few seconds before. On the ducks swooped, making a swift circle of the lake, and, as they reared back on their wings preparatory to lighting, I rose suddenly, snapped my automatic to my shoulder, lined the sights on the lead duck, and squeezed the trigger.

A FIELD OF WHEAT

By Emmajean Stephens

OLD Jim's knees were shaking and his breath coming in short, painful gasps as he reached the top of the hill and dropped exhausted beneath the shade of a solitary locust tree. The joints in his body hadn't been working as efficiently as usual; folks had commented upon the deepening lines beneath his eyes, the faint quivering of his hand, and even he was beginning to realize that youth had gone and strength was going. He closed his eyes; a breeze wandered down from among the leaves of the tree, playfully tossed the gray locks over his forehead, slipped down his wrinkled, sun-tanned cheek with a soft caress, frolicked in and out of the folds of his coat, down the leg of his trousers, over the alkaline dust on his shoes. Slowly he opened his eyes. There in the sunlight below him gleamed his one unfailing delight. It was wheat — plump, golden heads gently waving on tall, slender stems. Next week the combine, pulled by a persistent little tractor, would come rumbling through the field and the waving gold would disappear; but today is blazed forth in all its amazing and majestic grandeur. Its radiant glory spread to the snow-cap of Mt. Hood gleaming in the west, to the farmhouse and trees in the canyon, to the chocolate-brown fallow on each side, plowed until it was soft and smooth like the velvet of a woman's frock, even to the shimmering blue of the sky and friendly heat of the sun. It swirled about in glee as the mischievous west wind rushed at it in mock battle or played hide-and-seek in its midst; it raised its head to the sun god in praise as he sped across the sky; it smiled in supreme happiness at the old farmer on the hill. The old man on the hill smiled back. To him not even the masterpiece of Millet could equal in form and beauty this flawless masterpiece of the greatest of artists; no symphony of Beethoven's could surpass this, nature's symphony of color and harmony. To him it meant life. It was the bread that strengthened the starving, the inspiration that guided the genius, the force that brought victory to the army. Some men could seek to solve the endless problems of government and society, others could probe the depths of metaphysics or the phenomena of electricity, but he would continue to toil with the earth and contentedly watch each new waving expanse of grain. A meadow-lark chirped from a fence post nearby; the old man smiled; the wheat swayed back and forth with increasing tempo as the wind from the west whistled louder.

ODD NUMBERS

ACROSS the aisle and one seat to the front of me sits a person in a pair of gray knickers and coat, and a headgear that combines the features of a cap, hat, bonnet, and turban; no hair is visible, so the person might be blond, brunette, or bald. I am quite at a loss to know whether it is a man or woman; it smokes cigarettes almost constantly, yet never spits on the floor; its face is slightly sun-tanned and is smooth, its nose is small, its eyes too large, with black circles under them; its whole face is rather too short, its forehead too high, and its chin not far enough from the nose, and the corners of the mouth are curled down and back so far that I wonder they didn't go on around and make a double mouth; all in all, I conclude that it might be the face of either a woman particularly and extraordinarily beautiful or of a man rather unhandsome.

—**Bert Evans.**

She is forty, but the years fight a losing battle with her dark, bird-like beauty, and she still flits from subject to subject with the agility of her youth. Her prattle is as sustained as the flow of oil from that well which was "dear papa's" last discovery. Each week, in that modern gossip exchange, the beauty shop, as she renews her girlish contours or the youthful sheen of her hair, Feather acquires enough information on local current events to keep a less ardent broadcaster in small talk for a month. More and more, as the years go by, bridge is becoming her favorite pastime. People have told Feather that it is a very scientific game, yet she has played for years by instinct, and, even though she has the most terrible luck, she loves to take part in the post mortem after each hand. Among her diversions, shopping has always held a prominent place, for the patient salesgirls are outwardly appreciative listeners. After a wearisome afternoon of trying on pink satin negligees, Feather and Maizie, her best friend, often dropped in at the movies to discuss the day's bargains, but since the advent of the talkies, they find the competition too strenuous. So she trips gaily through her days, skimming the froth of each new experience. Sorrow has come to Feather through the loss of her three husbands. The first forsook her for a gas-jet; the second was forced to move to a padded cell; but the third merely wandered beyond the sound of her voice and hopes to stay there; yet, till the curtain falls, she will always be the life of the party.

—**Evelyn Scott.**

He entered the kitchen with despondent step, took off his ear-flapped cap and wool windbreaker, hung them behind the stove, and sat down on a low stool to warm his hands. He was a melancholy looking chap, this Englishman. He looked like a sad-faced hound, with his eyes drooping at the corners, and his cheeks sagging down over his lower jaw. Just now he was even more depressed than usual, and his whole body drooped, giving one an impression of a group of slanting lines with their apex at the peak of his slightly bald head, and their common base at the level of his stubble-scuffed boots.

He looked through the cracks around the stove door at the brightly glowing coals for a few moments. Then he drew a deep, mournful breath and turned to the enormous, full-blown woman cook. "Well," he said in a lugubrious tone, "we've got a bloody Amurrican in the crew now. First it was a Norwegian, then a Finn, and now a bloomin' Amurrican, blast the bleedin' luck."

"Don't take on so, George; maybe he won't be so bad. Maybe he isn't a

Yankee anyway. Did he say he was?

"No, 'e didn't say so, but 'e must be, 'e boasts so bloody much. And 'Arry just would 'ire 'im. This bally country is going to pot."

He glowered at the stove again.

"You know," he said a few minutes later, as though the conversation had not paused, "I simply cahn't endure 'earing the blighters say la-a-a-ff, and ca-a-aff, and they lahf at me when I say 'ahf and cahf."

—Elwood A. McKnight.

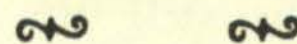
Manson was all clerk—clerk in patient, obedient visage, in shiny worsted clothes, in withered shoes on unobtrusive feet, clerk even in his daily peaunt-butter sandwich and buttermilk. Long ago, individuality had faded from him; now "the Boss" was his brain, and to "please the Boss" his ambition. Indeed, if the Boss so desired, Manson would gladly have sat on a desk and served as the office pen-wiper.

—Marion W. Shellenbarger.

A gaunt, lean soul horseshoed itself around a perplexing book of figures. Under the scant shade of Mac's briny felt, well salted with the sweat of his untutored brain, timid eyes guided each erratic stroke of coarse knuckles. For years his calloused hands had squeezed his family's bread and butter from pick handles. Many were the short-handled shovels full of gravel he had tamped beneath sagging ties. Toiling on the rail lines that carved the heart of Eastern Oregon's desert, in those days a section hand had no choice, but now he was the Boss of the Bull Gang—the Bull himself. To his men he appeared an overgrown "kid," whose immature spirit could never grow to the proportions of his empty frame. As uncertain lips moistened a thick-leaded pencil, he snarled at the offensive pipe which had grown to be as much a part of him as he was of the sage country. A sour grin registered the completion of his calculations.

"Listen here, fellas, if I ketch eny more ya birds standin' around enymore when Paine comes around, I'm gona fire the whole —— bunch." Mac snowshoed on badger feet through the floury dust to a position where he could better supervise the construction of a railroad. As the cold magic of Mac's gaze traversed up and down his spine, "Conscientious Slim," a tender, blond jelly-bean, straightened his college-coated body and struggled along among the common, rail-burdened horde, gripping the cold steel until his fingerprints became firmly entrenched in its surface. For once he forgot his all-consuming appetite for sour-dough cakes, which he so greedily absorbed each morning. He forgot eccentric desires to argue religion, politics, and art. He even forgot to wipe with frazzled blazer-sleeve his riotous nose, for somehow these words had instilled in him a fear of losing something dear to him—his job.

—Cecil K. Carroll.



Mr. Powell, first officer of the tramp tanker S. S. Phoenix, looked like a giant as he worked on deck, his massive form silhouetted against the fading light of evening skies of the San Pedro harbor. His originally white mate's cap had fallen on the greasy deck, and the evening breeze ruffled his wavy, auburn hair. His sloping, fighter's forehead seemed justified by a scarred and misshapen nose which separated two steel-grey eyes. Sharp commands, garnished with emphatic swear words, issued from time to time from his pursed lips, as he imagined he saw one of the sailors slacking up in the work. A bull neck bridged the short gap between his protruding jaws and his barrel-like torso. An oil-stained, white shirt, open in the

front, displayed a hairy, muscular chest. The sleeves of the shirt were raggedly torn off above the elbows, displaying a pair of huge, tattooed forearms, upon which the knotty thews and sinews rippled freely as Mr. Powell's paw-like hands reeved a guy-line through one of the three blocks on the end of the boom. Most sailors would have had to stand on a stanchion or crawl out on the end of the boom to rig the guy-lines, but Mr. Powell worked with ease, his long legs, covered with dirty white duck dungarees, in the stride position characteristic of the true sailor. The weight of his body caused his bare feet to sink into the thick layer of tar, still soft from the torrid rays of the California sun, which had beaten down upon the decks of the Phoenix all day. Although not over thirty-five years of age, Mr. Powell was a graduate of old sailing-ship school, and his actions and appearance marked him as one of the few survivors of the class of officers known as "bucko mates."

—William Kennell.

Mrs. Smiley is as drab and colorless as a little brown wren, and as pleasant and bright-eyed. She has a great many children, and a knowledge of how to make fudge and pop-corn balls, and an infectious laugh. She calls her husband "Papa," and wears the same shabby clothing for years — that her golden-haired oldest may wear hand-made French undies and chiffon hose.

—Ardythe Kennelly.

Her little, bird-like running walk, the quick bobbing of her head, and the comprehensive flitting of her brown eyes revealed her German efficiency. She wore antique spectacles, which in themselves might have appeared ridiculous resting lightly on her insignificant nose, but which, on the contrary, were forgotten when she flashed her quick, happy smile. Her tiny height of five-feet-two, topped with short, ever-tumbling black hair, bustled with the persistency and thoroughness of a red-breasted robin.

—Elizabeth Fletcher.

PLOWING

By Evelyn Turvey

THE hard feel of the oaken plow handles beneath my calloused hands always comes back to me when February passes into March, and spring, in a burst of silken pussy-willows, steals down the broken shores of Puget Sound. With my fingers I can trace each grain of wood as the plow slides through the soft, waxen loam. The dull thump of the horses' hoofs on the furrow and in the trough made by the overturned turf slips up to my ears. The horses' feet gather clump upon clump of the rich soil, until they are like blocks of wood in their girth. As the furrow turns over, furry field mice are tumbled, squealing in frightened protest, from their underground nests, and they scurry away to another refuge. Angle worms come looping their grey, thread-like bodies over the top of the furrow, seeking a return into that dim region beneath the surface of the ground, where they can be sure of the shelter of the soil. Heavy banks of murky fog drift in from the Sound and settle in the hollows of the field, stinging my nostrils and driving out the soft odor of the newly turned soil. As the horses stop, I can hear the steel bits grind in their mouths, and the creak of the harness as they stamp their feet in an effort to loosen the soil which clings so tenaciously. A fire glows between the roots of an old cedar stump, with tongues of flame leaping and crackling, and I can stretch my frozen fingers, purple from their long exposure to the cold, out to its warmth. A moment or two of this, and the horses and

I must start up again, cutting another clean black line around the wave-like surface of the field. As the plow leaps forward I am forced back to reality, and the memories of the long winter months, which have crept so reluctantly away, are no longer recalled by the sight of the uneven spears of dead grass, fringing the edges of the furrows.

LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

By ENELSE JANZEN

DEAR boy:

Yesterday as I started to town on foot to buy a pair of greatly needed woolen socks, I passed on the street corner two gigantic, athletic college students, waiting for the bus. My boy, I was much tempted to bow my head in shame upon seeing them stand there, for there can be nothing more unmanly and un-American than a youth who will not use the limbs which his Creator has given him for locomotion. True, the sidewalk was a solid sheet of ice save here and there where the wind had blown piles of snow upon it; the cold wind itself was attacking with unpleasant force. Nevertheless, an able-bodied man who possesses also a whole and healthy mind should be deeply humiliated to waste five cents for a ride of two blocks. I hope I shall never have the misfortune to see you disgrace yourself and your good body with such weak and old-mannish behavior.

Apropos of woolen socks, I hope you have secured several pairs for yourself, for as I have lately read in the Gazette-Times, the present cold spell which we are experiencing in this valley is passing to the southward where it will probably take you unawares. If you have not yet purchased the socks, let me admonish you to keep in mind a somewhat conservative taste for style, color, and pattern, for even socks add to the quality of a gentleman. Shouting socks are ever a definite index to a hick and a backwoods booby. However, I am persuaded that my advice is not urgently needed, for as I have been more than once informed by trustworthy gentlemen who are well acquainted with your peculiarities (you see I keep a close watch on all details) you do not crave loudness in any form. This is a commendable quality in you, my dear boy, but you must not allow it to dominate you to the extent that you become timid, backward, and dull. Timidity should be left for puny babes and boys without backbone, and backwardness is an inexcusable hindrance to a gentleman. Dullness is less than a fool's dress, for a fool makes no noise. May you acquire that happy medium which is neither loudness nor dullness. Good night.

"HOWDY, STRANGER"

By CECIL K. CARROLL

THE warmth of an overheated bunk-house drew beards of sweat on the Nordic faces scattered like posters about its pine walls. Sprawled on a sagging cot, Bill and Mac, two natives of Glasgow, retreated from the stove's blistered sides as they drank in the impure wine of Heavy's stories. On an apple-box throne a brick-thatched prince of Gaelic lineage, the stranger in the bunk-house, perched like an over-attentive cab-driver, stretched his elongated self above this strange group. So this was Burns—sage, sand, and motley-visaged construction hands crowded around over-heated stoves! For a while his animated eyes focused on the lard-puffed features squatting on the speaker's hairy chest, which peered from the folds of a blue denim shirt, then rested on Bill's brother, Jim, coiled between well-striped blankets, utilizing the

scanty space left by Heavy. This overstuffed hog spread like a waffle on the straw-mattressed springs, which groaned under their burden every time he guffawed at his own jokes. Red's thoughts concentrated on a bunch of work clothes hanging, a lifeless guardian of a careless shelf of "Western Stories," over the speaker's bald head, until to his nostalgic vision those dirty rags shaped themselves into the weather-beaten dummy which policed the front of Simmond's store down on Portland's Second street. Home! How he wished he were there! Each resulting barrage of laughter incited by Heavy's impersonation of farmer and hobo set a tin dipper quivering on the watery surface of a galvanized pail filled from the freezing faucet outside. Through a crack under the window, whiffs of sage-scented air fanned the leaden clouds of cigarette smoke into distorted figures. Near the door, a feeble-legged table stood heaped with piles of "Adventure," "Wings," and well-thumbed volumes of "Ranch Romance." The Gaelic newcomer felt as much an outcast as the Prince Albert can and piling Camel butts crushed under Bill's thin-soled foot. A gawky Swede, with overalls bulging like bloomers from his short boots, lagged pennies on the floor into a circle of string until he had depleted Bill's coffers, then slunk back to the solitudes of the adjoining room. Mac launched into a hunting expedition, and as he pictured each falling bird, the stove's popping fire repeated each report of his guns. No longer able to stand the sickening air of the room, the stranger crouched through the doorway into the frosty night, slamming the door in his wake. Above a breaker of curses, he barely heard the clink of the porcelain washpan up-ended on the floor, as flying enamel peeled from its face. Glancing upward he caught the glimmer of fiery-tongued stove-pipes, radiating peace and contentment from a small world of over-heated stoves—the center of attraction for tired and homeless men.

HORSES 'N' HUMANS

By Helen Lund

ARE horses like human beings? Any one who is familiar with, and who loves horses will say, "Yes!" It used to be my hobby to discover, if I could, the human-like characteristics of the horses I rode. There is Duke. I see him as a very mischievous, fat little boy who thinks himself very important. When he is in the pasture, loose, he rarely condescends to let me catch him without first making me walk after him until I am out of patience; then he stops with an air of, "Now that I've shown you that you're not always boss of me, I'll do the favor of letting you catch me." After I catch him and climb on, it is almost impossible to make him go in any direction except home unless I let him drive the rest of the horses. It seems to tickle his vanity immensely to be able to drive horses when I am on him—he can't do it alone. You've seen people that way—most of the time they are subordinates; then in some way they get authority over their former superiors. How proud they are! What satisfaction they get out of bossing the bosses! In the same pasture with Duke is pretty, black Queen. How well she is named. For she is a lady, and a very intelligent one. When she is put at some menial task she performs it with such dignity that I often have to laugh at her. Many people say that horses do not reason, but I doubt that statement. I'm sure Queen reasons. When she gets her foot in the wire she never pulls back nor saws her foot against the wire, but stands patiently until some one helps her out. If she gets sick she realizes we can help her, and she takes

medicine without any fuss. In other things she appears to reason also. But Trixie—well, Trixie is like one of those persons who never look where they are going, are always in a grand rush, and usually go through life dash, crash, smash. You notice this recklessness especially when you ride her over gulches and ravines. She always frightens me half to death, but she seems to have fool's luck and usually comes out all right. Thus we see Duke with his self-importance—when he has the upper hand; Queen with her intelligence and lady-like manners; and Trixie of the reckless type. Don't you think horses are like human beings?

HE PRAYED

By WM. HADLEY, JR.

FOR three hours he had lain there in his bunk, very, very much afraid of the man with the gun who was sitting on the bunk across the room. He had bummed a place to sleep for the night, and somebody had told him to go in this room and take the bunk in the corner on the right. It was in Tepetate, Mexico, in the Los Naranjas oil field. The fellow was very drunk and looked at him with his head at an angle and a very hard look in his eyes. He had seen the look in them when he came into the room; but now he could not see what they looked like because he was lying with his face to the wall, and the short hair on the back of his neck was stiff with fright. The man said he was going to kill him if he moved, and he was very sure that he would not move a bit. The pillow under his cheek was wet from the silent tears that ran down and soaked it. He could feel the way the bullet would tear his flesh if he should move, and he was quite sure that he would not move. He had prayed and prayed for a long time. There was not a sound behind him. He did not know whether the man with the gun was still sitting there or not, but he was certain that he would not move to find out; because if he moved he would die, and he did not want to die. He was very, very certain that he did not want to die, because there was a lot that he wanted to see yet, and if he did not move, he would live to see the things that he wanted to see. So he lay in the night and prayed and was very, very still. The next morning when the cook stuck his head in the door and told him to wake up, he found out that the fellow with the gun had gone out in the night and killed a man, and that the soldiers in the garrison on the hill were going to shoot him very early the next morning.

Afterwards, he was very thankful that the man had found somebody else to shoot, because now he would be able to see all the things that he wanted to see. But he always wondered what would have happened, if the man had not changed his mind.

A GOOD FELLOW

By PHILIP A. BOWER

A GOOD fellow is the essence of democracy—a persistent, hidebound sort of democracy. He may be known for his complete lack of respect or esteem for God or man, for even himself. Rules and orders are his pet grudges; those who conform strictly to regulations are his most hated enemies. The French statesman's saying, "A liberal may always be detected by his fear of being called conservative," fits perfectly his attitude. Yet his is not, as it might be thought, the easy course. The code of his fellowship is more strict than any of the rules he abhors. He is the perennial goer. Quiet is not for him, for just behind quiet lurks boredom, which he fears more than death. He is pledged to what he calls "modern frankness," but his directness is only bluntness, and his

affluence of shoulder talk is merely his lack of tact. His methods of address, his conversations are stereotyped after pseudo-modern ideas of what is clever, handed to him "on a silver platter" by some hard-working journalist who occupies a little upper-story room in a newspaper office. His is the old theory that man does not live by bread alone but by catch phrases, yet he applies them eternally in the most crude aspect. That is his saddest side—that he must always "go one better" and interpret everything in its "rawest." Yet, to be popular—to be a good fellow—he must do that. A good fellow, plainly, is a conformist (how he would hate the term)—one who does just as the great mass of people would have him do.

FOUR WEEKS

A lot of books on many shelves,
A Grecian fable on the wall,
A long table with some chairs,
And you and I;

A lot of snowflakes on the ground,
A full moon in a cloudy sky,
A fireplace, a davenport,
And you and I;

A lot of dishes in the sink,
A bit of ashes on the floor,
Two armchairs, a door between,
And you and I;

A lot of bills upon the desk,
A whiff of perfume in the hall,
An unsmoked pipe, a banging door,
And only I.

—Enelse Janzen.

SLEEP

I sit on the bed,
Slowly I take off my slippers,
Slowly I climb into bed—
I know I can't sleep.
I'll lie on my right side awhile.
No, maybe that's why my heart
Sounds like a Diesel engine.
I'll turn over.
Why can't I go to sleep?
Now I tell myself:
Think of the waves;
Up they roll to the shore line.
Is not that soothing?
Maybe so. I think it's seasick.
It begins to rain—
Drip drop
Outside
Tick tock
In—
Maybe if I threw the
Clock out
It would be
Tick tock
Outside
Drip drop
In—
But that doesn't make sense.
Why can't I go to sleep?
I'll count.
If one hundred raindrops fall
In one square foot,
How many ticktocks sound
In one well-rounded minute?
Now that is senseless too.
Tick drop
Outside
Drip tock
In—
Why can't
I
Go to
Sleep?

—Mary Gregg.

CROCUSES

Mademoiselle Spring
Broke an expensive necklace
In my garden this morning:
Bubbles of amethyst and topaz.

She must have been toying with it
While bickering with winter,
Who wanted her off his premises.
For, after all, it is still February.

—Audred Arnold.

WHIMSEY

Mount St. Helens on a misty, sunny morning
Descends over Portland
Like a milky parachute
Lowering an angel
To Tenth and Alder streets.
Thence I saw her
Weaving her high-heeled way
Into the elevator
Of a department store,
Her gold hair spattering
High-lights on her shoulders.

—Audred Arnold.

NIGHT DRIVE

The road is silent
As we go
Along the level stretches.
So still, so pliant,
Is our speed,
The watchful night fetches
Us a bucketful of stars,
Challenging us to find them in the fog.
Fog lures us
To a sagging gulch
Where the frogs
In sudden bright alarm
Make a culvert of speech
Over the mute ditch
Of midnight.

—Audred Arnold.

THE CRISIS

Slumber is a surgery:
Nurses, wheel me in;
Stifle me with ether,—
Surgeons, begin.

Operate for heart-break,
Treat the case with skill.
I'm a stoic patient,—
Either cure or kill.

Find me in the morning
Wan and fugitive,
Without interest or hope,—
Knowing I shall live.

—Audred Arnold.

INCORRIGIBLE

She was in infancy so sweet,
And all her ways so winning,
Unless you gave her what she asked,
You felt that you were sinning.

You couldn't please her with her food,
As with some sudden trinket,
And if she hated juice and gruel,
Indeed, why make her drink it?

When she became a lady quite
And ready for her mating,
It seemed too cruel to mention then
The common sense of waiting

Until she was at least eighteen,
And knew what she was saying:
But never mind, she's married now,
And one more man is paying.

She is, he says, so very sweet,
And all her ways so winning,
Unless he gives her all she asks,
He feels that he is sinning.

—Audred Arnold.