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By Richard Kawagishi

Jingoro Murasaki sat upon the doorsteps of his hut. It was an early summer evening. The days were getting longer, and the twilight lingered over the distant Sierras even after he quit his work in the field. He sat motionless, pipe in his mouth, looking at a large patch of corn field that spread before him. He was immensely proud of his farm. It was a lone green spot in the midst of a barren, uneven stretch of dry grass and semi-desert shrubs, the farm he and his wife created with the sweat of their brows. It was not an easy task to cultivate land untouched by man's hand since the dawn of the world, but they had done it. He had every reason to be proud of the farm.

A gentle evening breeze combed through the rows of young stalks, and the rustling of leaves was sweet music to his ears. Presently he heard light footsteps. He felt tiny hands upon his shoulders, hands which softly slipped over his shoulders and encircled his brown neck.

"Papa," said a little voice, "Mama says the dinner is ready."

"All right, little Haruko, Papa is coming right away." As he spoke he took hold of the tiny hand and pulled the child around his shoulder to put her upon his knees. He looked at the five-year old girl, almost an exact image of her mother—round faced, with large, bright eyes and curly black hair playing over her forehead. Her face brightened, and the beam of its brightness was reflected upon the father's face. As he lovingly looked at his step-daughter she seemed to grow up and become her mother, his beloved wife.

His wife, the recollection of their meeting surged up in his breast, and became a vivid present...

It might have been ages ago or it might have been but yesterday that he was working for a company engaged in clearing the land for cultivation in central California. There were many Japanese laborers beside him, all of whom received a dollar and a half a day for their long, hard work. It was a big sum of money to him and to the others, for in their native land they could never hope to earn half so much.

They were thrifty men, and crude, hardy workers, too, for they were imported into America to take the place of the Chinese coolies barred from entering this country. Jingoro was one of those who answered the call for immigration into the land where money was plentiful and easy to earn. But when he came he found that American life was not all roses. In spite of his youthful strength, he found the work hard and without relief. The food to which he was accustomed was scarce (it was before Japanese foodstuffs were shipped to the United States in large quantities), and he consoled himself only with the thought of how much money he was making in a day...

Every morning—Jingoro recollects—he and his fellow laborers are sent into the woods to clear the land of huge oak trees that almost defy their feeble arms and axes.
"I never dreamed that I would have to work so hard in America," says one of his neighbors. "Ay, 'tis more than is likely at home," answers Jingoro. "What did you do at home, if I may ask?" comes a question. "Farming," answers he. "No money in farming, was there?" his neighbor asks again. "No, just enough to eat." "Have you a wife at home?" asks his friend again. "You?" Jingoro asks him, instead of answering his question. "Aye, a wife and four children, all depending on my earnings."

"And I have a wife and two children, but she is not to my liking. My relatives' doings when I was but a lad," says he, feeling miserable. "That is too bad," sympathizes his friend. "I don't feel that way about my family, and I want to make money and go back to them."

Jingoro says no more, but keeps on swinging his ax ...

Such events made up his monotonous life in the camp. How long he had been there he could not recall, for the work was always hard and the food, without rice and fish and soy sauce, always bad.

But one day there was a great commotion. Everybody was excited and seemed to be unconsciously looking for something. "What's up?" asked Jingoro as he dragged his tired feet into the camp later than usual. "A woman!" answered a grinning young fellow.

"Hm," he said. The grin was no mystery to him. He knew that a woman came from 'Frisco once in a great while to this isolated country camp. The entertainment was always the same: she was allowed a room, and in the evening the men, starved for a woman's companionship, visited her. After she had gone it was not easy for them, he had discovered, to suppress their desires. They would be irritable and dissatisfied until their young blood had cooled. He did not like that—better to avoid these women altogether.

"It's a woman cook," the young fellow went on, unmindful of Jingoro's thoughts, "and we're going to have rice and fish from now on."

"Oh!" Jingoro was surprised at this unexpected announcement, for a woman cook was a rarity in those days.

Everybody in the camp, as surprised as he, talked about the good fortune. "It's a miracle that happened today," said a dirty looking man with a beard on the tip of his chin. "That and nothing less," put in another.

"As to that," said the young fellow who had first answered Jingoro, "she has a relative here, I heard.

"And who may that be?"

"Gorosaku San," said the lad, pointing his chin toward a middle-aged man who sat near the wall. "Oh!" came a chorus from the men.

At that instant the camp foreman (who held his position by virtue of his superior knowledge of the English language, scanty as that knowledge was) entered with the new woman cook.

"Boys," he said, standing by the doorway with her, "I want you to meet our new cook, Mrs. Komura. She has had the misfortune of losing her husband in a train accident and her compensation money through the crooked dealings of the railroad company's lawyers. She came to us asking for a job, and since she is a relative of one of our workers we are not going to forsake her. I want you boys to be nice to her."
When the foreman had finished his speech, he looked particularly at the woman and her little girl. His eyes shone lustily as he laid them on the pretty face of the woman. Among the men, there were inaudible murmurs. The woman blushed a little, bowed, said something and went out.

Jingoro saw the new cook. She was pretty to look at, big and healthy. She would be a good companion for a man. He would like to have such a woman at his side to cheer him and to help with his work. He felt a strange emotion in his breast, but he said nothing, for that was his way.

Every man in the camp tried to please Mrs. Komura. She was the best cook they had ever met. Yes, no woman in California could cook like her, and her little girl Haruko was very, very cute. Jingoro said little, but like the rest he looked and admired and desired the woman. She was uncommonly clever and could easily hold her own among the rough, uncouth men.

"Good morning," Jingoro would say to her when she served his breakfast. In the evening he would simply say "Good evening," when he came into the dining room and "Good dinner, this," when he left the table. But as he spoke he would look at her directly with his large, bright eyes, for he knew that she must see in him a handsome man, squarely built and of medium height.

One evening when he was leaving the table the woman, gathering up the soiled dishes, spoke to him quietly: "I'm glad you like my cooking." She looked at him and smiled.

The next evening Jingoro managed to eat more slowly than usual, and when he arose to go no one was in the room except the cook. "Good dinner, this," he said as usual; and then he looked at her intensely as he added the inquiry, "To-night?"

She made no answer, but her breast rose and fell, and she smiled faintly...

The door of the woman's hut was unlocked and she was waiting when Jingoro went into the room.

"I'm glad you are come," she greeted him in a whisper.

"Ay, so I am too," he answered. "'Tis you are meant for me and no mistake. The great Buddha must have led you to me."

Thus Jingoro and Mrs. Komura acknowledged their love for each other. But their happiness was not destined to last long uninterrupted. For, when the rumor spread in the camp, the foreman was furious with jealousy. His intended prize had been snatched away from under his nose. He made life miserable for the two by threatening to dismiss them.

"Why don't you two get married and go to another part of the state to live?" suggested her relative, who was a kindly man.

"Aye, that is a good idea, But I have a wife in Japan," said Jingoro sadly.

"Aye, then you must divorce your wife. Write to your wife and to her parents and tell them about your intentions. There is nothing to worry about; it's in accord with our ancient custom. A wife cannot leave her husband, but a husband can send her away if he does not like her," urged his friend.

"But my two children," Jingoro said.

"Maybe your wife can take care of them."

"No, that is not doing the right thing by them. I don't like her, but the children—they are not my wife. Aye, I will write and divorce her, but I will send money to my parents so that they can take care of the
Painful days followed. Jingoro was looked upon as a traitor by the other men in the camp. The fear of dismissal always hung over his head, but, in this unhappy place, he received comfort and courage from the woman.

At last a letter came from his parents announcing his wife's departure. "Mikiko caused quite a trouble at home," the letter said. "She would not leave the children with us. So we agreed to let her have the older girl and keep the little boy." The parents were sorry that Jingoro had to send his wife away, but since he had got another woman in America, there was nothing else they could do. "Don't worry about Mikiko," the letter said. "She will soon find another husband!"

One day Jingoro packed up and together with his woman left the camp and went to the city. He then tried to find work in the city, but it was not possible to find work without speaking the English language. In the meantime his money was gone. Privation and sickness overtook them, but they had faith in their great Buddha and in each other. The hardships welded their love closer together. Finally a lucky chance brought them to a company of land owners which sent him out to the country to cultivate a plot of ground under a long term contract . . . With the little girl sitting in his knees, Jingoro looked out over the hard-won corn field before him. The sad expression fled from his face and hope and happiness took its place. "Ah, yes, the dinner." Smiling, and swinging the girl upon his shoulders, he disappeared into his hut.

WHEN I AM OLD

Dorothy Fuqua

The other day I saw
An old man sitting in the sun . . .
Unravelling (hour after hour)
A ball of twisted string.
His overworked daughter
With the raw, red hands
And the knot of weary hair
On her sunburned neck,
Dismissed him quietly,
"He likes to undo things;
It keeps him busy."

When I am old,
I shall buy me a volume of Chaucer.
A WALL

By Jane Ming Johnson

China is a land of walls. There is the Great Wall, well known throughout the world, which stretches for more than 1500 miles over mountain and valley, to the Gulf of Pechili. There are other walls imposing in themselves, but little known to the world. There are insignificant walls not heard of outside the compounds they protect. Walls are queer things, they know of life, of love and death, holding secrets that are never told. Walls are built against an enemy though too often within the wall itself lies the enemy. It will enclose one's garden, hold back a forest, hide one's soul. Walls bring life and power to a country; the birth of other walls bring death. There is a wall around a little town on the northern coast of Shantung province.

Chefoo is a walled town, like most of the small towns of China. Seen from a distance Chefoo's wall is a most imposing one. It stretches its protecting arms about her, following the ridges of the low hillocks of the near country-side, protecting her from possible foes. It walls in the natives, the cattle, the dogs, the orchards, the vineyards and the small fields of soy bean and rice. From the harbor the wall looks to be so strong that even the mighties of foes would have difficulty in surmounting it. Actually it is only a make-believe wall, a gesture.

Many years ago when the great Chinese empire was ruled by one of the mightiest of all women, Tsu Hsi, the Empress Dowager, it was decreed that Chefoo be transformed from a commercial port to a military port—in fact it was to be one of the most strongly fortified of all North China ports. It would appear that "Old Buddha" herself took a personal interest in the fortifying of the town, and in the building of the wall, because she sent a special messenger to the Marshal of Shantung and even sent the necessary funds for the construction of the wall and for use in the fortifications. This in itself indicates a most unusual concern on her part, because it was not her custom to supply the money to fulfill her demands.

Wu Ting Feng, the Marshal of Shantung, received this order in a nonchalanl manner, and with his usual affable abesity he decided that there were other ways. To spend all of this money on the whim of a mere woman seemed to him the height of absurdity. He knew of so many more interesting uses for the money. That beautiful little girl with the almond eyes, tapering fingers "like lotus buds pink-tipped" the melon seed face—for such a very small part of all this money he could add her to his poor home of ungainly women. There was never enough opium to supply his ever growing desire. In a few years time he added concubines, fine embroideries, and old ivories to his home. He and his wives wore silk robes of the finest weave. He entertained lavishly, often and as no other Marshal of Shantung had done before him. Walls to him were quite forgotten.

The Empress Dowager did not expect miracles. She did expect however, that the wall would be com-
pleted in not more than five or six years. In this time the laziest gangs of coolies should have been able to have carried their allotted number of hods up the low hillsides to add the last to the seemingly never ending demand of the wall for more and more hods; again to build a hand made, man made monument to China's human labor.

The wall remained a thing of interest to Tsu Hsi and she decided to make a trip of inspection. Word of the planned voyage and visit to the now newly fortified town spread throughout the empire, and in due time reached Chefoo and Chefoo's Marshal.

To say that the Marshal was perturbed when he heard of this plan on the part of that "mere" woman, would not do justice to his emotions. He was not only perturbed but enraged and frightened. He swore, he blustered and called on the gods of his ancestors. The women fled through the courts in terror and the courtyards rang as their wailing was added to his raving. When the Marshal's worst fears were allayed, he called his many underpaid henchmen and together they planned the erection of a wall on a grand scale in the shortest time possible.

The auspicious day arrived and Chefoo's whitewashed houses lay protected by a surrounding wall, peacefully awaiting her majesty. Wu Ting Feng had prepared his wall with speed and cunning, but he had reckoned without one even more cunning. Tsu Hsi had spent a great many taels on this wall and she intended really to inspect. The royal gold, satin covered sedan chair, embroidered with the imperial five-toed dragons, was ordered landed. To those in the royal barge this edict came as a surprise, but the surprise felt by Wu, took the form of hysteria. Unfortunately for him the wall would not stand a close inspection, and the Empress quickly discovered his duplicity. After one of the shortest inspection tours in her long reign, she returned to the barge in a rage, and gave one curt command. Wu Ting Feng was beheaded at sunset.

CAUGHT

Marjorie Chilcott

The dog writhed in a desperate attempt to free himself from under the double wheels of the huge truck. His frantic, hopeless yowls filled the air. And people, passing on the sidewalk or in cars, shuddered to hear expressed their own horrible, long-hidden secret: Life is agony and life is a vise.
THIRD CLASS--AFRICA

By Alfred Alexander

George came into the cabin, where I was trying not to notice that the stern of the ship, where the third class accommodations were located, had the nasty habit of dropping so swiftly that I was left in mid-air, and then starting back skyward so suddenly that the bunk gave me a sharp jolt as it interrupted my fall.

"Guess why we saw so few passengers when we started," he said. I was in no mood for riddles, but George didn't seem to care.

"Half the passengers were locked in their cabins."

"So?"

"Look forward to some very elevating friendships during the thirty days we spend on this tub. This is one of the ships our government uses to send foreign criminals home after they have served their stretch."

"I knew damn well there was something the matter with this barge. It doesn't act like any other ship I have been on before. To hell with adventure; next time I travel like a civilized human being."

"What you need is fresh air," George said. "Come and see some of those guys; they aren't so bad, a little uncouth, but pleasant enough."

"Listen," I said. "I am getting tired of you and your chatter. Go join your pals."

"All right, weak sister. But remember, brooding warps personality."

I turned my face to the wall and he left. Later, thinking his suggestion about the fresh air might be good, I dressed, catching hold of things whenever the ship tried to throw me to the floor.

On deck, I found a canvas-covered hatch, and stretched myself out. The day was pleasant enough, and I certainly had seen rougher seas. George discovered me there.

"You do look a little pinker than you did," he said. "Your complexion, an hour ago, had a peculiar tinge."

"I'm feeling better."

"I've been in the dining salon. Quite a merry little crowd down there. Some of the boys are celebrating their freedom. I sort of like them, they have no inhibitions."

"I'm glad you have found your social level at last." I said.

"As your personal physician," George had been studying medicine, "I prescribe a drink."

The cognac was what I had needed. This little ship belonged to one of the lesser French lines, and they carried a stock of the best.

There were about twenty-five people in the dining salon, which served as general meeting place for the third class passengers. Most of these were men, and they seemed to be having a very good time. They looked like foreigners; some dark and sharp looking, others lighter; these had the broad features common to peasant slavic races of the Balkans.

A table near us was the center of attraction. A swarthy fox-like little man, whose right eye-lid drooped in a way that gave him a decided air of degeneracy, was showing how drinking was done in his country. He picked up a bottle, threw back his head, opened his mouth and seemingly opened his throat, for the red stream started a few inches from his
lips, disappeared before he had taken a breath or swallowed. This was the cue for nearly everyone in the room who had a bottle before him to try the same thing. The results were rather messy.

At another table, a poker game was going on with an incredibly large pile of bills on the table. "Hello, young fellow." The voice had a foreign accent which I could not place. The speaker, an amiable looking giant, might have been Russian, or Bulgarian. George introduced him as Dmitri and something else I couldn't quite catch, because George couldn't quite pronounce it.

"You feeling good now?" he asked me. "Your friend tell me you sick. Maybe you eat dinner; we all sit at same table."

I thanked him for his interest, and told him I should go to dinner. "Where you boys go?" he asked. "Africa," we told him. "I go home," he said. "Serbia, to mountains; but what I do when get there I don't know. My folks all dead and I don't know nobody now. I have lived in States long time; in Serbia I am forgot."

"Why are you going?" I asked before I realized this might be an embarrassing question. But Dmitri was not the least taken aback. He answered as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"I am deported. I just been twelve years in Sing Sing."

All George and I could think of in answer to this were polite "Oh's."

"But I go back to States damn quick," the giant declared confidently. "It's easy. I go to Mexico, and one night, just walk across border. The States is better place than Serbia; Serbia too poor."

We saw a good deal of Dmitri during the next days, not only because we ate together, but he seemed to have taken a fancy to us and sought us out. We talked of our plans. We had ridden all over Europe on bicycles, and now had the crazy plan of doing Africa.

Dmitri related his exploits as a law breaker. His specialty was holding up banks, but he had done better things too. He seemed a little sad when he told us what had landed him in prison.

"My pal squeal on me for reward." But he wasn't bitter about this.

George and I were enjoying these days. The food, if not good, was plentiful, the passengers entertaining, and I had become accustomed to the heavy swell of the Gulf Stream.

Our first port of call was Ponta Delgada in the Azores where Dmitri decided he would go ashore with us. The deportees, after we had left America, were in no way treated like prisoners, and could come and go as they pleased. This seemed a little dangerous to me, but I realized that there was no place to which they would be likely to want to escape.

We spent the afternoon sight-seeing. When evening came, we were a mile or more from the harbor, and hearing a warning whistle from the ship, we started off rather hurriedly.

The narrow, crooked, unlighted streets gave me a decidedly creepy feeling.

"Good place for a holdup," I said. Dmitri stopped, grabbing each of us by the arm.

"Say!" His face was eager. "That's damn fine idea!"

"Come on," I said; "We haven't time to play; we'll miss the ship."

"It no take long," he said. "We hit somebody on head, take money and when they wake up, we are on ship."

"Listen, my pal," George said. "The idea is no good. Don't you know
that the natives of this place don't use money. They just do business by trading things."

"Why, we use money when buy drinks," Dmitri said.

"Sure, the strangers, but not the natives. Anyone we might knock cold would be broke."

"Hurry up," I said. "There goes that whistle again."

Dmitri came, but he kept peering into the dark to see if there weren't someone he could hold up. He seemed to feel that even though they were broke, it might be fun to hit somebody over the head, just for practice. We were saved from an embarrassing situation by meeting no one. The plaza and wharf where the entire population of Ponta Delgada seemed to have congregated, were fairly well lighted.

"I am growing a little tired of Dmitri," George declared when we had reached our cabin.

"Why, I thought you and he were pals?" I said. "Wasn't it you who introduced him to me; you wouldn't go back on a friend would you? Where's your sense of loyalty?"

"Oh well," George said. "He was rather fun for a little while, but he and I didn't have quite the same slant on things."

But Dmitri seemed to like us more and more. He became increasingly chummy, and there didn't seem to be much we could do about it. Just before the ship was due to reach Algiers, he approached us with a proposition.

"You know that poker game the Greeks play all the time?"

Yes, we knew it. The Greeks had turned out to be not very good players and we, having joined them on several nights, were ahead nearly two hundred dollars.

"You know, when they close dining room, Greeks go to cabin to play. They have more than thousand dollars. I have very good idea."

He continued, speaking like a Rotarian proposing a business deal.

"We go in some night, look, I have a gun; we put handkerchiefs over faces, change clothes, so they not know us, and take money. If they squawk, it is easy; we push them out of porthole and nobody ever know."

I felt a prickly sensation come over my skin, and George was looking decidedly odd. We said nothing and Dmitri continued.

"I have pick you boys for this job because nobody ever think of you. You keep money, and when we land, we split."

"It's nice of you to think of us," George said. "But no thank you."

"Have you ever thought," I said, "that a ship is the hardest place in the world for a getaway?"

"I don't need for getaway," Dmitri said. "Nobody ever think of you? Everybody nearly here is crooks except you. Nobody ever think of you."

"You, as a professional," I said, "should know that amateurs wouldn't be any good at that sort of thing."

"Sure," George said; "we'd spoil everything."

"Look," Dmitri insisted. "I have make plans. You boys just stand behind me; I hold gun, I talk. You just take money, and if I have to shoot maybe, you boys push 'em out porthole."

"Sure, sure," George said. "You shoot, and everybody on the ship will hear it. Then where will you be?"

"All right, no shoot. Just push 'em out. No can swim long."

"You'd better count us out of your party," I said.

"You boys too high class travel..."
third class like now. After job you have plenty money, travel good, have damn fine time."

"No, Dmitri," George said. "Nothing doing."

"You are yellow maybe?" There was pity in his voice; he liked us.

"Yes," George said. "I am yellow; I am very yellow. In fact I don't know anybody more yellow than I, unless he is." George pointed to me.

"You are right, George," I said. "I am twice as yellow as you."

"You boys think over," Dmitri said. "I see you some more."

"Just forget about it," George said.

But Dmitri didn't forget about it; once in a while he would come up to us and ask, "How about it?" and try to sell us the idea all over again.

Then things happened which caused Dmitri to forego our partnership. The Greeks were losing heavily to us; we had spent more time playing with them in the dining salon; they, drinking more than was consistent with careful playing, bet on nearly every hand they held.

Dmitri was still friendly; but we noticed he was spending a good deal of time with the man who could down a bottle of wine without swallowing. Bad Eye, we had called him, because of his ocular peculiarity. These two had teamed up with another ex-convict, a broad-faced muscular Pole.

We used to see these three, sitting in corners, talking confidentially. Knowing Dmitri well enough to realize what the conversation was about, we felt uncomfortable as they glanced meaningly in our direction.

We passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and anchored at Algiers. George and I did our sight-seeing alone this time. Dmitri and his pals went ashore together, and we wondered whether a crime wave would strike the north African city while the ship refueled.

Whatever had happened, the three were aboard when we sailed for Greece. Dmitri was to be turned over to the local authorities at Piraeus, and then escorted to Serbia. Pleasant as he was, we knew this would be a relief.

The Greeks were to leave us there too. We were doing better and better in the game and were several hundred dollars ahead.

The night before we were due to bid them good-bye, the playing was heavy. I felt as sorry for them as the winner usually feels for the loser. Our winnings would mean more comfortable hotels and good food.

The lights in the dining salon were put out at midnight, and we all went to the cabin where they usually played. An hour later, Dmitri and his friends joined us, but they did not play.

Wondering how long a swim it was to shore if I were to be pushed through a port-hole, I had trouble concentrating on the cards. For three hours, they sat and watched. When would the fun start? Had Dmitri become cautious? Then I realized that he, knowing we had most of the Greek's money, wasn't going to bother holding up half a dozen people. It would be time enough when George and I were alone.

The game broke up just before dawn. George and I went to our cabin. Dmitri, evidently feeling it might be too obvious if he followed us right out, stayed. Fifteen minutes later, without knocking, he and his friends walked in on us.

"Well, boys?" He was smiling. "You do pretty good, huh?"

"Not so bad," I said.

"How much you win?"

'I am not quite sure," George said.

Twelve
"We didn't count the money before we took it to the purser."

"You give money to purser?"

"That's right," I said. "We had to get him out of bed."

"He just put it in the safe," George said.

"You smart boy," Dmitri said. "It don't pay to take chances."

"Have a drink before we turn in," George offered.

We drank, then said good-bye, telling them we'd see them again before they landed. When we were alone George turned to me.

"Giving the money to the purser might not be a bad idea," he said.

"You smart boy," I said. "It don't pay to take chances."

FRONT PAGE

By Mary Glenn Roche

She had flickering eyelashes and a mandarin red mouth. She sat, smoking furiously, on McReynold's desk, the one not-to-be-touched object in the press room. I supposed she must be a straying would-be divorcee from the courtroom next door. She informed me otherwise immediately.

"I," said she dramatically, "am Worden of the Sun."

I looked at her sympathetically, mentally picturing McReynolds, also of the Sun, who had recently included murder in his prediction of what might happen if they sent any more new talent to the courthouse.

But Worden was painting a glowing picture of the future of women in journalism, a matter on which I welcomed a little reassurance. It took grit and brains, and hardness, so she told me, and she was here to show the newspaper world that it wasn't a man's game. She ended abruptly, "Where's the sheriff's office? I am going to start out with a feature on the language used by crooks."

I politely acquiesced that the sheriff was just the man to see.

She raised a sophisticated and suspicious eyebrow, and informed me she was going to ask the sheriff to let her interview some of the inmates of the county jail.

The next day I heard rumors of her visit to the police station.

"This surely isn't the press room, is it?" she had inquired of the sauvé and courtly Mansur, the Tribune's pride. "Why I thought press rooms were full of typewriters and had a case of gin in the corner."

Mansur bowed, "Madam, I'm afraid you've seen the 'Front Page'."

I saw Worden just the other day. She is married to a lieutenant in the navy and has two fat babies.

Thirteen
THE ROAD BELOW

Amorita Turnbull.

The silver moon rises on the road below,
The long road, the lost road, the road below.
And it winds like a snake,
And it twists like a snake.
And the traveler treads—weary and slow.

The silver moon gleams on the road below,
The ghost road, the white road, the road below.
And it sleeps like a cat,
And it creeps like a cat.
And the traveler winds—over the snow.

The silver moon sets on the road below,
The dream road, the sleep road, the road below.
It falls deep as a well,
And it slopes down to Hell.
And the traveler treads—weary and slow.

The silver moon's out on the road below,
The dreary road, the bleak road, the road below.
And it's silent and dark,
And its horrors are stark.
As the traveler sinks deep in the snow.

AN HOUR TO WAIT

Marjorie Chilcott

Old man in the shabby coat
Grips his cane with both withered hands
And drifts into the past.

Little girl in the cheerfully pink dress
Traces with her finger
The seamings on her slippers.

Young boy with the dark glasses
Pours over the textbook on his knees
And slowly fills a page with notes.

Man in the well-tailored suit
Reads the newspaper completely through,
Finally turning to the crossword puzzle.

Young woman with laquered nails
Elaborately puffs at her cigarette
And absently turns the ring on her finger.

Baby in the pretty shawl
Stirs gently
And again sleeps soundly.
DEATH

By Dorothy Fuqua

I must think this through calmly and in connected sentences.

Ned is dead.

Other women have lost their husbands with starch-lipped strength. I shall be proud of the poise with which I meet my loss.

Ned was always gay. His words were eager little boys playing soldiers: one with a handkerchief-flag, one with a comb-fife, one with a battered-pan-drum.

"See dear, that little steeple is a veal-croquette," he said one day. You could see hungry little airplanes nipping at it greedily.

(I am whirling...I am whirling...)

But I am not a shawled, bitter woman with cotton hair. I am young. I am vigorous. I will not dwell on my husband.

I must laugh, even though the deformed dwarf, my laughter, crushes my heart to hash within his twisted hands...I must laugh.

Or I could write poetry that is like the age eighteen...lovely, dark-eyed, smelling of she meadow, seeing the world as a giant metaphor.

I could write poetry...

"Ned is dead." (Oh, no! That is not poetry!)

"His corpse is red." (Don't let me go on, dear Lord!)

"God how he bled, how he bled."

(I am whirling...I am whirling...)

Ned, dear: remember 'Alice,' your favorite book? And the cat that eloped with its body but left its grin behind? Ned, dear: why did you leave your eyes behind? You're not a cat. At least, I never thought you soft to stroke...your eyes are dog-brown, not cat-green...how absurd that anyone should call you a cat...

It's wrong, it's facetious.

Ned, please come back to your eyes, for they are splendid soldiers invading the country of my mind...their swords stick out on either side of my head. It is painful...give me your face, Ned, or at least half a profile.

Come to me, you behind that curtain, grinning at me, chuckling, dancing on the ceiling, flying up the walls. Come!...no!...don't touch me!

I am a giant pinwheel; my stem is a slender wooden stick...you, who must clutch me, will find fiery splinters in your grimy hands tomorrow or the next day...If I whirl swiftly, I am but a blur of color. If I circle slowly, I give you first blue, then green, red, purple, orange...

What will you have? I'll flash you green for a penny...
COLOR SCHEMES

By Dr. Edward L. Hardy, former president of State College

I wish to write, under this caption, about color in a rather special, perhaps an ironical sense, suggested by a paragraph in a recent New Yorker headed "Harmony" and reading:

"We honestly don't believe this little story, but the lady who told it to us swears it really did happen, in a chez somebody up on Madison Avenue where the lady was looking at dresses. She found one with lines that pleased her, but she was doubtful about the color. "I wonder if it will clash with this coat," she said to the salesgirl. "Absolutely, Madam," the girl said. "I'm sure it will clash beautifully!"

The color scheme (or colors) that I have in mind as clashing beautifully are not those of the art department; they are those that most afflict the world today as "local color."

From a world point of view the "red" and "white" of the communists and the capitalists, the brown of the Nazi, black of the Fascists, all of the national banner colors are intensely local, charged with very dangerous, high-pressured fear identifications, which in turn propagate the rages and the hates that lead to war. The "red" hates the "white," and the blacks and the browns hate the reds.

But it is when we go beneath the color of the garment down to the color of the skin, that we reach the source of the most sinister color identifications. The whites and blacks and yellows and browns and reds of the world, each group in turn, identifies the color of the skin of the others with all that is hostile, evil and threatening to what is precious to that group under its skin. For what goes on under the skin of any group afflicted with local color is the rationalized emotion which has its sources in the skin itself. The colonel's lady and the Judy O'Grady are not sisters under their skins, for the well-groomed integument of the one and the work-worn envelope of the other condition the inner life of each through very different social surface tensions and messages to the interpreters within. The Biblical commentator who declared that the Ethiopian cannot change his color or the leopard his spots, was much nearer to the truth than was Mr. Kipling.

In the arrogant identification of the color of his skin with material success and power, yes, more arrogantly still with character and intelligence, the "white" man deplores the "rising tide of color". The "brown" nursing a terribly repressed sense of resentment and frustration, strains every power to the breaking point to plant his color on the horizon before the rising sun. The blacks and the yellows and the reds long for the day when they can march forth as armies "terrible with banners." Color made caste, and the low caste's dream of heaven is that of passing over the Jordan that will mark out the stain of the color of the dispossessed.

The color schemes of the world, today, are "schemes." They clash
beautifully. The saddest thing about it all is that the nationalistic saleswomen of the world want them to clash beautifully. So Marianne and Olga and Britannia herself take their nationalistic colors to the great mart of the nations at Geneva, where the fifty odd colors clash beautifully in the kaleidoscope of races and nations called the League—an instrument for the making of changing patterns of color as the turn is called by whatever balance of great powers within the League is in control . . . True harmonies are not achieved; the symphonies of League achievement are symphonies in which the dissonances of color are more apparent than are any dominant themes. Intriguing dissonances in music, colors that clash beautifully in painting, in sculpture planes and lines and contours that secretly please us because they clash with the classic sense, in literature the cult of conflict unrelieved by any catharsis of the emotions, these are the phases of the arts that, so we are told, give meaning (if any) to life today. Or we are advised, pontifically, that life has no meaning, and that the arts and politics and economics, in short the whole human scheme, can never again show any harmonies in the older, classic sense. But if we turn, in a last appeal to the priests of science, they assure us that the universe has structure, that the mind of man has discovered the language of that structure in a mathematics like the music of the spheres, and that if life seems to have no meaning, no harmonies, in and of itself, we can give meaning to it and achieve harmony in it by using that language as a guide to the clearness that comes with action.

In the beginning were both the word and the act, mathematically integrated in a harmony of mind, color, form, structure and meaning. Is this too much or too little to seek? Is this all that we can learn on earth? Is this all that we need to know? Are the colors in the spectrum correspondent with equations?

Perhaps these questions have no answers, but an answer was given, long ago, to those who use color schemes to further private ends. In the tenth chapter of the works of Rabelais, where the discourse is of the colors and livery's of Gargantua, there is this paragraph:

"What is it that induceth you? What stirs you up to believe, or who told you that white signifies faith and blue constancy? An old poetry book, say you, sold by the hawking pedlars and ballad mongers, entitled, 'The Blazon Of Colours.' Who made it? Whoever it was, he was wise in that he did not set his name to it; I know not what I should rather admire in him, his presumption or his folly. His presumption, for that he should without reason, without cause, or without any appearance of truth have dared to prescribe by private authority what things should be denoted and signified by the color, which is the custom of tyrants who will have their will to bear sway instead of equity; and not of the wise and learned, who, with the evidence of their reason satisfy their readers. His folly and want of wit, in that he thought that, without any other demonstration or sufficient argument, the world would be pleased to make his blockish and ridiculous impositions the rule of their devices."

So endeth this lesson, which, I fear, will make no impression upon present day color schemers.
A gold pool of sunlight filled my hands. Music came splashing over me. I pounded my fists together and the sunlight spilled and was scattered. Dark flames leaped in the air. Scarlet points quivered. I left the bench and walked to the window and peered in. A dark head was bent above the keys. There was no expression on the face as though the pianist had given away his soul, as though he had resigned his whole being to the terror and the beauty of music. The hands struck the chords of a Scriabin etude. As though a black sword had cleaved the sun in two and broken it and it had fallen down; all the gold of the morning disappeared and the world was in darkness. White wings sprang like prayers from the mysticism of the chords. With all the bitterness and darkness of his Russian nature, Scriabin had yet given the true passion of his genius to the surge and final rapture of mysticism. He had invented chords with odd intervals to express his mysterious vision. His music was as a moth, colored with the dark madness of Russia struggling to free herself, and finally, escaping from the frenzy of gloom, leaping into the light.

The boy at the piano played beautifully. His hands were slender and long and had that poetic delicacy about them that one associates with intense and nervous natures. Slowly his hands, as I stared at them, became smaller, shapelier, more rounded. They became the hands of a woman and a woman in a green velvet dress with violets on her shoulder was seated at the piano. Her ridiculously small hands played mad arpeggios and struck with strength the deep chords of the etude. She was playing the same Scriabin number. It was April and she was giving her spring concert. The entire musical world of Los Angeles was present for the recital. Most of the women wore long white dresses with violets or pink roses at their throats. The night was fresh and the stars sang of spring and beauty. The black vase on the platform was crowded with flowers, yellow poppies, blue daisies, lilies. Purple hyacinthes were in bronze bowls. The whole world was young. I was proud and elated. The figure at the piano was a lonely woman. Genius seems formed to need solitude and to resent that need. Of her few friends, I had been elected to know her intimately, to stand on the rim of her soul. She was my teacher and friend; she had made music the whole meaning of my life. And tonight flowers banked the platform, paying homage to her art.

The first numbers had been Chopin's A flat Ballade, Schumann's "Carnival," Debussy's "Claire de Lune." Now she was playing Scriabin and then came the Tchaikowsky Concerto. She had played her first numbers well, brilliantly if a trifle coldly, but I had never known her to interpret Scriabin in such a manner. Every note was like a cry, every one of the dark passionate phrases was played with such intensity that her whole soul must have realized the brooding and the struggle and the bitterness of the Russian master.
What richness was in her that one never discovered? She realized all but the spiritual depth of the music. The mystic chords, where the moth surges into the circle of light, were played uncertainly as though she were not quite sure of the conclusion, as though her own soul could never take the mighty leap from darkness into light. She played with hands that were of fire and tears. What tragedy was crying itself out in her heart? What had she kept hidden? What was the dark meaning of loneliness in these notes that rose only to sink back again into chords of darkness, despair. I wanted to stand up, I wanted to cry to her: that isn't Scriabin. What are you playing that way for? She was outraging my feelings of musical interpretation, she was disregarding all her own statements as to the reticence of the pianist, the coolness one must retain behind any burst of musical expression. And she had lost all restraint. Yet it was beautiful. I was puzzled. I could form no synthesis of agreement between my intellectual and my emotional faculties. Soon I did not need to choose; I made no more attempts to understand. Music, music itself, came again with its old strength and I was as a reed of flame and silver, leaping and blowing in the breath of the music.

What are we, animals with somewhat of divinity, somewhat of clay, that we can be cleaned, scraped, tunnelled, formed into hollow tubes and filled with the exquisite radiance of music, that the gross earthiness of our flesh can be discarded and we can be as slender as pure flame and blow about and quiver with the perfect passion of elemental things, of sun and of wind and of rain? When sanity walks with us and intellect has overpowered the delicate fibres of our ethereal, space-seeking perceptions, we forget our divinity; we do not believe. We tread the earth, sober, clad in earthly colors, forgetful of the radiant garments that we once had worn. Then again, almost as a warning, beauty overtakes us; with the sound of music, or the fall of stars, or the thunder of some mighty voice reading Shakespeare, she signifies her presence and we remember our immortality, for one more golden second we are divine.

I was a reed of flame and silver, I bent to the passion of her notes. I wept with bitterness at the aching and longing of the phrases. I struggled to ascend to the perfect mysticism of the white chords. She played the etude as though it had been an emotional cycle, and somehow I connected it with the one in which Beethoven had lived his life and developed his symphonies. It was odd, placing the names of Beethoven and Scriabin together but the emotions often reveal themselves in curious patterns. She played the first part classically, conventionally, very much in the same spirit that Beethoven had written his early symphonies, in imitation and in regular form. Then the truth of her emotion had revealed itself, the intensity of her nature, the loneliness and cry of her passion. All the desolation she had endured was made known. Was not this complete recognition of fate what Beethoven was telling of in his fifth symphony? And at the end, when passion had worn itself out and he had forgotten darkness for a great new wisdom of light, had he not written the ninth symphony, that divine composition which surged with the madness and the fire and mysticism of an inspired mind, a mind that has left the struggle and the pain of the

Nineteen
world far behind and ascended into
the inner circle, into the ring of pure
and endless light? And within this
glittering ring her music ceased. After
the failure to realize the sublimity of
the chords, she approached the final
one. There was a struggle in the
nearing phrase, there was apprehen­sion
and despair in the preceding
chords. Her emotion climbed. She
struck the final chord and attained
its symbolism. Her fingers gave it all
the sublime rapture that the mystic
gives to his prayer. It was over. Her
hands fell down to her sides. Beauty
was as a hymn written across the pas­sion
of her face.
She left the platform and opened
the door and went out. The applause
was tumultuous. She did not return.
She never came back to play the
Concerto. She never returned. I
rushed in to see her. I snatched some
of the flowers to press into her arms.
I could not find her. She had gone.
The next day I received a notice
that I was to see the head of the
music department at once. He too
was a very good friend of mine.
"Here," he pulled a chair. "My
dear, we write, we talk of tragedy.
We do not understand it. We think
it must come with a huge noise an­nouncing its terrible arrival. No, it
is not like that. It is very simple. My
dear, Miss Orloff was very sick last
night. Today, we took her to the
hospital."
"Hospital?"
"You might as well know . . . .
asylum."
Spears struck my breast, my eyes.
"Insane?" "Forever." I remember
that I went out on the lawn and the
sun filled the cup of my hand with
gold. There were many things I had
to think about but one thought rose
above all the others. Does life break
every dream we ever fashion? Life
had given my teacher genius and had
brought her insanity. Life had
brought me a great friendship and
now left emptiness. Life, last night
through music, had given a promise
of something golden and splendid, a
glimmer as of eternal radiance. Was
there anything we dared to cling to,
any hope that might survive the
greediness of this monster, this cur­ious
dragon with the green eyes and
the shining coat? All my stern vows
were broken and I wept.

STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

Marjorie Chilcott

The seed came floating in through the window,
Carried gently by a vagrant breeze.
It drifted for a moment
And then softly sank to rest
On a table littered with half-finished sculptoring,
Products of man's toil.
And the dainty seed,
Carrier of a plant that was to have been,
Was lost in the chaos.
SHANTY
By Lauran Clapp

Jo waited. She waited in the evening by the edge of the marsh whose waters lay in thoughtful reflection of the sunset's glory. She waited, with the wind whipping her skirt about her bare, slender ankles, with her small lips parted as they drank cool draughts of air, with her eyes, full and rich, eagerly watching the open water upon whose opposite shore white walls of the village chapel were changing tints in the fading light. Now the day was over. Now, after long weary hours of heat, the sun was sinking behind the land of reeds and broken water, and waterfowl, homeward strung across the heavens, were settling on some quiet lagoon. Soon the chapel bells would sound the angelus across the evening. Jo waited. She waited for Tony to come home.

There had been an evening, like this one, not long before, when she and Tony had entered the chapel while the organ was playing. On the walls were colored windows and high above them, rafters that dwarfed the small gathering below. They paused.

"Gosh!" Tony's big hand was limp as he stole a glance at the lofty rafters. He swallowed, then turned.

"Scared?"

"No." But she was. She was scared stiff. Then they had started down the aisle to face the minister standing before them in long robes of white.

"Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together in presence of this company to join in holy wedlock . . ." She dimly remembered how the bells chimed in after the "I, Anthony, to take thee, Joset . . ." part, and how the organ notes rose on a great swell as they walked out into the sunshine where happy, smiling faces were all about them. Then, when everyone had gone, they rowed across the bay to Tony's home . . . to their home now. She looked at Tony's big arms with their huge muscles rippling as he pulled on the oars and a small lump of fear crossed her heart . . . then it was all drowned when the angelus rang out on the marshes. Inside she filled and overflowed with a tingling thrill as the bells and the rippling water and Tony's sweeping strokes rose and fell in one great rhythm of happiness . . . deep happiness.

That had been in March. Now it was October and as Jo stood by the marsh at even-tide, she realized how a few months had rounded out life and given it a richer meaning. But she noticed something strange in the appearance of Tony's skiff on this evening. The strokes were labored and heavy. When he landed there was something missing in the strength of his greeting. They walked arm in arm up to the shanty in silence. In silence he sat and gazed into space as she prepared supper. He said nothing while he ate. He sat before the fire, afterward, without a word. At last she went up in back of his chair and slipping her arms about his neck rubbed her soft cheek against his weather-beaten skin and asked:

"Tony, what is it?"

"I've lost my job."

And that was all he said. That night when he had finally dropped off into a troubled slumber, she lay, wide awake, by his side star-
ing into the blackness of the shanty. She was a fisherman's wife, and Tony was her man. What was it that Tony had once said? "The sea gives and then it takes." She thought of fishermen who came back with rich catches and next time never came back at all. Tony said that the sea was hell, but he could never leave it. She had given her life to her man and her man to the sea but she didn't regret it one bit. No, it was not the loss of a job that worried her, but never-the-less she turned and instinctively sought Tony's side for protection. It was the cold terror of new life beginning.

II

December was warm with occasional rains, then the new year set in. The moon waned, rose to full, then waned once more. It was planting time and together they set out one morning for the hill in back of the shanty. Tony's hand-plow left a wake of curling black waves behind as Jo followed breaking up the clods of earth with her hoe. The sun was warm and comfortable on her back as she dropped the seeds into the long furrows. Tony warned her against planting in the deep hollows. There was danger, he said, in growing things too near the marsh. She gave him a quick look, then went quietly about her work.

Yes, the marsh was full of danger for growing things; Jo knew that. There was danger from the rattlers that fed upon the duck eggs, danger from the cormorants that swooped down upon the nest of helpless fledglings and destroyed a family home. Marsh mothers had to spend their life fighting against weasels, cats, and hawks in order to bring their young safely into the world. Jo remembered having seen a cotton-tail doe caught in the death grip of a gopher snake, fighting frantically to scratch out the serpent's eyes in order to save her bunnies from his meal. Once Joe found a perch entangled among a clump of reeds, left there by the outgoing tide to slowly gasp her way to death while about her body swarmed myriads of tiny fish that would soon be live, wiggling minnows, living in the ooze until the next flood tide should carry their live young bodies down to the sea. And so the battle went on. It was an endless battle for it was never won . . . year after year, decade after decade, it went on; one life fought to save another which in turn fought to save a third. Where one mother left off, another carried on: the sword was handed to daughter to grand-daughter and on and on. Jo paused her work and looked out over the marsh; she somehow felt a kinship with those animals.

If Tony came home at night empty handed she only sought him for protection against the loneliness of life on the marsh. If he brought an arm load of supplies and silently laid them on the table, she said nothing. Where they came from, how he obtained them, she did not know. She was only grateful . . .

Jo kept herself happily busy about the house. There was bread to bake, and cloth to spin, and new yellow curtains to be hung in the shanty windows. Then, too, there were always little clothes to sew and make ready . . . so Jo sang. She sang because her only hen, "Old Sawyer," strutted and clucked importantly about the yard with a brood of chicks whose chirping, squirming presence were ever under Jo's feet . . . ugly things yet she somehow loved them! She sang because that morning in the garden she had found an army of green, pointed shoots
feeling for the first time the warmth of sunlight. Carefully she counted the rows... forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight! Enough vegetables to last them until next summer and by then Tony would surely have a job!

February came. Jo wandered along the waters edge where in the new marsh grass one heard a constant stir and rustle: a thousand new-born lives that tried new legs, new wings, new throats. At her approach the marsh was still, but always some curious "cheep" from a downy throat revealed the power of life beneath. Now the ducks were getting restless; they rose, then settled, then rose once more. Everywhere things were growing, long and green and tender; and as Jo stretched her body in the sunlight and drank its warmth that filled her limbs, she gently pressed her hands against her sides and felt full and bursting. Her throat, rich and soft, would sometimes bubble over with laughter; sometimes she sat by the marsh and sobbed. Why, she did not know.

February slowly crept by. There was a staccatto beat of wings on water as the last of the teal rose in a flock and pointed their bills northward. March... April... butterflies were fluttering over the marsh. May. Jo gathered her things together; now she counted the days on her fingers.

III

All winter long Tony had wandered about the town picking up work where it could be found. There were many others like himself: stranded fishermen who had been shut out when the market prices dropped. There were no new ships or empty berths; life came and life went. It was during the first week of June that Tony was lingering in his haunts about the wharf when a familiar voice bellowed across the water:

"Ahoy, sailor!" Tony looked up quickly to see a trim, newly painted boat swinging in toward the dock.

"Look alive!"

Tony made fast the line; a youthful figure leaped on the dock.

"Well, Tony, she's mine. 'Like her?'

Tony looked at the ship in surprise. She was a trawler.

"Gosh."

"I told you I'd be my own skipper some day. How's to be my mate?"

Tony only gulped.

"Gosh."

The skiff nearly leaped out of the water at each stroke as Tony rowed home that evening. Bursting with the good news, he sent his voice rolling over the water:

"Yea, Jo!"

The skiff scraped on the sand and he leaped out. The door of the cottage was closed. Perhaps she didn't hear him; she might have been asleep... she had been acting strange of late, anyway. He flung the door open... empty! He dashed for the garden patch on the hill. Rascal! He had caught her before working in the garden and warned her that her strength would not permit it.

"Jo! Wait till I tell 'ya! I've..."

his voice sank. He shaded his eyes against the setting sun. No one was there. He examined the earth. Not even footprints. Down by the henhouse, "Old Sawyer" clucked indigantly at Tony's disturbance of her brood. There wasn't any sign of Jo in the yard. He climbed the hill once more and put his hand to his mouth:

"Jo!"

But the marsh was silent and returned no answer.

Late that evening Tony beached the skiff by Fred Haskel's place on Twenty-three
the south marsh; his heart beat wildly against his chest. Fred was at the landing.

"Shore" he drawled, "She's here, son. Maw and I brought her over this noon. Maw thought she'd be more comfortable."

His dash to the house was interrupted by Mrs. Haskel.

"Just one look as you go right back out!"

Tony leaned over the bed. Jo's face was sunken; her teeth were clenched and her lips were thin and tight. The knuckles of her hand showed white as they gripped the bedstead. For a moment he saw her eyes open but to his horror there was no light of recognition. The next moment he was briskly propelled out of the door by Mrs. Haskel.

"... and stay out!"

He stood there... dumbly. His hands were in the way. He put them in his pocket. He folded them behind his back. He tucked his thumbs under his belt... tucked them in the corners of his pocket. At last he just let them hang. He had never felt this way before.

Fred eyed him knowingly, then leaned back on a bench.

"Well, son, 'it looks to me like y'r gonna' be a pappy."

Tony hung his head.

"I wish I weren't."

"Aw, don't feel that way, Tony. Aren't 'ya even glad? 'Hits one of the greatest things in the world... bein' a pappy."

"Not if it's like that." Tony's voice was a murmur.

"Buck up, son. In a few more years there'll be some more comin' and you can feel like you really are somebody in this world."

"There'll never be any more."

"That's what they all say the first time but somehow they all come back to get Maw again; then after that they don't make such foolish statements."

The minutes dragged on and Tony paced the yard. He shuddered. At first he wanted to run and hide; but Fred was there watching him. He paced the yard some more. It was no use hiding; it would be better to have some one kick him... kick him hard; it would ease his conscience then. He looked at Fred... but no, Fred would only laugh at him. An hour passed. If only they would tell him how she was. After all, he had a right to know; Jo was his, not theirs. He looked at the door and paused; it was sternly shut... and silent. At last he sat on a log and buried his face in his hands.

Fred stood over him and watched him for a long time; at last he took Tony's head by a crop of hair and tilted it back.

"Look at 'ya now! Look at 'ya now... tears in your eyes, and shakin' all over and lookin' like you'd seen a ghost. Weren't you just in where Jo was?"

Tony nodded.

"And she wasn't cryin' was she?"

"No."

"What do you suppose she'd think if she saw you now?"

Silence.

"Come on, Tony. Pull yourself together and take it like a man."

Fred slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe then curled up on some blankets; he threw Tony an armful of quilts.

"Better lie down and get some sleep. I've go to leave early in the morning."

The blankets lay at Tony's feet where Fred had thrown them. He wanted to smash Fred's face but couldn't think of a good excuse to. He wished that he had never been
married; that he had never been born. How much easier it would have been if no one had ever been born at all; how much pain it would have saved if there hadn't been any life to begin with, only oblivion. Wasn't it after all a cruel God who brought life into the world with pain, let it live with pain . . . die with pain? Tony thought of the hundreds of unhappinesses that filled human lives. What was the meaning of life, anyway? . . . the hours dragged on. Across the marsh floated the frantic cry of some animal; then it was swallowed in the back night of the marsh. A cold sweat broke over Tony's body. His cheeks were bleeding where his nails had dug in.

"Hey, if you don't want them blankets, I kin use 'em." Fred cautiously picked them up and commenced to wrap them around himself. "I suppose next time I'll have to fight to get you to let me use half of 'em."

"If there's any next time, I'll let you tie a cowbell around my neck and drive me through town every Sunday."

Fred chuckled from under his blankets.

"'Hits a good thing I don't accept every bet that's been made me. I'd feel dog-gone funny bein' the only married man in town not to be parading up the street every Sunday with some sign or tin can, or such tied around my neck."

The door of the cabin opened.

"Tony."

Now he stood awkwardly beside the bed and looked down at Jo's sunken cheeks and drawn face; he thanked God that her breathing was smooth and regular. Her hand in his was small . . . so small. She stirred.

"You've come, Tony."

"Yes."

He swallowed hard. Her voice took on strength as she spoke.

"'Tis a girl, ain't it?"

"Yes." He paused and licked his lips. "Shall we name her, shall we name her . . ." He thought a moment.

"What shall we name her?"

"What ever you want, Tony."

"Oh." He looked down.

For a long time she studied his face; then asked half curiously, half accusingly.

"'You been fighting?"

"No."

"Then how come all them scratches on your face?"

He didn't answer. From the open window came the notes of the chapel bells ringing across the marsh . . . he guessed it was daybreak. A mist had covered his eyes and he tried to remember what Fred had told him about acting like a man.

Outside, a golden morning was spreading across the marsh.
ANNE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE

By Mary Glenn Roche

"Damn, damn, double damn."
She sat, a demure little figure in the sandpile, contentedly patting fat mounds of mud. The singsong formula was continued by the thin, little voice.

"Damn, damn, double damn."
A slam of the back door, the plump young mother in a pink housedress advanced upon the sandpile. A jerk, the child was lifted out of the sand, paraded into the house to the accompaniment of a tart monologue.

"It isn't as if Mother hadn't told you, Ann. Such naughty, naughty words. You can never be a Mother's little lady when you talk that way. Do you want to go without lunch again today? And I'll wash your mouth out with the ugly green soap again. Mother's little girl wouldn't like that, would she?"

Mother's little girl was making a grotesque face. Her mother led her to the nursery.

"You'll stay in the house now until lunch time, do you hear?"
The reply was a muffled, "damn, damn, dod damn." But Mother heard. Her face as pink as her dress.

"That's the last time, Ann. The next time Mother hears you say bad, bad words she's going to put you out of the house. She can't have an evil little girl saying terrible things in her house."
The child was enveloped in fright.

She screamed petitions and promises. She would be good always and always. She was never, never going to say another naughty word.

The door was firmly shut. Two hours later Mother approached the playroom. A cross little voice admonished a teddy bear, "Dod damn you, if you don't stay sat up I don't know what I'll ever do."

The mother grimly entered, took the child by the hand, went in silence to Ann's bedroom. She took a small sized suitcase from the shelf. She carefully filled that suitcase with one diminutive blue dress, one flannel nighty and a pair of slippers with rabbits on the toes. Then she propelled child and suitcase to the front door.

"Goodbye, Ann."
The little girl had maintained awe-stricken silence. Outside, with door closed behind her, the suitcase clutched pitifully tight, in hesitant steps she left the front porch. The mother at the window watched the tiny figure walk slowly to the corner and as slowly return to establish a hunched position on the top step of the porch.

Soon a car drove up, stopped. A man leaped out.

"Is your Father home, Ann?"
Slowly the child looked up, face expressionless, "Damn if I know, I don't live here any more."
I LOST A FRIEND

By Stanley Conant

For three weeks he trailed me, then one day he caught me without an excuse and nailed me to the wall, as it were. I don't really mean he nailed me to the wall. I only mean he made me say I'd try it. He should have been a process server or a Pinkerton detective, or a newspaper man, but he wasn't. No, he was just an ordinary person. But, no, again, he wasn't ordinary. He was one of those people who has a hobby. I've known lots of people who had hobbies, but got married and had lots of little children and played bridge and danced and even had a few friends. He was different from any of these. He didn't have just one hobby. He was rather queer, as you may have guessed. His hobby was having hobbies.

This time it was horse-back riding. For a week or two he didn't make any actual advances, yet somehow I knew that his intentions weren't above-board. He just mentioned the sport every time I lit a cigarette—I smoke a package a day. It was easy to see he was a methodical fellow who keeps asking you to go horse-back riding, wearing you down, down, until the first thing you know you're horse-back riding.

Well, that's how it started. I don't think he thought I'd struggle the way I did, though. You see, I have a recessive chin, but it's not from lack of will power. No, I had another friend whose hobby was amateur dentistry. He did it. I think that fooled him because one day—I noticed that my continued refusals seemed to be weakening him. Nothing very evi-

dent, just a little twitching of the lips and a bit of a baffled look in his left eye, but it heartened me no end. I even began to entertain hopes of outlasting him. I would have, too, but he fouled in the clinches, as it were. I don't mean he really fouled in the clinches, though, I only mean he caught me with my guard down. I don't mean that either, though. What I mean to say is he asked me to go horse-back riding just as I was coming out of a history lecture class. My ears were ringing so that I could not understand him. I thought he was commenting on the weather, and, as I wasn't reaching for a cigarette, I just nodded my head absent-ly. It was careless. I had no idea he would change his pace like that.

I hadn't finished bringing my head up in a complete nod, before he had set the date, given me a cigar, leered in triumph, and disappeared. It was too much for me. I don't know how long I wandered about in that dazed condition. The next thing I clearly remembered, I was sitting on the lawn trying to light the end of my fountain pen.

The upshot of the matter was that I resigned myself and went about borrowing the paraphernalia necessary to the equestrienne art. A pair of riding boots here, an oversized pair of pants there, and I was soon equipped. The dreadful day was but two days off, and I was beginning to re-member news reel pictures of those English races where the horses jump over big green fences and the riders fall off into neat little water traps on the other side. Already unnerved, l
began to lose weight and the pants seemed to grow by inches every time I tried them on.

Came the date, I came to the place decked out in my borrowed finery, feeling for all the world like a bug in a rug, except that my face hung out, a fact which I regretted more than once. My friend, the fiend, was not about; so I asked the keeper of the horses to see to it that I received a gentle mount. He smiled most gratifyingly, but announced that two of his best had already been reserved by telephone. I asked to see them and he showed me two horses which immediately set me to seeing visions again.

I was leaning against the door seeing some beauties when the hobbyist appeared, as nattily attired as I was otherwise. We were soon mounted, I with the help of the man, who assisted me with many sly gibes about the correct sides of horses to approach. Once mounted, we started off at a brisk gallop. That is, my friend, the fiend, did. My horse refused to budge. I looked about, but could see nothing wrong until I discovered that my mount was standing on the seat of my pants—the part which I left unoccupied. I called the keeper, who removed the horse's foot, and handed me what clothes were mine. I arranged them so that half of the spare pantage hung down on either side, somewhat after the fashion of the shieks who gallop about Arabia with their pants trailing behind like an airplane wind indicator.

The hobbyist hadn't waited, so I took out after him in a cloud of flying apparel, hair, arms, and hooves. My horse and I soon began to overtake him. While approaching, I noticed that at regular intervals, at every stride of the horse, a wide strip of daylight appeared between him and the saddle. Drawning alongside, I asked him the wherefore of this, to me, distinct type of riding. He haughtily explained that he was posting, that all of the better class of horsemen in England rode in this manner; and invited me to try it.

I did, and the results were wonderful. Whereas before I was sticking as tight to the saddle as I possibly could, holding the saddle horn with both hands and squeezing the poor beast between my legs so that he wheezed at every breath, now I just let everything go and soared to great heights. It was much easier.

We kept this up all morning. Our conversation wasn't very stimulating, and I grew rather bored. He just continued with his posting in an aloof manner.

Consequently, I was delighted when he mentioned starting back. We made the return trip much in the same manner as when we started out—galloping along to the tune of the creaking of leather, the whine of escaping air, and the wheezing of my mount as he strained to overcome wind resistance.

The hobbyist wanted me to lunch with him that noon, but I'd had enough. However, I told him that I had a hobby myself, which I would like to show him sometime. He brightened when I told him this and immediately made an engagement for me to show it to him that evening.

We met that evening downtown at Fifth and Broadway. There it was that I explained to him that my hobby was riding street cars. He seemed a bit surprised, but otherwise showed little emotion. He said he was ready to try it. As the street car slowed, we stepped out into the street and I shoved him under the wheels.
BOOK REVIEWS

"THE TAKING OF THE GRY"
By John Masefield

I believe that Mr. Masefield's latest book, "The Taking of the Gry," will prove decidedly disappointing to his old readers. For here there is none of that poetic quality found in most of this author's books. There is no glimpse of a graceful ship moving steadily upright through quiet waters; no trembling of white sails or whisper of water along the bows; none of the color and movement of the sea, none of its moods and reflections.

The plot of the story is romantic enough. It is based on an old account of Drake and his expedition against the Spanish in America. There, according to the story, he was repulsed in an attempt to take a fortified town, but feigning retreat, returned through a treacherous reef-studded channel supposed to be impassable, and surprised the unlucky defenders. Mr. Masefield transfers the legend to the present: during a Central American revolution, a valuable ship is captured and taken to some city, and the whole book is concerned with the recapture and taking out of the vessel through the dangerous channel.

Since it is a pure adventure story, the plot moves swiftly, but as a result lacks conviction and sincerity. The story is told in the first person in an extremely plain manner, and while the object was probably to add realism, the effect is exactly the opposite.

By far the most enjoyable part is the beginning, when the reader is just learning of the dangers of the enterprise. The actual expedition is without incident and is in the nature of an anti-climax. The average reader, unless he has had some actual experience at sea, is apt to remain unimpressed by the hidden dangers of fog and reef, especially as not enough details are included for him to draw a mental picture of the scene. A careful description, such as is done in "Typhoon," has more suspense and action than any adventure story.

Masefield expresses himself in poetry and not in prose. In only a few places in the book are those touches which distinguish him. In one part he says, "I loved it best before dawn, when coming in to a land dark as indigo, with the faintest of pale color in the sky above. There would be the forward well and the fo'c's'le lit by the masthead light, the back of the look-out man craned against the dodger, and the gleam of the dark water spreading from the bows." He goes on to describe the tension and alertness of the crew and the suspense which attends every landfall.

The novel appears to be a short story stretched out to book length and very hastily written. It has no depth of feeling, no character studies, such as are found in "A Mainsail Haul" and none of the spirit and life of "The Bird of Dawning."

—H. M.

"WOODCUTTERS HOUSE"
By Robert Nathan

"Woodcutters House" is another of Robert Nathan's whimsical fables, written in his own inimitable fashion. It is a delicate fantasy, done in prose that is almost poetry, and the whole is tinged with a cheerful humor, sometimes edged with satire, but this last generally loses its sting and becomes

Twenty-nine
a smile or a snicker.

The most delightful feature of Nathan’s books are the sketches of country landscapes, warm with soft colors and breathing the fragrance of the earth. There are blue mountains and valleys green as the sea, soft grey mist clouds rolling over sodden hills, the noise of insects in the yellow fields which lie shimmering in the sun. There is the scent of the willows along the river bank at dusk, and the smell of newly plowed earth.

"The blue dusk deepened about him, the stars came out in the sky like frosty lights. Around him in the darkening air trembled the voices of his friends; the crickets sang, and the cicada, the tree frogs creaked kreef kreedu kreedu . . . voices of earth in the warm sweet night, voices of love, lonely and longing . . . The last light faded from the sky, the lamp in the cottage was extinguished. New stars arose, the crickets hushed their song. The night poured like a slow wind over the earth, and vanished in the west; the dew of the morning fell silvery and cold . . ."

Nathan’s humor is quiet, friendly and ironic. In one part of the book, the small and not very important god of good humor is addressing the mice of the forest. "My poor friends," he said to them, "it is just as important for snakes to have mice to eat, as it is for mice not to have snakes to eat them. Do you expect me to alter the designs of nature? Go away, please; and if you have to be eaten, do not feel that it is a personal reflection in any way." The mice ran away like black drops of water, sighing, their instructor looked up at Metabel and shook his head. "Ak," he said, "the little anxious mice."

In nearly all of his books, Nathan preaches one philosophy; Waste not your time in acquiring wealth nor in speculating about the future. Live life to its fullest now!

In this story a contented youth falls in love and becomes ambitious, thus destroying his happiness. Only two of the characters are real; Uncle Henry and Musket. Uncle Henry had ambition. He was, as the author says, in a constant argument with oblivion. He was the champion lettuce raiser of Wayne County but he had further ambitions. "His own size seemed to him, in a mystical but natural way, to be as big as his lettuce. He never spoke of it, but when he thought that there might be bigger lettuces somewhere else, he grew very gloomy."

The other character is the little dog, Musket, who is artist, man-about-town and philosopher.

An attempt to analyze the book makes one pause. The first reading leaves the impression of quiet beauty, tenderness and humor. And yet the story is extremely slight, the characters are puppets, with the exception of Musket, and even the devices which are peculiar to Nathan wear dangerously thin in places. With all of these admitted defects the story still has charm.

Such a type of writing requires a very delicate handling. One false touch changes a delightful fantasy into a childish tale; it cannot be overdone. I suppose that many critics feel that Nathan has slipped in this effort. A book of this type cannot be too often repeated, for once its freshness is gone, once it loses its air of ease, and the devices which give it its characteristics are seen, it is lost. Readers will either like or violently despise this book.

Robert Nathan is a young man of Jewish descent. He is a musician as well as an author and has composed several sonatas of worth. His first
effort was a novel which was in no way outstanding. His success began with the introduction of his "philosophical fables" very carefully written and all of one general type. "Woodcutters House" is one of these.

—H. M.

VEIN OF IRON
By Ellen Glasgow
"May all that have life be delivered from suffering." This ancient supplication of the Hindus, this favorite prayer, in a modern age, of Shopenhauer, came often to the thought of John Fincastle, philosopher and sincere metaphysician, seeker after pure thought. For, like all true metaphysicians, his heart held deep human sympathies and unusual human understanding. Even though he could not drawn the human family up into the high realms of thinking where ideas alone have reality and sin and suffering and poverty cannot enter, he could pray with deep earnestness—"May all that have life be delivered from suffering."

"We know no more of life than we know of God," John Fincastle once said. He had been a minister, the most brilliant mind in the church, but he stood trial for heresy, and at that trial he told the Presbytery that he "rejected the God of Abraham, but accepted the God of Spinoza." So—as often happens when a sincere mind seeking truth dares to rise above what it believes to be ancient and misconceived beliefs and dogmas—they put him out of the church. He wondered if the time would ever come "when all superstitions, even those about God, would seem as ignorant as his grandmother's faith in an Irish potato." (His grandmother, though she was scholarly for her sex, had warded off rheumatism by carrying an Irish potato in her pocket.

John Fincastle is the most powerful figure in Ellen Glasgow's book. In him the "vein of iron" finds its truest, most spiritual, significance. "Not joy, not pain, not love, not passion, not sorrow, not loss, not life at its sharpest degree, had been able to break or bend this still pointed flame that burned upward."

The book opens in 1901 in the Great Valley of Virginia, and it concerns the Fincastle family in which the "vein of iron" runs deep, for the Fincastles possess a relentless courage giving them enormous strength that no disaster can break, no shame impair. The story is told in a manner that is becoming known more and more as "genuinely realistic"—since it neither embellishes nor conceals either evil or good, but presents these forces candidly as they bear upon lives that are fashioned of the "vein of iron." The character presentation is sincere, and excellently conceived and performed. The book carries the family through the worst years of the depression and the heroic death of John Fincastle. It presents a people of great strength and beauty, of untiring kindness, whose lives fervently express the prayer—"May all that have life be delivered from suffering."

—E. H.

MAN'S FATE
Andre Malraux
Andre Malraux's second novel based upon the Chinese revolution of 1927 comes at last to America. It deals with an insurrection. This fact alone would be enough to mark the book as one of some interest: the subject matter itself demands it. Revolution is the phenomenon of central importance to our time. But the quality which sets "Man's Fate" apart from most of the other revolu-
tionary novels is the fact that the writer himself has seen and felt the revolution as only a revolutionist can see and feel it.

Some well-meaning criticism has been leveled at the author of "Man's Fate" for being altogether too consciously "proletarian". One word about this. It is possible to see all social events from many different angles, just as it is possible to view a football game from the grandstand, from the bench, from the field, or over the radio. But there is a lot which distinguishes a class war from a football game, which makes it impossible to see it from the grandstand. One thing is that very few people ever recognize that a revolution is happening until it is all over. The Russian Revolution was accomplished to the tune of popping champagne corks—likewise the Shanghai Insurrection. The possessing classes having grown fat, stupid, and lazy with gluttony, are caught by the mighty movement of society. This condition leaves the upper classes out, so far as seeing the forces preparing the revolution. Their reaction is only one of surprise.

Although not to the same degree as the possessing class, the proletariat have no clear cut knowledge of what is happening. All they know is that conditions have become intolerable and that they have a vague desire for power. Here again we find no adequate story of the forces of the revolution. To be sure the working class makes the revolution. However, the worker is only the instrument upon which the forces of history are playing. Only to the revolutionary, the conscious, objectively conditioned midwife of the new society, can there be any synthesis, any understanding of the forces at work in the insurrection. Malraux has felt the insurrection along with its organizer, who feels it as he feels his own skin.

On the night of the insurrection, with Chiang Kai-shek advancing upon the city, the destiny of 400,000,000 people is staked upon . . . his friendship to the working class and the revolution. Then all at once havoc reigns; the revolutionaries do not have time to retreat orderly, even; their hold on the city is broken by their own troops. The revolution is wiped out, the leaders jailed and killed, an everlasting condemnation of Stalin's policies.

The author has given life to individual characters which are never to be forgotten. He draws exquisite psychological pictures of the terrorist; his lonesomeness, his "fate", his isolation from men—"the others", Kyo and Katov, professional revolutionaries, May, the woman revolutionary. These characters actually live before your eyes, vibrant with the revolution as they develop with the insurrection, mould it, and in turn are moulded by it, and are finally swept away in its river of blood, heroically. Heroic, because the Proletarian Revolution which they have brought into existence, although crushed temporarily, will never die, because its flame will flare up again as long as there are proletarians and capitalists, exploited and exploiters, sometimes fitfully in the provinces, other times with a red glow of prolonged intensity, and finally to set China and the world on fire.—R. F.