Fusing its Mayan name with Aztec tradition, the magazine El Palenque symbolizes the spirit of culture and enlightenment that is the heritage of the ancient Americas.
Dedication

The editors of the spring, 1938, El Palenque respectfully dedicate this edition to Donal Hord's Aztec statue, whose first birthday will be celebrated May 1. We congratulate you, brave young spirit, on this memorable occasion and sincerely trust that your future history will encompass a record of honorable and dauntless life throughout the centuries of your terrestrial stay.
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Half asleep, half awake, I was conscious of the early morning sun, shining through the yellow mosquito netting that served as a door to my room. Through the top of the shed doorway I could see that the sky was still flushed from the effort of the sunrise. At instead of awakening, I fell into a sleep filled with dreams of tropical Mexican rests inhabited by the macaws, parrots, bald-headed eagles, cranes, and storks that I had seen the previous day.

An hour later I threw back the bed covers and stepped onto the carpeted cement floor. Through the thin curtain I could see the shrub-filled patio. Many of the rose bushes were in bloom. Sitting in the dirt was José, the seven-year-old Mexican boy who had brought me to this house yesterday afternoon.

He was a scrawny little fellow dressed in dirty rags, but he had an engaging grin and bright little eyes that compensated for his want of cleanliness. What was he doing here this morning? I remembered that we had had several misunderstandings yesterday. At first I had thought that he spoke English as he answered, "Yes!" to all my questions. Later I realized that the extent of his English vocabulary was the word "yes" and "speak English", the words with which he had first arrested my attention as I drove into Zimapán. When I spoke to him in English, asking him to find me a place to stay, he had answered quickly.

"O. K., venga Usted conmigo, Senor," he had said, leading the way.

To my amazement he led me into the old cathedral that stood at the east end of the plaza. When my eyes became accustomed to the dim light, I saw the twelve old Spanish paintings that represented the stations to the cross.

"Just a moment, José. I asked you to help me find a place to stay. Surely you do not expect me to sleep on one of the uncushioned pews and wash myself in the bowl of holy water! No, José, you must find me a more appropriate place than this in which to spend the night."

José suggested other sights of Zimapán that I should see; he seemed not to have heard what I said to him. I was not tempted by his suggestions, but repeated my request. He submissively led me to the house where I found myself this morning.

As he sat in the dirt outside my door, he grinned sheepishly. In answer to my greeting he stood up.

"Buenos días, Señor. Hace dos horas que estoy aquí." He had been waiting two hours for me to awake, but not having asked him to come back this morning, I did not feel guilty. Now that I thought about it, I remembered that he had tried to persuade me to let him spend the night in my room in order that he might be here very early. He had lain down on the brown bear skin rug that was near the door, illustrating how he would sleep curled up on it.

"Come in, José. Since you have waited so long for me, you must have thought of some very interesting things to show me today." José smiled happily; his dark little eyes sparkled.

As I washed my teeth he stared at me in amazement. When I had finished, he asked to see my toothbrush. As he examined it, he asked why I used it. He was very much amused at my reply that I brushed my teeth in order to clean them. Then, very much interested in seeing me wash my face with soap, he mimicked my actions. He
said that be would like to try some soap. So, after I had finished washing, I poured him a pan of water and gave him the soap. He liked the odor of it. When he finished dabbling in the pan with the soap, he was spotted where some of his dirt had been washed off.

Next he examined my shoes. Feeling them with his hands, he declared that Americans were "ricos". When I denied that I was rich, José wanted to know how I could have three pairs of shoes if I were not. The answer to that question would have been too long and too complicated for a little seven-year-old Mexican boy to understand, so instead of answering it, I suggested that we see if we could get some breakfast. José had already eaten, but upon my invitation he decided that he could do with a little more nourishment.

Breakfast consisted of café and pan dulce. The café was made of a bit of thick coffee syrup in the bottom of a glass filled with hot goat’s milk. The pan dulces (sweet rolls) were served in a basket and were all sizes and variations of sweetness. Butter was noticeable only by its absence from the table. We decided that José would show me the "old tree" of Zimapan as soon as we had eaten breakfast.

Outside the morning sun was the most active force at work. Silently we walked down the cobbled street, which had a little gutter in the middle of it. Our road crooked to the left and then bent to the right. As we walked past the bright-colored walls that bordered our path, I wondered if the Mexican philosophy of "Mañana" was not a good one. What did it matter if you did not do a thing today? You could probably do it tomorrow; or, if not, you could think about it.

After a ten minute's walk we came to the old tree. It was as gnarled and wrinkled as the beggar I had seen sitting on the steps of the cathedral. José told me that it took eight men holding to each other's hands to circle it. Yes, it was very big, and very old. Four hundred years ago when the padres had first built the cathedral, it had already become a great tree.

We sat down in its shade and looked up into its old branches. It looked like a big twig broom held upside down. José played in the dirt, drawing patterns and humming to himself while I dreamed of the past. From time to time he suggested other places we might go, things we might do. But at that time nothing appealed to me so much as sitting under the old, old tree and wondering what had taken place beneath these branches. Last night I had been told that the Spaniards had tied men to the great tree's trunk when they were going to shoot them, but I was dreaming of more pleasant happenings that had taken place beneath these branches.

The sun was nearly overhead when José finally persuaded me that I should not stay there any longer. With a last glance at the old tree, I walked down the crooked road that had led us to it. The road was still deserted.

José wished to take me to the cathedral again. It, too, was deserted. The old boards of the floor creaked as we walked across them. The silence of the church combined with the dim light was oppressive. After a few minutes of it, I whispered to José that I had had enough of the cathedral.

We returned to my lodgings. At the door I gave José cinquenta centavos for being such an excellent guide and bade him good bye. As he walked away, he waved and called, "Hello." (He did not know the word good bye.) I banged the big metal knocker, and presently the portero opened the door.

"Buenas tardes, Señor," he greeted me.
"Buenas tardes, Portero."
"Hay una carta para Usted, Señor," he said, handing me a letter.
I had hardly expected to receive a letter in Zimapan; somehow postal delivery and
The old forgotten town seemed incongruous. Tearing open the envelope I read the nature at the bottom of the typewritten page. It was that of one of my business associates. The contents of the letter would have been very important to me a month before, but in these surroundings they seemed very trivial. Mortgages would be foreclosed, if payments were not made. What did it matter? The sun still shone; the tree still stood. The Mexican lethargy surrounded me, and I could not get excited about finances. If they did not work out one way, they would another; and if they not... I would not starve.

I was amazed at myself when I realized what I was thinking. I was thinking about when I should have been worrying. Perhaps I would have a little time tomorrow which I would worry. Now it was time for dinner.

Following the tasteful Mexican meal enlivened by the pleasant conversation of my guests, I retired to my room for the siesta hour. Resting on a couch, I heard the babble of the parroquets in the patio beyond my mosquito net door, as I watched it ripple with the stirring of a breeze. From the far reaches of the house came the tittering laughter of the maids as they whispered to each other. Their soft voices mingled with the scoldings of the parroquets to assuage my senses and lull me to sleep.

FRITZ.

---

I Have Created a Fire

I have placed sticks
Wigwam-wise in the sand.
In a hole, dug out,
And with paper pieces
And a lighted match
(Held from wind by
The waning moon of my hand)
I have created a fire.

I have created a fire;
Eyes that lie deep
In sockets of coal,
Flame tips that silver the sea,
And blooming in between...
Purple flame flowers.

DOROTHY E. FUQUA.
In Sorrow

I stood beside a locken Door—
A strange Desire within me.
I caught the words up from my Heart
And cried out "Open!
Perhaps there may be naught for me;
Yet, when a drop of Love
Is as a drop of dew to the Lotus
Looking upward from the earth—
Can then a spilled morsel of sweet Love
Await my coming—and I do not come?
Open! Let Regret come on the morrow;
Today is here, and nowhere is Tomorrow."

A tear-drop stain of Happiness
Upon the rare white jade there fell.
While, as the silv'ry chariot of Selene
Courses on among the burning fires
Of Orion and Pegasus, and passes by
The lesser candle-flickers
Of the sisters Pleiades—
So ran my Hopes, unfettered.
But I wandered through the garden blind,
Nor did I hear behind the Veil
The whispering—to tell me that the Roses
All were Promises, to lead me in—
And fade away on touch.

Once more I stand beside a locken Door,
While still springs a Desire
That it may open.
For—there, the rare white jade—
A few small drops I found within the Door,
Upon the jade.
But there, too, some crystal tear-drops fall
Among my precious drops of Love...
I know not why.

MIDOC.
Indecisively George kicked a small stone. Tortured by myriad suppositions, his mind gyrated among shifting rationalizations.

“If Grace made the Listing it would mean a good job in the city for her. Then, should he try immediately to get a job in town so they could marry? Or should he go away for the academic year and do his graduate work? But if he went away to study, what would he live on? He couldn’t work and take a full course at the same time. He took a reduced study load he would be forever getting the credential and degree needed to secure a position. If Grace and he got married, would he go stale on academic work before he got back to it? Could he even get a decent job to fill in for year’s time?” Disgustedly George wondered how he could decide anything definitely.

George had to admit nothing was settled. Yet things had to be settled somehow, sometime. How could he make out an intelligent program of study for the last half year of his undergraduate work if he had no idea of his future?

His adviser had pointed that out to him. “Wait a few days,” he had said. “Decide on what you want to do, then come back to me, and we’ll get you the program you need.” That was yesterday. Last night he had rehashed it with Grace for the nth time. Always—nothing definite. He couldn’t blame her, and yet he couldn’t blame himself.

Gone were the days when he was a boy. The kids had picked up a small, flat rock, and spat upon it. “Wet we do, dry we don’t,” and the rock was flung into the air. Its decree had been law among them. “If only this thing could be decided by tossing up a stone,” George sighed. Overcome with ennui he got up from the bench and walked toward the cafe. “Maybe a coke will fix me,” he mused.

In the cafe George found his two closest friends. Sprawled over a table surface were Ralph, serious, prolific writer who edited the college literary magazine, and Benson, scholar and intellectual. The two motioned, and George joined them eagerly. He wanted to discuss his problems with someone besides advisers. He was afraid to be too confidential with a prof. One couldn’t tell whether a prof would snort in derision or burst into cynical giggle.


George dropped into a chair and uttered a miniature groan. “You gentlemen do appreciate the troubles of a married man,” he stated flatly.

“Lose yourself in the realms of literature,” prompted Ralph, half in jest. Benson nodded, drawing deeply on his pipe. “Greatest escape possible in this age, getting abnormality.”

“Well, music for me,” George offered.

Benson nodded again. “Always were emotional, weren’t you?” he commented.

“Seriously, fellows,” George began, “we’re in a predicament.” He pulled his air closer.

“Yes . . . you and Grace . . . we know,” said Ralph.

“I can sympathize, but I can’t help,” Benson admitted.
Ralph rattled his fingertips on the table. "Surely," he muttered, "you can work out some definite plan." He broke off, feeling his mental faculties beat vainly, against the abstract barriers of the problem. "Not my problem," he thought to himself. Ralph mused upon brotherhood. "Someone would have called it His problem," he thought. His conscience rebuked his indifference.

Ralph drew a sharp breath. "Why don't you juggle both your plans at once?" he suggested.

"Bismarck did it," observed Benson.

"Let's stay on the subject," Ralph reprimanded. He turned to George. "What I mean is this. Why don't you go downtown and apply for a job wherever you have a chance. At the same time, register for a program out here that will satisfy your needs for entrance to Graduate School at the University." He paused.

"Well——"

"Now," Benson went on for Ralph, "get Grace to plan on the Listing——"

"You don't understand," George interjected, "Grace can't be sure of the Listing until it's actually out." Irritated, he lit a cigarette.

"When will the Listing be out?"

"That's the trouble, damn it!" George fumed. "They say maybe two weeks, maybe three. That's what gets me down. No matter where we go, or to whom, everything is if, but, except, or maybe. Nobody knows anything for sure, even the simplest things . . ." He broke off, realizing the futility of his tirade.

Benson laid his pipe on the table. "No use getting disturbed," he said pleasantly. "But it is a problem," he conceded. "I can understand your being concerned. Of course," he considered philosophically, "one must pay for having love, and a woman at the same time."

Ralph pursed his lips. "That doesn't help George any," he reminded. His ability had been challenged by the complexity of George's problem. "Let's see what's unknown and what's known," he began. "The basic idea is——"

"We want to get married," George broke in. "Three years now we've been 'sweethearts'." His voice acidified on the last word. "Now we're fed up and we want to be married because it's stupid this way. We're the same as married, except we don't live in the same house and we haven't been through a ceremony."

Benson whistled. "Once a sucker . . ."

"I don't care," George turned hotly upon him. "It's truth. You can understand, and I had just as soon you know." But his conscience flayed him for betraying Grace. It wasn't fair, he knew. Yet his friends would understand how it was . . .

Disgustedly George ground out his cigarette. "This isn't getting me anywhere. I've been over and over this same ground," he said.

Benson shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"Wish we could help, George," Ralph put in with honest regret. George smiled dispiritedly. "Thanks, anyway."

Ralph nodded. "I still think you ought to see about a job——" he broke off, seeing annoyance distort George's face.

"Let us talk of pleasant things, of cabbages and kings——I'm way off," Benson interrupted himself dolefully.

Ralph corrected him:

"The time has come, the walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings."
As George listened to Ralph's carefully modulated voice, other words came into his own mind. Their rhythm beat in antiphony to the meter of Ralph's quotation.

"'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.
All mimsey were the borogroves,
And the mome raths did outgrabe."

George felt a cool hand on his cheek. He turned and found Grace smiling down on him.

"Ready to go home?" he asked.
"Yes, all finished."
"Well, have some coffee before we go," George suggested. He went to the counter for the order, and returning, he read upon the features of Ralph and Benson the attitude toward Grace. "Good men," George commented to himself, balancing the coffee carefully. "They admire Grace. . More than that," he concluded, "they envy us."

They were talking education, with Grace leading the thought.

"The effort of educating children to become better individuals, from their standpoint and from society's," Grace said.

"What's the use of spending tax money, taking the time, energy, and pains to educate everybody?" Benson asked plaintively.
"Yes, Grace," Ralph said, "but do you make better individuals of them? How many students I knew had all their creative talents strangled out of them by the school system."

"But Ralph, that school system is changing. We don't teach that way any more. The elementary schools are nearly all progressive. They——"
"Progressive! Bah!" exploded Ralph. "It's a new name for an old tyranny."
"Cliché!" Benson ridiculed.
Grace laughed. "Then I'm a tyrant? Do you think I dominate that practice class of mine? Why, they——"
"She's right, fellows," George seconded.
Grace shook his arm. "Don't interrupt," she warned good naturedly. "All we're supposed to do is guide the children into activities through which they will grow."

Grace angered. "You're all alike," she snapped. "Have you ever watched a progressive teacher teach? Not that I am a perfect teacher, but I could show you, Benson!" Grace paused and sipped the steaming coffee. "Where's the sugar?" she asked, regaining her poise.

George handed it to her. "You use too much of that stuff," he complained.

Benson twisted his lips in a cynical smile. "Practically married," he said.
George looked at him, then at Grace. "Wish to God we were," he said firmly.

Grace laughed and touched his hand to cover her embarrassment.
"Oh, yes," he said, turning to her, "I'm going down to see about a job tomorrow." Grace flushed happily. "Swell," she said.
"I hope so," George said glumly.

George banged the door as he entered the office of the Managing Editor, who remained bent over his work. "What can I do for you?"

George cleared his throat. "I want to know if there are any jobs available."
The editor glanced at George, and smiled. As an expression of contempt, George felt.

"What kind of job do you want?" There was sarcasm in the brittle voice. George hesitated. "Well—I've worked on the college paper——"

"That's different from this set-up," the editor observed.

"Yes," George conceded, "I know."

The man glanced at some papers on his desk. "I'm afraid we don't need anyone at present," he said.

"Thank you for your time," George said quietly, as he left the office.

Fighting a paralyzing sensation of defeat and humiliation, George studied his failure. He wondered bitterly why four years of college education gave no preparation for this sort of thing. "A man needs to be most versed in this," he thought. Almost four years of education and he wasn't fit for any kind of work. He could do nothing which required special training. 'It's rotten,' he commented hastily to himself.

Coming out of the building onto the sidewalk, George continued his soliloquy. "If I don't go about this intelligently, I'll never get anywhere. I've got to profit from this failure and learn the right answers."

George entered the building of the city's other newspaper. He found the copy room and sought the partitioned office of the managing editor. Admitted, George went straight to the point. "I need a job," he declared.

"That so?" the Managing Editor asked.

"I can write a news story, I know news, how to find it and how to recognize it when it presents itself."

"Wish all our reporters knew that much."

George stifled his excitement. "On the right track," he thought.

He went on. "I've worked on every page of the college paper; I'm willing to work hard. I think you can use me. What I don't know about a regular news sheet I will learn as fast and as well as I can."

"Good build up," the editor stated admiringly. "College graduate?"

"One more semester," George admitted.

"Hmm . . . Show me some of your stories."

George laid down several clippings, through which the editor ran rapidly, pointing with a pencil.

"Clean stuff," he stated grudgingly.

George felt his breathing stop. "Can you use me?"

"Well . . . what hours could you work?"

Emotion drained from George like the swift receding of a shattered wave. "Any time after three," he said.

"You can't make it before?" asked the editor.

"Maybe I can manage," George countered. "Could I let you know tonight?"

"By five."

Leaving the building in a state of intermingled satisfaction and anxiety, George complimented himself naively. "Good work," he murmured. "If only I can get a program that will suit . . . Grace, maybe we're in luck after all . . . Maybe there is a chance for life to take on a pattern, one with meaning, not one that shifts in eternal questioning . . . Maybe we can have something we want . . . Maybe we can have something besides uncertainty for a future . . ."

Having secured a time schedule and the clap-trap of registration, George sought his adviser's office. "Out," George learned. He found a quiet place and studied over
The schedule for classes. It looked as if there would be difficulties. Most of them, however, arose from what courses would give proper undergraduate credit to satisfy the demands of the Graduate School at the University. The Graduate School would not admit anyone who could not meet the University demands for undergraduate work. That successful transfer had to be made from his own college, George knew. It was up to the adviser to help him arrange that. At any rate, the adviser should know what would count and what wouldn't. Besides, he could inform George if he could at least graduate at the close of the present semester. That would give him time to call about the job.

George gathered his papers and returned to the adviser's office. "Good thing I go to him, instead of the Registrar's. I'd never get through that line before they lose," he thought, as he knocked for entrance. Facing the adviser, George laid his problem before him.

"You see, I can have a full time job if I can get afternoons free," he explained. The adviser studied the time schedule. "I don't see how you can do it. That is, you want to get in these English courses to satisfy Graduate School demands. If you don't do that, possibly you can manage."

George glimpsed the impossibility of satisfying the requirements of Graduate school for undergraduate work. "At least I could get my degree from here," he ventured. "Well . . . I think so. There are requirements . . ." The adviser frowned. "Where can I find out if this program will allow me to graduate?" George was becoming impatient at the helplessness of the adviser. "Well . . . Why don't you try the registrar?"

George looked at the uncomfortable adviser. "Haven't you the information necessary to help?" he questioned bluntly. "Frankly, I don't think so." The teacher reddened at his admission. "However, I think you can reasonably assume that it would be possible——"

Anger and disgust tightened George's throat. "Well, since you are an adviser, I supposed you could advise me in these details, which you should have told me when I was a sophomore, not a senior. You're not here to give advice to the lovelorn, are you? We ask for detailed information. Are you here to guide us in our choice, a matter you could not and should not influence? Can't you inform us on details? You're like a sieve, we come to you with countless questions, answerable by any human properly informed, and we pour through your sketchy knowledge, leaving nothing with you and taking nothing with us."

Trembling from intensified emotion, George picked up his papers and left the office. He found a secluded corner on the campus and studied his bulletin. After a half hour of conning he laid it aside. Doubt prostrated his anxious hopes. "Supposing I've not read a sentence right . . . Maybe I missed something important . . . Maybe there are conditions and limitations not clearly expressed . . . It's so complicated . . . It looks as if there is a chance . . . But I'm ignorant of all these technicalities . . . Takes training to understand . . ." George thumbed the catalogue in vacillation and exasperation. Myriad considerations continued to bombard his mind, derailing his train of thought. He glanced at his watch. Its message shoved panic into his throat. "So little
time to decide so much... Delay would cost dearly... The right step... what was right?"

Bewildered and irritated George kicked at a stone beneath his feet. He glimpsed preconceived patterns for life go sliding down the endless corridors of eternity, while the dredged bitterness of disillusion coursed his veins and poisoned the feeble hope left in him.

"One way or another... No matter..." Urge for decision knifed its way to his consciousness. It was chance either way. He took the job and risked his degree as well as giving up graduate work, or—he risked Grace and all she had woven into his life with delicate fingers of woman.

George stared at a small, flat stone by his foot. He reached down and picked it up. He spat upon the stone, and freed his right arm to toss it. "Wet he took the job... dry he didn't. Its word was law..."

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**Escape**

Do troubles pursue you  
And frustrations smart;  
Do vain tears bedew you?  
Take refuge in Art.

The woes of the morrow  
Are too much to bear?  
Life's made from sorrow?  
What should you care?

The world is all futile  
And going to pot?  
Not to be brutal—  
But—why give a jot?

A bore is the talker;  
Trust not the heart;  
Wine is a mocker—  
Take refuge in Art.

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MARGARET BOCK

---

14
I have lived perhaps a third of my lifetime; 
I have seen many places,  
And have smelled and felt and heard.  
I have listened and looked and tried, 
I have won and lost and learned; 
But always I have searched and watched, 
Trying to discern; 
Yet I have never seen God.

I have stood in mellow, sanguine sunlight 
And watched the tall quiet trees 
Reaching for the sky 
And I have reached with them. 
We are still reaching; 
Yet we have not touched God.

I have tread upon great mountains 
While they shook the dripping morning 
From their shoulders, and time. 
They both slide gently down these sides. 
These mountains kneel to no God.

I have walked alone in the park 
And felt the soft evening settle gently upon my shoulders, 
Smelling the fragrant camphor and eucalyptus 
Still warm and bleeding from the sun; 
The covert whisperings of trees and shrubs 
Enchanted in the early twilight, 
And I listened, 
But they said nothing of God.

I have thrown myself upon shifting sands 
And watched the great sea rise 
And fling herself against the cliff 
Who thunders back her fury, 
Heaving dripping sides jagged against the sky, 
Throwing great sheets of spume to smooth wings of power, 
Gray and white gulls sailing above; 
Yet I have not seen God.
I have seen years of moments
Pass into history.
I have watched men die,
The wise as the fool,
Also the pious.
The arrows of death fly unseen at noonday,
Even the sharpest eyes cannot discern them.

I have come upon paths of truth
Where the passage was a thousand shining knives;
Sometimes I have suffered their sharp sting;
I suffer now.

I do not love God,
Hypocrites love God,
The pious love God, and the deluded ones,
And the tired and the weak.

I love the tender beauty of a sunset,
The vast horizon of the Pacific
And the reachless infinity of sky,
The gentle mud
And the soft rains
And the trees and flowers.
These I can smell and feel,
I can see and hear them.
I am made of earth,
I love earthy things.

RAPHAEL LOYDE.
Good afternoon, Professor Wilkes. 'Member me . . . Bill Harper, dumbest student in your psychology class in '22.

Yes. Of all my students, I never expected you'd call on me in my home.

This is an official call . . .

Well, out with your business, man. Don't sit there like an overstuffed toad of an ex-football player, puffing your cheeks and trying to keep from laughing. What are you laughing at, sir?

You, professor.

I won't stand for this . . . I'll . . . I'll . . .

The last time I laughed at you, you had me fired out of school on a trumped-up charge of cheating.

No place for you in college. You were . . . and are . . . a plodding mental clod. I got to laugh at your egoism, professor, as I did sixteen years ago.

State your affairs, sir.

Aren't you more than slightly nervous at having one of the police call on you suddenly?

Not at all. Don't you wonder if perhaps we might have found some additional evidence . . . something you might have forgotten . . .

You speak in riddles, man.

The professor understands me.

I haven't the slightest . . .

You are a very learned man.

Yes . . . I have studied at many colleges.

But you made one mistake.

This is all ridiculous.

It has taken me three months of plodding to uncover that mistake. I said plodding.

Ha.

You forgot yourself, professor.

You are despicable and stupid as ever.

I don't like you. I never did, but I can't let that interfere with my slow headwork.

What are you sweating about? There's sweat on your forehead.

It is close. I will open a window.

Don't bother. The canyon's deep under the window.

As you say.

Would you like to confess the murder of your wife without any more trouble?

Mr. Harper!

None of that! You smothered her with the pillow, made it appear accidental as a result of her illness.

Remember who I am, sir!

I did. Your hands are trembling . . .

Your accusation . . .

You are a guilty man.

This is too much.

You are remembering every little detail, wondering if I can prove this in court.
May I get a drink of water?
No.
I will smoke.
No.
I shall anyway.
And I'll take the cigar away from you.
Yes . . . you could.
Funny how your hands tremble. They're the hands of a murderer! Why are you starting from your chair?
I am not used to being bullied.
No. You always were the mighty little emperor of your classroom.
How I would enjoy having you as a student again.
You used to enjoy burning me up with your sarcasm, and breaking into my stumbling recitations with your smart cracks. I hated you, professor.
Yes. And I you.
But later on I realized what a flea you were.
A flea!
You're sputtering. I know the key to your temper. It's ridicule.
I will not——
Sit down. You did kill her?
No, I didn't.
I know you did.
Impossible.
I told you how . . .
It is unnecessary to repeat. There is nothing . . .
You almost said it. Finish the sentence . . . or shall I?
I was going to say that there is no reason for your call. You are wasting your time.
What did you forget, professor?
Nothing!
Then you did smother her?
No, no . . . You have no right.
Here's my badge.
This isn't legal.
Shall I tell you why you murdered Mrs. Wilkes?
No one could know.
Oh, then you did?
Yes.
Why, professor, why?
This is no confession. I will admit nothing. You will not send me to the lethal gas chamber. There is no motive.
You're wrong.
Prove it.
Gladly.
I will say nothing more until my attorneys . . .
It took me three months to work out the motive, but I found it at last.
You witless nincompoop, with the intelligence quotient of a longshoreman, trap me, brilliant student of the human mind? What court will listen——
Any court—and any jury—will listen when I tell them that you smothered Mrs. Wilkes when she laughed at you.
How could you have known?
She did, then.
Yes.
Why did she laugh?
I'll never forget that night . . . after 22 years of married life, Martha giggling at me and saying I always had looked so funny, like a scarecrow in my pajamas. I was insane with rage. I would do it again.

Certainly . . . and you'd have smothered me with a pillow that day I laughed at you in front of the class.

If I'd only been carrying a firearm——
When I arrived today . . . but you're afraid of guns . . . That's why you used a pillow.

With my prestige . . .
No one could believe that meek little Professor Wilkes would murder his wife. No one except me, the only student who ever had the nerve to laugh at you to your face.

You would be a detective.

Yeah. Put out your hands. You said an intelligent man could talk his way out of anything—even handcuffs.

I still say it.

And I think you're right. I'm stuffing my ears with cotton. Now, Professor Wilkes, you can talk all the way to central station. Let's go.

C. E. SWANSON.

Chapel of Silver

My heart was a chapel of silver,
It's walls were gleaming white;
A friend placed a seed on the altar
As I slept one night.

It sprouted forth in enmity;
And tendered by his art
It grew into a hardy tree
And burst the walls apart.

The sun upon the pallid leaves
Was much too bright to bear;
They shrivelled like discovered thieves
And disappeared in air.
I gathered up the silver stone
To build again my chapel,
And daring to be left alone
I tightly closed its portal.

—ARNOLD SPENCER
The Departure

Old Thunder Bear was dying, slowly and regally with the proper dignity of a Hopi
chieftain. His shrunken tired body lay limply on the thin mat of rabbit skins that made
up his couch. Masawa, the terrible God of Death, hid in the black smoky corners of
the kiva waiting impatiently to guide the departing spirit.

The faint throbbing of hidden drums came stifled, seeping through the earth from
the underground chambers of the council. Caught on the sharp dry air of the desert
night, it echoed and re-echoed its message of death over the plateau.

A nearby coyote wailed in funereal tones from a clump of sage which partially hid
the bleached skeleton of some wild animal. The mournful rustling of the pition and
cottonwood trees in the wash startled a dozing jack rabbit. The sandy wastes of the
mesa lay cool in the crystalline starlight—an arid silhouette of black and white with a
pastel moon. The whole Walpi mesa fearfullyhid from approaching death.

The old chieftain stirred and barely shifted his aged bones into a more comfortable
position. An eagle's feather, taken from the wing, symbolized the chief's power and
hung loosely in his hand.

The high nasal chanting of arriving medicine men broke the silence of the smothering
room, and the din and clatter of the following council members filled the dark
space. With much ceremony, the notables presented their last regards and respects to
their dying leader. Offerings and blessed charms were piled around his feet, and a huge
torch of cottonwood was lit and placed near his head.

All eyes were upon the motionless figure in awed silence. Then the council rose
and retired to the shadowed walls and sat squatting on the sandy floor watching the
medicine men.

With prayer sticks and noise makers, the three sorcerers danced around the death
bed. Their bodies were streaked with brilliant vegetable dyes that caught the torch's
gleam. For an hour the weird ceremony lasted until the dancers staggered and fell
exhausted in the diminishing glow of the torch.

The chief lay; his wrinkled copper face was a mask gleaming in the faint glow of
the torch and his ashy hair, once so black, fell on his shoulders in a tangled mass. One
lean, veined, hand clutched the hairy blanket around his corded neck; the other lay
across his chest with the feather.

His eyes were the only sign of life; they were deep expressionless eyes that calmly
faced this unknown lonely journey. They were mysterious obsidian eyes, weary and
sophistocated, sunken in the hollows beneath his high cheekbones. The hungry shadows
swallowed the rest of his body in the darkened crowded room.

Swiftly in the gloom, Masawa stole triumphantly from his corner and silently
claimed the old one's soul. Thunder Bear's eyelids slowly slid shut into an unfamiliar
squint. . . . In the morning when the Crier chief sang his prayers of blessings to Tawa,
God of the Sun, all the pueblo would know of his earthly departure and would scatter
magic meals to the desert breeze for his safe journey to the hunting lodge. He would
need their protective guidance on the strange trail. . . . His closed eyes smiled, hidden,
and he relaxed, unafraid.

A cool breeze crept in a crack in the stone wall and ruffled the eagle's feather in the
chieftain's clutched fist. His sinewy fingers uncurled, and the feather blew across
the body.

MURIEL RAFFERTY.
If I Could Choose

All my life I have been dreaming. When I was a little girl in pigtails, I used to lie for a few minutes before going to sleep at night, and I pictured the most delightful scenes and events. I thought out the details for long voyages on a swift white ship of my own, filled with beautiful boys and girls, my guests. The sea was to be blue and sparkling, the sky clear and sunny, but not always. There would come a time when the wind would howl and the rain fall hard and fast, but the ship would ride safely through the storm with everything warm and cozy within. So night after night I sailed the seas, happy, loved, admired, the possessor of the power so bestow upon others the gift of happiness—as I understood it then.

The years passed and I, at home, travelled far and wide. I sailed with Odysseus through many adventures, rejoicing when at last we came safely home to good Penelope. I wept to see Icarius fall, and became pensive over Diana's sleeping shepherd boy. I listened to Thor's thunderous shout and heard his hammer crash on the mountain side. I wandered through myriad dark forests and castles, dealt with fairies, good and bad, always reaching the haven of perfect love and happiness at the end. No wonder I dreamed such dreams of vague but splendid achievement.

Time brought experience in reality, and I changed my reading to fit my growth. I went to school and to camp with fun-loving, noble-minded girls, and my own young ideals were strengthened and developed. Love—not fairy-prince emotion—but real young human life began to have a place in my reading and in my thoughts. I became more conscious of myself and of others and of the real problems to be met in making dreams come true.

With the advent of the long-awaited college days, I have had less time for fiction and more opportunity for experience and observation. My dreams have come down to earth or at least to attainable levels, and I am aware at last that their fulfillment depends upon me and upon the qualities which made me what I am.

And what am I? I am the child of my parents: a Negro, an American, a girl. I am myself, a combination of traits, abilities, and factors which make me different from anyone else in the world. And well aware am I that what I am provides and limits the possibilities for what I shall be.

What if I could consciously choose for myself the factors of race, nationality, sex, and parentage? Let us slip back into the pages of one of those long-forgotten fairy tales and see if we cannot find a kindly god-mother who will give me four wishes—four opportunities to change the possibilities for the fulfillment of my dream.

Let me choose my nationality first. Ah, what a rich array of countries and peoples I have before me! Here are the old European countries, the older Asiatic lands. There is Africa with its oldness and newness, and there are the island cultures. Lastly, here lies the young America with its mixture of peoples and tongues. What traditions, which long, colorful histories lie within their customs and their institutions! To wander through them, settling here and there, but eventually moving on until I should return at last to the homeland—that would be one part of the dream come true.

And now which shall be the homeland? America, of course. I would not have that changed, for after all, is not America the land of all lands where opportunity is
freest and most abundant? Is it not the place for a dreamer eager to realize her dreams? And, well, it is home. Yes, if you please, I shall remain an American.

Now that I have settled upon my nationality, there comes the question of race. Is it not surprising that in such a country one should have to be careful about the choice of her color? Nevertheless, it is true. To be dark-skinned as I am now is to fill one's path with obstacles. It is to bar oneself entirely from certain opportunities and to make it more difficult to avail oneself of certain others. Thus you see a part of what I have considered when I make my wish.

I choose to remain a Negro. I cannot give up my people. What should I do without their patience and their sympathy, their simple, age-old wisdom, their rich song, and their warm living beauty? I have very little prejudice based upon race difference. I like many peoples from races other than my own. Yet, how should I love a pale man? or a red or a yellow? No, I would not be anything else in the world. It is a call, a challenge, and if I can reach the goal of my dream, so much greater the achievement. It is worth it, every bit.

And what comes next? Well, now that I have race and nationality, I think I shall choose my sex. But there is really no question about that. I have known all along that I could never consent to be anything but a woman. Perhaps if I had never been that, if I had considered the matter impartially from the viewpoint of purely material advantages, I might have chosen to be a male. But, thank God, I had no choice. Not for anything now would I surrender the joy, the wonder, the challenge, the very trouble belonging to womanhood. Why, that would change the very dream itself.

Let us go on quickly to parentage. I see that there is no need to consider the matter at length. Give up my parents? Belong to another family? No.

So I have lost my four wishes, because I do not wish to be anyone else in the world but myself. That is really what I have chosen, for a change in any one of the factors of race, nationality, sex, or parentage would have made me a different person. It is my dream, and I shall have to fulfill it. I am content, I am pleased to be myself.

BESSIE COBB.
The day had begun with low clouds
And sombreness.
Hernanda went out into the garden
And called to Maria
Where she played with her little piled sticks
And palm nuts that littered the ground.
They went through the gate;
The lantana was wild red-orange,
Frightening,
Against the dull background of water.
The surface of the bay was gray metal
Molten and moving vastly underneath,
And there was no sound by the water-end
Except for the clapping of sea on the boatsides,
And eddying by the pilings.
The two of them stood on the edge,
Safe from the sea,
Safe on the land's arm that spread out in the water
And held the small boats close
To the land's breast.
On the packing-house roof,
Echru-feathered pelicans waited for fish,
And cormorants drew dark wings against the sky.
A few gulls screamed and hissed,
Shadowing the water,
Or let themselves stiff-legged and slowly
Down on the roof of the cannery.
Hernanda looked out to Point Loma
And then south toward the Islands,
Half-sunk, like great beasts
Drinking the water,
But almost lost now in the dulling of day,
And the rain coming.
And looking south, she thought of Giletto's boat
And wondered if it was safe out there,
Or frail and impotent
Like the wings of birds in storm.
They walked back again to the house
And Hernanda took out her loaves of bread
From the brick oven where the rain was already falling,
With spitting sounds, against the hot sides.
And she brought in the clothes from the line
Where they flapped like arms
Trying to tell her of something.

It rained hard before nightfall
Until the dusk was filled with heavy monotone
And desolated whispering;
Whenever she looked in the sky, she could see
The birds blown in from the ocean.

Then in the darkness of the rooms
She turned on the lights and tended to supper;
And fed the child where she sat in the high chair
With her toes stuck out oddly,
And her eyes waiting each spoonful of food,
And her mouth opened and hungry.

The night outside seemed to be cupping around them
Like big hands holding them softly.

In the stillness Hernanda shivered.
She picked up Maria and carried her in to the bed,
With her head heavy and warm on Hernanda's shoulder.
She brushed the child's feet with the palm of her hand,
Then brought over the covers and spoke some soft word,
Tenderly, because of the rain of the night.
And Giletto's boat.

Then she went back to the front room
That was nearest the sea
And took off her shoes and stockings.
She went over to the window, feeling as she stepped,
The nap of the rug on her feet.

She looked out toward the bay
But the night was a veil between her and the water,
And the rain on the window ran down
Like tears glittering.
Outside she could hear Giletto's weather vane
Whirl clattering and unsure
In the wind that blew it every way;
Till the clattering was her own heart in the gale
Veering and wild.

She felt her rosary and thought of it,
And drew the chain from her dress
Where it lay at her throat.
And the beads, slipping warm through her fingers,
Were quietness, but the words came out slowly

Because of wordless things.
She moved at last, and turning out the lights,
Undressed in the darkness and walked through the house,
An inner world made by enclosing rain.

She lay down on the bed slowly and carefully
So that the child went on sleeping.
The wind blew up strong and banged the gate;
"I should have latched the gate," she thought,
"This evening, when we came from walking."
Outside a car went by,
Making long slicking sounds on the pavement,
And its headlights threw momentary light
Against the wall.

On the other side of the wall
Where the Gicallonis lived,
She could hear Margurita phoning the Company
For news of the boats.
"Margurita... Margurita...
Ask about Giletto."
She said again,
"Ask about my Giletto."

She felt the baby stir
And turn its face on her shoulder;
Then they both lay there quietly,
Till Margurita came up to the wall on the other side.
"They haven't heard," she said.
"The static's bad, and they can't get a message."
Hernanda lay thinking of Giletto—
When he came up from the bay in the mornings,
With his face cold in the fog,
And his arms swinging and strong.
Tomorrow she would shine and buff his good shoes
Where they stood in the closet,
Still shaped to his feet.

She looked at the baby;
Where its mouth had been, was a little wet spot
On Hernanda's shoulder,
And its small warm leg was against her.

She moved the child's head away,
Gently and quietly,
And wiped at the wet spot,
And drew the heavy braid of her hair to one side
Where it lay silken
And comfortable for sleeping.

An airplane flew low towards the landing field
With hurrying propeller,
Wings drifting and swift;
She could see the flash of the red wing-lights through the window
As it passed over the houses
A great bird with a heavy heart
Swooping above her.

The wind shook the house
Like a man's fist banging at doors.

She watched the rain spill from the eaves,
Long threads of rain falling downward
And breaking into drops.

A kitten mewed somewhere outside.
Hernanda turned her head and with her hand touching the child
She tried to sleep away sadness
Of lonely sounds, or deep silence.
It was chill, wavering dawn when she opened her eyes
And saw Margurita beside the bed.
They looked at each other
With a long held glance.
Then Margurita moved her eyes to the window,
"Something hit him," she said.
"They didn't know just how it was . . .
Something hit him and knocked him off."
She was looking down.
"The catch wasn't very good;
The tunas are small."

The light was gray for a long time,
Day came so slowly.
But the skies began showing blue
And sunshine came
Like brightness on an enemy face
After a cruel and evil thing was done.
The light was deception on the earth
And there were shadows of clouds on the sea.

A. Y.

I Told A Secret

I told a secret to my heart;
It echoed clear and deep
To waken all my tender part
I thought had lain asleep.

When I found my heart could pain
And twist my life awry,
I sought to throw aside my chain
And forget the gentle cry.

I tell this secret to my heart
And feel my heart grow cold.
I feel the tender youth depart;
My love has grown too old.

—ARNOLD SPENCER
THE WORLD WAITS

(A Rondeau)
The world waits!
At last the week
For Eastern Chinee and Western Greek,
   For denizens of northern clime
   And southern folk has come the time
When they can find that which they seek.

The haughty proud and lowly meek,
The ugly "mug" and handsome "shiek"
   Assume a mien—calm, sublime.
The world waits!

Though buildings rot and great dams leak,
Yet all is still and not a creak
   Disturbs. 'Twould be a crime
   For the moment is ripe, the moment prime:
So speak, Dr. Lesley! Speak!
The world waits!

EXPERIENCE

In 1914, Anno D.
When kings were up and doing,
Old Kaiser William, up spoke he
And started trouble brewing.

"Myself and God," he gave the hail
In manner quite pugnacious.
But he was surely doomed to fail
As he was too loquacious.

Yet civilization compensates
And rulers grew wiser at last.
No more do they tempt the fates
For they, too, remember the past.

So Hitler, with his Aryan race,
And hopes for power and pelf,
Has learned by William's tragic case
And merely says—"Myself."
GREATNESS

If the opera singers, known as "great"
Keep on adding much more weight,
Soon we'll see the hippopotamus
Singing Figaro, Faust or Rhadames.
THE FIRST PRACTICAL JOKE

When a man on his marital state embarks
He finds himself open to jocular remarks.
But kidding a bridegroom is nothing new,
For when Adam got Eve, he was ribbed, too.

Verses: ELYA BRESLER
Blocks: HARRY GREENE
The Lost Literature of the Aztecs

When one mentions the Aztec civilization of the pre-conquest era, immediately he thinks of ruthless warriors, inhuman religious sacrifices, great administrators and finished artisans. Since language, however, is part of the assemblage of practices and beliefs which determine the texture of a people's life, the richness of their language shows clearly the high degree of civilization which the Aztecs attained.

They were accomplished orators and great bards, and long before the poets of Europe had expressed a love of nature, those of the Aztec Empire were writing songs that manifested a close unity to things about them. Their language was pure, brilliant, and made beautiful with frequent comparisons to the most pleasant things of nature. They described the moon, wrote of the setting sun, praised the aroma of the scented flowers, and admired the beauties of colors. They showed a high standard of imagery expected of a people so devoted to oratory.

Their art and culture flourished during the middle of the fifteenth century, and in his period, known as the Golden Age of Texcoco, there lived one of the most picturesque figures of Aztec history. The story of Nezahualcoyotl is a romance full of difficult situations in which he always triumphed over his enemies. After he was placed on the throne of Texcoco, one of the three nations of the Mexican Empire, he did to his people what Alfonso el Sabio did to the Spain of the thirteenth century. By establishing academies of music, poetry, history, astronomy and grammar, this illustrious emperor made of Texcoco the Athens of the Western World.

Not only was this organizer of culture a wise monarch, but he was also a poet of great renown. Several of his odes, and fragments of odes, were preserved and translated into Spanish by Ixtlilxochitl, a direct descendant, and the most notable historian of the Texcocans. In his works, Nezahualcoyotl shows a profound philosophy born of his science and meditations. He compares the shortness of life and its pleasures with the fleeting blooms of a flower. He mentions the roundness of the earth before this fact was accepted in Europe. His style has been compared to the works of Seneca, Euripides, and other early Greek writers, and in his greatest ode, "On the Mutability of Life," he develops the same Epicurean sentiment that is developed by different races in different languages.

How is it that this literature survived the destruction of hieroglyphic documents by the Spanish conquerors? Recent research works in the old archives of Mexico City has disclosed the fact that this ancient Mexican literature survived because it was never written, and that it had to be memorized, since the Nahuatl system of picture writing was too undeveloped to permit its being recorded as a formal literature.

A vast quantity of pre-Columbian literature was miraculously saved from total destruction by interested priests, and through the encouragement of the Spanish government, many of the records found in New Spain were copied and transmitted to Madrid. These contain the originals of practically all the old documents translated into Spanish, shortly after the conquest, by students at the mission schools.

The Aztecs and other races of Mexico never divided their poems into lines as is done in modern poetry. For years, leading scholars tried to remove this obstacle, but only recently, with great patience and a due share of fortune, was the secret unveiled. It was found that the poems, with few exceptions, were composed in perfect trochaic
manner in accordance with the long agglutinate compound words of the Aztec tongue. What looked like pages and pages of endless prose was in reality perfect verse, and the meter used is similar to the one of the Indian poem, "Hiawatha," by Longfellow. A wonderful example of this meter is found in "The Song of Quetzalcoatl", a long heroic poem about the most mysterious of all their gods.

Most of this literature, which is more varied and extensive than the Bible, is still hidden in the dusty archives of Spain and of Mexico City. Among other things, the poems embrace hymns, songs, temple spirituals, court rituals, court poems and volumes on scientific subjects. In the library of Mexico City alone, there are almost 800,000 volumes of which not more than 100,000 have been listed and classified. In the archives of the Council of the Indies and in the library of Madrid are to be found untold treasures in ancient books and manuscripts waiting for inquiring scholars to do exhaustive research work. Only until the importance of this lost literature is realized, then will this be done.

RUDOLPH M. MORALES.

Your friendship is like flowers in my hand,
Held there in wonder;
And as I dare to fear the blossoms waste,
I would yet know eternal fragrance lingers.

That from the pale shadows of my palm
Some trail of blossom-scent uprising,
Would reach my face, bent over
To snuff the fragrance in the darkness.

And in the still moment of that thought,
Transcending fears,
I would feel wonder hushing down the pain,
Even while the sense of loss sank quiveringly
Deepening the well of tears.

A. Y.
Georg stood at the open window watching the crowd milling in the street below. "A lighted window means a friend; a darkened one, an enemy," the Nazi oberleutenant said.

All along the streets of Linz, the windows were lighted. Men surged up and down the sidewalks, spilling into the narrow street where steel-helmeted troops goose-stepped along. Every now and then, a noisy tank clattered by, bristling with machine guns. Everywhere arms were stiffened skyward, palms outward, and the roaring voices fell into a rhythmic chant. "Heil-l-l-l-l Hitler!"

Georg turned from the window to escape the name. His father came into the house laughing and cheering, and greeted him with an absurdly small swastika flag waving from his huge hand.

"Come, Georg! Der Fuehrer is coming! Come and greet Hitler!"

"You mean greet the tyrant, the despoiler of Austria?"

His father leaped forward and shook him violently by the shoulders. His face worked emotionally, and his voice was husky as he spoke to Georg. "Don't talk like that! Soon Austria will be a part of Germany, and we will be citizens of the Third Reich. We owe all respect and loyalty to Der Fuehrer. He will pass by in a few minutes; now go outside and greet him."

"Ja, vater."

But after his father had left, Georg went to the drawer where his father's Luger was kept. After making sure that the pistol was loaded, he put it inside his jacket and went outside into the street.

Large open staff cars and armored cars were now driving by, with gold-braided generals sitting in them, stiff-backed and grim. The cheering was growing louder, and mounted Storm Troopers were forcing the crowd back onto the sidewalk.

At the corner a group of black-shirted youths had caught two Jews, and were subjecting them to obscene indignities. Georg was surprised to see his friend Mueller, the policeman, standing in the shadow of a doorway, watching the Jew-baiters, yet not daring to interfere. George fought his way through the crowd to Mueller's side.

"Gott, Mueller, you too? Can't anyone do anything?"

The policeman gave him a piercing look and pulled Georg close to him by the arm.

"Better not talk like that, Georg! They won't stand for a bit of opposition."

"But I don't understand it all. Why is everyone cheering Hitler, when a week ago most of them said they'd back Schuschnigg? Why didn't our army keep out the German troops?"

"Because they didn't want to, you young fool! Do you think we want a war? Most of this crowd are Nazis; and those who aren't, are smart enough not to show it. I'm not exactly in favor of Hitler myself, but when those Storm Troopers are around, I'll cheer. I've got a wife and children to support."

He walked away to the curb, leaving Georg alone. So that was it. Mueller was afraid, and had a family. But he, Georg—he was not afraid—and he had no family. He patted the butt of the Luger beneath his jacket and looked up as the cheering re-
doubled. Far up the street an open car was approaching, surrounded by bodyguards. And in the back seat, alone, sat a little man with a black moustache.

The cheers were deafening as Georg dove into the crowd and squirmed his way to the curb. Yet to Georg the noise seemed strange. Why was everyone in favor of Hitler? Among the excited faces of the Nazis he could see fear-stricken men who seemed to be wondering the same thing.

As he stood on the edge of the curb and watched the approaching car he felt the pressure of a mighty exultation that bore down over the entire street. Instead of the cries of defiance he longed to hear, there were only cheers of welcome.

The noise seemed to tumble down the street in waves that broke in waves all around the open car. Georg could easily see the impassive features of the little man adorned with the black moustache. Everything else on the street seemed to fade into obscurity as George fastened his eyes on the man. The cars, the troops, the people, all became blurred; the roaring noise mounted higher and higher.

Georg felt his feet leave the curb—step forward. He felt his hand grip the pistol under his jacket. He dimly heard a sharp voice. "Georg!" He knew it was Mueller.

The car was nearly to him. Georg felt quick terror as his eyes caught the gleam of the bayonets of the bodyguard. He couldn't breathe. A lump filled his throat—choked him. He ran toward the open car, but his feet seemed to float slowly through space... the pistol butt burned his palm...

He could see the bodyguards jump toward him—the little man turned and looked at him, startled. All action seemed to cease, yet the world reeled and spun before Georg's eyes. Only the little man with his absurd moustache remained in focus in the blur. Whole minutes seemed to creep slowly by... the bodyguards were still coming—oh, so slowly... Mueller was still calling from miles away... "Georg"... the little man was still staring...

The rising noise reached a shrieking climax... the world was suddenly bathed in cold sweat, as his hand came from his jacket—empty—shot stiffly upward... the lump inside him exploded—seemed to tear at the roots of his throat—and burst from his lips in a wild, defeated cry.

"HEIL HITLER!"
She knew how she would tell him. She would wait until after dinner, when he was sitting in the front room. He would go to his bedroom to brush his hair and put on his coat. She would follow him. She would follow him and say—"Floyd, please, come and sit down. I want to talk to you." He would be worried and say, "Not now, Tresa. I'm late. I must go." But she would take his arm, and pull him over to the bed, and make him sit there, on the edge, and then she would go to the bureau and open the drawer where she kept her handkerchiefs, and take out her money. She would bring it to him and put it in his hands and say, "Here it is Floyd. Here it is."

But now—that was how she would try to tell him. It wouldn't be that way. Floyd would be impatient with her and refuse to sit down, and she would have to give it to him while he was putting on his coat, or getting his hat, or even earlier while he was still eating.

And yet—she could see how it should be. She could see Floyd sitting on the bed, wondering, and herself giving him the money...

When she came home she kissed him, and stroked his hair and his cheek with her hand. He drew away slightly and smoothed his hair back, and she wished she hadn't touched him. She didn't want to make him cross with her—tonight.

"Tired?" she asked.

He nodded without speaking, and she knew he was thinking that tonight... She smiled to herself, because she had her surprise for him. She wanted to put her arms around him and say, "It's all right darling—!" but she didn't, because it would be better to tell him later. But once in the kitchen, she twirled silently on one toe and speared the chops in the pan with a flourish, for she couldn't get out of her mind that picture of Floyd sitting on the bed, and her bringing him the money.

He, didn't talk while they ate; but then, he never talked much. Sometimes that bothered her—they didn't see each other all day, and when they were together, they just sat and ate. "As though that was all people were made to do," she had thought to herself. But tonight she was glad of his silence, because she was planning what she would say. Now in the first place, she didn't want to hurt him. She must be careful. Yes, very careful. Very, very careful. Very, very, very... she caught herself saying the words over silently, so that they didn't mean anything, while her mind ran on ahead, thinking how Floyd would look when she gave him the money. She brought herself up sternly. Now: What was she going to say?

Floyd was proud. She was glad he was. He wanted her to look nice all the time, with her hands soft and her hair neat and her clothes dainty. She made her clothes herself. She was a nice seamstress. Thank goodness she was! She looked down at her plate, hardly able to hold a smile. Yes, thank goodness she was.

He wanted everything about him to be nice and clean too, and of the best kind. Sometimes that was hard. When she was tired and all—for him to want flowers and a clean tablecloth. And the money. She could always save, but when Floyd was buying, he never seemed to even see the cheap things. But since they'd seen the note was coming due, it had been a little different. But before that—! Well, the things they had got for the baby. And when she thought of the baby, she felt again the way she...
always did—wanting to cry, and yet no tears. She wished she had him with her again—inside her, and safe . . . safe . . .

She looked up at Floyd across the table from her. His eyes were downcast, giving his face a strange, yet set expression—like a statue. That white cold face, with its large, well-carved features, and the brows black against the white forehead, and the hair above it soft and dark—she knew it, her eyes knew it, and her fingers, and her mouth—every line and hollow. Yet now it was almost like a stranger's to her. She was almost afraid to speak to it. Suddenly he looked at her—raised those intense blue eyes—and she felt then as she always had when he looked at her that way, weak inside, and wanting to give him anything he wanted.

Anything he wanted. Floyd had always got that. There were some people who did, and lots more who didn't. She had wanted—well she had wanted so much. A baby . . . she thought of the baby first. And no worries about money. And nice friends—really dear friends. And it wasn't till then that she remembered the thing she wanted most of all. She had wanted a husband whom she loved and who loved her with all his heart. With all his heart! Not part of it. Not just the part that wasn't concerned with working and getting ahead—and other women.

She thought of that first time she had known. She had thought of it so often it no longer aroused any emotion. And yet she could remember just how she felt. They had been married not quite a year. She had been young—nineteen—and she had loved Floyd so much! Why had Beth been visiting them? Now it was hard to remember. Maybe she had been a little lonely. But Beth—! with her queer blond hair and her queer gray eyes—and her wild laughter . . . why had she asked her!

She could remember . . . she had gone down town that day—Saturday, it had been—and Beth had stayed home. She had told Beth she'd be home late in the afternoon, and then she had left most of her money in her other purse and had come home for it quite early. The house had been very quiet when she came in. Something in the quiet had frightened her. She started to call "Beth . . ." and she couldn't bear to speak in the silence. She came in to the living room and saw Floyd's hat on the table. So he was home early after all. He had said this morning he would work all day—. She had gone on through the living room into the hall. From there she could see the bedroom door was closed. At first she had wondered . . . And then she knew that Floyd and Beth were in there together. She was very still and she could hear them talking. She had stood for a long time, outside the room, while everything she had ever believed in, all the safety she had ever known, fell away from her. It seemed to her she was standing on a mountain top, and if she looked down, she wouldn't see anything. Everything below her was wrapped in darkness—horrible, lonely darkness. And she thought, "What will I do now?"

Then she had been afraid they would hear her and know she was there—and suppose they came out and found her, what would she say?—so she had gone out of the hall, out of the house.

And after that she could see—glances, silences, the two of them avoiding being together when she was near. She had been always waiting—for something to happen. She could almost smile now, remembering that. She had expected Floyd to leave her, or Beth to turn on her one day and furiously confess everything. And then, about two months after she had first known, Beth said she was going back home. It seemed to Tresa she scarcely dared breathe or say a word until Beth had gone. She half expected Floyd to declare he was going with her—and when he didn't, it gave her an odd feeling, as though she almost hated him for not going. And yet she couldn't have borne it if he'd left her. She couldn't have borne it.
At first after Beth left she was happy and secure, but still things were not quite right. She couldn’t understand how Floyd could have done what he did and then give up so . . . easily. It was the ease that frightened her a little. And then she began to see—that it wasn’t just Floyd and Beth—it was just Floyd and women. She came to know when he was being unfaithful to her. He would be gone all evening, or all night—make odd telephone calls—leave home early Sunday and not come back until evening—and never any explanation. At first she had seen all this with terror that was like a long steel needle in her chest. With terror—and then—and then—the pain was not so sharp. She got used to those shadowy figures that always stood behind her. She got used to them. And anyway—Floyd never spent money on them—he always came back to her.

Sometimes she wished it hurt as much as it once had. She sighed, and with the sigh glanced up guiltily across the table to see if Floyd had noticed it. But he was slowly buttering a piece of bread and staring at the table cloth. He put the bread into his mouth unthinkingly and then picked up the crumbs that had dropped on the table and rolled them into a little ball between his fingers. She knew what he was thinking, of course—that tonight he must . . . and she suddenly realized that in a few minutes he’d have to tell him. She carried their plates into the kitchen, and the half empty dishes. She took a long time about it, scraping and piling them up, putting off the moment when she’d have to tell him. Finally Floyd said, pushing back his chair and singing, “Don’t give me any dessert. I haven’t time. It’s getting late.” At this she hurried in from the kitchen, a dish of pudding in each hand, and set the dishes down on the table, “It won’t take long, dear. Just a small helping—”

He gave a short impatient sigh and sat down again, dragging the dish toward him across the table. “Any cream?” he asked. She brought in some canned milk poured in a little pitcher, and sat down. She tasted the pudding, but she couldn’t eat it. She mashed it against the side of the bowl with her spoon, and then poured the cream over it in little rivulets. What should she say. What. She must think of something, but she must stop thinking about it, and decide right away. She remembered how it used to be in school, when the teacher asked questions down the rows and came to a hard one that nobody knew, and no one in her row could answer it, and she knew the teacher was going to ask her, so she thought, “I must think of the answer,” but all she could think was that—“I must think of the answer.”

She could say, “Floyd dear—here’s all the money you need.” Or, “I’ve saved up little money to help out.” Or—but what would she say then? When he asked her how she had got the money? He was proud, Floyd was. Should she say, “Oh, I’ve been doing a little sewing—”? But that sounded ridiculous. It hadn’t been a little swing. Or, “Some of the women asked me to—”

He stood up, pushing his chair away from the table. “I’m going over to see ernstein,” he said shortly, and she thought with panic, “Now . . . now . . .” Then she as following him into their bedroom, and saying, “Floyd—just a minute—I have something”—But he was putting on his coat and said, just as she had known he would, “When I get home, Tresa.” She went to him and put her hand on his arm. He said, “Some other time—” and left the room. She called after him, “Wait, Floyd—!” and on to her bureau. She opened the top drawer, and digging under the handkerchiefs, ok out the roll of bills and hurried after him.

He was at the door. “Here,” she said, and pushed the roll into his closed hand. He unrolled the bills and looked at them unemotionally. “What’s this?” he asked, as though it couldn’t be money. “It’s money,” she said, and she was so frightened . . . and so excited . . . she thought she could hardly speak. “It’s all you need—more than
a hundred dollars—" Her voice wavered at the end, and she thought, now what... The room was very quiet for a moment, and then Floyd said, "Where'd you get it?"

"Now—now she must be careful. "I... got it—"

"Got it! Where?"

"From some of the women."

"You mean you borrowed it?"

"I worked for it." She had told him, and he would be angry. But he was not angry. Instead he looked puzzled. "Worked for it—? How worked?"

"I sewed. Dresses—and things like that—and some mending."

He was staring at the roll of bills in his hand. His head was lowered and his face was in the shadow, so all she could see was the white expanse of his forehead and the line of his eye-brows. "A hundred dollars—" he was saying in a slow voice, "I didn't think you could make that much just sewing."

She had been afraid he would be hurt or angry, but instead he seemed strangely untouched by what she had done. She wanted him to know how hard it had been, how many hours it had taken, how her back had hurt, and her eyes, and how she had hated asking people for the work. She said, "Just sewing—! Oh, but it's taken me weeks and weeks—"

He looked at her then. His eyes were cold. "Weeks—!" he said shortly. "You mean you've had some of that money for that long and never told me—? You've had it—you've known we could make it—and you haven't told me! You wanted to surprise me with it—surprise me! My God! Do you know how I've worried about this—so I couldn't sleep—so I never forgot it. I've tried to borrow—tried to make the money some way. And you've had it all the time! Had it and didn't tell me—so you surprise me, make a big scene! By God!—sometimes I think you act like a child."

Suddenly he snapped his lips together and turning, went out of the house, leaving her standing there, for a long moment scarcely breathing. If she were very still, she wouldn't feel anything... she could hold it off... hold off his words. She must think—he's tired—and he's had a hard day—and he's been worried about the money. She'd go on as though nothing had happened. And nothing had happened, really.

Going slowly into the dining room, pushing his words away from her, she saw the table still set with dirty dishes. Suddenly she couldn't stand them—! Couldn't—! Couldn't! She ran into their bedroom. The light was still on and the bureau drawer was open. She had already begun to cry, and she threw herself down on the bed and covered her face with her arms, trying to shut out Floyd's face and the hateful sound of his voice. But the words kept spinning at her out of the darkness—'you've known... you haven't told me... sometimes you act like a child... by God... by God... you've had it... I couldn't sleep... you act like a child...? She pressed her fingers against her eyeballs until they ached, while the tears slipped beneath the lids and ran down her face, wetting her hands.

She lay on the bed for a long time, after awhile not moving or crying or thinking. Then, oddly, there drifted into her mind something she had once read, a long time before: It had been in a book, and a character had said that after we are dead, life still goes on—grass grows and flies buzz, and people we live with forget us. She had known then in a way what the writer meant. But now she saw the terrible, desolate truth of it. And she saw for the first time that that was how it would be with her. For she was not important—not important. Not to Floyd, not to anyone. She kept house for him, and that was all. She had never known that before. When he had loved other women—even when she first knew about Beth—she had thought, "They
only have part of him. The important part is mine." Sometimes when she was cooking his meals or sewing for him, she could stand off and see herself as part of a drama, and think, "These women envy me, because I can do these things for him." And she had thought, "There's something between us that makes us important to each other." And she would think how Floyd would suddenly realize this if she should die. But now she was—if she should die, Floyd would hire a housekeeper or get married again or have his sister stay with him. He never thinks of me—me!" And thinking of that "me", it dwindled and grew smaller. She thought, "I'm something in his life that's not very important. I'm not very important. Not even to myself. Not...very...important..."

She sat up in bed and ran her hand through her hair. Her eyes fell on the alarm clock on the table by the bed. Nine o'clock! Sudden realization penetrated. Nine o'clock—and all those dishes! She slid her feet to the floor and started almost vigorously to pull straight the bedspread. She paused. She had forgotten—

She could see the kitchen in her mind's eye—and the plates glazed with dry food, the skillets covered with a film of cold grease. But why should she do them—So they'd be clean for tomorrow's lunch. And dinner. And breakfast again. There was no point in it.

Still she started to go out of the bedroom when she saw herself in the mirror. How awful she looked—all cried out. She must wash her face before Floyd got home. Then she remembered again. Why should she make herself nice for Floyd? There was no point in it. There was no point in anything.

But she went automatically toward the bathroom, turning out the bedroom light as she went. For a moment she stood there in the sudden dark, and thought, "Oh, God—oh, God—what will I do now?" Even when Floyd came home what could there be to do? She kept thinking, "I'm not very important—not—very—" Then she went through the door out into the chilly hall.

VERENA CRONBURG.

VIII

The rose that yesterday I stole
From out tomorrow's garden,
Has blossomed in the night
And perfume from its shallow bowl
Fills my room with golden wine.

—M. F.
Our United Fruit Company steamer rides gently at anchor by harborless Port Limón, on the Caribbean coast of diminutive Costa Rica. We lie between the mainland and a tiny coastal island called Uvita, or Little Grape—where, four hundred years ago, Christopher Columbus bade farewell to the new world he had discovered. With the conclusion, "Romantic, isn’t it"? we lapse again into lethargy, for the morning sun is high, the heat oppressive, and our humors brittle.

Dressed in white Palm Beach that sticks to us uncomfortably, and fanning our heads with heavy cork helmets, we drop into the ship’s launch and sputter ashore, wondering where in heaven’s name is the lure of the tropics . . .

At ten o’clock we are slumped into the comfortable wicker chairs of the observation platform of our train, bound for San José, the capital, for the annual diplomatic reception at the National Theatre. We strike up an acquaintance with a dark-skinned, well-dressed native who speaks perfect English. He tells us that three-fourths of the ten thousand inhabitants of Port Limón are Jamaican negroes whose ancestors were African slaves taken to the West Indies and the neighboring coast lands during the early part of the nineteenth century. These hardy people perform most of the manual labor in connection with the cultivation and shipment of bananas, which is the town’s principal industry and one of the country’s main sources of revenue.

The first part of our trip is along the edge of the vivid blue Caribbean. The shoreline is broken by scanty native huts, lifted high above the tides by precarious stilts and sheltered from the bleaching sun by splaying clusters of coconut palms; on the inland side of the track is a tangled mat of green shrubbery out of which grow slender, sky-reaching fronds and immense leaves.

As we leave the sea and progress inland, the trees become taller and the foliage and undergrowth more luxuriant; graceful, gauze-like parasites trail across the branches; liana vines climb the tree-trunks to the topmost limbs and drop to the ground again, losing themselves among the giant ferns and brilliant flowers that carpet the ground and cover the iron railway ties.

After thirty miles of wild tropics, we enter the plantation country and rumble past endless acres of cacao trees and yellow-green banana plants. We stop at one little village on the way and are besieged by a crowd of dark-skinned Negroes, the women in rags, the children naked, hawking their wares in singsong Spanish. When the engineer has received his orders, we move on, and presently we begin to climb. We leave behind us the clammy heat and come into the invigorating air of the lower mountain country. Vegetation is less dense; the trees are more sturdy, with branches and foliage reaching closer to the ground.

The little engine begins to puff and groan as the tracks lead us up, up through the green mountain country. Suddenly we round a curve and enter a deep gorge. The train clings tenaciously to the perpendicular mountain wall at whose base, far below, the great Reventazón River hurls itself in mad, roaring fury along its ancient bed. Mile after mile we follow upward the course of the river, sometimes at its very banks, when the rumbling waters are deafening to the ears; sometimes we climb far above it on hazardous ledges and spider-web bridges, when the river seems a motionless, glimmering ribbon lying in the early afternoon sunlight.
Soon we come to the hamlet of Turrialba, on the slopes of the great volcano. Again the cars are surrounded by clamoring Jamaican Negroes. They balance on their heads trays of the luscious sliced pineapple for which the district is famous, even in Hawaii...

Middle afternoon finds us in the cool fragrant air of the beautiful Reventazón valley. On either side of us the shiny-leaved coffee trees, sprinkled with bright red berries, march in trim rows up the slopes. Once again we see the tall banana plants which, as we are told, do not bear fruit at this altitude but afford protective shade for the delicate young coffee trees. Separating the coffee plantations from the green patches of pasture land are barbed-wire fences whose posts have taken root and sprouted leaves in appreciation of the rich soil and the fine climate!

The straining, courageous little engine brings us, after a climb of five thousand feet, to the classic old city of Cartago, a relic of colonial Spain's vanished power. After a brief stop, the train makes its way down again into another fertile valley for the last ten miles of our trip. We roll past rich meadows and fertile fields and, in good time, have descended a thousand feet to the great plain where lies San José de Costa Rica. Surrounding the plain are the three great sentinels which sometimes get out of hand—the volcanoes Poás, Turrialba, and Irazú. San José lies in the middle of the plain and, at the close and far ends of the valley are two other important centers, the cities of Alajuela and Heredia.

It was in these fertile uplands, three thousand feet above the oceans, that the Spanish founders of Costa Rica settled four centuries ago. Today, Costa Rica still stands racially supreme in all Latin America for, although Chile, Uruguay, and the Argentine are all of European stock, they cannot boast the pure Spanish lineage of the Costa Ricans.

The people seem active for Latins, and we ourselves are invigorated by the bracing atmosphere and the steady temperature which never varies more than five degrees from the mean of sixty-seven. We are amused to hear that, during the rainy season, which begins in May and ends in October, it never rains in the morning.

Within the city we find different types of architecture, from the severe adobe of the homes of wealthy Costa Ricans to the $25,000 American legation. The most distinctive public buildings are the presidential, judicial, and national palaces, the cathedral and bishop's palace, and the National Theatre.

We find the city nicely planned and having several beautifully cared-for parks where the famous national band holds concerts three nights a week and on Sunday afternoons. To these concerts everyone goes, for the Costa Ricans are a music-hungry people.

To us, enchanted as we are with the mood of San José, it is a city of contrasts. Although it boasts the only electric tramway in Central America, the primitive ox cart is an accepted part of city life. Sanitation, we are told proudly, is a government hobby, yet we wonder at the dirty beggars who roam the streets capitalizing on their infirmities. Every Monday morning, a uniformed sanitary inspector comes to inspect the kitchens and outhouses of residents, native and foreign, yet we cannot forego a little dismay when we see a garbage cart clattering down the street, preceded and followed by an army of black, ragged-winged buzzards that perch on the backs of the helpless oxen, and fight and scream at each other over choice bits of refuse.

The city streets are well-paved and lighted, yet a carriage or motor car cannot go more than a few miles outside the city. Still, on the outskirts of the city, on a green table-land of about forty acres, called the Sabana, have been built a flying field, athletic parks, and the foreign colony's country club.

So we spend the last few hours of daylight exploring the city and, when night
comes, we change to evening clothes and are off to the theatre, that great architectural masterpiece which is a direct copy of the Paris Opera House and was built at the great extravagance of a million dollars. It seems to represent so accurately the nature of the Costa Ricans for, in a place where visiting operatic and dramatic companies are few and far between, only an intensely appreciative and vividly alive people would give so much to art.

The theatre is constructed of stone and carrara marble and, as a treasure, is surpassed in the western hemisphere only by the national theatres of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires. We gasp at the splendor of the gilded and brocaded furnishings of the reception rooms, the lavish mural decorations, statuary, and draperies, and we are strangely thrilled when we come upon the great stairway of rose-colored marble, with its exquisitely carved balustrade, in magnificent upward sweep to the foyer above.

The National Theatre is always the scene of the Presidential balls, the annual New Year's eve ball—which is the highlight of the social year—and the President's compliments to visiting celebrities. For dancing, the seats of the theatre are removed, the floor is raised by hydraulic pressure to the level of the stage, and is covered with a white canvas which is then waxed heavily and shot with gold and silver spangles. The orchestra is concealed in a garden setting on the stage and, out in the lower foyer, close to the supper rooms, the military band plays during intermissions. The crystal chandeliers blaze with light; the entire horseshoe and the tapestried walls and fixtures of the foyer are festooned with ferns and flowers, baskets of lilies and roses, delicate leafy vines, and hanging baskets of wild orchids.

The splendor of the setting is enhanced by the brightly-costumed dancers, among whom we feel strangely out of place. There are the young senoritas in their Parisian gowns; the older women sparkling with jewels; the tail-coated dignitaries, some with the colorful ribbons of the foreign service across their shirt fronts; the smartly tailored young men outdoing each other in gracelessness of manner; the brilliantly uniformed officers of the make-believe army. . . . They move among each other gracefully, waving ostrich plume fans, dancing, smiling, bowing, and walking across the floor hand on arm. . . . The whole picture is in tune with a Strauss waltz.

There is something beautifully fanciful about the manner, and yet something very real and earnest about the people. It is a scene we could never recreate nor find anywhere else; it is as if this minute republic had found a way to make a dream come true by living it intensely and sincerely.

PHILIP NOYES VAN SLYCK.
"Mother, Mother! We got pups. Pudgy's babies are here! Mother, the pups are here!"

The kitchen door was thrown open and in fell a wildly excited Billy—his blue eyes were snapping and his face was flushed. (I had been wondering which boy would discover the pups.) As he scrambled to his feet, his brother Ted rushed into the room through the other door. He managed to squeeze around Billy before he asked, "How many she got?"

"Gee, I don't know." Billy voice quavered. "I forgotta look."

"I'll count'em." Ted was gone in a flash of flying feet and arms. Billy followed like a shot from a gun, crying, "Oh, no you don't. I found'em. I getta count'em."

Ted's reply came from a considerably increased distance. "Oh yeh! You found'em and I getta count——." Here the resounding smack of something very hard hitting the cement steps cut off the conversation, a smack followed by thud, thud as of a body falling from step to step. There was a scuffle and a mumbled, "You did too" and "I didn't either" and then silence.

Soon the scramble began again, this time increasing in volume as they approached. The back door once more flew open and the two boys struggling for the lead bolted through. Ted had somehow managed to keep ahead. This was unusual: while he generally could count on winning in situations where stubborn determination was the necessary quality, he seldom won when speed was required. The huge bump swelling on his head told me the story of the drama on the basement stairs.

As he opened the door Ted was saying, "There's four of'em, Mother. They're the cutest, little, wet things."

Billy had counted them too. "Mother, there's four of'em."

"Aw, I already told her—are you deaf?"

"And they can't see," Billy continued, as though Ted were not there.

"But they're eating," Ted gave up the one-sided argument in favor of getting his "two-cents-worth." He continued, "An' they're mostly white, with some black on their heads an' some on where their tail begins."

"Gee, you're blind!" Billy piped up. "One's all white except some brown on his head an' his tail joint. An' one's like Pudgy."

"Aw, heck! What dif? It's where the spot is that counts." Ted's disgust of Billy's literalness vanished in his enthusiasm. "Gee, you oughtta see'em, Mom."

"Yeh. Com'on, I'll show'em to ya."

"All right. If you can go down quietly, you may go ahead, and I'll be there in a minute."

They started pushing and pulling to see which one could get out the door first. "Here, here, young men—I said quietly!" I took each by the hand as I said, "All right, I'm ready now. Let's have a look."

As we entered the basement, Pudgy looked up from her bed. Her large, soft, brown eyes were brimming with pride and love, and her small, white body trembled with excitement—four and one-half years is a long time out of a little dog's life and she had waited that long for her babies. In the presence of the four little miracles the boys had become quiet. Their voices were hushed, although tense, with repressed emotion. They knelt on opposite sides of her box. Pudgy sat up both to show her
treasures and to guard them. Four little, white creatures squirmed at her feet.
The flow of talk did not cease. Each boy talked on, regardless of what the other was saying.
"Aren't they cute?"
"I'm gonna choose this one."
"Look at their flat, red noses!"
"Their hair's so soft an' curly."
"Gee, aren't their feet pink?"
"That one's got his tongue out."
"See this one's all white but his brown head—see there's two with brown an' two with black." Billy had to prove his point.
"Oh all right, but I like this black headed one with the white diamond on his forehead."
"Oh, hoh," Billy chuckled, "this one's sucking his own foot."
"You little-dumb-silly, you can't get full on that."
For a while the boys watched this pup's vain attempt to appease its hunger, their heads were practically in the box with the babies. Then—
"Oh, Mother! What's the matter with this one's ears?" Ted wailed. "They're tight closed."
"Let's see! Oh, so're this one's." Billy was near tears.
"Are they gonna be deaf?" Ted's voice was husky with concern.
In the face of this apparent calamity two anxious faces were turned to me.
"It is just the same as their eyes being closed." I explained. "They will change in time."
"Oh boy, I was scared."
"Gee, I'm glad!"
Both voices were full of relief and joy, and they turned back to watch Pudgy's pups.
"Come, boys, let's eat breakfast."
"Eat! Do we have to?"
"Honest, we're not hungry. I wantta go tell Frank, an' Donny, an' Mr. Van Beber, an' Mr. Cress an'——"
"That will do now, young men. Breakfast first."
"Aw heck!"
"Betcha I get through first!"
"Betcha don't!" Ted bristled.
"Boys, go wash your teeth and comb your hair. And don't forget your hands and face."
Off they rushed, and when the pounding of what seemed like a herd of cattle resounded overhead, I turned to the new, little mother at my feet. I stroked her small head and fondled her golden ears in affectionate sympathy and understanding. The stamping was growing steadily louder, so I hurried back to the kitchen. The closing of the back door brought a measurable amount of quiet to the activities in the bathroom. As I put the steaming plates of cereal in place, I listened to their talk.
"Get out the way. I'm gonna call mine, mine——Wudge."
"I'm gonna think up a real new name that fits." Billy must always be original, but Ted likes to stay close to the "tried and true."
"Pudge—Wudge—Pudge—Wudge," Ted chanted. "Yep, I'm gonna call mine Wudge."
"Wasn't that one with the—stop it—brown ears cutest?" Billy challenged, "He's mine."
"He's not either—cut if out! Anyway I like the biggest one best."
"Keep off my feet! I found'em!" Billy bragged.
Ted triumphantly replied, "You didn't either—Pudgy did—so!"
"Aw, think you're smart!"
"Quit sprinkling! Wonder which one Patty'll like best?"
"The littlest, of course."
As Billy washed his teeth, he sang what sounded like—

"We groop-ups.
Fourn-nerrp-ups."

"I'm ready."
"So'm-I." Ted shouted and followed Billy, determined to keep up.
My problem during the meal was to see either that they did eat or that they slowed down enough to chew and swallow without choking.
"Aren't you glad we got pups, Mother?" Ted asked without wishing an answer.
"Did'ga notice Pudgy doesn't look like a little dirigible any more?"
"Yeh, isn't she skinny now?"
"I'm gonna tell Bob."
"All right," Ted conceded, 'but I getta tell Ernest an' Mr. Van Beber."
"And I'm gonna tell Frank, an' Mr. Cress, an' Mrs. Wilson, an'—"
"No sirree! I getta tell Mrs. Wilson," Ted said emphatically.
"Oh yeah!" Billy was ready to fight to the finish.
"Never mind boys. Eat your breakfast; you never will be able to tell anybody anything if you—. My gracious! I said eat it, not drink it."
"Well, we just wanted to get through. Heck!"
"We gotta tell Donny an' Patty."
For a few minutes there was quiet and industry at the table. Then—
"Isn't that one most like Pudgy sweet?" Billy ruminated. "He's mine."
"Yeh, but I like my black one best."
"Which one? There's two with black heads."
"I mean the one's the most black."
"Oh.—Come on, I'm through."
"So'm-I." Billy finished his last few bites on the way to the kitchen.
"Not so fast, boys," I remarked; "the work has to be done."
"Not today, Mother; not today!"
"Yes, today. Don't waste time arguing and you'll be through and free in no time."
"Gee-willi-gansis!" This was one long, drawn out protest from both children.
"If I have to, I suppose I have to," Billy philosophized.
"I'm going to do the dishes." Ted, who loves to make soapsuds, gave in to the inevitable too, but he was one jump ahead of Billy.
"No sir, Ted, I am. You do the car."
"Hey, Marm! he always gets to do the dishes—it's my turn."
"Well—anyway, I'm gonna do the bedrooms." Billy gave in to save time.
"All right, you let me do the dishes an' I'll do the front room."
Ted worked in the living room and Billy in the back bedroom. For awhile they worked in quiet, concentrating all their energy on finishing quickly. Then Billy's high monotone was heard in a song of rejoicing.

"We got pups,
Bran' new pups,
A hum, a he, a hum, a huh,
We got pups."
Suddenly, I became aware of the silence in the living room. I looked in to see what had stopped Ted in the midst of his work. He was standing in front of the clock; with his finger he was pointing from number to number; he was mumbling, "—fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty-one, two, three, four." Here he shouted, "Hey Marm, the pups are three hours an' thirty-four minutes old.—Oh, there you are." (Having discovered me at the door, he stopped shouting.) "An' they can crawl an' find their own food—even more'an two hours ago. Say, were we blind when we were born?"

"No, son." I had been wondering where he found such definite figures on the pups' age.

"But we couldn't crawl right off?"

"No, not for some months."

"Hump, guess dogs are a lot smarter even if they can't hear an' see."

"Yes, I guess so too. Finish your work now."

A little later, above the noise of the vacuum, I could hear him singing in his clear, sweet voice—

"Four cute pups,
Pudgy's pups,
Li'le white pups."

Later Billy had become conspicuously quiet, so I looked into the front bedroom where he was supposed to be dusting. He was puzzling over the calender that he had discovered on my dresser. When he noticed me, he asked in a perplexed voice, "Say, Mother, will our pups be two or three days old when we go to school?"

"Which do you think, Billy?"

"Not sure. Let's see—Saturday, Sunday, Monday—that's three days, but somehow it seem's they should be only two."

"That's right, son—two days."

Finally the work was finished for the day. One boy rushed out the front door and one out the back. For a moment the whole house vibrated with the sound of slammed doors. No sooner were they out than the air rang with their happy shouts. To the north, Billy shrilly called, "Hey Bonny, we got pups. Patty, Donny, we got four pups."

Donny's reply floted back over the canyon, "That's nothin', we had five."

"Yeh, but ours're new—bran' new. You oughtta see 'em. Patty, one's awful little an' cute. —Hey, Frand, we got pups. Can yo come see 'em?"

Up the road Ted was joyously announcing, "We got pups, Mrs. Wilson."

"Hey Ernny, you oughtta see our pups."

"Mr. Van Beber, Pudgy's got pups—four the cutest little things."

"Oohoo! Mr. Cress—" The words were lost, as he was now quite a distance from the house.

Both young voices became just two triumphant chants gaily going north and east and finally fading away into the distance. Peace descended upon the house. Pudgy in her basement bed was glad of the quiet. She relaxed and curled up, enfolding the four pups lovingly between her paws.

M. A. REYNOLDS
His voice goes pounding on, while we
In our alphabetic rows, do not listen.
"Twenty times the square root of three . . ."
The square root of three?—And what does THAT matter
When the sun shining through the door
Carries our thoughts on its white and glistening beams
To Nippon's far-off beck'ning shore?
Here, our singing hearts swing with cherry blossoms
That are moved by a vagrant breeze
Born in some ancient temple sanctuary.
Farther south, lost in yellow seas,
We sight a laboring Chinese junk and hear
The creaking of its steering guys
And the talking of the sails as they carry.
And now, down some dark Java street
We stalk a Madoreese on lonesome business;
Or, upon Iran desert meet
A camel caravan plodding to a market town.

"Bonaparte, prone Europe's master . . ."
We need not listen, that is long done and past;
To us, this one day is faster
Than all the hundred years since Napoleon.
Who heeds Plato when Sappho sings?
Sings, and we follow dreaming through valleys
And over green hilltops where spring's
Verdant covering redecorates the earth.
When shadows fall we rescue from the sea
The metaled moon and for a night
Hang it, dripping, in its place among the stars.
And then, in celebration, we
Dance to blatant, rhythmic beatings, which reflect
The laughter of our thoughts set free
In future fields, picking the flowers of tomorrow.
What does it matter now?—a hundred years and more
have gone since Napoleon left half a million
to stain the snows of Russia.

KENNETH BYRNS.
Out of the numberless scent of things and places which I must have known during my life there are those with which my consciousness has become impregnated. Why is it that memories long forgotten are tapped by a passing odor which may bring forth happenings both trivial and momentous? Out of what inner well of sensitivity are these responses drawn?

The chance smell of roses, smothered in dew, brings back a Southern convent garden; and I am again a very little girl, walking along brick paths in the early morning, bending to sniff each heavily weighted bud. This fragrance of roses acts as an initial stimulus, setting off a chain of remembered odors which rise to form a completed picture of that period in my life. It is always followed by an intoxicating, yeasty odor of baking which floats from the kitchen door and surrounds a row of little girls sitting on the broad stone sill, eating bread and molasses and luxuriating in the strong, spiced sweetness close to our nostrils. And next, with the pungent rising of incense in the chapel, at dusk, I hear child voices singing simple hymns, see candle-shine upon old walls, and catch again the faint, mingled odor of the Sisters' cashmere and starched linen. It is winter and we are sliding on our stomachs down the sloping garden path, now covered with ice. Our mittens give off a wet, woolly smell. Or it is summer, and we are standing, round-eyed, in the wash-house door, inhaling the honest smell of homemade yellow soap, watching the mounting piles of white clothes and hearing laughter rising through the steam.

There is the fragrance of a certain pipe tobacco which calls up my father's kindly eyes and voice. There is the soapy smell of ginger that brings the picture of my grandmother's little ivory hands curled around her jade ginger bowl. Later scents bring back moods as well as places. The honey-sweet smell of sage on a windy day carries a wave of happiness—happiness engendered on pleasant walks over California hills with much-loved friends. The smell of favorite bran muffins which my mother used to send me while away from home on my first teaching assignment comes to me. I never eat them any more. Their mealy odor sharpens into life the discouragement and loneliness of uncongenial surroundings.

Oddly, the smells of saddle leather and sweating horses evoke a memory of sharply contrasting beauty. We are running hard through a moon-washed peach orchard in full bloom. We bend low on the horses' necks to miss the branches overhead. Peach blossoms are showered on our hair and in our eyes; and all the world is beautiful.

The tangy odor of salt in the air brings, in an instant, all the joy of the most satisfying companionship I have known. In this carefree scent is the fullness of an entire summer spent lazing on the sand after morning swims; flashes of conversation are in it, too, keen, stimulating, droll. Remembered phrases crowd up, also, if I smell that odorless smell of sand. It has a clean, sterile smell as though it were washed in a thousand seas and drained of life and growth forever. Strange, how that faint, antiseptic smell will call up fragments of delight.

In every period of my life, they are there. Smells pungent, smells fragrant, smells that are more than smells—that are rather sound, and touch, and feeling. What new scents does life hold for me? What new patterns shall I add to my store from the fragrances of the future?
You may talk o’ "discip-lin’"
When you’ve all your games to win
Or your pennant chance is dim or
   When you’ve shot it—
But when the fight gets busy
You will look for guys like “Dizzy”
An’ you’ll lick the blooming boots of
   Him that’s got it!
Now in St. Loo’s sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
With the toughest, fightin’ club you ever seen,
Of all that screwy crew,
The screwiest I knew
Was our cock-eyed lead-off pitcher, Dizzy Dean.
   It was "Dean! Dean! Dean!
   You big-mouthed hunk of ivory, Dizzy Dean!
   Why aren’t you in condition
   For tomorrow’s exhibition?
   Don’t you know you’re just a cog in the machine?”
When we’d sit all day somewheres
In them hotel lobby chairs
While the rain was washin’ out our game of ball
You could always hear him gabbin’
How he’s "over-worked”—or crabbin’
Because we wouldn’t let him pitch them all!
   It was Dean! Dean Dean!
   You moron, where the mischief have you been?
   We must beat that bunch of Terry’s
   Or I’ll fine you fifty berries
   For not obeying orders, Dizzy Dean!”
With his chawin’ in his cheek
He might pitch three games a week
Or you might not find him anywhere aroun’
But for all his crazy ways
He could make his fire ball blaze
In a crucial game when all the chips were down!
It was "Dean! Dean! Dean!\nWhen the batters bouncing horsehide off the screen.\nWhen the hits began to score\nYou could hear the bleachers roar\nHi! Take that cousin out for Dizzy Dean!"
I sha’n’t forget the night\nWhen we dropped behind the fight\nWith a homer where a goose-egg should a’ been.\nWhen things was at their worst\nThe face that I spied first\nWas our good old grinning wind-bag, Dizzy Dean!\nWell, he lifted up his head,\n"Put me in," was all he said,\n"They will see some pitchin’ they ain’t never seen."
Though he’d worked the day before\nAn’ his soup bone must be sore,\nOur only hope to win was Dizzy Dean!\nIt was "Dean! Dean! Dean!\nThey’re crackin’ up the Cardinal machine,\nThey’re breakin’ like a reed!\nThey have blown a five-run lead!\nFor Gosh sakes stop the slaughter, Dizzy Dean!"
Well, he fanned each hitter twice,\nAn’ he put th’ game on ice—\nThough they scratched an infield hunt in between,\nAt the end I heard him grunt\n"How’d I let ‘em get that bunt?\nI didn’t have my stuff!” says Dizzy Dean.
So I’ll meet him later on\nWhen we all are dead an’ gone,\nWhere it’s "double-headers daily, 1:15,“\nHe’ll be out there on the moun’\nRarin’ back an’ tearin’ down\nAn’ we’ll get a win in Hell from Dizzy Dean!\nDean! Dean! Dean!\nYou long-leg, noisy fog-horn, Dizzy Dean,\nThough I’ve fined you and I’ve played you,\nBy the livin’ Gaud that made you,\nYOU’RE A BETTER MAN THAN I AM, DIZZY DEAN!"