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ROADSIDE

DOROTHY EMERSON

ABEGGAR rubbed his freezing thumbs,
As I rode down the rutted hill.
"O, say, what cloud has scattered crumbs?
This snow is but a bramble's fill.

"The wind's a hound that bites my shoe.
Once I owned a field of rye.
The streets are many, houses few.
The frost's a needle in my eye."

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THE FLAMINGO

YOUNG OLE

BUCKLIN MOON

THE big grandfather clock ticked haltingly like a heart that was uncertain whether or not to stop. The old man looked at it from time to time. Every now and then he relit the cigar that was driven into the side of his mouth. It was a hard mouth, a straight slash in his face. His clothes were old and his overalls were hitched up to crown short heavy boots that were blotched with tawny mud. His hand were knotted from too much work, and the were of the same drab color. Even his face, though matted with a stubble of red beard, was the same. He rocked slowly in his chair and looked at the clock. Rock. Rock. Rock.

The odor of cooking food floated in from another room. Mixed with this was a sizzling and crackling that almost seemed to be a part of the smell.

Outside in the dusk were the sounds of the barnyard. Then he stopped to relight the cigar. Rising he went over to the bookcase and, from behind the Bible, in a well thumbed stack of books, he took a bottle of whiskey. He took a big slug, and returned the bottle to its hiding place. Carefully he put the Bible back in the vacant space. Then he wiped his lips with his handkerchief.

"Alva," he called, "ain't supper ready yet? Seems I could eat my own boots, I'm so hungry."

"Not yet, Ole," a tired voice answered, "Be ten minutes yet. Seems like it takes this old stove longer to get cooking-hot every day. We need a new one."

The old man's eyes flashed out from the leathery face.

"Money!" he roared. "Seems like that's all you women folks know. Can't take a plow and turn up gold."

"I know, Ole, I know."

"Yes," he answered less harshly, "I know we need a stove. Seems like we can't get things anymore. Was a time when you could get gold out of the ground, but the cities get it all now. You work a farm all your life and at the very end it gets you."

He went over to the bookcase and took another drink.

"You just can't seem to beat this damned soil, Alva. The old one told me that. Iffen I can't though, maybe young Ole can."

He looked at the clock again and rocked. Young Ole will do it. Rock. Rock. Rock.

Outside a bell rudely interrupted the calm of the night. Ole went over and took another drink. Young Ole—he murmured to himself—Young Ole will do it. And as he went into supper his face seemed less severe.

There were four seated at the table. At one end was his wife. Della, his daughter, was to his right. At his left was Emmet the hired man. All had that same appearance of tawny mud. But with Della it was as though she had been merely dusted with it, and then someone had gently blown most of it from her face. There was only the slightest hint of its visit. Alva Oleson had once been like her daughter, but the only thing left for a resemblance was her eyes. Once they had been bright blue, but now they were a

little faded, a little watery. Everything about her seemed sagged, as though she had been broken under some great burden. Emmet resembled a huge straw-colored bear. Everything about him was shaggy, his head, his tangled beard, even the hair that fringed his shirt at the throat and wrists. His eyes were set deep like holes punched in clay with a stick. He had a habit of shifting his eyes when he looked at you. Della was like any other Nordic farm girl, pretty, but too healthy and awkward to be beautiful.

Everything about the room was a little old and tired, as though it had the feeling that it had been there too long. The dishes on the sideboard were chipped, and the pictures on the wall faded to a color one couldn't name.

Ole helped himself generously to the salt pork.

"How's that corn on the east forty coming, Emmet?"

"Be all right," Emmet answered, shifting uncomfortably, "iffen we don't have a blow. Blows is hard on young corn."

Ole nodded.

"Yes, and it's too damned dry. Seems like the damned weather is always against us. Don't do no good to bellyache though. Man's got to take what's coming to him."

"Young Ole will be home soon, in a few days now," Alva's weary voice droned.

Ole grunted.

Emmet looked by Ole rather than at him.

"Don't reckon you'll need me then, Ole," he drooled from his too full mouth.

"Can't say," Ole mumbled, "Reckon maybe we will. Young Ole's been up there to Madison four years now. Maybe he'll come back with all kinds of

new fangled ideas. May need you to help carry them out."

"Seem good to have young Ole back to look after you, Della?"

"Yes," she mumbled, with her head down, "it will be nice."

As soon as the meal was over Ole hurriedly left the room. When Alva went out into the kitchen, Della came over to Emmet and looked him in the eye. But his eyes avoided her. One of her hands crushed her apron into little, round balls, only to let them go again. She panted as though she had run for a long distance and was out of breath.

"Emmet," she half sobbed in a low voice, "don't say things like that. They might guess—"

"Know what?" he half sneered.

"Oh, you cruel devil. You got me once that night, and now I can't stop. You know that. I wanted to stop—"

Again that half sneer.

"Iffen you wanted to you could stop."

"No," she whispered, "women-folk can't stop once they get started. But you know that if young Ole knew, he'd kill you."

"Now, Della, you know there ain't no need in that."

"Needn't worry. Sooner I'd die than have him know I gave in to a pig like you."

Emmet got up from his chair and started towards the door. His face was ugly with anger. Turning around he said, "Little bitch, that thinks you're too good for the likes of me. Ain't got no hard feelings about sharing the pig's bed though." And he laughed and spat in her face.

Della went wearily to the kitchen to help her mother. But every time that she tried to do something it was as if she had four hands.

"Clumsy," her mother shrilled, "What is it? You are like you had on heavy mittens. What is it?"

"Nothing, just tired I guess," Della answered as she stared out the window, "just tired."

"Yes," Alva sighed, "just tired."

The front door slammed loudly and Alva ran outside as if to catch the report.

"Ole, where are you going?"

"Over to the store," a voice gruffly answered from out of the darkness, "Do I always have to tell you where I go?"

Alva shrugged her shoulders and returned to the house. Her step was slow and she seemed lost in thought. Even when Knute, the dog, jumped and lapped at her hand, she shoved him away absently.

"No, Knute, down."

Tired. Tired. Tired. Nowhere to go. Nothing to do. Just nothing. If only young Ole would hurry home. The things he could tell her. They could travel clear to Madison—in thought.

Over at the store Ole found the usual group gathered. He sat down and waited. He knew that soon they would begin to talk of young Ole. His return was too important to ignore. He bought a nickel cigar from Harry, the storekeeper, and also a drink of moon. Then he sat down to wait.

"Ole," George Gould ventured, "your boy'll be coming home soon?"

"Yeah," Ole answered, "he'll be home now in a few days."

"Pretty nice to have a boy with all that college learning," added Harry, "Reckon he'll have potatoes growing out of your ears before long."

They all laughed. Even Ole laughed. Harry was for certain a smart one.

"Sure, he'll have that farm fair bristling with produce."

"That won't do no good," a gaunt farmer added, "Hell, a man can't raise nothin' without losing money on it. Reckon this here new president will do any good?"

"Well, now" said Ole, swelling up a little at the chest, "Young Ole says he will."

"Hmm," another grunted, "and that makes it so?"

Ole relit his cigar. Then he bought himself another slug of moon.

"Got a college learnin', ain't he?"

Ole wiped his mouth with his sleeve.

"Well, wasn't he captain of the ball team and president of something or other?"

And again he drank rotten moon from a cup with a broken handle. Then he talked more of young Ole. They all told him how great it was to have a son like that. And he basked in their praise like a young puppy in the sunlight. Every now and then he drank again from the cup with the broken handle.

He found that he was a little tipsy by the time he started home. In going to bed, he upset the china pitcher on the washstand. It fell with a crash that thundered through the calm of the house.

"That you, Ole?" a dead, sleepy voice called.

"Seems like a man could have a light in his own damned house. Might have broken my damn-fool neck."

"Iffen you come home earlier or stay at home once in a blood moon you wouldn't be needin' no light."

"My God!" he screamed, "ain't even boss in my own home no more. Do this. Do that. All I hear any more."

He wanted to say more. He wanted to scream. To swear at the woman who tried to boss him. But

he was unsteady on his feet and the bed seemed so near. He kicked off his shoes and lay down on the bed with all his clothes on.

Quiet again closed its hands over the house.

Early the next afternoon young Ole came home. Old Ole was down on the west forty when he heard the car drive in. He forgot everything else and ran towards the house. There was the car parked alongside the drab, grey house. It was a new car, and Ole thought it would look better if it was parked over by the new silo. He wanted to move it, but he didn't want to waste the time. He rushed into the house and there was young Ole. He was all dressed up in his city clothes, and he smelled like a barber shop. Ole went over and pumped his hand. Then he thumped his back and felt of his arms.

"Ole," he cried, "So you're back from Madison? Back here ready to help your old man. The old man's getting old you know. He can't fight that damned soil anymore. Needs new blood."

Young Ole sat down and smiled at his mother and sister. They both smiled back, and Della looked at him as if he were something godlike. Old Ole sat down too.

"Well, son, ready to help your old man beat that old devil of a soil? We'll make this farm something really big. Something for people to talk about. Just you and I."

He smiled happily, but young Ole frowned a little.

"No, father, I'm not going to work here with you. You see, I've got a good job in town. I can make a lot of money there and send it to you and mother, and Della too. You can put in more improvements with that money than if I stayed here and helped."

Old Ole seemed to age years in a minute's time. He clenched his fists until he could feel his nails cut-

ting little ridges in his palms. What was all this nonsense?

"Son, you don't know what you're saying. I'm growing old. There ain't never been nobody exceptin' me an Oleson on this farm for generations. And I ain't reckoning on having it start otherwise."

But young Ole talked on. He told about the friends he had made at the University. The contacts through his football. All the advantages he had worked so hard to get. Now he could have them all in a job selling bonds. He was to get a hundred dollars a month plus commissions. You couldn't expect him to give all that up.

It was all nonsense to Ole. It wouldn't do. Several times he wanted to tell young Ole so. He wanted to take him by the neck and beat some sense into his thick head. But suddenly he realized that he couldn't do that. His son was too big and he was too old. Suddenly he felt very tired. All the fight had gone out of him.

"All right, son. Reckon you know what's best. When do you have to leave?"

Young Ole ran over to his father and slapped him on the back.

"I knew you'd see it father. Both mother and Della do. Well, I'll have to leave pretty soon now. I have to be on the job in the morning."

But Ole couldn't see. He tried to, but he couldn't. Rage was tearing at his chest, but he knew he mustn't show it.

"Reckon I'll say good-bye now then. Got to get back to the west forty. There's a lot to be done there."

As he walked from the house he felt tears falling down his cheeks. They caught in his beard and tasted salty. It wasn't right. Men didn't cry. But he couldn't stop.

That night before supper he finished the bottle behind the Bible. After they had eaten, Della and Alva came into the room with him to talk. They were so happy about it all. Said it was all for the best and that it was just what young Ole needed. He laughed to himself. Women were stupid like animals. They couldn't think like a man. With a curse and a wave of his hand he freed the room of them. Then he went to the pump house and got another bottle of whiskey. He tried to get rid of the ache in his chest. Maybe he could drown it out. He had caught cold, that was it. But it was a hard ache to get rid of. Then he called loudly for his wife and daughter. When they stood before him he rose unsteadily to his feet. He shook his fist at them.

"You did it, you devils! You women-devils. Wanted him to have book-learning. And more book-learning. And then more book-learning. Now see what you did to him, you damned she-devils. Get the hell out of here!"

He stumbled to the bookcase and picked up the Bible. He hurled it after them. It hit the door, spanked the floor, and bounced into the corner.

"Damned she-devils!"

He felt better now. The ache had left his chest. He drank repeatedly from the bottle. When it was nearly empty, he stumbled up stairs. He fell across the bed with all his clothes on. The ache was gone, but he was so tired. Tired. Tired. Tired.

GIRL IN LOVE

FRANCES PERPENTE

JULIE looked at Ruth across the quiet dormitory room and hated her. She thought, "Dear God, how I hate her," and was unable to keep her mind on the printed page before her. The book was to her then, not expressed ideas, but a senseless smear of ink on paper. Her eyes went again and again to Ruth's face, the round, high forehead, the reddish blur of hair, and the narrow curved cheeks. The light from the brass reading lamp fell on Ruth's hands, on the paper which she was covering with her thin, hurried handwriting. Julie had a fierce desire to know what she was writing. Surely she was not working. Julie knew that she had finished her work in the afternoon. Every movement that Ruth made, every word she uttered, had attained a poignant and unbearable significance since Julie had seen her last night with Joe. She recalled the way Ruth had laughed up into Joe's face and the way he had leaned down to speak to her. She worked her hate and fear of Ruth to such a pitch that she rose suddenly, letting her books crash to the floor, and walked blindly to the window, leaning out as far as she could into the darkness. Her face felt stiff and strange as though it were no part of her, and her hands, gripping the windowsill, trembled. Above the sick turmoil of her feelings she was dimly conscious of a cool detached Julie, the Julie she had always been, the Julie who was a "good sport", who knew how to hide her emotions and stifle her unprofitable desires. She told herself, "You're a fool. You can't do anything about it, so why let it worry you?" But she was too aware of Ruth's proximity. She sensed rather than saw that the night was very dark. The

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FRANCES PERPENTE

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shadow of the trees was scarcely apart from the shadow of the sky, and suddenly she shivered drawing herself sharply back into the room.

She thought dully that Ruth wouldn't even have wanted Joe if she hadn't guessed how she, Julie felt about him. There had always been that feeling between them; Ruth's unthinking, a spiteless, but strong desire to have more than Julie had.

As Julie turned, Ruth looked up. Her eyes were cool and narrow, slanting up at the outer corners. They gave her face a faintly exotic arrogance.

She said, "Don't you feel well, Julie? You look as though you'd been having nightmares."

Julie stood looking at her vacantly, and then she said, "Oh, I'm all right." Her voice sounded weak and far away even to her own ears.

Ruth frowned faintly, but when she spoke her voice was even and gentle. "Let's go out a while, Julie," she said. "Maybe the air'll make you feel better."

Julie stared at her. She wanted to refuse to walk with Ruth, to say violent, biting things to her, but finally she got her coat from the closet and put it on. Might as well be out with Ruth as in here with her. They walked downstairs without speaking, and Ruth held the door for Julie as they went out. Julie wished she hadn't. She shrank from accepting even such small courtesies.

The night was very still. Only the gravel scraped and crunched under their feet. The buildings made dim, formless masses beneath the trees. The sharpness of their thoughts was a dragging weight between them. Julie wished passionately that she had the courage and the power to hurt Ruth. She wanted to strike at her, to destroy her self-confident unaware-

ness of Julie's hatred. Her habits, the years in which she had hidden her feelings and maintained a surface calm, kept her mute. Always, even when she was a child, open and violent emotions had seemed horrible to Julie, and the memory of her almost physical pain before her mother's vivid, mercurial outbursts of affection or dislike was like a sealing hand upon her lips. The bright flare of spoken passion was to her an agonizingly dark humiliation. Behind that self-imposed mask of silence her mind treasured both pain and joy, feeding them upon repression. She knew she could not defend herself by hurting Ruth. Ruth was impregnable and superior in her own tranquil assumption of right. Probably in Ruth's eyes, her act was not cruel nor disloyal because she was incapable of divining the extent of Julie's loss.

Ruth said, "Got five letters this morning, Julie—not bad, huh? Haven't had one for three days, though. Thought all my friends had forgotten me. A letter from Bob, too."

Julie could not look at her. She mumbled, "Swell." What did she care about Ruth's letters. Walking there, she felt lost, disembodied.

"Y' know those shoes you liked, Julie? The blue ones? Well, they've split all the way across the front. Just one more thing gone wrong. Honestly, I have the worst luck with things like that."

"I loved those shoes," Julie said. As soon as they were uttered she realized the ridiculousness of the words. She felt the thick burn of tears in her throat. The blue shoes! She had borrowed them and worn them dancing with Joe. She mustn't cry, she mustn't, not before Ruth. She managed to say, "Let's not walk any more. I've got a headache. Want some aspirin."

Ruth answered her, "There's no aspirin up in the room. We'll go down town and get some."

"O. K."

They walked on in silence and Ruth got the aspirin. The drug store was very bright and clean, almost empty because it was late. Julie thought, "It's a horrible place, it hasn't enough shadows." The unshaded lights tore at her eyes and she was glad to go into the dark again.

They went up to their room and Ruth brought Julie a glass of water to take with the aspirin. "Damn her, why is she so kind to me." Julie thought. She drank the water with a gulp, and handing the glass back to Ruth, said, "Thank you."

"Anything else I can do for you, Julie?" Ruth's eyes were green, Julie noticed. Pretty.

"No, nothing, thank you. I'm going right to bed."

Julie undressed quickly, but Ruth was slower and kept the light on. Pulling the covers over her face Julie pretended to sleep, but she lay stiff and miserable, her mind a tangle of unhappiness.

After the room was dark she stared blindly at the pale square of the window. No light of stars or moon touched the sill; only the dim greyish blur saved the room from blankness. Slowly her mind cleared and became impersonal. In the quiet darkness she felt nothing but a faint fringe of bitterness. She crossed her hands upon her breast and felt the dull thump of her heart. "Why is the heart for love?" she thought. It doesn't even change its beat. I suppose I'll be hungry at breakfast, too, and stumble through German as well as ever. She closed her eyes but her lids twitched, her eyeballs burned deep in her head, and she opened them again. "I hate love," she whispered, "I hate every bit of it." If only there were no such thing as sex, she thought, to make people miserable.

Julie remembered those first years when sex was a new and startling thing to her; when she would catch herself looking at boys with a curious mixture of eagerness and loathing. It had seemed horrible to her then, and disgusting, with all its intimations of passion and lust, and had thrust her into the defensive, dreaming nostalgia of adolescence. There sex had become idealized, smoothed, hung with all the catchwords and evasions of her selfconsciously modern generation. She felt caught now, pinned down by forces beyond her control. If only she could get Joe back again, all this would stop. If it had been anyone but Ruth she would have felt more secure; Ruth's manner was so perfect, her touch so sure. Anyone but Ruth—Julie twisted between the sheets, pressing her face into the pillow. Joe, she thought of Joe, the quick way he walked, sudden and sharp on the balls of his feet, the lazy lift of his eyelids and the blue flash of his eyes. All of these things had an augmented preciousness now that they were no longer hers.

Julie tried to close her eyes, to hold the lids down and to see black, but Joe's face kept coming between, and his name filled her mind. She must get him back—she must. Tomorrow, tomorrow she would see him, she could talk to him. At least she could try. Thinking this, she suddenly felt a thick sleepful cloud about her, making her tongue heavy and her lips feelingless so that the last thing she remembered was the indistinct glimmer of sky.

The birds woke her. Slowly, with a delicious luxury of relaxation, her mind emerged from sleep. The window was barred in clear light, and Julie, in the momentary interval before the brain fully resumes the abandoned pattern, was distantly pleased. Then she became conscious of a disturbing residue of thought, a vague, half-remembered sensation of loss.

"Joe", she thought, and the name was like a cup that held all the emotions of the day before. She got out of bed slowly, dressed with care, and combed her hair back smoothly. She kept thinking of Joe. There were little disconnected pictures in her mind. Joe in class. Those days when she had forgotten her work to sit and stare at him. The times they had danced together. The dates, movies, picnics. Little things, trivial, recurred to her. She found herself staring fixedly into the mirror, and turned impatiently. She must try to think of something else.

Ruth was always later than Julie, and she lay in bed now with her arm flung up over her head. Her lips were parted, and her eyelashes made frail shadows on her cheeks. Julie looked at her carefully. Ruth sleeping was not the Ruth whom she hated. There was nothing about her which made Julie's resentment credible. Sleep had stripped away her personality and set her apart. Julie thought, "Why do I hate her? She's only Ruth. I ought to hate Joe or me—Oh, God, what a mess I've made. I shouldn't care—I know I shouldn't—but I do." She turned away, rouged her lips slowly, and then went quickly downstairs.

The sheen of morning was on the trees. Each leaf had its own sharp outline turned to the light, and the pebbles beside the path looked clean and white. Julie walked briskly, flinging her head back and breathing deeply of the sweet, cool air. She felt suddenly drained of all thought and feeling, alive only to the delicate outside images that surrounded her. Her mind was perfectly passive and calm, and she felt dimly surprised to realize this. She did not know how long she walked, but when she returned to the dorm, Ruth had left. Julie found some broken crackers in a cardboard box and ate them, preferring not to go

to breakfast. She felt somehow strange and alien to all the people she knew, and her detachment buoyed her up and encircled her.

As she went to her first class she waited eagerly to see Joe. He might come at any moment to walk with her as he used to do. The memory of those morning walks come to her fully, clear and lovely. Before the language building little groups of people were gathered, leaning against the porch pillars, on the steps, a few on the square green benches. Tenuous blue wisps floated lazily from their cigarettes, and there was a subdued and intermittent murmur, broken occasionally by a shout of greeting or raillery.

"Hi, Julie!" She turned sharply. Ruth's voice with that little gay note—and Joe. She had to wait for them. walk with them.

Ruth said, "You didn't come to breakfast, Julie, I couldn't imagine what happened to you."

Julie felt a sudden painful embarrassment. "O, I just needed a walk. I went early, so I thought I'd let you sleep." She was deeply conscious of Joe standing there beside Ruth, smoking in sharp jerks. The utter ordinaryness of him hurt her. He was unchanged. He held his head back a little, with the full blaze of sunlight on his fair hair. Julie was aware of a peculiar void between them, as though an electric current had suddenly been cut off. She felt strangely empty and weak; his calmness chilled her and she almost shivered. She knew then, clearly that she could never hope to reachieve that lost warmth; she had lost even a starting point.

Joe and Ruth were talking together in a quick, disjointed laughing way, bright with little silences.

Joe looked at Julie. "Beat Avery at tennis, Julie," he said "Tell you, I'm gettin' good."

Julie winced, remembering the times they had play-

ed together. She murmured, smiling, "I'll say you are," and with a hasty "See ya'," turned and walked into the building.

The classroom was dim and cool and Julie slammed her books down on the table. She was the first one there, so she wandered about and opened the windows. She felt very tired. She thought, "How can I room with Ruth now, I couldn't stand it. I'll have to change, maybe could get a room alone." The room seemed very dark. She found herself standing before a bookcase. The books looked soiled and dull, and her eyes read some of the words without seeing them. Goethe, Schopenhauer.—The thought stayed in her mind, I must change. Soon. Maybe today.—The books were dark brown and tan faded dusty; Julie could hear leaves rubbing together outside the window, and the low sound of voices. She stood very still with her eyes closed for a long time, listening.





BRIT

CRACKER CHRISTMAS

JOHN BILLS

BRIT pushed aside the sack cloth door and stepped out into the little clearing. A small pile of coals glowed fitfully. Light leaped in barbed flames. Tim, the dog, belly down, blinked into it. Brit disappeared into the little clump surrounding the flowing well and soon reappeared carrying a heavy earthen jug without handle. He squatted before the fire, patting Tim's scruffy neck as he slowly tugged at the cloth-wrapped plug. He paused and shifted the apple chew to the side of his mouth. Leaning back against the charred fat-wood log he sighed. Claspng the jug with both hands, he lifted it, gulping hungrily. The dog raised his head and whined, gazing across the lake. Brit's gaze followed him. The strains of a Christmas carol seeped faintly to their ears.

"The world in solemn stillness lay to hear the angels sing." Christmas Eve . . . The Methodists and Baptists had united to celebrate the holy day. Brit knew that Molly Prevatt was receiving some trifle from Vicky Peters, probably a small paste doll. Ma Peters and Old Lady Prevatt would be reminiscing. Brit chuckled. How their tongues wagged! Why, thirty years ago, they too had clutched toys to their bosoms. He took another pull at the jug and, placing it between his legs, slumped lower against the log. His hand gently caressed Tim's back from neck to haunches. It was midnight. The pile of presents under the sparsely decorated tree would be gone. The older children compare gifts, while mothers watch, gently rocking, their laps full of young ones. Old Ed Kilby would pronounce the benediction: "Safely through another year the Lord has led us on. Let us give thanks for this and pray for many more." Gradually the ca-

ressing hand slowed down, Tim rolled his eyes back. Brit was gently dozing.

Brit the River Rat dreamed back across thirty years. The gilded ballroom of the Vanderlip home rose before him. A gay throng is celebrating the engagement of Shirley Cornelia Goss to Nathan Britten Vanderlip, and the birth of the Christ Child. The silver chastened punch bowl has been emptied many times. Nathan's usually timid self is emboldened. The wide terrace in back of the house offers a moment in which to cool off. Carefully guiding his footsteps he courses down a rose path blanketed with white snow. He is the happiest man in the world: wealth, good health and love are at his command. He pauses for a moment in a little bower. Muffled voices float to his ears. His heart leaped. It was Shirley "I love you, I want you tonight. A man's voice answered, booming queerly, "Shirley, Shirley." The world was crashing. He stooped and picked up a jagged piece of ice . . . Headlines blared from the morning paper—"SHIRLEY GOSS AND DAVID MANRICK MURDERED—YOUNG VANDERLIP MISSING". Brit jerked out of his dream, grabbed the jug and drew heavily. Raising himself, he staggered up the trail.

A bell clanged. Notes from the cracked bell in the negro church came clearer, rolling over swells of settling mist. A rambling, unkept ranchhouse rose before him. Dusty yellow light filtered through a lone window. Brit gazed in. Cary Baxter, river slut, rolled drunkenly on her bed, filthy as a swamp-bottom sow. Fragments of a song taunted his mind "Silent Night, Holy Night, All is calm, all is bright; Sleep in heavenly peace." Brit staggered to the door and threw it open. Yellow light struck him in the face. Cary raised on her elbow, "Drunk agin, eh Brit? Seems as if'n you always gits drunk when you comes to see me." Brit's

eyes swam. He lurched forward, stumbling to the bed.

Cary's hand grasped his arm, "Here I am, honey," she blurted, "can't you find me?"

Brit's brow wrinkled. The sour smell of her choked him. Her words seethed and boiled (I love you big boy—I want you tonight) in his mind. He tried vaguely to recall something, which persisted in eluding him.

"You want me?" he cried, "You need me—tonight?" Brit fell on his face across the bed.

Cary gently patted his heaving back. "My", she murmured, "You *are* drunk"



FALLING STARS

VERNON ROSS

GREAT God Jove sat smoking—
Sat smoking on his jeweled throne;
Burned low his fagot.
He flicked it sharply, quickly;

And now, when I see stars
Blaze their way across the heavens,
Leaving behind a blacker darkness,—
I know that Great God Jove is smoking.

DIVINE IDIOT

MARIAN MORROW

DIVINE idiot!"—The term is borrowed, but for whatever purpose it may have been created, it could not have been more justifiable, nor more applicable than when used in the name of Shelley the poet, Shelley the magnificent dreamer, Shelley the fool, unhappily misunderstanding, unhappily misunderstood.

He tried too much to mix his worlds—this binding, ordered affair we know, and that other which he created in his mind, and into which he withdrew, shouting out his gospel of freedom—freedom complete, in thought and action, tethered neither by custom nor opinion. So devout a teacher was Shelley, so mad a follower of freedom in his own life that he became its slave. A slave of liberty! Of all the frustrations of man, is there a more ironical twist than to be consumed and defeated by that which he would champion.

Did Shelley realize in his short and violent life, with its wild leaps and sudden stumbles, while his eyes were being blinded by an artificial light (but still a light)—did he ever realize the hopelessness of spreading completely and successfully such a radical doctrine, right or wrong, realize that he was only scorching his own soul with the fierce little fire he had lighted to set the world aflame? Indeed he did; and fully that realization must have come to him; how else account for that poem of indignation "England in 1819" and that brooding one called "Stanzas" springing wearily from the despondency of near surrender? In its lines there is a tinge of self-pity—which yet is universal pity. And there is the sorrowful perfect thing "To A Skylark", a burst of melodious despair, a resigned and

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quiet longing that could never have been so said, without an awareness that he dreamed in vain.

Shelley had an idealistic philosophy of freedom; one in which he acknowledged no possibility of friction rasping from the conflict of human prejudices and human inadequacies, a philosophy that he longed with the greatest intensity to fulfill, so much that he twisted and pulled at the bonds, beat and turned while the knots slipped tighter, and as much as one can curse in the most exquisite and perfect language, he cursed; and that makes half his poetry. Then Shelley wept; that makes the other half.

Without his intense convictions and without the frustrations of unyielding opposition, we should not have Shelley; we should have a part of him or something resembling him in his perfection of technique and unsurpassed music—but not Shelley. We are glad he dreamed his dreams and took them seriously, and when meeting with disappointment and bewilderment in the face of a world which refused to take them seriously too, that he found tongue for that disappointment, that bewilderment in poems in which yet today we find an almost inspired sincerity. We reverence without mockery an intellect possessed of such divine madness—divine because of its unearthly beauty of vision and expression, madness because it would be satisfied with nothing short of all, and looked neither before nor after leaping; a madness carried along by a violent momentum of mind bearing death to any normal happiness from what spiritual heritage.

CAPTIVE

JOHN DAVENPORT

HER sisters had been ravaged, her brothers slaughtered in their hopeless defense, her father enslaved and the harem raped. But Tonia was beautiful and therefore beyond the savage lust of the Roman soldiery. She was sacred, marked for Tullus. So she was carried by baggage train to the sea, behind her rising the cries of thirst-tortured slaves for the triumph and the markets of Brundisium.

Not long ago, the Roman emissary, Aurelius, as an honored guest in her father's household, had seen her dance, had been captivated by her beauty. And this was the answer to that hospitality. The venerable patriarch, once host to the power of the Roman, would carry shackles of his own gold through cheering and jeering plebian throngs of that merciless lodestone, Rome. And she, for her young beauty alone, had been saved from a more honorable death for the pleasure of a Roman emperor, wrecker of a thousand cities of her people, their homes, and places of worship. Saved, till she should cease to please his jaded taste.

No! Not that! For who is this man whose new and barbarous culture presumes to crush the Syrian world and rule supreme over its miseries and broken temples? This man who, by crude force of arms, has subdued the scions of a thousand Moslem generations? Is he not human, base—or baser—than the rest? Can he not die? Will not his barbarian skin pierce under the thrust of thin steel, and his blood redden the marble as had the blood of her brothers? Tullus will die, and Rome lack its cornerstone!

The rhythmic oars of a Roman galley carried to its anchorage the captive beauty. It had been a month of days since Asia Minor sank beneath the horizon.

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JOHN DAVENPORT

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Rome triumphant howled and sang its victory. New tribute to Rome! New power for Rome! The gutters trickled with red wine from the northern hills. Brave horses pranced and overturned their gilded chariots in the Via Appia. Naked Numidian children strewed flowers in the path of the vestal virgins. Burnt offerings stank in the temples, and the sun scorched the hard baked bricks. Sunrise till sundown, the procession filed through the forum. Shields stacked high with gold—carried by the proudest generals of Syria's army. Foreign beasts of burden dragging carts of Syrian nobility, captive soldiers carrying the yoke of submission, untamed lions to devour their human companions in the afternoon's show.—Rome triumphant!

Tullus held late and boisterous event that night, for the Syrian beauty was to dance. She who had never gone forth unveiled, was to show herself naked before the ribald bachantes of Rome's degenerate court.

Drums! Trumpets! She enters! Through the haze exhaled by beaten incense braziers are seen her eyes. They are extinct with visions perished and perishable, and with vestiges of forgotten madness, barely perceptible as she whirls in the maddest of abandoned dances, a dance whose intricate convolutions are like the whipping, screaming flashes of a lash, or the lines of a mosaic in the craft of her race. But still the sight of them prevails over the beauty of her body and her untamed face.

Music, changed from melody and chord to rhythm, fills the lofty proscenium, drums and beats and surges. The listeners gaze horror stricken, knowing not why, feeling only the mesmerism of the orchestration, while the dancer herself is absorbed therein, a human instrument, resilient, responsive, yet seeming to guide and not to follow, turning the sound from her dark, glisten-

ing hips, leading it in its mad etherial flights, clothed in it alone—herself—made animate by them.

She glides nearer the dias, recedes, advances again and recedes less far, like the surf before the rising tide, forward, back, nearer, until she seems almost to dash herself against the jewelled brass.

Courtiers, pages, courtesans are deep in her spell's hypnosis, lacking will to move, following only the sinuous gyrations of the dancer, seeing only the symphonic rippling of her flash as she plunges swoops—

Helplessly they stand. From her hair she draws a slim stiletto to shatter the light and touch the quick of Tullus' heart.



“ON SLIGHT ACQUAINTANCE”

MAXEDA HESS

YOU gave to me, of you,
A little of your best,
And I, I loving you,
Idealized the rest!

ELEMENTS OF SHADOWS

DOROTHY EMERSON

WHEN breaking through blind motion's dark
repose,
A steady comet's flare
Illumines crystal air,
Shall planets turn, at last, aware
Of flickering lily and momentary rose?
Shall planets mark their seconds by our
snows?

Then they shall smile upon the monstrous
small,
Regard amusedly
Brief bird and fluttering sea,
Immediate grass and instant tree,
But never know a gnat upon a wall;
And they shall not discern a mayfly's fall.

Planets shall move their long-appointed way,
But ponder and conceive
The finite course they weave,
And, inarticulate, shall grieve
Protesting to their sun's imperial ray,
“Oh, vulnerable! Oh, fleet, ephemeral day!”

DEATH IN THE FAMILY

LOUISE MACPHERSON

THE nurse was sobbing as she dressed the children. The oldest two were very quiet and very scared.

Aunt Jane appeared in the doorway and said, in what she hoped was a gay voice, "Children, you are going to the country for a little while, won't that be fun?"

Young Tommy romped and shouted—he loved the country. He couldn't understand—poor child—he wasn't old enough to understand. Neither could Barbara and David, or so the relatives thankfully believed. Barbara and David didn't say anything to each other, and they tried to avoid each other's eyes. They each prayed that the other would not mention it. Intermingled with their suffering was an odd feeling of resentment about this as though they had already spoken of it, and confided their suffering. Tommy embarrassed and shocked them, but there wasn't anything they could do about it. For their mother had died and the children were going to the funeral.

Barbara, the oldest, felt as though a heavy weight were resting on her, but it was a great deal like a dream—to be brought suddenly home from school, and told—though she had known ever since the first minute, and had tried so hard to act as though she had no idea of what was wrong—She had even convinced herself that she was letting her imagination run away with her again, as she always did when grown-ups looked worried and wouldn't tell things.

Now she remembered they had all come down to the library to see their father. He told them to come in

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LOUISE MACPHERSON

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and sit down, and she felt awfully strange in that familiar room. He stopped and then suddenly—blurted out, "Children, Mother is dead." Barbara felt suddenly sick with terror—she thought she might faint, and all the time she sat there thinking that she must not move—then that she should put her arms around her father, but she was suddenly very shy, and, although she was ashamed, she could not do it. She saw that David was very red—the way he always got when he was embarrassed—and that the whole room was seething with the embarrassment of emotionally reserved people. Her father was trying to talk to them—to help them, but he looked at them with eyes that implored them to help him. When the children left, he put his arms around Barbara. She felt that his face was wet, and suddenly she was very lonely. She hugged her father very tightly and ran upstairs. When she reached the nursery, David was sitting reading a book.—He had the book up in front of his face and held it very tightly. He looked up and said in a gruff voice—"Let's go get an ice-cream cone." "All-right," said Barbara, and with great care they put on their wraps and went out. Nothing was real or important to them, and they walked in silence. David stumbled and skinned his knee—"If you weren't so clumsy, stupid."—"Shut up."—fiercely.

As they ate their supper, Tommy said in his childish prattle, "Now that Mommie's dead, who is going to take care of us?" The children weren't answered, but went on eating fiercely.

"Nana, did you see all the pretty flowers people sent to her—can't we pick some, too?"

Nana burst into tears—"Oh children, you must be brave—your poor, sweet mother—you must remember everything she told you." David pushed back his

chair, and went, and Barbara sat gritting her teeth—"Fool-fool-fool."

She took as long as possible going to bed and when she was finally tucked in, she couldn't sleep.—A dead person in the same house.—It was no longer her mother—her mother was down by the fire listening to Daddy read—of course—how silly—no—she could no longer escape things so babyishly—she must be old and see that David and Tommy grew up right and that Daddy was happy, and that the buttons were on his shirts—that was always such a worry to her mother or—had been.

"David?"

"Yes"—

"My bed is all crumpled—I can't sleep in it—may I get in bed with you?"

"I suppose so."—gruffly again.

She cuddled up to him, and felt suddenly comforted. When she wakened, she looked at David's screwed up face and laughed joyously—and then she remembered.

And now the children were ready for the funeral. Somehow they were down stairs, and people were staring at them oddly—why wouldn't they stop? Barbara remembered looking at a boy in school that way once when his father had stolen some money.—How funny. She looked at Tommy, and suddenly she hated him—so dumb—wouldn't understand, and she was sure that he would do something horrible before it was all over, and then they would have to go away and live. She would never be able to face people again. Here was her father—he wanted them to see their mother. Barbara tried to say, "I don't think I'll go in", but she didn't dare, and taking a deep breath, she followed the family. This was the moment—here she was—but it wasn't the mother after all. It was someone very,

very much at peace. Mother had never looked that way—not even when she was asleep. Barbara couldn't think of the proper things to think of. She kept wondering what it would feel like to touch one of those hands. Someone turned her around and led her away.

At the church, all those people, so familiar yesterday, were strangers staring at them. David looked terribly scared, and Barbara wanted to hold his hand but he would hate that. Daddy, usually so carefree and laughing, looked very solemn in his black clothes. Barbara thought of how all the people were looking at her, and she tried to appear saddened—but—brave. The next minute she was ashamed of herself but she could not help feeling an odd little sense of satisfaction at the impression the sad little group was making. When she was alone in her room, she could relax—then her grief would come to her. Now it was impossible. She wondered what David was thinking, and why they couldn't come close about this thing—they always had about everything before.

The ride to the cemetery was interminable. "My, there were the prettiest flowers back there", said Barbara. "Were there, what color were they?" said David. "I think they were blue". "Oh", said David, "How nice". "Bob's got a new bike—it goes like the wind"—"A new what-oh yes-how nice". The father said, "That's a pretty dress you have on, Barbara—did Aunt Jane give you that?" "No, *she* didn't give it to me. I bought it the other day when I was with—with—" "It's very pretty," said David hastily. They were all thankful for Tommy's perpetual prattle.

The kind friends who had hovered around them during the first strange hour had gone. Now they were alone and this is the way they would always be—the four of them. Now they must go on living their every-

day usual lives. The house seemed very dark, and the swollen-eyed servants patted the children consolingly, and then whispered together in a little group. Barbara tried to assume her role, and make this evening like the others, but the tears kept choking her, and her heart was heavy with misery and confusion. The father kissed the children very tenderly, and Barbara went in to hear Tommy say his prayers. He told her about the wonderful things he was going to see in the country. Poor Tommy—her heart ached for him, and for all of them. She walked into the nursery—she couldn't stand this—she hoped she would die or that it would all of a sudden be years and years later—she had heard people say something about Time making people forget sorrow.

It was dark, and David was staring out of the window into the blackness. His small shoulders looked humped and dejected. He turned and looked at Barbara, and suddenly they had their arms around each other, sobbing.



MY WORST SHORT STORY ANALYZED

CARROLL COONEY

The Old Hags at Pleasant Point Gut—Or—The Battle of Mongoose Run (by cleverly selecting a nice title from grandmother's sneakers, and with the use of such a simple word as "or", I immediately create a number of questions in the reader's mind that would simply plague him to death if he did not read on: 1. "Will the story be about the Hags, or about the Battle?" 2. "If *The Hags are* at Pleasant Point Gut, will they stay there—wherever it is?" 3. "With the exception of *Gin*, the only other thing that brings snakes to my mind is a *Mongoose*; will there be a snake in the story?" 4. "Mongoose is usually spelled with a 'y'—I think—but if the word is repeated in the story and spelled the same way, I shall have to look it up in the dictionary. *nothing* would please me better than to see one of these *Authors* make a mistake for once."—and some 418.2 other questions.)

* * *

Outside, splitting lightning streaked and thunder boomed and rumbled and rolled all around. (This, while primarily of course, the setting, immediately brings into the reader's mind the conflict between Nature and Man—though of course *I have not* mentioned "Man" at all—The excellent adjectives almost make you feel you actually *are* in the storm. I could have just as easily written "*It was stormy outside*"—and (to tell the truth, next time I write this story I think I will.) *The sea was doing just what it always does in such weather.* (No fool needs to be explained how the sea was acting. I always make it a point to avoid the *obvious*. But, there was another reason for employing

the sentence. *The sea, of course!* Instead of being anywhere at all we are now narrowed down to somewhere along some sea-coast—which is a long way to go in one mere sentence. *But it can be done!*) *A weather-beaten, paintworn house, probably occupied because there was a light, struggled vainly to keep its slippery hold on the jagged ledges high up and sometimes you could see it outlined against the ominousness of the foreboding sky when the lightning lighted the eternal heavens above.* (Where before you might have thought of bulls or chirping birds fighting the wrath of the storm, you now become conscious of a house—and not merely a house, but one that is occupied, lit and in all probability owned by poor souls, ref. i. “Paintworn, weather-beaten, etc.” You also find yourself wondering, “Who is in there? What an odd place to build a house. Will the house hang on? Where can I throw this story? etc.” *You have not,* however, come to the story element as yet. When you do I will let you know.) *“Thet thar storm be somethin’ awfully!” screamed a gnarled hideous hag. “It ain’t, you jibbering skinny bugsnatcher! ” croaked the one other from the fireplace* (Now here is your conflict right away.. It is the beginning of the end. You have two Hags—fortunately I have not—sitting in the house. And, while naturally it is very, very subtly hinted at, we some how feel that they are not on the best of terms with one another. This may be done by having bits of seemingly extraneous conversation, or by bringing in a drooling idiot son, Cornwall; or, as I have done it, by Archimedes’ principle with the “fireplace” as the hypoteneuse. The so-called “interchange”—by this I mean changing the scene from the storm to the Hags

and eventually back to the storm again . . . not to mention the fireplace—is a very delicate business because unless done well it simply ruins the continuity of the whole thing. Let me SEE if you can’t find out the way in which I have done it.) *An oaken thud of a door pierced the turmoilous noise. “Gard!” shouted the one in the place that was not the fireplace.* (Why is this brought in?) *“Twon’t be no more o’ thet thar’ lightning after midnight,” hissed the other. “I bet ye a fried egg with toast that t’will!”* (Right there is the story element. Immediately the question comes to the readers mind. “Will the storm stop before 12:00 A. M.—midnight, that is—will the old woman get the fried egg? ? ? Will she get the toast? ? Will she eat it? ?” *Suddenly the storm abated a little: then it resumed its fury: then it abated; then it whipped itself into a fried egg fury; then it let down to almost the calm of a piece of toast; then it howled more than ever before!* (Here we have the “furtherance” of the story. First the reader feels the old hag at the fireplace will win the bet, then the other. Up and down, down and up. This is termed by critics as “the rubber balle methode of holdinge the intereste of the readere.” Also the subtle allusions to the “egg” and the “toast” keep the story itself in your mind all the time. If you catch yourself wondering when the train *does get into Boston* don’t let it plague you too much.) *“Them eggs stink good, whar’s thet toast?” said one Hag. The other was as quiet as a graveyard in the queer impending gloom of late evening’s hushing sad quiet ’ere the last steely rays in the west have sanken to rest to appear in the east after night had been consumed by the blessing warmth of the waking sun’s rays in the east.* (Here

is the final conclusion, and we realize that the storm not only continued all night but all into the next week until Friday.)

THE END

(By this you can understand that the story is all over, and while it may not have ended happily, yet there was that mellowness of old age that you could not have helped but feel.)



CABARET GIRL

OLIVE SCOTT-FANELLI

The blackness thinned. The whirling room gradually slowed down and righted itself. From the floor where she had fallen, the girl looked up uncomprehendingly at the familiar walls. She felt light and detached. Her skin was clammy. She felt bewildered and strange. Then like a blinding, stabbing pain, memory came back to her. Tears stung her eyes.

"Oh, God, don't let me remember," she prayed, "Don't let me remember."

But insistently each excruciating detail hammered into her consciousness. For the first time, she began to cry. A sharp edged lump swelled in her throat. She dragged herself up, stumbled across the room and threw herself on the couch and let the grinding tearing grief have its way with her.

How much later, she never knew, she lay spent and weary staring listlessly into space, while the preceding events of the day went through her mind.

Martin had dashed into their apartment for a final

leave taking. Was it only this morning? It seemed such a long time ago.

"You mustn't come to the field, Honey. It isn't safe. Couldn't take a chance on any scandal now, my backers wouldn't stand it. But wait till this trip is over. We'll show 'em. It's better this way. This is all ours."

Desperately, achingly, she had clung to him, until the eerie whitening of the window pane had warned him he must leave. Gently, he loosened her clutching fingers. Then, as she stood there, limp and unresisting, he took her face in his hands, kissed her on each closed eyelid and once, hard on the mouth.

She stood still as she heard him clatter down the steps and out the door. She moved to the window and pressed her forehead against the cold pane. She caught a final glimpse of him swinging buoyantly along the street. He turned and looked up, saw her and tossed her a kiss.

She shut her eyes and went with him in her mind on the trip to the field. She saw him dashing down the subway steps, three at a time, unobtrusively catching a train. No fanfare or ostentatious taxi from this point. This was private business. He would stand in the subway. He always stood, even when the cars were empty, his feet braced, wide apart, his body swaying with the lurch of the train. Thirty-third street. Safe here. Up stairs and out on the street.

"Taxi." . . . Roosevelt Field."

"Right, Major. Will you get off today?"

"All set, reports good. Everything fixed this time."

She could feel the taxi bumping over the rough road, arriving at the field where the mechanics would be giving the big machine a last checking up. She saw them wheel the ship onto the runway in the cool sharp air of the dawn. Saw Martin climb in, wave his hand. Heard the roar of the motor increase to a deafening

thunder. Watched the plane start down the incline, gathering momentum.

"Please, God, make him safe."

He would be off, alone up there for hours and hours. But he'd be alright. The plane was perfectly safe. A few more days and he'd be back and then they could go through with this other business. Nasty mess, divorce. But Martin was hers. They belonged together. This other was the wrong thing.

She wondered if they would be broadcasting. She turned on the radio. A sputtering, crackling sound was all that came out. She turned it off. She was awfully tired, worn out. She sat down in a chair and dozed.

Then the raucous cries of the newsboys.

"Extra, Extra, all about the accident. Extra, Major Dryer—"

She raced down the steps and out on the street. She snatched a paper from a passing boy.

The glaring headlines leaped out at her.

"FLYER BURNED TO DEATH."

Underneath a ghastly, vivid picture of his body silhouetted against the flaming wreckage of his plane, his arms outspread, making a black cross. Her eyes raced along the printed words of the story.

"On the take-off for his proposed solo flight to Rome, this morning, Major Martin Dryer's plane cracked up and burst into flames—"

"Well, lady?" The newsboy was waiting for his money. She looked at him blankly. She saw his hand out. She put the paper into it and turned and walked up stairs. The boy looked at her disgustedly.

"Well, I'll be—. Extra, Extra, all about the accident."

She couldn't understand. There must be some mistake. Martin was aloft somewhere. She had seen him soar straight up over the trees and dwindle to a

speck in the brightening day. But she had read the words. She knew what they said, but she didn't feel anything. She said to herself.

"Martin's dead and I don't feel a thing."

Then she must have fainted. Now she could feel. She wished she couldn't. She wished she had died, too. But one didn't die from sorrow. One lived on and on. The thought of those interminable years she must live alone made her cry again.

It was so different from what they had planned. They had been so happy together. This was to be their last separation. Martin would be financially independent and free and was going to end this farce that was his "ideally happy" marriage. It had been compounded of ambition and vanity in the first place. He had been a little drunk from the fame and adulation following his first flight. The public and press had proclaimed him as a perfect example of American manhood. He had been flattered and a little awed by the attention of the socially prominent Jane Olmstead. She had looked upon him as the crowning triumph of her successful season. They should never have married. But popular imagination had made the match a symbol—just as it had made the man a symbol. He had not minded until he met Elaine. Then it had chafed him. But the chain forged of circumstances and publicity had been too strong to break. He had been dependent upon Jane's connections and the prestige it gave him with the public. But after this flight he was going to discard all that. It had ceased to have any meaning for him. But now, Elaine knew that no one must ever know. Martin must always stand as a symbol. The whole responsibility of it rested with her to keep his record clean in death. She would never have worried about it in life. She knew she would be considered a blot on Martin's stainless escutcheon. She wondered why she had to be a blot when she had

only loved him—as that other public person had never loved him. But she had no part in that other life, nor had wanted any. She was Martin's private life. He was all of her life.

Suddenly she knew what she must do. Nobody knew of her. Nobody must ever know. She was Martin's secret. Nobody must ever find out about that part of Martin's life. That was hers alone. She must get away before anyone found out about her. No one would miss "Mrs. Martin." There wasn't any Mrs. Martin. She must simply disappear.

She packed her small travelling case and laid the keys on the table. She went down the stairs and out onto the street. All about her was life. Indifferent people went intently about their own affairs. The sun was shining, but it was as though it had a film across it. She walked down the street and disappeared into a subway kiosk.

The regular patrons of the Avenida Centrale Cabaret sat at the tables in various stages of intoxication. It was just one o'clock. Elaine, the shimmy dancer, was about to go on in her swan song for the evening. Jack Frantz, reporter for the Junta, wandered in on the scent of a story. He had been neglecting Nassau Pete's joint of late. His glance rested on the entertainer. He was caught by her unusual refinement and the strangeness of her coloring with this type of dance. Even this port of last call for cabaret girls could not dispel the air of aristocratic distinction that characterized her blond beauty. She would have been an asset at any gathering, but in the tawdry, garish surroundings of the Centrale, she was startling. She had even, delicate features set in a mask-like white face. Jack thought of a marble head he had seen in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, "Lady with a Veil".

As the strains of a popular tune came from the native orchestra, the girl began an agitation of her shoulders, bust and hips, known as the "Rhumba". Her white skin gleamed against the black satin of her low-cut evening gown and the thin straps dropped down on her arms. Then she sang a verse and a chorus, in an indifferent non-committal voice. Then she danced another chorus.

Jack sidled over to the proprietor.

"She certainly can shake 'em," he remarked, "Where'd you get her?"

Nassau Pete dropped conversationally into a chair.

"Yes, she good girl, alright. Till one o'clock. Too drunk after that. Good girl till she drunk. All time drunk till next night. No good. Good for sing and dance though."


"Wonder where she came from, how she came to be here."

Pete shrugged. "Where any of 'em come from? I don't know. Don't ask. Never ask questions. Just take 'em. If they good. Keep 'em."

"Wonder what her story is. Back of every one of 'em is a story."

He watched her give her shoulders a final shiver and walk over to an empty table. She slumped in a chair and a waiter brought her a drink.

Nassau Pete shook his head. "No damn good from now on."



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Arnold Bennett himself once said in pure frankness that only two novels of the past three decades would survive, and that one of these was *The Old Wives' Tale*. One's confidence in his analysis of man's emotion is so complete after reading the book that disagreement with this vain utterance is difficult.

Here is that rare combination of exceptional length and thorough readability, which, although a usual quality of Arnold Bennett's writing, is especially outstanding in this work. Few authors imbue intricate detail of composition with such interest, and a similar few possess the knack of introducing full-blown moods by mere choice of word without dependence upon dialogue. Tone is effortlessly stressed in each passage, and the author's gift of imparting simple, human understanding has become as integral a part of this novel as the very tale itself.

The slight preponderance of unhappiness, sensed as an undercurrent from which surface eddies continually arise, is acceptable as a prerequisite to the exacting history of such finely sensitive beings as those with whom the narrative is concerned. It is at once evi-

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dent from the many markers pointing toward the inevitable heart-touching fulfillment of their lives that the sprightly, amiable young women of the early chapters are destined to age into the old wives upon whom the story is founded.

It is a book to be turned leisurely, for one recalls so vividly what he had drawn from his reading that interruption cannot disconcert his progress, however long the interval may be. Many sequences will be read and reread, so graceful is their flow, and a gratifying enrichment of thought is an inevitable reward at their conclusion.

FLUSH, by Virginia Wolf

Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$2.00

Elizabeth Barrett's days in Wimpole Street as seen by her aristocratic spaniel, whose biography this is. Charmingly written, although inclined to endow the dog with a too-nearly human philosophy, it is another view of the famous Mr. Browning's influence.

YAMA, *The Pit*, by Alexander Kuprin; translation by B. G. Guernev now included in the Modern Library

One of the most powerful styles in literature turns the key unlocking the depths of Russian prostitution. A human intriguing, and almost historical analysis of its repressed psychology that lay latent and awaiting discovery. Two million copies have been distributed abroad.

GORDON JONES

REGARDING CONTRIBUTIONS

The FLAMINGO will accept for publication all suitable types of fiction, drama, essay or article writing contributed by Rollins students provided a proper good quality is maintained throughout.

Our staff is, of necessity, small and cannot therefore approach every creatively inclined person on the campus. Accordingly, if you have something, don't wait to be approached—**Submit it.** We won't hold it against you.

Manuscripts should be typewritten, double-spaced and submitted on standard-sized paper.

THE FLAMINGO has a box in the college Post Office. MSS. may be left there or turned over directly to any staff member.

The judging, copy reading and setting up of manuscripts could be greatly facilitated if contributors would observe our deadline, set for the 20th of the month preceeding the month of publication.

As has been announced in the Sandspur, the FLAMINGO staff is attempting to organize a Contributors Club, composed of students not otherwise connected with the staff, upon which the Editors could depend not only for regular contributions but for special articles on assignment, as well. To be eligible for this group, a student must submit at least one manuscript to the board for consideration. Your cooperation is solicited.

Special Notice: Material intended for the January issue should be in before school closes. If you fail to get yours in on time, mail it back to the Editor at Winter Park.

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