

"Strap-hanger," he replied.
"Stair steps," I waited, my heart in my mouth.
"Red rug," came instantly.
"Home." (This, so as to not give it away.)
"Dad."
"Trunk."
"Red tile roof." He began to look worried again.
"Sorority." He was definitely worried now.
"Dressing table."
"Pearl necklace." When he said this, his eyes flashed, and he jumped to his feet.

"It's a lie," he shouted. "It's a lie. I didn't do it."

I took him to the president's office and after we questioned him further he confessed to the theft. He had sneaked into the house while the girls were at dinner, and tip-topped up the steps, which were covered with a red carpet. At the landing where the stairs turned there was a window-overlooking the porch, and at the other side was an antique trunk. These things he had noticed, unconsciously, as he went up and down the stairs, and had given himself away when I had led him on in my little demonstration.

THREE STAGES IN MY MOTHER'S LIFE

JOHN WHITAKER

At twenty my mother was a proud, polished, and contemptuous young lady, who was a perfect product of her age — the fabulous nineties. She had graduated from a finishing school and had spent a year in Europe as all proper young ladies do. Her face reflected this. A shadow connected the nose with her arched brow, which gave an aristocratic yet haughty look that was still accented by her long curved eyelashes. Her light brown hair was swept up in a great halo, that furthered her exalted air. The eyes and mouth gave a determined and impatient look that is characteristic of youth as well as of the age in which she was living.

My mother at thirty-five was subdued, and the world was increasingly with her; but the fire of her youth still faintly burned

within her. Her hair was no longer swept up in front. It was now parted in the middle and combed to either side where it fell into one long curl which circled the lower part of the head. This gave her a classical profile although her features were less distinct. Her air was one of calmness and serenity, for she was gaining a truer perspective on life.

Oliva de Cartier was now at fifty a serene, gracious, and philosophical woman. Her graying hair was still parted in the middle and formed a circle about the back of her head. Her once sharp features were now soft if not faint. The mouth was no longer quizzical but rather kind and sweet. A profound love of life could be seen in her eyes, which were turning more and more toward God.



PEASANT WOMAN

BY SAMUEL RICHARDS

John Herron Art Museum



MY DAUGHTER IN THE ARGENTINE COUNTRY

BY ANTONIO ORTIZ ECHAGNE

John Herron Art Museum