

mss.

choice

mss.

vol. 1

no. 1

table of contents

story	author	page
choice	lowther	3
tea	scott	3
manthy	search	4
life begins at forty	blackley	5
mr. pomroy goes out	dauner	8
death in the evening	thompson	11
adult freshmen	reasoner	13
what about man?	calderon	14
what is fear?	engle	14
on college aptitude tests	wilson	15
rhythm in prose literature	davenport	16
in favor of the ogopogo	ferguson	17
firelight flashes	ewbank	18
reminiscenses	funk	19
sketches in retrospect	putt	21
our 5 star finale: the puritans	stierwalt	23

You are going to church with the rest of the family. You come right back here, young man. There are six other days in the week for golf."

"Aye, aye," comes Bud's intelligent reply.

"Junior," Dad's boom becomes a whisper and puts all end to further argument.

But the sweetness of the early morning is gone for me. Just as I am about to go out I see a man who looks like a page detached by a rushing wind. I catch it, but even the words are lost.

**christmas greetings
from
the butler university
department of english**

**and
from their magazine**

**john thompson, editor
prof. don sparks
prof. allegra stewart
faculty sponsors**

Father frowns at us for copying his downstate in pajamas. He is peculiarly irritated by my headless creations in red and orange. But as I read the paper, I hear the

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the answer to "the lady or the tiger"

by richard lower

He stood alone in the great arena, tall and slender. Thoughts coursed through his head like little shocks of electricity. Then he walked forward and without hesitation opened the door on the left. Silence, then a mighty roar burst from the assembled crowd. The youth stood dazed. He could not believe that the princess would play such a trick on him. Anger flared within him. So she had meant for him to die. His gesture, which was to be magnificent, now dropped, sadly unappreciated.

He led forth from the cage which he had just opened a beautiful maiden. He had been spared a horrible death at the teeth of the tiger.

The former lover of the princess was married according to the customs of the country. He took his pretty bride to his home where life began for them.

"John, dear," Penelope said to her husband one day, "why don't we ever go out of an evening? We always sit at home while you read the newspaper and smoke your old pipe. You do think more of them than you do of me."

And so they began to go out evenings.

One day John came home from work and found his wife crying.

"Oh John, I'm the only woman in the whole neighborhood who has to do her own washing. My beautiful hands are ruined."

So they had a wash woman.

"John, dear, I need some new clothes. I have nothing to wear to my bridge club." And so Penelope had some new clothes.

"John dear, why don't you get

yourself a suit of clothes like Mr. Smith? I think he looks so nice.

"John, you know Mr. Fairchild doesn't smoke his pipe in the house?"

So John went out of evenings to smoke his pipe.

"John, why don't you stay at home in the evenings? No other husband leaves his wife alone as much as you do."

One night John didn't go home at all. The next day he still didn't show up. His wife became worried. She called the police. They asked her to come down and identify a man there at the station.

In a padded cell was a man sitting on the floor tearing his hair. His only words were: "The right door, the right door."

tea

by

martha rose scott

"I shall move this green figure back on the table," said Mrs. Raymond, "so that it will not be harmed in the crowd. Perhaps this end table will be in the way. There—I shall push it close back against the little settee. How the old brass tray on the mantle shines in the sunlight that streaks across it and plays upon the slender green bottle beside it! Everything is in readiness—my house and I stand wanting to receive the first guests. The brass knocker falls against the door. I must open my house to them.

They will lift their long skirts and drift up the steps in whispering groups. They will exclaim over my gay silk quilts and ask me to tell them how old my writing desk is. Yes, I shall let them in. One after the other the ladies enter. I hear them laughing softly as they go upstairs. Their yellow and blue gowns ascend and descend the steps. They are assembling in the drawing room. Madame Cheritz begins to sing and play for us; Elizabeth Boswell is to read.

"Oh! There is the quick jangle of crystal—my French chandelier! I go at once—Broken?—No, no, Mrs. Conway, it is quite all right.—Yes it can be fixed. She must not know that I care. I shall tell her how I once carelessly brushed off four pendants (but not how I cried). There is music again—tea-time atmosphere—soft carpets, slender-legged chairs, ladies murmuring about my new painting—a fine purchase—appraised at ever so much more than we paid for it, including the cost of cleaning and retouching the canvas—the gilt frame, heavy and scrolled—such a prize!

"Oh! There—Madame Cheritz is trembling on the final crescendo. How deep and ringing is the tone of the piano! I must find a rich Paisley to throw over it. Now—now the ladies are sweeping into the dining room. Mrs. Jay will pour from my old silver teapot. You will have sugar, Mrs. Laird? Yes, Mrs. King, the candlesticks are very old, Sheffield pattern, you know. Yes, they are exquisite. Everything is in harmony, the blue and buff walls, yellow candles and yellow flowers. The ladies swish their silk skirts around the polished table and chat softly over their thin tea cups. More cakes, Nettie, please. Tea, Mrs. Lough?

"Now they are swaying up the long stairway. Mrs. King looks back over her shoulder at the great grandfather clock that stands in the hall. It is my oldest piece.

"Yes, I am so glad, Mrs. Chenoweth,

that you enjoyed it. Yes, Mrs. Ray, thank you so much. —One by one the guests trail down the carpeted steps—The ladies have gone now. The last white glove has been drawn through my finger tips, and the sound of the heavy door closing is resounding through the quieted room. Once more my house and I are alone, and I am folded in the gray curtains of its peace—Let me replace this spray of jasmine in the low rookwood bowl."

manthy

by

mary elizabeth search

Into the stairway which led down from the side-walk to a dirty-gray frame structure turned two women detectives. "I'd like to see Manthy Cooper's room," requested Mrs. Shaeffer, the eldest woman, as a large burly negro man clouded the doorway. They stepped into a black dingy room cluttered with used furniture and followed the negro as he cleared a path. He led them up a few steps, and into a large bare room whose walls had been covered with newspapers. Several corners had come loose, and the draft caused these to flap and rustle. An old straw mattress thrown in one corner was the room's only furnishing. "But I wanted to see Manthy's room."

"This is Manthy's room."

"What does she do with the things she steals?" inquired the detective.

"Trades 'em at Oathie's for liquor."

As the two women stepped upon the sidewalk, a large, flabby fat, negro woman dressed in a blue calico dress with an old black cloth cape thrown over her shoulders stopped and waited for them. She turned as they approached her, and walked down the street between them.

life begins at forty

by

rebecca blackley

Molly Parker sighed contentedly as she laid down Professor Pitkin's much discussed work which she had been reading with an unusual amount of concentration. She would soon be forty herself. But she didn't mind it now. Only the other day she'd been dreading it, too. Told herself that at last she would definitely have to pass into the hopeless mediocrity of middle age. It was true that she was no longer in the bloom of youth, but forty! Why had it seemed so much more elderly than thirty-nine? But Pitkin said life begins at forty. That it was then that the prime of life life was reached.

He was right. She'd been getting terribly lax lately—had tried to excuse herself by saying that it didn't matter. After all, she was getting along in years, and she had a right to take it easy. But that must all be changed—this last with sudden resolution, as she hoisted herself out of the cozy depth of her capacious chaise longue. She gazed around her room—it was very like her, she suddenly thought with rare honesty—pretty in a faded, pastel way. Nothing really definite about it—a noncommittal sort of room. But that was all over now—must be.

It hadn't taken much training—being Will's wife. She'd been babied by her father and brothers before her marriage, and Will had simply carried it on. Why not? He'd always made a good salary, and there was no necessity for his wife to struggle with household intricacies. And after all, girls in her day hadn't been blue-

stockinged—it hadn't been genteel!

"I'll try and rely more upon myself," she said aloud with a determined look which sat incongruously upon her sweet and rather confiding face. I'll not even tell Sonny or Baby about it. Let me see, my birthday isn't for two more months. Why anything can happen in two months. If I start now, I'll be a new woman by then."

And with this declaration, Molly proceeded to throw aside the bonds of dependence. She did many things that would have seemed Herculean in their difficulty a few weeks before. But after all, she was nearly forty, and surely she could think or herself. Of course it wasn't a lot of fun. A woman who has let a man play God in her life finds it pretty hard to get out of the habit after so long a time, but as is usually the case with meek souls, once having made up her mind nothing could budge her.

Time is a wonderful element, and a month can work miracles. This was especially true in Molly's case. Outwardly the same, sweet, helpless wife and mother, she concealed a daily life of utmost duplicity. She had budgeted her time with a Machiavellian ingenuity. Will caught the eight o'clock train to the city. She never breakfasted with him any more, so that was no problem. Junior was in an Eastern prep school—dear Junior—always in some sort of a scrape, but really a loveable boy—his professors just didn't understand him—that was all. And Baby always slept until twelve—poor dear, it was a shame that she had to stay out late, but youth will be youth, and she shouldn't have to miss any good times. At any rate, she was off directly when she did get up, and out all afternoon, so Molly really had the entire day to herself until Will came home on the five-thirty train.

This was her program; up at eight. Breakfast of orange juice, butterless whole-wheat toast, and black coffee. A strenuous twenty-minute bout with Will's rowing machine—it was never

used—hadn't been, in fact since the time he had practically crippled himself with over-indulgence just before his big squash match at the Club. Molly herself had suffered the tortures of the damned with it the first few days, but she was fired with enthusiasm. A whole inch gone from her hips already! She could actually see the great improvement.

Then a cold shower (Molly's love of hot baths was almost sybaritic) a hasty toilette, and off for a brisk walk by nine. At ten, she went to Monsieur Gaston's Salon, where that perfectly divine masseuse—the sympathetic one—gave her one of Gaston's special facials for the mature woman. They made her feel like a new person. Down to that horrid little Swedish place for lunch. She loathed it with a deadly hate, but they made a special feature of non-fattening meals.

It sometimes seemed to her that nothing she liked was good for her. That terribly rude diet specialist she had consulted had told her that she was flabby and needed more wholesome food. The idea! Why she'd always eaten very wisely—only two lumps of sugar in her coffee when she really wanted four, and never a second helping of candied sweet potatoes when she loved them so! And the awful things he wanted her to eat—spinach and carrots and dried fruits! She would simply die!

But she tried valiantly to live up to her diet chart, and on this particular day ordered butterless spinach with hard boiled egg, lettuce with a mineral dressing, stewed apricots, and black coffee. She felt extremely virtuous, and looked with pained disgust at a perfectly loathsome young creature who was blithely devouring an indigestible mixture of ice cream, chocolate syrup, marshmallow, nuts, cherries, and whipped cream, apparently unaware of the appalling amount of calories she was consuming with such nonchalance and gusto. Molly longed to scream at her the enormity of her

offense, but the words stuck in her throat. Her eyes were glued on the Sweetheart Special which was disappearing so rapidly. An evil demon whispered devilish suggestion in her ear, and at length she had to leave precipitately, not even waiting for her own lunch.

* * *

An hour later, with a look of frustration on her face, she parked her shining blue coupe directly across the street from the imposing graystone facade of Professor Ivan's Recreational Center for Ladies. She crossed the street reluctantly, but gaining new resolution, walked up the steps and inside. Ivan himself greeted her.

"Good afternoon, Ivan," she said with false animation, "and what are we to do today?"

"Ah, Mrs. Parker! We have such an interesting program for you today! You did so well with that bicycle exercise yesterday. I think you are ready for the treadmill. Is that not a big surprise—no?"

"It's a big surprise, yes," said Molly with trepidation. "And what may the treadmill be, may I ask? Surely not that endless rubber track Mrs. Perry was working on yesterday?"

"But yes, Mrs. Parker! But I give it only to my most advanced pupils, and I think you are ready for it. Come, dress now! Hurry! I myself will instruct you today!"

Molly groaned inwardly as she went to change into her scanty costume. Everyone knew Ivan was a slave-driver. She had liked Pierre, his young assistant—so kind, and always quick to notice fatigue. Ivan, now, would work her mercilessly. What difference did it make if she were worn out, and her sore muscles screamed their protest? Will would fall in love with her all over again, and they'd have a second honeymoon. At present, she was wearing her old clothes so that the difference wouldn't be so apparent. She had some stunning new gowns waiting her approval when she should

have lost ten more pounds, and she could do that easily in the remaining month. She went heroically into the brilliantly-lighted gym. Ivan was waiting there for her—an implacable figure.

* * *

Molly was glad that her birthday fell on a Sunday this year. Will always had a late breakfast—played nine holes of golf early in the morning and came home for a ten-thirty meal. Sometimes she resented it, but after all, the poor boy worked hard—he was entitled to his golf once a week. That was one nice custom, they had though. The entire family ate together Sunday morning. True, baby did come down in her pajamas, and yawned throughout the meal—poor lamb, she did need her sleep—but one day in the week wouldn't hurt her to eat with her daddy and mother.

Molly surveyed herself appreciatively in the mirror. Yes, Ivan had done wonders for her—why she was actually inches smaller in the hips. She still felt a little dubious about the dress—she hadn't worn coral for years—and a knitted dress for even longer. But the saleswoman had told her—such a sweet girl she was, too—that it suited her perfectly—yes, it did look nice on her! But it was with a feeling of stage fright that she went downstairs and into the sunny breakfast room.

She was the last one. Will was eating a waffle and reading the sports section of the paper with absorption. Baby was toying with a strip of bacon. She was the first to see the newcomer.

"Happy birthday, darling," she called gaily. "Here's my little offering."

"Good morning, my dear," said Will fondly, "and happy birthday. You're looking as pretty as ever."

Molly was vaguely disappointed. They hadn't looked the least bit surprised. Of course Baby was probably tired, but surely Will would see the difference. To conceal her agitation,

she opened Baby's gift—some kid gloves.

"I didn't know what to get you, honey—I was in a terrible rush, and I knew that you could always use another pair of kid gloves, so there they are."

"Thank you, Baby dear," said Molly quietly. "Yes, I can always use another pair of gloves, and these are lovely."

"I'm giving you a check, dear," said Will. "I couldn't think of anything you might like, so you take this and buy a lot of the frills you like."

"Thanks, Will. There are several things I need that this will buy." (This dress, for one thing, she thought privately. And all those other things I got.) "No, Grace, no waffles for me. I'll have some grapefruit and coffee."

"Well, goodbye, parents," said Baby blithely. "I'm off for a tub. I've a date to drive down to Far Rockway with Charlie at twelve. We're going on to the beach from there. Best of birthdays darling!"

"Have a good time, Baby, and don't stay out too late," called Molly after her daughter's rapidly retreating back. She ate her grapefruit in heroic silence, and swallowed the bitter black coffee. Will finished his waffles, folded his paper deliberately, and put it down. Molly held her breath. Surely he would notice it now. And he had.

He gazed at her with a look of growing tenderness, and then spoke. "Honey," he said, "aren't you rather glad to be forty? Just think, we're beginning to get along in years now. We needn't mind that nonsense about trying to look like kids any more. We can afford to relax and just be our selves as we are today. No more worries about our waistlines. I'm glad to see that you haven't any of those foolish notions about dieting. What if you are a little on the plump side? I love you as you are."

Molly listened to him in stunned silence. Pictures raced through her mind as he spoke. Sweetheart

Specials — spinach — black coffee — stewed fruit — the treadmill — the whole awful round. Kid gloves and a check. Why Will was right! She wasn't young any more. She was middle-aged and tired. She hated diets and exercise—that was for younger bodies than hers. Will's voice broke into her train of thought:

"I guess I'll change for church, dear. I'll be ready in about half an hour. Are you going to change?"

"I'll be up in a minute dear. I have some things to tell Grace."

Will left the breakfast room, and Molly soon heard him go up the stairs whistling in high good humor. She went guiltily towards the kitchen, and peeked her head through the swinging door.

"Grace," she whispered happily, "make me some waffles, will you? And bring me some sugar and cream for my coffee. I'm forty today, you know."

"Very good, Madame," said Grace.

mr. pomroy goes out

by
louise dauner

It wasn't a particularly nice afternoon. In the park, the sooty statues, the soggily dripping fountains, the worn sagging benches all contributed to the note of fall depression.

Mr. Pomroy sank deeper into his red leather morris chair. Covertly, his bright blue eyes glanced from his new mystery book to note the moving hands of the massive, gold-embossed clock in the corner. They traveled slowly but inevitably, toward the hour of three.

At precisely the same moment, Mrs. Pomroy raised her head from her

book, to peer majestically through her lorgnette, at the clock, then in the direction of her husband.

"James!" said Mrs. Pomroy.

"Yes, my dear." With a faint but unmistakable sigh.

"Its time for Flossie's afternoon walk."

Abruptly, Mr. Pomroy rose. "Why doesn't she go once in a while?" he thought resentfully. "Always telling someone else what to do!"

Mr. Pomroy didn't know it, but his polite submissiveness had almost reached the breaking point. That he, James Pomroy, successful retired business man, should have degenerated into, or been relegated to, the office of Exerciser-in-Chief to a fuzzy white poodle dog!

Mr. Pomroy gave an extra and quite superfluous tweak to the conservative dark blue silk four-in-hand that reposed on his immaculate wing collar. He flipped a non-existent speck of dust from his left coat lapel, and settled his soft black hat firmly on his head. He loved that hat; its flappy nonchalance made him feel just a little rakish and devilish. (But all the time, deep down in his heart, he knew that he was only a staid and conventional old man.) And then he picked up the leash that curtailed Flossie's impatient cavortings.

"Have a nice walk, dear," said Mrs. Pomroy indulgently, as he went out.

As the front door closed, with just the suggestion of a slam, Mrs. Pomroy returned complacently to her book. First, however, with quiet appreciation she observed the imposing elegance of her black velvet tea-gown; the unimpeachable smoothness of one white, fleshy boneless hand. This pose would make quite a nice oil portrait, she reflected. She must get in touch with that new artist—Peacock—wasn't that his name? She heard he was very good.

Mr. Pomroy betook himself dully along the regular route to the park. He was in a dangerous mood. More

acutely than ever, he saw himself as a quite ridiculous and inadequate figure. Was it for this that he had labored through long years, striving to lay by enough money to live comfortably, but not pretentiously, when he should have reached his present age?

Mr. Pomroy was not aware of the presence of another person, until he looked down from his blank abstraction to see Flossie rapturously sniffing at a pair of slender ankles that had appeared on her horizon. He looked up then, to meet a clear gaze and a smiling appreciation. A young woman bent down for a moment to ruffle the soft white hair.

"What a cute dog!" she observed spontaneously.

"Oh, do you think so?" inquired the dog's guardian a little bitterly.

"Yes. Of course. Don't you?"

"I guess dogs are allright in the abstract. But in the concrete, or rather—on the concrete—!"

The young woman laughed. "Of course puns like that are unforgivable," she said. "But I get your point."

"A nice person," thought Mr. Pomroy. "She's—genuine." Mr. Pomroy respected genuineness. He saw so little of it as a rule.

"So you don't enjoy your present role," she continued sympathetically.

"Enjoy it." He sputtered, on the verge of an explosive elucidation of the point. But he checked himself in time. What business had he to unburden his soul to a total stranger, and a young and attractive woman at that?

But the devil undoubtedly had him in tow that afternoon. And after all, sympathy was rare in Mr. Pomroy's atmosphere.

"Well, you see," he explained, "when a man's worked hard, been active all his life, exercising the family dog can hardly be regarded as a major reason for existing."

The young woman chuckled. "I quite agree with you," she said. "What shall we do about it?"

Mr. Pomroy gasped. These young people nowadays were certainly audacious—and unpredictable. What should they do about it, indeed?

"Why—er—" he stammered. But the idea took root. It grew and flourished. He had been so settled, so dependable, and so tired of his nicely planned routine—Why shouldn't they do something about it?

"Let's go somewhere and have tea," he suggested. And shuddered at his own daring and rakishness.

For a moment his companion regarded him quizzically and keenly, from a pair of bright gray eyes. The result of her cogitation must have been satisfactory, however.

"Lets!" she said decisively. And falling into step with him, she propelled him gently and firmly down the street.

"Good afternoon, Miss Stevens." The waitress greeted the young woman cordially. Tea, as usual?

"I think so." She glanced questioningly at Mr. Pomroy.

"Yes, tea. Two teas," returned that gentleman, and for no reason at all, found himself laughing.

"They seem to know you here," he observed.

"Oh yes. I come in every day about this time. You see I have a studio just around the corner. I'm a commercial artist," she explained.

"An artist! Oh."

Mr. Pomroy's mind skipped back forty-five years. An artist, He had wanted to be an artist once. But his father, a practical American business man, had laughed uproariously at the idea. No bohemian immoral sort of existence for any son of his! Let him get into a steady dependable business that would earn him a living! And so Mr. Pomroy's dreams were stored in his mental attic, as his rough boyish sketches had been stacked in his dusty attic at home.

But he had never succeeded in quite killing the dream. It always popped up again. And once in a while, when

he could evade the afternoon walk, he would steal away for a ramble through the Art Institute. The people there grew quite accustomed to the immaculate old gentleman who would stand for minutes, wistfully regarding some fine old master painting.

"I wanted to be an artist once," he said softly.

"You did? Well, why weren't you?"

"I went into the leather business instead."

"Which was more remunerative, but not nearly so satisfying." She smiled gently.

"Yes." Mr. Pomroy regarded the young woman appreciatively. An unusual person, he decided. She knew things without being told. He liked her—immensely.

"Wouldn't you like to see my studio sometime?" she asked suddenly.

"Why—I'd love to! But, you know"

"Of course! And for a respected retired business man to allow himself to be picked up by a strange woman, about whom he knows nothing—not even her name—" She smiled roguishly, and Mr. Pomroy shuddered faintly. It did sound bad. What if Molly knew?

"But that only adds an intriguing element of mystery, don't you think?" she added brightly.

And Mr. Pomroy nodded in delighted assent.

Too fast the minutes sped by. Glancing out of the window, Mr. Pomroy saw that, to his consternation, it was almost dark.

"I must be getting back," he said hurriedly. Molly will be wondering what's become of me—But its been very nice."

"Oh, but of course! It has been nice. I hope you don't think me a terribly forward young thing!"

"My dear," Mr. Pomroy suddenly felt quite serious. "I think you're quite the loveliest person I've met for a long long time."

"Even if I did practically kidnap

you and drag you off?" she returned gaily. "Well, don't forget. I'll expect you! The Picadilly, Apt. 1, any afternoon....Diane Stevens" she added. "And you are—?"

"James Pomroy," said that gentleman.

"Goodbye, Mr. Pomroy—and thank you!" She waved affectionately at him.

Mr. Pomroy hurried out of the tea-room. He had been gone an hour and a half? What would Molly say? He felt slightly uneasy, and unusually, vibrantly, alive.

During the ensuing days, it never penetrated Mrs. Pomroy's sanguine domesticity that the dreaded hour of three o'clock had ceased to hold any terrors for Mr. Pomroy's gentle soul. But perhaps she never knew that it ever had!

At any rate, at three o'clock, Mr. Pomroy stepped across the threshold of another world. A world where he could lean back and blow beautiful lazy smoke-rings, (Mrs. Pomroy never permitted him to smoke in the house these days); where he could even prop his feet up, if he chose, or recline, full-length, in undignified but luxurious comfort, on Diane's studio couch. Sometimes she did not even stop working. And then he was content to simply watch in fascinated silence. But sometimes they talked—of the little sacred sweet absurd fancies that had been locked tight in Mr. Pomroy's heart all these years.

But finally, inevitably, appeared the fly in the ointment. Rather a large fly, in fact, for it appeared in the person of Mrs. Pomroy herself.

"James," she announced one afternoon, "I believe I'll go with you today."

Mr. Pomroy started slightly beneath his overcoat. "Why of course, my dear" he said. "But its a bit cold today."

"Oh I don't mind in the least" returned his spouse cheerfully. "You know my doctor advises me to reduce,

and walking is such good exercise, he says."

"Damn!" thought Mr. Pomroy. He had planned to go to Diane's for tea. But of course there was nothing to be done about it.

Slowly the Pomroys and Flossie walked down the street. Slowly, inevitably, they came abreast of Diane's apartment. It was hard for Mr. Pomroy not to look around, but he managed to walk nearly past with unturned head. And then, with a joyful yelp, Flossie ran up to the studio door. Before Mr. Pomroy realized it, Diane had flung wide the door.

"Hello there! Come right in," she called. "I'm all ready for you."

The next instant she realized that Mr. Pomroy was not alone. That, in fact, Mr. Pomroy was in the company of the one person who should not have been there. But it was too late to undo the damage. With a long-drawn "Oh," of swift enlightenment, Mrs. Pomroy saw it all.

"Oh James!" she wailed. She cast one stricken glance into the studio. It was, all too plainly, an art studio. With that glance, injured pride, outraged respectability, rose up in all their majestic dignity. Mrs. Pomroy associated nude women, immorality, the worst aspects of bohemianism, with art.

"James Pomroy! That you, of all people, should be having an—an affair! And with this—female!" Mrs. Pomroy exploded with a fizzing sound like a large fire-cracker.

"But Molly—" Mr. Pomroy faltered.

"Don't you 'but Molly' me!" snorted his outraged spouse. "You come straight home! And as for you—you," she could think of nothing adequate, so she glared at Diane with a malevolent eye, "I'll settle with you later!"

With a dramatic flourish, Mrs. Pomroy gathered together her skirts and sailed full-blown back up the street.

Behind her, in sullen crestfallen silence, Mr. Pomroy and Flossie walked drearily home. And if Mr. Pomroy tweaked the leash a bit vehemently, he must be forgiven. After all, it was all Flossie's doing!

death in the evening

by

john thompson

I died last night. The doctor sat in the big oak host chair (borrowed from the dining room) and rubbed his chin and said that he couldn't understand that high temperature. Mother and dad and the two kid brothers crammed themselves into my little bedroom and stood looking on—not overly interested or concerned. I had been sick before.

They all talked about the doctor's son, who played on the same high school football team with my brothers; and about whether it was advisable to rush a boy into a decision on his life's work in order to get him right into college—then suddenly the doctor remembered that I was the one he had come to see. He said that there they were, all talking about his boy, Henry, and football and such, when I was lying there dying.

So you see, I'm not kidding—I have the doctor's word for it.

But the peculiar thing about it is that none of them know just when it happened; not even the doctor. Although he realized, in a sort of technical manner, that I was passing away, if you were to ask him today, just when I died, he wouldn't know. He might say anything to cover up his ignorance. He might even say that

he was sure that I hadn't died at all. You see, he has a reputation to defend.

But I have no reputation to defend, and if I had, it wouldn't matter. You see, I know just how it all came about because at exactly 8:36 p. m. I slipped quietly downstairs (while they were all talking) and telephoned the city hospital to come on an urgent call.

Then I went back upstairs and got into bed again. I suppose I should have told them that I was dead, but I don't think that they would have understood. I knew, and that was enough. I saw the two hospital men come to take me away on a long stretcher, with a sheet pulled over my head. The family and doctor had all gone downstairs and so I got up and stop-

ped the men as they were going out. I pulled the sheet back. Yes, there I was. But so young looking. And so cheerful too. I certainly had never looked that way when alive. But death does strange things. I put the sheet back and the men went out.

Yes, I am sure I died last night. Of course I can't prove it, but I don't particularly care to. I was twenty-one last May, and I should have died then, but I have always been slow to catch on to things so I suppose I put it off as long as I could. You see, I happen to believe that there is no difference between what a man thinks and what he does.

And I think—I am sure—that I died last night.

announcing

two

literary competitions for butler students

through the courtesy of mr. and mrs. edgar evans, and mrs. john holiday, an award is announced to the student who writes the best essay on any subject suggested by the reading of any of the following volumes:

lucius b. swift's "the american citizen,"

"how we got our liberties."

or

william dudley foulkes' "life of swift."

the butler literary prize competition is open to all undergraduate students in the university. a prize of \$25 is offered each year for the best short story, play, and poem. manuscripts must be submitted on or before March 23, to the committee on student activities. all productions must have been written expressly for these contests. if no production is of sufficiently high merit to justify the award, this committee may refuse to award the prize.

for particulars concerning either of these two contests see the editors or sponsors of "mss."

adult freshmen

by

dorothy reasoner

Many are the tales of timid college freshmen who approach the doors of their prospective Alma Mater with fear and trembling. High school graduates supposedly dread the first day when they must choose between an emerald cap and a close-cropped haircut. Other newcomers stand in awe of the paddle, wielded so lustily by fraternity brothers. These stories of first days in college are true to a certain extent, for a freshman begins a new period in his life at this time, and realizing this, is somewhat weary after his first strides on the campus. He is anxious to begin his college career in the right way; to do the right thing at the right time.

what about man?

by

joseph calderon

The question has been stated frankly because I like to state things frankly, especially when they don't mean much to anyone. However, to condemn the question for discussion would hurt me terribly, for I am a man, or at least I hope to be one some day. Therefore, since I have nothing else to do, I will make a serious endeavor to gather together enough material on the subject, to cover it intelligently which, as anyone will admit, it a difficult task.

When the freshman begins his college studies and activities, he realizes that he is being treated as an adult, and that no longer will he be babied and aided in his every action. Now he stands on his own feet, and knows that he is being treated as an adult, and success or failure as a student in the university. At first he feels lost, not in the new buildings, but bewildered in his lack of self-confidence, in the lack of a too-willing helper.

Such recognition of ability in freshmen is a good plan, though it may take some time for the freshman to become adapted to the situation. It teaches him to think for himself; it trains him to face the world, not as a robot, whose actions are determined by the thoughts and manipulations of others, but as a mature individual, shaping his own life and career.

It is the universal impression that man has advanced to an almost incredible height since Adam had his first difficulty. Eminent historians, forceful politicians, and convincing school teachers have seldom, if ever, failed to please the unthinking mind of man, by asserting that the greatest miracle of time has been the marked advancement of man. Man's apparent idiosyncrasies have led him to accept the statement as somewhat of an excuse for his presence on earth. This open manifestation of sophistry on the part of the historians, politicians and teachers, is a direct insult to the mind of thinking man, even if his kind is rare. If the subject is considered with any degree of intelligence at all, it becomes obvious that the advancement has not been made by man, but by the result of times and conditions. Man, today, is a weak, insignificant

mammal, decidedly inferior to the powerful man of the early ages.

In defending their preposterous conclusions, the historians never fail to point out the invention of man. What gigantic railroads, what luxurious automobiles, what swift airplanes—they represent the advancement of man! However, what seems to the historians an asset, seems to the thinking man, a detriment. These inventions have been from the inspirations of lazy men. Only the anticipation of ease and the hope of eliminating some honest labor have caused men to invent these things. With the automatic potato peeler, the automatic shoe-shiner and the splinterless toothpick illustrating my point, I dread the day when man's laziness forces him to invent a machine to dress for him, eat for him, and even to breathe for him. I understand that the robot has been found practical and is slowly approaching this stage—God forbid!

Man has been kicked about with such brisk energy by women in the past few thousand years that he has lost all signs of independence. Show the people one man who is brave enough to spank his wife, or to pull her hair if she bothers him, and immediately he becomes sensational news. This should certainly not be the case. The cave man did it with consistent regularity. He thought no more of knocking several teeth from his spouse's dental anerture than he did of combing his hair. He was the boss and his word was supreme. Certainly it is not then, to his credit, when man meekly submits to the wishy-washy appeals of woman.

No, if any advancement has been made by the human race, the woman has made it. Realizing her power at an early date, she began to use it with telling effect. Slyly, she worked herself into the literature of the world. From an inconspicuous part in "Beowulf," she moved to a more attractive part in "King Arthur, and the Round Table." From there she moved to a

pre-dominating place in "Vanity Fair," until today, no book is complete without her.

When woman's idiotic speech, "I tank I Go Home Now," takes precedence over the important message delivered by the President of the United States, then surely man's prominence is doubtful. When woman writes, practices law, boxes, smokes and even challenges man's supremacy at such sports as pinocle, it stands to reason that soon man will be no longer necessary to the world. It has been this decided advancement made by woman, coupled with the conspicuous decline of man's relative position to her, which strengthens my assumption that man himself has not advanced.

The radio has probably done more to deter man in the past few years than anything else. With it was born that unbearable exponent of inarticulate singing, the "crooner." The new fad has completely broken down our means of communication. After very little study one realizes that "Hi, de, hi, de, hi," means, "How do you think I am getting along?" and the whispered "Boo, boo, boo, boo, boo," is only another way of saying, "You are sweet and loveable."

With such radical changes in our language, I look forward to the day when I can merely write, "wee, de, bo, bo, bo," and you will immediately perceive, "that is all."

what is fear?

by

mildred engle

I stepped through the doorway with a feeling of dread. The room was dimly lighted by two spluttering candles. I had come to view the corpse of a distant relative. His wife hovered with red eyes over the casket

where he lay. Finally she left the room, and I was left alone with the dead man.

I sat in the only chair in the room which was near the foot of the casket. The air was heavy with the perfume of many flowers which were banked around the coffin. I tried to distinguish the different kinds of flowers. The deep silence of the room was oppressive, and my nerves became tense. I listened for the tiniest sound. The candles blazed up with a hissing sound as a breeze entered the room. Minutes slowly passed and seemed like hours.

The candles formed grotesque shadows on the wall. The roses seemed very large and unnatural, and some calla lilies took on the shape of large vases. As my chair creaked, my heart beat faster, and I was afraid. A lock of the old man's hair was reflected on the wall, and it waved about grotesquely in the candle light. Sometimes it found a place among the roses, and again it stood alone. A chill ran up my spinal column.

The light played over the face of the corpse. As I watched fascinated, I sat on the edge of the chair, and then—one eye opened. It closed, and the other eye opened. The man's lips seemed to quiver in the shadows as if he were about to speak. My body felt numb, and I could not breathe. Something cracked and in that dreadful moment the corpse became a fearful thing. Perhaps he was trying to get out of the coffin, and those were his bones cracking.

I knew that I wanted to leave the room. It took me an eternity to rise from the chair. I walked trance-like across the room. The door banged when I was halfway there. Panic stricken, I rushed to the door and scratched it with my fingernails. Oh, the terror of that moment when the door would not open, and a dead man was following me. I tried to scream but could not. Perhaps he wanted to take me with him on that long journey

that everyone must take alone. I did not want to die, for I was too young. I did not want to be something lifeless and stiff; something to be wept over and then put in the ground. I feared the hereafter for I could not understand it. Something rustled behind me, and a cold hand clasped over mine and slowly pulled me back into the room. I tried to resist, but some hypnotic force was exerted over me. Suddenly I screamed.

I opened my eyes and knew that I was hanging perilously near the edge, and I was covered with cold sweat. My throat hurt for I had really screamed. I heard the clock strike three. I kept my eyes open and did not sleep any more that night, because I was afraid I would dream that dream again.

on college aptitude tests

by

arleen wilson

Saturday morning, I had thought, would be an excellent time for taking a college aptitude test, as that time is regularly set aside for our weekly cleaning. But when the time had actually arrived and I was reading in the general directions that it was very important that I do my best, I decided that I would much rather be at home dusting and making beds. I was being called upon to exert a brain that had not yet awakened from a night's sleep.

Why were the practice tests made so easy? They only aroused false hopes, and I found the succeeding examination the more difficult by contrast. Words which are veterans in my vocabulary had suddenly lost their meaning. I discovered that one word

was an antonym of words with which I had thought it synonymous. Others seemed to have developed several spellings, any of which appeared to be as good as any other. Noun suffixes lost their distinction; pronoun cases had no significance; "garrulous" and "gregarious" became twins in my mind.

I read paragraphs which conveyed no definite meaning. I know vaguely that they contained information of importance about Aristotle, pluralism, Queen Isabella, and 273° Centigrade, but I could not discover the relationship between these words and the question below. When I closed my eyes to try and think more clearly, a mass of small squares containing crosses, loomed before me.

All this I could have endured had the matter ended with the taking of the test. But no! I was presented with a card giving me an appointment at the psychological clinic, to learn what score I had made. As I set out for home, I composed, with what was left of my brain, a riddle: Why is a college aptitude test like the wearing of a green cap? The answer is obvious: It is a scheme by which the freshman is made to realize that he must cast aside the feeling of superiority which he has enjoyed for the last year as a high school senior, and once more admit his inferiority as a human being.

rhythm in ●

prose literature

by
betty davenport

One of my greatest ambitions is to learn to write prose literature which will have the strong sure swing of poetry. There are some (lamentably few) authors whose prose creates the same impression as fine music. That

is the sort of writer I would strive to be should I ever gain the distinction of being a real author.

It is quite probable that my reason for so much enjoying rhythm in prose is because I am rather musical. Whether this quality is innate, or was introduced by my years of training in music and dancing, I do not know. The fact remains, however, that my favorite authors are those whose prose is rhythmical and flowing.

This quality does not seem to be so prevalent in American literature as in that of other countries. For instance, our two great women novelists do not write in particularly smooth sentences. Edith Wharton is usually too interested in her characters themselves to try especially for rhythm, although her style is always adequate and dignified. Willa Cather's books are not on the whole very musical though the reader is conscious of some such disposition in "Death Comes for the Archbishop," and "Shadows on the Rocks." For a while in modern American literature, there was a tendency to write about grotesque, disturbing situations in broken, jerky sentences—a tendency, by the way, much less evident in the very new books. Two of the better known and more successful exponents of this system are Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos. Although one could never call Hemingway's style smooth or flowing, there are especially in "Farewell to Arms," certain passages where the short staccato beat of his phrases produces a definite cadence.

Continental literature, even in translation, abounds in rhythm. My French teacher once read to us a paragraph of Anatole France's "Le Livre de Mon Ami," and though I did not understand the meaning, I was conscious of the smooth, even flow of words and sentences. Even in the much older "Aucassin and Nicolette," the prose passages are introduced by the translator's quaint, rhythmical, "Thus speak they, say they, tell they the tale,"

which must have had its musical counterpart in the original.

One of the oldest and greatest books ever written is also one of the most musical, and I have often felt that the inspiration some people receive from hearing Bible passages read aloud may be due in part to the measured rise and fall of their sentences.

To return to modern literature, Lafcadio Hearn writes beautiful prose. Some of his essays sound like poetry apart from their descriptive significance they are invariably rhythmical. I should like to conclude this paper with a short passage from one of his books, in the hope that it will linger with the reader, and perhaps illustrate my point as no amount of explanation could do. I quote from "Chita:"

"Year by year that rustling strip of green land grows narrower; the sand spreads and sinks, shuddering and wrinkling like a living brown skin; and the last standing corpses of the oaks, ever clinging with naked, dead feet to the sliding beach, lean more and more out of the perpendicular."

in favor of the ogopogo

by
grace ferguson

Three things have lately come to my attention. They are from three different fields of knowledge, but they insist upon mingling in my mind. I cannot disassociate them. When, during the long day, I come upon something which suggests one of these facts to me, the other two bob up; and my imagination immediately begins building a complex structure of thought upon the three. My conclu-

sions may be wrong, but it amuses me to play with these ideas.

I have been reading "Beowulf." In it there are monsters, sea-wolves, and dragons. In some ways they are not very realistic: they belch forth fire; they are not described in detail: and one of them lives under the sea. On the other hand, helped along by a dark night and a lonely house, these monsters are not without power to frighten. They fail to stir the imaginations of only insensible people. In nearly all legends, giants and horrible monsters play a large part. (Remember "Jack the Giant-Killer" and "Jack and the Bean-Stalk"? Horrible stories! The illustrations of these in my childhood fairy-tale books will never cease to haunt me.) Why did all these have monsters playing the role of villain? Is the answer that the monster is the natural personification of horror in man's imagination, or is there another reason?

I have been reading history of the time of Christopher Columbus. That name always brings back into my mind a mental picture of my first history books. The authors always went into great detail about how dark the Dark Ages were: they gave the impression that all learning ceased, that the people were all fools. One page particularly comes to my mind. On it there was a drawing which showed a crude boat with sailors using oars to fight off a huge, worm-like sea snake, which was lifting itself out of the churning water. Now, according to my old books, these monsters existed merely in the minds of the sailors. The "silly, superstitious" sailors were too ignorant to know that there were no such things. Since I read my history books, I have learned that they were wrong about the complete ignorance of the Middle Ages. We have few manuscripts from the period, so we know little about it. The histories were wrong about many things; were they wrong about the sea-monsters?

There is another phase of this historic side of the question. At one time there monsters on the earth. Some of the prehistoric animals would put to shame the creatures in the wildest bogie-stories of the Middle Ages; but, we are told, these monsters were extinct centuries before that time. Now, the particular species we know about were preserved only because of the extraordinary conditions of the earth at the time they lived; ordinarily the bones would have been destroyed by exposure to the elements. Were there not many other creatures between that time and this whose bones were not preserved by miraculous circumstance? The seas are wide and deep. The dust at our feet could tell many tales.

According to legend, there were monsters within the time of man. According to history, there may have been. Both of these lead up to and mingle with the third thing in my mind. I read its story in a news publication. It seems that the "Ogopogo" is supposed to be a sea-snake, eighty feet long; a prehistoric remnant or Middle Age sea-monster come to life. It has been sighted in a lake in British Columbia by several highly respectable people. It is said to have reared up its head, and, leaning on a rock, viewed the horizon. The mental picture produced by the description corresponds wonderfully with the drawing in the old history.

How absurd the idea of an Ogopogo is! Yet—I want to believe in it. I want to turn those "silly, superstitious" sailors into brave men, daring to venture to an unknown land, over strange dark seas in which real monsters lurked, horrible creatures which sank ships with flips of their tails. Wouldn't it be a joke if the history books were wrong!

firelight flashes

by

mary ellen ewbank

As I gaze into the dancing flames, slowly, waveringly, come the dreams that the day denies, and the events of the past years gradually take form in the firelight's glow.

Many years, so many that the memory brings a mist to my eyes, have passed since I last crossed the threshold of the Arthur Jordan Conservatory of Music on my graduation day. Ah! those were happy days. I now look back with a smile and a sigh upon those dear old friends of mine; some are famous, but others, whose names are unfung, were just as true.

I teach here or study there, but always there is a desire for something greater, until suddenly the longed-for opportunity for European study and travel is given me. My father has decided to do some research and study in the laboratories at Vienna; therefore my mother and I accompany him to Germany, and in a tiny apartment in Munich I spend many happy hours with my precious violin and my old master.

All too soon those months are ended, and my father wishes to return to America, but it seems that fortune has decided to smile upon me. When the boat docks in New York City I am met by old friend who has an offer for me of a position with a research party engaged in the excavation of the ancient city of Ur. Some very peculiar music scores and musical instruments had been discovered; hence the archaeologists needed someone to assist them in the classification and cataloguing of their most recent findings. At this time another ambition of mine

was realized when the four of us, who were selected for the work, were furnished with a government aeroplane. A fortnight later we took off from Langley Field; and each taking his turn at the controls, two days later we arrived at Chaldee. We were scarcely prepared for the wonders which awaited us in the forras of gold and silver ornaments, set with emeralds, rubies, diamonds and sapphires, which had been the treasures of the royalty of ancient Ur.

After eighteen wonderful months spent in the treacherous land of the shifting sands, I received instructions to proceed to the interior of China, where even greater discoveries than those at Ur were being made. Here one year was spent in the study and interpretation of the ancient scores and classification of various types of instruments found in this ancient temple of Buddha.

One night I was working later than usual deep in the archives of the temple. It is a quite uncanny place, if one only lets one's mind dwell upon the fact. Slowly, into my subconscious mind, a soft melody steals; louder and louder it swells until the temple reverberates with its force. What can it be! Gradually I realize the full import of the music. I become thoroughly frightened, for I was supposed to have been out of the temple hours ago. What can I do? Oh! for a knowledge of the secret passages. There was to be a very sacred religious sacrifice that night that none but the priests could witness. It was certain death to anyone else found in the temple. How had I ever forgotten it! I could just see myself on that sacrificial alter. It was too late now for vain regrets and, of course, there was a chance that I could leave the place unseen. I hastily extinguished my light and slipped into the corridor; there was no one in sight. It seemed that I ran for miles through a maze in an effort to avoid the bright

lights in which I might be seen. Suddenly a brilliant idea flashed through my mind. I found one of the priest's cells, "borrowed" a robe, and walked boldly out the front gate without even a challenge. I have often wondered as to the thoughts of that priest when he missed his robe. I have always kept it as a souvenir.

When this work was completed, I was granted one month of leave of absence to visit my brother at the American Embassy at Peiping.

On my return to America, I spent three years giving lectures and concerts, describing my discoveries and experiences and playing the music of the Orient.

After many more happy and useful years in my chosen work, I am now back in my old home in Kingman, Indiana, on the bank of the brook, among the maple trees. The fire burns low. I arise and go to my grandmother's rosewood square piano, where I take up my old violin. I remember how this, my constant companion, has soothed and sustained me in the varied moods of my many travels. As my fingers lovingly caress the strings, my memories are lost in a flood of melody.

reminiscences

by

francis funk

Approximately one hundred years ago, the first of my German ancestors left Hanover, Germany, for America. They sailed the rough Atlantic in a small sail-boat—a voyage which lasted for ninety days. Fifty years later, the last of my ancestors left the small village of Mechlenberg, Germany, in

the month of October and landed in New York harbor on the day Grover Cleveland was first elected President of the United States. At this time my mother was only eight years of age. She had some of her education in the German schools and completed her education in a German religious school here in America. My ancestors were very conservative and industrious people—none of them possessing lazy bones. After reaching America in safety, these Germans retained their use of German in the home, in the church and in society. They educated practically all of their children to speak German.

On the eleventh of June, 1915, I was born, through an error of destiny, in Indianapolis. Having two brothers and one sister older than I, I was left to be the "baby" of the family. My older brother, Fred, was given the honor of naming me, but the devil's curse be upon him for naming me after an uncle and my grandfather whom I have never seen.

Fred has always been my adviser; he gives me money and furnishes me with an automobile to drive. For all these fine things I give him my utmost attention and consideration. He possesses a violent temper, and I possess one very similar to his—perhaps this is due to some law of heredity.

Very early in life I began to dream of making my own living as most young children do. I thought that the adult person had no responsibility, no want of money nor longing for things which he could not obtain, and chiefly that they had no person to whom they were obligated. At this time I worried my parents by wandering away from home into a congested business section of the neighborhood. In order to keep me in my own back yard, I was given a small brown and white puppy which I most dearly loved.

After passing six happy years in play, I entered the grades as a very bashful lad. What a bore that life

was to me! Nothing in the school room interested me. Books were uninteresting, subtraction was beyond my mental grasp; and, too, my use of my left hand brought many complex problems into the home. The fifth grade was my stumbling block; I refused to study and apply myself; consequently, I failed to pass a course in composition. However, later in my school career, my sister and my brother married, leaving my mother and me alone in the evenings while my father and Fred worked for our living. This left long winter evenings in the household without much to do; consequently, I began to form a reading and studying habit. This was the making of me—it gave me knowledge of things; it strengthened the parts of my brain which heretofore had not been exercised and made me more dependable in my classes.

Upon graduation from the grades I looked forward to a successful career in Technical High School. I entered with the ambition of becoming an artist. In preparing for this work I whiled away much time slaving without achieving much success. Seeing that I could not be successful in an art career, I discarded this ambition and developed a reverence for foreign language and history. In order to further these studies I joined Le Cercle Francais, Der Deutcher Verein, and the International Relations Club. Here I developed the love of travel and speaking foreign languages. In this career I recognized my responsibility and grew to be a more dependable type of character.

sketches in retrospect

by

robert putt

"Earle, Glenn, where are you?"

No answer. Another call. Then, hearing two boyish voices emerging from among the trees along the river bank, the mother rushed down the steep slope. Thoughts of wet feet, colds, pneumonia, and doctor's bills occupied her mind in rapid succession. She has forbidden these young rascals time and time again to play near the edge of the river. Well, she would teach them to obey her this time.

The shouts and the laughter increased as did the indignation and concern of the mother.

When she arrived at the bottom of the bank and rounded the bend of the stream, she caught her breath, struggling to keep back her words of reproach, for there with the two boys was a slim figure of medium height, a man having a most happy frolic. He was their father. Attired in overalls, and wearing a pair of hip boots, he was standing in the middle of a makeshift raft that threatened imminent disintegration, and was paddling feverishly with a piece of board in a vain effort to get the home-made craft out into mid-stream. The teetering of the raft repeatedly forced the leader of his expedition to grope grotesquely for his balance in such a way as to call

forth the admiring shouts which had led the mother to the scene of action.

Alongside the raft waded the two little boys, miniature Robinson Crusoes, each shoving, lifting, and tugging at the boards to help along the cause of navigation.

What could a mere woman do in such a situation? The harrassed little lady did what she could—nothing. Silently, shaking with laughter, she returned to the house and discreetly forgot the incident.

Through experiences like this one the author's father entered deeply into the lives and affections of his boys. His sense of humor and love of play saved many a day when his otherwise uncontrollable temper often would have inflicted a warm feeling upon us all—at the SEAT of the difficulty.

southland

Deems Taylor says, "American popular songs are written by people who want to be someplace other than where they are."

It does seem that most people have a longing to travel. The author has had this longing fulfilled in part, although with each new experience, there comes a desire for further adventure.

When he was six years old his grandmother took him to Florida. What a delight that trip was! The long train ride through new and different country, citrus fruits to eat every day (he had hardly tasted them before), strange trees, and the ocean made every moment one of discovery, and each second one of thrills and excitement for the little boy from an

Ohio farm.

That experience in the South did something to Bob. It stirred something to life within him, a mystical feeling that has never been explained, a sense of belonging to a land far away. The remainder of the family shared the same emotion when it entered the Southland a few years later. Somewhere in the blood of the Marshall family must run a strain of "blue-blood," that of the Virginia aristocracy or the ancient Louisiana nobility.

changes

When Robert was twelve years of age, he and his grandmother moved from the big farmhouse to the little cottage where Robert had been born, just a half-mile away. This event greatly shaped his life.

An orphan in a home with several other children is not apt to secure an opportunity to express himself. It was so in this boy's case. When he, his grandmother, aunt, uncle, and cousins were living all in one house, friction was bound to occur; it did.

The aunt developed a hatred for her nephew. He was not an easy child to love, anyhow. He was often selfish and possessed a temper which no one would curb. The grandmother "wouldn't hurt the little fellow", and no one else dared to do so. So the aunt saw in Bob all the problems which were caused by the old mother-in-law problem. She had to express her indignation upon some one, and he afforded the line of least resistance.

To this day the boy can remember sitting on one side of the old kitchen range with his aunt on the other side. When the grandmother's back was turned aunt and nephew would make faces at each other until the boy would become frightened or angry enough to cry out. The old lady wondered what was happening, but she never found out.

In this new home new interests were found. There was a garden for flowers and vegetables. There was an attractive yard to keep up. All these things of beauty the author adored. The yard was the prettiest for miles around as a result of his labors upon it, so the people who passed by frequently declared.

The boy's love of beauty expressed itself in another way also. He learned to play simple hymn tunes upon the old reed organ. A neighbor girl showed him the mechanics of the keyboard. The notes of the scale he knew already, for he had taken six lessons on a French horn from an elderly band master whose gruff manners and sharp temper soon forced the embryo musician to abandon the instrument.

This new interest in music served to put him in contact with church again. Religious services were now more enjoyable, for the boy could sing the hymns and read the responses with some sort of meaning. Easter Sunday, 1926, saw him baptized into the Columbia Baptist church, the church of his forefathers.

About this time Robert began to know his father. He had had no desire to know him, for neighbors' prejudices and relatives' jealousies had done their best to separate father and son forever. But an event occurred which changed things. It was the death of little Norma, Robert's half-sister, whom he had never seen. As the family decreed that he should go to the funeral to keep up appearances, much against his own inclinations, he went—on his bicycle.

Trembling with nervousness, he alighted at his destination, wondering what he should do next. His father was in the backyard. Calmly he greeted his oldest son and slipped his arm about his shoulders. That act saved the day. It was the first demonstration of affection that the boy had ever received. Together they went into the house to see the beautiful baby and to

greet the heart-broken mother. Father and son have been close together ever since.

the lord's day

"No, you can't go out to the barn to play today."

"Why not?"

"Because it's Sunday, that's why. Sunday is the Lord's day. We should rest and read the Bible on Sunday. Work and play on the Lord's day are sinful."

"But isn't every day the Lord's day? And why is it sinful to play on Sunday? What makes Sunday more sacred than the other days?"

This last question was never answered, even though the above conversation occurred every Sunday for some ten years. It was Robert Putt and his grandmother speaking. The poor old lady's Baptist doctrines caused her many a worry when it came to dealing with this grandson whose generation was so different from any of the others before it.

In the first place, all of Mrs. Baker's children had liked to go to church when they were young, but it took a weekly battle of wits and a little armed force thrown in to get this young imp of Satan off to Sunday school. Then, too, he showed no fear or special reverence for the Lord. He was always asking such disconcerting questions.

Robert Louis Stevenson told this story about himself. He had been prevailed upon by a friend to teach a church school class of boys in Samoa. He taught one lesson.

During this first and only lesson he ever taught, everything went well until the teacher ran out of teaching material. Then both R. L. S. and the class sat in stolid silence, each waiting for the other to say something. Finally, with the hope of securing some re-

sponse, Stevenson promised a shilling to the pupil who would ask a question. Still no response. The amount of the prize money was raised. No one said anything. At last, in desperation, Stevenson offered a half crown. A moment of silence elapsed; then a small boy in the corner raised his hand and timidly asked, "Please, Sir, Who made God?" Stevenson never did tell what happened after that.

It was this kind of thing that perplexed the grandmother in this story. Eventually she gave up trying to give her grandson theological instruction and decided that if she could get him to practice the Golden Rule, perhaps he would be saved anyhow. Thus ended the first lessons in Sunday school.

our ★ finale the puritans

by

mary stierwalt

"Gee whiz, Muth, ain't we ever gonna get anything to eat?" Bud's voice floating up the stairs rudely awakens me. I groan and pull the covers high over my head, but the raucous shouting continues to disturb the peace of the Sabbath morning.

"I'm goin' golfing with Jim, and I'm hungry." Bud draws out the last word plaintively.

"Be quiet, Bud," comes mother's penetrating whisper. "This is Sunday morning."

"I know it is, and I gotta date with Jim at seven o'clock, and, Muth, I'm hun—gry." This last is a wail.

I grind my teeth and dig down deeper into the pillow. But there is no escaping father's booming voice which now is added to the others.

"Bud, you aren't going golfing.

You are going to church with the rest of the family. You come right back here, young man. There are six other days in the week for golf."

"Aw, nuts," comes Bud's intelligent reply.

"Junior!" Dad's boom becomes a roar, and puts all end to further argument.

But the sweetness of the early morn is gone for me. Just as I am falling into a fitful and grouchy nap I am disturbed by a rustling sound. I try to ignore it, but even the Sphinx could not ignore that maddening sound of rustled papers. I open one eye and glare across the room at sister Sue, who is enthroned on her pillows with the Sunday morning papers strewn about her.

"For heaven's sake, stop that awful racket. Please, nerves."

"Oh, your nerves! There's nothing wrong with you but lack of sleep. What time did you get in this morning?"

I glare at her as she smiles sweetly at me and gayly turns the funny page inside out.

"Sue and Ann," mother calls, "it's time to get up now! We don't want to be late for Sunday school."

"But, mother, I don't want to go to Sunday school. I want to sleep," I moan. Sister chimes in.

"I'm not going, either. I don't believe anything they preach and I won't listen to it. Why Professor Strange said nobody but a moron could possibly believe that story about Adam and Eve, and Jonah and the whale and—"

"Why, Sue, how can you talk so frivolously about sacred things?" mother exclaims in a shocked voice. "Now come and get ready for breakfast."

Father frowns at us for appearing downstairs in pajamas. He is especially irritated by my heathenish creations in red and orange. Bud sulks and I read the paper. Sister, in her usual diplomatic manner, gets into a discussion with dad about evolution. Now, mentioning evolution to father, who is a dyed-in-the-wool Baptist, is like waving the red flag in front of a bull. Evolution means one thing to father --that man is descended from the hairy ape, and somehow or other, he accepts the whole theory as a personal affront to his dignity. He sets down his coffee cup with such force the coffee splashes over the saucer and on to the table cloth.

"Now, John," Mother tries to soothe him. e

"Well, I'll be damned if I'll have my own daughter throwing such ideas in to my face. That's gratitude for you, that's what I get for sending her through college. Modern science and Greek philosophy! Bah!"

The discussion continues as we finish the preparations for church. We are all piled in the car waiting for mother to get her hat tip-tilted at just the right angle.— At last, we reach church as services begin.

The sun is streaming in through the stained glass windows as we walk into the church. There we are—the whole family, Bud, sister Sue, mother, dad, and I. The pastor beams down upon us and the deacons cast benevolent smiles in our direction. As we take our places in the family pew, I hear a voice behind us whisper:

"My, dear, it does my heart good to see such a devoted family in this modern day and age—and so faithful they are."