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Mr. Binkley Dies

Rebecca Blackley

Mr. Binkley was disgruntled. The world was all wrong. As he sat in his garden on that beautiful May afternoon, everything was colored by his distaste of things as they were. Even the larkspur seemed less blue to him. He couldn't understand about those larkspur; they had really failed him shamefully. He'd worked with them more hours than he cared to remember—hours stolen from his work, and look at them! Why they couldn't compare with Fred Baxter's—Baxter, who sold plumbing supplies, and knew nothing about the finer points of larkspur. "Just shows what this world is coming to," he grumbled.

He turned back with a scowl to the current book he was reviewing. He grunted disgustedly and tossed it aside. Trash, rank trash! There weren't any good books any more; even the best writers were becoming infected with the germ of decadency. Life was decidedly not worth the living. And bother! There was Edith calling him.

"Arthur! Arthur! Why don't you answer me, Arthur?"

Would she never stop annoying him with that querulous voice of hers? Edith, yes, even Edith, was all wrong. "She knows I'm working," he thought savagely, if inconsistently. "I wish I'd never have to hear her calling me again! I almost . . . yes, I wish I were dead!"

And it was as simple as that. Incomprehensibly and easily the fact was established. Mr. Arthur Binkley, book reviewer for the Post, lay dead in his armchair. For a moment, he was thunderstruck. He had carried it too far this time. He might at least have looked a little more pleasant about it; he really looked

quite terrifying. "Perhaps I'd better call the whole thing off," he thought. "I'd better do it right now. Here comes Edith!"

He started hurriedly to slip back into his mortal frame. Suddenly a thought seized him. What would Edith say? How would she act? What did she really think of him? And besides, it was a joke, a huge joke. What a tale it would make to tell his intimates. He could see himself now at Tony's, saying, "Well, that time when I died for a while—" And besides, it was too late now. Edith was approaching, inevitably and surely.

She walked across the lawn with that peculiarly awkward motion which had never failed to irritate him in the past. Now, it seemed immaterial. He was merely possessed with a great impatience for her to reach his chair. What a great laugh they would have about this later—or so he reasoned in his incomprehensible male manner.

"Arthur," she said peevishly, "why don't you answer me, Arthur? I know you couldn't have—Arthur! Arthur! What's wrong, Arthur?" She touched him on the shoulder, then recoiled. "Oh my God! He's dead!" With a horrified expression, she fled back into the house.

Mr. Binkley began to feel quite uneasy. After all, fun was fun, but this was carrying the jest too far. That was the devil of marrying a woman with no sense of humor. Why she might even, horrifying thought, have him buried! There were no limits to what an unimaginative woman could do!

"I wish I were alive again, right now!" he muttered desperately, and waited for the deed to be accom-

plished. No accomplishment. There he lay, and here he stood. This was a devil of a mess! What was he to do now?

But just at that moment, Edith came running across the line, and Dr. Maine was with her. Mr. Binkley breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be all right now. John was a man of discernment. He would tell Edith it was just a joke, and then they could all have a good laugh over it. He waited expectantly while the doctor bent over his body. He straightened, a sad expression on his face.

"Mrs. Binkley," he said heavily, "you must be brave. It is my unpleasant and sad duty to tell you that your husband is dead. Heart failure, I believe, although I can't say positively as yet."

Mr. Binkley stared unbelievably at him. It was fantastic. It couldn't happen to him. Was the whole world mad?

"You idiot!" he screamed. "You call yourself a doctor, and you say I'm dead?" But they paid him no heed. He might as well have been thin air. Well, wasn't he?

Edith had collapsed in a chair, and was becoming hysterical. Even in this moment of dire distress, Mr. Binkley could feel that familiar irritation creeping over him. Edith was behaving very badly. But then, what could one expect of a woman?

But the situation was beginning to worry him. This was extremely inconvenient. For one thing, he was supposed to play golf at three, and it was almost two-thirty now. But then if he were really dead—and if these two were any indication, he indisputably was—he wouldn't be playing golf this afternoon or any other afternoon. He was deeply depressed.

"Why did I have to get in this mess anyhow?" he moaned. "And

what the devil am I going to do with myself. I'm dead to the world, but I don't in the least feel like a spirit. What now?" He stood helplessly as he saw himself being carried carefully into the house. Well, at least he could see that he was properly taken care of.

He followed them at a distance, superfluous caution. Edith was still crying. She was behaving in the best tradition of the bereaved wife at least, but it did annoy him. Her tears had always reduced him to a state of helpless fury, and he could still feel that very human emotion, disembodied as he was.

Now she was phoning to her sister.

"Sarah? . . . Sarah, this is Edith. Can you come over, right away? It's Arthur! He's dead! . . . Yes, dead! . . . No, it was very sudden." She sobbed. "Yes, I went out to ask him about that plumber's bill, and there he was, dead. . . . No, I hadn't thought about the funeral arrangements yet. I thought perhaps you—Oh, will you? . . . Yes, do come right over." She hung up the receiver. Her face puckered, and she began to cry again.

Mr. Binkley was beginning to feel most uncomfortable. This was rushing things with a vengeance. Couldn't they let him be decently dead a while before they started thinking about the undertaker? It was upsetting him dreadfully. He still felt very much alive, although no one seemed to appreciate the fact, and this was most disconcerting.

He wandered aimlessly for some time. There didn't seem to be any place where he could be alone and think things out. The house seemed suddenly full of people, and very queer people at that. Sarah was here, bustling about officiously. He had always detested that about Sarah, and she was having all sorts of conversations with a most offensive young man, he supposed he was the

undertaker's assistant. Really the atmosphere was decidedly too brisk for a house of death; for at last he was beginning to face the fact that he was irretrievably dead. And things were moving entirely too rapidly to suit him. Indeed, a most uncomfortable day and night had passed all too quickly, and here it was the day of the funeral.

And here he was, wandering about, feeling entirely superfluous, he, the guest of honor, as it were. Well, at least, he would have the distinction of being present at his own funeral, for present he intended to be. He was going to get something out of this mess, of that he was certain.

But when he arrived at the church a little late, for he had stayed behind the others to surreptitiously read some of the telegrams of condolence, he found the chapel doors locked. A feeling of righteous wrath pervaded his already overburdened spirit. Lock him out of his own funeral services, would they! Well, he'd show them! And he could do it, too! He was just about as mad as he had been at that fatal moment two days ago when he'd started the whole thing.

He stalked around to the side of the church. Luckily a window was open. It was a warm day. He clambered up and sat on the sill. He looked about. Everyone was there, even his editor. The minister was speaking, and the mourners listened with rapt attention. For the moment, he listened too. Dr. Pinder was doing nobly. This was a great soul who had departed. For a moment he forgot who was being eulogized so eloquently. He came to himself with a start.

"Hey!" he yelled pugnaciously. "What do you mean by locking me out of my own funeral services? Don't you know it isn't polite? Just for that I refuse to be dead another minute!" For a moment, he savored

the aghast and wholly foolish expression on Edith's face. Well, it served her right! Bury him without his permission, would she? But then things began happening too rapidly for more thought.

There he was again, back in his chair, exactly as he had been before the whole affair began. There was the rejected book at his feet. There were the delinquent larkspurs blooming blue. And there was Edith, bless her, coming across the lawn with that peculiarly awkward gait of hers.

"Arthur," she said peevishly.... "About that pl—."

With a bound, Mr. Binkley was out of his chair. "Yes, I know," he shouted joyfully. "That plumber's bill. Leave it on my desk, I'll attend to it later. I'm late for my golf game as it is. Don't wait dinner for me. I'll eat at the club." And he sprinted across the lawn and into the house.

Edith stood and watched his retreating back with a puzzled expression. "Now I wonder," she thought, "how he knew I wanted to ask him about that plumber's bill?"

Failure

Betty Davenport

He looked up and saw he was nearly there. The hand that was down in his pocket kept fingering the three pennies. David tried to make them clink like the money in grandpa's pocket—grandpa always rattled when he walked—and especially when he walked fast as David was doing now. It was fun to make the coins jingle every time he passed a crack in the sidewalk. Usually David found something fascinating in almost every crack—and then he'd have to stop and investigate. But today, when he was on such an important errand,

he didn't have time to explore. He was on his way to mail a letter. Of course, it wasn't the first time he'd dropped a letter in the box, but this was different—he was going to buy a stamp at the corner drug store and put it on the letter all by himself—lick it and everything. Mother had reminded him that the letter was for cousin Jane, so he was to be sure to get the stamp on straight—right up in the corner where mother had made a little cross with a pencil. David knew that she was right about that, because when he'd visited cousin Jane last summer he had had to be very careful about how he put his toys away—it was like that at cousin Jane's. So he was certainly going to put this stamp on just right.

He leaned hard on the drug store door and pushed it open. That nice smell of chocolate sundaes and new magazines met him. David's nose wrinkled a little, but he didn't stop to look at anything this time—not even the shiny alarm clocks in the cases. He walked up to the counter and spoke to the man behind it.

"Hello," he said.

"Well, hello, sonny!" said the clerk. "What can I do for you today?"

"I want to buy something," said David, distinctly. "I want to buy a three-cent stamp."

"Writing to Santa Claus?" asked the clerk, pulling out a drawer.

"No, it's for cousin Jane." David pulled the letter out and laid it up on the counter while he felt for the money. He was wondering whether to lick the stamp and put it on now, or wait till he was outside—it would be fun either way, he guessed. Out came the pennies and one by one he put them on the counter. He looked up at the man.

"That's just right, sonny," the clerk said, "here, let me fix it for you!" And he licked the stamp and stuck it on the letter—a little crooked. "There you are—and you can reach

the box all right—there's a low one on this corner," he went on in a hearty, friendly voice.

David didn't say anything. He picked up the letter and started out of the store.

"Well, goodbye," the man said, and even David could tell that he sounded a little hurt. But David didn't answer. He went on out and looked, through a film of tears, for the mail box.

The Education Of Ambrose

Katherine Kilby

They were an odd pair as they stood before the Taj Mahal. For that matter, they had been an odd pair as they stood before the Pyramids, and equally as odd as they gazed at the leaning tower of Pisa.

Ambrose was rotund and florid. Ambrose had a passion for violently colored clothes of unique cut. (During the knickerbocker era Ambrose had worn brown and green plaid plus fours.)

Laura, too, had a tendency toward rotundity, but she had conquered her leanings in this direction better than had her spouse. Laura also had a tendency toward, shall we say, pinkness.

But here the resemblance between Ambrose and Laura ended. Laura was, in her own words, a worshipper at the Feet of Beauty. Laura had read any number of guide books from cover to cover, and Laura knew what to appreciate and what not to appreciate in every country.

Ambrose was a mathematician. Ambrose wrote down statistics which weren't at all vital in a little black book. Ambrose knew the depth of

every lake and the height of every mountain which he had seen. That is, he would have known had his memory been good. Ambrose's memory was not good, but all the figures were neatly inscribed in his little black book.

It was at the Taj Mahal that Laura decided, with customary determination, that Ambrose should learn to appreciate Beauty.

"Ambrose," said Laura, "don't you see how—how beautiful it is? Put away that pencil, Ambrose—it's the jewel in the crown of the Moslems." Laura quoted freely, if inaccurately, from her guide book.

"Yes, dear," said Ambrose, absently tucking his pencil into his pocket behind his brown silk handkerchief, "I wonder how high it is?"

After their return to the continent their life became one long and tiring game of cat and mouse. Laura painstakingly ushered Ambrose up mountains and down valleys to show him that which was Beautiful, and Ambrose eluded Laura at every turn to question people about depths and dimensions.

Laura went unsmiling to defeat.

She forced him to spend a night at Naples, where he arose long enough before Laura to find that Vesuvius was 2300 feet deep and wider still across.

For several days she dragged him through the Louvre, where he escaped her on the first day long enough to ask a guide how many pictures there were in the place.

And then, on the third day, she came upon him as he stood in rapt contemplation of the Mona Lisa.

"At last," thought Laura. "at last he knows that beauty cannot be measured in terms of feet and inches. There is nothing to measure here."

"Say," said Ambrose, turning about. "That guide was just telling

me how many people every week ask him why the Mona Lisa has no eyebrows. I forget how many it was, but—"and Ambrose opened his little black book:

Star Light, Star Bright

Louise Dauner

Seven-thirty, of a Saturday night.

Milly closed the door on the scarred walnut dresser with its week's accumulation of city-grime and cheap powder, on the tarnished iron bed, the flimsy, shapeless dresses that hung in the closet. She had just put one on, washed her face, and tried to achieve some sort of effect with her too-fine, blondish hair. But with all her efforts, her reflection in the cracked mirror over the dresser had been discouraging.

Slowly she made her way down the dim stairway that led to the door. Her feet scraped the worn steps listlessly. Nineteen; subconsciously, her mind registered them, one by one; the next to the last was an inch higher than the rest. Sometimes, going up, she tripped over that one. And all of them were battered and worn a little hollow in the middle. Like the people who trudged up and down, up and down, she thought moodily—but it was easier to go down.

Silently she let herself out of the brooding old house. As the soft summer breeze touched her cheeks and damp brow she knew a moment of relaxation, and then the little lift that, in spite of her weariness, always came to her at this hour. She loved it—this mystic, eerie half-hour when the night seemed hesitant to

descend and the day loath to relinquish.

She walked on, down the eternal and inscrutable sidewalks, her steps imperceptibly a little lighter. But it was getting her, she told herself—eight hours a day before the weaving machines, feeding the long silken strands, until lately she had felt herself becoming just another less perfect machine for the spinning of hosiery for fine ladies' feet. Sometimes, in an odd detached way, she visioned herself as a huge spider, doomed to a malevolent industry, her face the blue-green of the lights under which she worked.

She was walking in the general direction of the Park. Not that it was really a park; only a vacant space where someone had once set some benches. Now they sagged uncomfortably, and the green paint had scaled off into a dirty gray; but she could rest tired back and feet there, and looking up from sporadic patches of insistently courageous grass, she could see a fair bit of sky where the stars shone as clearly as they did at home.

At home now—the evening star would be coming up above the hill. It would hang, pale and misty, just above the black of the pine trees. Always, as a little girl, seeing it so, she would stand very still, whisper softly—"Star light, star bright"—

She had reached the first park bench. Involuntarily, she glanced upward. In the falling night, she saw the star. But tonight she didn't wish. She knew better now. Life wasn't like that. Wishing on first stars wasn't any more effective than other kinds of wishing—or wishing at all.

This, she thought, was what she'd left the broad, leisurely fields for; this squirrel cage, where yesterday and today and then tomorrow caught her and passed over her; where every gesture could almost be predicted

beforehand, and each gesture pressed a little of youth and joy and sensitiveness out of her. Of course, farm life had its routine, too. But there was always the miracle; every morning a sunrise different from yesterday's; in the spring and summer the simple tenderness of young life, growing, waxing full, waning gently. She drew a deep nostalgic breath. Suddenly the air seemed thick and heavy to her.

And by now she had reached the middle park bench. As on the two preceding Saturday nights, she leaned back, cupping her chin in her hands. Up there the star was being joined by a myriad of others; but none, she thought, were as brilliant. She imagined it winking down on all the world; on calm glassy seas; on serene fields; on the dew-damp grass of the country-clubs where debutantes strolled under the moon.

Tonight the star seemed to have more than five points—six, seven, she couldn't see clearly. And tonight it reminded her of an advertisement in the evening paper, an advertisement for those same laughing girls whose delicate feet tripped through June nights in—perhaps the identical hose she had helped to fashion. Laughing girls, with all the glamour of a favored youth woven into the star-spangled evening gowns in the advertisement.

And then she heard steps on the path. Young, bouvant steps. Her senses quickened. Would he come?

Twice before he had come; strong, erect, fair, with a breath of cleanliness about him, like the country itself. Last Saturday he had seemed on the point of speaking; had hesitated a moment, as though considering whether he, too, should not sit on the bench, at the other end. If he hesitated tonight—perhaps he, too, was lonely and homesick for the land. She would speak to him. There could be nothing wrong in that.

The steps came closer. Her heart

began to pound the least bit. What if he misunderstood? But he would know. He would look at her, and he couldn't think—that. What would she say? "Hello." And after that things would take care of themselves. Maybe, if they got on well, he would suggest taking a walk—under the stars.

He was almost abreast of her. His steps were slowing. It was the third Saturday night. Now was the time. She looked up to meet his gaze. She smiled, shyly. "Hello," she said. "Won't you—sit down?"

He seemed suddenly embarrassed. "Why—", he smiled, "I—". He moved to approach the bench, then stopped. In the darkness she crimsoned. Didn't he understand?

But he was staring at a bulky figure that loomed behind her, a figure that she could not see.

"Here you!" The voice, directed toward her, was rough. "What are yuh doin' here?" Still she did not realize that the voice addressed her. "You, I mean." The figure moved in front of her and jerked her to her feet.

She shrank back. "I—". Her voice caught. "I wasn't doing anything!"

"Yah! That's what they all say. 'I wasn't doin' nothin'." The voice was savagely mocking. "Guess you'd better come with me, sister, and tell it t' the judge." Small sharp eyes scrutinized her; took in her thin body, the cheap dress, the straggly hair. "Business hasn't been so good, eh?" A fat hot hand closed on her arm.

She struggled for a moment; until, over the policeman's shoulder she saw the young man moving noiselessly into the shadows. Her shoulders drooped then in resignation.

The moist, hot hand was shoving her down the path toward the city lights. From far away she heard the voice murmuring something—"Maybe the judge won't lock you up—Looks like it's your first time—

musta been, or you wouldn't a done such a rough job." She heard a guttural laugh.

Soft music, star light. But the wind was blowing up a rain, and the sky had gone quite black.

It Flies

Mary C. Funkhouser

Time, it is said, waits for no man. I admire things that wait for no man—they are so few—especially, sweet young things. But this is digression.

Although nothing can be done about it, I think time is demanding too much attention in this nervous era. Ours is an age of clock punching, of schedules, of Bulova watch mongers splicing up perfectly good radio programs to annoy people by reminding them of the hour. Why couldn't the old Greek astronomers at least have contented themselves with the natural division of day and night, months and years? Why the necessity of cutting up the poor puny days into tiny teasing tid-bits of time?

I harbor dark suspicions of people who always know the hour of day, people who, if you regard them quizzically (although you haven't said a word) will snap their wrist watches under your nose saving, "two ten and three ticks" without even looking. And reader, those individuals who always remember the exact hour they did things, are fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. The summer traveler who scribbled a hasty postcard such as, "Hello there—arrived last evening at 5:22. Had a nice swim till 6:00. Dinner at 7:30 on the hotel terrace. To the theatre at 9:00. Danced afterward for an hour. Home by 1:15," gives me the jitters. The one quoted slipped up by not telling us how long he was at the theatre.

I guess he's going to let us figure it out for ourselves. It would seem that these time-conscious correspondents are in a sort of traveling marathon wherein they must report the "when" and "how long" of all they do. One grows breathless just reading their cards.

Time was indirectly one of my childhood's greatest disillusionings. Father Christmas and Father Time, hand in hand, tottered across my rosy infant's horizon teaching me that things are not what they seem. Father Christmas, the vague, intangible "spirit," was offered as an ever inadequate substitute for the jolly red-faced man of the sleigh-bells. About this time too, I learned to tell time—was taught the glowering significance of the quaint features of clocks—learned that those ticking monsters kept rigid check on how long I was good or naughty. It was their doing that called me in from play—made me eat when I wasn't hungry—sent me to bed "by day." "It's time to come in" or "it's time to go to bed" seemed most illogical to me—that people should be regulated by such chiming little nuisances. Why didn't mamma regulate them—set them forward or back to suit the occasion?

The only clock I ever really liked was one that lived in a little country town in my aunt's parlor. Its virtue was that it was always at least half an hour slow. This, thought I, is a clock with a sense of humor. If someone didn't keep check on it, it would lose so rapidly that soon today would be yesterday, and so on until one would drift deliciously back into the last week without even bothering. Too, its face was adorned with many colored, revolving planets which showed that it had a broader conception of time than merely quibbling over hours.

I can never be as happy again as I was before I had any knowledge

of man's careful division of time by means of clocks. Before I understood time-pieces, what bliss! I could waken in the morning into a wondrous eternity. I didn't know how long the day was or how long it stayed dark—and I didn't care. Now there are little round glass-eyed consciences leering at me from every desk or mantle-piece in the house—recording my hours of idleness, checking my comings and outgoings—calling me from contemplation and dreams into attention and action.

According to Ovid, time is the best doctor. True, I know him as a universal surgeon who, without a tremor removes my young and happy hours one by one by one—and, provided there are no more miracles, he will finally amputate me altogether!

Keeper Of The Pump

Max Stuckey

Judge Sylvester Matewan puffed laboriously on a black cigar. He twirled a gold penknife on the end of a heavy watch chain and glanced meditatively up the dusty street.

In front of the general store two grey-haired men sit on boxes. A checkerboard rests between them, and they sit for hours without a word. Three or four young men sit on empty barrels and watch. When the old men die two of the young men will inherit the checkerboard and boxes.

Hardly less lifelike than the checker players, a stodgy wooden Indian holds a fistful of decaying wooden cigars, while across the street, in front of the jewelry store, a big tin

watch says three-thirty. It has been three-thirty in front of the jewelry store for half a century.

Judge Matewan eyed this familiar scene with a sense of propriety. The judge was not exactly an imposing figure. He was rather small in stature, but made up for it in circumference. His rotund waist was solid and substantial.

He stopped in front of the station platform to address a group of Winfield's better citizens. He waved a hand dramatically at Martin Olsen whose slim angular form provided a blue serge drapery for the town pump during most of Winfield's waking hours.

"Now, gentlemen, there is an illustration to my point." Judge Matewan coughed with political finesse over the too-strong effect of his cigar. "That man and I were boyhood chums. Through hard work I have arisen to my place of dignity. Martin washes the pump. He excels at nothing."

As if to belie the judge's exhortation, Martin Olsen jerked his head backward, screwed his left eye into a mass of wrinkles, and with a faint "plop" dropped a stream of tobacco juice on an unfortunate horse-fly. He leaned back complacently and squinted one eye to see better the dignified waddle of the approaching Sylvester and friends.

The Judge's listeners gaped in assumed awe as he expressed his views on the day's news as parceled out by the Winfield Weekly Ledger. "Now I think the schools in this county could be run on half the money allotted. They need new blood in the school system. I think I shall drop my present duties and run for County Superintendent this Fall."

Martin Olsen spat disdainfully and grunted.

"Good morning, Martin."

"Mornin', Silver."

Sylvester Matewan grunted. Sud-

denly his fat face split in a patronizing smile. "The money I loaned you yesterday will carry you through until Fall?" The judge glanced out of the corner of his eyes to be sure his voice had carried to everyone.

There was a slight "plop" and a puddle of water near the judge splashed and faded into a waveless pool. "I reckon it'll last, but th' in-trust is so high I don't 'low I'll make enough to buy tobacco."

Judge Matewan covered his chagrin by taking a shiny cup from a bent wire and pumping vigorously on the worn pump handle. The pump groaned squeakily, sputtered half-heartedly; then there was a deep gurgle in its throat, and silence.

Miss Hodgeson swooped down upon the disgruntled judge. Miss Hodgeson was an aged spinster. The years had withered her like a sundried apple, sharpened her tongue, and put a glint of sarcasm in her grey eyes.

The judge bowed and tipped his hat.

"Judge, Mrs. Barnard just told me Senator Morris is coming through here on the 4:41. There is a big landslide at Scott and the 4:41 will probably stop here. It always does every time there is a slide up there."

Judge Matewan nodded his head. "It will be an excellent opportunity for me to discuss some important questions with the senator. No doubt he will be grateful for the work I did for him last election. I am a staunch admirer of the senator. You know, we have corresponded with each other."

The forgotten Olsen spat disdainfully at a nearby tobacco can, and snapped his fingers as he missed. Miss Hodgeson eyed him witheringly.

"Sylvester, I think there should be an ordinance against loafing around the town pump. A lady can't get a

drink with tobacco-chewing bums draped over it."

The judge nodded. Martin Olsen grunted, causing Miss Hodgeson to look sharply at him as she thought she heard him say, "Lady? Huh!"

The 4:41 pulled into the garish yellow station. It chugged onto the siding and began puffing wheezingly.

Senator Morris pulled out a heavy gold watch, twisted the stem, and cursed his secretary.

"How long are we in this dump?"

"Until the track is cleared, sir."

The senator cursed again. "Couldn't they pick out a better place to stop? This town has been dead so long the station looks like a tombstone." The blare of a six piece band halted the senator.

"Where's that ungodly noise coming from?" he asked the secretary. He stepped out upon the platform, and there, to greet him, was Judge Sylvester Matewan, and the population of Winfield, including all the dogs, most of the cats, and a smattering of poultry. Judge Matewan wore a black derby hat like the senator's, a black frock coat like the senator's, and a shiny purple tie not like the senator's.

"Welcome to Winfield, Senator. I am Sylvester Matewan, in some ways a judge and mayor, but in all ways a good democrat."

Senator Morris shook the extended hand, and nodded to the cheering populace—populace except for Olsen who was draped, as usual, across the pump, eyeing the train with half-closed eyes.

The entire mass moved toward the pump, headed by the senator and Judge Sylvester.

The senator stopped, facing Martin. "I haven't seen a pump like that since I was a boy in Marietta. Young man, how about pumping me a drink?"

"Yore hand sore, guv'nor?"

The senator looked up in surprise,

saw a twinkle in the blue eyes, and laughed.

Judge Matewan elbowed Olsen away and began to pump vigorously. There followed the dying moans and gurgles but not a drop of water.

Olsen smiled, retrieved the handle, and in a dozen quick powerful strokes had the pump splashing water all over the senator's shiny black shoes. The senator stepped back until the force subsided. When it had died down he stepped forward. He eyed the cup suspiciously.

"Just a moment, senator, I'll get you a cup from the store." The judge started to hurry away.

Olsen protested. "Ain't nothin' wrong with thet cup. Ever'body in town drinks out of it, an' nobody ain' caught nothin' yet."

Sylvester grunted. The senator laughed and stuck the cup under the mouth of the pump.

"Ah," he said, "delicious." Senator Morris paused with the cup half way on its second trip. Martin Olsen had leaned back dangerously, squinted one eye, and with a lurch and an accompanying "plop" a compact stream of brown described a perfect parabola and lit with a dull thud in the center of a Prince Albert can fifteen feet away.

"Remarkable," said the senator. "Let me see you do that again." Martin Olsen ignored him.

The senator wiped his brow. "Is water the only refreshment you have for hot days in Winfield?"

Sylvester started. He looked aghast at Miss Hodgeson who whispered "Markham's sody fountain."

Olsen had been eyeing Senator Morris, and as Miss Hodgeson and the judge went into a momentary huddle he leaned over and whispered, "I can give ye the best stuff in the state, but ye'll have to come with me fer it. I live—" Olsen stopped whispering as he saw Miss Hodgeson edge nearer to hear what the town

bum could possibly say that would interest a senator.

"A religious town, huh?" Aloud the senator said, "Mr. —ah?"

"Matewan," broke in that individual, importantly.

"Mr. Matewan, this gentleman and I have some business to discuss. I will see you again before I leave." To the amazement of the judge and the lady with the serpent's tongue, Senator Morris walked up the street beside Martin Olsen.

An hour passed and a great congregation had gathered in front of Olsen's little home.

"I seen him pass the window," whisered Miss Hodgeson.

"Wonder what the Senator could want with Olsen?" Judge Sylvester asked aloud for the tenth time.

The 4:41 whistled. Suddenly Olsen's door opened. Senator Morris was clapping Olsen on the back. He laughed and asked Olsen something. Olsen nodded, squinted one eye, his head jerked, and Senator Morris clapped him on the back and said, "Remarkable."

The 4:41 whistled again. The Senator nodded to the crowd, but with one arm linked in Olsen's walked to the train that was now chugging impatiently.

The Senator boarded the train much to the relief of a sweating secretary. The secretary was even more relieved when he smelled alcohol on the senator's breath. Alcohol had such a mellowing effect on the senator.

The senator waved goodbye out the window to Olsen who was already half way back to the pump, half the crowd following him and half remaining to watch the train pull out.

Judge Matewan stopped in front of Olsen. Miss Hodgeson was still with the judge.

"Martin, what did the senator say?"

"He said it was hot as the devil."

"I don't mean that. Well....ah.... did he say anything about me?"

"Yep."

The judge swelled visibly. "What did he say, Martin?"

"Wal, he said 'Who was thet self-important little fellar in the derby?'"

Sylvester Matewan turned red from the bottom of his fat neck to the rim of his black derby. He looked at the ground. He looked up.

Martin Olsen squinted his left eye. The crowd gave way in front of him. His head jerked slightly, and there was a small splash in the puddle by the judge's feet.

The judge watched the ripples die out. Suddenly he straightened, reached over, and clapped Olsen on the back. "Remarkable, Olsen, remarkable."

They'll Be Sorry

Grace Ferguson

A little girl lay on the big four-poster, sobbing great tearless sobs that shook her frail body; her head was almost smothered in one of the white pillows. She was sprawled at full length, and turned nervously from side to side at intervals, so that one minute she faced the heavy panelled door and the next, the ornate dressing table with the painted china toilet articles.

The sobs ceased and tears began to flow in abundance. The little girl's mouth drooped and her lower lip quivered as she attempted to dry her eyes with her already too-moist handkerchief. The tears ceased for a moment and she lay quietly on the bed; then they broke out again and she turned her face into the pillow, regaining for a time that climax of emotion which had been hers before.

Then she got up and sat on the edge of the bed, the toes of her shoes just touching the floor. She sat very still, worn out from her long weeping, and she looked out through the window. Her eyelids hung low and her lower lip was pressed upwards, causing the ends of her mouth to droop. She looked out upon the roof of the garage, which reflected the glorious sunlight, and beside it she saw the great white beech, unfurling its dainty leaves, ever so slowly. And she saw a happy robin shaking itself in the sun, and she saw a little brown rabbit trying to hide in the lilies of the valley at the foot of the white beech.

The little girl's mouth twisted into an ironic smile. Then she turned her gaze away from the window, and it rested on the modern little mahogany desk. She rose and went over to this little piece of furniture which was in such striking contrast to the rest of the room. She pulled out the little chair and sat down.

Once the lid was pulled back, a little drawer was visible in the center, between the two cubby-holes on each side. Papers were scattered everywhere, overflowing out of the drawer, filling all of the holes, and in disorderly piles in the space under the drawer.

The little girl took the papers out of the right hand cubby-hole. In careful script the word "Spelling" was written at the top; at the left was "Barbara J." and at the right, 100 was written; and beside the 100, there was a gold star. The rest of the pile was similar, except that the stars were sometimes blue. The little girl laid them in a neat pile on the desk.

Then she took the papers out of the next cubby-hole. "Arithmetic" was written at the top of these, in the same hand. There were seven 100s and one 98. She hesitated and then

thrust the 98 under the pile of papers in the bottom of the desk.

There were papers in the other cubby-holes marked "History" "Grammar" and "Civics," but Barbara did not disturb them. Instead, she opened the little drawer in the center of the desk. It was crammed full of cards and letters and pictures.

Three report cards came out first. There were four little rows of A's on each; but, to look closer, not quite perfect rows. Here and there the A was augmented by a "plus" mark, but once in a while a B or C took the place of the A. The "plus" marks were in spelling, domestic science, and arithmetic. The B's in grammar and history. There were C's on two of the cards, in civics.

Barbara laid the report cards in a row at the left hand side of the desk. Then she sorted the photographs out of the pile of papers from the drawer. In the first picture she saw herself smiling broadly. She was clad in shorts and was standing beside a bicycle. The unusual brilliance of the plating on the bicycle marred the photograph slightly; one of the little girl's hands rested on the handlebar; in the other hand were the rubber pedals, which had not yet been attached.

Barbara returned this picture to the drawer and took up the next one; this one showed her planting seeds in a vegetable garden. She laid it aside and discarded one showing her in a very stylish silk dress.

Several photographs of herself in hiking clothes she put back in the drawer, all except one which showed her shaking hands with a woman in uniform. The last one of all pictured her surrounded by paintings, wood blocks, and crude pottery. She put it aside with the other two, and then arranged these three, propping them against the cubby-holes.

Next she went to the ornate old bookcase and selected two books.

One was called "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." It was inscribed "Won by Miss Barbara James for perfect attendance in Sunday school, 1931." The other book was called "The Little Colonel Stories," and the fly-leaf was inscribed "Barbara James, winner of the Spelling Contest, Room 9, February, 1928."

Besides these books Barbara placed her little Girl Scout pin and a green Audubon Society pin with a red cardinal on it. She allowed her eyes to wander over the varied assortment of books and papers and pins, and her lips again twisted into an ironic smile.

Then she opened the door of her closet and searched impatiently among the clothes hung carelessly on the hooks. Under two soiled dresses and part of a pair of pajamas, she found a quilted bath robe. She detached the cord which served as a belt, and re-entered the bedroom, closing the door carefully on the chaos within. She looked up at the low and ornate chandelier. Then she got a chair and a thick book, called the "Standard Dictionary of Facts." She placed the book on the chair and then climbed up onto it. She tied a lasso in the cord and then reaching up on tiptoe she tied the cord to the chandelier. She put the loop in the cord around her neck and then stood silently for minute after minute, listening. She heard nothing. The house was as quiet as a tomb.

Then a long sigh escaped her, and the wrinkles in her forehead disappeared. Her eyebrows went up in the middle and down at the ends. She removed the loop from her neck and got down off the chair. Then she put the book on the floor and sat down on the chair. She sat bent forward, her dress dropping between the knees and her hands in her lap. She sat and stared at the rug.

Presently her chin tightened and her lower lip quivered; a sob escaped her and the tears began to flow down her cheeks. She turned to the bed again, and buried her face in the pillow.

The Highwayman

Dorothy Thompson

"The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees," began Nan, "The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas. The road was a—."

"Nan Harris, stop reading that spooky poem," said Betty in a shaky voice. "It's bad enough to be left here alone to take care of the house, without your making it a whole lot worse."

"You'd be afraid of your own shadow," returned Nan calmly. "There's nothing to get warmed up about. Dad'll be back in a few hours, and besides, what could happen to us?"

"Nothing, of course," Betty answered. "But it's lonely out here on the main road at night, with no other houses around."

She went to the window, and watched the big sign that said, "Gas, Meals, Rooms for Tourists," swing in the wind.

"I don't like this kind of night, Nan; it fits the description you read too well."

"All the more reason for me to go on with the poem," Nan replied. "You've got to have atmosphere for this. Just listen: 'The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor, and the highwayman came riding—riding — The highwayman came riding up to the old inn door. Over the cobbles he—'."

"Evening, girls," said a voice from the doorway.

Betty jumped up like a shot, and even Nan turned her head quickly toward the threshold.

"Hope I didn't frighten you," the man continued. "I just stopped in to get warmed up a little. You don't have any coffee handy, do you?"

"Of course we have," returned Nan, rising and going toward the kitchen. "Sit down at one of the tables. It'll be ready in a minute."

The man took off his coat quickly and slipped into a chair. He was of medium height, rather slim and blond, with piercing gray eyes. He seemed inclined to talk.

"It's a bad night. Cold—say, the wind cuts like a bullet. Thought I'd never come to a place to stop. Finally I saw your sign, and I headed straight for it. Not many people on the road, either. I don't suppose you have a whole lot of business in the winter, do you?"

Betty had recovered some of her composure by this time, and she answered readily enough, "No, we don't have very much. You're the only person that's been here tonight. We really didn't expect anyone; that's why the coffee isn't ready."

"What did you say about coffee?" said Nan, pushing the kitchen door open with one shoulder.

She brought in a steaming cup. The blond man said, "Thanks," and began to drink it eagerly. Some of the lines in his face seemed to smooth out, as the hot liquid warmed him.

"I suppose you want some gas?" Nan asked in her best business manner. "I'll go out and fill it up while you're getting thawed out."

She started toward the door, but the fellow answered, "No, I don't need any. And by the way,"—with an apologetic smile—"I took the liberty of running my car into the emp-

ty garage by the side of the house. Hated to leave it outside; you never know who's liable to come along and steal or strip it. Hope you don't mind."

"Oh no," Nan said, "it's quite all right."

She began to turn away from the door, but as she did a blaze of light streamed along the road, and four black cars, sirens going full blast, swept past the inn.

"The police are after someone," she said with a grin. "Maybe it's our highwayman, Betty."

"What do you mean, 'highwayman'?" said the blond man.

"Oh, Nan and I were reading the poem, 'The Highwayman', when you came in," returned Betty. "That's why we were frightened for a moment when you came; it seemed so realistic. You know, the one that goes, 'The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees. The moon—'"

"'Was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,'" smiled the stranger. "I know it too. It always seemed to me that the highwayman had a raw deal, and Bess too, for that matter. Let's see, how does it go toward the last, 'Blood red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat, When they shot him down on the highway, down like a dog on the highway—'"

Suddenly his voice changed, and the lines seemed to come back into his face. "Got to be going, girls; there's a long road ahead of me before morning."

He pulled a bill out of his pocket and said almost gaily again, "Keep the change. This is a present from your highwayman."

He was through the door quickly; his car was out of the shed and speeding up the road almost before the girls had time to say goodbye.

Millenium

Margaret Spencer

The flame of the thick tallow candles flickered eerily in the gusts of wind that swept into the church through the two broken windows. There were only five candles, four in the old iron holders along the side walls, and one, stuck in a cracked glass, up in front on the pulpit. Behind the pulpit loomed the tall, black-coated figure of the minister. The straight-backed oak benches were crowded with people who listened silently to his words. The men, for the most part, were stolid, unmoved; but the faces of the women were more expressive, betraying fear and excitement.

When the meeting was over, most of the people stayed a while to warm themselves by the little old stove and repeat in subdued voices the awful message of the evening; but two of the young people slipped away unnoticed, and met in the path outside. The girl was trembling and her voice sounded shrill and unnatural to the boy.

"David—David, we can't be married in the church Sunday, we'll never be married now; the Lord is coming Sunday for his children and we must be ready."

The boy grasped her hands tightly and tried to see her face. "How can you be sure? He told us once before it was time, but at the last minute he said the Lord had changed his

mind. Sometimes I wonder if he believes it himself."

"David Landow, it is wicked to doubt the words of the Lord's chosen messenger; repent of your evil thoughts before it is too late."

"I don't care. I want us to be married Sunday; I don't think that's wicked, do you?"

"I don't know; the minister says we should put away all worldly thoughts and spend the week preparing to meet the Lord, but I can't help it; I wish we were going to be married, too."

"Then let's pretend we're going to be married Sunday anyway. We couldn't stop thinking about it, not if we tried; you know we couldn't. Promise me you'll wear your blue wedding dress Sunday, instead of making a white robe like the others. I think if the Lord wants our clothes to be white, He will make them so. If He comes, I don't think He'll be angry with us—and if He doesn't come we can be married anyway."

"Do you think He would forgive us? I do want so much to wear my blue dress. What shall I do? Tell me, David. If you think it isn't wicked, I'll wear it, and if the Lord doesn't come Sunday, we'll be married. Hurry, tell me; we must go back in before the minister misses us."

The boy's reply was prompt and firm. "I'll be looking for you in your blue wedding dress."

The girl didn't answer, but she shivered slightly and after a moment, turned and hurried into the church.

HEADLINE

"Come See Strange Beasts at Our Zoos"
I happened one day to peruse.
Without a delay,
I went, right away!
I like to keep "up" on the gnus.

—Maxine Peters.



Little Caesar

Bill Hart

"Little Caesar" is a fitting nickname for a fellow on our street. His name is Cecil, and he is about ten years old. He is one of a family of five; four blond boys and one brunette girl. Cecil is a small boy in stature, but built with the proportions of a circus strong man. He has a large chest, muscular legs, and broad shoulders. He has handsome features and they are set out by brown eyes that shine with a sparkle, a sparkle that spells mischief and trouble. He always wears a smile, and it carries a friendliness that draws everyone to him.

Cecil swims quite often, and he is the source of much admiration when he appears in his tiny trunks. He is a marvelous swimmer, and a good diver for his age. Last year at a camp he came home with fifteen ribbons he had won for his athletic ability; he also helped his family win the camp award for the best athletic and most popular family at camp.

Since Cecil becomes easily excited he is always in a nervous tension. He sometimes becomes so enthusiastic at an exciting event that he becomes unmanageable. He indulges in no sport for fun. He is always out to win.

His association with his older brothers has made him more mature and independent than other boys his age. He skipped a grade not long ago, and still obtained excellent grades on his six-weeks report.

He is sharp-witted and he uses his wit to an advantage in several ways. He can tease an older person in such a way it endangers his own safety to remain in the vicinity.

Several days ago I saw him as he came home in the rain from a ball-

game. I pitied his mother if she had to clean him up. His brown hair was covered with mud and tangled with burrs. His clothes were filthy and torn beyond repair. One of his shoes was gone and the other dangled from his belt. He surely was a sight. It didn't matter to him, for his eyes and his broad smile told me that his team had won the game. Outwardly he looked not unlike a freshman who had just emerged from a freshman-sophomore fight; inwardly he felt like a sophomore who had successfully defended the greased pole and flag. He hardly realized that it was pouring down rain, and he often stooped to remove an obstacle that lay in the path of a stick he was floating down the gutter. No doubt the stick was a large destroyer bearing down on the Germans, or some such enemy. That is the kind of imagination he had. I have seen him many times killing a thousand Indians with his father's cane, carving his way through 'a wall of human flesh' with a broken clothespin, or even winning the world series single handed.

Since he is small in stature Cecil has had to make this up in other ways. He seems to have made it up quite artfully. He began in our neighborhood, and after several weeks of strife had firmly convinced his "mob" that he was the "big shot." It seems he had "cleaned up" on every kid his age that he could find so that he might go about his play unmo-
lest. His greatest opposition, strangely enough, came from his brother. In this case Cecil used diplomacy and soon convinced his brother that two heads are better than one.

When I was ill a year or so ago,

and was forced to keep off my feet for five or six weeks, I found I had no better friend than Cecil. He came over to see me every day after school, and even though I was seven years older than he, we became the best of pals.

Since I have started to Butler I have seen very little of "Little Caesar"; but I know he is one fellow I can depend on, and that he will grow up and continue to be a "swell guy."

The Rabbit Hunt

Leland Bass

The first day of the rabbit season comes to this region of the country on about the tenth or eleventh of November. Hunters all around take leave from their business and work in order to rise very early in the morning and drive fifty or sixty miles for the best hunting. The first day of the season generally falls among the rains just before the first winter snow. The winds and rain are chilly, but hunters do not seem to mind for they have high-top boots and warm hunting outfits to protect them from the elements. After they drive to the section where they intend to hunt, they get their shotguns and shells, button their coats well, and step off into the mud of the fields anxiously waiting for a shot at the first rabbit.

The hunters make their way slowly and carefully to the haystack in the middle of the field, but before they have quite reached it, a young cottontail runs out of his little nest of grass and tries to make himself scarce as quickly as possible. This rabbit probably has never witnessed a hunting scene before, and so for that reason he is running to keep out of reach of the men. The men have

finally spotted the little cottontail; up come the big barrels of the shotguns, and scores of buckshot halt the progress of the rabbit through the field and through life. The buckshot has literally torn him to pieces, for his head and forelegs are entirely mutilated; but the men stuff him in one of the big dark pockets in their coats and proceed toward the haystack. From the stack they scare two or three more rabbits, one of which is a big rabbit in his second season. The men will never take him, for he runs in a zig-zag line with speed urged on by extreme fear, and will not to stop at the cost of his life. The buckshot has broken two of his legs, but this cannot stop him and he drags himself into some hole where the men can do him no harm. In this way the hunting proceeds on the first day; shooting many times, killing many rabbits, wounding many, and allowing many to escape in this condition.

The twenty-first day of the hunting season is quite different in many ways; first, the weather has changed, for instead of a drizzling rain there is a snow storm; second, the Thanksgiving Day festivities are on, and the men go hunting mostly for sport; third, the rabbits have for the most part learned of hunters and their ways. After the usual drive to their hunting spot, the men start out much the same way as before. There are no rabbits in the field; there are none in the haystack for it has dwindled down to nothing. There may be one or two rabbits in the cornfields, but they are sitting so tight that they can be neither seen nor moved. The rabbits are in holes and brushpits where they can get the most warmth and protection. Finally, the men "jump" a rabbit in a brushpit. He leaves the brushpit like an experienced rabbit for he runs zig-zaggingly and with a fear that helps

him to escape. So the men are satisfied after their tiring day without a rabbit, and go home to their comfortable chairs by the fireplace and to tables filled with Thanksgiving dinner.

Caprice Of A Cavalier

Lucile Throckmorton

An Autobiography

Prologue

How weary I am of wars and plunder and duels and valor. England has established her power, and London has become stuffy with ease and conservatism. The trend of the times has changed, and there seems to be no place in the twentieth century for a seventeenth century cavalier.

Ah, but wait! I have an idea. I shall try a new experiment, something wholly unlike any of my previous conquests. I shall have more fun than I had on the day I slit the Scot's kilt in the Tavern Chanticleer. The twentieth century shall yet know the gallantry and prowess which once were mine.

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At Sea

Nov. 5, 1935.

Dear Diary;

I have been asked to write a chapter on my ancestry. It might be tragic if it were not so funny, for you see, Diary, the professor does not know that I am almost bereft of family, not to mention ancestors. Often I have the strangest feeling that some place in my ancestry there must have been a cavalier, a soldier of fortune, or perhaps a scoundrel, who mischievously decided to leave an unidentified strain. He must have cocked his knowing head and winked a merry eye as he said, "There shall

finally come a generation which shall stand alone. If a boy, he shall be a leader, a conquerer; if a girl—bah! perish the thought; but, at any rate he will strike out for himself; there will be no family fame to back him." He must have made his decision in the early twentieth century, because by the time I had made my entrance into the world in 1905 my ancestors seemed to have come one at a time and disappeared one at a time. My father had no brothers or sisters, and his family connections were removed from earth before my recollection; his own demise occurred in 1909 when I was four years old. My mother had no brothers or sisters, and with the passing of her family seemed to have no further descendants. I am an only child, and together with my mother remain today as the sole survivor.

I studied a book of family chronology to see if I could trace some venerable ancestor, but I found no mention of any names familiar to me. I did learn that the history and name of the family date back to England at the time of William the Conqueror, and that there were two branches which emigrated to this country. One settled at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630; the other settled in Gloucester county, Virginia, in 1660. Whatever connection any of this data has with me I cannot know, but it is much more comforting to have had William the Conqueror as an ancestor rather than Ivan the Terrible.

What a disappointment I must have been to a family that was expecting a boy, for I have been told that the name David William, after paternal and maternal grandfathers, had been carefully chosen for me. When it was evident that this name would not do, my mother suddenly remembered an appealing story she had read entitled "Lucile," so I received my name from this book.

Several years ago I noted with interest a reference to this book "Lucile" in a newspaper column. At a program of the "Fiat Lux" Society in 1876 a member read a paper on "Lucile," and the author of the paper made this comment: "Years ago, in my romantic days, I read 'Lucile,' and there seemed to me to be no book its equal. Reperusing it a short time since, I wondered why it had so completely gone out of fashion. While people still rave about 'Evangeline' and 'Maud Muller,' this novel, so piquant and charming; this love story, so pathetic and touching; this poem, so complete and beautiful, remains comparatively unspoken of." I have never read this old story, and do not know if I am measuring up or falling down to my namesake, but this being named after a book seems to be my only claim to distinction.

Contemplation

So she is a girl instead of a boy; nevertheless I shall continue with my experiment.

An only child, living alone with adults is apt to be spoiled and indolent. I must do something about this.

Ah! I have it! I shall keep the adults occupied and away, so that she can grow unhampered. They shall be too busy and self-opinionated after the manner of elders to be indulgent.

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April 15, 1946.

Dear Diary;

I must hurry and tell you about this morning's incident. I arose early and went out on the balcony overlooking the patio below to view the sleeping beauty of Mexico City—the flat tops without chimneys in red, blue, and yellow—the outline of the mountains—and the spires of the great cathedral. Suddenly coming out of space, swinging himself up over the balcony came a young man of undefinable age with shoulder-

length black, wavy hair and blue, blue eyes—eyes which I shall never forget. They were both serious and smiling, eyes that seemed to be young yet old. I was startled until I heard a rippling laugh.

"I did not mean to frighten you," he said, "for surely you know who I am."

I started to say that I did not know when instinctively I knew—he was my guardian ancestor, the cavalier.

"But I wasn't expecting you," I actually replied.

Again he laughed.

"How old are you now, my dear?"

"I am forty years young."

"Have you forgiven me for leaving you alone for so many years?" When I answered in the affirmative he went on as if he had not heard me.

"Occasionally, I felt that you were revolting at my experiment. Sometimes you were a trifle rebellious, and then I had to guide with a firm rein, but you were always reasonable. You see, you had to learn to walk before you could run."

"Have I pleased you?" I queried, but with that he was gone. There was a flash of a sweeping blue plume, a bright blue cape, laughing eyes, and a knowing nod as he disappeared into space.

May 1, 1946.

Dear Diary;

Tomorrow my husband and I are leaving for San Francisco, after which we will go up the coast to Seattle for the summer months. We will return to Mexico City this winter, and perhaps I shall see my cavalier ancestor again.

I hope I do see him, Diary, for I have so many things to tell him. I want him to know how much his experiment has taught me. And yet, I believe he already knows that.

My Outlook On Life

Virginia Wallace

It is a good thing for a student to stop a moment in the midst of this striving to do all that is expected of him in college and think of what his life has meant up to the present and on what he intends to base his future.

When I think of my life up to now, I see several distinct features that have shaped my thoughts and ideals. Steady, consistent Christian training from my earliest recollections has formed a firm basis for most of my ideas. However, this has never been irksome or too unwielding, otherwise I might not have stayed within its limits so willingly. No puritanical restrictions have ever been made for me, but neither have I ever been left too freely on my own judgments until my parents thought it advisable. I still tell my mother where I am going, not because I must, but because, strangely enough, I want to. I do not know what method my father and mother used to keep me doing the right thing and still not minding it, but it has never seemed too strict to me, and I have always had a good time.

Up until the last few years, religion was more of a habit than anything else to me. As a child one cannot really understand it, but when he gets a little older it becomes more important. I began to think what it really meant, church-going grew more attractive, I liked to work in it, and I found that I had a great deal of faith in its principles. My faith has grown even firmer, and no amount of scientific argument or reasoning can shake it. I admit it is a simple faith. I do not try to ana-

lyze great principles, and I think that every sect has a right to its own beliefs. Each believes in the same God, and that is the important thing to me.

Also, through the past five or six years, certain ideals and standards have made themselves clear and I strive toward them. I can not believe in the modern sophistication that brushes lightly over simple living, clean thoughts, morality, and religious ideals. I think, though, that many people still cling to their old ideas but are ashamed to admit their belief in them. That is perhaps one of the most serious dangers in this age. For my part, I think that customs that are the products of years of experience are more to be depended upon than a new code that has not been proven at all.

Looking into the future, however, I think life is well worth the living. It may have been easier to live in another age, but this one is a good test.

Increasingly I realize that every new person, every new experience is important to me. College is very valuable in that respect. Even unpleasant happenings are worthwhile, because a new lesson is taught in patience if nothing else.

I want to receive a good education, because I feel that I will have a better appreciation of life for it. It is easier to understand world affairs, present conditions, and foreign peoples if I know something about them and their history. College can furnish all this and more. Above all I want to develop my mind to the extent that when I grow old I shall have many interests and can be content. I never want to feel that I am selfishly burdening someone by forcing them to entertain me. I believe it is possible, as someone has said, to "grow old gracefully," and I hope that that is what I may be able to do.

Neighborhood Grocery

Robert Bill

In my eagerness to get out of a cold, blowing, autumnal rain, I pushed open the grocery door without first pausing to look through the rattling pane. The door swung wide, bumping into a inconveniently-placed carpenter, a carpenter so interested in getting the measurements to cut down an old board to fit the last spot in a new vegetable shelf, that he took no notice of me but, reaching for pencil and saw hurried on in an attempt to finish his almost-completed task. Stumbling against something I looked down and found baskets full of macaroni and mustard, dog-food and bird-seed scattered all over the floor. I picked my way to the meat counter and clanked two empty milk bottles on the case in a futile attempt to attract attention. As I waited, I looked curiously about the neighborhood grocery and meat market. Once again the supplies were being rearranged and the walls were taking on a new color. Mr. Tule leaned between empty shelves and smeared strong-smelling green paint over the plaster backing, while Mrs. Tule stood in the back room, arguing with the colored delivery boy. I decided to leave and return later; I picked my way back to the rainy sidestreet.

On my return trip I edged in behind a bent old man; I found a place to stand and turned to watch this aged customer. With well chosen steps, he found his way to the bread case, felt for a fresh loaf, and looking over his spectacles, glanced about for Mrs. Tule. Nodding childishly, he picked out the correct change and placed it in her hand. He then drew

his sweater more closely about him and went his way, back into the wet street.

As I watched Mrs. Tule grope in the old-fashioned icebox for my milk, I noticed a large woman standing at the meat counter. I had been attracted by her deep masculine voice. It was necessary to look closely to determine that the plump Irish grocer-butcher was not talking to himself. Instead he was listening thoughtfully and administering excellent service, something unusual for Mr. Tule.

The delivery boy chugged up to the curb in the store's dilapidated truck, as I shut some shavings in the door and splashed along the slippery sidewalk.

Oldest House In Town

Marthana McWhir

We often visited the stately and dignified "oldest house in town." Its ancient red brick was slowly crumbling; its weather-beaten window and door casings were flaking away, and its high old dormer windows stared sorrowfully on the rushing world beneath them. On the inside, one was greeted by the very large, dim hall, lighted only by the long, narrow stained glass windows. Deep lavenders and greens blended with the golden yellows to cast a cathedral-like glow over the interior. A massive, dark-grained oak staircase (which matched the other woodwork) lined one side of the hall, with "cubby corners" built in beneath it. At the end of the hall a gold-framed mirror stretched from floor to ceiling, lending to the unusual room an atmosphere of both

hospitality and majestic grandeur.

The rest of the gloomy downstairs had no particularly distinguishing features, and always reminded us of a fat, morbid old lady, clothed all in black, who would live in lonely solitude, letting her thoughts fall on her youth with all its gay parties, and grieving heavily over the changes time had brought. The upstairs, so sunny and quiet, reminded us of a tiny, frail old lady, clothed all in gray, who would also live alone, but cheerfully dreaming of her happy life, and the little ones who have left her one by one, showing the passage of time on her face, but sweetly and patiently awaiting her earthly departure.

But more than the dark downstairs, or the prim upstairs, we loved the attic. Dusty, discarded bedsteads jutted out from the walls or loomed dangerously over-head; dark corners bulged with mysterious bundles, and dingy trunks hidden under the rafters held endless stores of yellowed garments and musty papers and letters. From the tiny, cob-webbed back windows we could see the carriage house, and our visits were never complete without going out to it.

The empty stalls which had once stabled restless, spirited horses, the "twisted" stairs leading up to the coachman's quarters, and there the stuffy, silent rooms—all gave an air of emptiness and sadness. One always felt the grandeur of a departed age, a twinge of dissatisfaction for modern life.

We always left the old house—loving, it and feeling more closely in touch with by-gone times, about which we had read, but could never comprehend.

Plowing

John Crawford

It is a hot spring day. The sky is a soft bright blue, flecked with snowy white clouds. The sun shines warmly down on the black plowed earth. The air is warm and moist. The plowed ground seems moist and steaming. As the horse turns at the end of the field, the man at the plow pauses before setting the broad breaking-plow into the earth again. He gazes at the furrow just completed, swings his shoulders and clucks to the big, patient horse.

As the plow is set the horse leans against the tugs. Leather slaps against leather and the collar creaks as the horse lowers his head in effort. The man calls in a low tone and the plow starts. The horse's big feet hit the ground firmly but almost soundlessly. Muscles ripple in his neck and shoulders as he pulls. His sleek head shines in the sun.

The man leans forward between the plow handles, swinging his body powerfully to keep the plow straight and level. His faded blue shirt is patched with dark stains of sweat. He calls tensely to the horse now and then.

The dry corn-stalks rustle and crack as the huge clods of black moist earth are turned over. The gleaming plowshare, beautifully curved, turns the earth smoothly and without effort. The tug chains rattle as the horse misses his footing and lurches slightly.

When the end of the furrow is reached the horse snorts and tosses his head. The harness rattles loosely. The man rests on the plow handles, and gazes out across the fields. In the distance a crow flaps lazily across the sky. The harness rattles again as the horse shifts weight. The faint caw of the distant crow is heard, softened and sweetened by the distance.



The Interesting Mr. K--

Lowell R. Gano

Incessant nail biting—stalking walk—stubborn black hair. The jumbled details passed through my mind. White teeth, sun-brown skin, all details were stacking up haystack fashion until 'snap'—there stands my friend, my character, the interesting Mr. K--.

There are many who see his bad points. They say he is stubborn, must have his own way. My friend is stubborn, but an ambitious person must be so, I'll grant, because he is wholeheartedly sold on his ideas.

He is a moody sort. Often when talking he will suddenly become silent. He loves to act and entertain. Many times I will hear a hearty laughing chuckle interspersed with witty remarks, and I know that my friend is adding his bit to the chatter of the crowd.

He isn't a tall boy; however his stocky build pictures the athlete. I know that he is fond of swimming, football, and basketball, but other sports must claim his attention as they do any other normal boy or young man. He is always the aggressor even in sports. His suggestions are not to be taken lightly but are to be considered.

I said before that he was ambitious. His main aim in life is to become a teacher. The field he has chosen is history and the other social sciences. His interest in this field is evident by his many suggestions, new and untried, with which he is always coming forward.

My friend isn't an outstanding character to the casual observer. He is, however, an interesting character after you are better acquainted with him. His bad points are noticeable

and at first glance seem the more numerous, but when studied his bad points may be excused to allow his good points to come forward and speak for themselves.

Kentucky Hospitality

Bill Mitchell

An old log fence surrounding a field of blue-grass, blue-blooded race horses and a farmhouse in the background, and in the foreground a tall Kentucky Colonel surveying the scene with pride of ownership in his eye, and a glass of whiskey held conspicuously in his hand. This was the advertisement which most interested me.

It was not the "Glenmore's Whiskey" which interested me, but the realistic replica of the old-fashioned Kentucky Colonel.

These men were noted for two things; their mint juleps and their hospitality. The general impression today is that the 'good old days' of Kentucky hospitality are things of the past. This is not so. True, it is no longer in vogue within the larger cities of Kentucky, because they are crowded with people from other states, who along with the native Kentuckians, have suffered in recent economic depressions. However, there is still one type of Kentuckian who still upholds the traditions of his state. He is the illiterate, backward, mountaineer of eastern and southern Kentucky.

These men, whose only possessions are a squirrel-rifle, a log cabin, a few acres of forest covered land, and a horse, are perhaps the most hospitable people to be found anywhere. The weary traveler who knocks at a

mountaineer's door is not asked to eat and spend the night, he is expected to. If one does not deign to stop the mountaineer is deeply hurt, although lodging such a stranger, he often deprives himself of a bed. As for pay; to mention it is an insult to this man who spent hours growing the food the traveler eats. He expects no pay for his kindness, but he does expect the kindness to be returned if ever the occasion arises. These things are true not only of a few individuals, but of the Kentucky mountaineer as a class.

Thus it is, that while the celebrated hospitality wherein a visitor was given a free hand on a huge plantation has passed with the passing of the plantations, an equally generous hospitality may be found in the poverty-stricken cabin of the Kentucky mountaineer. And, although the mountaineer may not have as much to offer as did the Kentucky colonel, what he does have is given with the same true spirit of old-time Kentucky hospitality.

The Ups and Downs

Jack Silknitter

Jack as a child spent most of his time in bed: he would no sooner get over one illness than he would contract another one. After having every disease in the category, Jack has enjoyed perfect health since he was nine years of age.

School life seemed impossible to Jack. He wanted the teachers to listen to what he had to say, instead of his listening to what they were trying to teach him. Consequently Jack spent most of his first years of school being punished for what seemed to him, a tragedy. Jack always participated in athletics in the school, or out. He was, and is, a great lover

of sports. Baseball was a favorite diversion from the time he could hold the big bat in his two chubby hands—a favorite school game.

Farm life is about the best way to enjoy nature, Jack early learned. Tramping about the farm with grandpa Holston, nature lent itself admirably to Jack's receptive mind. After spending most of one's life on a farm, it is hard to get used to the atmosphere of the city; therefore Jack has always been partial to the farm. Its perfect freedom hinders not the dreams of his quieter moments. During vacations and weekends he would go to the farm to help his grandpa; doing the chores and necessary lighter work around the farm, for it was only a stone's throw from town to grandpa's farm. Being too small to plow and help with the heavier work, Jack would follow his grandpa for hours when he was plowing. In haying time he always got the job of water boy. Jack had one serious weakness, and that was falling out of the hay-mow, but during all of the "ups" and "downs" Jack enjoyed this open life very greatly.

Since Jack had been able to go about by himself he would generally attend something musical. He and all of his family love music. The music of his home community could be improved upon, greatly; but nevertheless most people enjoy music, even if they are poor judges.

In Brownsburg High School the one idea and the topic of the students' conversation was sport. They thought far more of the man who made the basketball team than of the one who made A's on his report card. Therefore, after the freshman year, Jack thought if the others could breeze through the next three years, he could do the same thing. Owing to this fact his grades for the last three years in high school were not what they should have been.

Jack had always liked music during grade school; hence he joined the high school glee club. This worked out fine for the first two years, but in the junior year he had a battle royal with the music teacher and quit. After this had happened he spent his efforts in making the basketball team, which he finally succeeded in doing.

During the four years of high school there were many social activities in which Jack had a more or less prominent part. He was leader of his class's booster club. This was a class cheering section at the basketball games. Jack had the reputation of being able to make more noise than anyone else in school. These different activities held the class of '34 very close together as a student body and as personal friends. There was not a class in high school that stood together like this one. The faculty of the high school could not break their spell of hilarious spirit in the classroom.

The one thing that has caused Jack to look back on his high school career with a smile is that feeling of undying friendship of the students toward each other. Never in the four years was there friction among the students, although they took many a stand against the faculty to ascertain their rights. Right or wrong they would stick to their argument until the last word was spoken.

Jack has been graduated from Brownsburg High School two years, but he wishes that he were a freshman there now and could live those four years over again. When he stops to realize that his high school career was something that cannot be lived over again, something that cannot be bought or sold, he finds many a tear taking a stroll over his solemn face: many a lump rising in his throat.

After all, he realizes the four years in high school were worth a great

deal to him. Looking backward he says, "Oh, that I were back there again."

A Dark Rainy Street

Paul Des Jean

The drip, drip, drip of a steady four-hour rain had transformed the usually busy street into a deserted, silent ribbon; black and glistening, stretching away into the darkness.

Miniature rivers, trickling along the gutters, their progress punctuated by tiny cascades and gurgling rushes over collecting debris, reached a climax in a deep-throated 'slosh' as they poured into the yawning mouths of greedy sewers.

Here and there the ebon monotony of the pavement was broken by sparkling, yellow pools of light, reflections from lighted windows; reflections that seemed alive as they shimmered fitfully under the relentless downpour. Neon tubes cast splotches of vivid red on the shiny surface, while street lamps formed twin rows of illumination that appeared to meet in a hazy rendezvous in the distance.

The rhythmic hum of the rain was interspersed with irregular splashes from the branches overhead. An occasional passing automobile added an eerie whine, as flashing wheels threw out showers of spray on either side. Each motorcar, as it sped by, left telltale imprints of its tires on the wet street, but even these signs of life quickly disappeared as myriads of tiny drops erased them from sight.

On such a night, home, with its windows tinted a roseate hue by the flickering logs on the hearth, is a harbor of perfect peace and contentment to a storm-tossed land lubber.

The drip, drip, drip of the rain continues, but, heard from an easy chair in front of the fireplace it has assumed a soothing note; eyelids become heavy; the head drops and the dark, rainy street is forgotten.

School Days

Genevieve Campbell

My school days represent not only happy years spent at school, but my relationship with life in general during those years of my existence. The associations with my family, friends, and teachers bring back treasured memories. In fact, I find as much enjoyment in living over again those experiences, as I did in actually taking part in them.

In 1923, with several of my playmates, I entered the first grade in the Irvington school. Having been awed by the familiar, large, brick building for several years, I felt very important when I became part of its busy routine. My first reader, crayons, and pencils were cherished possessions; however, I was always glad to get back to my beloved dolls in the afternoon. I was proud to be in school with the older children, and felt far superior to my little sister, Ruth, who was still at home.

It was in my first year at school that mother and father had an experience in buying an old, tumble-down house and remodeling it. The entire family watched it develop, day by day, into a beautiful, colonial type home.

Various discoveries were made in the process; a brick walk under tall weeds, slabs of cement where a barn once stood, an old tombstone, and a family of kittens in a hole in the wall of the basement. Those days were certainly interesting and event-

ful. Before long we were established in our large, new home, which we now love and could never leave.

This change in neighborhood made it necessary for me to transfer to another school. So, during the winter of 1924 I started to school in a small building consisting of two rooms, and heated by a stove that not always heated properly. Both the first and second grades were in my room, and I remember very well the feeling that the "older" second graders were high above me in experience and learning.

It was here that my artistic career began. I started with blackboard landscapes, which I called "Lamb-skates"; then the other children persuaded me to draw things for each of them, individually. Their flattery delighted me, and I fear that I grew quite egotistical. The inconvenience of walking a mile to and from school, finally led me into returning to the Irvington school in my second grade.

From that time, my interests were connected with those things happening in Irvington, where I continued through the rest of my grades. Exclusive clubs were formed among my friends. We took the meetings seriously, and imitated our mothers' various organizations. These friendships continued through grade school and we all had a wonderful time creating interesting things to do. These included bicycling, swimming, hikes, taffy-pulls, and coasting parties. Toward the close of the eight years my interest in art increased, and Barbara, who was still my best friend, and I, each received a scholarship to the John Herron Art Institute. We enjoyed these for two years, and as a result we were given a special job of making a large picture or frieze of Roman figures for the school. We worked diligently together, and had a great deal of

fun with Caesar and his admirers. This added to the excitement of the last days at grade school, which came to a close with the graduating exercises in June of 1931.

With the marriages of my two elder sisters, and with my brother involved in travels of his own, the remaining four of the family formed a traveling organization called, the Jolly Four. The object was to see America first and we have accomplished a great part of our aim. We have shared wonderful sights and experiences together as far north as Canada, as far south as North Carolina, and east to the Atlantic. We have lived those trips over and over again, and have passed several summers in this enjoyable way.

On my entrance into Shortridge high school in the fall of 1931, the feeling of calm superiority I had in the grade school graduating class, vanished completely. In this huge, strange place I found myself involved in a bewildering routine of affairs. I had never seen such endless halls, nor such complicated matters. After a few weeks, however, I became better acquainted with the school, and was on the road to four of the happiest years in my life.

The "crowd" held an important place in the happiness of those four years. Our frequent get-togethers, called "gatherings," caused us to toss our cares away and indulge wholeheartedly in the spirit of a good time.

"Yinkle," my little Ford car, played a significant part at this time. The uproarious life in that car, of which I grew very fond, held one thrill after another. "Yinkle" took us faithfully to school, football games, weiner roasts, and on short trips. I felt that it was almost human, and I (as well as the rest of the crowd) was much depressed the day it was sold.

In June, 1935, I came to the realization that my days at Shortridge were almost over. Graduation was the grand finale for those four, happy, speeding years. The excitement of the occasion, and to have the family "rooting from the sidelines for me" was certainly thrilling.

By this time the family had grown until we numbered sixteen. I am now an aunt to six rollicking, healthy youngsters, who call me "Diddy." I truly agree with the childrens' saying, "don't we have awful fun," for when we are in the best spirits, sixteen strong, there is no doubt of it. With mother and father dominating in their loving, understanding way, I am indeed fortunate in being the member of such a family.

In September, 1935, I entered Butler University. After the torture of rush week, I found myself in the whirl of school activities, and am still in the act of whirling. The excitement, the work, and the fun, each having a significant part never cease; and I love it.

