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# The Green Gazette

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Published by  
The Freshman Rhetoric Classes  
of the  
University of Wichita

MAY, 1929

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( Annually Mr. J. N. Haymaker offers the members of the Freshman Rhetoric Classes a prize for the best short story. This semester The Green Gazette Staff has the privilege of publishing both the first winning stories, which are respectively, "The Brain in the Glass Jar" by Ralph Snyder, and "The Gift" by Winifred Clink. )

## The Brain In The Glass Jar

RALPH SNYDER

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"I knew that I wasn't guilty. I knew that I had been "framed", but I knew that the circumstantial evidence they had against me was unreasonably damning. I knew what the verdict would be long before the twelve solemn men filed into the jury box, after a night of deliberation. I had not killed my wealthy but miserly uncle. I had not been even near his home on the night of the murder. He and I had quarreled severely the day before, and he told me in his rage to never enter his home again. I left with my few belongings at once, and after a short search I found a neatly furnished room near the telegraph office where I worked as an operator. On that night, the night of the murder, I had felt wretched over the quarrel, and had decided to go back to my uncle to see if a reconciliation wasn't possible. But, as I entered the front door of my uncle's house I was met by a uniformed policeman that hurried me into my uncle's bed room. And there, stretched across his bed lay the dead body of my dear uncle, his glassy eyes open, and his face fixed in an expression of horror and pain. It was ghastly in it self, and then the sight of a gaping hole in his breast which oozed red, sticky blood that dripped down drop by drop to a small puddle in the middle of the bed, made me reel in horror.

The room was filled with police, and as I felt my knees give away, I heard someone gruffly say, "Take him down to the station."

For two days and nights they tortured me by insistent pounding and grueling. They would not stop! The Chief would keep up pounding and beating with his fist! I'd yell and scream that I was not guilty. I'd beg for them to stop, to let me be. They were driving me crazy! But no! NO! The beating, the pounding kept up! Louder! Faster!! Harder!!! My head began to swim—Sharp flashes of fire streaked before my eyes, and with a moan I fell to the floor, senseless.

The pounding, and the beating had ceased, and I was lying on a small cot in a small grey walled cell. The sunshine coming through a high window fell on the cold floor, lifeless and dead, with all its beauty sifted out by the bars of the window.

The trial came. It was but a haze, a dreadful dream. I had no defense, not a chance.

And the State had the damnable evidence that I had quarreled with my uncle but a few hours before his death. It was true, my uncle's servants swore that it was true. I admitted that it was true, and the prosecuting attorney pictured to the jury how, in my rage I had stolen into the house, grabbed my uncle's gun from the top of the fire place, and in cold blood shot him while he slept. And he also took great care to picture how I had taken precaution to wipe all finger prints from the gun before I fled out the bedroom window. The evidence was too convincing. And I knew that the twelve men of the jury could not believe my thin, fragile story. I tried to be brave, but when the foreman of the jury rose and said in a voice that trembled, "We, the jury find the defendant guilty of murder", I slumped to the floor. For it meant that the supreme penalty would be paid. It meant the—chair!!

Was I afraid to die? Death! What would it be like? Would it come quickly and silently? Would there be any pain? Days were but one dream, one pitiful haze. And my nights were but an endless nightmare. Terrible dreams, vivid visions of hell, mingled with the moans and sobs of three other poor souls who were waiting like myself, to walk into the little room with the little grey door to eternal sleep.

I hear footsteps over my head all night. They come and they go all night. They come one eternity in four paces and they go one eternity in four paces, and between the coming and the going there is Silence. For infinite are the nine feet of a prison cell, and endless is the march of him who walks between the grey brick wall and the red iron gate, thinking things that cannot be chained and cannot be locked, but that wander far away in the sunlit world, each in a wild pilgrimage after a destined goal.

Who walks? I know not. It is the phantom of the jail, the sleepless brain, a man, the Walker.

One-two-three-four: four paces and the wall.  
One-two-three-four: four paces and the iron gate.

He has measured his pace, he has measured it accurately, scrupulously, minutely, as the hangman measures the rope and the grave digger the coffin.

All through the night he walks and he thinks. Is it more frightful because he walks and his footsteps sound hollow over my head, or because he thinks and speaks not his thoughts? But does he think? Do I think? I only hear the footsteps and count them. Four steps and the wall. Four steps and the gate. He goes not beyond. His thought breaks there on the iron gate. He walks to and fro within the narrow whirlpit of this ever storming and furious thought. Only one thought—constant, fixed, immovable, sinister, without power and without voice.

A thought of madness, frenzy, agony and despair, a hell-brewed thought, for it is not beating, the pounding kept up! Louder! a natural thought. All things natural are things impossible while there are jails in the world—bread, work, happiness, peace, love. But he thinks not of this. As he walks he thinks of the most unhuman, the most impossible thing in the world: He thinks of a small brass key that turns just half around and throws open the red iron gate. Not to freedom, no. But to the little grey room with the little grey door, that at dawn will open and close so silently for him while Death comes and goes.

Dawn! Dawn had come at last, and I hear the click, click, click, of the heels of the guards and chaplain, slowly coming from the distance. Here they come, closer and closer. They have stopped at the cell above me—the cell of the Walker. The chaplain is saying something. He talks so low, so mournfully. He has stopped. The click, click, click of their heels has started again. How merciless it is. How terrible are his cries and moans. He must be brave. I will tell him to be brave as he goes by. Here they come, so slow, so mournful. He is screaming! Fighting! He has gone mad. But the guards are too many! It is useless, it is in vain, for the little gray door has opened and closed. Why do they wait? What takes so long? Why can't they stop his screaming? It is driving me mad. Why don't they—Ah, the stillness of death for it has come and gone.

To me it seemed as if the sun would never come. The cold, dark, gloomy walls just mocked me by sending my sobs back into my cell to die where they began. When the sun came from behind the high drab wall, and I stood in the center of my cell, bathing myself in its blessed light. They brought my breakfast, but the thought of food made me shudder. I could not eat, so I had them take it away. As the guard left with my untouched food, another came up, and with him was a tall, grey haired man of about forty. He immediately entered

my cell, and to my surprise introduced himself before I had a chance to say a word.

"I am Dr. Marshall, from Johns Hopkins University, and I understand that you are to be electrocuted the day after tomorrow. And, I also understand that you are a telegraph operator by profession?"

I nodded my head to each of his questions, and wondered why I was so honored.

"It has been my theory for a long time," he continued, "that the electric shock sustained by the human system while in the electric chair, does not really kill, but simply puts the victim into a state of unconsciousness with a temporary cessation of organic function. That is, it merely brings on a paresis that simulates death, and while no organic functions exist, the brain still functions and the person can think and feel pain, but all other senses are dead."

I stood with my mouth open, unable to say a word. He realized that I was struck dumb and so continued.

"I have spent many years in the study of this theory, and I have patiently waited for a case that will let me definitely prove that I am correct. I can not do this experiment unless I have your permission. I am willing, if you leave a wife or family, to give them the sum of five thousand dollars. Or, if you have no family, I can promise you a very decent burial."

I found my voice long enough to reply that I had no family, and that it made no difference to me what became of my body after I died. So he took a few legal looking papers from his pocket, and spread them out on his knee for me to sign. After I had scratched my name on the line he indicated, he hurriedly folded them and tucked them quickly into his inside coat pocket. He solemnly shook my hand, and as he stepped out from my cell, he looked back and said, "I will speak to you again one week from today. Do you understand? Goodbye, and be brave."

Time passes quickly when one has to die, and my day has come and my hour is at hand. Dawn is coming! The first hint of light creeps dimly over the eastern sky.

Here they come; I hear the guards and the chaplain.

They walk so slowly, so solemnly the guards and the chaplain. He is in his robe. The heels are beating so regularly. So perfect in time. Can I beat them down? Rush them when they open the door?

A rat is watching. Its eyes are bright. It is a gray rat. How long its nose is—long and sharp. It is laughing. There—the key is turning. The door is opening, slowly, so slow-

ly. How gray every thing is. How strange they look. The chair! There is no chance. The guards have many buttons, one, two, three. The chaplain, how deep his eyes are. His face is very grave. He is talking. The rat is watching. Its eyes are bright, horrible. God save me!

Now walk, walk, walk. Click, click, click. Guards so grim. I'll run. Useless. There is no chance. There's too much steel. Steel everywhere. I'm caught in the steel! The chair! Death! What will it be? Will it hurt? I must be quiet. I must not tremble. I must be brave. Walk, walk, walk. Now the little gray door. We are going through. The chamber. How ghostly it is. Who are these men? There is a crowd. They are grim and sober. There is the doctor, all in white. The chair—it is reaching out its arms! It is hungry. I am trembling. I must be brave. I must smile. But I am going to die! How silent it is.

They are strapping me in. I am like putty in their hands. They are strapping on the headpiece. It is cold—so cold. I must be brave. I must smile and joke. But I am going to die! They have strapped me in. How silent it is. He has his hand on the lever. He is going to kill me! The current is going to be shot! It is cold. It is so dim. His hand is moving the lever—

Oh I am bruised! I AM BURNING!! I AM BURNING UP!! My flesh is sizzling and burning. I can feel it. I am writhing in the chair!! But it doesn't hurt now. Now I am numb. My muscles won't move. I can't close my eyes. My mouth is dropped open. My jaws won't move. Am I paralyzed? Am I dead? Dead? No! Everything in the same. I can't be dead! The doctor is examining me. He says, "I pronounce this man dead."

The fool. He says I am dead. The fool! I wish I could talk. I would call him a fool. I would laugh at him. But I can't move!

The men are leaving. The guards are unstrapping me. They catch me as I fall. They are taking me out through the little gray door. They are taking me down the hall. There is my old cell, now empty and cold. There are the other two poor comrades. I would like to shout to them. They think I am dead but I can feel more intensely than before.

They are carrying me out side. Where are they going to take me? They are putting me into an ambulance. Why do they drive so fast? Where are we going?

It has stopped at last. They are taking me into a hospital. Are they going to operate so that I will be able to move? Now down a long hall. They are taking me into the operating room! There are many people here. Everything so white, so clean. They are laying me on the operating table.

Ah, the surgeon is preparing to bring me to life!! He is getting some instruments. He has a chisel or a knife or something in his hand. He is leaning above—

OH—OH!! HE IS CUTTING MY HEAD—THE PAIN—HE IS KILLING ME!!

I wonder where I am? I can't feel a thing. I can't see, I can't move. Am I dead? Is this death? What will become of me? How long will this last? How dreadful it is. I must be calm. I shall not get excited. I wonder where I am! Why can't I move or feel? I wonder if I will be able to see or hear again? Maybe I am dead, this is hell. How dreadful it is, how terrible! Ah, I am beginning to feel. I feel a sharp tingle. Maybe the doctor is bringing me back to life. He said he would speak to me a week from today. Today? Is this today? Everything is black. Maybe it is night. I feel another sharp tingle! I feel it again, it goes: dot, dot, dot, dash, dot, dash, dash. It is CODE! CODE! I AM ALIVE! I did not die!! This is not death! What does it say? It begins again!! T-H-I-N-K I-N D-O-T-S A-N-D D-A-S-H-E-S—M-O-R-S-E C-O-D-E.

#### WHERE AM I AM I ALIVE

The answer comes back, "Your body is dead, but your brain is alive and is suspended in a glass jar. When you think in code, your brain stimulus clicks a telegraph receiver on the table. I talk to you by means of a cephodyanometer, that sends a stimulus to your brain that you can feel. It has been one week since your electrocution. Your brain is fed by the fluid in which it is suspended. There are many doctors and surgeons here that are looking at you. I doubt the length of time I can keep you alive, so every minute counts. We wish to make many tests, but first tell us the story of your electrocution and your name will go down in medical history just as you tell it."

And, now, all of you who have read this story of my death which is drawing near, have read the tragedy of circumstantial evidence. And you have also read the story of a dying brain, a brain that is begging for death—THE BRAIN IN THE GLASS JAR.

## The Gift

WINIFRED CLINK

In the mourning tones of the banshee, the wind moaned and wailed around the deserted hut on the moor. The rain beat unceasingly in dark, swirling torrents over the low roof. An occasional madly gyrating flash of silver fire across the unseen skies intensified the blackness of the night. Light footsteps came running unevenly through the storm-beaten gorse. A dark figure, wrapped closely in a long cape, pushed open the creaking, protesting door, entered, and closed it tightly. Inside, there was a murmured exclamation of impatience as flints failed to spark; then a tiny glow, and a sigh of pleasure as the wood and paper in the small fireplace began to burn.

The shrouded figure arose and stood a moment before the cheery blaze; then the cape was tossed aside. The dancing light revealed a girl, young and beautiful, robed in an elaborate gown of silk, cut in the latest fashion—a strange gown for an excursion on such a night. The girl's laughter-loving mouth smiled ruefully as she patted flounces and fluffed bits of lace.

"Somewhat ruffled," she murmured to herself, "but still the most flattering gown I have; and, I think, it behooves a maid in love to look her handsomest at all times."

Her finery settled to her liking, she began to look about her. It was a very small room, bare of all furniture save a rickety old chair, a table which threatened to fall down at the slightest pressure, and a pile of clean straw in one corner. The fireplace jutted out from the wall, leaving great pools of blackness on either side of it.

"So this is where he hides. A poor place, to be sure; but safe, it seems. Ah, well, he'll not be here much longer, for next week the ship sets sail for Virginia, and he with it, and I with him." The dark eyes dreamed into the future, and the sweet mouth smiled.

"Mad Caroline, indeed! To set sail with a highwayman! But all that is over, and he loves me. No one will know until it is too late, and we'll be free of all this intrigue, and of—." She shuddered at the remembrance of the hate in one man's eyes when she, in a rage at his importunities, had cried out the secret of her love. Carruthers! She feared him; but weeks had passed, and he had made no sign that he remembered.

With sudden petulance, she shrugged her shoulders; and, with the movement, seemed to throw off her anxiety. Humming lightly, she moved about the room, touching first one thing and then another, thinking that his hand also

had touched these things, until finally she stood again before the fireplace. Her lips curved whimsically.

"Now which was it, right or left? The left, I believe." She stepped into the dark corner at the left of the fireplace, uttered an impatient exclamation, and stepped back to seize a glowing ember to light the corner. The wall was built of long planks of wood standing upright, fitted closely together. It was one of these planks she was regarding. At last, she laughed gleefully, like a child; and, as she pulled a protruding bit of wood, the plank swung outward, revealing a small hidden closet formerly used to conceal smuggled goods.

"Just like Bluebeard's wife," she laughed. Then, startled, she swung around as the door was thrown open and a tall man was swept in on the blast of the wind. The fire leaped madly, and through its illusive flare, the eyes of the lovers met.

"John, my dear," she cried, and was in his arms.

"Caroline, sweet, you did come? I feared you couldn't. You shouldn't have, it's such a wild, impossible night," murmured the man against her fragrant hair.

She stopped him with her hand over his mouth.

"Bolt the door, John, and kiss me, and tell me your plans."

He did as she asked; then, returning to her by the fire, he took her again in his arms and whispered the sweet words she longed to hear.

The girl was the first to realize the passage of time.

"John, dear, we must consider. Tell me when and where I must meet you."

"One week from tomorrow at the Silver Fox Inn on the outskirts of London, dearest. I'll have a priest waiting; and from there we'll go directly to the ship, which sails at dawn for Virginia—and happiness."

She sighed with joy; and, watching him with adoring eyes, she slipped again into his arms.

A sudden clamoring at the door! Voices shouting for them to open! The lovers clutched each other in terror, then the man groaned.

"The king's soldiers! They've found me! Well, they shall pay dearly for their prize tonight!" He started with drawn sword to unbolt the door.

"No, no!" The girl seized him. "It can't be—there must be some way out!"

He looked down on her pitifully. "There is

none. You must let me go, dear. There is no way."

The girl's searching eyes swept around the room. There beside the fireplace was the little closet.

"There, John," she cried above the din of shouts and pounding outside. "Hide in there. It's the only chance." She pushed him toward the cubby-hole.

He stooped to make her hear. "Caroline, I can't go in there. There isn't room for a weapon of any sort. I'd be caught like a rat in a trap. Oh, my dear, please let me go out to meet them as a man should."

The girl stood still and looked straight into his eyes.

"For my sake, John," she asked quietly.

"For your dear sake!" he assented after a pause. He stooped to kiss her passionately, then he squeezed into his hiding-place. He could hardly crush himself into the tiny hole; and once in, he was unable to move. His lips twisted bitterly.

"A rat in a trap," he repeated, writhing under the thought of being found here in this degrading, humiliating position. The girl, unheeding, pushed the plank into place, threw his sword into the corner, and hastened to unbolt the door.

Three soldiers half fell through the suddenly opened door, and after them came a tall black-caped man. The girl's eyes widened in terror as she saw the man.

"Carruthers!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "You dared to follow me!"

"I dared," he answered in even tones. "I even dared to hope you would lead us to your lover."

The girl winced; then threw up her proud, young head.

"You are too late. He has come and gone already."

Carruthers raised his eyebrows slightly, though he watched her in admiration.

"Yes? But, you know, I do not agree with you."

One of the soldiers approached with the sword. Carruthers smiled ironically.

"Why did he leave his sword behind?"

"Because he was running away, and the sword hampered him," she answered readily.

"So? Well, again I cannot agree with you." Thoughtfully he wandered about the tiny room while the soldiers stood beside the door. He struck the chair with the sword, stirred the

straw with its bright point. Taking a burning stick from the fire, he looked into the corners on either side of the fireplace. The girl's nerves grew taut, and then she drew a long, sobbing breath as he turned back to face her. He knew! He had seen the catch, and he knew! He faced her with a little, sarcastic smile.

"And what would you give?" he asked softly.

She made no pretense of misunderstanding his words, but drew herself up to her fullest height.

"Anything you wish," was her proud answer. He eyed her a moment through slitted eyes.

"Sorry! I do not care for used articles."

She paled under the thrust, her eyes pleading for mercy. He laughed harshly, and moved back into the darkness. Neither she nor the soldiers could see him. Her tightened throat tried to scream and could not. A second—and he was back in the light. He spoke without looking at her.

"We may as well go. There is evidently no one here." The soldiers strode stoically out into the storm. Carruthers stood silent a moment, leaning on the long sword. Then he moved quickly, set the sword against the wall, wrapped his cape closely about him and faced the door.

The girl stood before him, her lips working, her eyes streaming with tears of gratitude.

"I don't know how to thank you," she murmured brokenly. "You have given me the only thing I care about."

"Have I?" He laughed again that queerly harsh laugh. "Well, take it as a gift, freely given." He stepped to the door, stopped, and turned.

"Your most obedient servant." A deep bow, and he was gone in the darkness of the storm.

The girl stood a moment gazing at the closed door; then with a little cry of joy just realized, she leaped toward the fireplace.

"Just a moment, John beloved," she fairly sang, "and I'll have your trap unfastened. Such a kind trap it was, after all!"

She stooped for a burning brand, and drew back hastily. Something dark and sluggish was crawling into the firelight. Her eyes stared, and her lips opened dryly in horror. She turned jerkily to look at the sword against the wall. Its point was darkly red in the flickering light. The crawling thing at her feet spread over the uneven boards until it dabbled her skirts with crimson.

A scream, high-pitched and shrill, mingled with the banshee wail of the wind outside.

## Slang As She Is Slung

JANE ANNE GATES

Plenty fair idea, though, yours truly after lamping the words of the renowned Palmer to the effect that our utterances should be as appropriately draped about our thoughts as the rainbow was cracked up to be around the shoulder of Al Jolson.

So, tenaciously have I clung to my low powered diction in everyday word tossing that I doubted whether or not I could throw the royal ruler's tongue in an approved Emily Post fashion. Take for instance the back chatter that took place just before my eight o'clock this morning.

"Say, sorry face, is the old man slammin' that quiz at us today? And me not having cracked a single edition. This is one place where I fog but unanimously. No, kid, I thought I was scholastically inclined last night until my suppressed desire broke down and came across with a date."

"Gosh, you're a lame brain where the femmes are concerned. Where'd you take the flame?"

"We absorbed and imbibed a cinema and a coke respectively. The show was dilly. Put the most ardent reviver of the romantic movement way back on the well-known shelf. 'Twas a Garbo-Gilbert asbestos defier. Where the others leave off those two begin. This Garbo is no slouch, what I mean, but Sue put it all over her like a blanket. She can out-Garbo any gal I ever saw."

"Can it. I lack interest in your sentiments. Sue's just like all women. Some day she'll find someone else and leave you holding the gunney. That would be mirth on you. If she were the cream in your coffee, fellah, you'd be drinking it black.—Leggo me, outfit, I've gotta class."

Brilliant conversation, what? Obviously, if our talk is to be improved, the slang must be cut—er—dispensed with. Suppose we try putting the above into the best mid-western English.

"Good morning, James. Do you happen to know whether or not our professor is giving the class an examination this morning? I am grieved to hear it, for I have not so much as opened one book to study for it. I shall probably fail miserably. My intentions for reviewing for this examination were the best last evening, but my friend, Sue, felt remorseful about not having let me see her for some time and so decided to permit me to escort her to the theater."

"I am afraid you are very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. What theater did you attend?"

"We went to the Miller and afterwards drank a coca-cola. The picture show was very delightful. It was better than the best of the later romantic dramas that I have seen. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert co-starred in the production. This pair seem to emote more passionately than any other actors on the screen. Especially good is Miss Garbo in her love making scenes. Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that Sue is as competent when given the proper encouragement. I might even go so far as to say that she is better than Miss Garbo, or for that matter, any other girl of my acquaintance and experience."

"Go no farther, my friend. I am not at all interested in your opinion of Sue. I think she is like all women and is perhaps only amusing herself with you until some one more promising appears, then, no doubt, she will leave you in the lurch, so to speak. That would be rather a joke on you.—Cease holding me, my man, I must hurry to my class."

But now I'm in a quandary for I cannot understand the above any better than you can understand the first attempt. There seems to be only one thing to do. Either the educated ones must have an interpreter or learn the language of the hour. If Mr. Palmer has any better suggestion to offer let him bring it forth.

## Trapped By The Flood

HARRIET TREWEEKE

"Water's coming tonight; twenty-foot raise due before eight o'clock. I'll come by about seven or seven-thirty and take you up to Jim's to spend the night. Not safe down here when the Rock gets on a tear. Better pile things pretty high; they say this will be one of the biggest floods for a long time. Gotta hurry

home and put up my own things. Come back with the team later." And Mr. King left, waiting for no word from us.

"Scared up pretty much as usual," Mother smiled at the vanishing figure. "Mr. King gets frightened at the first rumor of high water, but I guess we'll put the things up after

supper and go up to Jim's to spend the night. It's a little safer and they'll feel better to know that we're out of the danger line." Then she busied herself cooking the evening meal, and in a short while, we were seated at the table chatting gaily over the day's happenings.

I helped her clear the table and then went leisurely at the job of "putting things up." Since I had been a little boy we had gone through this procedure at least once during every fall and spring season and only twice had the water reached considerable depth in the house. Yet, because others feared for our safety, we left when the water came. I had just mounted the dining table on four boxes when I heard a swish, swish outside. Through the window I saw gleams from the moon playing and dancing on the muddy, swirling water. Already the river was coming. We hurried through the rest of our preparations, but the river was quicker than we, and before we were ready to leave, the water was swirling and eddying through the house, threatening to unbalance the props, and send our goods into the flood.

"Why doesn't Mr. King come," worried Mother, but from my position near the window, I could tell the reason. Floundering horses, two hundred feet away, told the story of our plight—we were beyond hope of rescue except by boat. The horses faded from my sight as heavy, dark clouds covered the moon, and the torrents fell as though the sky had opened and seas above were falling through. Still the river rose. We were stranded in a raging torrent with no chance of aid, for what boat would venture out in that treacherous flood on such a night?

Mother and I crouched together as that swirling, swirling water crept even higher, praying for help that we knew could not reach us. Finally when the water was waist deep, Mother sent me across the room for an old lamp which had long been delegated to a back place on the kitchen shelf. In the middle of the room, the floor gave way, and I fell, down, down into that raging torrent which swirled through the cellar below. The muddy water closed over my head, but Mother clutched my clothing and pulled me back to safety. We were afraid to move. From the rocking motion we could not distinguish whether we were anchored to the foundation or floating at a tremendous rate down the Rock. Objects crashed against the walls and the vibrations assured us that the house was still standing in its original place; something came sweeping through a window, and all but knocked Mother down. Still that swirling, muddy water rose, almost to our arms. It would be only a matter of minutes before we were cast into our

watery graves, and we clutched each other's hands and prayed, and prayed again. Then Mother gasped, "Can we climb into the attic?" "Anything, anything would be better than this awful death," I returned.

We felt our way around the wall, hugging it closely because we knew not how much of the floor was gone. When we reached the spot just below the cubby hole, our arms were barely above water.

"Get on my back and climb up," I ordered and Mother obeyed.

As she turned to pull me after her, she lost her balance, and I visioned her gone in the flood, but before I opened my eyes she had regained her place, and was stretching her hands toward me. The swirling water was tugging at my clothing and already was up to my shoulders, but by almost superhuman effort, Mother helped me up, and I sank on the attic floor, thanking God that we were still alive.

There was nothing in the attic but some old rags, and I made Mother wrap these around her, for she was shivering in her wet clothing and I was almost as bad. Then there was a lull in the storm outside, and we could hear that muddy water swirling through the rooms below. Always that swirling, swirling, until I thought I should go mad with thinking that, but for a lucky escape, Mother and I might be down there—down in that watery grave. But the water swirled on faster than my thoughts, and rose ever higher. I felt Mother trembling and as I put my arm around her, she whispered, "Will the water get up here?"

"Let's hope not, Mother."

Time was lost to us, and it seemed almost a decade before a shuddering tremor ran through the house, and it tipped slightly, but righted itself without being carried on by the flood. At this Mother slipped from my arm, and gave no answer when I called. It was foul up there, and she had fainted for lack of air and excitement from this especial shock. I tried to push a hole in the roof, but with little success, then through the cubby hole, I saw one of the old kitchen chairs on top of the water. I reached for it—missed, and reached again as it swung back in an eddy. This time I grasped it in my hand, and managed to get it up beside me. With one of the legs, I pushed a hole through the roof and held Mother near the open space. It was still raining and she revived when some of the water, which came through the hole, splashed on her face. And still the water swirled on.

It wasn't far below our cubby hole, and we could only crouch there and hear the water lapping higher and higher against the walls.

A blackness—we slept, worn out by the strain, and were awakened by sunbeams chas-

ing each other through our hole in the roof, but we could not move, for our clothing was rather stiff and we were almost frozen after spending so many hours in our wet garments.

But the most blessed thing I have ever seen was John Isaac's red head shining through that cubby hole, with a heavenly smile of rescue on his face.

## Esperidion Espinosa

JOHN MARSHALL

As I stood in the doorway of the casa and looked out at the New Mexico landscape, I saw a familiar figure coming down the arroyo towards the house. It was Esperidion Espinosa. The name suggested the heroes of Spanish romance, and the approaching figure was to me the personification of Don Quixote. As he drew nearer the resemblance grew stronger; like Cervantes' hero he was tall and bestrode a bony horse which looked ridiculously small under him. His clothes suggested the caballero who has seen better days. His Stetson was of sweeping brim and of majestic proportions, but the careful observer would notice that it was moth eaten. To counterbalance the Stetson, his other extremities were adorned with an enormous pair of star-rowelled spurs—a formidable weapon of offense against an elephant, not to speak of his diminutive steed. His other clothes seemed to have been good originally, but betrayed the ravages of time; his trousers were a shade of gray and his shirt the same, but thrown open at the neck with a red silk neckerchief to add a touch of color. I greeted him, "Buenas dias, señor," and invited him to dismount. This he did with the air of a grandee of old Castile about to pay his respects at the court of Valladolid.

On foot he personified the close relation be-

tween the sublime and the ridiculous. His height was imposing and he had the true aristocratic stoop of the shoulders, but, alas, his legs were bowed like barrel staves from a lifetime spent in the saddle. He had the olive complexion of the Spaniard and his features were striking; the nose prominent and beaked, the eyes large and dark, the facial contours well shaped and set off with a fierce looking black mustache; but the whole effect was spoiled by numerous pockmarks—the scourge of smallpox. I offered him a chair but this he courteously declined, preferring to squat Indian fashion while he drew out his pipe and proceeded to fill and light it. Knowing Esperidion of old, I did not press any conversation on him. I knew he would puff slowly at his pipe while looking meditatively at the distance and that when he did speak, it would be slowly and sententiously, after the manner of the great and the near great.

At last he spoke, "Gov'men say my wife no can have more money." "Ah," I thought, "he wants a loan." An Indian oil heiress from Oklahoma had become enamored of Esperidion's mustaches and spurs and for some time he had not troubled me for loans, but now, evidently, there was a cloud on the horizon. The Pharmaceutical Rancher, or The "Drug store Cowboy."

## A Case of Eggs

GLENN PRIDDLE

Roll back two thousand years, and let us see encamped before the walls of mighty Carthage, the Roman host under Scipio. For three years have the Romans stormed and assaulted those crowning ramparts. Yet, fighting with swords and teeth against hope itself, the Punics still hold the city. Daily their number dwindles, as one by one the small bands of allies desert and sally forth from the doomed city to be lost in the limitless expanse of the desert. Food and water are scarce. It is but a matter of time, until the last chapter of that long struggle will be over.

The burning heat of the day has surrendered to the chill of night. Over the desert echoes the horrible cry of the jackal. The vultures veer in

the air, hesitate, and descend to feed upon some select carcass. Save for a few lonely sentries, the rival armies are asleep. It is one of the former that commands our attention, a brave man, Lucius. Methodically he paces his dreary round. Suddenly he stiffens, clutches his sword and relaxes to see that the trespasser is none but a fellow watcher, Titus.

"By Pollux! it's cold," chattered Lucius. "But how went it at the south gate today, Titus?"

"Everything was quiet," replied Titus, "except for one little sally. You remember that rose of the desert that came out on the wall yesterday and begged for peace and whom Hortat-

tus, that fool captain of ours, said he'd have if he had to storm the city himself? Well, today Dido—that's the girl's name—came out on the wall and promised Hortatius a kiss if he'd let her out of the gate. Of course he did, and while he was fixing his lips, she and her lover, Abdul Zu, with some four score followers, slipped away into the desert. After a good spell of swearing, Hortatius stalked off to Scipio's tent. Scipio, seeing that the siege was all but over, gave him leave of absence and a thousand men. And we two, alas, are of that number."

"Jove save our souls!"

"You'll need them, for mark my word, Lucius, our soles will tread the burning sands of the Sahara before they will the streets of Rome. For Hortatius is going after Dido."

Titus was right, for early on the morning of the next day, a long pack train snaked out of the Roman camp and disappeared over the dunes. Long days and nights it traveled. Often Hortatius lost Dido's trail. But finally after a fortnight of wandering, the caravan drew up before the frowning battlements of Abdul Zu's stronghold. Situated on a small oasis, the rock-walled fortress seemed impregnable. Here the weary army rested a few days before beginning operations. The plan of the battle Hortatius had already formulated. He had not been able to bring with him any siege towers or ladders; the high walls were not to be scaled. In short, the place could not be taken by storm. But Hortatius had brought with him four score small catapults, overgrown "sling-shots." These he planned to place at intervals before the walls.

"And," he said to his chief centurion, "when we begin pelting them with a rain of good hard stones, they'll give in and gladly. I'll carry away Dido in my arms and Abdul Zu on my spear. But what ails you, you dog?" The centurion was doubled with laughter.

"But where under Jove," he gasped, "are you going to find the stones? There's not a good-sized pebble in sight, not a stone as big as your fist within miles from here. The very stones in yonder walls were brought here one by one."

Hortatius cursed. The centurion was right.

"Well, then, we'll starve them out," he growled. "I've got food for a month, and they can not last a week without outside help. Dido will be a bit skinny when I get her, but what of that?"

The army wrapped itself in slumber. All except Hortatius slept soundly. That black whiskered individual rolled, tossed, and groaned as if suffering with gastronomic irregularity. The morning found him cross as a bear.

"By Pollux!" he thundered at the centurion, "I thought there were no stones on this desert,

you pup. What is this, then, that's been making a dent in my head all night?"

In answer to his own question, he dug his foot into the sand and uncovered—a stone! No, a nest of ostrich eggs.

"Jove!" he cried, "what need is there for stones? These eggs will do. I'll find a thousand of them, nay, ten thousand. We'll put them into the catapults and hurl them into the fort. All of those swarthy Africans who are not killed outright will clutch their nostrils and cry for mercy. They'll gladly give up Dido. Ah, Dido, you may be a bit 'goeey' when I get you, but what does that matter?"

When morning dawned, Hortatius divided his band. One group he sent on an egg hunt. The other he kept to maintain the siege. The former band sallied forth into the desert and began its search, combing the desert for miles around. Some eggs they found buried in the sand; others were purchased from the natives. Still others were obtained from the nests themselves, after a hard fight with the mother ostriches. In ten days they laid at Hortatius' feet ten thousand eggs. In the meantime Abdul Zu and his followers, unable to escape from the city, were starving. They had already eaten all their fine Arabian steeds, their mules, and all the rats in the town; then they had stopped eating. Their horses, as we have seen, were dead. The nearest settlement was hundreds of miles away. Even if they could have slipped through the Roman lines, they would have been helpless.

On the other hand, the Romans were enjoying life. Pack trains brought them food almost daily. On the night before the scheduled bombardment, they made "whoopie." Wine flowed freely; when finally all were "tanked," they lay down upon the sand and went to sleep, leaving only a single watchman to guard the ostrich eggs which had been stacked in small piles on the sand.

Just as the morning star crept over the eastern horizon, a single plaintive "peep" echoed over the desert. As if by pre-arranged agreement, other "peeps" resounded through the still air. In each case the peep was followed by a loud crackling sound. The eggs were hatching; a few minutes saw several thousand tiny ostriches wriggling upon the sand. The drunken Romans were terribly frightened by the peeping and the crackling of the shells. Grabbing their arms, the very soldiers who had faced Hannibal without fear, fled in terror. Before Hortatius could stop them and convince them of their error, they had gone several miles.

Meanwhile the men of the town, seeing the flight of the Romans, tottered forth from the fortress. They gathered up all the little ostriches and took them into the redoubt. They

also carried in all the provisions they could find, garnering enough to last the small garrison for several months.

Scarcely had the last man closed the gate behind him, when the shamefaced Romans returned. Seeing the mischief that had been done, Hortatius dispatched a small band of men to bring provisions. Then the siege was renewed. Inside the fortress the hungry warriors fed upon ostrich soup, ostrich cutlets, and ostrich stew. Setting aside one hundred of the strongest birds, they fed them on the grain pilfered from the Roman camp. Gradually these little ostriches grew to sturdy manhood and womanhood.

Several months passed thus. One day, to the

amazement and stupefaction of the Romans, the gate of the fortress swung slowly open. Out rushed one hundred ostriches at top speed. Some twenty of the birds were laden with water and provisions. Astraddle the others were Abdul Zu, Dido, and their followers. The Romans, after recovering from their surprise, gave chase. But the ostriches easily outdistanced them. But Hortatius, not to be so easily deprived of sweet Dido, kept on, and with reason, for after a few miles Dido's bird developed a lame leg. Nearer and nearer came Hortatius. Just as he was about to reach out and grasp the bridle of the bird, his horse stumbled and broke its leg over—a nest of ostrich eggs. Dido escaped.

## My Trip From Germany To America

WALTER KIRCHBERG

In my early school days I always wanted to see the United States of America. After talking over the matter with my parents they decided to give me their permission to come. However, it was not as easy for me to arrange to come to America as I had at first thought. It took me several months to get my immigration papers and I had to pass many physical examinations in Germany under American officials. At last I was ready to go and I left my home town, Mannheim, December 16, 1927. I bought my ticket at the German port, Bremerhaven for the American liner, President Harding, which left Germany on the 20th of December.

The day before, I made a tour of the ship and liked everything, but thought it too small. S.S. President Harding and S.S. President Roosevelt are sister ships and have only 15,000 tons. It is difficult for a ship of that size to cross the ocean in the winter, but, as I was not afraid, I boarded the ship to leave Germany, maybe for many years. At twelve-thirty the ship embarked for America.

It was in the winter and it snowed and rained most of the time. After I had my supper I went to bed and did not care very much what was going on. The next morning I woke up about nine o'clock and we were far away from Germany. As I did not feel very well I did not want to get up, but when I did I went on deck and found that I was already seasick. At nine, breakfast was announced, but I did not feel like eating. All I ate the first day was an orange and a cup of tea. The next day we came to the English coast port, Southampton, and stopped for passengers and supplies. The next

stop was Cherbourg on the French coast. After that we went to Queenstown, on the Irish coast, for the last passengers and supplies. Here we had our last of Europe. But I did not care very much, as I was very seasick. The waves were thirty-five to forty feet high; however, the fifth day I felt a little better and started to walk on the deck. It was good to feel better, and on this day I started to eat again. The weather changed, and three days before we arrived at New York we had smooth sailing. We had lots of fun on the boat. There were about fifteen different nationalities on the ship and it was hard to make ourselves understood. I had to talk with my hands quite often to ask a Swedish girl for a dance. Also, the Irish girls were not so easy to handle as I thought the first time. The last day of our trip we had a farewell dinner and had a nice time. You could have nearly anything you wanted to eat, but our appetites were not like they were on land.

After a trip of nine days we came in sight of the peninsula of New Jersey. In a couple of hours, we saw from the ship the big buildings in Brooklyn. The ship stopped and the officials came on board for the last inspection of our passports. That afternoon about two we were ready to go on land for the first time. We all were dry by that time and did not have to be afraid of the eyes of the prohibition agents, who stood around in all corners of the big hall.

At five o'clock I walked on Fifth Avenue and looked at the great buildings, which were taller than I had ever seen before. After all, I enjoyed my big trip and I am happy to stay here in Wichita. I know now that I never will again cross the ocean in the winter time on a small ship like the President Harding.

## The Verdict

JUANITA PETERS

The case was listed on the court docket as the people vs. McDuffy and the charge was murder in the first degree. The judge surveyed the docket with a calmly critical eye, and turned to the accused man sitting at the rail. The accused was a coarse, dull lump of a man. No spark of intelligence illuminated his face. He stared blankly at the crowded court room and took no interest in the instructions his lawyer was attempting to give him. The judge sighed wearily and wished his vacation in the wilds of New Mexico had started yesterday. Just another case to run its course, he thought. The accused man was charged with murdering his sweetheart and was undoubtedly guilty. The judge thought of the evidence he had weighed yesterday and began to make plans for an early departure. Juries were queer things, he knew, but here was a case of evident guilt. The prosecution would probably picture the beauty and innocence of the departed sweetheart to the jury, and appeal to their manhood, and then if the man on trial was not guilty, he might as well be, for the jury would find him so without leaving the box, thought the judge. They would never allow this man to go free in spite of all the mental or verbal gymnastics his lawyers could perform. Even the defending lawyers were hopeless, for the judge noticed that they had not even attempted to plead insanity for the accused.

Well, the case might as well be getting started. The judge motioned for the calling of the jurors for examination. The first juror called was a wealthy man, influential in the community. He was a friend of the judge's, and could not be bothered with jury service. He was excused. The second was an electrician. It was a slack season, so he answered the questions of both lawyers as well as he was able, and was admitted to the jury box.

The case dragged on. By noon both lawyers had used all their challenges except two, and only two men were seated in the jury box.

When the court began for the afternoon session, the two lawyers, who had lunched together, had evidently come to an agreement of some kind, for the remaining jurymen were chosen swiftly. They included a baker, a rotund, fatherly man, a long gangly fellow who dignified his position by calling it "second cook" in a short order restaurant, a grocery clerk, a surly drayman, a law student, and a young bookkeeper. The other four jurors were women.

The judge turned a speculative eye upon the jury and decided that the lawyer for the defendant had given up all hope of winning his case. The baker and the young bookkeeper would never vote for acquittal, but it was doubtful about the four women, because the judge was of the private opinion that women are apt to do anything, especially in the jury box. One of the women looked as though she were qualified to lead the Lucy Stone League through any kind of danger. The other three were very plain women. The judge remembered that the slain sweetheart was reported to have been very beautiful. He wondered if, contrary to the general rule, these three ugly women would see any virtue in beauty.

The judge called for the examination of the witnesses. He relaxed in his chair and gave himself over to thoughts of his delayed vacation.

The first witness called was the owner of the flat in which the slain girl had lived. She testified that the girl had been refusing attentions of the accused for some time, and that upon the evening of the murder she had heard a shot and had run to the door just as the slain girl was staggering in. The defendant's lawyer took her for cross-examination:

"You say that you heard a shot?"

"Yes."

"Was the accused man in sight when you looked into the street?"

"Yes, he was disappearing into an alley."

"Did you see him shoot the girl?"

"No—but I know"—

"Did you actually see him do the shooting?"

"No."

The woman was dismissed. Several people who were in the street immediately after, testified to the same thing, but none of them was able to establish that he had actually seen the accused perform the act of murder. The policeman who had arrested McDuffy was called.

"Did you or did you not arrest the accused on the evening of the murder for that act?"

"I did."

"Where did you arrest him?"

"As he came out of the alley on Fiske Street."

"Was he carrying a gun?"

"No but I picked one up in the alley."

"Is this the gun you picked up?"

"Yes."

The prosecutor turned to the jury. "This is the gun from which the shot was fired that

caused the death of the murdered girl," he said in solemn tones.

The fat man on the back row of the jury box shuddered. The leader of the Lucy Stone league looked down her nose at the lawyers. The judge sat back and mused idly upon the different reactions of the jurors.

The trial dragged on. The prosecution built up a seemingly perfect case. The only thing they could not prove conclusively against the murderer was that no one had seen him commit the act, though the streets were thronged with people immediately afterward. The judge began to believe that the jury in this case would do the expected thing. The prosecution delivered a lengthy speech, which left the jury in tears at the picture it drew of the murdered girl. Then the lawyer for the defendant delivered a speech equally as long and as pathetic as that of the prosecution had been. The only handicap here was that the man on trial continued to stare at the jury throughout the speech as though he regarded them all as fit museum pieces. The lawyer for the defendant pictured the poor prisoner as being the victim of a consciousnessless woman. Three of the women on the jury began to regard the prisoner with more disgust than they had hitherto looked upon him.

The case came to a close as all jury trials eventually do. The judge summed up the evidence in sounding phrases, and gave the last instructions to the jury. He then retired to his chamber, but stopped to bet a twenty-five cent cigar with the bailiff that the jury would be out less than an hour, and that the verdict would be murder in the first degree.

The people in the court room shifted uneasily in their seats, but all remained to hear the verdict.

In exactly half an hour by the big clock in

the court room, the jurymen filed solemnly back to their seats. The judge addressed them:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict?"

"Your honor, we have."

"Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty as charged?"

"Not guilty."

The judge made his way out of the courtroom as quickly after the close of the case as possible. If he could but make the late train he would be well on his way tomorrow. At the door he encountered the baker who had served on the jury, and who had acted as foreman. Being of a curious nature the judge asked the man why the jury had decided as it did. The baker replied that the prosecution had failed to establish the fact that the murderer was actually seen committing the act, and that the jury had given him the benefit of the doubt, and because this could not be proved they had held that he might have been innocent for all they knew. Besides, he said that one of the women on the jury knew the wife of the lawyer for the defendant and had seen both the lawyer for the defendant and his wife set out for early morning mass on this very morning. The woman had succeeded in convincing the rest of the jury, along with the first mentioned fact, that if the lawyer went to mass to pray for the murderer, the lawyer was a good and godly man, and would not be defending the murderer unless he were innocent.

The judge heaved a sigh as he remembered his days as a lawyer, and concluded that juries were growing dumber and dumber. He caught himself almost wishing he was practicing law again, as he went on his way to complete arrangements for his delayed vacation.

## Smoke Clouds

MARGARET YOUNG

They are belched forth  
From roaring iron monsters  
That crawl across the land.

Sometimes, settling down  
They creep on grotesque paws,  
Breathing on the earth;  
Sometimes they hang and float,  
Rolling into themselves,  
Or, flying away, wander  
Among slim trunks of trees,  
Carressing the leaves.

Soft mauve in shadow,  
In sunlight, fleeced with gold,  
They throw cool shadows  
That surge and billow  
Over waving grasses.

They hang white magic  
Onto fence posts, and weave  
Enchantment through the corn.

## The Pharmaceutical Rancher or "The Drug Store Boy"

RUSSEL MELLIES

Note.—Being a description or dissertation which enables you to recognize one of the species at first glance.

There he sprawls in the most comfortable chair in the ice cream parlor—idleness and worldly superiority personified. One languid, white hand forms a canopy for the low, unaesthetic brow under which are gray, lack-luster eyes grazing dreamily upon an indifferent world. About the lips there hovers a half-smile of amused cynicism. One feels that here a man who has tasted both the bitter and the sweet in life. A cigarette, which dangles with almost soulful abandon from the southwest corner of his mouth threatens to precipitate itself at any moment upon the recumbent one's chest.

From the top of his sleek, well-groomed head, redolent with an odor of something which is emphatically not perfume, down to the glossy, brown shoes, he is tonsorially and debonairly perfect. There is a sweater, a checked and or-

nate affair, which seems to shout at every passer-by, and a white (strange that it is not green or some other outlandish color) shirt, unbuttoned at the neck and accompanied by a loosely-knotted cravat of a color or colors to match the sweater. The trousers drag on the floor when he walks, which he seldom does unless his shiny red roadster runs out of gasoline. The trousers are twelve inches wide at the bottom and flop wildly from side to side when in motion, furling and unfurling as if the owner were taking in sail. And lastly, oh crowning glory of glories—there is a hair-like growth which is appended to the upper lip and could be mistaken for a mustache if the casual onlooker were generous in passing judgment upon it!

Finis.

Note to Instructor.—What do you think of the picture? Does it agree with your preconceived notion of the subject in question, or do I run into opposition at the outset?

Finis (again, and for the last time).

## Advice In The Spring

By GREY DRESIE

If a person is yet to experience his first date, the advice contained in this article is valuable. In this article I sought to include only those points that are calculated to help best a high school student, a college freshman, or a fraternity man. To those who would profit from this I say, "Read it first, then digest the contents thoroughly. After you have done this forget it all, cast a prayer to heaven, and act natural."

First you must remember her name throughout the evening. If you must forget it after eleven o'clock call her "sweetheart." If you forget it before eleven don't call her anything. It is all right for her to say that Jane has on a simply darling dress but your reply must not be too enthusiastic. Enthusiasm in such matters breeds disaster.

If she says that John Brown is too cute for words, don't explain to her that he only weighs two hundred pounds and is an All-American football player. She wouldn't understand you and would probably say he was cute anyway.

Don't ever tell her that you would like to smack so-and-so on the beizer because she will tell him the next night and if he is bigger than you it is just too bad.

Don't waste your time trying to find out why she dislikes so-and-so because she doesn't know herself. If she says, "Don't be silly," when you tell her she is beautiful, thing nothing of it. It is just a girl's way of asking for more.

If once you fail, try again. Don't turn the third cheek though for, if there were such a thing, she would slap it too.

If she goes with other boys but expects you to go with no other girls think nothing of it, for she will probably tell you that she does it so she will appreciate you more. Don't accuse her of lying. She was just "kidding" you.

Never get technical. She will take it all in and then, nine times out of ten, tell you something you never thought about before. It is embarrassing.

Above all don't ever try to understand a girl. I have three sisters and I don't. What chance have you?

If anyone decides to follow this advice I hope he will let me know. I should like to have time to get my clothes packed and get a head start.

## KIN

AMY RUTH MAHIN

The last low strains of her song ceased as she turned toward Phillip with a happy sigh. He caressed her golden hair and stooped to kiss her lips as perfect as his own.

"Just one, Joan," he whispered, "to show you how much I adore you."

Her sparkling blue eyes smiled into his. "Suppose I show you," she laughed and gave his cheek a smart slap. A horn sounded three times outside.

"It's Dad on the way to night court again. He's bound to make a lawyer out of me. Darned inconvenient at times, I call it. Good night, my Angel." He kissed her again and ran to the door. "Remember, tomorrow we rate the 'Cubby Hole,' good night."

"Good night, Phil," she called after him.

Joan went immediately to her writing desk and taking paper and pen propped herself up in a comfy lounge-chair before the fire. There was one person in the world to whom she did not enjoy writing and that was Aunt Dosh. Never-the-less she resolutely started "My dear Aunt Dosh—" and stopped there. What had she to write about? Phil was her only thought. She wondered how she had been able to write so often and not speak of him. How was she going to write again tonight and leave him entirely out?

Her thoughts ran back to that morning almost a year before when she had fallen on the steps of the choir-loft and Phillip, always gallant and impetuous, had insisted on taking her straight to her apartment. She knew him then as the only son of Judge Broughton, as a restless Harvard graduate who used his father's wealth to dabble in everything from love to politics, half-heartedly seeking a profession. For several weeks prior to that memorable day she had seen him, handsome and perfect in physique, walk casually into St. James and sit through the Saturday morning rehearsals of the choir. He had told the director that he was searching for a good contralto voice. Hers was contralto. Little did she know that he came only to see her. The whispered gossip of his recent broken engagement to Anne Courtney, daughter of his father's partner in law, had never reached her ears. The morning she tripped and fell she was not hurt, but he, absurdly enough, had insisted on her going home immediately and he had taken her. He had sent her flowers that week, and now—

She glanced at the words before her, "Dear Aunt Dosh". Into her mind flashed the pic-

ture of that stately, cold woman whom she called Aunt. She had always been kind, yet always silent about her, Joan's, parents. Only two years before she had admitted that there was no blood relation between her and Joan; she had said nothing more, and Joan had asked to know nothing more. Often a longing to know what family heritage she could claim, what her given name had been, and who she was choked her, yet she had never ventured to question her aunt. Tonite she wondered if she had the right to claim the love of Phillip when she knew nothing of her family. Should she tell him that she was not only without parents but without any known kin?

The thought stifled her and to free herself she resumed writing in a free, clear hand, characteristic of her nature. She was determined. Tonite she would tell Aunt Dosh about Phillip. Why she had never spoken of him, she did not know. Perhaps it was because she felt that her love for him was the one thing she possessed which was not dominated by her Aunt's iron will. Even her career as a singer, the expression of her very soul, was controlled by the whims of Aunt Dosh. Now it was different. She must know the secret of her life and Aunt Dosh must know the reason for her demand. She wrote feverishly for an hour. As she sealed the letter she sensed the bitter anger that it would arouse in the heart of her aunt, who, of late years, had seemed so jealous of her every independent move. Suppose her past was not what she hoped, could she dare to face Phil again, she, alias Joan Tandy, niece of the wealthy Mrs. Doshia J. Tandy of Detroit?

The 'phone rang sharply into her troubled thoughts; at the same instant someone knocked. She ran quickly to the door. A small boy thrust a telegram into her hands and disappeared. Astonished, she stood motionless for a moment then moved slowly to the telephone in answer to its continued ringing. "Joan Tandy speaking—Oh, Phil! My, such a time to be calling—Don't worry; I am still wide awake. Did you want anything in particular?—I see." She seemed startled. "That's all right; I know you wouldn't break it unless something very unusual has happened—You can tell me about it later. Good nite."

The receiver clicked mechanically and she sat dazed, forgetting the telegram for the moment. "It is the first date he has ever broken," she murmured; "—said it was un-

expected business out of town." Suddenly she laughed and jumping from her chair ran to a mirror near the fire-place. "Joan—or whoever you are—you're a little fool and too suspicious to live. . ." Then she remembered the telegram and retrieved it from the floor where it had fallen a moment before. The envelope indicated that it was from Detroit, surely from Aunt Dosh. The thought of what it might contain chilled her. Aunt Dosh was not in the habit of sending telegrams for sentimental reasons. Even though this had been her twenty-first birthday she knew it could not pertain to that. Methodically she tore open the envelop and read:

808 E. LAKESHORE DRIVE, DETROIT  
JOAN TANDY  
408½ MARIONETTE APTS.  
GARDEN SQUARE, N. Y.  
BECAUSE YOU ARE TWENTY-ONE, I  
HAVE FINALLY CONSENTED TO LET  
YOUR MOTHER SEE YOU STOP MEET US  
AT MY AVALON APARTMENTS STOP NOT  
AT HOME STOP TOMORROW AT 4 P. M.  
STOP

MRS. DOSHIA J. TANDY

Joan sat pale and tense as her taxi carried her every moment nearer one who could bring her eternal happiness or sorrow, her mother. If she were living why had she left Joan motherless all her life? A certain bitterness filled her heart. She felt as though she had been cheated of something that was her right. Why had her aunt not let her go to her home? She was sick at heart. "I wish now that I had told Phillip everything I knew before last nite," she sobbed. "He would have understood, I'm sure. Now I know things can never be all right."

Tears filled her eyes as she hid herself in the depths of a great chair in the last of the apartment parlors. She had never known her aunt to be late; yet another unusual occurrence did not phase her staggered mind. Her eyes followed the dart and egg pattern of the moulding back and forth across the ceiling; the twisted design of the curtains caught her half closed eyes and she covered them, wearied by the endless monotony of its repe-

tion. Everything was drab, fatiguing. She was tired and had done nothing.

The next instant the calm, half ironical voice of her aunt brought her to her feet, "Why, my dear Niece, you look tired. I had a feeling that New York life was too strenuous for you."

Joan did not hear her. She was staring at a tall, beautiful woman who was standing behind Aunt Dosh. Her gown was exquisite; her long, narrow face, framed in wavy golden hair, was that of a woman of intelligence and culture. Her blue eyes were fixed on those of Joan, at level with her own. Either might have been gazing into a mirror. Aunt Dosh continued, "Because you have not seen your mother since you were three months old, you would hardly be expected to recognize her. An introduction is proper, I think . . . Mrs. Perry, —your daughter, Miss Tandy." Neither felt the cruelty in her voice.

Joan stood motionless, speechless. Her mother crossed quickly to her and kissed her, half timidly, half fiercely. "Joan," she cried, "my daughter! . . . at last I can talk to you; . . . at last you will know everything. I have promised never to see you again after today, but I want you to know that my heart, your mother's, has longed for you all these years. . . . Believe me! . . . Oh, my dream child. . . ."

Aunt Dosh interrupted dryly, "Don't you think the length of the information you have to impart might warrant our being seated!" There was no answer; but the three sat down, Joan and her mother hand in hand.

"You have a twin who knew, until yesterday, no more than you about me, your mother, and who, like you at three months was adopted by a . . .," her sobs choked her and she could not finish. Finally she said, "I was destitute after your father's death; I had to give you up then, but I . . ."

A long shadow fell across the arched doorway and a tall, fairhaired man stepped into the presence of the three women. Aunt Dosh spoke tartly, "Your son, . . . Mrs. Perry?"

Joan rose, half-falling, as she stared, appalled, into the face of PHILLIP.

## RAIN

VIRGINIA STOKES

Dainty little daggers  
Carved of sparkling rain,  
Drop upon the housetops,  
Dash against the pane.  
Now they come in torrents,  
Now like dainty lace

To for and a fairly pattern  
Against each window case.  
See—the sun comes breaking  
Through the misty veil;  
It drives away the raindrops,  
And forms a rainbow trail.

## The Bookshop

VIRGINIA STOKES

The wind howled ominously and drove the rain down in furious torrents. As I hurried along anxiously looking for a doorway to slip into until the temper of the gods of the air had cooled a trifle, I noticed a quaint little bell swinging and swaying in the wind. It was on the door of a small bookshop. Here was a way to spend my time while waiting. As I opened the door the little bell gave out a tinkling warning to the keeper of the approaching customer. After opening my slicker and further righting myself I gazed about me a bit.

The shop was a tiny sort of thing with each side lined with dusty books. The counters were old and dark. Hearing a shuffling, I turned to find a tiny old man approaching me. He was not much taller than a child and on his left shoulder and upper back was a huge lump. His whole frame seemed a twisted, mangled thing. His hair and beard were pure white, and over a pair of spectacles peered two clear blue eyes that fairly danced like tiny elves. His cheeks were ruddy and full and his mouth broke into a smile, showing pearl-white teeth as he ap-

## The Pioneer of The Last Frontier

JACK RYAN

I first saw Lindbergh upon the occasion of his first visit to Wichita in the summer of 1928, just after he had startled the world by his feat of crossing the Atlantic from New York to Paris.

For days the city had been expectantly anticipating his arrival; and I was more eager to see him than I had ever desired to see anybody. Every half hour of the morning he was scheduled to arrive, I would drop my work, climb the roof of the mill, and "scan the sky for sight of a silver sail." But with all my vigilance, I almost missed him. The noise of the machines drowned the drone of his motor, and it was merely by chance that I happened to glance out of the window just as a white monoplane was disappearing below the tops of the trees. I was hopeful at first that the ship I saw was the escort; but on asking others as to which plane it had been, I found that it really had been the famous Spirit of St. Louis.

We walked to the corner of Washington and Douglas and waited. Cars were parked "radiator to spare" for blocks up each side street, and thousands of people of all classes crowded the sidewalks. Every window in the office buildings along the flag-draped street was filled with eager watchers.

The city traffic police were spick and span in

proached and said, "Madame wished something?"

The whole affair so astonished me that for a moment I could not speak. "Why—something in fairy tales," I hastened to say, never dreaming of buying.

He hurried around the counter, climbed up on a small, shaky stepladder and began gathering an armful of books from the shelves, carefully blowing the dust from each.

As I opened the first my eye fell on the frontispiece, "Illustrated by Beardsley!" Here was a prize! I turned back to the title page and found in fine print at the bottom—"Third Edition." Worth thousands!

"And the price?" I ventured.

"It is well worn," he mused; "fifty cents, perhaps?"

I hurriedly opened my purse and thrust a twenty dollar bill into his hand and rushed from the shop clasping my prize in my arm, not heeding the rain. As I hurried along I solemnly vowed whatever price I got for this treasure the little man should have half!

their new tan uniforms, and one, a perfect fashion-plate of official elegance, drove importantly up and down in a glistening new Chrysler sport roadster. Motorcycle police, those super-efficient knights of modern individual combat, were everywhere. They have always had a fascination for me, perhaps because they cut a romantic figure, perhaps because I like the thrill that comes from riding the super-powerful little machines.

A wave of attention rolled down the line of people. The motorcycle escort of the "Flying Colonel" came in sight; they rapidly approached, and pressed close to the edge of the crowd which swayed back much more rapidly than it would have had horsemen or unmounted police tried to clear the way.

Here he came, at thirty-five miles an hour, in a long Packard touring car with the top down, the mayor by his side doing his best to make the famous guest feel at ease; and you just know he was proud of the chance!

The crowd cheered politely, as if afraid of disturbing its new hero; a ten-second glimpse of the Lone Eagle, and he was gone. But I'll always remember the calm, serene, matter of fact countenance that I saw that day and treasure it "among my souvenirs."

## A Good Trouper

WINIFRED CLINK

She had been a famous actress and I was a newspaper reporter sent to interview her. It was a peculiarly difficult assignment and I did not like it. I was to write this woman's story as a warning of the pitfalls of a stage career. Our little town had had a sudden wave of morality and was waging war on all worldly amusements. This former actress seemed a fine example of the penalty of a frivolous life; for here she was, blind and friendless, in a home for penniless old folk. As I have said, I did not like my assignment, but—well, it had to be done.

As I tapped on the door which opened into her room, I wondered what sort of scene I would have to go through. A soft voice asked me to come in. I opened the door and stepped inside. It was a tiny, dingy room with a narrow bed, rickety table, a chair, and a small mirror. But I took only a slight glance at my surroundings; for directly opposite me, seated before the window through which the sunset shone, was the daintiest, most fragile little, old lady I had ever seen. Her snowy hair curled softly about cheeks flushed with a faint wild-rose pink. Her blue eyes seemed to smile peacefully as they looked into what I knew was eternal darkness. She was the tiniest little thing, and her expressive hands seemed like bits of carved ivory. I was absolutely stunned, and she seemed to understand somewhat for she laughed gently as she asked me to sit down.

"Have you noticed my sunset?" she asked. "Isn't it lovely?"

I gulped down the lump that came into my throat, and managed somehow to answer her. From then on we conversed about anything that happened to come into our minds. I found that she had a brilliant, idealistic mind that had refused to stay behind the times. As she talked, her face expressed every emotion she felt, and her hands moved in quick gestures. Later we spoke of her career, and the old days. Once she smiled sweetly and turned again toward the window.

"They said I was a good trouper," she whispered, "and it meant more to me than all the fame or glory."

It was nearly dark when I rose to leave, and she hesitated a moment beside the window.

"Don't you love the scent of growing things just at nightfall? I can see the flowers turning toward the last light, the pale moon thrusting through the evening clouds."

You see, she was a very gallant lady. She did not desire pity. She never "remembered"; she always "saw". The darkness before her eyes was never mentioned. It was always "I love to watch the stars", never "I wish I could see".

After I had turned in my story, the editor called to me.

"We'll have to make you our sob sister. That was one fine job you made!" he cried sarcastically.

But somehow I didn't care I whispered to myself as I tapped away on my old typewriter.

"She was a gallant lady, and a good trouper."

## On Being A Freshman

ALBERT BRIGGS

Every Freshman was born on September 10, 1928. He was a child of great promise, coming as he did into this great and noted family. Although he had many other older brothers and sisters he was much larger than any of them. Great preparations had been made for the approaching event, and an able staff of doctors under the celebrated leadership of Dr. Foght was engaged. But, in spite of all this preparation, it was a strenuous time for all.

How they hurried and scurried to take proper care of the new infant. What a prescribing of diets commonly known as courses of study there was. This was a most important matter for overfeeding would surely result in colic. The child might die of indigestion and never grow up to be a sophomore. And too, there was

the problem of under-nourishment, for it would be a disgrace to this wealthy and noted family to have a child suffer from malnutrition.

But at last, all was accomplished. The child was duly registered and reported doing well. When this was announced, there was great rejoicing. Several public meetings were held in his honor, and he was welcomed most heartily.

For a month Every Freshman was treated like a prince and given much freedom. But at the end of that time his elder brothers and sisters decided it was high time for him to be properly clothed and disciplined. Now their whole idea of proper clothing for Every Freshman was a green cap, and their idea of discipline was that of the strict old-time Puritan who believed "spare the rod and spoil the child".

Many were the times Every Freshman was invited to the woodshed where he was thoroughly taught the uses of a paddle. As a result he was compelled to take several of his meals standing.

For two months these elders kept a most strict watch on their younger brother to see that he obeyed all rules and did not form any bad habits such as flirting with college flappers and the like.

Every Freshman attained his majority on Thanksgiving Day, and the event was celebrated with a bonfire party. All green caps were burned and he was permitted to dress according to the dictates of his conscience. After this Every Freshman would have been a happy

fellow had it not been for that peculiar method of torment known as Freshman Themes. The subjects of the themes were of a very wide range, but there were few on which Every Freshman could readily obtain material or about which he knew anything. In fact, their range was too wide—he would have to be a walking encyclopedia to be able to write on all of these subjects.

Sometimes when he hasn't any inspiration whatsoever and is positively at his wits end, there just must be a theme handed in on Monday morning. Little Every Freshman is then forced to break the Sabbath and work 'till midnight on the foolish construction of a theme like this.

## A SONNET

Sometimes I sit and look up at the stars,  
Which tirelessly wheel through unfathomed  
space.  
I like to see the Milky Way's white lace,  
And gaze upon the fiery face of Mars,  
I like to see the rainbow's colored bars,  
Which form when raindrops through the sun-  
light race,  
I like to see the golden halo grace  
The sun when comes the day's last waning  
hours.  
And then my mind with wonderment is  
fraught,  
As how a man can be an infidel,  
When all around him many voices tell,  
That God exists in things which he hath  
wrought.  
To others simpler things than stars have  
taught.  
That Some One rules this orb on which we  
dwell.

## YOUTH

ROBERT ISLEY

Indecision, experiment and doubt,  
Restless longings  
Which take the years to lose;  
Aspirations beyond the power of man;  
Great wild joy of living and loving—  
Deep sorrow and disappointment;  
That is Youth.

## DEATH

CHARLES STILLWELL

Like the glow of an autumn sunset  
On the heights of a canyon wall,  
Comes Death.  
Like a dark silent fog in October  
Hiding and shadowing all,  
Comes Death.  
With fury of winter snow-storms  
When the night is lurking near,  
Comes Death.  
With the silence of ice-locked harbors  
Toward the dawn of another year,  
Comes Death.

