

Rollins College

Rollins Scholarship Online

The Flamingo

2-1-1935

Flamingo, 1 February, 1935, Vol. 9, No. 2

Rollins College Students

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.rollins.edu/flamingo>



Part of the [Arts and Humanities Commons](#)

VOL. IX, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1935

25 cents

THE FLAMINGO



- SEMI-CENTENNIAL ISSUE -

Contents

FRONTISPIECE	WALTER JORDAN	2
FOREWORD		3
SIMILE (poem)	PETER F. McCANN	5
THE KEY (short story)	FRANCES PERPENTE	5
BENNETTSVILLE EPISODE (short story)	FRANKLIN PRICE	29
THE PARADOX OF MUNITIONS . . . (essay)	REGINALD T. CLOUGH	41
MOLL'S CONVERSION (vignette)	JOHN CLARK BILLS	48
POETRY SECTION		56
RONDEAU	MARY MCGONIGAL	56
1917	ANNA LOUISE JONES	57
YESTERDAY	LENNOX ALLEN	58
SMOKE	FRANCES PERPENTE	59
QUERY	CONSTANCE ETZ	60
ENEMIES OF THE TRUE FAITH . . . (short story)	GULIELMA DAVES	61
THE BALLAD OF TOM COLLINS . . . (poem)	JAMES F. HOLDEN	76
ART VERSUS PROPAGANDA IN THE THEATRE (critical essay)	NANCY J. CUSHMAN	82
BLOOD REVENGE (short story)	MAXEDA HESS	86
A PERFECT LEO (sketch)	ANONYMOUS	110



EVERLASTING DESERT

By WALTER JORDAN

FOREWORD

THE EDITORS feel that the function of a college literary magazine is two-fold. First, it should give its pages to all contributions of true merit regardless of their content and nature; and second, it should carry, if possible, some measure of popular appeal.

With these points in view *THE FLAMINGO* departs somewhat from its previous policies. This newer and larger edition offers to the public four complete short stories of regulation magazine length, two critical essays, a venture in the field of light verse and other additions which, we trust, will meet with your approval.

J. F. H.

THE FLAMINGO

THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation

VOL. IX, No. 2 FEBRUARY 1, 1935 Price, 25 Cents

"SIMILE"

PETER F. McCANN

NIGHT,
Like a peacock,
Spreads her vast tail;
And in each blue feather
Twinkles
A single star.

THE KEY

"The Key" is without doubt one of the most sensitive, finely wrought short stories ever submitted to the FLAMINGO. It achieves an artistic unity unusual in the annals of college publications. "The Key" is Miss Perpente's first published short story.

FRANCES PERPENTE

I T is in the winter that I feel the change and the closing in. Every year with the first grey days there is the shadow of snow in the air, and when it really does come, when the white cold of it piles itself silently on the window sill, then I look out over the smooth, still, muffled meadows to the break in the wall where the birch thicket scrapes with bare desolate twigs against the low clouds, and I am afraid. Hearing people and not understanding, seeing those fields which I know are silent, silent and stripped of the warm sounds of summer, feeling the early, sad

twilights of winter, is to have the loneliness of myself spread out and magnified upon a great austere white screen, imminent and unescapable. It is during the endless nights of winter that I cannot sleep easily. I must think myself to sleep with long, involved waking dreams. Sometimes they recur during the night; sometimes they undergo grotesque changes, and wear familiar faces horribly unknown.

It was in the early November of last year that I found the key. At first I did not think much about it except that I was vaguely puzzled and wondered what it would open. It was in my sewing bag for several days before I began to be interested in it, an ordinary key, rather small, flat and heavy. If I thought at all how I had come by it, it was that I must have picked it up without realizing it. I remember that once Lilian's wedding ring was in my bag for a week before I knew it was there. I believe that she always thought I had stolen it, but she never said so.

I can sense with extraordinary keenness the feelings and reactions of others, and it was in this way about five days after my discovery of it, that I first connected the key with Lilian.

Always at dinner I sat facing Lilian with George on my right, before me the square of the window filled with the quick night, for Lilian could never endure drawn curtains or closed in, dark places, and she insisted upon keeping the shades up after dark. She loved the summer, for she was from the South and I am sure she was lonesome for it. I remember that on mild days in spring and summer she would walk for hours in the open, always with her face turned slightly up towards the sky, as though she would have liked to draw it down to her. Once too, I came upon her lying face down on the thyme bank that borders

the west brook. At first I did not see her in the shifting dapple of light and shade, but she heard me, and lifted her head; looking at me but saying nothing. I think that when she was alone she often cried, and she had been crying then.

As I ate, I watched Lilian, thinking about her, watching her lips when she spoke to George (she seldom spoke to me). She was paler than usual, even for winter, and she had faint, brownish shadows under her eyes. I don't believe that either she or George ever fully realized that I could see every word they said if their faces were visible, although George should have known, for we had been together as much as most brothers and sisters, and she had great intuition in most other ways. I try to keep it from people though, that I can read their words, for they are more unguarded and I am safer. They cannot hide things from me so easily.

Lilian was telling George about the man who had come up from town to see about the roof, and every now and then she glanced secretly at me with those hooded, oblique eyes of hers, and soon I began to feel that her mind was far off on something else so that she heard what she was saying scarcely more than I did. She ate little, and her left hand kept fumbling about on the tablecloth, tracing out squares and circles, and long, twisted curls. All of our heads were just above the circle of the lamplight, so that the faces of Lilian and George were to me floating in shadow. At intervals, Lilian's hand in the bright glow of the lamp moved slightly a low glass bowl of cherry preserves, shifting its transparent crimson reflection on the white cloth. George was in a talkative mood and he laughed, telling Lilian of Embries' hired man who had been locked in the top shed and had somehow through some

freak of movement let the key fall from the window, imprisoning himself. To me the story had little element of humor, but suddenly Lilian began to laugh jerkily, and hysterically, clutching herself and rocking back and forth a little as I have seen people rock when they are in pain. Her face twisted and crumpled as if she were going to cry, but she didn't and as suddenly as it had started, the laughter stopped. She looked at us then, first George and then me, seeming a little afraid and said, illogically, I thought, as if she really wanted to know:

"Did he get the key, George? How?"

George laughed again then and, leaning over, patted her hand, but she drew it away at his touch and dropped her eyes to the crimson shadow of the cherries. Somehow she appeared childishly disappointed at the answer he made to her question, seeming to expect something more. Soon after, the meal was over. I always did dishes because George liked Lilian to himself in the evenings, although I don't believe that she cared much one way or the other, and I did not see her again that night for she went upstairs early.

After I had gone to bed myself, I thought of Lilian and that strange laughing spell, and it suddenly came to me that I had never seen her really laugh before. She had smiled that slow, musing smile of hers that started somewhere in her eyes long before it reached her lips, but she was never a gay nor an easily aroused woman.

There in my room the dark about the bed was filled with living forms, and that night Lillian was there, and the man who had got locked in and lost the key. Somehow I slept sooner than usual but in my sleep I saw Lillian walking naked in a glowing crimson pool

which washed about her thighs and waist. There was clear light licking over the top of the pool, reflecting in wavering rosiness under her chin and her breasts. Out of the shifting gleam she looked at me directly and fiercely with no amity or pretense under her heavy lids. Her mouth, with its full, curving upper lip, was drawn into an expression of dreaming sensuality with which I was not familiar. It was strange about that mouth. Although I was without doubt more familiar than anyone else with its shape and contour, and moreover knew it, from long watching, more nearly than any other single feature of hers, I had never seen that brooding, unleashed look of pleasure upon her actual flesh. With her eyes upon me still, the dream figure bent quickly and, groping in the pool, drew out a key. What power of my mind made it the key that lay in my sewing bag? Enlarged and shimmering, it rested in identical form upon her unsubstantial palm, and as she laughed at me, the ruby liquid rose with a sound like ice knocking against glass and carried her away.

In the morning after I had drifted up out of a sleep, I lay for a moment in the grateful warmth of bed. I thought of my dream and of the key which had lain in Lilian's hand, and I thought of her hysterics at the key joke. I determined then, as I watched the dull-yellow glow of the sun creep through the thin, eastern cloud-layer, that I would wait, and watch her, watch to find her connection with the key, for that there was a connection, I began to be certain. I would say nothing, but only watch. The idea gave me a kind of peace all through my body; it filled my mind and I felt relaxed and interested. Presently I forced myself into the icy air of the room and dressed. I was conscious of an inner excitement. I thought that Lilian would not be up yet, and I could wait for her

and see how she looked when she first came down, before the sleep had gone entirely from her.

When I got down into the kitchen it was warm, and there was a low fire in the range. Someone must have had coffee and cereal; the dishes were still on the table. The chair in front of the table was out towards the center of the room as though the person who had sat there had, in rising hastily, pushed it back. I thought that George had gone out earlier than usual, and I ate my own breakfast leisurely, waiting for Lilian. I could see through the east window out towards the big barn, and as I watched I saw a woman dressed in a long, loose grey coat appear from behind the building, and advance slowly and uncertainly in the direction of the house. The bare space between the barn and the house was frozen iron-hard, and it was rutted and crossed with the marks of wheels and hoofs. The woman, although she was moving along slowly in a curiously zig-zag course and with bent head, seemed searching before her; she stumbled three times over the treacherous uneven ground. Her long, westward reaching shadow was dim and edgeless, for already the sun was lost in the thickening, snow-colored clouds. Snow was in the air and I guessed that it would come before night.

When she was about ten feet from the house, the woman stopped and looked up so that I could see her face. It was Lilian. For a while she stood quite still in the motionless cold, and no breath of air moved the folds of the loose coat she wore. Her face was brooding and concentratedly unhappy.

Presently Lilian moved away and a moment later I felt the current of cold air which came with the opening and closing of the hall door. She stood in the kitchen doorway looking at me and the mask was over

her face. The chill from her clothes crept through the air. Then she went to the stove and warmed her hands, glancing at me now and then over her shoulder.

Just as I had set down my cup, she swung suddenly around and came quickly across the room until she stood just over me. Her lips moved and the corners of her mouth were twitching slightly. She said:

"Why were you watching me?"

I made her repeat the question, pretending I had not caught it, and as she spoke, the pupils of her eyes almost blotted out the greenish iris. Her eyes lived a separate and intense life in the serene and every-day cage of her face. Bound in delicate bone and obscured by the shadow of her lids, they focussed the fires of her being and were subject to all the vagaries of her emotions. Now I could see a gleam of fear in them, and anger, and she stared at me and said:

"You were watching me."

I did not answer her at once, wanting to see what she would do. I watched her eyes, and her fingers clutching at the grey cloth of her coat. I think she wanted to know that I had not seen her in the yard; that I had not noticed anything peculiar about her being there. I said:

"Yes, what were you looking for?"

As though I had slapped her, scarlet patches appeared upon her cheekbones. For a moment I thought she might strike me, but she kept her hands on the grey coat. Lilian never lied, she was too proud for that. Neither did she try to evade my question. She said:

"I won't tell you."

I stood up then, and she backed away a little. I felt a great surge of triumphant feeling, for I knew that she feared me in a nebulous and potential way. The pattern and texture of our relationship had changed,

and I was beginning to reach her, the self which had always stood back and gazed proudly. A dark and incipient pride was in her face now as she turned from me and went to the door. I found myself smiling.

With her hand on the knob Lillian turned, quite still and erect with her head flung back.

"Why do you hate me?" she said, "Do you know what I say? Can you hear me? I'm shouting but you can't hear me. Can you see? Can you see I hate you too?" I could see her lips curl back over her flashing teeth. Her beautiful teeth gleamed as white as the horrible snow under her red lips. Her lips said, "I hate, I hate you," and I knew she was screaming, for the cords in her neck stood out and strained beneath the skin of her long throat. She left the room and I was alone.

Happy. I was very happy. There is no other word for the warm flow which ran in my flesh. I do not try to excuse the emotion, for it was winter. Now Lillian had a new importance, for she feared me.

She feared me and I wanted to find the ground for her fear. I sat for awhile letting the warmth of the fire and of my blood blend in a long, quivering pleasantness. After a little time I went upstairs and took the key from my sewing bag. I held it in the palm of my hand and looked at it shining against my skin, trying to make sure in my mind whether Lillian had lost this thing. Whatever she had lost must be small and important to her. Its importance had been flung out to me in the red of her face and the drawn cords of her neck. Quite certainly I would not give her the key until I knew more about it; not then perhaps.

I tried the key in all the locks in my room, but it did not even approximate any of them.

At dinner Lillian was very quiet, with a kind of

heavy languor. Only the luster of her eyes remained. When George came in he kissed her without a word and took his place. He was in one of his black moods and I was momentarily sorry for Lillian. It is an inward struggle with George, a constant opposition of the dark and the bright. From the fire of his uncertainty has emerged a rigidity which is as unyielding as the sharp rock which rises from frozen soil. I have sometimes pitied, and often feared him.

This night he looked only at Lillian and she was uneasy and pale under his eyes. When they were both silent I said:

"George, I have lost the key to the little cabinet in my room. Do you think you could open it for me?" As I spoke I watched Lillian. She was looking down at her plate, and she glanced suddenly at George with a look of cautious fear. I was satisfied. I do not even remember what George answered.

All through the meal I had an importunate longing to get away—to be alone to try the key. Dark and secret places drifted through my mind, myself with the sensation of a suddenly released lock immediate under my fingers. I could foretaste the straining outward of attention and the eager shiver I would feel, and I longed to start a search for the thing which the key fitted. As I think back, it seems to me that my whole being must have quivered with the desire to know Lillian's hidden things, and the conviction grew steadily stronger that only I had the means of coming to them.

Just as we left the table the first flakes of snow drifted idly down. Standing before the window Lillian drew the heavy blue curtains aside with her right hand and stared quite motionless out into the seething shadows. Her head drooped forward slightly and

above the clinging rose-colored stuff of her dress I could see the slight rise of her cervical vertebrae. The delicate thinness of her neck had a pathetic quality, a childish helplessness and candor which was not apparent in her face or in the rest of her body. I think she said something to George but I cannot be sure, for I could not see her face. George went to her and stood beside her with his hand on her shoulder. At first it seemed that she shrank away, giving that scarcely perceptible, involuntary quiver which was habitual with her at his touch. Perhaps they talked about me. I used to feel that they often talked about me. I left them then, and after the dishes were done went to my room. There, I too looked into the darkness. The light in the room showed a few flakes murkily white against the black curtain of the night. They fell in shifting, irregular paths, aimless and wandering down out of sight, pulled always towards the massive coldness of the ground. I could feel the slow sifting of the little frozen stars toward the ground, their infinitesimal piling up, delicate and flawless, upon the chill surface of the unyielding earth. It was like silence piling up within one, second upon second, perfect in its stillness until it covered everything deeply and quietly and evenly. With the snow, the rigid chill of the air had slackened, but still the cold seemed to lie in layers upon the floor, and to creep numbingly over the body. There was a kerosene stove in the corner and after it had been lighted for awhile, it permeated the room with an acrid, unpleasant odor.

As I lay in bed the smell clung in my nostrils, and I could feel the creeping cold under the false and superficial warmth of the burning oil. There was no rest in the sharp rankness, in the chill, nor in the silent,

unseen feathering of the snow. I do not know how long I lay there, but I could feel the lateness in the house when I rose.

The boards of the floor were very cold. From the stiff, pink-chintz belly of the sewing bag I drew the key, and with it hard against my hand went out into the upper hall. There was a flashlight on the table at the head of the back stairs and by its light, quivering with the life of my hand, the bulky, dark furniture showed in patches against the wall. I crossed the back hall and went down the three steps which separated it from the main part of the house.

A thread of light showed under the door of the room which Lilian and George occupied. I began to walk softly down the stairs, feeling with my foot the solidity of the steps before putting my weight upon them. The flashlight hung straight against my thigh and was almost obscured by the folds of my heavy woolen robe. I had achieved perhaps five steps when I became aware that the thread of light behind me had become a great blotch in the inchoate darkness of the hall.

Crouching against the wall, I looked up to see Lilian swirl violently out of the room. Her face was blazing white, her whole body rigid with great gusts of emotion. She wore a loose enveloping dressing gown of dark-red silk; her hair lay like a shadow over her shoulders. For a moment she stood there with her head thrown back, her throat gleaming in the muted light from the room. Almost immediately George appeared in the doorway, his face suffused with black rage and bewilderment. He went to her with quick short steps, springing upon the balls of his feet, and put his hands upon her shoulders. She writhed away from him like a snake, lithe, angry, but terrified. The light climbed and fell fluttering in the

red folds of her full sleeves and over the swinging of her skirt as it flattened against her legs. But George was quick and full of a fierce energy, and before she could move away, his hands were upon her again. She twisted in his arms, trying to loosen her hands to strike, and suddenly freeing her right arm, struck him full and hard in the face. He jerked his head back and I saw his fingers press heavily into the flesh of her shoulders as he began to shake her. Bending her head forward, Lilian tried to resist the powerful pull and thrust of his arms, but he was like a dark cat which plays with a strengthless and brilliantly colored bird. She staggered helplessly, drunkenly, with weak and unavailing limbs. Every part of her body was in violent and unwilling motion, held in a semblance of vertical position only by those violent and unyielding hands. She must have cried out, for her lips moved, and I could see the sobs rising in her throat, but he did not stop until his strength was momentarily exhausted. When he released her, Lilian sank jointlessly to the floor, lying crumpled at his feet in a pool of gleaming red silk. George's face, as he stood over, was vaguely puzzled, but brooding and appeased. He pushed back the dark hair which had fallen over his forehead. Presently he stooped, and lifting Lilian, carried her, limp and subdued, back into the room. Only her eyes seemed alive and they were fixed, darkly lustrous, upon his face in an unwavering stare.

I was glad, deeply glad. Joy flowed over me in waves, drowning my being. In George I had seen the fiber of my own flesh and the strong surge of my own blood. Standing there in the dark I drew an abiding and secret satisfaction from his mastery of the woman. My hand was clenched so hard that the key had bitten sharply into the palm. I did not mind the pain. Drag-

ging the soft wool of my robe closer about me, I went on down the stairs. The flashlight made a lucid, amber circle in the shadows. It had a semblance of warmth in the bone-striking bitterness of the night.

I began at the kitchen, having in mind to work first through all of the downstairs rooms. The key did not fit any of the drawers or compartments in the sideboard, as they came one by one into the golden circle of my light. Neither did it fit the austere white wooden cupboard which stood ghostlike in the corner, nor the built-in cabinets in the south wall. I had expected nothing better, for I felt that Lilian must have hidden this thing of hers as soon as the key was lost, that it would be small and moveable, suitable for the safe-keeping of private and precious things. That night I exhausted the possibilities of the first floor. I felt into the oldest corners, grimed and feathered with soft grey dust, and exhaling that peculiar odor, neither truly organic nor inorganic, of great oldness. No colors showed except in the limited circumference of the moving light, and there was a brooding look over all the house, stripped and stark, worn to its essential form by the smothering increment of the night. As the necessity of the first floor fell away from me, I felt free and dissolved in eagerness to go to the others, more secret and hidden in their implications.

I was very cold as I climbed the stairs. The flesh shrank back upon my bones and my feet were numb and frigid. Except for the little moving flame of my mind, I experienced the being of a rock or a tree; one in absorption with the atmospheric calm. On the back landing the first grey wash of dawn spilled through the window, and outside was the colorless, formless melting of snow at the beginning of day.

All that day Lilian spent in bed with a headache.

She ate nothing and lay quite still in her darkened room, with closed eyes, her cheeks touched with the half-moon shadow of her lashes. I, too, was quiet, and sewed and rested, waiting for evening. I wanted to hunt at night when the house was all mine in the darkness. I wanted to feel again the slow drag of the withering cold on all the boards of the house, to feel my purpose flaming hot and avid in the midst of the sea of cold.

All day, too, the snow fell softly, smotheringly, resistlessly, till all the world was buried and mute, under a dull sky. Just as dusk was creeping up out of the chilly earth, I went to Lilian's room.

She lay flat in the middle of the great bed, with a green blanket drawn up around her neck. In the rising flood of dusk her hair floated whitely, pale under the dark tumble of her hair. Her eyes were closed. I went to the side of the bed and stood looking down at her. Her slender body scarcely ridged the green blanket, and she looked childish and alone, lost in a vast, meaningless space. Presently Lilian opened her eyes and looked at me. I felt that I was drawing her eyes to mine and I quivered as I met them. I said:

"Can I do anything for you?" At first I thought she had not heard, for her eyes were empty and concentrated, as though a great weight of physical pain drew all her attention deeply within herself. After a space her lips moved and I could barely see what she was saying. She said:

"You know you can't do anything for me. You know you don't want to. Go away. You hate me. Go away." The lids drooped wearily over her eyes and the blank indefinite look of her face dismissed me. I stood a moment more, looking at her. I wanted to slap her, to hit her hard, to see her eyes blaze as they

had blazed at George the night before. I think I even raised my hand, but it would have been like striking a corpse, a thing with no presence. I felt that at the impact of my hand her head would have moved slightly on the pillow, with no resistant force; lifelessly I turned and walked to the door. With my hand on the knob, I looked back, sensing some movement. Lilian had raised herself on her elbows, her lips were moving, but in the dimness it was impossible to distinguish her words. When she saw me she sank back again, softly, like water flowing, and I left her to her darkness.

When I emerged again from my room, the night had come. Outside the windows there was a pale reflected light from the snow-smothered earth, diffusing immaterially in the brief air beneath the heavy clouds. George was in town and I knew he would not return until the next evening. Only Lilian and I were there and she lay muffled in loneliness upon her bed.

I had the attic in mind that night and its great, raftered frigidity did not dismay me. The attic stairs were narrow and steep, seeming pressed in between the musty walls upon which the paper hung in long strips, showing the plaster and the bare laths. The strips swung faintly at my passing, and spider webs stretched from the ceiling brushed across my face and hair.

In the great main room under the rafters, shadows clustered and retreated before the round of the flashlight. I found an old lantern, dusty and red with rust, and some matches which George used to keep up there in an old tin box against the times when he wanted to do his carpentry work alone at night. The lantern made a steadier light than the flashlight, and the shadows flared back farther from me. The debris

of years lay in the corners, trunks and boxes and old furniture. I stood awhile in the center of the floor and decided to work from the far side of the room towards the stairs.

As I kneeled down upon the rough boards of the floor I felt again the flutter of expectation, and I began to go through the boxes and trunks one by one. I do not know how long I searched, for in the occupation of my hands time hung suspended. It must have been several hours, because I worked around the big room and came again to the head of the stairs before I found it.

It was in the bottom of an old grey trunk, hidden under layers of discarded clothing, and I knew it first by its hardness under the yielding surface of the cloth. I had come upon several boxes before, but this one was different, a small metal case enameled in dull green which showed almost black in the lantern light. I think I knew before I tried the key that it was the right one. I felt almost as if I had Lilian there in my lap, as though she were under my hand ready for examination and opening. I was sure the thing was hers, that she had hidden it here after she had lost the key. I don't know how she guessed that I had it and that I would try to find the thing to which it belonged. Perhaps she thought at first that George had the key. It doesn't matter now. Only, just before I opened the box, I knew a momentary hesitation, a reluctance to go on with the thing, even after all the time spent in the cold, after all the weight of hatred which had grown up between her and me. I looked at the flame caught behind the dim, smoky ribs of the lantern which were golden-red with rust, and I shivered. The flame was flat and soft, waving like a little banner upon its base of clear blue.

Then carefully I inserted the key into the lock and opened the box, holding it there on my knees. It was full of letters; four little bundles, each one neatly tied up with narrow white cord. The envelopes were of uneven sizes and some were folded over so that they could be crammed into the small space.

My fingers were stiff with cold as I pried out the bundles and it was with great difficulty that I loosened the knot in the white cord. I lifted the first letter from the envelope. It was written in a large flowing hand on paper of fine quality, and was dated four years back. It had been a trifle over four years ago that Lilian had come to the farm as George's bride. She had been a distant, reserved young woman, I recalled, cool and unsmiling, as if afraid to give herself away, but greeting me with level eyes from under the brim of a rakish green hat. Never, in all her four years at the farm, had she seemed really happy, although she had fitted herself into the life easily enough.

I read the letter through with great care, straining my eyes to follow the hurried script in the dim light.

It began, "Dearest Lilian—I write only to tell you that I have placed Marian in the best possible hands. It is out of the question for me to keep her with me. I am sorrier for this than I can say, but you will not perhaps be too unhappy when you know that she is with my mother, who loves her for my sake as well as for her own. As for me, I shall write to you only if you will not be too sad by it. I think of you so often, dear."

It was signed, "Charles," and glancing at the envelope, I saw that it was postmarked in Lilian's home state, Virginia.

The next letter in the pile was in proper sequence; as I went on, I saw that Lilian had arranged them as

they had come to her. The postmark was not always the same, but the writing was invariable, large and strong and masculine. Slowly I gathered the facts, for they were all there. Charles, I saw, had been Lilian's lover and Marian was their child, cared for by him, since Lilian's people had refused the responsibility. The reports were often of the little girl; her appearance, her character, her likes and dislikes all came clearly to me as I read on. Charles was married and separated from his wife. To Lilian, and strangely, to me, he opened his heart and mind; his frequent loneliness, his sorrow for her unhappiness, which I felt he must have divined rather than read openly, for Lilian was not one to complain, and his love for her. Here and there a phrase stayed with me—"Sometimes I wake up remembering you," or, "Marian has dark curls like you, almost as lovely—"

How Lilian had managed to receive the letters unknown to George I do not know; it must have caused her much anxiety and pain. To me, the salient factor was that she had married my brother to get away from the unhappiness of her life in a small and critical town; that he had been merely an avenue of escape. Perhaps she had hoped eventually to love him. That he loved and desired her, I had no doubt. Knowing George as I did, I knew well that he did not know the facts of Lillian's life, and that knowing, he would not accept nor condone them. Here in my hand was a weapon against her. When I should tell George what I knew, his jealousy would be fully aroused, and his strange, complex, rigid morality would at his own expense exult in her misery and even in her annihilation.

I sat there in the dull golden light with the letters in my lap and thought of George with his pathetic in-

ability to be happy and of Lilian whom I hated now more than ever for deceiving him. I had read the last letter and I began to retie the four packets when all at once I was aware of a presence behind me in the half-shadows of the attic landing. Nothing tangible warned me, only the feeling of not being alone. I stayed for a moment quite still, with bowed head, then turned slowly to look up into the eyes of Lilian.

She was standing erect beside me, her arms crossed upon her breast and her hands laid along her throat. A long, full cloak of deep green fell from her shoulders to her feet, concealing her body entirely. Her hair was loose and disheveled, her eyes enormous in her colorless face. Her lips moved as if with an effort.

"I heard you" she said, "and I knew what you were doing."

I sat back on my heels watching her and said nothing. She seemed to tremble, for the green folds of the cape shook slightly. I watched her mouth.

She said slowly, "You saw them—all—How could you? Why?"

I looked at her eyes and her mouth saying nothing still. Without glancing down I put all the letters into the box and closed the lid. I set the box on the floor. Suddenly Lilian's body seemed to melt within the cloak. She sank to her knees and buried her face in her hands. Some of her hair fell forward and touched my hand slightly. I knew she was sobbing, for her shoulders moved convulsively. After a little time she raised her head and looked at the box, putting her fingers out to touch it.

"I was afraid it was you," she said, "who found the key. George wouldn't have kept still."

The tears were running in uneven paths down her face and dropping on the green cloth. They soaked

in, leaving darker spots. She looked at me for awhile questioningly, then she took my hand in hers and said,

"Be kind. Now you know, isn't that enough? Oh, don't tell him." Her eyes were despairing. I know Lilian realized then that George would make her life a constant misery if he knew the truth about her. Almost I pitied her as though she were a lost animal, a kitten crouching fearful in the cold, but I drew my hand away and stood up. As I arose I knew a breaking within me, a drawing back from softness and pity, and somehow a deep sadness at the break. I could feel the cold creeping through my veins.

I looked into her upturned face with its piteous frightened eyes and said,

"I don't know. Perhaps not." And leaving her sitting on the floor staring dully at the box, I went back to bed. Immediately I fell into a deep sleep for the few remaining hours till daylight, waking with a feeling of calm and anticipation.

George came home after breakfast and Lilian was there to meet him, her anxiousness barely hidden. All that day she did not leave me alone with George. Somehow she must have known that I could not tell him in her presence. Several times I thought she would go, that she would give in, but each time she seemed to force herself to remain with us. I recall that once I wondered what she would do if I told George. I knew she had not a penny of her own, and she could not return home. She would, then, be forced to remain. In the evening too, she stayed close to George and they went upstairs together. The succeeding day was the same, with Lilian meeting George as he came in the door, and managing always to stay in the same room with him.

But during those later hours I saw her face change

and acquire a new dignity and quietness. Almost I was the witness to the groping of her identity until it swung into harmony about its rightful center. I cannot say how I knew, but late in the afternoon of the second day, I realized that she was free, that nothing I could do to her could affect her ever again. Lilian had slipped away from me, and from all fear. Twice I caught her eyes upon me and there was in them none of the old despair or hate.

After dinner all three of us were in the parlor; Lilian seated near the door, George across from her with a magazine, and I standing with my back to the window. Lilian sat quietly with her hands folded in her lap. Her eyes, looking out beyond me into the darkness, were clear and still, the eyes of one who has come through long travail into peace. I glanced away from her to George, for I did not want to see the clarity of her gaze. It was because of this then, that I did not know when she rose and left the room, but I saw George glance up as if surprised; saw him nod and smile, so that I turned back in time to see the door close.

My first thought was—Now! Now I can tell—but Lilian's presence lingered in the room like a palpable thing, and I waited and was lost. For I could not tell—could not break George's faith in Lilian, nor could I in my pride tell her of my decision. For a while I stayed in the room with George while he read absorbedly, turning the pages of his magazine with his long, nervous hands. Several times I rose and went to the window behind his chair, but always I came back to my own place opposite him. I felt nothing except a faint scorn for my own inability to carry out my plan. George began to nod in his chair and the magazine fell to the floor half-open upon the red roses

of the Brussels carpet. The fire was dying down. Shivering, I put a few chunks in the stove and went to bed.

I could not sleep, and so it was that I did something altogether unprecedented; for rising, I dressed quickly and muffling myself in a heavy coat, I went down the back stairs and out into the night. Pausing just outside the door I looked up into a dark clear sky swarming with far-away stars. The milky way flung itself vast and splendid from horizon to horizon, a filmy blaze of light. There was no moon, but the snow which stretched whitely over the fields brightened the air, and rendered distinct every tree and building. The large barn crouched dark and sullen under the stars, and beyond it the smaller sheds and chicken houses each lay under a heavy furring of snow. I walked quickly beyond the buildings and into the great unknowable loneliness of the shrouded fields. My feet left only very shallow marks for the heavy crust on the snow almost supported my weight. How long I walked I do not know, for I felt alone in an infinite empty timeliness. There was no stirring of life in all the world. No small animal scampered from under the frigid bushes; no bird shook the frozen limbs of the trees.

Only I, silent and small, crawled over the fields, sucking the air in muffled gasps and leaving the frail banner of my breath in the air as proof of my life. I cannot even say where I went, whether to the west or to the east; but after a time I found myself moving once more toward the pallid bulk of the house.

I stopped before it, looking up at its blank face; hating it, for here, I knew, I would spend the rest of my life with no possibility of release.

The windows were bleak and dark, and up under the

peaked roof the single attic window stared like the empty socket of an eye. As soon as I stopped walking, the cold crept up under my coat, chilling me, but I was held, for behind that empty attic window I had sensed a vague movement, no more than a faint, pale stirring. As I watched, the movement became unmistakable. Clearly outlined against the dark were the pale blur of a face and hands. Before I could move or cry out (would I have done so, I wonder, if there had been time?) a slender dark figure was outlined for a moment against the white wall of the house, falling in a sharp rush with out-flung arms like a great night-bird, to lie in a shadowed, blurred heap not twenty paces from me. I ran to kneel upon the crisp snow beside the crumpled body of Lilian. She had fallen on her back and as I leaned over her, I seemed to see a brief flare of intelligence in the great, widely-opened dark eyes, but I could not be sure, for as I looked into her face the wide eyes stared back from nothingness. My fingers upon her breast felt no answering stir.

Raising the still head to my knee, I closed Lilian's eyes, pressing down the lids so that the long lashes lay upon the curve of the quiet cheeks. In the cold starlight, her face was passionless; shorn of dreams and impersonal. It seemed to me that Lilian had never been, now that whatever was not of the flesh had slipped from her.

I am a very strong woman, but it was with the greatest difficulty that I lifted Lilian and carried her into the house, slim and frail as she was, for her weight seemed to slip and pull down from me. I laid her upon the couch in the parlor and sat beside her. As I pushed back my hair I felt a tear upon my face. I stayed with her till morning and when George came down he found us there together.

After Lilian was laid out decently in white, I found the letters where she had hidden them in her room and burned them one by one, until they fell in a brittle curl of black ash. Then I went down to the parlor, heavy with the scent of the flowers which George had had sent up from the city, and slipped the key under her hand.

BENNETTSVILLE EPISODE

"Bennettsville Episode" marks the return of Franklin Price who, though an infrequent contributor, invariably maintains a high standard of literary achievement. This offering is a gripping, moving narrative and will, we predict, hold the reader's excited interest from beginning to end.

FRANKLIN PRICE

WHEN I got into the dirty town of Bennettsville I walked into one of the two drug-stores that I saw and asked a group of men who were excited over a cheap nickle machine game how to get to the DuPont Powder Mill. They told me that I would have to walk as it was about three miles back in the woods and hardly anybody went around there.

"Is there any connection between Bennett, the big shot, and Bennettsville?" I asked them.

The man who was shooting the machine stopped to answer. "I'll say there is. His ancestors founded this town, and now there's a tribe of relations around here. He runs things."

"What kind of a fellow is he? Do you think that he would give me a job?"

"I'll have to say he's all right. Probably half the people right here are related to him. I've lived here for about twenty years, and I don't know his entire family yet." As an afterthought he added, "Anybody can get a job in the mills if he wants one."

I expected to hear that. There are a lot of people who have no work. They won't allow good jobs to slip through their fingers. Of course I knew that the work was dangerous. Powder is supposed to go off if a spark gets near it, or if it gets too hot. There is not a powder company in existence that hasn't

lost each mill at least once. Anyway I wanted a job there, because you get good money. The more dangerous the work, the larger the pay.

I wandered out to the street. I saw one of those towns that are built around one paved road, and wondered if any one here cared about anyone else. Finally a wop with dirty black hair and a scar on his face came in a truck. I asked him if he was going up near the mill. He was going within a mile of it. I got on and we rode over a paved highway in the direction I wanted to go. The pave looked as if it was seldom used.

By the time I arrived at the grounds I felt as if I were going into a queer spot on the earth that some evil spirits reserved for a reveling place. The whole plant looked like a replica of the town, a road down the center and buildings on each side. Here, however, things were much clearer. There was no one outside. The place looked like a village deserted long ago, but never allowed to fall into decay. It might have been kept by some shrewish, but neat housewife.

Then from nowhere at all Bennett appeared, and began looking toward me. I walked over to him. He ought to have been a jolly fat man. Instead he was rather thin. His business suit was perfectly tailored, and his faded hair perfectly combed. He had fixed a smile on his lips as if he wanted to have it there.

"Glad to have you look around," he said.

It didn't take me long to get the job. He seemed friendly enough. His appearance was surprising for a small-town person. He reminded me of a gambler I once knew.

"Report in a couple of days. I need men in the canning mill. That's where you will work. It's the safest mill of any. Away from the powder bins. The

only thing that you have to watch is your machine. Two men have lost their hands in it since I have been here. But I am sure you will be more careful." I soon found out that there wasn't a machine in the entire plant that hadn't hurt or killed somebody.

"I can start working right now," I told him.

"No, you had better look around, and get acquainted with the different buildings. And by the way, if you want to smoke you had better do it now. We don't allow any smoking in the mills of course. You will be searched for matches every day. The last mill that went up was due to a man in your mill who forgot that he had a match in his hair."

I took out a cigaret, but he insisted that I take one of his. We both lit them. He had a peculiar method of smoking. Instead of allowing the smoke to escape in puffs, he would take a long draw, pucker up his lips which gave him a gnomish look and with one flick of his tongue blew out a smoke ring.

"Those are fine rings," I said as I watched them race through the air like tiny clouds. Bennett smiled as if he were pleased that his efforts were noticed.

The plant certainly was a place to keep away from. Here were firm solid buildings that were not real because at any minute they would disappear like bubbles if the powder exploded. There were large machines, made up of a number of grotesque parts that moved without the slightest sounds. What these machines were supposed to do I never found out. All I could see when I watched closely were a lot of long rods moving back and forth, and two heavy planks, hinged together, moving suddenly at regular intervals as a snake does when he strikes. What the purpose of all this slow hypnotizing motion was I couldn't tell.

The men who were employed there were different

from any other factory workers. They got higher wages, and were cleaner and better dressed. But they all had a moronic stare in their eyes. When they were spoken to they would answer very quietly, almost formally. They hurried quietly from one place to the other, never looked at their friends who were busy at a different job. The only people who talked loudly, or laughed at all were the truck drivers, who weren't around the plant for more than an hour at a time. I used to see a lot of them, as I worked in the canning mill where a sheet of tin was wrapped around the finished powder, and it was sent out to the retailers. They were the only ones who ever did any gossiping at all.

That is they were the only ones except a little drunkard named Jack Willard. When I first reported for work, Bennett took me to the cannery. There was Jack Willard working beside a younger man who looked as if he had just graduated from college. They were busy, moving a large sheet of tin into a small machine that had a big chopper on it which would fall down about two inches from their hands in the manner of a guillotine. I guessed that this was the machine that had taken the hands off of the other two that Bennett had spoken about.

Willard was doing most of the directing.

"You can't get in any nearer that way," he would say, then show the other man a trick which was obviously learned by long experience. The sheet of tin would soon be in the correct position. The young man grumbled under his breath that there was too much work to do around here.

We walked up and Bennett introduced me.

"Well, boys," he said, "I'm going to promote one of you to the pressing mill. Both of you are good

men; however, the work in the presser is so dangerous that I think it is better to have a younger and stronger person there."

That meant that I had to work with Jack Willard.

As soon as Jack heard that he was to stay where he was, he said to me,

"Take it easy, buddy, I'm going to have a talk with Bennett." I knew that he was angry because he wasn't promoted. When he returned he told me that he had turned in his resignation and would be through in two weeks.

"You ought to do it too. There isn't a chance of anyone's getting anywhere in this place unless he's in Bennett's family. This job is so easy that you can learn it in three days. Do you know how long I have been here? Five years. And the fellow that just got out of here was only with me nine months. That's not the only one I've broken in either."

There was nothing much for me to do. There were a few tricks to learn which made handling the machine a lot easier, and I had to stop myself from wincing every time the powder was crunched down into the finished can. This was the only mill that gave new men the job of overseeing the finished product. All we did was feed a large sheet of tin into the complex machinery. In about three seconds a large tin can that had no top was formed. This receptacle would then be automatically filled with powder. A large plunger would then press the powder so that it was tightly packed. Every time the plunger hit the dry powdered it would emit a grating, subdued scream like an animal that resented being hit, but couldn't do anything about it. Then the top would be clamped on. I never felt safe until this operation was over.

Willard didn't seem to mind it in the least, however.

He had probably got so used to it, and anyway he used to come in drunk every morning. After that first day, I never saw him completely sober.

There was only one feature of the establishment that betrayed its connection with the small-town culture of Bennettsville, and that was the way that gossip instantly took possession of the personnel. In two days everyone knew that Willard was taking to drink. I was talking with one of the men about him.

"Won't it be bad," I asked, "if Bennett finds out about him?"

"Bennett knew about it before you did, and you were the first to see him. There isn't anything that Bennett doesn't know. He doesn't run this place. He is this place. He knows when anything is wrong as naturally as you know when your hand is hurt."

On the third day Bennett came in to where we were working. He looked a little too paternal.

"I'm going to raise your wages, Willard," he said. "Then you can get drunk with better liquor. I don't care how drunk you get. I know that I can trust you."

Jack could have reminded us that he was quitting in a couple of weeks, but he didn't. Instead he said,

"That's the fourth time you've raised me. It won't do any good."

Underneath Bennett's assured pose, I thought I saw something else creep through. In his eyes there was a flash of fear. I began to feel that for some reason, Bennett was afraid to have Willard quit.

"You're going to stay on here, Willard. I'll do just about anything to keep you here. I like you."

Willard turned to me. "He took a gambler's chance when he said that. I can name ninety men that work here. If I asked him to fire just one of them so that

I'd stay he wouldn't have the nerve to grant the request."

Bennett laughed uneasily. "I know that you aren't going to ask anything like that," he said.

"Yes I am. I'm going to name three men. They are all good friends of mine, but if you fire just one of them I'll stay."

Willard had the attitude of one who was enjoying the part of a leader. "If I should say this gentleman," and he indicated me, "you would fire him at once, but if I should say . . ."

Jack had no opportunity to finish. Bennett actually ran from him. He might as well have dropped on his knees and begged not to be punched. Anyway, Bennett instantly disappeared. Jack took a drink from a bottle that was in his coat pocket.

"I am the only one who could get in here with a bottle. They trust me around here. I am a steadying influence on the men. I am an institution in this mill."

I found out that he was right in that respect. The men considered him a sort of lucky charm. Why it was I couldn't find out. Since he had worked there several explosions had occurred. It seemed that the men who had worked under him when they were first hired always escaped. I felt that powder wouldn't explode when I was working with it if he was there.

I also made up my mind to something else. I was going to quit myself as soon as I got a couple of hundred dollars. There were too many undercurrents. Everything was connected with everything else by some terrible bond. It would have been all right if I could have done my work without a thought of the other people who worked there. Besides I was seeing too much of Bennett. He would come in all the time and talk with Willard. Bennett was pleading, and it didn't

suit his character. I didn't have any confidence in the mill when I saw the boss gradually going to pieces.

I finally asked Willard whether he thought Bennett would care whether the whole place blew up or not. Willard laughed.

"Here's a funny thing. It's a secret. He would care if it blew up and no one was here. However, if it went off and most of the workers were here with their families, he would probably be greatly relieved."

"In other words, he's sort of inhuman?" I asked.

"Not at all. He was born with one trait that he will never outlive. You'll find it out if you are here long enough, so I'll tell you. It's family pride. Do you know that there are only about ten men working here, who are not related to him. This mill is just an excuse for him to pay out exorbitant salaries to his second cousins so that they will have the biggest houses and the best clothes."

I soon realized that Willard was not a servant who was devoted to his master. He made no effort to excuse Bennett on the grounds that he was caught in the swirl of something that was too powerful for him. The only logical ending to the affair was for Bennett to retire and let Willard run the business.

Late that afternoon, Bennett came to the canning mill again. He had more difficulty in opening the large iron door than usual. He looked weary, because he was stooped over. His clothes didn't seem to fit well. Even that forced smile of his couldn't appear. It was work for him to talk.

"Jack," he said, "I'm going to give you five thousand dollars to stay here. I'll write out a check at once."

I kept looking at the fantastic machine that was clumsily packing the powder in cans. Jack refused,

and Bennett dragged himself out again. I watched him through the window. Before he got out of the danger zone, he began smoking a cigarette and blowing smoke rings. I looked at Jack, and wondered what made him so important in the eyes of every one. His face was nothing but a portrayal of quick temper. He was friendly with no one. His carriage was so arrogant that it seemed there was no one worth his defiance. If that powder had been sand, his job wouldn't have been too hard for a high school boy.

While Bennett was outside I saw a man approach him. The man had a large head, and the shifty smile of a person who never works unless he can help it. Willard saw them too and remarked that another one of Bennett's relations must want some money. The two men hadn't talked for one minute before Bennett reached in his pocket and took out a pocketbook, that looked as if it were padded with fifty-dollar bills. He paused while his lips moved, probably from saying "how much?" then handed at least five bills to his relation.

"He doesn't seem to mind handing money out," I said.

"He has to do it, because his tribe are such a worthless bunch," replied Jack. "I am not going to have any part in it any longer. I'm through, thank God."

"Won't you miss anything around here when you leave?"

"The only thing I'll miss will be a lot of free dinners that Bennett used to give for me. We both sat at the table for hours, sometimes, and talked over all the details of running this place. Whenever I had a good idea, he used it and I'd find a bonus in my envelope at the end of the week. I tell you I used to run this place just as much as he." After a pause he

added, "The men won't chip in and buy diamond rings or French railroad watches for me at Christmas time. It will seem funny not to get presents from a lot of men who hardly ever speak to you."

"They must be very superstitious in this mill," I observed.

"It all has its roots in the fact that I have never been slightly hurt in an explosion, and I have seen many of them."

"Then there aren't going to be any touching scenes on your last day here? You aren't going to turn at the gate and have one last look before you go?"

"You can't love this place. Even if every one here was perfect. These things aren't real. This machine looks solid because it's made of metal, but merely because it's here it can vanish in less than one-tenth of a second. You can see that everything around here is rather new. It never has a chance to get old. They don't even have old men working here."

I soon decided one thing. I wasn't going to stay there myself, unless Jack was there. I have played cards enough so that I no longer believe in lucky charms, yet I couldn't trust any of the others who worked here. It was true that I didn't know them at all, yet they all had such strained faces and moronic stares that I knew I would soon be in that condition myself. Even Bennett was getting that way lately. He looked worse than I ever saw him when I turned in my resignation.

"I'm sorry," I told him but I'm going to leave as soon as you get another man to take my place. If you will let me go at once I won't even argue about the three days' pay that you owe me."

He didn't even protest. He had changed greatly in the few days I had known him. Maybe he thought

I was the cause of the whole trouble. That made no difference to me, however. I was glad when he told me that I could leave at once.

"You may leave right now, if you want to," he said. "Take your week's pay."

"I'll only take three days. I'm not one of your relations."

He squinted quickly when I said that, but I turned immediately and went to the canning mill to get my coat and anything else that I might have left there. As usual Jack was there.

"I'm leaving," I told him.

Without taking the time to draw a breath he said, "Well, that finishes my job, too. I'll leave with you."

We both left together. It was hot and dusty, and we carried our coats. The men knew we were leaving and there was a tenseness in the air. True to his predictions Willard did not look around for one last memory. Bennett was not there to bid us good-bye. He must have seen us going.

"This will probably be the best thing that has happened to Bennett in years," said Jack.

The day after that I had not left the town. I had just about decided that there was nothing to do and that I ought to be leaving, when the entire town seemed to take one leap and then settle back into place again. I looked in the direction of the mills. There was a huge cloud of clear, white smoke belching upwards, and as I watched it it took the form of a gigantic smoke ring. Everybody came to the street and looked towards the smoke whispering "The mill, the mill!" There was no rush of people toward the place of disaster. They just stood mumbling to each other. I heard some say that it sounded louder than usual. After about five minutes of surprising quiet three or

four sirens began to blow in the distance, and as they got louder it was seen that two fire trucks and a couple of ambulances were going to the scene of the explosion. There was no evidence of any tragedy. The smoke now looked like a great cloud that was about to take its place in the sky. News finally came that the mills had all been demolished. At least five men had been killed. Evidently Bennett hadn't been there.

No one knows what causes these explosions. All evidences disappear. No man can get near enough to tell and live. There is not even a drop of the victims' blood left. Some people say that most of them are caused because friction makes some parts of the machinery too hot. Others say that if an electrical storm is coming up, the heavily charged air causes a spark to generate in the powder. Or maybe somebody gets careless.

I left the town about an hour after the catastrophe. If the entire plant went up Bennett would never rebuild it, and the town of Bennettsville will soon be as deserted as one of the Alaskan gold rush settlements.

I wouldn't be surprised to hear that Jack Willard and Bennett often play poker together to pass away evenings.

THE PARADOX OF MUNITIONS

"The Paradox of Munitions" is a vital, lively discussion of one of the challenging problems of our day. It has timely significance and will undoubtedly provide food for thought as well as entertainment.

REGINALD T. CLOUGH

IN Bedford Park, a quiet village green in rural England, stands a war memorial, a cannon captured by the local regiment from the Germans. On one side of the cannon is engraved the names of the English soldiers who were killed in that advance. On the other side is the manufacturer's name: The English Vickers, Ltd. Here lies the paradox confronting one in a study of munitions production and their international sale. On the one hand are the honored dead; on the other, the names of their countrymen who supplied the materials for their death. One may ask why these men are conspirators. They are conspirators because they have no loyalties, because theirs is the sword that knows no brother, because theirs is the incentive that values gold more than human life, and this, in a word, shows what a double-edged sword it is that the armament makers wield.

The international trade in arms is by no means a new practice. In 1899 British sailors and soldiers were killed by British guns that British munitions manufacturers had sold to the Boers. The armament factories of the United States furnished the Cuban-Spanish army with guns for use against American soldiers. In 1914 Germans were killed by German guns sold to King Albert of Belgium and Czar Nicholas of Russia. Great Britain had built the Turkish navy before the war; in the Dardanelles British ships were destroyed by British-made mines and shattered

by British cannon. These are but a few of the countless examples of the results of the importation and exportation of arms and munitions.

These businesses have not limited their transactions to finished products, as one may at first surmise. In the *Manchester Guardian*, a conservative English newspaper, was an excerpt from a speech by Rear Admiral Consett, the British naval attache in Sweden during the World War. Consett said: "In 1915 England exported to Sweden twice as much nickel as the two previous years put together. Of the total imports of 504 tons, seventy were immediately reshipped to Germany. But it can be said that the total importations served the needs of Germany, for the remaining 434 tons were used in Sweden for the manufacture of munitions." This statement, emanating from an officer high in rank in the British navy, was followed by others so denunciatory that finally the English government intervened and the practice was stopped. France, equally as much as England, enjoyed her international trade during the war. French industries maintained to Germany a steady stream of glycerin, nickel, copper, oil, and other raw materials as well as finished arms. Germany, in turn, sent France iron and steel and parts for war machines. In the main these shipments were carried on through neutrals, Holland, Sweden, and Denmark serving as useful intermediaries. Sales were made from enemy to neutral and thence to enemy. At one stage of the World War German troops were within firing range of the Briey Basin, the center of France's rich iron and steel mills. If the Germans had bombed this village, the war might have ended immediately. But Briey was never destroyed because the arms merchants of the two nations had an agreement never to cut off each other's source of supplies.

And these men were controlling the manoeuvres of their respective armies.

One more example of the part the merchants of death play in the administrations of European governments has recently been brought to light. In 1933 Hitler sued a German journalist for having made the statement that Skoda, the leading European munitions concern, and through Skoda, Schnieder-Creusot, the French company, had contributed to his campaign expenses. When Hitler was challenged to make a direct denial that this was true, he stormed from the witness stand, cursed the opposing lawyer for a Jew, and never specifically answered the question. In other words, as the record of that court now stands, the leading munitions manufacturers, not only in Germany, but also in France, joined forces in their support behind the one man most capable of stirring up a new outbreak of international anarchy in Europe. And by a curious coincidence (here is where the sword presents its other gleaming edge) the deWendel controlled newspapers in Paris immediately broke out in a storm of denunciation against the Hitler regime and called for fresh guarantees of security against the menace of rearming Germany. And deWendel is a subsidiary company of the Skoda enterprise.

There is an obvious quality of incredibility about facts like these. One coming upon them for the first time will do well to believe that they are facts, not fictitious words of a rabid pacifist. And yet a careful survey of both sides of this controversial issue will show that they do not depart from the truth in any way. The trade in arms is the only trade in which an order obtained by a competitor increases the business of his rivals. The ideal of the armament maker is to disturb peace and to prolong wars. In the World

War every time a man was killed on either side, the cost of the struggle rose by \$25,000. Naturally with gold flowing as freely as this into the pockets of the merchants of death, their business prospered in proportion to the number of men deprived of life. It was a business venture for them, and the longer it lasted, the greater was their profit; the more deaths, the larger the dividends.

Facts concerning the ethics of arms makers are unbelievable. In 1933 one British firm was supplying 14 different nations with munitions, two of which were at war. One leader in the same firm made the statement: "We don't care who's having a whack at whom, providing we get the order." The *Manchester Guardian* of December 14, 1931, in reporting the speech of a government official, quoted him as having said: "The Hungarian government obtained a loan from the armament firm of Schneider at Creusot in order to buy war materials. When Schneiders asked to be repaid, the Hungarian government could not produce the money. Thereupon the French nation lent Hungary the amount necessary to repay the Schneider firm. This money was transmitted to Hungary by the Union Parisienne, in which the Schneider firm owns the controlling interest." An American parallel of this would be Germany's borrowing funds from the Bethlehem Steel Company to buy arms. Germany might be unable to pay, and so the United States would lend the money, and instead of sending it through a Federal Reserve Bank, it would be sent through a bank owned by the Bethlehem Steel Company.

One should not for a moment think that the international trade of armaments and munitions is confined to European countries alone. Frank Sheridan Jones, the munitions agent for the Remington Arms and

Federal Laboratories, Inc., recently remarked: "We certainly are in one hell of a business, where a fellow has to wish for trouble so as to make a living, the only consolation being, however, if we don't get the business someone else will. It would be a terrible state of affairs if my conscience bothered me now."

England and France are the largest exporters of arms, it is true. However (here is where this problem becomes of imminent importance to Americans), the United States is the third largest exporter of arms in the world. Therefore, it is the obvious duty of every citizen of this nation to give the present issue complete support and attention, and in no sense to pass over it as unimportant. The cry of the arms makers themselves is neither loud nor fundamentally true. They allege that international trade is the fault of the several nations, that even opposing countries in war times want and need to buy materials from industries of other governments in order to fully protect themselves.

But frequently the power of munitions manufacturers is so great that it has extended to influence the functions of the governing administrations. This has been supported by a report of a League of Nations sub-committee which placed four main charges against arms concerns. First, that armament makers have fomented war-scares. Second, that they have attempted to bribe government officials. Third, that they have spread false reports concerning military and naval programs of foreign countries in order to stimulate armament expenditure. Fourth, that they have sought to influence public opinion through the control of the Press. These charges may at first seem incredible, and yet on closer observation they are true without any question, for centuries of experience have taught thinking people that the greatest guarantee of

peace is not a strong national defense. Instead it is an international outlook and attitude and a sense of world co-operation and organization.

At the present period of writing a plan has been advanced for the prohibition of the exportation of arms and munitions from the United States. This program has received the support of the President and will probably gain the approval of Congress. Its execution may require several years, but it can be accomplished. Other obnoxious evils of society have been denounced and removed, and despite the strength of the sword wielded by armament makers, it has recently been dulled and may soon be entirely shattered. Slavery was seen by thinking citizens as an obstacle to the advance of civilization, and it no longer exists in America. More recently white slavery, so-called, has been almost entirely wiped out. The importation of drugs into this country has been curbed. And yet this and other nations still allow the wholesale slaughter of young men, the first citizens of any land.

The exportation from this country and the trade between nations of arms and munitions is one of the most obviously obnoxious evils existent in the world today. It must be stopped. The United States must no longer allow the Krupps, the deWendels, the Schneiders, the Vickers, and the Bethlehem Steel Companies to plan the deaths of its youth. It must no longer wage wars permitting its soldiers to be shot down by bullets manufactured in the State of Delaware nor by cannon produced in Pennsylvania.

Instead it must intervene in this wholesale slaughter. Its prohibition, to avert another world disaster, must be executed immediately. Other nations will doubtless be hesitant in adopting prohibitory laws, but if the United States should lead, others would soon

follow. For it will be by an interference of this sort, and by no other means, that we can be assured of world peace, of life, of the pursuit of happiness, and of an existence more closely approaching that type of living intended for us when this earth was created.

MOLL'S CONVERSION

We are glad to welcome again to our pages a representative work of one of last year's most faithful contributors, John Clark Bills, the creator of the Britt Cycle in swamp literature. Mr. Bills' latest offering, "Moll's Conversion," is a strongly flavored vignette smacking of the wind-swept reaches of the upper St. Johns.

The side of the shell mound facing the river had been cut away sharply by floods. Naked layers of oyster, snail and clam shells gleamed. They marked the epochs of geologic change, the coming and passing of nomadic races at a time when the Nile Valley yet knew nothing of the spade nor the Euphrates her first plantings. At the edge of the mound, fifteen feet above the muck of the river flats, there balanced, leaning riverward, a half dozen palmettos. The next flood would undermine them and the marks of the first survey, still distinguishable on the slim trunk of the tallest tree would be lost. From the river edge the mound sloped eastward; palmettos, gums and oaks, deep-rooted in the soil.

To the west, the winding waters of the St. Johns and the mud flats; to the east, the tangled growth of a sub-tropical forest. And on the crest of the mound a shack. The roof was galvanized sheets of iron, the walls of unmatched boards, the floor of native pine, hand-sawn. A half partition separated the kitchen from the larger room facing the river. A crude table, a half dozen benches, a handsome rocker; greasy plates on the table, tarnished cutlery on a shelf, stale coffee in a sooted pot, a lamp with a cracked chimney—such were the furnishings.

THE chair creaked as Moll, the woman of the river muck, rocked it jerkily. Her red eyes were fixed on a curtain stretched across one corner of the room. Behind the curtain was a little hammock of crocus sacks. In it lay a baby.

"Ol tomat," she growled drunkenly, "I kilt him but he left me that brat. Gone t'hell, he has, where he'd oughter be. Wisht he'd took the little 'un with him, I'd oughter . . ."

But she lifted her huge figure from the chair, staggered to the curtain and pulled it aside. The breathing of the sleeping baby was quietly regular. Moll's clenched hands opened, she tucked the dirty piece of blanket closer.

Palm trees about the shack waved fronds which rustled in the clear night air and rattled against the galvanized roof. Just such fronds as these were strewn as He rode humbly into the temple on this day nineteen hundred and more years ago. Palm Sunday was closing, but the woman of the mud flats, the Pig woman, had forgotten such things.

* * *

It was Easter—the afternoon was half spent and the sun already halfway down. Two men on horseback were winding a tortuous path through a vine-tangled forest of gum and oak and palmetto. The day had been warm, the horses were white under the girths and the men spoke slowly, softly.

"So yuh think yuh kin convert her, eh, parson?" It was Sheriff Mac, who rode like the hump on a camel's back, but limped when he walked. Out in the Everglades years before he had outshot three members of the notorious Ashley gang but he would always carry one of their slugs in his knee.

"She ain't afeared o'man ner devil," he continued, "Th' ain't a cowboy on the river flats thet dares fool with her; she shoots their hogs and beeves and they jist charge hit off tuh profit and loss. Shot her own dad with buckshot an' h'd a died too iffen he hadn't got back of a palmetter. As 'twas she blowed both pockets off'n his pants."

"I know, Mac." The other rider spoke in low tones. It had been a hard day for him. "I know, Mac, but this is Easter. Somehow during the service this morn-

ing I couldn't get Moll out of my mind. Seemed like this big hummock here was opening and there was a lighted path through it and I was riding down it. At the end was a shack and Moll. Probably it was because just before the service Jack Durrance, you know, the fisherman, told me there was a baby in the shack.

Sheriff Mac grunted.

"When she shot her dad, he got mad, and guessed he'd sort o' slipped up on disciplinin' his dorter, and he come in to us an' complained. Yuh see his rabbit's foot was in one pocket an' he puts lots o' store in his rabbit's foot an' there warn't nothin' left of hit but fur."

"Moll never had a chance; brought up by such a father, and her mother dead." The parson's thin lips moved silently for a moment. Mac took off his ten gallon hat. Perhaps it was the heat, for he mopped his sleeve over his brow; perhaps it was that these eternal woods always affected him that way, for they were his sanctuary. Or perhaps the secret lay in the unspoken appeal of the parson . . . Was it "Father, forgive them for they know not . . ." or was it "Thy sins be forgiven . . ." Mac's knowledge of the Bible consisted chiefly in his boyish admiration of the lad with a sling shot who killed a giant and the snake that he thought had taught women how to talk. At home sometimes he wished the snake had struck rather than instructed.

"But the cussedest thing she did was shootin' thet river rat Brit. He loved her, Brit did. Mild, doe-eyed little chap he was. Never killed nothin' 'cept snakes; never stole nothin.' Don't think he ever even brewed hisself a run o' mash—though he'd sometimes buy a jug and go off by hisself and git high and mighty

drunk. They say that's what he done a year ago Christmas an' that he got to feelin' lonesome and pitying hisself an' rowed up th' river to share his Christmas spirits with Moll.

"How did you hear that, Mac?"

"Brit done th' shoppin' fer th' two o' 'em an' th' ferryman down the river had knowed him fer years, Brit told him. I guess Moll sort o' liked him at first. He done as she told him; even tended to her still an' took the rat poison to th' ferryman to sell. That's how they got their vittals, swapped likker for 'em."

"And you knew about that, Mac?"

"Well, parson, they's some things a sheriff knows and he don't know. What you eddicated fellers call di-plomacy. Then somethin' happens—like a shootin'—an' they knows dogged well what they didn't know. Anyways, they'd set up housekeepin', Moll and Brit, an' homekeepin's alright even iffen they does sort o' try things out afore they gits th' parson. Leastwise nobody did no complainin'."

"Do they know that Moll killed Brit?"

"No, cain't prove hit on her. Brit's boat drifted miles down the river. Water was high and hit musta slipped over the banks. Couple o' bullet holes in th' bottom. Funny how Brit got out, fer the cowboys found his body hung over a sand bar an' he was drilled plumb through the neck and head. Couldn't find no bullets an' the cattle'd mushed out any footprints along the banks."

The parson's horse suddenly jumped sideways and was in the thicket before his rider could hold him. Mac's revolver spat. "Smart horse," he grinned. "Thet's one rattler thet didn't give no warnin' and didn't git none."

"Mac, last week Jake showed me your scrapbook

with all the drawing of snakes and funny faces and deer and so on. How did you learn to make such sketches."

"Don't know—just born thet-a-way. Done hit when I was a kid in school; jist cain't help totin' a pencil and makin' pictures. Oughter had been an artist chap, I guess, 'stead of going in the sheriffin' business."

They were coming to a clearing, a swale of reeds and swamp grass. Beyond the clearing was the shell mound and the shack.

"Better let me git along ahead," Mac said, "Moccasins likes thet sort o' grass."

"You arrested Moll for that shooting, didn't you, Mac?"

"Arrested! Hell—'scuse me, parson—no, I said hell and I means hell. Me and Jack and Mobrey come out here one night an' grabbed her while she was sleepin' off a jag. Fought like a wildcat, she did, when she come to 'fore we got her in th' cell. But we couldn't prove nothin'."

They had come to the eastern fringe of the mound. Before them was the shack and beyond that the mud flats and the river. The shadows of the palmettoes were lengthening eastward. They had reached the end of the parson's lighted path through the hammock, they paused.

"I'll go in," said the parson.

"We'll go in together," ruled Mac.

The shack was silent, not even the creak of the rocker, for Moll was asleep in it.

"Some calls her 'Sow Woman,'" Mac whispered, "Only most of the pigs is under the floor."

* * *

"Hey, you Moll, wake up; you-all's got comp'ny." He noted the thirty-thirty and the shotgun in the cor-

ner by her and his fingers told him that the automatic in his pocket was ready.

Moll opened red eyes, cursing.

"You-all's got comp'ny," Mac repeated, "the parson here's come t' hold Easter worship meetin' with yuh."

Moll knew the sheriff; he had proved himself before. So she rocked, her chair creaked and she said hoarsely, "Well, yuh skunk's litter, git t' it."

So the parson opened his Testament and read the story of the world's greatest tragedy, the epic of the world's greatest love. And as he read and talked, Sheriff Mac, who had drawn pictures since he made mud pies, fished a lumberman's pencil from his pocket and began to make pictures on the whitewashed wall. First a snake, then a pig. The baby watched him quietly from its hammock—the glow of the setting sun shafted brightly through the western window—a spotlight zone where Mac's pencil traced. A spider's shadow was clear cut on the wall. Then he drew a man's head. The features were those of Brit. But Moll did not see, for from where she squatted, the wall was a brilliant reflect of light. The fog of liquor, the kindly voice of the parson dulled Moll's curiosity.

"And on his head they placed a crown of thorns . . ."

The parson's words stuck in Mac's ears a moment before he understood them. Then he, too, had a vision: Brit was the martyr who had served, and loved, and been killed for his loving.

Quietly he left the shack in search of a thorn bush; finding none he broke off a branch of Florida holly. He hung the branch on a rusty nail at the top of the picture.

"We will be going," said the parson, rising from his knees. "I will be back again, for I want you to be-

lieve that though they killed Him, yet He rose again and He lives."

Then the two riders departed. Without words, each absorbed in his own thoughts, they mounted and rode into the darkening forest.

Moll followed them to the door. She took her shotgun from the corner and then stepped out on the mound. She wanted to get away from the room, for the parson's words had filled it like smoke. She didn't understand; she was uneasy. Starting for the river, she heard a tiny cry in the shack.

"Th' brat," she snarled, turning back.

She came to the window and looked in. The light from the sinking sun had moved northward on the whitewashed wall. Her eyes moved to the wall.

"Damn," she growled, "I shot yuh onct and yuh cain't come back. Damn—."

Her eyes clouded by liquor and rage clothed the penciled outline with flesh.

"Damn."

There was the man she hated, the man who had left her the brat.

The lighted path had closed to the parson somehow. He was not satisfied. The only way out was by the shack. He turned back.

Moll roared inchoately and poking her shotgun through the window, shouted, "I'll git yuh this time."

As the parson rounded the corner of the house, Moll pulled the trigger. So intent was she upon her wild murder that she did not hear him as he approached behind her.

The smoke in the shack slowly cleared away and through the haze in the glow of the setting sun, the features of Brit, splintered and torn, stood out on the opposite wall. And where the berries had been,

were splashes of crimson; they seemed to run down over the face as from a crown of thorns.

"God!" gasped Moll, her gun slipping to the ground, her body slumping, "God, I've killed him."

"Yes," said the parson softly, "Yes, you have killed Him, but though you have killed Him, He is not dead . . . listen . . ."

A baby's cry came through the window.

"He is not dead, Moll, Lo, He has risen, He will be with you always."

RONDEAU

MARY MCGONIGAL

WOMEN must weep, as they say, and men be
fighting;
She is a harp, and he is a sword for smiting.
Thin white dawns, when the larks upstart,
There are tears, and catching breath, and the
wrenched hands part,
And the stirrup cup is brought, with a kiss for
plighting.

She is a harp of strings for love's delight-
ing,
Small use for war, leaning against the heart;
Weak, and put by from men's war, from
its blasting and blighting,
Women must weep.

A hundred notes to the song, parting, uniting;
A single edge to the sword, for error's right-
ing.

Is it so strange, in the dawn, with a smart
Suddenly under the lids, when the bright larks
dart,

All for the pitiful world and love's requiting,
Women should weep?

1917

ANNA LOUISE JONES

A SMALL round colored pin upon a map is moved;
a watch consulted; then a whistle shrills,
and wave on wave of crouching men surge up
like awkward apes intent upon their kill
beneath the whine of winged death—
spewed out upon the scarred and wounded
earth
from mud . . . from silence that decays the
heart . . .
from waiting that breeds maggots in the
mind . . . to stagger on
intent on burying Death within the heart
of Hun, Poilu, T. Atkins and Doughboy.

A small round colored pin upon a map is moved;
cigars are passed around;
the talk goes on through drifting stratas of
blue smoke . . .

"OUR Sector wiped out by fire of our own guns!
. . . technical error . . . !"

YESTERDAY

LENNOX ALLEN

So there is tomorrow,
 A queer looking day;
 I fear it and so
 I will just look away.

Yesterday loved me,
 A bright day it was
 With flowers and sunshine
 And honey bees buzz.

Behold, it was lovely
 A lifetime of joy
 A fast fleeting moment,
 The heart of a boy.

Tomorrow may come
 With its terror and fear,
 But yesterday, beautiful,
 Always is near.

SMOKE

FRANCES PERPENTE

THE match has flowered now beneath my hand
 And here is fire whispering on the wood
 With clear, unconstant, yellow-brilliant tongues,
 Releasing by its pure, ecstatic heat,
 The simplest essence of the strong-grained tree
 Which lifts, freed of its form, to that blue reach
 Where streams of birds in high-flung, glistening
 air
 Spin lightly on a wind and sift the sun
 With fragile freedom of a feather-tip.

But what fierce fire can free an earth-bound
 mind

To reach in deep, forgetful liberty
 Beyond the still and cryptic heart of dusk?
 Ah, you are lost, and I along with you.
 Too conscious both, too sharp and separate,
 Held close within this brittle cage of bone,
 Envired by the mortal dust of man.

QUERY

CONSTANCE ETZ

WHY must you waste your time in prayer,
 With words so vacant, meaning naught,
 When that staunch tree with branches bare
 Looks to heaven without speech
 And praises all that God has wrought?

Why speak these words you do not feel?
 The yellow crocus sprouting there
 Will show appreciation real
 And reverence in the smallest thing
 That God created out of air.

Why kneel, and think how hard the floors,
 While one man says the prayers for all?
 The boy in laboring with his chores,
 The poor man working through the day
 Hear worship in the catbird's call.

"ENEMIES OF THE TRUE FAITH"

"Enemies of the True Faith" is a selection happily appropriate to Rollins College's Semi-Centennial. It is a story of Florida History retold with quiet dignity.

GULIELMA DAVES

THE Adelantado swore not too gently, as for the hundredth time his foot slipped in the soggy marshland and he found himself splashing knee-deep in water and mud. Rain sluiced from the limp edges of his hat; rain beat upon his sodden clothing whenever a gust of wind whipped his cloak aside; his feet were numb in the heavy boots. The blackness was so thick he could scarcely see the man stumbling ahead of him—the Frenchman whose hands were bound with the rope he held twisted in his own hand. A few minutes before, the last pine torch had sputtered out.

"Valdes! Valdes!" he shouted above the roar of the wind in the cypress.

"Senor?"

Menendez grasped the wet sleeve of his camp-master. "Can't keep this up. We'll be going in circles—rear'll march out o' sight and hearing. Pass the word back to halt. No one moves till dawn!"

"Yes, senor!" The young man splashed away through the darkness, shouting the order. A similar messenger went to the vanguard; then Pedro Menendez de Aviles, Adelantado of Florida, like any common soldier, wrapped his cloak more tightly around him and leaned against the shaft of a huge cypress.

He turned his head back and let the rain sweep across his face, heedless. There was a certain relief in yielding to the elements. Strength to endure—strength to force the others to endure—these were

the words his brain kept repeating like a prayer. More than words, it was an iron emotion possessing him that kept him rigid with desperate determination. Go on they must to the French fort ahead. Grimly, he hoped he would not have to shoot any of his own men down for insubordination; men were precious in this wild new land a thousand leagues of sea away from the sunny Spanish homeland.

Spain, however, meant no joy to him. His whole being flamed with sudden emotion as into his weary mind came memory of the inhuman deed done upon his foster-son Pedro by one Hernando Cosas, steward, and one Helene Martineau, nurse. They had stripped Pedro of his sanity, robbed him beyond hope of recovery. Thinking of the army of spies he had sent throughout Europe to search for these two, he smiled bitterly; they would not find it easy to escape retribution. Yet would he ever discover them? They were clever, and the world was large.

The French prisoner's quavering voice roused him.

"I recognize it now, m'sieur, the path. It lead up that little hill before us."

Menendez became conscious that the heavily clouded sky now held a diffuseness of wan light—enough to reveal trunks of tall, bare cypress trees standing funereally about them, to reveal uprooted bushes, tangled vines, branches and leaves clogging the gray marsh.

"Very well, let's go. We can see our way now Valdes!"

"Yes, senor!"

"I will be with the vanguard. Send the order back to follow us, follow, under penalty of death!"

The Spaniards around him bunched ominously. It was four days now they had spent under the pouring

skies, tramping through swampland. Their powder was wet, their biscuit soggy.

"Asturian *corito*," Menendez heard someone mutter.

"To lead us into this sink * * *"

"There's hot food back at San Augustin."

"Let's get back out of this * * *"

"Back!" Menendez's voice whipped them. "Who dares say 'Go back'? Half a league from the nest of the Lutheran heretics, and you'd turn away? Not while I command you! Every man goes forward," he drew his sword slowly, "or stays here a rotting corpse—but none go back! Do you understand me And now, forward!"

One man darted toward him venomously. "You will not lead us on fool's errands any longer!" His dagger flashed high. Menendez, expecting this, seized the hand quickly, and with a strong thrust, ran his sword through the man's body. The soldier collapsed screaming into the brush, but soon the mud choked his cries. Menendez surveyed his gaping men.

"Anyone else?" There was no movement. "Forward, then, and remember that my commands are to be obeyed."

The file of men splashed ahead through the grayness. After perhaps half an hour's silent journeying, they reached the top of the hill.

"The fort is down there," said the Frenchman, "about three arquebus shots from where we stand. It is shape like the—the wedge—with its nose in the east."

Valdes and Martin Ochoa slipped down the path to reconnoitre. A short time later the waiting Spaniards heard shouts in the distance. It was time for action. Menendez leapt upon a mound and kept crying:

"Santiago! At them! God is helping! Victory! The French are killed! The camp-master is inside the fort and has captured it!"

The men began to plunge forward through entangling vines, eager now in the prospect of immediate action. A few minutes' hard running and they broke out into a cleared field surrounding the French stronghold. A half a dozen workmen outside the walls were running toward the open gates. Valdes sped after them over the soft, muddy ground, and the crowd of Spaniards, yelling wildly, followed him. He thrust open the postern gate and slashed at the keeper who had been tugging at the bolts. Into the streets the Spaniards poured, hacking with savage delight at the French, many of whom, started from their early morning sleep, were fleeing in their night-clothes. A trumpet screamed victory; the sodden yellow banner of Spain, lifted to the wind, flapped dismally around its standard; swords clashed; men shouted; and red blood mixed with wet gray sand in the streets.

Meanwhile, when a score or so of soldiers had run past him, Menendez ordered Francisco de Castenada to take his place crying victory to the men behind. Then he pushed forward among his men and came at top speed to the crude little town within the wooden walls.

"Under penalty of death," he shouted as he went, "let no man kill or wound any woman or boys under fifteen!" This order was echoed through the streets.

He had reached the square at the center of the town when young Valdes stepped from one of the larger log buildings.

"Will this do for your headquarters, senor? It is the best place I've found * * *

He was interrupted by a commotion in the next

house. The door burst open, and two figures struggling together tumbled out into the street. One Menendez recognized as Gonzalo Villarroel, his sergent-major; the wind billowed the brown cloak of the other so as to hide the face, but by the long skirt he knew it to be a woman. He sprang forward.

"Hold, there! Didn't you hear my order"?

Villarroel mastered the struggling figure and held it still. "Senor Adelantado, I did hear. I'm obeying your orders. She would 'a killed herself. Stand forth there, mistress, and learn from himself, if you must, that you'll be safe!" He thrust her from him. She lifted her head and looked defiantly at Menendez.

That look of defiance faded as she stared at his face. Recognition came, then terror.

"Pedro Menendez!" she whispered brokenly.

"*Madre de Dios!*" Menendez swore softly, and his eyes glittered. "Helene Martineau—Helene Martineau—here!"

Valdes knew the story of Menendez's foster-son. "This—this is Helene Martineau? Senor, a favor! Let me choke * * *

"No. She is not to die—yet. Let's in to this house!"

At that the paralysis which had held her broke, and she screamed and fought wildly, but they took her into the house Valdes had recommended for headquarters. There was one chair by the crude fireplace; a whip lay across it. Valdes threw it aside as Villarroel placed her in the chair. There she sat exhausted, her eyes following Menendez's every movement. He motioned the others out. When the door shut behind them, he stood by the fire, and looked at her.

She was not unattractive, with her burning dark eyes and quantities of black hair which now fell in dis-

order on her shoulders. Her mouth, however, was too large, and often twisted bitterly to one side.

Menendez spoke deliberately. "So France wasn't large enough to hold you and your crimes! You thought you could escape me by fleeing to another world! Truly, God aids those who have right on their side! You've turned Lutheran, too, no doubt. Pah, to follow a mad German priest! Even that couldn't give you a place deeper in Hell than you've earned already."

She remained silent.

"Where's Hernando Cosas?"

Her eyes leaped up to meet his, but still she said nothing.

"Where is he, the hell-hound you freed, lied and murdered for, and wrought worse than murder for, your paramour? Which of you conceived the idea of killing, not my son's body—God! that would have been better—but his mind? Which of you knew first of the poison to do that: he, who would have lost his hands—just penalty for thieving—if you had not helped him to escape; or you—for loving him, and—hating me? You are a good hater, but I am also, and this time, I shall have the last word."

Her eyes were troubled; she bowed her head. "Senor Menendez, believe me that I have repented of that. I have grieved for it. I have prayed for your son. I did love the boy, but Hernando * * *" Her voice sharpened. "You do not believe me!"

"You are right," Menendez assented coldly. "That is whimpering sentiment."

"You believe in nothing!"

"Except God and justice."

"Well, what do you intend to do with me? You know I gave the poison to your son while you were

away. Will you kill me and thus finish your vengeance?"

"Finish it? That would be but half. Where is Cosas? Is he here in the fort?"

"He is in France."

"Ha! Likely!"

"Go yourself and look at the men you've killed or captured today. You will not find him." He stared at her somberly. Her eyes gleamed suddenly as she divined his thought. "Is it that you do not know Cosas? I was always with your son; you knew me. But he—he was one of many under-stewards. Would you know him?"

"I will not need to know him," Menendez answered quietly. "You shall bring him to me."

After a second of dumb amazement, she broke into laughter, wildly, hysterically. "You look throughout the world for a man you do not know! You disbelieve many of my words, but hear this for truth, Pedro Menendez: I shall never reveal him to you, never, never. You can only kill me."

"Hm! You tell me he is in France. Perhaps. But what kind of lover is that to send you a thousand leagues away into unknown dangers—into a raw, new land filled with savage peoples! Did he expect you to till the ground and raise your food yourself, even provided someone took pity and built you a shelter? Or didn't he have the wit to know what he was letting you come into? A fine thing you've done with your life, Helene Martineau, giving yourself to a conscienceless scoundrel. Any man that would send a woman over here and leave her alone * * *"

"He won't be leaving me alone!"

"Oh. So he's coming over to you."

"No, he's not," she declared, biting her lip.

Menendez suddenly abandoned his easy sarcasm. He strode over to her chair, eyes blazing.

"You cannot play with me! You are not actress enough to hide what you know! You fool no one but yourself! Now tell me: when do you expect Hernando Cosas to arrive here?"

"I don't expect him to arrive here."

"Don't lie to me!" he roared. He caught sight of the whip Valdes had tossed from the chair; stooping, he picked it up. "By Heaven and all that's holy, you'll answer me the truth or I'll curl this whip about you until you crawl on your knees for mercy!" In her face he saw disbelief mingled with fear. "I mean it! I'll have no compunction! You're not a woman; you're a fiend—or you couldn't have watched the slow disintegration of that boy's mind without * * *" He gained control over himself, gripping the whip handle until his knuckles stood out. "Now will you answer me? Where is Hernando Cosas? When will he get here?"

She was thoroughly frightened. "Jacques Ribault, with four or five ships, is coming. Hernando is with him."

"When will they land here?"

"They won't—here, you mean? I don't know."

"I warned you against lying."

"They won't land here."

"Where then?"

"I don't know."

"If you say 'I don't know' again, Helene Martineau, I shall, on my word of honor * * *"

"You devil! Take the truth and I hope it's too late to save you! Two days ago, a shallop put out from here—going to meet Ribault—to tell him of you Spaniards south of here. The whole fleet's going to make

a surprise attack on your settlement. If they haven't already destroyed the place, they will have before you can get back! And then, Senor Menendez, you will be in a pretty trap! There're ten times as many men aboard those ships as you have * * *"

Menendez was no longer hearing her words. Intuitively he felt that she spoke the truth. Then danger threatened his colony of San Augustin and he must go back immediately—but first, he must verify her statement, if possible.

Abruptly he left her. Outside he found Valdes and Villarroel, whom he commanded to set a guard around the house. The rain had begun to fall again, and the wind swept beneath the cloud-roof in great gusts.

The affair of the three French ships in the river occupied several hours. When one was sunk and the other two out of range of the guns, Menendez turned his attention to the comfort of his men, quartering them in various houses, portioning out the clothes and food they had found in a large store-house. Then from several of the French prisoners he learned that in truth a shallop had set out two days before to meet the ships of Jacques Ribault and to turn them against the Spanish colony.

At four in the afternoon, according to his order, his captains arrived for a council. First he offered thanks to God for the victory over the French heretics; then he explained the danger threatening San Augustin and announced his intention of returning on the second day. The name of the settlement he changed from Fort Caroline to San Mateo, for it was on St. Matthew's Day that he took it; he also had the fleur-de-lys over the principal gate changed to the Spanish coat of arms.

The next day, after hearing mass, he called for one

hundred of the four hundred men there to return with him to San Augustin; in spite of the need for haste they protested; they were exhausted; they could never make the difficult return trip. At length, however, Menendez found thirty-five, aside from Valdes and Castaneda, who would go. He sent a message to Helene Martineau ordering her, with any one of her fellow countrywomen in the fort she wished as companion, to be ready to march with them the next morning.

After mass, they set out and soon encountered difficulties even exceeding those of the trip up. The forest lands were flooded, and the swamps were almost impassable. Because the sun was still hidden, they once lost their direction and wandered in the hammock, spending a miserable, wet night. In crossing a river by means of trees felled across it, two soldiers were drowned. At the end of the fourth day they sighted their own town, and discovered that, in accordance with their hopes, the French had not come; Spaniards were still peacefully occupying it. Advance messengers brought everyone out rejoicing; priests held crosses aloft, and together they all sang the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

Menendez lodged Helene Martineau and her companion, both ill from exhaustion, in a small house and set a guard around it. He directed two vessels back to San Mateo with military supplies, improved the fortifications of San Augustin, then sat down grimly to await the advent of the French.

He had waited two days when early in the morning, ten Indians came to the fort and told him by signs that four leagues away there were many white men who were not able to cross an arm of the sea—a sort of river inside the barrier of islands along the coast—

which they must cross to reach the mainland. How did they come there? The Indians did not know. Menendez bethought himself of the French fleet, the storm; what more likely than a shipwreck? And Hernando Cosas was on board one of those ships! To Valdes he said, "Go bring Helene Martineau." To Castaneda he said, "Get me forty men who have no conscience."

That group marched steadily. When the soldiers would beg a halt, Menendez snapped out his "No!" and fell back into reverie. He was picturing a Cosas as he would look when he realized whom he was facing; Cosas as he would look when confronted by Helene Martineau; Cosas as he would look when facing death. Menendez glanced at the sullen woman tramping near him. Yes, it was a fine point, that she should be made to reveal her lover to their enemy * * *

Arrived at the shore they saw across the inlet a large group of men. Menendez made his presence known and soon one of the soldiers came swimming over. They were Frenchmen, he said, and had been shipwrecked in the storm—two hundred of them, captains and soldiers of Jacques Ribault, viceroy and captain general of that land for the King of France.

"Are you Catholics or Lutherans?" was the inevitable question. All were Lutherans of the new religion. "Tell your captain," said Menendez, "that I am the viceroy and captain general of this land for His Majesty King Phillip; I am Pedro Menendez, here to find out your purpose."

As the man was swimming back, a small boat came down the river from San Augustin, according to an order Menendez had previously given. This was used to transport some of the French nobles to the mainland. They expressed desire to be allowed to go to

their fort some twenty leagues northward, but when Menendez showed them various things from that fort and convinced them that he had captured it, they begged him for a ship and supplies with which to make their way back to France. Unfortunately, Menendez had no ships to spare. One thought ran through his head during this formal interchange of information, "I must get my hands on every one of those two hundred; Cosas must be there among them!"

"Then we may remain unharmed with you until there are ships from France?" one was saying. "The Kings of France and Spain are brothers and friends now."

That was true; the peace existing between the nations gave him no pretext. But there was another point: "You are Lutherans, therefore enemies of the true Faith. I came to implant the Holy Gospel here among the Indians, and will wage war against any who oppose * * *" At length he came to the point. "Give up your flags and arms to me, and place yourselves at my mercy. Other than unconditional surrender there are no terms I will discuss. I shall deal with you as God directs me."

The French argued and offered great ransoms, but Menendez was adamant. At last they gave in. The next trip of the boat brought back all their weapons. Spaniards ran forward to stack the flags, arquebuses, pistols, swords, helmets and breastplates on the soft white sand of the beach. Menendez ordered twenty of his men, headed by Valdes, to go in the boat and bring the Frenchmen over, ten at a time.

Then did he draw a great breath of fresh, salty air; then did he look up at the racing clouds—yellow already in the intense glow of the lowering sun—with triumph in his heart. He led the French captains al-

ready there behind a towering, grass-grown sand dune where they were hidden from sight of those in the approaching boats, and ordered their hands to be tied with the rope from the soldiers' fuses.

The boat neared the shore; the ten Frenchmen were clambering through the light surf to the beach. When he called Helene Martineau, she came slowly. Her shadow and his stretched long and blue over the trampled sands even to the edge of the water, and fell upon the group of strangers standing there, uncertain.

"Helene Martineau, these are Jacques Ribault's men—all French of your own race, blood—and Faith—all but one, a Spaniard. He is the only one I want. Show him to me and the others go free. Is he among these ten?"

She looked at him from the depths of her heavy-lidded eyes. "So that is your plan!" Deliberately she turned to the prisoners. Menendez watched every muscle of her face, but he could detect no change. None of the men appeared to recognize her. So Cosas was not in this group. He motioned and the ten were led away behind the sand dune, where their hands were to be tied. Soon the next boatload of ten came, and the next, and the next. For an hour and more, the dark, inscrutable woman looked over group after group of Frenchmen with the same unknowing glance. The feeling of triumph in Menendez's heart was changing to chagrin, to fury. Was she going to defeat him after all by a piece of acting of which he had not thought her capable? Was Cosas, too, enough of an actor to conceal the start of surprise he must feel at meeting her in such circumstances?

Twenty-one trips of the boat and there were two hundred and eight Frenchmen, prisoners, securely bound, standing in file on the sand. Repressing his

impulse to shriek. "Which *is* Cosas?" Menendez turned on Helene Martineau, who was standing silent, her cloak wrapped around her for protection against the chill evening breeze.

"There they all are and one is Cosas; I know he is there; I know it! Point him out, I command you—I'll force you * * *. Think! You hold the freedom of two hundred and seven men in your hand! Point him out, the one!"

"I say he is not there. Where he is I do not know, but he is not among these. Free them, now!"

A hint of mockery in her eyes infuriated him beyond endurance. Suddenly he realized he was holding his cocked pistol in his hand, heard himself threatening to fire if she did not speak. He turned to the wide-eyed prisoners.

"Hernando Cosas, whichever you are, step forward, and I will spare her life! As you are a man, step out!" The French looked at each other, but no one moved.

"Who *is* to have the last word, Senor Adelantado?" Helene Martineau called, holding herself tense, awaiting the inevitable.

Menendez fired. Her hands, fingers spread, flew to her breast, she twisted, crumpled on the sand moaning.

"Now, Cosas, will you not come and claim the dead? The others are all spared if you will have the courage to die as she died. I can think of slower deaths * * *."

No one moved.

Menendez became almost calm in the intensity of the furious determination gripping him. He spoke slowly and clearly to Valdes.

"Go down the beach to the curve. Draw a line across the sand with that pike."

The assemblage was held motionless until Valdes returned.

"Captain Maya and five soldiers will lead each group of ten prisoners down the beach, and Captain Valdes with five will follow. At the line, the vanguard will wheel. Each Spaniard will strike down his man."

A tremor ran through the group of French; cries, pleas, curses suddenly filled the air.

"How can you be sure this man is among us?" was one cry which with variations dinned in Menendez's ears. He was staring at the body of Helene Martineau doubled up in the sand; he was remembering the glint, even the contempt, in her glance when she denied Cosas' presence for the last time. "We have triumphed over your fury," she had been thinking.

"I know he is there," Menendez answered the French. "I am as sure of that as I am sure that he will not escape me today. Column forward!" In grim silence the Spaniards went about their assignment.

"Cosas dies two hundred and eight times for me," thought Menendez, staring at the red flame of sun behind the black tree tops. Thinking now of his report to the world, he said aloud:

"May so perish all enemies of the true Faith!"

THE BALLAD OF TOM COLLINS
(Who went to Old Rollins)

"The Ballad of Tom Collins" by James F. Holden is a gesture in the direction of light verse. It is highly amusing and contains a moral lesson of great value and significance.

JAMES F. HOLDEN

I

RISE up, rise up, ye son of sin,
Gird up your loins full tight.
Let it never be said that a Rollins man
Hath forgiven or pardoned a slight!"

II

When these bold words were dinned in his ear,
Our hero arose with ado;
His arms a coat of shining mail,
His cap with its feather askew.

III

"Ye varlet," he cried to the messenger,
Why rudely awakest thou me?"
"Your leman, fair sir, she's been stolen away,
And rides to a far countree!"

IV

"What villain," cried Thomas, "what miserable
wretch
Has stolen the girl of my bliss?
By the Holy Rood and the Cross on the Church,
I'll have him to answer for this!"

V

His cudgel he grasped in his firm right hand,
His pipe he thrust in his teeth.

He rushed down the stairs and crossing the lawn
He clumped away over the heath.

VI

Ere long in the woods by a rushing stream
His sorrel steed he spied,
And calling his horse as he were wood
Got on him and 'gan to ride.

VII

"Hannah, oh Hannah," he cried in his pain,
"My precious, my garrulous treasure,
I've fondled thee, kissed thee, aye more than
that—
I've gi'en thee m'last full measure.

VIII

"I took you each night to the cinema,
And I wined you and dined you in style.
I gave you my pin and I gave you my key
And I plied you with camomile.

IX

"Your cough, my dear, was full husky and low
And I cleared it away in a trice.
But you had the nerve on our very next drink
To kick at the 'mount of the ice!

X

"And now you have left me, leman dear,
And ride on the lonely waste.
I follow as fast as horse can go
To discover the man of your taste.

XI

"I know your faults, my pretty child,
But I love your full red lips.

I love your eyes and your blue-black hair
And the curious slant of your hips.

XII

"I recall your voice and your accents low,
Your eyes as they sparkled with zest.
I recall your hands, so dainty and fine,
Undoing the pin on my vest.

XIII

"My dear, I ride on the lonely lee
To recover my lost delight.
To recapture the joy of th' admirable toy
I found for myself that night."

XIV

Thus he spake to himself and he spurred on his
horse,
Till the foam stood out on its flanks,
And he cursed and he swore like an army corps,
Or a sailor fresh from the ranks.

XV

He rode all night and he rode all day,
He rode through summer and fall.
He rode in the rain and he rode in the sleet,
Nor feared he discomfort at all.

XVI

He visited many cities and towns,
And palaces high on their hills.
He fitted himself with merchants' gowns,
And dabbled, and plundered their tills.

XVII

In ev'ry village he passed on his course
He heard of his leman's renown.

She'd cozened, she'd loved, she'd swindled men
Till they'd driven her out of the town.

XVIII

One evening as Thomas was riding along,
(For such was our hero's name),
He stopped to succour a weary man,
A cripple halt and lame.

XIX

"Who art thou," he cried, as he reined in his
horse,
"Why beggest thou of me?
I seek to find my leman, lout,
I cannot stop for thee."

XX

The cripple he raised his battered face,
And his cheeks were rough and old.
"I loved a girl named Hannah, sir,
And she left me in the cold.

XXI

"Long years ago from Winter Park
I spirited her away,
But oh my soul and ah my soul,
I've come to rue that day.

XXII

"I've spent my money on that girl,
I've laden her down with jewels.
And then she left me halt and lame
And 'Damn it, men are fools.'

XXIII

"Those words of hers they have hung in my
ears,
I've thought of her mild, sweet voice.

I've given her lands and I've given her wealth,
And still I am not her choice."

XXIV

"She likes variety, that girl—my friend,
And men are the spice of life.
She never figures two's a crowd
And she dotes on struggle and strife."

XXV

The cripple he raised his graying head,
But Thomas was not to be seen.
He'd gone his way with a fierce heart
And struggled to smother his spleen.

XXVI

In vain he thought of his leman's charms,
Of her eyes and her full red lips.
In vain he thought of her blue-black hair
And the curious slant of her hips.

XXVII

He hated that creature with deadly hate,
Of venom and malice, no dearth.
He spent all his life in the chasing of her,
And the running of her to earth.

XXVIII

And then one day, when hoary and old,
He found her asleep on the lee.
Her cheeks were blotched and her eyes were
sunk
And her teeth were diminished to three.

XXIX

He looked at her and the wrath in his heart
'Gan slowly to ebb away.
He said to himself—"This lowly wretch—
She faces her Judgment Day."

XXX

He spoke the truth indeed, my friends,
Full soon this wretch did die.
And if you heeded her lesson, girls,
A moral you should descry.

XXXI

Now listen, fair maidens of Cloverleaf,
Though pins your zest inspire,
'Tis best to leave them on their vests—
And save yourselves the Fire!

ART VERSUS PROPAGANDA IN THE DRAMA

"Art versus Propaganda in the Drama" is a penetrating critical essay, shedding light on one of the most urgent problems confronting the Theater today. It should prove stimulating to all people interested in the Drama and the related arts.

NANCY J. CUSHMAN

PROPAGANDA is permissible on the stage just as long as it remains part of the drama; just as long as it is only part of the play and does not interfere with the creative effort of the author. It is out of place on the stage as soon as it oversteps its limitations and becomes obvious. When it does become noticeable as sheer propaganda material, it makes its vehicle poor, and therefore defeats its own purpose.

One cannot take cold facts and truth out of life and news, and make drama out of them with little effort. They become, then, just the cold facts out of the past which they are; or else, if striking or pertinent enough in themselves, they become melodrama. To make truths into anything that resembles truth, into anything that will sting an audience with its force when presented on the stage, the dramatist must first of all be an artist of no mean ability, and the producer, director, and scenery designer must each be superior in his field. Drama is Art. And art must predominate in every phase of the dramatic field. Still further, though, art is basically the portrayal or interpretation of truth, and that fundamental truth is the theme of your play.

Every play has a theme; the theme of a play, is the principal reason for the play. Without some emotion growing out of sympathy for a cause, a philosophy, an ideal, a type of individual, the playwright would never

feel the necessity for writing a play. This theme may be expressed to different degrees in characters, or through exterior action; but there is always a theme at the basis of the play.

Each theme is, in a sense, propaganda: propaganda for or against an ideal, a political, social or economic condition, or a trend in philosophy; but still and always it is propaganda. Therefore, no play can exist without some form of propaganda to greater or lesser degrees, depending upon the strength of the theme. But as has been said before, there are limitations for your theme. It must be subtle; it must be "dressed up" to be effective on the stage.

The characters of a play, the plot, the dialogue, the crises and climaxes—these are all used to support and interpret the theme, the central idea—in a larger sense, the propaganda. You may argue that a plot or perhaps a character, is the first thing that crystallizes itself in the author's plan for a play; all right, but that plot and those characters in themselves are the expression of a theme.

Take Shakespeare's *King Lear*. An important phase of the theme is the inescapable fatality of preferring flattery for flattery's sake, to honesty. The downfall of Lear, because of his preference for flattery, no matter how superficial it may be, is an illustration of the theme. His two older daughters flatter the king to gain their own ends at his expense. Because of his youngest daughter's refusal to be untrue to herself and to him and because, she, Cordelia, is frank in expressing the measure of her affections toward her father, he banishes her from him. She is the only one who will stick by him and help him in the end, when Lear finally sees his folly. Here in the theme of *Lear*, you have propaganda for an ideal.

But also there is art. There is real drama in Lear himself, in the two wicked sisters, in Kent, in Gloucester. There are unforgettable characters; there is an intricate plot; there is an indicative atmosphere sustained throughout. This play is a distinct and individual creation by the author.

The theme of *Men in White*, is the indispensability, the efficiency, the universal greatness and importance of the medical profession. This play also has a plot, but a half-hearted one; one that is too much apart from the theme. There is not enough connection between the characters and the theme, either. The idea is sound in its skeleton form, but in order to attract an audience, the author has made his story distinctly inferior to his theme, and therefore both of them stand out as separate entities, making the propaganda for the medical profession too evident, and the plot too lame and insufficient.

In *Dodsworth* the theme is the inevitable failure of a marriage dependent wholly upon the generosity of one person, and the complete selfishness and artificiality of another; the necessity of the omnipresent give and take is emphasized here. In this theme there is propaganda against a certain type of individual, and against a social and domestic condition existing too frequently today. This play is effective. Artistry has been used by everyone concerned with the production, from the author and adapter, through to the minutest detail of stage management. Fran and Sam are themselves identical with the theme; the plot is strong, and the author gives us a tasteful panorama of Europe and the Middle-West along with it. There is variety here—and so, life and reality.

The theme of *Judgment Day* is the complete un-

fairness and ultimate failure and deceit of a government built upon a dictatorship. As an illustration of his theme, Elmer Rice takes the incident of the burning of the Reichstag which so held the attention of the public two years ago. But sadly enough, Rice's emotion, which inspires his propaganda against the Nazis and Hitler does not urge him on to the presentation of a drama, but only to transposing two-year-old news events onto a stage. This has the ultimate result of artificial figures, symbolic of something (one doesn't know what exactly, until pretty well into the play) totally without individuality; then suddenly there is intense melodrama that is dangerously bordering on the ridiculous in its abruptness. There is no drama here, for Mr. Rice has forgotten art, has forgotten the theater, and has merely retold a story which for most of us has lived vividly enough in newspapers, so that a drama would have to be superlative to bring it to us more strongly. Mr. Rice has only propaganda to offer in this play—worthy propaganda, granted—but not worthy of a play as its vehicle, unless it is made into drama.

And so, to sum it all up: propaganda is inevitable in the drama, for every play has propaganda in its theme. But when that propaganda overshadows or fails to blend with the art and the good theater in a play—then that propaganda loses all its force in lack of dramatic qualities, and had better declare itself in another medium than the stage.

KUNU, BLOOD REVENGE

"Kunu, Blood Revenge," by Maxeda Hess is a story of the struggle of man in tropical jungles. It has a colorful style, highly developed central theme, and compelling narrative interest.

MAXEDA HESS

LEANING against his tent-pole, Jim ripped open his pouch and stuffed tobacco into the bowl of his briar. His eyes never wavered from his brother Randall across the jungle clearing.

The palm-thatched workshed where the scientific equipment and the traveling laboratory had been set up; the thatched mess-hall; the sleeping tents squatting at the base of the giant hardwood trees; the huts of the Bushnegro servants behind the tents of the members of the expedition; the breadfruit tree in front of the thatched hut of Nacoe, his personal black; all were indelibly impressed on Jim's mind as he stood watching his younger brother.

The high jungle wall continued in a sweeping curve around the clearing. A hot sun beat down. It stamped out shadows on the pounded earth and probed the green damp darkness underneath the ceiling of the giant trees. Trailing lianas rattled together in a small hot wind. Relaxed in the sun like a great black snake, the river was still. Only the living jewels of brilliantly covered butterflies moved in the sleeping forest. The noise of the scientists laughing and talking with Randall across the clearing seemed loud in the afternoon hush. Jim extracted his pipe and ripped the pouch shut.

Randall slapped one of the men on the back and the group shouted with laughter. Jim, watching them, tapped out his unsmoked tobacco on the heel of his boot. Wish I could talk, talk smoothly, make people

laugh, he thought. I'd sell my soul to be able to walk into that group of men and bait Randall the way he's baited me all my life. Getting back at him is like trying to hit a shadow. What did he come here for? He has always had everything at home his way.

Jim's pipe slid from his finger and he stooped to pick it up. Randall had been in camp three weeks, he was thinking. From the very first the men had welcomed him. They were eating at one big table now because of his popularity. And they'd shut him out, as Randall had intended them to do. But what could he do? Work, yes, a man could always work to forget. Given time enough, he might be successful in isolating the tropical fever germ, that was his particular research, but where would that get him? Someone with a smooth tongue in his head, like Randall, would stand up in Medical Society and read a paper on "Jungle Fevers and Their Cure," getting all the credit. Luckily, he thought, he wasn't sweating his heart out for credit, but what had happened at home to make Randall, his immaculate, lazy brother, willing to live in the same jungle camp with him? And Jim was right back where he had started from in his puzzled thinking.

Jim hadn't had a decent night's sleep since his brother's arrival. He tossed and turned on his narrow cot wondering what had brought Randall to this remote jungle district of Dutch Guiana on the Saramacca River. Ten long years stretched out in Jim's memory between their last meeting. Ten years away from England, from family, from friends. Ten years forgetting. And now Randall had found him.

Was Randall putting up with all the inconveniences of a jungle-camp merely to rub the salt of memory into old wounds? What had happened during those ten

years? Jim had a wry idea of Randall's management of the estates. So night after night Jim Copley, who might have been Sir James Copeley, eldest and disinherited son of Britain's wealthiest coal magnate, paced the hard beaten trails to the river and back.

"Nacoe!" Jim raised his voice.

"Yes, Baakra."

"I am going to the river for a swim. Lay out my fresh clothes."

"Yes, Baakra." Nacoe moved quietly into Jim's tent.

At the sound of Jim's voice Randall crossed to his brother. Jim watched him and waited.

"Nice of that chap to die and let you step into his boots for this expedition, old boy. Very nice, indeed. I know just how you feel." Randall's voice was too casual. "Have you heard from home?"

It was the usual question. Jim considered it as he walked down the trail to the river. He had flung away from his brother without bothering to answer. There was only one answer and that was obvious to Randall. Jim did not hear from home.

Randall watched his brother disappear at the bend of the path, then he gave a quick glance about him to see if his going was noticed and set off down the trail after him. Nacoe came to the entrance of the tent and watched Randall, noting the white man's slow city-walk. The black's eyes became ebony slits. He put back the tent-flap and padded silently after Randall down the river-trail.

Stripped, Jim plunged into the yellow water of the Upper Suriname River. With a powerful overhand stroke he swam to the opposite side, turned on his back and floated, looking up into the trailing branches of trees that leaned to the water along the river bank.

Drifting gently with the current, he watched the tiny shape of a native corial shuttle into the bright glare of midstream. The canoeman leaned upon his carved paddle and sent his ancient call of courteous greeting across the water—"Tio, odi" (My uncle, I salute you).

Jim splashed about and threw up a wet, glistening hand in answer as he raised his voice—"Faude?" (How fare you?).

Both question and answer were chanted chords that lingered in the shadows bordering the river. The canoeman lowered his voice again and faintly Jim's deep baritone came back to him across the water—"Aaaaaaaa-ay!" (I understand).

The black lifted his paddle from his knees as his throat vibrated to the parting words of friendship—"Goot-naavu, droomi-boono, tio" (Good-night. Sleep well, uncle).

What did it matter that he wished the white man a good sleep in full sunlight? Night would come again and soon, and with it—sleep. The English Baakra knew and would understand. Was he not known throughout the river-villages as Nacoe's Baakra, a good man—black in spirit and only white in skin through some forgivable misfortune? For so the drums had told of him from village to village. His paddle gleamed in the sun as it lifted and dipped rhythmically, pausing as Jim's voice chanted—"Susary-yipi" (Same to you). The canoeman nodded his kinky head in appreciation and his paddle dug the water in a faster rhythm.

The wide, mud-yellow river seemed suddenly empty and lonely as the corial passed from sight, as lonely and as quiet as twenty thousand years of curving between the tall barricades of trees could make it. Jim realized he was tired and swam for the sloping mud-

bank where several corials were pulled to safety. He tired easily these days. Lack of sleep most probably, he thought as he waded ashore.

Beikaaka, eldest adopted son of Jim's friend, Zama-moni, the village granman, approached on the river path. The black's arms, back, and shoulders were magnificently developed. His legs were conspicuously slender from lack of walking as are those of all river blacks who travel by water. In one hand he held a leaf of the giant elephant ear plant as an umbrella to shade his face from the sloping sun. A splinter of ironwood was thrust through a kinky knot on the top of his head, proud proof of his hair's strength and his pure negro ancestry.

Jim borrowed a dugout corial from Beikaaka and shoved off. Paddling upstream he felt considerably better, clean and somehow free. Arriving at the bank where he had left his clothes he stepped out and pulled the corial high on the slope above the water-mark made by the river during the last great rains.

As Jim bent to pick up his shirt, Nacoe rose out of the shadows. The white man jerked nervously, then was immediately angry to have shown his surprise. He spoke sharply to the black, who answered,

"Do not touch the shirt, Baakra."

"Nonsense, Nacoe!" And Jim reached down for his clothes. A black hand grabbed his wrist and held it.

"See, Baakra"—Nacoe pointed to the shirt. It was stirring, moving in small undulations. Nacoe picked up a stick and prodded the shirt. The ugly head of a palm viper flashed out. The white man stood looking on as his black boy picked up the poisonous snake

in his bare hands. The green viper went limp and helpless. Jim smiled.

"I had forgotten, Nacoe. You're a snake man, isn't that it?"

"Yes, Baakra." The black threw the viper into the bush and picked up his master's clothes.

"You gave me a bad moment, fella, when you started to handle that snake. You're immune, of course?"

"Yes, Baakra. Kingo and faith too strong for even most poisonous snakes. They cannot bite when I take Kingo every three month." They were moving up the darkening trail to camp. Jim turned and looked at Nacoe curiously.

"How did you happen to be waiting for me today?"

"Nacoe just wait, Baakra."

Jim laughed shortly. "Damn lucky for me you did wait. I haven't been Kingoed. Where's Randall, my brother?"

The Bushnegro's face became immobile. "In camp, Baakra."

"If the snake had bitten me, Nacoe, would I have been dead by now?"

"Yes, Baakra. Green snake, you call palm viper, ver' fast death. If bitten, man turns black inside one hour, two hour."

Jim didn't speak again until they reached camp. He dressed absent-mindedly, his thoughts occupied with matters more important than clean socks, a clean pair of shorts, or a fresh shirt. At the mess-table he said nothing about the snake episode to Randall, but watched his brother meditatively throughout the meal. Randall bore Jim's scrutiny with good grace. The younger man joked and yarned for the amusement of the men, but many of his words held sly barbs for his impassive brother. Randall was in rare form. Jim

rose from the table saying he had to work on the recording of his fever-progress, he had got behind and if anything happened to him—the next chap would have to do his work over from the beginning.

"Always looking ahead," Randall mocked him. The men laughed. Jim measured his brother with a glance cool and insulting, then he left.

As Jim stepped out of the door, Randall said something pitched too low for his brother's hearing and the men laughed again, only louder. Jim's face burned. He knew his brother had made another joke at his, Jim's, expense. They had shut him out, made him an outsider. He felt that the men would be happier over their pipes and gossip now he had gone. Nacoe rose from the step at Jim's feet. The black had been waiting him patiently.

"Tell your headman, Zamamoni, I will not visit the village tonight. I write in the big books." Jim's voice was weary. He felt drained of vitality. A hangover from my set-to with black fever, he thought. I'll dose myself with quinine and turn in early if I can keep from thinking. The white man turned again to Nacoe. "How fares your cousin, Gracoe? He is number one gunboy. If he hadn't been so good I never would have let him shoot and the rifle wouldn't have exploded in his face."

Nacoe's face was masked by the dark. "My cousin—much better, Baakra."

"I blame myself for letting him shoot. I knew he'd always wanted to. He and that gun and I have hunted over half of Dutch Guiana together. Never will understand what made it explode!"

"No blame, Baakra, Gracoe no blame you, nor the family of Gracoe. He—is better now, Baakra."

"Come along. I'll fix him up another sedative to help him over the rough spots." Jim moved toward

the laboratory. He placed a small capsule in the palm of the black with instructions for taking it. Nacoe listened gravely.

"Da so" (So be it) the Bushnegro answered. He stood and watched Jim disappear into the tent, waiting for the diffused glow of the oil lamp through the canvas before starting on his mission to the village. Turning away, he tossed the capsule into the underbrush.

Nacoe's heart was troubled. He felt the presence of the wissi, evil spirits. That very day he had secretly placed a small asung-pau, or phantom-barrier, across the trodden path leading to the river, but the evil spirits had been too strong and allowed the snaki-wissi to enter his Baakra's garments. Then, too, Gracoe was dead. He had joined the spirit-world that noon. The Baakra did not know. Perhaps it would be better so. Nacoe was undecided. He would know after the morrow for then he would take the body of his cousin into the heart of the jungle with Gracoe's family and the medicine-men for the questioning of the dead. He would talk with his gods, they would tell him what to do—and Gracoe would explain about the evil-wissi that had entered the gun.

* * *

Randall was intercepting his mail! Jim was sure of it. Every fifth day the mail for the expedition arrived by a native canoeman from down-river where it was left at the terminus of the railroad into the interior. Somehow, Jim never received his mail until it had been sifted through his younger brother's hands. Randall was too faithful in meeting the carrier downstream and delivering the mail well-sorted to camp. He also contrived other innocent accidents of meeting the mail.

That night at dinner, Jim announced that he was trekking to Maabo, the nearest and only town, to get some ancient newspapers, some bad whiskey, and some equally bad tobacco. Oh yes, he'd get the mail. He'd be there on time to get it. Solemnly he jotted down the numerous errands the men asked him to perform in the small town squatting on the flood-rim of the lower Suriname River. Somehow the table talk came around to the fabled short-cut to Maabo through a pass in the Mountains of the Moon. This land route by way of the pass was said to save two days time over the five days required to portage and paddle by river. In a corial the journey became too-quickly monotonous and uncomfortable. Until one has perched precariously for hours, long hours, on a narrow two-inch strip of wood athwart the center of a shallow dug-out, one doesn't know how painful it can become. Any over-land route to town would have been heaven-sent in comparison, but only the native blacks knew of the trails and held them secret from the white men.

Later in the evening, Jim stepped to the entrance of his tent and called for Nacoe. There was no answer, and on his second call, one of the blacks came running from the native huts with the information that Nacoe had disappeared into the heart of the rain-forest that afternoon. He had gone to talk with his gods and there was no telling where he was, or when he would return.

Jim cursed softly under his breath and walked over to the fire.

"What's the matter, Jim?" one of the men asked him. "Your Man Friday ducked out after dinner as though there were seven devils on his heels."

"Oh, he's gorging himself on some unhealthy religious brew and holding a pow-wow with his gods in

some clearing," Jim grumbled. "And just when I needed him, but he didn't know of the Maabo trip or he wouldn't have heeled it. Wonder what's up that calls for spirit-talking?"

"Take another boy," Jones advised. (Bushnegroes, even if they are eighty years old, are still "boys.")

"No, I'll go it alone this time," Jim answered. "Much rather since I know the portages by heart. When and if Nacoe shows up you might tell him to follow after. I'll hang around a bit in the morning and see if the rascal turns up. Hate to go without him somehow. He'll spoil an early start. Well, good night, I'm going to turn in if I have to live with a paddle in my hand for the next five days!"

To a chorus of good-nights, Jim returned to his tent. Some hours later he was awakened by a whispering at the entrance. Sitting up on his cot, he asked—"Nacoe?"

"No, not Nacoe," came the urgent whisper.

Jim turned back the tent-flap. A strange native boy stood before him, almost indistinguishable in the dark.

"Here's a map of trails to Maabo by way of the Mountains of the Moon," the black whispered. "A present to Nacoe's Baakra who journeys alone. The map is clear. Follow it carefully and the Baakra will arrive at his destination three nights of the moon from now. Goot-naavu, tio (Good-night, uncle)." And he slipped into the night and was gone.

Jim started to call him back, then decided against it for fear of waking the camp. He re-entered his tent and looked at the strange map by the light of his oil lamp. The map was crudely but plainly drawn on the bark of the feared trafoe, or taboo tree, the con-con-dree of the Bushnegro, revered as an evil god.

Part of the ritualistic and secretive guarding of the short-cut, Jim decided, as he turned in once more. What a lark it would be to establish alone a record time for the trip to Maabo! Saying nothing to the men about taking the short-cut! He'd be the first white man to walk those ancient trails and it might prove something worth telling in town and in camp when he returned. He knew the river route too well for it to be interesting. Jim turned over on his cot and burrowed deeper in his blankets against the chill of the tropic night. His mind was quite made up.

Nacoe didn't show up in the morning. Jim waited around until well past ten o'clock before he dropped his kit into a corial for the journey. The men, not doing field work that morning, saw him off and cat-called good naturedly until he was lost to sight at the bend of the river.

The sun was well overhead by the time he reached the first rapids. His corial was already in the mouth of the run before he had quite fully made up his mind to run the length of chattering water or portage around it, but there was no help for it once started, so he set his teeth and let the currents take the canoe in their strength. Once he extended a booted foot against the wet, black shoulder of a rock in midstream and shoved the corial on to safety. Then, just as suddenly, the express-train speed with which he had been traveling abated and he floated on the quiet waters of the lower river. He took time out for a breather and rested. His kit was drenched with the flying spray, but his jacket, folded at his feet, was comparatively dry.

Jim felt pretty good. He pushed his dirty sun helmet back on his head and whistled through his teeth. He, a white man, had run the small rapids alone and

unaided. It was, he thought, a good beginning of a record trip.

As his corial glided down the glistening path of water in the canyon of trees, a cloud of asomitos (butterflies) fluttered down near the surface of the river and Jim paddled through their midst as they sparkled blue and white and lemon in the sun.

Late that night he ate a frugal supper by the red eye of his fire on the river bank. The jungles in the orange daytime had been quiet as living death, but night-coming had brought the winking of fires on the slopes of the Mountains of the Moon, the bark of spotted jaguars, the howling of the red baboons, the broken echoes of the river laughing over moonlit rocks, singing the lullaby of life that had always been—would always be in this world of heat and green, frigid dawn-mists, warm tropic rains, and eternal life upon the sweating belly of the globe.

Downriver the tree-frogs started their whistling. The moon came up over a thorn-tree as Jim slung his hammock. Carefully he spread his mosquito netting and tossed more wood on the fire. Near at hand the river laughed and whispered in the night. The stars came out in scintillating millions. Lying in his hammock, Jim could hear the distant roar of the great falls of Sari-de-doggo. He had saved much time by running the first rapids. Including the portage, parties from the interior bound down-river never planned on making more than the falls for the first night out. Contentedly he relaxed in his hammock. This was his adopted land of night and sun where great birds flew above and with huge wings beat out a throbbing thunder across the reaches of the sky. As wholly his as any land could be that was not England. He fell asleep with the howling of baboons echoing through

the forest night. Tomorrow he would leave the river behind him and turn his steps toward the Mountains of the Moon where no white man had ever gone and the forest soil was rotten with gold, jealously guarded by the jungle.

After a breakfast of unsweetened coffee and cassava cakes, baked the day before. Jim struck camp swiftly and competently. The excitement of discovering new trails warmed his blood with the intoxication of strong wine. Long before the chilly mists of the tropic night had been drawn up into the sky, he had renewed his fire and drawn the corial into the tangle of vines and brambles for safe keeping.

Slinging his kit to his shoulder, he approached the wall of the jungle. The aerial roots of trailing lianas rattled together as he pushed them aside. Deep amber sunlight filtered unevenly through a tangled ceiling of interlacing tree-tops hundreds of feet above his head. He had to fight to free himself of vines and the crowded dangling of lianas as he pushed on into the interior.

His steps faltered and slowed as he went. He felt as though he should remove his hat in the cathedral atmosphere of the great rain-forest. The closely woven foliage of giant trees formed a convoluted roof of green. The air was heavy and humid with a high moisture content. Silence was there, the silence of myriad life. The noise of birdsong and insect life in the sun above the tree-tops sifted down into the green hush below. Jim consulted his bark map at the base of the bastard locust rearing its majestic head high over the other trees. He had been walking over three hours and had not as yet crossed the trail leading into the mountains. Someway he had missed it, though he couldn't see how. He drank sparingly of the tepid

water in his canteen and, after consulting his compass, he set off in a new direction.

The heat of the sun beating down upon the ceiling of the jungle became incredible. Jim's light shirt was soaked with sweat and torn in many places from the thorn trees and brambles through which he had forced his way. His face was gray with fatigue as he waded a small stream. His feet found an almost obliterated trail and followed it to the weed-grown clearing of a deserted native village. The huts, once neatly thatched with branches of the maripa palm sagged with great gaping holes in their roofs. The jungle was reclaiming its own. In another year, the wanderer would never know a village had existed on the dusty banks of the stream.

Jim started a fire and boiled some of the dirty water to fill his canteen. It was later afternoon. He had pushed himself hard in his worry over the lost mountain trail, not stopping to eat at midday.

Looking up from the fire, he saw a gray monkey with the face of an embittered poet sitting on the limb of a tree. The monkey watched Jim cynically, scratching his long-haired stomach with a languid hand. The white man returned the stare, then set off down a faint trail leading from the deserted village site into the jungle. The sun was now too low for comfort and he had no way of knowing how near he was to the base of the Mountains of the Moon.

Hour after hour he plodded through the shadowy rain-forest. No sound broke the stillness. No life was visible. Even bird-notes were missing in the feverish air. Trees arched overhead, lianas interlaced and swung, passion flowers, scarlet, white, and purple swayed high over his path from dull green creepers.

Many colored lizards scurried from under foot in darting brilliance. Yet, Jim was conscious of life, jungle life, being there with him in the cool, deep heart of the forest. The light was twilight green and waning fast when he stumbled on the earth-pounded trail leading to the base of the mountain. His heart swelled with relief. He hurried on, hoping before nightfall to come across a clearing that offered camping space.

Jim soon found a natural clearing that would do and he promptly swung his hammock, falling into it too tired to eat. His aching legs felt as though he had been walking for years without stopping. His muscles quivered with exhaustion. His head, too, felt queer. It throbbed hollowly with a heavy pain pounding behind his eyes and temples. He forced himself to get up, however, and start a fire. Warming some of his small store of rice and dried peccary meat, he washed it down with brackish water. He ransacked his kit for quinine, but could find none. By that time a warm rain began to beat down the foliage around him. Jim huddled under his thin waterproofed coat, but one or more of his various extremities seemed forever to be left out in the rain. Besides that the water ran down the hammock ropes from the trees, filling the hammock with water until Jim felt as though he was suspended in a swinging puddle. The rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and he shook with a severe chill. His teeth chattered and great shudders racked his wet and tired body. His fire was nothing but smouldering ashes. Finally he made himself rake the vegetation away and get another fire going with some damp wood and leaves.

All of the fourth day out from the Suriname River Jim traveled within sight of the Mountains of the Moon. He didn't, however, seem to be getting any

nearer. It was discouraging business at best. His bark map he now kept as a souvenir, but no longer as a guide.

The shaggy heads of the mountains crowded against the lapis sky far to the northeast of him. It was his fourth day of travel, the day he was to have made Maabo, and he was not yet on the slopes of the foothills leading to the higher peaks. Jim hazarded the guess that the heavy mineral deposits in the mountains caused the needle of his pocket-compass to act like a crazy thing. He found it useless and maddening to consult it any longer.

Wading a shallow muddy stream, he pushed on into the dark interior of the miles of rain-forest separating him from the pass he hoped to make by nightfall. The trail was faint and weed-choked, but it was something. At least, Jim thought in lonely consolation, human feet have worn this track and conquered this small length of ground from the jungle. Ground-rats slept in the black loam or dozed in the branches of thorn-trees as he passed. The air was like that of an overheated greenhouse, dank, steamy, pressing against his lungs.

Coming into a jungle glade, Jim dropped down upon a limestone ledge and was wiping his face with a tattered shirt sleeve when he froze into absolute stillness. A bushmaster, largest of the poisonous snakes of the South American tropics, launched a wicked-looking head to the level of the Englishman's face. The snake was vividly colored black and pink and brown. Its coils were as thick as a man's forearm and doubled to enough length to support the large-scaled head with its muddy hued yet glistening eyes as they calculated the distance for striking aim. A red-forked tongue flashed in a second's oscillation and there was the repeated sound of rushing air as the body of the snake

swelled. It was moving deliberately toward him. Jim took a step backward and his boot heel turned on a loose pebble. Panic speeded his heart and his breath stopped in his throat. The richly patterned body of the bushmaster with its rough scales seemed to flow from the bushes toward him. The outlines of the S-shaped loops enlarged rapidly as the snake increased the length of its stroke. Jim stepped back hastily and was astonished to see the reptile quicken its pace as it glided forward. He watched its vibrating tail in fascination. Its beady stare remained fixed on his face and Jim, inadvertently, let go his kit and the bushmaster slithered over it, its coils rippling the faster. The white man turned and ran, ran as far and as fast as he could through the dense tangle of the forest. Only lack of breath and a reeling head brought him to a stop. He still had bad effects from his touch of fever.

A roaring bark, then a series of noisy barks set the forest to echoing. Jim started nervously to his feet, then dropped wearily down again and smiled wryly at his own fear. Somewhere near him a troupe of red howler baboons were swinging through the tree-tops with their customary noise and uproar.

Jim's vision shifted and blurred like the reflection in a badly warped mirror. Fever burned in his veins. His nerves were shot from his uncomfortable night of cold and rain. In the crotch of a tree opposite the Englishman an old baboon of unusual size was swinging a long hairy leg in utter boredom and scratching feebly. He looked very much like a Russian ambassador, Jim decided, as the sight of the baboon twisted and distorted before his blood-shot eyes. The old fellow was probably waiting for the sun to thaw him out after the chill of the tropic night. Jim massaged his tired face with his hands and flipped a pebble at the

old chap for something to do. The big baboon moved in awakened interest and threw the monkey-nut he'd been gnawing back at the white man.

Throwing back his head, the baboon roared. He was answered near at hand by the other members of his troupe whose presence Jim hadn't suspected. The old one danced up and down excitedly on his low branch, occasionally hurling monkey-nuts down on the Englishman below. Other baboons, now in full view, swung idly from their tails in the tree-tops and barked and chattered incessantly. Jim's ears seemed bursting with their noise. His skull ached and his eyes burned in their sockets. Stooping in an uncontrollable rage he threw a large rock in blind fury at the first beast that had started the damnable racket. The stone hit the creature in the head and he tumbled from his branch. The noise in the tree-tops stopped suddenly. Jim slowly approached the fallen baboon. The others dropped to lower branches, and then lower ones until the white man was surrounded by a circle of solemn and inquiring faces, strangely human in their curious fear. He turned the body over with a thin hand. The old baboon was quite dead.

Looking up at the ring of hairy forms, Jim noticed on closer acquaintance that they had the grave and rascally faces of old men. Their coats were of a deep mahogany in color. Suddenly, weird tales of men who had met their death under the enraged fangs of the red baboons came flooding back in his memory. He moved quickly and they gave way before him, but the circle closed again behind his back as he walked away from the dead baboon. They even mimicked him in walking with a sinister seriousness. Jim walked faster. He could hear them dropping down from the low branches to the trail and he felt his skin contract

in fear along his spine. He whirled swiftly. They stopped and regarded him out of red-rimmed, un-winking eyes. The she-baboons retreated with their young into the safety of the trees. The trail was left to the adult male baboons and Jim. He turned and set off on a controlled dog-trot down the trail which wound sinuously through the undulating foothills. He wanted to run, but he didn't dare.

The rest of the day, what remained of it, the baboons kept close on the Englishman's heels. The tropic hills steamed in the sun. Stepping into an unseen pot-hole Jim twisted his ankle. Painfully he sat down on the trail and nursed it. Behind him the baboons squatted on the path and, grasping their feet, rocked to and fro, making horrible faces. Jim thought it a weary game, this sinister mimicry of man by beasts. If he stopped, they stopped. If he threw himself down for a rest, they edged too close for comfort and he was forced to move on.

It was late afternoon when he first sighted the U-shaped pass in the Mountains of the Moon. The narrow gap dipped in silhouette against the burnished sky. The sight gave Jim new strength. His head cleared and his legs felt stronger. Without thought of sanitation he lay on his belly and scooped up handfuls of the dark river water. It must be a tiny branch of the Suriname, he reasoned as he wet his parched lips. His tongue was swollen with thirst and it made his mouth feel clogged.

When he rose from the stream it was to discover the baboons almost upon him. They startled him. He wanted to run. He had wanted desperately all afternoon to heel it away from their ugly faces and pantomime, but he knew the danger that lay in flight.

He mustn't appear to be running away. It would excite them and they could all too easily overtake him. So, he talked to himself and reasoned with his taut and quivering nerves, holding himself steady.

Another hour's walking and he was climbing the barren slopes to the pass dividing the Mountains of the Moon. He no longer looked over his shoulder. The baboons had let him go on alone from the small wandering river. They simply had lost interest in the idea of attacking him. Complete boredom had sent them swinging to the tree-tops where they swung by their tails and crunched new-found monkey-nuts. Their noisy roars and barks travelled faintly through the jungle growth.

The sun bordered the horizon of tree-carpeted hills. Jim climbed to a ledge and looked down on a strange valley. He had gained the other side of the mountain and had had his last glimpse of the dark trails by which he had reached the pass. Behind and above him the rays of the setting sun fanned out in great streamers of fading red and gold.

North and south, as far as the eye could see, stretched the valley. The Mountains of the Moon turned a sullen red with shifting, darkening blues gathering in the barren gullies. Far below, Jim spied a bee-hive cluster of huts on the rim of the river, a thread of silver yarn unraveled across the floor of the fertile valley. The heavy growth of forests darkly wild and humid lay below him, shimmering in the last heat wave inspired by the swollen sun. The great shaggy heads of the mountains towered against the changing sky. Jim stirred and made himself get leaves and branches for his evening fire. Below him

lay Maabo, a good half day's journey, but it was greatly comforting to have it in sight after his five hard days on the new trails leading God knew where.

The air grew colder. Stars came out and leaned so near the sleeping earth Jim felt he might balance one on a finger-tip. Far below a pinhead of light flickered on the river-edge. In a sky of dull steel the full moon rose in conscious beauty. Excepting those who stalked by night, the jungle slept in moon-stroked silence.

The mountain wall rising from the ledge seemed to take a gigantic step forward with the descent of night, looming over Jim and the red eye of his fire, walling him in. Up from the rolling plain of interwoven tree-tops rose the shrilling of tree-frogs, cicadas, and the many noisy insects who greeted the signal of dark with a muffled roar so weirdly pitched that it seemed to come from just beyond the range of human hearing. A spotted jaguar roared his fierce answer of death to the maniacal tune of red howler baboons. Echoes of myriad night-sounds lapped in waves against the blue shores of the sky. The far-flung jungles slept and reawakened beneath the moon. As though realizing its lack, the darkness supplied the faint, muted sound of tom-toms talking to the jungle-gods beneath the slender, flying fingers of the blacks. Jim slept beside his dying fire.

An outlander is oppressed with an indefinable fear in the tropic forests. Perhaps it is because the machine civilization has never given birth to a philosophy able to conquer life that goes on eternally. The philosophy outgrowing from the skyscraper and the subway is a transitory thing, sufficient for the immediate

moment, but it has not the elastic strength to yield in the face of trees that have reared their majestic heads thousands of years before Christ came into this world. With enduring philosophy the Bushnegroes had loved and conquered this whispering world beneath a furious sun and Jim had come to accept their philosophy with dignified understanding. So now, after a tasteless breakfast of green bananas, he entered the tangled aisles of the jungle cathedrals lying between him and the town with a feeling of weary kinship. Through an opening glade he glanced back at the track of his perilous descent from the mountain.

Then he stared breathlessly. A huge jaguar separated itself from the brush and stood still as a carved statue in the open. A great tawny cat, only the tip of its tail twitched slowly back and forth with sinister nervousness. Otherwise it did not move. The tropical sun turned its sleek body to molten gold, lighting the jade-flecked eyes for a moment, then the jaguar melted into the jungle. Jim found he had been holding his breath.

He plodded on, stumbling across an abandoned spur of railroad track, weed-choked and almost obliterated. It led from a deserted gold mine to Maabo. He was quite safe in following it.

The cooing of wild doves filled the fresh morning air. The sun was comfortably warm on his back. Just ahead of him water, food, rest, news awaited him. He had been a half day longer on the new route than he would have been had he taken the accustomed riverway, but it wasn't important. The mail that his brother Randall was so anxious for would be waiting him in the tiny thatched post office. It could very well wait a half day longer.

He climbed around a deserted railway locomotive that obstructed the tracks. It had been abandoned by energetic, courageous, clever northerners, but men not jungle-wise, Jim thought. They had sought to conquer the strength of the forest with puny steel and the many forces of the jungle had driven them out in such a hurry they were forced to leave their iron horse behind them in their flight. The jungle had taken their monster machine and destroyed it in the jungle way, the way of the anaconda. Vines had grown around the iron belly of the locomotive and cracked it like a nut. Rain and sun had rusted its skin and given it to the wind for chaff. Snakes slept in the red dust and ants travelled through its steel. Weeds were swiftly hiding it from discovery. In a few more relentless years there would be no trace of the once great machine. From the decay of the white man's skill the forest life springs with double strength. That is its way. It ever destroys that it may ever live. Jim hurried on after his philosophizing and saw ahead the straggling town of Maabo. Nacoe waited him on the one step of the post office.

"It is good to see the Baakra. One has been anxious."

"Run and tell Smithers I'm inviting myself to a drink and a bath, Nacoe. We'll talk then."

The black set off toward the largest bungalow in an unhurried dog-trot. Jim stepped into the tiny oven of a post office. The clerk informed him there was no mail. The Englishman grasped the ledge of the desk with brown, thin hands. He repeated his request. Patiently the man explained to him that a Mr. Randall had picked up the mail for the camp that morning. No further mail would come up-river from Paramaribo, the capital, for two days.

Jim walked out into the hot sun. He was angrily amazed. So Randall had beaten him to it! Then it was something from home and something important! Jim felt cold despair. He had left England to escape being his brother's murderer, not motivated by thought for his brother's safety, but of saving his own peace of mind. Now he knew that he would kill Randall the next time he saw him. Nacoe came up and tried to speak to him, but Jim waved him away. Deep in thought he mounted the steps of Smithers' bungalow and greeted his friend.

After a refreshing bath and rest, Jim, with Nacoe, once again set off up-river in the black's corial. On the bottom of the dugout rested a bundle of home newspapers, tobacco, a promised shirt for one of the men, and some straw-protected bottles.

"Opaidai!" (Forest vulture) Nacoe exclaimed and pointed a black forefinger to the western sky.

The white man watched the bird as it drifted gracefully on the high air-currents above the jungle plain. "Isn't it near the portage of the first rapids?"

"Yes, Baakra."

"Wonder what's worrying him on the trail?"

Their paddles flashed faster in the sun. They made shore and scrambled out, Nacoe lifting the corial above his kinky head. Jim, preceding the black on the trail, dropped one of his bottles. It broke with a muffled crash on the pounded earth. His brother, Randall, lay slumped across the cross-bar of a small one-man corial. He was hatless and his face was mottled.

"The brother is dead, Baakra."

"Yes."

"It is my doing, Baakra."

Jim jerked his head around in surprise. "He died of sunstroke, Nacoe. It is not your doing." The

white man's fingers extracted letters from the dead man's pockets. The topmost letter bore the handwriting of Jim's wife and in it was enclosed a note from his father with two brief words . . . "Come home" . . . Jim's heart swelled and pounded. He looked down at the dead man.

"White magic, Baakra. And Kunu, blood revenge. Brother fix gun so as to kill you, kill Gracoe by mistake. My cousin say so. He is spirit now. Spirits do not lie. I asked my sun-god, sonu-winti, to strike one man a brother who walked our trails always with hat upon his foolish head. I talk with gods. They listen to Nacoe."

Jim didn't hear him. His eyes were far away, seeing England.

A PERFECT LEO

"A Perfect Leo" is a humorous sketch of a maiden lady and of her amorous adventures in one of Florida's resort cities.

Anonymous

I NEVER thought I looked much like a gigolo till that evening in the Flora Leon when Miss Brickel asked me to take her to a dance. To appreciate my predicament you must visualize Miss Brickel.

She was tall, unnaturally so, and her face had been burned with acid when she was a young girl. On her right cheek, extending from her eye to that wrinkly demarcation where neck ended and shoulder began, was a large strawberry scar. Her eyes were limpid blue, deeply sunk in their sockets. Her whole appearance was that of a woefully overgrown sea horse.

The city where I met Miss Brickel was St. Sinnersburg, Florida, and the Flora Leon Hotel the favorite watering place of uncremated corpses on the edge of the bourne. I was sitting one evening in the lobby smoking and reading a newspaper. About me the combined buzz of a dozen bridge tables filled the air with a lively drone. Then it was I caught sight of Miss Brickel. She bore down on me with a half-run and stopped beside my chair. Planting her feet wide apart, she stared fixedly at me, clenching and unclenching her fingers about a beaded bag she held in her hand.

"Young man," she began, "I want you to take me to the dance at the Auditorium."

I started to speak—

"Why Mrs.-er-Miss . . ."

"That's all right. It won't cost you a cent. I have lots of money if that's worrying you."

"No, I'm sorry—that is I have another engagement. Some other time . . ."

"Quite all right, young man. Don't apologize."

With that she flounced away, her eye fixed on a tall, dapper gentleman standing in the door. I gazed after her with wonder and a feeling strangely akin to admiration. After she disappeared I went to the desk and enquired. Yes, her name was Brickel, she lived in St. Louis and was a spinster. Had no relatives and was filthy with money. Great eye for the men, too.

"Yes," I remarked, "so I notice."

It must have been fate that led my wandering feet to the Auditorium that evening—fate coupled with unfeigned curiosity. I got there early, before the dance started, and encountered two singular individuals in the men's wash room. Their hair was vaselined and parted in dead center. Talcum powder clung to their down cheeks in white flecks and pink carnations nodded a greeting from their buttonholes. Unwittingly I overheard part of their conversation:

"Gotta neat touch tonight," said the taller of the two.

"Yeah?" replied his partner, "where?"

"Pick her up at the Flora Leon in twenty minutes. Old dame named Brickel."

Hearing this I pricked up my ears.

"Brickel, eh," said the short one, "I've heard of her. They say she's filthy with dough—"

"You're dead right, son, and she carries it on her. Got over a hundred smackers in that beaded bag just waitin' to be picked off. Got me?"

"Gotcha," said his friend.

Together they left the washroom. Somehow I killed time until the dance began. I didn't know Miss Brickel, yet I felt responsible for her welfare. The

orchestra played "Orchids in the Moonlight." Couples milled and sweated in the heavy, smoke-laden atmosphere. Vainly I looked for Miss Brickel. Finally I turned again to the men's room. I found the shorter of the two gigolos talking to a newcomer, a swarthy customer I'd never seen before.

"Yeah," says the shrimp, "Bob's in velvet again. He went to Europe this summer and comes back with a sport roadster. Now he's trailin' another rich dame. Old biddy named Brickel. Seems she's nutty 'bout astrology. Told Bob he was a Leo, whatever that is. Said he was strong and courageous."

The swarthy one broke into gales of laughter.

"That's a good one," he said, "the best yet."

I turned and left the room. Hardly had I passed out the door when I caught sight of Miss Brickel. She was wearing a scarlet evening gown, which hung like a shroud about her withered figure. Her eyes gleamed with the light of youth, a proud happy smile played over her lips, and in her hands, tightly clasped, was the beaded bag.

She moved toward the center of the dance floor. The band played "Sweet Dream of Love." Miss Brickel danced firmly and decidedly. For an aging woman, she was remarkably sure of herself. Bob led her unerringly into an old-fashioned two-step. One-two, one-two. I watched her black satin slippers. They slid precisely along in stiff little movements, keeping time with the music.

Someone pushed out of the washroom and walked rapidly across the floor, joining the line of stags on the far wall. It was the short gigolo, Bob's friend. I saw Bob nod to him, watched him step out from the line. He jostled Miss Brickel causing her to cry out. Quick nimble fingers reached for the beaded bag. But

Bob failed in his part. He didn't manoeuver her close enough and the groping fingers closed on thin air. I saw Bob's lips move and caught their meaning.

"Next time 'round," they framed.

I watched Miss Brickel dance around the floor. Her eyes were strangely moist and her step, it seemed, grew suddenly unsteady. Maybe the going was too rough. Maybe she was going to drop out. No, she gritted her teeth and kept at it. One-two, one-two. She was nearly around to the stag line again. Something had to be done.

Impulsively I started over the dance floor and threaded my way through the milling couples. Thumping Bob on the back I grabbed his elbow and swung him sharply around.

"My dance," I said curtly.

He bowed and sidled away. For a brief moment I dared not look at Miss Brickel. Then I screwed up courage. Her cheeks were vivid strawberry, her scar no longer visible. Her eyes stared fixedly into mine.

"Young man," she said suddenly, "when were you born?"

"In August," I replied, shuddering.

"I knew it," she said, "a perfect Leo!"

If you enjoyed the ANIMATED MAGAZINE why not make arrangements to stay in WINTER PARK next season?

SEE

CARLTON & GILLIS, Realtors

EAST PARK AVENUE

Tell or write us your requirements and we believe we can supply them, whether large or small, in either town or country.

TOWN HOMES COUNTRY ESTATES
GROVES

WINSLOW & WESTON, Realtors

Phone 286

Winter Park

EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING

We fix all sizes, shapes and varieties of watches and clocks, from grandfather's to midgets.

GROVER MORGAN, Jeweler

Colonial Pharmacy

Winter Park

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

FLAMINGO

THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON
WIMBLOW D. WESTON
WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON

WIMBLOW D. WESTON