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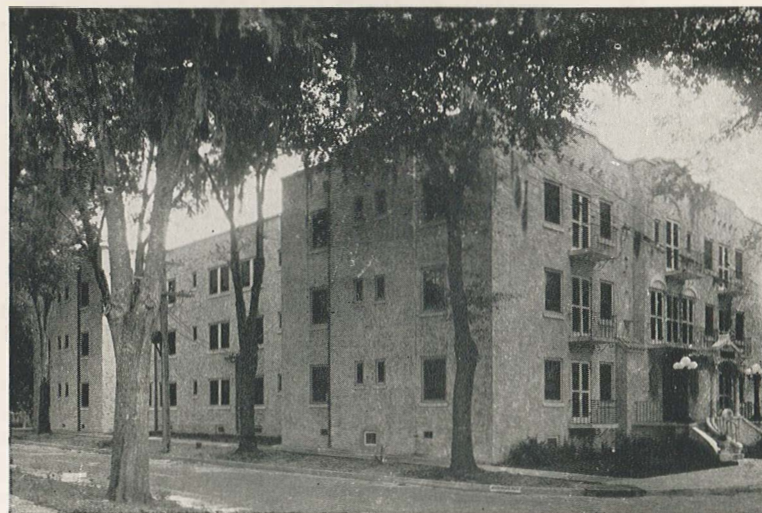
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THE FLAMINGO

A Literary Magazine of the Younger Generation

VOL. X, No. 3

FOUNDERS' WEEK EDITION, 1936

PRICE 25c

South to Sonora

WALTER JORDON

(The following excerpt is from a diary kept by the author while travelling on horseback through Mexico.)

March 6th. At last the sun fades, the heat fades, a slight shiver runs through the countryside. The sky is clear, turning from yellow to gold. The hills are darker and colder. The day ends and night awakens. Mexico—rocky, dry and yellow. It is a desert covered with spiny cacti and thorn-brush. It is a land of stem and thorn. Never a leaf like the jungle; never a tall majestic tree that sweeps its branches out over the ground for forty feet around. Only the knotty, dwarfed little scrub oaks and bushes with scarcely enough foliage to give shade to man or beast. But there is no need of it. Man, beast and fowl, all of them, have adapted themselves to the environment. Here vegetation grows thorns instead of leaves. Animals take the color of the growth about them and man has turned brown with a protective covering from the sun.

March 8th. This afternoon we saw the first real effects of the drought we have heard so much about. Riding through a little clearing, we came on two horses lying on the ground. Hearing us, they tried to get up, but were unable, the glaze of death already on their eyes. One of them was a mare, beside which stood a colt not more than three weeks old. It scampered off, though not far, circling about us with little whinnies. The mother tried to answer it with a faint neigh.

George and I dismounted and attempted to help her to her feet, but it was impossible.

When we lifted up one end, the other fell back to the ground. We had to leave her to her fate. The other horse was beyond help. It could not even raise its head.

There was no rain last year, they tell us, and now there is no grass on the winter range; no water anywhere except in the ranch wells. It is drawn up in mule skin bags.

The cattle have cut deep trails across the road, traveling in search of water. They are merely skin and bones, those still on their feet. The sky is full of vultures from dawn to dusk, fat sly specters always circling above us. There are three kinds of them, all equally horrible; the American vulture, the Mexican vulture which has a white neck and shoulders, and the black vulture. The Mexican bird seems to be part hawk, not only eating flesh found dead but also attacking small live animals when food is scarce. A swarm of them was tormenting a dying cow, picking at her eyes. She could only shake her head. They worry the starved animals in this fashion until they finally wear them out, then kill them. It was a terrible sight. We rode through the stench with our bandannas over our faces.

All this desolation was the work of sun, wind, and a burnished, cloudless sky. A beautiful arid country with a heart of stone.

March 9th. George built a fire and emptied our food out of the morral. We planned to have a pot of rice and some fried potatoes. He began peeling the potatoes when I discovered suddenly that there was no lard. We had lost our lard. We had

nothing to fry the spuds in. Just when we had almost given up, I happened to think of a bottle of mineral oil I carried for my hair. George was a little skeptical at first, but I convinced him that we should try it any how. I poured some into the frying pan and when it began to smoke, I dropped the potatoes in. They began to sizzle and the oil began to foam. The foam rose up over the potatoes, completely covering them. It looked like foam on the morning milk pail. I wondered if we would be able to eat the potatoes after all. It wasn't long, however before they began to brown. I sampled them. They were the best fried potatoes I ever ate, except for the fact that they had no salt.

And the beans! What complexities that staple Mexican dish can give rise to! We always carried the dried Mexican frijole beans. Since we were never in one place long enough to soak and cook them properly, we had to do it in stages. First we put them to soak in the evening as soon as we made camp. The following morning we poured them into a little flour sack and carried them until noon, when they were placed on the fire and cooked throughout lunch and siesta which was usually about two hours. When we were ready to go on, they were replaced in the flour sack and carried until we made camp again for the night. There we cooked them again until supper was ready. After that, they were carried in a tin placed right side up in the pack—as long as they lasted.

Later, after we did away with the pack animal, they usually dangled in the sack at the side of the saddle.

Truly they were good, even though the process of attaining them was rather unusual.

March 11th. Soon after the sun had dipped behind a mountain range in the west, we rode through a gate into a little settlement. We asked the first Mexican we met if there was an American about.

"Ah, yes," he said, pointing to an old but

large ranch house across the way beneath several huge trees.

Back of the house we saw some men feeding cattle in a little corral. George hailed them and asked for the owner. A man approached carrying a pitch-fork. The man was plainly an American; we asked if we could get lodging for the night. But what we had taken for a man turned out to be a woman, in overalls and shirt, wearing a five gallon hat over her cropped hair. Standing there with her foot on the fence, she looked to be about fifty. She wore glasses and western boots. She said that Mr. Hiliker was the owner of the ranch. We would find him over there feeding the chickens.

Mr. Hiliker turned out to be a fine old gentleman, very much interested in where we were from and where we were going. He invited us to spend the night with him and showed us where to put our equipment.

It was almost dark by the time we had fed and watered our horses. Leaving the barn, we approached the house. At the back door we encountered a pet deer. It was a mule deer and wore a little tinkly bell around its neck. Sensing that we were strangers, it sprang over a fence and stood gazing at us from the lot. We learned afterwards that its name was Baby. It had been with the household several years, roaming at will. At times, they say, it is gone for two or three days, but always returns. It is a beautiful little thing—no horns, big ears and great soft eyes. It has a remarkable delicacy and is always ready to dart away in a flash, creeping back in a moment like a shadow.

We sat down to supper at a round table in an open hall, such a hall as is always found in the typical ranch house. The food, some of it prepared in the Mexican style, some American, was excellent. We were entertained while we ate by tales from Mr. Hiliker of his varied experiences in Mexico. It wasn't difficult for him to persuade us to delay a few days and visit the Rebuscado mine not far off.

March 12th. We were up in time to see the sun rise. It was a pleasant change, feeling no hurry to get started on our usual day's ride. I rambled about beyond the yard, enjoying the glory of the morning. The desert here is a great flat plain and the mountains seem very close. They are deep blue this morning and the rays of the sun shoot up in wide spans beyond the ranges. It is cool and crisp, and there is something in the atmosphere that expands the spirit.

When Mr. Hiliker unlocks the barn to feed his stock, we also feed our horses and watch them eat. They, too, have enjoyed the night at the ranch. Our mounts, as well as ourselves, I believe, like a night among their kind; they seem to get lonely for barns and cattle and other horses, and they meet us this morning with a neigh and their heads hanging over the fence. The spirit of the fresh morning was on all of us.

The lady of the five-gallon hat and boots, we learn, is the cattle overseer of the ranch. She is having mistletoe gathered from the scrubby little trees and feeding it to the stock that comes to the ranch-house, trying to save it until the rains begin. Mistletoe is spare forage, but the cattle are so starved that they take it gladly.

Five men gallop up to hear her instructions for the day. She sends them in different directions to skin all dead stock they find. They are paid fifty centaves per skin, and, at the moment, Mr. Hiliker says, they make a fair wage.

It is decided at breakfast that we will leave for the mine that afternoon. During the morning, Mr. Hiliker gets out his deer rifle and shows me how to shoot it. We are to have some sport, he tells us, on our way to the mine.

Into the back of the Chevrolet truck is loaded bedding, a five gallon can of water, a can of gas, some oil and a shovel. We are off. But it was the lady of the overalls, and not Mr. Hiliker, who accompanied us. . . . The mine, we soon discovered, was fifty miles

to the south, and our guide clipped along at about that pace over as dangerous and as rocky a road as you would want to find. Never a house, or any sign of any life whatever save a single truck we passed hauling ore from the mine. It was stalled, the radiator dry, the engine so hot it was ready to burst into flames. Offering what water we could spare, we passed on sadly, thinking of them waiting in that sun for the motor to cool.

Now and then we came to what seemed to be the end of the trail, but did this phase our driver in the least? Not at all. Mrs. Barker, such was her name, would take to the "woods," dodging scrub, rocks, and stumps, bearing always in a southerly direction until, lo and behold! there again appeared the road. Down arroyos we floundered, up and down gullies, with the car puffing steam top and bottom.

We came into a little dip between a series of rolling hills set away by themselves. They were dark and a little blue at this time of day. It was now almost six o'clock. The sun was low in the west, ready to dip behind a big dark range and leave only a world of reflections. At last, on the edge of the mining clearing, our car brought up to a standstill between a two-horse wagon and an ocatilla hut. We all crawled out and began stretching our legs. We were introduced to the girls of the camp and to the young Mexican who owned the camp and the camp store.

As soon as possible, I was off to explore the mine shaft and the nearer hills. There were hundreds of new things about us, things we had never seen before. There were new strange plants, new rocks of different formations. The hills were of a thousand colors and ran in a formation like a washboard, rising higher and higher until they at last reached the big mountain range in the west.

Within half an hour we had been down in the short shaft of the mine. It was only one hundred feet deep. We went down on a slanting ladder. The air at the bottom of

the shaft was thick and heavy and still filled with dynamite fumes from explosions of the afternoon. We began shortly to perspire. Water dripped from the crevices in the rocks. Then I realized that I was standing in water. These diggings were the beginning of a gold and silver mine. They say the refined ore runs sixty per cent silver and forty per cent gold. Nevertheless, they are uncertain yet whether or not the mine will pay. All mining, it seems, is a gamble; it is never known from day to day whether or not the vein will run out.

We climbed back up the slippery ladder by the aid of a carbide lantern. Men about the opening of the shaft were preparing to start work on the night shift. The day shift had just gone off.

In a little while we heard the call for supper, nor did they have to call twice. We were hungry enough to eat the thorns off the ocatilla hut. Already men were seated around the mess table when we arrived. The table was constructed of stakes driven into the ground overlaid with boards. A covering of ocatilla and straw keep off the sun and weather. There is little danger of rain, however. Two girls were busy cooking at a stove which was a rude box of earth raised on legs of ocatilla. Cupped in the sand was a bed of coals covered with a flat piece of tin. While the girls cooked tortillas, we drank black coffee and ate dried meat hash and beans. As guests, we had the privilege of eating first and as soon as we had finished, we moved away and a group of miners sat down, after which came the cooks themselves. I quickly saw our mistake; the cooks had by far the best of it.

It was dark by the time supper was over. I saw shapes moving about the fires of four other camps, set back in clearings cut in the edge of the brush.

Presently, I saw a guitar appear from a hut and men began to seat themselves in the shadows about the fire. Someone began to strum away. George and I are keenly inter-

ested, for this begins to look like the Mexico of legend. Shortly, still other watch-fires blaze up bright in the night, silhouetting the forms of men talking and whittling. Our own fire dies down to a glow, a second guitar comes out of the darkness, we have a duet. . . The heavens are clear. At first there is only the big dipper and the evening star, but as the night advances, all the brilliancy of the southern galaxies sting the skies. The music, robust and languid, soft and vibrant, throbs on waves of laughter and through the sound of resonant male voices of a strangely magnetic timber.

We sat listening for hours. Once I got up and walked away from the camp and down the trail, so that I might hear the music from a distance. It was wonderfully peaceful and quiet there in the darkness, with the music floating to me as if it were rising and falling on waves. This, I thought, was romantic Mexico—this was the fountainhead whence sprang the caballero's, the vaquero's, the lowly peon's reputation for romantic passion and fire. But, alas! it was all too romantic to be real. The life of these men was hard, dry, and parched. Their sun turns them brown, scorches their hills, starves their grass and their animals. A picture of the vultures passed before my eyes. Tomorrow, by the light of day, we shall see if this plangent beauty of tonight can last. I feel that tonight is but a thin sweet fungus on a bitter, bitter vine. . . .

Later in the night, a stout Mexican drove into the little camp settlement and stopped at one of the fires across the clearing. The blaze lit up the rear of his wagon and we could see all that went on from where we sat. He took a stand in the back of his wagon and with a cup of coffee in one hand and his hat in the other, he began a harangue to the men about the fires. As the speech progressed, he set his cup down and arose to the occasion in earnest by waving his arms and shaking his sombrero. I supposed he

(Continued on Page 41)

This Man Hearst

SOCRATES CHAKALES

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST has been accused of everything from robbing widows and orphans in a stock selling scheme to starting the Spanish-American War. The accusers do not end his war-making activities with the Cuban affair. They insist, with some reservations, that he has been trying to embroil the United States in a war with Japan since 1915 and are positive his changing attitude toward Mexico has been largely responsible for the strained relations with our southern neighbors.

Even the great nation of France regards this strange newspaper tycoon with a certain amount of fear, expelling him from the country for publishing a secret naval agreement between England and France. This agreement, by the way, when exposed was denounced by America and Europe for its ulterior motives.

Hearst's apparent misdemeanors as an international figure do not end with his French expulsion. A congressional investigation proved Hearst hired W. B. Shearer, as a paid agent of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Company and other steel interests, to wreck the Geneva Disarmament Conference of 1929. Shearer termed himself as a "seller of patriotism" and frankly admitted his purpose was to promote war. Scotland Yard lists the obnoxious Shearer as an associate of international crooks. Just how closely he and Hearst were allied is not known, but there is some definite connection.

He has been accused of aiding the great corporations in exploiting American resources, yet in 1908 he published the famous Standard Oil letters, revealing bribery to United States Senators that eventually led to the Standard Oil Company being fined \$20,000,000, the largest fine on record, by Judge

Mountain Kenesaw Landis, now commissioner of organized baseball.

When he swung the democratic nomination to Franklin D. Roosevelt by trading the votes of California and Texas make to John Garner vice-president, he advocated a \$5,000,000,000 federal work relief program that Roosevelt put into effect soon after he was in office. Now Hearst has changed his mind and all twenty-eight of his newspapers, thirteen magazines and eight radio stations are bitterly attacking the present administration for extravagance.

His twenty-eight newspapers have a circulation of 7,000,000 on Sunday and are calculated to touch nearly 20,000,000 readers. With his constant bombardment of the administration with his newspaper guns, it is no wonder the present administration chose to "break" its famous "rest from legislation" story with the Scripps-Howard newspapers, Hearst's greatest rival in the newspaper field. But there are more peculiar incidents involving Hearst and the present administration. When Roosevelt went into office on March 4, 1932 and immediately started his gold hoarding campaign, forcing the price of gold up, shares in the Homestake Mining Company were selling for \$100. At present these same shares command \$365 each on the market. Is it a coincidence that Hearst supported Roosevelt and owns 14,000 shares of Homestake Mining stock?

There is no doubt in the minds of Americans that this journalistic giant who virtually molds the minds of millions of people is a powerful agency of propaganda. But his power is not restricted entirely to journalism. He is one of the biggest owners of real estate in New York. It is estimated he controls \$40,000,000 worth of property on

Manhattan Island, including three hotels and an apartment house.

But his real estate holdings do not end in New York. Scattered through California and Mexico he has over 2,000,000 acres of land, each a self-subsisting unit. It may sound strange, but this newspaper magnate produces one-fifth of the chicle used in America on his 350,000 acre Campeche Ranch in Mexico. In other words, one out of every five sticks of gum you may chew is made from Hearstian machinery.

Yet this gigantic Campeche Ranch is not Hearst's largest single piece of property. His Babicora Ranch in Mexico, devoted chiefly to cattle, embraces the astounding total of 900,000 acres. That huge chunk of acreage is very nearly as large as one of our smaller New England states.

How in the world does this seventy-two year old man keep in touch with this tangled maze of financial interests?

At his San Simeon estate, 270,000 acres, he maintains a crack signal corps unit that is in constant touch with every part of the Hearst empire. Wireless, telephone, telegraph and every known form of communication makes it possible for Hearst to place his finger on any spot of his interests. At his newer estate, Wynton, three telephone operators are on duty twenty-four hours a day, handling the messages pouring into headquarters.

Keeping check on this vast number of messages that flood the "Chief", as he is known throughout the Hearst organization, is one Colonel Joseph Willicombe. This super-secretary handles 90% of the "Chief's" correspondence and messages without Hearst ever seeing the contents. His and Hearst's minds are so tuned that observers declare them to think the same way. The ten per cent of messages he does refer to Hearst are condensed into one line, and the "Chief" merely nods or shakes his head to each item and the high pressure Willicombe can turn out pages of letters from those slight motions of the head. On complicated matters Willi-

combe draws out a pencil and notebook and takes notes in shorthand, at which he is a genius. Willicombe has a system of giving orders to the various Hearst units that the "Chief" calls the third degree. The first degree is a letter written by Willicombe and signed by him; the second is a letter written by Willicombe signed by Hearst's name, a forgery recognized throughout the entire organization but responded to as the word of Hearst himself. The third and final degree is a letter written by Willicombe and signed by Hearst himself.

Willicombe handles Hearst's affairs almost entirely with the exception of the newspapers. The journals are Hearst's own personal monuments and he keeps constant check on each of the twenty-eight dailies. Like an editor sitting at a desk in a newspaper office, Hearst spreads out six day's editions of each newspaper and carefully goes over each of them; blue pencilling here, and the next morning an editor in Atlanta, Ga., changes his editorial tune. A dash there and the New York Journal starts an intensive clean-up campaign. A mutter of disapproval and an important newspaper man in Chicago is looking for a job; he incurred the wrath of the "Chief". If the discharged man should have a contract with Hearst, he is shunted off to some wayside stop that Hearst controls and the erring journalist stagnates until his contract runs out, which Hearst continues to meet without complaint. He will pay any sum to remove anyone or anything that may stand in the way of his impulses or decisions.

The financial pulse of this domain of newspapers, mines, radio stations, movie companies and hotels lies in Hearst Enterprises. Heading this main artery of Hearstiana is Bertram Bookman Meek at \$60,000 a year. Previous to the acquisition of Meek, Hearst Enterprises was a clearing house for the 126 Hearst corporations and 250 bank accounts. Since Meek has taken over this unwieldy giant, he has developed a system of forecasting cash requirements for every unit of the

Hearst empire that doesn't vary \$100,000 a month. What was previously an awkward clearing house is now a private bank clearing \$440,000 a day.

But what about the man Hearst? All you have read is HEARST. His personal tastes are like that of an eastern potentate. He buys with reckless abandon art treasures that people hold priceless. He has a warehouse in the Bronx three stories tall and a block long and deep that is jammed with art treasures, including an entire Spanish castle crated away block by block. His art collections are conservatively estimated at \$20,000,000. He is probably America's biggest spender. He could be likened to a drunk on a spending spree. But where the drunk spends hundreds of dollars Hearst would spend hundreds of thousands.

Where did this vast fortune come from, newspapers? No, old Senator George Hearst of California back in the '80's was on the ground floor with the "robber barons" of Wall street that included the Rockfellers, Goulds and Harrimans. He built up a stupendous fortune in mines that he passed on to his wife, Phoebe Apperson Hearst, who in turn doted on William Randolph.

When young William Randolph first began to pour money into newspapers a confiding friend whispered in Mrs. Hearst's ear that William was losing a million dollars a year. Mrs. Hearst sighed, "That's too bad, Will can't keep the fight up but for thirty more years." That was Phoebe Apperson Hearst's code with her son until she died in 1919. By that time Hearst had amassed a gigantic fortune of his own, and the thirty or forty millions his mother left only increased his pile.

From the time he was expelled from Harvard for sending chamber pots to every staid faculty member of the eastern school, until the present, Hearst has been a crusader. It can almost be said, literally, that Hearst came out of Harvard crusading. His first reform drive began on the Pacific coast after he left

Harvard and he took over the San Francisco Examiner to force the Southern Pacific Railroad to reduce its freight rates and relinquish its strangle hold on California politics. William Randorf in *New Masses* of April 9, 1935 claims Hearst's attacks ceased when the railroad signed a contract with the Examiner for \$1000 worth of advertising every month for 22 months. Although this contract does actually exist, there is no reason to suppose it was responsible for the cessation of hostilities. History bears out that Hearst maintained Ambrose Bierce in Washington as a lobbyist to push through legislation to relieve the cut-throat policies followed by the Southern Pacific octopus. "Bitter" Bierce, as he was known on the west coast, was highly successful with his duties in Washington, discharging them well enough to see national legislation curtail almost completely the selfish policies of the Southern Pacific.

Hearst's latest crusade is against communism in the United States. Since radical agitators publicly boasted at the World Congress at Moscow this summer that they were responsible for the famous general strike on the Pacific coast two years ago and other labor troubles in the country, Hearst has waged a bitter war on the radical elements in the United States. Perhaps the enthusiastic Hearst over-stepped his bounds when he attempted to prove the seeds of communism were being sown in the colleges and universities of this country. Perhaps he was sincere in his belief and felt the institutions of higher learning were spawning-grounds for communism. At any rate, it led Dr. Charles A. Beard, famous historian and philosopher, at a special meeting of 1,000 educators assembled in Atlantic City in February of 1935 to deliver the following diatribe: "Not one single person who for talents and character commands the respect of the American people, has not agreed with me that William Randolph Hearst has pandered to depraved tastes and has been an enemy of everything that is noblest and best in our

American tradition. There is not a cesspool of vice and crime that Hearst has not raked and exploited for money-making purposes. No person with intellectual honesty or moral integrity will touch him with a ten foot pole for any purpose or to gain any end."

The partial truth of this could be borne out in Al Smith's refusal to run on the democratic ticket with Hearst in 1922. Paradoxically, the same Smith is perfectly willing to accept the support of Hearst papers in 1935 as a presidential candidate on a Jeffersonian Democratic ticket vs. Roosevelt, nominee of the Socialist-Democratic party. It seems as though Hearst is not the only person capable of changing his policy and mind.

From 1922 until '35, the period he was supposed to be disliking Al Smith, Hearst found it convenient to fill his papers full of praise for Calvin Coolidge, the former Massachusetts governor who stumbled into the White House; and started a campaign to make Andrew Mellon president in 1928. These koliedoscopic shuttles make it difficult to assign Hearst to either of the two major political parties. But it is interesting to note that he served two terms as congressman from New York on the democratic ticket, and made an unsuccessful run for governor in 1906. His failure to be elected governor over Charles Evans Hughes led to one of his series of breaks with Charles Murphy, Tammany Hall leader, whom he called a thief and a crook because of Murphy's apparent lack of interest in the campaign. This intercourse with Murphy is indicative of his chameleon-like character. On no less than a half-dozen occasions he renewed and broke his friendship with Murphy on political questions.

Perhaps his attitude toward Mexican affairs could be explained by his mercurial likes and dislikes. But it is hardly that. His vital interest in Mexico is more fundamental; his large and capacious pocketbook is affected by the changing state of affairs in the peon country. Hearst owns 1,500,000 acres of land in

Mexico. It is not strange that he is interested in having a stable government handling the destinies of that country. Although Hearst's meddling in Mexico may have caused him embarrassment, he certainly has the right to look after his own interests when the United States government sends Marines to Nicaragua to protect private oil interests.

Somewhere in this maze of tangled interests, motives and actions there must be some order. Perhaps the only order is in Hearst's American policies. He violently opposed the United States' entrance into the World War, but, once they were in, all his papers were decorated with little flags and he sounded the clarion of patriotism loud and lustily. Yet he was accused of sending an agent to Germany for the purpose of sending pro-German propaganda back to the United States. His famous "American Internal Policy", instituted in 1899, advocating public ownership of public franchises, destruction of criminal trusts, popular election of United States Senators and the development of the public school systems has had far reaching effects, and is the keynote of the present socialistic aims. Yet he is accused of being a capitalist and a leader in Fascism because he was fortunate enough to obtain a lengthy interview with Hitler a little over a year ago.

In spite of what has been said about his journalism tactics, Hearst evidently is an American in motives and purpose. Perhaps too much so for international good will and bankers interested in foreign investments. One of the indirect reasons he was asked to leave France was his painful insistence that France pay her war debt to the United States. He has assailed numerous movements that may entangle America with foreign powers, and appears to be the closest follower of the Monroe Doctrine among our national leaders at present.

Very likely the strict neutrality laws recently pushed through congress are very pleasing to Hearst. Since he instituted his
(Continued on Page 42)

A Harlem Tragedy

A Play in One Act By GRACE HITESHEW

Characters

Mrs. Fink
Mrs. Cassidy, her neighbor
Mr. Cassidy
Mr. Fink

Scene

Kitchen of the Fink's Harlem flat.

Time

Afternoon of the day before Labor Day.

The scene in the Fink's apartment is a typical example of a fairly well-to-do Harlem negro's kitchen. It is small and crowded, but immaculately clean. The curtains are gaudy and frilly. The paint also is loud, though slightly sobered by age. The furniture consists of a large sink, two wash-tubs, well-used stove, a table covered with brilliant red-checked oil-cloth, an upright open cupboard with equally bright curtains, and several chairs. The room is apparently used for everything, for on the table are newspapers, some magazines and a sewing basket. On a shelf near the table lie a pipe and tobacco pouch.

As the curtain rises Mrs. Fink is seen. She is industriously scrubbing clothes. The door-bell is heard. Mrs. Fink dries her hands and goes out the door on left leading into other part of flat. Voices are heard (at first indistinctly) but growing louder and clearer. Mrs. Fink and Mrs. Cassidy enter talking eagerly.

Mrs. Cass.—Ain't it a beaut? (She turns her face proudly toward her friend exhibiting one nearly-closed eye with a greenish purple bruise around it. Her lip is cut and there are red finger-marks on each side of her neck).

Mrs. Fink—My husband wouldn't even think of doing that to me!

Mrs. Cass.—I wouldn't have a man that didn't beat me up at least once a week. Shows

he thinks something of you. Say, but that last dose Jack gave me wasn't no homeopathic one. I can see stars yet. But he'll be the sweetest man in town for the rest of the week to make up for it. This eye is good for theatre tickets and a silk shirt-waist at least. Mrs. Fink—I should hope that Mr. Fink is too much of a gentleman even to raise his hand against me.

Mrs. Cass.—(laughing)—Oh, go on Maggie! You're only jealous! (Applying witch-hazel from the bottle which she has been holding). Your old man is too frapped and slow to ever give you a punch. He just sits down and practices physical culture with a newspaper when he comes in—now ain't that the truth?

Mrs. Fink (tossing her head)—Mr. Fink certainly peruses the papers when he comes home; but he certainly don't ever make no Steve O'Donnell out of me just to amuse himself—that's a sure thing. (Mrs. Cassidy laughing and with the air of a queen exhibiting her jewels, dives down the collar of her kimono and reveals another treasured bruise. Mrs. Fink capitulates. Enviously, curiously)—Don't it hurt when he soaks you?

Mrs. Cass.—Hurt! Well, say—did you ever have a brick house fall on you? Well, that's just the way it feels—just like when they're digging you out of the ruins. Jack's got a left that spells two matinees and a new pair of oxfords—and his right! —well, it takes a trip to Coney and six pairs of open-work, silk lisle threads to make that good.

Mrs. Fink—But what does he beat you for? Mrs. Cass.—Silly! Why, because he's full. It's generally on Saturday nights.

Mrs. Fink—But what cause do you give him?

Mrs. Cass.—Why, didn't I marry him? Jack comes in tanked up; and I'm here, ain't I?

Who else has he got a right to beat? I'd just like to catch him once beating anybody else! Sometimes it's because supper ain't ready; and sometimes it's because it is. Jack ain't particular about causes. He just slushes till he remembers he's married and then he makes for home and does me up.

Mrs. Fink—(with horrified admiration)—Oh—and you don't mind! You let him—

Mrs. Cass.—(unheedingly)—Saturday nights I just move the furniture with sharp corners out of the way so I won't cut my head when he gets his work in. Sometimes I take the count in the first round; but when I feel like having a good time during the week or want some new rags I come up again for more punishment. That's what I done last night. Jack knows I've been wanting a black silk waist for a month and I didn't think just one black eye would bring it. Tell 'you what, Mag, I'll bet you some ice cream that he brings it tonight.

Mrs. Fink (thoughtfully)—My Mart never hit me a lick in his life. It's just like you said, Mame; he comes in grouchy and ain't got a word to say. He never takes me out anywhere. He's a chair warmer at home for fair. He buys me things, but he looks so glum about it that I never appreciate 'em.

Mrs. Cass. (slipping an arm around Mrs. Fink)—You poor thing! But everybody can't have a husband like Jack. Marriage wouldn't be no failure if they was all like him. These discontented wives you hear about—what they need is a man to come home and kick their slats in once a week and then make it up in kisses and chocolate creams. That'd give 'em some interest in life. What I want is a masterful man that slugs you when he's jagged and hugs you when he ain't jagged. Preserve me from the man that ain't got the sand to do either. (Stamping and a voice is heard off left).

Voice—Mame! Oh, Mame!

Mrs. Cass. (Excitedly to Mrs. Fink)—Oh, there he is now. (She starts out).

Mrs. Fink (bashfully, eagerly)—Would you

—(voice calls again) would you have him come in here? I hate to ask you but I would so love to see the things. You see—(voice again).

Mrs. Cass. (patronizingly) Of course, honey! I see. (Shouting) Jack—here I am—in Mag's kitchen. Come on in! The door's unlocked. (To Mrs. Fink) It is, ain't it?

Mrs. Cass.—Gee, I'm so excited. I'll bet you—(The door is suddenly kicked open and Mr. Cassidy enters, laden with bundles.)

Mr. Cass. (shouting)—Hello, old girl! (He drops the packages and lifts her off her feet with a mighty hug, nodding to Mrs. Fink at the same time). Good evening, Mrs. Fink—excuse this, but—well—you see (he grins sheepishly). How's old Mart coming along?

Mrs. Fink—He's very well, Mr. Cassidy—Thanks. (Mrs. Cassidy is poking the packages).

Mr. Cass.—Honey—guess what I've got—look—tickets for Barnum & Bailey's—and—well, you just bust the strings on them bundles and see for yourself! (Mrs. Fink watches with awe and Mr. Cassidy with pride as Mrs. Cassidy tears off the wrappings).

Mrs. Cass. (holding up a box of candy)—Oh, look—don't it look grand—Here have a piece. (She passes it. They all munch loudly as she opens a package containing a gaudy bouquet of flowers).

Mrs. Cass and Mrs. Fink—Gee—

Mr. Cass.—Oh, those ain't nothing. Just you wait!

Mrs. Cass. (holding up the longed for black silk waist and shrieking) Oh—Oh, you dear! (Throwing her arms around his neck). It's the most beautiful thing. Oh—oh—

Mr. Cass.—Hold it up so I can see how it'll look—there! It's sure becomin'.

Mrs. Fink (clapping her hands)—Ain't it just!

Mr. Cass (sweeping up the paper and strings in his arms)—Look at this mess we've made in your kitchen, Mrs. Fink, and we've been

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Was Napoleon a Liberal?

ROGER SHAW

LIBERALS have never known how to interpret Napoleon Bonaparte. He worried Thomas Jefferson and Thomas Paine and other leftists of the era, and the correct political evaluation of the man has puzzled every humanitarian since his time.

In one sense the Corsican ogre was emperor of the Jacobins, true heir to the liberty, equality, fraternity doctrines of the French revolution. He held high office *not* by the grace of God, but by the will of the people, and by his own dynamic qualities of leadership. Wherever his armies went, they carried under their tricolor eagles the great French reforms: anti-feudalism, equality before the law, religious freedom, a rationalistic viewpoint—and a merciless military conscription for the perpetual wars of the period. Such old-fashioned radicals as Fouché and Carnot and certain marshals rallied to the Napoleonic standard; and although Napoleon was anything but radical himself, he moved in an intangibly radical aura. London considered him a dangerous red; Vienna thought him a sans-culotte usurper.

True it was that the Allies represented reaction and the medieval spirit, at least at the start of things. They stood for established religions, the divine right of kings, and the special privileges of vested aristocracies. In spirit they were largely cosmopolitan, and not nationalistic as were the red French. The Duke of Brunswick's manifesto of 1792 typifies their conservative attitude, just as Danton's classic reply embodies the revolutionary spirit at its daring best. And wherever the French armies penetrated, they were welcomed vociferously by the liberal middle-classes whose economic and political interests were identified with a new, capitalistic order of things. The all-power-

ful international freemasons first backed the revolution, and then Napoleon, heir to the revolution.

Until the Russian invasion of 1812, the lines were clearly drawn on the whole. France and the French dependencies stood for equality and fraternity, if not for liberty in the Jacobin sense. The Allies represented sheer and stupid reaction. French armies were the entire nation-in-arms, while Allied armies were composed of the hired mercenaries of divine-right dynasties which feared to place arms in the hands of their own common people. Napoleon had held an international congress for Jews of the world, while the Allies utilized ghettos and anti-semitism, retained serfdom and flogging, held to legal torture and plenty of religion.

The change came around 1812. French armies were overwhelmed in Russia and humbled in Spain, not by dynasties and the highly-drilled hirelings of dynasties, but by climate, terrain, and above all by popular risings of the plainest people. Napoleon's conscripts had defeated Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, Venetian oligarchs and Rhenish bishops and such, but were in turn defeated by Russian and Spanish mob actions which were essentially democratic. This was the beginning of the end.

Before the Russian campaign, the Allies had fought Napoleon as diehard conservatives who opposed all reforms. After the Russian campaign, a large section of the Allies fought Napoleon as liberals who opposed his extreme military despotism. The reactionary school of Allied thought persisted, of course, and was personified by Metternich, Gentz, and Castlereagh, as well as by the dynasties and titled aristocracies of Allied lands. But it was Allied liberals who finally

beat Napoleon, just as his earlier triumphs had been at the expense of Allied diehards.

The year 1813 marked the German national rising against the French, and German dynasties were much friendlier to Bonaparte than were their peoples. Young German radicals demanded a united fatherland which would have curtailed the powers of their many petty princes; they hotly demanded reforms and constitutions. They hated Napoleon more than did their rulers, but they also hated feudalism. Baron Stein, who freed the Prussian serfs, and that "enlightened" Duke of Saxe-Weimar who was Goethe's patron were typical of the new orientation. The Weimar Duke, Charles Augustus, granted the first constitution in Germany; Stein gave to Prussian cities municipal self-government. The poet Arndt and Vater Jahn, founder of turnvereins, were among the other liberal patriots. So was Prince Louis Ferd of Hohenzollern, killed in battle with the French. This German "student" school believed, with some grounds, that sainted Frederick the Great was more of a radical than the detested Napoleon. They volunteered for the war of liberation in patriotic shoals, receiving from their princes liberal false-promises.

Czar Alexander of Russia inclined to the liberal view of things, and Stein was his specially favored advisor during these hectic days. Alex was temperamental and completely unreliable, a mystic and hero-worshipper, but he had a warmly-beating heart which the balanced selfishness of Metternich and other Allied diehards instinctively repelled. There was, too, an English Whig school—foes of Castlereagh—which had supported the French revolution and opposed the policies of Pitt and Burke. English liberals stood by their country against the Corsican, but they did so on liberal grounds, and not from any love for the old order. Stanhope, Fox, and Fitzgerald had been earlier representatives of this influential group, al-

though by 1813 there were few great names associated with it, except perhaps for Lord Byron.

Not only were Allied liberals in the forefront against Boney during 1813 and 1814. Two French Jacobins were at the top in Allied counsels. They were Bernadotte, then adopted as Crown Prince of Sweden, and his great friend Moreau, just back from American exile. These men—self-made generals—had served the French republic faithfully, and Bernadotte later functioned as a Napoleonic marshal. Czar Alexander wished to make Bernadotte emperor in Napoleon's place, a *liberal* emperor, and not a military despot or "anthropophagus".

Bernadotte's descendants still rule in Sweden, but the unfortunate Moreau was killed at Dresden during the campaign. Their presence in the Allied ranks was intended as reassurance to the Jacobins of France that the Allies were not all diehards. As a matter of fact, only Hapsburg Austria—the stamping-ground of Metternich—was at this time entirely medieval-minded. Writers and intellectuals on the Allied side, such as Madame de Stael, were in many cases redder than Napoleon; and although they were united in hating the French revolution, they were much influenced by it.

When the reactionary Bourbons returned to Paris in 1814, in the baggage train of the Allied armies, liberal influence was shown in respect to France, if nowhere else. Louis XVIII granted a constitutional charter which preserved all the real gains of the revolution. The white terror was not as severe as the famous red terror of 1793. The new Bourbon monarch proved himself wise and moderate on the whole; and Napoleonic wars and Napoleonic conscription were ended to the joy of the essentially pacific French people. Nor was France severely punished for her twenty-three year struggle against the rest of Europe. Here, however, there is a strange paradox; for it was the Allied die-

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Florida's Flagler

JEAN PARKER

BY SOME quirk of fate the men who have made and been the modern Florida have all borne the name of Henry. There was Henry Stetson, the man who founded a college in an obscure little town in the center of the state; then there was Henry Plant who saw the possibilities of expansion and industrialization of the west coast; there was Henry Flagler who opened the state to the world and made it an enjoyable and comfortable place for the winter visitors who were to become its life blood. More recently there has been a new claimant to this group of immortals, Henry Doherty, who has had faith in the ability of the state to recover its fortune after the lean years of the depression. Above most of them stood Henry Morrison Flagler. It was he who first believed in the peninsular, in his day one of the frontiers of the country and a refuge for consumptives and semi-invalids.

When in 1886 Mr. Flagler first came to Florida it was because of the health of his wife. He left as soon as possible, believing that it was no more than an utterly boring place. Several years later he was advised to return, by his physician, and it was only when he was forced to remain here that he first saw the possibilities of the state.

He was then in his 50's and had already become one of the rich men of the country. Through his connections with the Standard Oil Company and its great developments, Henry Flagler was a financial leader and a power on Wall Street.

No one has ever been able to tell exactly why Mr. Flagler first started his ambitious plans for Florida. There are those who say he "believed in the future of the state." To have done so at the time when he came here, he had to be a far-sighted man. He was. He himself in an interview given in 1897

said, "I have two stories to tell to every one who asks me my reasons for building the Ponce de Leon Hotel. I was coming down town in New York recently, when a friend said to me, 'Flagler, I was asked the other day why you were building that hotel in St. Augustine, and replied that you had been looking around for several years for a place to make a fool of yourself in, and at last selected St. Augustine as the spot.'"

"The other story that I use to illustrate my position is this: There was once a good old church member who had always lived a correct life, until well advanced in years he went on a spree. While in this state he met his good pastor to whom, being roundly upbraided for his condition, he replied, 'I've been giving all my days to the Lord hitherto, and now I'm taking one for myself.' This is somewhat my case. For fourteen years I have devoted my time exclusively to business, and now I am pleasing myself."

The Ponce de Leon was the first door which Flagler opened to the public, through which they might enter to a new Florida. Ground was broken for the hotel in 1895 and when, two years later it was officially opened, the modern Florida took its first step forward.

Following the Ponce, hotels were built along the east coast down to Miami. As the building progressed Flagler bought or constructed railroads connecting the towns to give the winter visitors easy access to his vacation-land. One of the roads which was absorbed into his Florida East Coast Railroad was known as the "Celestial Railway", as it ran from Jupiter to Venus, from Venus to Mars and from Mars to Juno—all in a distance of about seven miles.

In the course of Henry Flagler's progress southwards, he branched off, between Palm

Beach and his Miami venture, to Nassau and the Bahamas. There he purchased several hotels, and to bring his guests to the islands he proposed a boat to take the visitors from Palm Beach to Nassau. The first step was to build a long pier on the Florida coast to serve as a landing place for the boat. That was easily done. But the problem of getting the boat from the island to the main land was more difficult. J. C. Salter, former secretary to Flagler told of the affair in an interview several years ago.

"We waited for the first trip," told Mr. Salter, "I was in Palm Beach. The cable would come, 'Boat ready to sail.'"

"'Weather bad here. Wait.' I would reply.

"Then the next morning it would have cleared, and I would send a new message—'Good weather. Send her along.'"

"Back would come word, 'Storm here'."

Eventually both ends agreed as to weather and the trip was made. But before long a hurricane destroyed the pier at Palm Beach and all hope of running a line between the two resorts was given up. But Flagler was determined to link Bermuda and the peninsula. When he had pushed his railway on to the new settlement of Miami, he re-opened the service between the British island and Florida, with Miami as the U. S. port.

At the time when Flagler's railroad reached Miami—in 1896—there were eight families living there. Eight years later its population had increased 456%. It was because of the terrible frosts of the 1890's that Flagler had extended his developments so far south. It seemed as though the cold that has so long been Florida's enemy was for once working in its behalf. Feeling responsible for the fruit-growers whom he had persuaded to plant groves in the Northern part of the state and who had been ruined by the cold, Flagler lent them funds with which to move further south. After that first awful freeze the planters settled just to the north of Palm Beach. When the second, and more severe

frost came, and the groves were killed even there, a friend of Flagler's sent him a sprig of lemon blossoms from Miami as proof, that even that most sensitive of citrus fruits was unhurt by the cold. With that as a sign, Flagler was convinced that there was a future for the southernmost part of the state. He advanced more money to the destitute growers and established Miami as an agricultural center, never dreaming that it would become a resort. To him St. Augustine and Palm Beach would always fill the demand for vacation places. But the fates decreed otherwise.

Some hoped that Mr. Flagler would agree to giving the new town his own name, but he insisted that it should keep its old name of Miami. Consistently he refused to have his name perpetuated by gifts which he himself had made. Of all his generous deeds for Florida only two of them lay claim to his name, The Flagler Hospital and the Flagler Memorial Church, both in St. Augustine.

The Memorial Church, given to the Presbyterians in memory of his daughter who was drowned, was only one of his many gifts to Religion. Although a Presbyterian, he was not narrow. When the Memorial Church was being built he ordered some palms to be sent from the south to be planted about it. They did not reach St. Augustine until the morning of the dedication. When he was told that they had arrived, he had his workmen set them out before the ceremonies, although it was Sunday. Some of the congregation firmly believed that death and destruction would follow this act of breaking the Sabbath, but years after, one Sunday morning as Mr. Flagler came out of the church and noticed the palms, he remarked: "Everyone of the wicked things lived!"

Henry Flagler presented to the Methodists of St. Augustine a beautiful building for their church and manse, and he aided greatly in the rebuilding of the Roman Catholic Cathedral which was almost destroyed by fire.

Yet in spite of the many gifts made by Henry Flagler during his life, it is a curious thing to note that in his will there is no mention of any donations to charity of any form, except in a codicil. In this he mentions that should there be any surplus from the fund left for the care of the family vault such should be divided among the charities of the town. There has never yet been any surplus, but, in the words of his attorney, at least the word charity was mentioned in the last will and testament of the man who stood as the great benefactor of Florida.

With the opening of the overseas railroad to Key West, an engineering feat called the greatest of its age, was completed. Flagler had been told by all the outstanding engineers in the East that it couldn't be done. But one was found who had a faith similar to Flagler's, and together the two men did the job that was impossible.

Those who worked with Flagler believed in him absolutely. There has rarely been a group of employees who had the *esprit de corps* found among his men. One of his traits which astounded his followers was his utter disregard for profits or losses as long as he was sure that in the end they would pay. It did not matter how far off that end might be, the job had to be done right. Once when the Ponce de Leon was being run on a magnificent scale, but not clearing expenses, the hotel had a very expensive chef and a fine orchestra. The Manager wrote Mr. Flagler that under the circumstances he felt that the chef should be discharged and that they should do without the music. Flagler immediately wired back: "Hire another cook and two other orchestras."

But nevertheless, he was careful of details. The best example of the contradictory side of his nature is a story told by his secretary, Mr. Salters.

He recalled an incident of the early days at Palm Beach when Mr. Flagler occupied the dining room of a cottage in front of the Royal Poncianna for his office, and Mr.

Salter occupied the kitchen. On one occasion, Mr. Salter entered the dining room and found Mr. Flagler painstakingly removing a postage stamp from a spoiled envelope.

"Salter," he said, "if I can get this stamp the rest of the way off we shall save two cents."

Though there have been many men who have been famous and powerful in Florida, it is doubtful if any surpassed Henry Flagler. Not only were the thousands of railway, hotel and resort employees and their families under his sway, but even the Legislature of the sovereign state itself bowed before his will. Before Flagler's coming, no divorce could be granted on the grounds of insanity. When the doctors pronounced the first Mrs. Flagler hopelessly out of her mind, the legislature passed an act declaring insanity as ground for divorce. But as soon as Mr. Flagler's last papers were granted, machinery was set in motion to declare the act null and void as it was feared it would be declared unconstitutional. If such should happen the Flagler divorce would have been illegal but if the legislature itself rescinded the act, any divorces granted during its period of legality would be valid. Such swaying of the legislature is indeed power. Many have tried it since, but few have been as successful as Henry Flagler.

There is little that can be definitely said of Flagler as a man. His accomplishments are concrete and visual things we can touch and feel and value. But the man himself can never be fully explained. The queer quirks of his nature, the contradictory sides will always be a puzzle. Probably he himself never fully realized just what sort of a person he was, for just before he died, this man who had withstood with courage the jibes of his northern friends and had carried out his ideas, which seemed impossible ideals, with such complete self-confidence, often broke down before the young girl who read aloud to him, and piteously asked if she thought there was hope of salvation for him.

Yes Sir!

LEO SUCK

IT is some fun to be twins. Dear reader, imagine yourself standing in front of a mirror! What do you see? A perfect image of your private ego. Suppose now, that this unreal mental conception should step out of the glass where, till the present moment, it has occasionally flashed its existence. It would greet you with the same words you would use, and say: "Henceforth I am going to live with you as your alter ego!"

How would you feel? What would be your first thoughts? Most likely, your mind would react in either of two ways. Maybe, you will step forward and embrace your "brother" or "sister" and say: "Oh, boy, how thrilling, how exciting! Are we going to have a swell time together!" Or, perhaps, you will feel annoyed and embarrassed by the prospect of continuous critical supervision of your private doings (which will be private no more). Well, whichever way you may be inclined to feel, here you can read what my brother and I made out of such a situation.

First of all, we did not have the pressing exigency for a mirror, both of us were real from the beginning. Nor could we take any action in protest of each other's presence, should we have been disagreeably touched. However, there we were. It is a shame and an irrestorable loss to society, that I am unable to give you first-hand information of the astonishment, written on the faces of our parents, which I failed to perceive, then, with my still feeble intellect. Nevertheless, I am quite sure, we were a surprise to our parents, although triplets, quadruplets and — nowadays — quintuplets are practicing much unfair competition.

From the very beginning we looked very much alike. Everybody used to say that we

looked exactly one like the other, which was ridiculous to my mind. Our mother had the hardest time telling us apart, while our father was relieved, for a short time and probably very unwillingly, from this task, by being called to join his regiment on the 15th of August, 1914, one day after we had made our appearance. Fortunately, he was given permanent leave shortly and was with us the rest of the War. An incident, recalled by our father, showed clearly what promising trouble-makers we would turn out to be. On the day we were to be baptized, the nurse got us mixed up after a bath, and was in a helpless position. A big argument arose among the family which was present at that time. But why the disturbance? Our parents had decided, days before, that one should be named Henry and the other Leo. Now they were unable to tell which one they wanted to give which name. Finally, one of our aunts thought she could tell us apart by one or the other insignificant mark. Nobody else, however, was entirely sure about our identity. So, maybe, I am my brother and my brother is I. Well, we are not going to fight it out. This incident had another consequence, still. It is uncertain now which of us had the privilege of first seeing the light of the day, or, to be correct, the electric light, because the blessed event took place at 2 o'clock in the morning.

To tell us more easily apart, Henry's head was decorated with a bow of blue ribbon. Later on, I always was a little stouter. Henry's decoration and my physical condition can be accounted for our nicknames. They called my brother "Mascherl" (little bow) and me "Dickerl" (little stout fellow). These names were very familiar and we liked to be called by them, especially by our parents. When

we were about twelve years old, our father still called us by our nicknames.

Of the time before we started going to school, I do not remember much. I only know that we used to fight with each other very often. Having settled the disagreement, however, we would be the best pals the minute afterwards. Our parents and other people used to say that we were the most extraordinary and strange thing they had ever seen. Of this period only one incident remains in my mind. One morning, I was rocking on a kitchen chair. Henry, on the look for mischief, pushed into the chair which turned over. I lost my hold, fell on the floor and almost bit my tongue off. You should have seen the spectacle that followed. I was immediately taken care of, while Henry received his bodily punishment. When I saw how people were nice to me, and how my brother was treated, I felt terribly sorry — and we were pals once more.

Then came school, and with it some of the best moments of our life. Till our fourteenth year we were always in the same classes, taking the same subjects. I remember that teachers used to be either amused or annoyed, having two identical boys in their class. We, naturally, were taking advantage of our identity for the "benefit" of our teachers. We used to change places, if one of us was not prepared. It was, however, a bad, although natural, habit with us always to blame the other for some mischief done. In the long run, unfortunately, the sword turned back on us. Gradually, the teachers grew more and more impatient. Although at the beginning, they took the pains and the time to start a long and weary investigation into a matter that promised to stay obscure, they now cut the whole process short, and, without further inquiry, punished both of us, to make sure that the right one did not evade justice. In short, they put a stop to our practice.

From the very beginning, our parents insisted on our dressing alike and having every-

thing about us alike. They thought, and still do think, that the identity given to twins by nature must be preserved and supported by all outward appearances. Up to the age of seven or eight years all this was immaterial to us. From then on, however, we became conscious of this artificial identification. Our reactions were not consistent. We thought it awful to be wearing identical clothes, when we noticed that people were taking particular interest in us on the streets. This aversion to publicity became so strong that we unanimously preferred not to go together. We succeeded, finally, in spite of the wish of our parents, in going to different classes after our fourteenth year on; we also dressed differently, whenever our parents were not around. Coming back to our inconsistency, however, I still have to mention another point. Although we were so strongly opposed to dressing alike, we insisted, as forcefully, on getting the same things, gifts, etc., except, of course, clothing. When one went to a show, the other had to go too, and sit in another row. Once, I do not recall the occasion any more, our father said to me: "You are so foolish, when Henry jumps out of the window, you will jump after him." This period included the four or five years after our leaving Junior High School.

Afterwards, things developed so that we gradually were giving away the strange sentiment we had been nourishing. During the summer of 1932, the two of us, entirely alone, undertook a bicycle tour which took us all over Czechoslovakia and which lasted two months. For two long months we traveled on lonely roads, on busy highways, through mountains and woods, and through many cities. We had to depend upon each other, we saw how much more strength two had than one. We had to work together, and liked it. This was only the start. The following year, that is 1933, saw us in a much remoter place. We made a tour to and

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Blue Curtains

ARTHUR DEAR

IN THIS day of depression and evolution, there is developing a newer type of writing termed "stream of consciousness." A few years ago a different form of art was the talk of the intelligensia and especially the psuedo intelligensia.

What this may be called, I have no idea. How it may be received, I have no idea. It may satisfy its readers. It may not. It may never be printed. It may never be finished. However, I have received something; I must give something—at least acknowledge what I have received.

I hope that you can follow the semi-formed idea, which is an impression, of this stream of consciousness-impressionistic-realistic fantasia.

The first time I ever came into contact with the Blue Curtains was just about a year ago. The Student Company was staging *Hamlet* and I could not afford to buy my admission. So I had to work for it. I volunteered to work behind the scenes, on the stage crew.

For the fourth time in my life I came behind the scenes of a theatre. But this time it was no tour of inspection, nothing was neat, I was not wearing a dress suit. Quite to the contrary.

Dr. Fleischman, the director, had been flaying the nerves of the cast and stage managers with changes and late rehearsals. Don Allen had been trying desperately to get the scenery into condition for rehearsals. Properties were being asesmbled. Costumers were hurrying in and out. The back stage of the Annie Russell theatre was a mess.

A little uncertain of what was to happen

(A tribute. Written immediately after the services held in the Annie Russell Theatre in memory of Miss Annie Russell.)

I came in. Pete McCann had paint pots and brushes piled all over one corner of the theatre. Berto Warren was swinging flats with a dexterity that must have shown experience.

Don Allen was tying the Blue Curtain.

"Can I do anything, Mr. Allen." It was not until later that I allowed myself the informality of Don.

"Yes. Help me with these curtains."

Berto Warren came over. He showed me how to tie the knots so that they could be untied with one quick pull and were still secure until that pull.

"Don't step on the Curtains". Don't let the front get on the floor, be careful of that velvet."

"Look out!" A batten just missed my head. Down it came, swinging. The end jabbed into the back of one of the Blue Curtains. But no one balled out the boy operating the flies, the ropes that lower the booms, called battens, to which scenery and curtains are secured so that they can be quickly and silently "flown" up above the stage during scene shifts between acts.

I looked at the end of the pipe called the batten. It was rough. It would have gouged me deeply if I had been that curtain.

No matter how considerate we might be of the Blue Curtains, they had to be strong enough to withstand blows that would down a man. I realized then, perhaps dimly, that the Blue Curtains had to be made of real velvet of the finest quality and backed with the strongest material to withstand the hard life of the theatre.

But it was not until later that I realized how fine a set of curtains the Blue Curtains were.

The Student Company production of "Hamlet" was a local success. Extravagant

sums had been spent on costuming and many classes had been missed by over-worked students to do it. But "Hamlet" was a success.

Local praise ran so high that Dr. Fleischman even went up to New York to find out about the possibility of staging it there. Of course, a few realists saw the impracticability of this, but nevertheless it was, to some of us at least, a real possibility.

And during the discussions of the possibility of sending the show North, much attention was turned by some to the Blue Curtains. Would Annie Russell let them be shipped to New York? Would it ruin them to ship them? How could the show go on without them? Where could such curtains be procured in New York?

The show could not be produced without the Blue Curtains for part of the scenery, or without a very good substitute.

"Doesn't any good New York theatre have curtains that could be used?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, all the theatres have curtains. But they aren't anywhere nearly as good as the Blue Curtains."

I began to realize what the Annie Russell Theatre had in the Blue Curtains. As fine a set of stage draperies as could be found almost anywhere else. A priceless asset in the Blue Curtains. The Blue Curtains that Annie Russell had brought to the theatre. I began to see why Annie Russell could be expected to be most particular about what happened to the Blue Curtains.

It was early in February, 1936. I was typing a story for the Sandspur in my room—Alley's lecture to the International Relations Club. "Which should go first, which is more important—his classification of nations or his road to peace?" "I can't bother to rewrite this thing now." The bang-bang-bang of the keys, a rapid staccato of unequal rhythms.

"I'll have to get this finished soon." "When will be the best time to see Seligman, if I can . . . I promised Reg an interview." "I have

to get some work done in taxation and philosophy too this week-end." "There's a dance tonight too". "Lord, I'm sleepy."

The long, slow notes of a trumpet. ??? "It's not time for classes to end." "That call's too slow". Church call ending, the staccato of the typewriter again, finishing a sentence.

"Annie Russell's Memorial Services". "Shall I go?" "Zimbalist will play." "I haven't got the time." "I'd rather get some sleep".

"Hey, are you guys going over to Annie Russell's service?" . . . "Aw cumon. It might be good." I broke into a room.

The Annie Russell Theatre.

"Gosh, this place is full today." "She was respected and loved." "But I didn't expect to see so many people." "Must be Zimbalist attracting them all: they're mostly townspeople." "That's a cynical thought."

A seat. "Hope I can hear from here."

"Hope they don't clap this time. It's out of place at a memorial service." "They clapped in Chapel, the crudes." "Can't these townspeople respect our Church. It's better than most of theirs, less narrowly sectarian." "We try to respect their things." "Hope they don't clap again this time. Churches and memorials are no place for clapping."

The lights dim. They go out, almost out.

Slowly, very slowly, the curtains open.

"What a tableau!"

In a square forming the background are the Blue Curtains.

In the center on the back wall hangs a portrait: a girl with her back turned. A good picture, gold seems to be the predominating color.

Sitting in two convergent rows are the six participants in the services, who are on the stage—Zimbalist is off-stage at the side. The two rows of three each converge toward the picture. The picture is the center of attraction, the Blue Curtains the background, the lines of speakers direct the attention to the picture.

The program announces
 "Portrait by John Alexander
 of Miss Annie Russell
 Lady Varvia in "Broken Hearts"

Prexy has the seat furthest from the audience on the right as you face the stage. Next to him is someone I don't know. It turns out to be Henry Jacobs. Nancy Cushman is sitting nearest the audience on the right.

Opposite Dr. Holt is Irving Bacheller—I guess that's who it is, from Milford Davis' Animated Magazine cartoon last year. Then there is someone I don't know. It turns out to be Charles Burnham. Dean Cambell is opposite Nancy Cushman.

They are all in full academic dress. Somehow it seems appropriate. The deep purple in Prexy's gown seems to put a spot of conservative color just where some conservative color belongs. I like the Rollins seal on his arm too.

And Dean Campbell's brilliant scarlet collar stands out well too. It sort of balances Prexy's purple yet leaves the whole thing unbalanced, as it should be.

What a Tableau!

Yet I am beginning to be impressed.

"For once the audience is quiet—thank God".

You can't help being impressed. The curtains opened so slowly. The scene is so beautiful. It is impressive.

Slowly Prexy rises and comes to the front of the platform. He speaks slowly, simply, distinctly, very much Prexy—"Hope he never gets any different."

"He's announcing Zimbalist—You fools, I hope you won't clap—But you did clap in Chapel—Please don't clap here, now."

The Blue Curtains are a background. The violin seems to have a husky quaver in its voice. The tableau on the stage centers on the portrait. Men clear their throats, they cough. But it isn't an impatient cough. I don't blame them. I don't open my eyes except to the stage. I don't even think to

look for handkerchiefs in the hands of the women. The tableau. The violin.

The audience does not clap.

Prexy reads a letter of laud to Miss Russell from the man who gave her her start on the stage. He has been in an automobile accident and cannot come himself.

Mr. Burnham is a dramatic critic. He has seen Miss Russell's New York debut. He speaks of, an inaccurate report, purity and modesty and beauty of form and face and youth. He speaks of great ability.

Henry Jacobs was a member of the Little Theatre Group that Miss Russell organized. He speaks of memories, of the privilege of having worked with her, of praise for Miss Russell.

Nancy Cushman, graduated in dramatics last year, speaks of studying under Miss Russell. Of the ideals she created for others and maintained for herself.

Irving Bacheller speaks of the neighbor and friend who would give strength to others to face their own problems. Of the kind, considerate Miss Russell.

Dean Campbell speaks. He praises too. Dean Campbell is on the left of the stage. Nancy Cushman is on the right. The Chapel is on the left of the theatre. The theatre on the right of the Chapel.

Nancy and Dean Campbell and the Theatre and the Chapel are all mixed up, they're intermingled. It's Prexy's idea. A happy thought.

Why shouldn't they be mixed up? Both serve the public. One relaxes the mind and the other "relaxes the soul".

The Blue Curtains are in the background. They stand out. With the portrait they stand out.

It is a wonderful picture these speakers paint of Miss Russell. None speak anything but praise. "Wish I had known her." "She must have been a wonderful person." These speakers, this tableau, I begin to feel that I did know her, that she has influenced me,

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More Tall Tales

"SOCRATES"

I SUPPOSE those Frisbies are a queer lot. But Old Man Frisbie is as sharp as a fox. There isn't much waste in that fellow. I never will forget the time his lead mule died right in the middle of spring plowing.

He went out on the mountain and fetched in Emmet, his eighth son, and hitched him right to the plow. Emmet kind of bucked a little at first, throwing off the harness a time or two. But old Frisbie tamed him down with a pine sapling. When Emmet did settle down to plowing, there wasn't a pair of mules in Buncombe County that could touch him. He got so good that Old Man Frisbie used to point Emmet's nose in the furrow to start him off, and Emmet would plow a four-mile furrow as straight as a die. The first time, however Emmet forgot to turn at the end of the furrow and plowed fourteen miles through the woods before the Old Man caught up with him.

The Old Man wouldn't let Emmet plow for a few days after that and Emmet threatened to leave home or get married. That kind of worried the Old Man. He wanted to keep Emmet around. So he built him a turntable at both ends of the farm, and every time Emmet reached the end of a furrow, he just jumped on the turn table and headed back.

One day the Old Man went hunting and forgot to come back for a couple of days. By that time Emmet had plowed the field four times.

Old Man Frisbie finished his spring plowing and planting in plenty of time for his fishing but he couldn't get Emmet to come in the house. Emmet had gotten so used to sleeping in the barn standing up there was no use trying to get him to lay down. Finally the Old Man just turned Emmet loose

to graze in the pasture until the next plowing.

The still the Frisbies ran never was much value to them. There wasn't anybody but the Frisbies could drink the whiskey it made and the Old Man got so he thought it was too weak. One day a stranger took a drink of the potent Frisbie "likker". When they caught the stranger his tonsils were gone and it looked like he might lose his feet. That upset the Old Man and he tore down his still.

He took the dried mash left in the boiler and fed the chickens with it. The next day the whole chicken yard was fighting. A brood of chicks had commandeered the incubator and were daring the Old Man to step inside the fence. A pair of banty roosters had gone out and rustled up a black bear and had him hard at work digging choice worms for them.

No matter how queer old man Frisbie is, he sure is smart. One summer his cattle got loaded with ticks. It took him about three days to figure how to rid his cattle of ticks, but he figured out a good one. He rustled up all his cattle and spread salt all over their backs. He waited about a day, then led them down to the creek. When the ticks jumped off to get a drink of water, he drove the cattle off and left the ticks drinking.

The first time Old Man Frisbie set out apple trees he planted them on level ground, and he would gather together his seventeen rabbit-chasing offspring to shake the trees and gather up the apples. One day he called in his tribe and had them uproot the trees and replant them on the side of the steep mountain. Then he built him a low rock wall around the foot of the mountain, and a sluice at the bottom of the wall. Then he

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SAILFISH

I saw them display him,—breathing yet
With a quiver of life in his gills and tail,
His sharp-curved, gleaming sides were
wet,
And the spots still glowed on his purple
sail.

His eyes both shone with a living hate
That burned through the graying film of
death;
His body became a still stiff weight
And I saw him gasp a last long breath.

Helpless, I watched his life's span
closing,
His sail drooped into a dark dulled fan—
And I too hated the captor, posing
Beside his prey for the camera man.
—ALICE BOOTH

APPLE

Of all apples, this
Is the juiciest one,
Red with the kiss
Of the frost-bitten sun,
Green where a leaf
Curled against its fat side,
Cold past belief
Where the morning dew dried.
Swelled up with sweetness
And round as a moon,
Grown to completeness
And smooth as a spoon,
Luscious and bright
With a sky-perfect polish
This long-deferred bite
Is about to demolish.

—ALICE BOOTH

"I SAW A SINGLE STAR"

BETWEEN the clouds I saw a single star
Lighting the way to realms my thought
would seek,
But pausing on the threshold faint and
weak,
To find before the goal a finite bar,
My straining eager mind would fail to
jar;
And failing thus to see, my pride would
speak;
This was not meant for me, I must be
meek,
Not look but only vision from afar.
In puny supplication man has bowed,
And left that which he does not under-
stand
Unsought and banned, save by the
mighty few;
Oppressed himself by what he has al-
lowed
To there remain an undiscovered land:
His imagery he worships from a pew.
—DON BRADLEY

HANG-OVER

THE lake was in disguise last night,
It stole abroad in a mandarin's coat.
A silvery dragon slithered over the
satiny of it.
The moon was a holiday lantern
Swung between two stars—
And two cranes solemnly stood
In a clump of water-iris.
Today, each wave
Has a white, wet handkerchief
Tied about its head.

—PETER McCANN

NOSTALGIA IN FLORIDA

COLD fog
That drifts in from the sea
In strong white currents, mile on mile,
I long for;
Mist,
That gathers as it comes
The smell of cold clean snow.
I am sick of night-blooming jasmine,
Sick of trees
That weep with gray Spanish moss.
I would have, tonight,
The crystal brilliancy of New England,
The still cold lakes
And icicles' spears, that sparkle in the
moonlight
As the prisms of a chandelier
When touched by the morning rays of
the sun.

So much heavy beauty,
Like the pungent odor of the jasmine,
Sickens me
For I am of the North
Where things are ordered and precise;
Where winter comes when autumn goes
And seasons do not change themselves,
One into another,
Until we hardly know which time it is,
The blooming summer or the winter.
I was born
Where snows pile up through long and
dreary nights,
And trees,
Outside the window,
Creak with too much frost.
—WALTER ROYALL

SONG FOR A LIGHT GUITAR

LOVE, believe not all I say!
Can't you see I speak not true?
That my word's not what I think,
But simply that which pleases you!

I lied to you—ah, be not sad!
How could I do else, my dear?
You asked me, wanting only one
Sole answer—so I gave it clear!

Hurt you then, or hurt you now—
(I had to choose)—the hour was
sweet—
I could not mar it,—life's so short,
And lovely hours so very fleet!

So, Love, believe not all I say,
For, I repeat, I speak not true;
But I will lie, and lie again,
So long I know it pleases you!
—PATRICIA GUPPY

APOLOGY

IF last night's indiscretion
Has caused you some depression,
Please remember what I said,
You did the leading—I was led. . . .
—SEYMOUR BALLARD

METAMORPHOSIS

I used to love her eyes, her lips,
But now I love her breasts, her hips.
—ANONYMOUS

The Enemy Within

FRANCES PERPENTE

I HAVE ALWAYS loved the mountains, and so, because I had just lost a patient and was nervous and irritable, I went to a little country hotel I knew for a short vacation. The case had been a particularly bad cancer and I wanted to forget that I was a nurse. I went away about the middle of May. Spring is late in the hills, coming slowly and beautifully, so that sometimes a tissue of ice will form upon the pools left by rain even after the trees have budded in feathers of green. From my window I could look out at rolling fields neatly defined by stone walls, and beyond them could see the bright flicker of moving water and the solidity of the mountains which marched off in range after range to the north-east. After the first day I began to feel alive again.

I was the only guest of the hotel and in the deep stillness and peace of the hills I slept well. Ordinary sounds did not wake me, but in the third night of my stay I roused suddenly, alert and tense, with confused memories of a crashing sound, of voices and disturbance, tingling my skin. From my window I could see the flashing of lanterns through the darkness, and there was a sound of people moving about hurriedly. I got out of bed and went to the window, wide awake now, and looked out. At first everything appeared as it should, steeped in the keen freshness of a spring night, with the stars just beginning to pale in the east. Then I saw that the lights had moved up on the wide verandah, and there was the tread of feet on bare boards. A low sound of moaning came at broken intervals, hanging in the darkness. I heard the deep voice of Jim Povris, the proprietor of the hotel, "Steady boys," he said, "not so fast, you're jarring her." Someone answered, but I did not stay to distinguish the words. In the dimness I found my

bathrobe, and wrapping it around me, went into the hall. My feet were still bare, but I ran down stairs and into the wide lobby, blinking and stumbling before the bright lights. Jim Povris, his son, the hotel clerk, and two men who helped about the place, were there. They were partially dressed, with trousers pulled on over their night clothes. Jim's son and the clerk were leaning over the wide couch opposite the desk. As I came into the room they straightened up and I saw that they had put a woman on the couch. I could not see her face, only a mass of loose brown hair and the blanket they had used to cover her body. There was a chair at the head of the couch and a man sat there, bending forward towards the woman. His face was dazed and his lips moved as though he spoke under his breath, but he seemed unhurt. I walked across the lobby towards Jim, who saw me coming and looked his relief. He said quietly, "I was going to send upstairs for you. They cracked up their car right out in front. Coming down from Canada. She's pretty badly hurt. I thought you might be able to help her till Doc Waters comes." I went over to the couch and pulled the blanket away. Through my attention I was aware that the man in the chair was staring dumbly at my hands. Then he leaned forward and covered his eyes.

The woman had slipped into unconsciousness. When I saw her I knew I couldn't do much before the doctor came. I was glad that for the moment she could not feel. She was badly cut up, and I could see that some of her ribs were smashed in. The bones of her right arm were protruding jaggedly through the flesh half-way between her wrist and elbow, and the blanket which had covered her was soaked with bright red arterial blood. Her breathing was shallow and

ragged, but her heart sounded strongly. I told Jim to boil some water while I tried to ease her a little and did what I could about the bleeding. Presently Doctor Waters came, looking tired and rumpled. He was a general practitioner, but I could see that he knew more than the average country doctor, and I was glad to take my orders from him. He examined the woman carefully, and had her moved into one of the first floor rooms. Then he turned to me and said, "Can you help me with an emergency operation?" His voice was the quietest I had ever heard. He seemed to carry a stillness within him. Even then, hurried as he was, he gave me a feeling of balance, wide and unfathomable as night.

I said, "Yes, doctor" and trusted him completely, although I wondered how he would manage with so little equipment. He looked at me keenly and nodded, turning to go into the room where the woman was.

I was about to follow him, but with my hand on the door knob, I stopped and looked back. The man still sat in the chair, and as I watched him he lifted his head and looked at me, staring into my face as though he scarcely saw me. He said, "What are you going to do?" I crossed over to him, and he stood up so that we were very near to each other.

"Doctor Waters and I are going to save your wife. You must believe that."

"Let me stay with her."

"No." I glanced about. Jim Povris was still in the lobby. "Jim will stay here."

He took my hand convulsively. "I love her, do you understand? If she dies I'll have killed her."

His hand was strong. I looked at it holding mine, then up at his face, narrow and intent. Pity for him took me, and I wanted to stay and comfort him, but drew my hand away saying, "She won't die."

Jim said afterwards that he walked up and down the whole time, stumbling into chairs and tables and muttering under his breath,

and it was strange, but all the while that I was administering the anæsthetic and automatically helping Doctor Waters with his instruments, the face of the man in the lobby kept sharpening and blurring before my eyes so that it was more clear to me than the still face of his wife.

Doctor Waters had brought his instruments, for the messenger had told him something of the nature of the accident, and he worked rapidly and skillfully, making the most of the crude equipment available. I had never known a doctor to have a surer touch. On an improvised operating table he sheltered the faint flicker of life with all the power of his brain and the steadiness of his nerves. When at last she was off the table and Doctor Waters stood pulling off his gloves, I was surprised to see bright sunlight outside the windows. "I think she'll do," he said wearily. Then he laid his hand on my shoulder giving it a little shake. "You're a thoroughbred," he said. "You'll stay here, of course?"

"Yes." I answered. I remember standing, too tired to move, there staring at him. I was not thinking of him, and barely saw him, but afterwards I recalled with singular vividness the tired stoop of his shoulders and the kindness of his eyes. Exhausted as he was, that calm strength was still in him.

"I'll be in and out during the day," he said. "Do you think you can manage?"

I said I could. It seemed foolish for me to refuse the case since it had sought me out. When Doctor Waters left I went with him into the lobby. The husband of the injured woman was still there, but now he slumped into a chair. I could see that he was struggling against sleep, but not daring to close his eyes. He seemed quieter, as though his senses had been bludgeoned into stillness. I went up to him and laid my hand on his shoulder saying, "Won't you try to get a little sleep? She doesn't need you now, but later—You should be rested." He had a thin dark face, and even haggard and strained

as he was I could see that he was a handsome man, young and vigorous. His eyes were surprisingly blue and clear, with the fresh brilliancy of a child's, and when he looked up they flashed out so that his face was entirely changed and lightened.

He stared at me a moment before speaking, seeming to collect himself. "I couldn't sleep now," he said. "How could I?" Then he struggled up out of the chair. "Where's Laura? What have you done with her? I must see her." I tried to get him to take a sedative, but he wouldn't until he had seen her. When I took him into the room he stood near the bed looking down, and stayed for so long that I was troubled, and stood beside him to recall him. Suddenly he went to his knees beside the bed. "Laura" he said brokenly, "It's Steve, darling—" Then he laid his face near her hand where it emerged from bandages. I hesitated to disturb him, and presently he said starkly, "I've killed her. This isn't Laura. I've killed her."

I looked at the face on the pillow. It was unmarked beneath the wide fall of brown hair, pale and impersonal, with shadows about the eyesockets and at the corners of the mouth. Even without the expressions of life it was a good face, fine and thin and delicately balanced. I knew that she lived, and at first did not understand his words, but then his meaning came to me, so that I felt his pain. He said nothing more, but rose and let me give him a sedative. Soon he slept, awaking just as she began to come out of the anæsthetic.

It seemed that she could not live. The specialists who were called up from the city made it clear that to move her to a hospital would almost certainly mean her death, and so there in the solitary hotel room we watched beside her, sleeping in brief snatches, expecting her to slip away from us at the slightest relaxation of vigilance. In those days and nights I grew accustomed to having Steve beside me, and a kind of unity grew

up between us, so that even the frequent visits of Doctor Waters could not break our concentration. I think that in those hours Steve was aware of me as he was aware of his own hands and his own body, and we became essential to each other, so that I was lost when he was not there. I saw all the reality that was in him, for I saw him tired and sick with pain and worry, laid open so that any casual eye might have seen all that he was. I remember that one night when she had been particularly bad and we had to dope her a bit, he said to me, "You're all that's keeping me sane." The room was dim except for a tiny shaded light placed where it would not fall upon Laura's face, and there was that enlarged stillness which comes in the secret hours of the night when wakefulness seems sacrilege. I could see Steve's face faintly against the gloom, and the movement of his hands as he rubbed them together. I said, "I wish I could really do something for you," and my words were meaningless and were absorbed in the peculiar breathlessness of the sick room, where the very boards of the floor, the plaster on the walls, and the leaves which brushed now and then against the dark windows seemed different and unnatural and unashamedly actual, stripped of all unessentials so that only life and death were left. "You've done all in the world anyone could do." He got up and walked slowly back and forth, so that his shadow leapt up on the wall over Laura's bed. "It's strange, but now, on nights like this, everything that used to matter seems so unimportant. She's the only thing that matters now." He stopped before me where I sat in the only comfortable chair in the room, and his shadow steadied itself over Laura. "Do you know, you look like her," he said. "Sometimes when I'm dead tired, I can hardly keep you separated. The two of you are like one woman."

I answered too abruptly because I was trembling with the desire to touch his hand. "That's when you're so numb you can't see."

I got up and arranged the cushions on the narrow cot at the foot of Laura's bed. "You'd better try to sleep a little before morning, or you won't be good for anything tomorrow."

Sometimes he would lie down and sometimes not, for his strength was enormous and he used all of it. There were times when he would become so absorbed in Laura that I was living for the three of us, and Doctor Waters when he came wanted to have another nurse come up to relieve me. But I could not have a stranger there, and I put the Doctor off, though I thought he looked troubled. So the days and nights flared by in a steady pulse and Steve's face became more and more the food and sustenance of my mind, when at last Laura began to come back.

It was a slow and halting return, but at last she opened her eyes and called his name, even looking at me with some curiosity. I remember that her eyes were wide and clearly grey, so that she had at all times an expression of great candor. Once she had begun to mend, her desire to be strong seemed to drive her on. The summer season began and a few guests had come to the hotel, when one shining morning Laura said she would like to sit in a chair near the window. In the few days just past, she had insisted upon trying a few halting steps, but watching her I felt that only her sheer will upheld her, although Doctor Waters said she was ready to try. Now Steve lifted her from the bed to the chair while I arranged the cushions. When he held her she had a different look and an increased aliveness. I saw the way her hand touched his face as she lifted her arms for him to take her. So passionately did I sense her feelings that at times I seemed to be both within her and outside of her looking on. She looked very frail in the sunlight, like an exquisite image of a woman. In a long blue wrapper with only her hands and face showing, she was beautiful, for the silk hid the terrible scars which disfigured her body.

From where I stood I could see clearly the texture of the skin on her cheeks and forehead, white and smooth with a silky lustre. So perfectly did I experience this that I felt that my fingers touched her. She was smiling and, because of Steve, would not let her body rest or be broken.

It was on this day that I began to see the strain in her, for as I moved about the room, her eyes followed me as though against her will. I could feel that she did not want me to stay, and as soon as I reasonably could I left her alone with Steve. He had neglected everything during her illness, driving into town only once or twice in the whole period, and conducting his business entirely by letter and telegram.

In the afternoon when Doctor Waters had made his examination his face was grave and troubled. He came from the room and beckoned me to him. "Miss Martin," he said, "are you good at breaking bad news?"

"I don't like to," I answered, "but I can."

He shrugged. "I'm a stubborn fool, Miss Martin. I didn't want to accept Engle's and James' opinion. I never told you, but when I had them up from New York they thought that she would never walk—paralysis. I—well, I suppose it was because I wanted to think the operation was a success that I kept on believing I could put her back on her feet again. I can't. This mending of hers—it shouldn't have happened at all. You see, she's driving herself to be well."

"Yes," I said, as he paused. "But she would have died except for that operation. After all it *was* a success."

"You think so?" He looked at me sharply, and I was uneasy under his eyes. "It's not easy to live and be paralyzed, Miss Martin. She's not a woman accustomed to illness. I sometimes think—never mind what I think, doctors are paid to keep people alive, you know." He paused again, and stood looking at his hand, flexing and unflexing it. He shrugged again, impatiently:

"Well, I'm sorry. I had hoped for better. You'll tell the husband?"

I said "Yes," from a tight throat, for I did not want to tell Steve of this thing, and even now I could see in my mind the despair which would come to his face.

Doctor Waters was at the door, but before he left he turned and said, "Of course you won't tell her. It's essential she shouldn't know." For a moment he paused. "She has everything to live for, you know. There's something about the girl—I wanted to save her."

I nodded, watching him go, and when he had left, I went outdoors for a lungful of air, needing the sky and the wind, wishing I had never seen the case. I knew that Steve would go in to Laura when he saw Doctor Waters leave, but I could not tell him yet. I did not talk to anyone, but walked slowly up and down in the stretch of rutted dirt road before the hotel. The ground was splotted with sun and shadow, and the air was sweet with wind so that it sparkled as far up as you could see. I knew that Laura was sitting in a window facing the road, and suddenly wondered if she were watching me with that distant pain in her eyes. I went in for I did not like to think of her eyes upon me, and the lovely air was spoiled.

Inside, I went directly to her room, and found her still in her chair. Steve sat across from her, looking quietly out of the window. Laura's eyes flew to my entrance, and she said immediately with a kind of tense desperation, "Miss Martin, I'm going to add another step tomorrow." How I divined her thoughts I do not know, but suddenly I felt that she *knew*. She wanted to hear what I would answer to her feverish question. I said, "I'm afraid you're doing too much. You must be patient for a few days longer," and I smiled, wanting to reassure her, to cover the sickening certainty in my mind. She looked very tired then, for the light faded from her face and she laid her head back against the chair.

"I think I'd like to go to bed again," she said, and then when she was comfortable she asked strangely to be alone, saying she wanted to sleep. I thought that she was giving me a chance to tell Steve, and I was sick with admiration of her.

I left the room with Steve, and without looking I knew her eyes were upon my back. I wanted to look back but did not, keeping my face turned straight ahead and not speaking to Steve until we had gone through the lobby and out into the open air.

I remember that on that afternoon the sky was a clear liquid green at the horizon, and there was a stillness, as of profound meditation, over the fields. We walked down the rutted road and I could not say which of us followed and which led, so naturally did we turn towards the thicker shade of the sugar maples which lined the road to the east. I had, as so often, in that summer, a feeling of dream, and through my weariness I was strongly conscious of Steve walking beside me, the dragging slowness of his step and his face, shut away and preoccupied. I could not guess what he was thinking, and his being was no more evident to me than if he were an empty shell walking there, as unknown as a stone, as apart as the narrow blades of grass beneath my feet. And yet, near him, I was at peace, and his presence was enough even without knowledge.

Where the road twisted to the south we sat down upon a flat boulder, dropped ages ago from some slow glacier. The close-grained stone was lichened with a faint green lace, and it was warm and comfortable to the touch. For a while we sat looking at the trunks of the trees across the road, and I saw how the sun rays shattered about them and heard the light leap of a squirrel shake the leaves, but more than the sun on the trees I knew the sun on Steve's hands, and the movement of his breathing.

At last he said, "How long will this last?"

(Continued on Page 34)

Trying to Explode

REGINALD CLOUGH

I LOOKED at the cigarette in my fingers. Watching it for an instant, I thought it was beginning to grow larger. It seemed like a flame creeping closer and closer to my hand. I flicked it far out on to the walk leading down from the steps near which we were sitting. The ashes had fallen off. I could still see it, glowing in the dark, as though it were trying to explode.

It had been raining earlier in the day. There were no signs of it now despite the absence of the moon from the sky. A few stars were shining, their reflection visible on the lake below, but there was no other light to be seen. The rain had left an unusual calm after its heavy downpour. The only audible sound was the occasional swaying of a branch in the light breeze. The breeze seemed to bring freshness and fragrance with each new breath. I imagine that it was like being far out at sea, drifting in a small boat in the light wind. There wouldn't have been any rising or falling of the waves, merely the steady passing of water across the boat's bow. We seemed to be drifting together to some place about which we knew nothing.

I had the same feeling, sitting on the porch that evening. I shall never forget how I felt. I didn't seem to have a worry in the world. I don't believe that she did either. We were both smoking. Neither of us had spoken for some time.

Every few minutes we would see an automobile round the curve on the other side of the lake. Except for those interruptions, the silence and darkness remained unbroken. But even the appearance of an automobile couldn't spoil the silence that night. Quietness like that comes only at two times. Sometimes it will come at the end of a light rain, like it had that night. Other times it will come just before a great storm. But there

was nothing sinister about that calmness as far as I could see. One had within oneself the same peaceful feeling as that of the surrounding world.

She reached out and took my hand which I had let dangle from the side of the chair. Somehow her doing that made me feel safer. I had been travelling too high in the clouds, and the hand clasping mine seemed to help me get my balance. I leaned farther back in the chair. My quiet feeling made me want to tip over backwards in the chair. I felt that I must bring myself back to reality. The whole world about me, and especially my own world within me, was too perfect to last.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

What had I been thinking about, I wondered. The question startled me because, simple though it was, I didn't know the answer.

"About how quiet and peaceful it is here, I guess. The whole world seems to be wrapped in it, doesn't it?"

"Yes," she replied. "One could never think that there is any one in trouble anywhere tonight, or that anything is wrong or out of place. And yet I suppose that there are millions of people right at this minute who are so dissatisfied and unhappy that they'd give anything to change their lives. It's hard to believe that, but I feel almost positive that it's true. There are always people who want to make their lives different in some way."

"Would you change yours if you could?" I asked. "Where would you like to be right now, and what would you like to be doing?"

Her answer did not altogether surprise me. She had told me the same thing previously, but for some reason no man becomes tired of hearing the repetition of this answer.

"If I could have my choice, of where I would be, who I would be with, what I would be doing, what do you think I would say?"

I would say that I wanted to be right here with you, sitting in this chair, just looking out into the dark, and talking to you."

"Are you sure that there is nothing else you would like if you could have anything you wanted?" I asked.

"Well," she continued. "Yes, of course there is. You know what that is. I should wish that we were married and that we would be together for the rest of our lives, instead of the way we are. But we will be able to be married soon, won't we? Because we have waited plenty long enough as it is. I don't think that you need to worry about getting a job. We can manage to get along some way. Lots of other people do."

"I know they do," I responded. "But getting a job is something to take into consideration. Just as soon as I do get something, though, if I can earn enough to live on, we can get married."

I looked at her. Although I could not see her face plainly in the dark, I knew that she was not smiling. I knew that something was bothering her. I suspected that she was in doubt about my feeling toward her. She inhaled deeply on her cigarette, then threw it away.

"Is there anything else, anything that might prevent us from getting married, after you have a job?" she asked.

I continued to look at her. We were sitting quite near each other. I was still leaning back in my chair. As she asked the question, she moved forward slightly. The outline of her body stood distinct in my mind, though actually I could not see her there waiting for my answer. How unnecessary a question, I thought. There was no one in the world I wanted to marry except this girl. She had every quality of the woman I had considered ideal since my youngest years. There was no question about whether or not I wanted to

marry her. But I was just skeptical enough to think that my desires could never be fulfilled. I was afraid that there would be an obstacle some time, some where, that would prevent me from having what I wanted.

"Not a thing in the world," was my answer. "I've told you that so many times that you should know it pretty well by now. I am absolutely positive, as far as I, personally, am concerned. If you should get tired of me or get interested in somebody else, we might not get married, but other than that, we can."

"Well, there is certainly not one chance in the world of my getting tired of you. We have known each other so long now that I don't believe anything could ever happen to make this come to an end. Can you think of anything?"

"No, nothing that we could help at least."

She moved her chair closer to mine. "What do you mean by that?" she asked, turning and looking at me.

"It might stop if we had to separate from each other for any length of time. That doesn't seem to be particularly likely right now, but there is always that possibility, you know."

"What would separate us, if we wanted very much to be with each other?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know. You might have to be in one part of the country, and I might have to be in another. Something might happen to one of us. I might have to go to war. There are a lot of possibilities."

"Yes, but they are all so remote. The only logical possibility is that something might happen to one of us. There's surely no danger of war, at least not one that this country could get involved in."

I didn't try to talk any longer. It was useless to argue about what might happen in the next few years. Particularly useless when one knew as little about the troubles that were brewing as we did, I thought. All people might just as well live only for

the present. Planning for the future is futile.

We sat there for about an hour, I guess. It was difficult to have to go home. It was so perfect sitting on that porch, talking, that I wanted the evening to last forever. But it couldn't, of course. I left about eleven o'clock, and went home immediately. I didn't want to see anybody else that night.

When I got home, I decided not to go to bed right away. I wanted to think about the evening for a while. Most Sundays are boring, but this one certainly hadn't been. I dreaded the thought of having Monday come. I wanted this Sunday to last for a long, long time.

I sat down on the couch opposite the fireplace. There was no fire in the fireplace, but I sat looking into it anyway. I can't remember now what I thought about, but it doesn't make much difference. I probably spent the time dreaming, as I had been earlier in the evening. Finally I walked over and turned on the radio. I would listen to that for a few minutes and then go to bed.

"This program is presented under the sponsorship of the Bennington-Band company," a voice said, "makers of Bennington typewriters, Bennington-Band office equipment, and Bennington and Lancaster rifles. Each Sunday at this hour the Bennington-Band company presents its weekly news commentator, who brings you a complete analysis of all the day's news."

The commentator was introduced. He had a voice that made one listen attentively. The voice would rise and fall with the importance of the words. At one moment the speaker would be talking very rapidly, and the next instant he would pause carefully between each word. One must have to be well-trained to speak like that, I thought. The audiences seemed to like him. Three times as many people listened to him as to any other radio speaker, I had heard. No wonder the Bennington-Band company retained him.

Their typewriter sales had never been as large as in the previous month, it was announced.

The commentator spoke of a strike some where out on the West Coast. He mentioned in no soft terms that a kidnapper would be sent to the electric chair within the next week. "Another step in the progress of the government's war on crime," he remarked with emphasis. People liked him because of his personal comments on the news, I decided. The health and feeding hours of the world's most famous babies were iterated. Congress' plans for the week were given in great detail.

"Continued trouble is evidenced in Bennington-Band's exclusive reports from the scenes of the conflict in Europe," he stated. "No progress is seen in Geneva, where peace-makers are fruitlessly trying to curb the ambition of Europe's most dangerous dictator. It looks pretty bad for Haile Selassie and his poor Ethiopian countrymen who are being exploited by a cruel, hard-hearted demagogue who maintains that 'he is carrying on his African campaign because he wants to civilize and colonize' the native land of the harassed blacks. The Mediterranean is apt to be the center of trouble as soon as the spark explodes that will bring all Europe into another war. French and British seamen have had orders to bring their fleets closer to the Italian coast. Beginning next Friday the French will stage a sham naval battle within forty miles of Il Duce's shore. France and England are going to let Mussolini know that they are serious in their bloodless battle to end the war. Administration leaders in our own United States had better get busy during the rest of the present session of Congress. There is only one guarantee of peace, and that is a strong national defense. We ought to let the rest of the world know that we are ready for any kind of trouble they dare to bring upon us." The broadcast ended.

I thought about the news comments for a

while. It certainly looked like trouble ahead for Europe. I reached for the morning newspaper which had been thrown on the floor. Guess I'd find out what that had to say about the world's difficulties.

I glanced at the headlines on the right-hand side of the front page. "CONGRESS REFUSES TO PASS NEUTRALITY BILL," it said. "Feels Complete Authority Might Endanger Nation," read the sub-headline.

I looked at the other side of the page. "POLICE PROTECT AMERICAN EMBASSY AS ITALIANS PROTEST," said the headline. "Enraged at the slurring remarks of the president of the United States regarding their leader, a mob of Italians last night threatened to enter the American embassy in Rome, despite pleas and warnings made by more than one hundred police," the opening paragraph stated.

That was something new, I thought. I doubted if ever within the last fifty years important events had been happening as rapidly as they had been lately. Just as long as this country didn't get entangled, it didn't make much difference. Let them make their own mistakes, but let them leave us alone.

I looked at the newspaper again. This time another headline caught my eye. "COMMERCE DEPARTMENT REPORTS SHOW INCREASE IN EXPORTATION OF MUNITIONS DESPITE EMBARGO," was printed in large letters. I read the opening paragraph of the article. "An increase has been noted in the exportation of arms and munitions to belligerent countries despite the embargo act passed at the last session of Congress forbidding such shipments, it was announced last night in Washington." The article continued: "Largest known exporter to date is the Bennington-Band company, makers of Bennington and Lancaster rifles and cannon, reliable sources revealed."

I looked back at the empty fireplace. "Just

give them a chance," I said aloud, "and this country will be all mixed up in it, too."

I snapped my cigarette across the room into the fireplace. The ashes had dropped on the floor. I could still see it, glowing brightly in the dark, as though it were trying to explode.

THE ENEMY WITHIN

(Continued from Page 30)

I thought it would be best to tell him at once, and I opened my mouth to do it, but could not. All I could do was to go on sitting on that warm rock, staring at the trunks of the trees. The words I was obliged to say to him were difficult and hard and strange, and the only thing which seemed worth saying could not be uttered.

He looked around at me then, frowning as though he were about to say something which needed concentration. "It doesn't seem real, that she's back there alone. Nothing has seemed real since it happened. Except perhaps you. You've been wonderful."

I said, "No, it's my business." It was an inept and clumsy thing to say, but it didn't matter, anything would have done just as well.

"I didn't mean that," he said, "It's something besides that. It's something in you."

I was suddenly frightened, afraid of what he might have seen in me. I didn't answer, for there was nothing I could say.

"I've had lots of time to think since this happened. It's hard to make things have a meaning. There should be no suffering in this place. It's full of peace, but somehow I can't reach it. You can get so caught up in things." He paused, and I could hear the silence welling up from the fields. His voice, when he spoke again, was low, almost a whisper. "What made me do that to her, do you think? I love her, but now it's more pity than love. Pity weakens love somehow."

I couldn't bear to hear him. I said, "I couldn't think of a way to tell you, but I'm not going to try now. You might as well know. She'll never be well."

He stood up suddenly, but I think he was unaware of any movement. "You mean she'll—die?"

"No," I said, "she won't. Doctor Waters says the spine. Paralysis."

"Then she'll always be like this."

I knew he had forgotten me, for he looked off into the trees with blind eyes. I saw a chipmunk run across the road, scuttering up a delicate puff of dust. Turning my head I stood up and we began to walk back.

"Poor Laura," he whispered, "Poor Laura."

We said nothing more until we came opposite the hotel, but before we went in, he turned and looked at me. There was a still patience in his eyes, strange to see in a man. "You're like her," he said, "The way she—was." We went in.

Upstairs Laura was asleep, but even in sleep there was a new look on her face, and I was chilled. She lay under the covers as relaxed as a child. Her hair had been carefully braided and wrapped around her head. When we came into the room she woke, and even in the first flash of consciousness I felt something furtive about her, and hidden. She was thinking something she didn't want us to know. Steve went up to her and kissed her lips, and for a moment she held his head against her face, but she looked at me across his dark hair; a clear look, and lovely. Again the certainty came upon me that she knew what Doctor Waters had told me, but I was puzzled to see no fear in her. She looked free, and she should not have been. Steve stood up and I made her comfortable. Then I started downstairs to see about her dinner.

When I came back she was alone in the dark room, and moving restlessly about in the bed. "Steve's gone to dinner," she said. I went up to her and laid my hand on her

forehead. It was hot and dry, and her lips looked parched. "My back hurts," she whispered.

"Have you been out of bed?" I asked.

She stared at me for a moment, her grey eyes inscrutable, then she nodded. I leaned down to hear her. "Tried a few steps," she said. I uncovered her and looked at her. She seemed all right. I said, "I'll give you something to ease the pain, and then I'll call the doctor."

I had left a vial of codein tablets in my case on the table between the windows. The vial was where I had left it, but it was empty. I stood there for a moment with my back to Laura, staring at the empty vial. I knew it had been almost full when I put it there. The room was very still, and after a moment I said, making my voice sound normal, "I'll have to get you a sedative from my room." When I turned to go out she was watching me intently, her hands crossed madonna-like upon her breast, and her head raised a little upon the pillows. Even then I think I was determined not to tell Steve about the disappearance of the codein.

In the morning the fever was down, but when Steve asked her whether she was ready to leave the hotel, she became restless, saying she wanted to stay "Just for a little while," and adding that it would be "only for a little longer." Always at the back of my mind was the thought I tried to stifle and to avoid, but I found myself waiting quietly and as the days went on and nothing happened, I became nervous, starting at footfalls and the rustle of leaves, and listening, always listening. Once I looked for the codein tablets, but Laura was watching me with a little curved smile. I would not ask her for them. I think now that I was not very willing to find them. I had just taken Laura's tray from her on the third evening after my talk with Steve, when I met him outside her rooms in the hall. He walked beside me and then with his fingers upon my arm, he stopped me. I drew my arm away, for the

touch of his fingers made my hand shake upon the tray.

Steve said, "I had to talk to you. It's strange, but I keep feeling that she knows what you told me the other day. It's something about her eyes. I—" He stopped, choking. I watched my shadow upon the wall, crossed by his longer one. So it had not been only my imagination after all. Then he went on, "We must do all we can to make her feel safe."

I said, "Yes, I know. I've felt it too. But no one has told her."

"She may have overheard something."

"I don't think so," I answered. I knew there was something more he wanted to say, and I waited.

"Mary."

"Yes." He did not often use my name, and I never spoke his aloud.

"You'll stay as long as she needs you, won't you? I think she likes you. She watches you, you know. You help her."

"If you think she needs me, I'll stay." I said, but I felt my fingers tighten about the tray. His blindness made my own feelings intolerable to me, so that I was hateful in my own eyes. But I did not tell him about the tablets. I watched him go into Laura's room, then I took the tray into the kitchen. Through the windows I could see the long summer twilight, and the mountains, dull blue against an almost colorless sky, and I went out alone for a few minutes to look at them. There in the dim air, I felt very near to Laura, understanding her deep love for Steve, and her need to free him from the horror of her uselessness.

It was on a Friday that Steve had spoken to me on the way to the kitchen, and in the next few days Laura was as quiet as a flower. But on the following Wednesday, when I went to her in the morning, she seemed suddenly alive again.

"Good morning," she said, looking at me with her candid eyes. "It's glorious! I'm going to sit at the window today. I can see

from here that it's all blue and white out." She paused while I put a tray upon her lap, then said, "There may not be another day like this."

I must have looked startled for she said gently, laughing, "I'm not being morbid. But you're not a philosopher. Don't you know about the stream? Never twice—" She let her hand fall and suddenly she was sad again but only for a moment.

I said, "I'll get your husband to take you to the window." and I turned away quickly, for I wanted to cry. To me there was something exquisitely beautiful, almost abstract in its purity, about Laura and the secrecy of her. She must have caught a suspicious brightness in my eyes, for she called me back.

"Wait!" she said, and I faced about and went to her.

"Is there something you'd like to have?"

She disregarded my question, and seizing my hand looked up at my face. "Please," she said, "don't pity me. You're strong, you're well, but I think you understand me. There are some things I'd like to talk about to you, but I can't. You'll just have to guess them." She closed her eyes as though tired, but as I turned to go she spoke again, and at first I thought that my own imagination must have put the words into her mouth, "You—love him, don't you?"

I didn't answer. I couldn't, and presently she opened her eyes again, and smiled at me, and shivered a little, and said, almost as if she regretted her momentary weakness, "Now will you get him to take me to the window?"

I met Steve just outside the door.

"How is she?" he asked.

"She wants to sit at the window. Don't let her tire herself." I spoke stiffly, fearing that something of the wild disturbance within me would creep into my voice, and wishing too, to hurt myself by speaking to him coldly. As I ate my own breakfast I wanted to cry into the eggs and bacon, but did not, and ended by laughing weakly, so that Jim

Povris, passing by, remarked Yes, wasn't it a fine morning, though, and I agreed. With my own feelings hot in me, I wondered at her courage in seeing Steve every day, touching him, and still not betraying the darkness within her.

When I went up again Laura was alone in the deep chair near the window. Each time I came upon her alone and alive I knew a kind of painful relief and surprise. She said, "Come and look," and showed me the mountains bright in the sunlight with a smoky gulf of shadow in the notch to the west. Leaning over, my face almost touched her hair, and I could sense the warmth of her body and a tautness about her.

"Oh, how can you stay in on a day like this?" She leaned forward. "If I could only walk out there! Steve and I used to walk a lot."

I felt that she wanted to get me out, and suddenly I wanted to go. I heard footsteps coming down the corridor, and Steve came in, smiling.

"She's better, don't you think this morning?" he asked me.

"Oh yes." I said, but somehow I felt that Laura looking at me, held mockery in her eyes. "You'll stay here? I have some errands to do down at the village."

"Yes, I'll be right here." He drew a chair close to Laura's, and sat down, taking a book from the table beside him.

I went out then, but I remember that I stopped to look back. She was smiling at him, seeming completely happy and at ease, but he was watching me. I closed the door and turned my eyes away.

It did not take me long to finish my shopping in the village, for there were only two grocery stores, a dry goods store, and a drug store. I bought some green soap and a box of face powder I remember, so that I would have a package to show when I returned to the hotel. The distance between the hotel and the village was about a mile, and before I got back I was tired, and walked in a kind

of gloom, scarcely glancing at the quiet trees and the thin, golden air. The sound of my shoes scraping along the rough dirt of the road, my breathing, and the rustle of the paper bag I held against my skirt were the only sounds which broke the stillness. I think I was aware of nothing and had become scattered in the leaves of the trees, among the unknown multitudes of the dust upon the road; sifted among the determined organisms of my own body alike as with the things about me. If I had died then I would hardly have noticed, or if noticing, I would have been glad. So it was that I did not see Steve until I had come almost beside him.

I was not surprised, for nothing would have seemed strange to me then, but it was difficult to gather myself together even for him, and at first I was unable to speak. He said,

"Hello. I thought I might meet you if I came down this way." He held a pipe between his teeth, but it was unlighted, and I could see quite empty. He came up to me, and turning, walked at my side, not seeming to notice that I did not answer at once. I listened to the sound of my feet on the road now mixed with the tread of his, and I was afraid. I thought of Laura alone in the little room with no one to see her. I said at last.

"Did you leave her alone?" While I waited for his answer, I heard the stillness around us creep up. I thought I could feel it on my hands.

"No. Some people came up from home to see her. I thought it would be a change for her to see them without me. And she asked me to come out for a while."

I said, "Oh." I wanted to ask him if he were sure the people were there but I did not. We walked along quietly, softly through the clean air. I could smell the unlit pipe now and then, and it was like touching him. It was impossible for me not to feel that we generated a kind of harmony together, but by the time we came in sight of the hotel my hands were shaking. I did not

want to go in, and stopping, turned to look at the mountains. Steve looked too. "It would be good to stay here to live," he said. I knew he was not thinking my thoughts, and I was glad for him, but the effort not to tell him what I believed emptied the sky of all meaning and the hills of color, making me seek movement. I turned to go in and he followed.

There was no one in the lobby. The place seemed dead, drained of all animation. We walked across the lobby, and into Laura's tiny sitting room. The door to the bedroom was ajar, and I could see the foot of the bed and Laura's brown hair on the pillow, but could distinguish no movement. Steve said, "She's asleep. They must have left."

"Yes," I answered. I remember that the carpet in the sitting room was a deep mulberry color, and that the curtains lifted slightly in the breeze. Everything had an air of sober normality, even of boredom. It reminded me of the Sunday afternoons in my childhood. Steve put his pipe into the side pocket of his coat, and his shoulders moved as though to stretch tired muscles.

When he spoke again his voice had changed. He said, "I'm so tired," and the words were weighted with weariness, dropping like cold stones through the air. I stood quite still, waiting. I was aware of the deep stillness in the bedroom. He came up to me and put his arms about me, burying his face in my neck. But a profound and unassuageable hunger awoke within me, and I knew that even he could not satisfy it. Under the tweed of his coat I felt his muscles move and ripple, then relax. The touch of me rested him, I knew, and I kissed him. But then I felt older than he, and sad. He stood with his back to the bedroom.

Then he stood away, looking at my face. "I'm sorry, Mary."

"It's all right. It was my fault. I've been wanting it for days. Forget it if you want to." I did not want him to look into the bedroom.

He went on as if he hadn't heard me. "You're so kind, Mary. So heavenly kind. Like she was before—kind with her mind and her body." He stopped speaking abruptly. "God! Make me stop talking, won't you? I'm saying things I don't want to say. Why can't she be well again? She's so fine, so sweet, it's unjust."

I could say nothing. Could only stand rooted stupidly to the floor.

"Help me, Mary!" he said, and his face was so naked of all defense that it hurt me to see, and I pulled his head down on my shoulder, hiding his eyes. We stood so for a while, and there was an ache in me that this thing should come to me partially and with such pain. For I knew that to him I was the ghost of Laura; the part of her which he had lost. Yet we had both forgotten her.

It seemed that I could never be aware of any other thing again, but the sound which came was as loud as thunder, a sound of breaking, violent and sudden, frail china smashed against hard wood. To me, expecting only silence from Laura's room, it was as if the rafters of the house had been riven apart. Steve jerked his head up and his face went white so that new lines stood out about his eyes and mouth. He was in the room before the echoes of the crash faded, and I followed.

Laura lay moaning on the bed with her head tilted back, laying the long throat bare. I saw that on the floor beside the bed a blue lamp lay shattered into fragments. Her right hand hung from the side of the bed just over the jagged blue pieces, and I knew that she had pushed the lamp over deliberately, for it must have cost her some effort.

Steve went to his knees at her side. "Laura," he said, "Laura, Laura."

She tried to turn her face away with a curious look of shame. Her voice was a gasping whisper. "I've taken poison. Want to—die."

Steve said, blindly, "You'll be all right." He looked back at me. I nodded. I knew

I could save her. Her eyes were closed, her face and lips colorless. I gave her hot soda water as an emetic and she lay retching in my arms. Doctor Waters came almost immediately, for I had sent Jim Povris' son for him. It was a much harder thing to bring her back than it should have been. It was as if she held back, withdrawing into some dark fastness and struggling against us, although she lay limp and passive with the breath scarcely brushing by her lips. My own hands too, rebelled against me, trembling and fumbling. I knew the cruelty and grossness of my own efforts, and would have liked to protect her, to stand before her and keep them away, so that she could be safe. But even as I felt these things I knew that my desire for her death was sprung not alone from pity of her, but from the knowledge, which she held also, that Steve in losing her would turn to me.

Presently she opened her eyes, fixing them on me, and I leaned toward her lips. Her whisper was so delicate that it was like the immaterial substance of my own thoughts. "Why did you? You should have let me go." I put my hand on her shoulder to quiet her, but her eyes would not leave me. "—cheated me. The lamp—I didn't know I'd pushed it till after. It was my hand. Did it because I heard you—out there." She closed her eyes. Her hair lay like smoke about her face. We thought she had slipped off into a sudden sleep, and Doctor Waters started forward, but her lips moved again and she murmured, "I could have died. We'd all be free now, only I didn't love him—quite—enough."

Steve came then, and crouched down holding her hand. "I love you, Laura," he said, "It will be all right. I'll take care of you."

She looked at him then, but her eyes were dark with a deeper wisdom and patience than he would ever know. I knew.

* * *

I never saw them after they went back to the city. But I cannot forget. The doctor

is gentle and wise. I think he has guessed most of the story, although we never speak of it. There are some things a woman will not say even to her husband. It is strange, but even now in the darkness, John Waters wears Steve's face. I sometimes feel that he is beginning to look like Steve in the light, and when the likeness becomes complete then the sadness will have worn away and I shall be eased.



The Flamingo extends cordial greetings to parents of students and guests of Founders' Week at Rollins College.

BEHIND BEYOND

THE crashing of the trail-locked spheres
Has split my startled earthly ears,
And cast me from a normal bed;
By universal paths I'm led
To tread on aery, light-built rays
Up, up to frightened walk on ways,
Through measureless and vaulted
tombs
Of saints and sinners, long fore-
doomed.

The sanctity of all around,
The mind's wished elements en-
crowned,
That used to pierce me through and
through,
And guide me over paths untrue,
Has fallen from my cysted eyes;
Revealed the many gilded lies
Beneath their legendary veil,
And shown me faults set in their mail.

The space I crave's behind beyond,
Where misty dreams do rest, till
conned
By morning's hard and crystal lights,
They fail to reach imprisoned heights,
And surging on the future's walls
They break, nor penetrate the halls,
Where lies the seed of HOPE divine,
Amongst the mirrored crypts of
time.

DON BRADLEY

A HARLEM TRAGEDY

(Continued from Page 12)

keeping you from your washing, too.
Mrs. Fink—Oh, that's all right. I don't
mind a bit. In fact before you came I told

Mame that I—(Mrs. Cassidy jabs her se-
verely with her elbow and gives her a threat-
ening look) that I—I—
Mr. Cass. (laughing)—That you wished
we'd move out—eh? Really, Mame, we'd
better go. (They gather up the things).
Tell Mart hello for me, won't you. Sorry
we've been such—(the voices die away as
they all go off left. A few minutes later
Mrs. Fink enters slowly, thoughtfully, sad-
ly).

Mrs. Fink—Mart—he never thrashes me—
he's as strong as Jack—He must not care for
me—silent, glum, idle—oh—oh (she sinks
on a chair and, her head on the table, sobs
violently. Presently steps are heard. Then
a door slams. Mrs. Fink jumps to her feet
guiltily and, wiping her eyes, runs to the
tubs and starts washing viciously. The door
opens and Mr. Fink enters. Silently and
abstractedly he walks over to his wife and
gives her cheek the customary "peck").

Mr. Fink—Hello, Mag.

Mrs. Fink (going on with her washing)—
Hello, Martin. (Mr. Fink walks over to a
chair and sits down. He takes off his shoes,
lights his pipe and picks up the newspaper,
and is at once lost in its contents).

Mrs. Fink—Martin—Martin!*Mr. Fink* (jumping)—Eh? Oh—yes?*Mrs. Fink*—You're home early.*Mr. Fink* (nodding)—M-m-m-m—yep.*Mrs. Fink*—Why?*Mr. Fink*—M-m—oh, Labor Day tomorrow.*Mrs. Fink*—What do you plan to do?*Mr. Fink* (mumbling)—M-m—imagine
that! A hundred people killed—*Mrs. Fink* (sharply)—Martin!*Mr. Fink* (jumping)—Oh—yes?*Mrs. Fink*—What are you going to do?*Mr. Fink*—When—why?*Mrs. Fink* (angrily)—Oh Labor Day?!*Mr. Fink* (returning to the newspaper)—
Oh, read and sleep and—*Mrs. Fink* (seething, enraged)—You lazy
loafer, must I work my arms off washing and
toiling for the ugly likes of you? Are you a

man or are you a kitchen hound? (She
stands beside him fearing that he will not
strike. Mr. Fink drops his paper, motion-
less with surprise. Suddenly she leaps and
strikes him fiercely in the face with clenched
fist).

Mr. Fink (jumping to his feet)—Mag, I—I
don't (Mrs. Fink catches him again on the
jaw and with a wide swing of her hand. She
closes her eyes and waits for the coveted
blow). Mag, dear, I—I don't understand.
Do you want me to—to help with the
clothes? (He shuffles over toward the tub.
Mrs. Fink stands stupefied for a second and
then clasps her head with her hands rushing
out left with hysterical shrieks.)

Curtain

BLUE CURTAINS

(Continued from Page 22)

that in spite of the fact that she and I have
never met, yet her life and influence here
have affected me.

The Blue Curtains.

"Blue . . . what is that the symbol of?
Purity? Purpose? Ideals? Strength." The
Curtains are Blue.

Blue Curtains.

Henry Jacobs: "She is not gone. Her
spirit is still here."

Blue Curtains.

Blue is the color of fealty. It is the color
of truth. It is the color of a clear sky.

The Curtains are Blue. "She is not gone.
Her spirit is still here". She brought those
curtains to the theatre. She set an ideal and
left Blue Curtains.

Zimbalist again. Zimbalist and Blue Cur-
tains. Schubert's "Ave Maria", the violin,
the Blue Curtains, Annie Russell.

Bzzzz.

Harsh, the signal breaks in. The curtains
close toward the center. Cutting off the
Blue Curtains, finally cutting off the view of
the picture.

The buzzer brings back reality. It takes
me out of the emotional field of the Blue
Curtains, of the picture, of the tableau, of the
violin.

But no buzzer of reality can take away
"Blue Curtains". The Blue Curtains, for
me, are probably, may be gone. But Blue
Curtains. Blue Curtains cannot be erased
from my ideals—ever.

Envoi

(A tribute. Written immediately after the
service held in the Annie Russell Theatre in
memory of Miss Annie Russell. . . .

who made Blue Curtains out of the
Blue Curtains.

(A tribute. And I am just beginning to
realize the debt. To the man who made Miss
Russell here possible and who has brought
me to her.

There can be no final parenthesis.

SOUTH TO SONORA

(Continued from Page 6)

was trying to start a revolution. Warming
still further to his tirade, he began empha-
sizing words with a shake of his closed fists.
But no. We are informed that he is trying
to sell something. He is trying to sell a gold
mine for fifty dollars. Also some beans and
flour. Seven men make up his audience, all
still wearing their sombreros, despite the
fact it is well into the night. The rich color
of their faces is thrown into highlight by the
flames, the smoke drifts out over the brush.
The man talks on. There is a laugh. . . On
goes the music, until at last the fires have all
burned low. We slip away to our bed rolls,
leaving a figure here and there still crouched
and gazing into the ashes. Truly, these
people love the night.

I pull off my boots and get between three
thicknesses of woolen blankets and an air-
tight canvas bag, with the sleepy sounds of
guitars still coming to my ears.

THIS MAN HEARST

(Continued from Page 10)

"American Internal Policy" Hearst has constantly and forcefully pushed the interests of America in international affairs, and has advocated hands-off policies in most cases. Idealists and peace workers regard Hearst's American isolation attitude as a detriment to world peace. It is true that world peace is hardly possible without the full cooperation of the United States, yet the same doubt exists even if the United States did cooperate. Perhaps it is Hearst's opinion that world peace is a dream. If that is so, he can not be criticized too sharply for his stand.

With the presidential election nearing, Hearst has not qualified his stand on the present administration. He has out and out opposed the New Deal policies, and at the present writing is fully expected to support Governor Alfred Landon of Kansas for Republican nomination and then carry his

weight to the polls on election day for Landon.

What Hearst is going to do next, is a guess at the best. And those timid souls that are frightened by uncertainty have only one thing to look forward to in regard to Hearst—He is seventy years old.

WAS NAPOLEON A LIBERAL?

(Continued from Page 14)

hards, like Matternich, who preached generosity to the vanquished, and it was the Allied liberals, like Stein, who sponsored punitive measures against the lair of the Corsican bogey.

Then came the Congress of Vienna, and the triumph of the diehards in the Allied ranks. At its sessions the liberals were overwhelmed by the conservatives, and the hopes of German, Italian, and Polish nationalists and constitutionalists were effectively squelched by dynasties which jealously guarded their medieval privileges. Czar Alexander switched to the diehards, and Stein was ignored. (The diehard Congress danced and drank and flirted to the horror of American ambassadors in whom still lived the queer Puritan tradition. Yankee Federalists, who had been strongly in favor of the Allies and against the French, inclined to the viewpoint of Allied liberals and were naturally without feudal sympathies. Jeffersonians, ever for red France, were baffled by a Napoleonic militarism with which they could not concur.) For the time being, only

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The prizes will consist of part cash and part in the form of a "Literary Scholarship" through a special arrangement with Rollins College.

1. For the Short Story adjudged the best\$1,000
(\$200. in cash and a "Literary Scholarship" valued at \$800.)
2. For the Short Story adjudged second best—A "Literary Scholarship"
valued at 650
3. For the Short Story adjudged third best—A "Literary Scholarship"
valued at 350

The first prize cash award will be paid whether the literary scholarship is accepted or not.

The four stories ranking next highest will be awarded "Honorable Mention". The story winning the first prize will be published in the May, 1936 issue of *The Flamingo*.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

1. Any Senior student in any high school or preparatory school in the United States is eligible to enter the contest.
2. All manuscripts must be submitted to the principal or headmaster of the local school who with a committee of three appointed by himself will select the best stories to represent the school. The stories must reach John Bills, editor of *The Flamingo*, Winter Park, Florida, not later than April 1, 1936. Announcement of schools and students winning prizes will be made in the May issue of *The Flamingo*. A return self-addressed envelope with postage attached should be sent with each manuscript.
3. All manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on one side of the paper only and mailed flat.
4. The stories should be not less than 1,500 words, nor more than 3,000 words in length. All manuscripts must be submitted under a "pen name" and the writer's real name and address enclosed in a sealed, attached envelope.

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Herschel Brickell, Literary Editor of the New York Evening Post, also Literary Editor of the Review of Reviews. Mr. Brickell was formerly editor of Henry Holt and Company, and former Editor of the North American Review.

Maxwell Aley, Editor of Longmans, Green, formerly Fiction Editor of the Womans Home Companion. Mr. Aley's short stories have appeared in all the leading magazines.

There is no "further information", as all conditions are stated above. Copies of this announcement may be had upon request to:

JOHN BILLS, Editor
The Flamingo
Winter Park, Florida

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE
LOST HIS FIRST
PIPE...AND FOUND
IT AGAIN

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EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION!
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LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED
MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE
SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST
A KID THEN — ONE DAY I
LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH
I WAS A GONER!



GOSH, IT'S
LUCKY YOU
HEARD ME
YELL FOR
HELP!



HEARD YOU?
SAY, NOBODY
HEARD NOTHIN'
IN ALL THIS
UPROAR —

THE BOSS LOGGER
HAD SEEN MY PIPE
COME FLOATING DOWN
THE RIVER — THAT'S
WHEN HE FIRST
FIGGERED I WAS
IN TROUBLE—



A CORNCOB — EH?
THAT'S THE KIND
I SMOKE MYSELF —
LOADED WITH
PRINCE ALBERT!

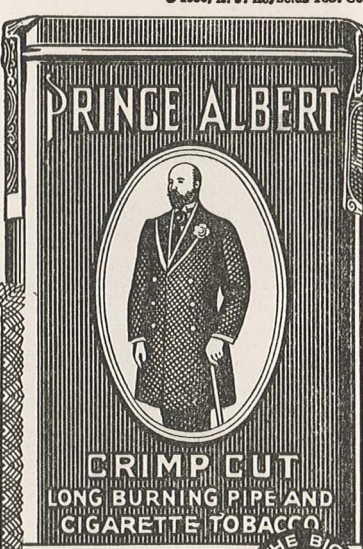
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WAS NAPOLEON A LIBERAL?

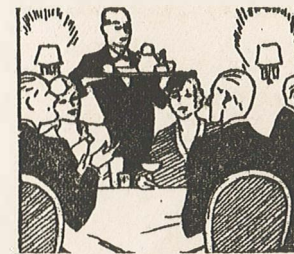
45

Charles Augustus of Saxe-Weimar and his
Goethe continued as European liberals-in-
office.

But the diehard victory at Vienna was
short-lived in the long light of history. In
the next three or four decades England, Bel-
gium, Prussia, South Germany, Greece, Aus-
tria, Hungary, Poland, Spain, Portugal,
Switzerland felt the stirring call of liberal-
ism, nationalism, constitutionalism. Herr
Metternich and his inflexible principles were
to be at a discount everywhere. Revolutionary
sweeps of 1830 and 1848 carried the Conti-
nent. The Spanish colonial empire fell to
pieces. Liberalism moved forward with in-
creasing velocity until checked in its course
by the fascist march on Rome in 1922, on
Warsaw in 1926, on Berlin in 1933, on
Vienna in 1934.

It seems, in some respects, that the French
revolutionary principles (in their sanest
form) were inherited by the Allied liberals
of 1813, rather than by Napoleon. The Al-
lied diehards may be dismissed as fools be-
yond the pale of progressive civilization.
What was left of the radical French Jacobins
(most of them were elderly or dead) had by
1815 turned against the First Empire. As
to Bonaparte—Hapsburg by marriage, social-
ly ambitious, conservative by instinct, pro-
fessional shedder of blood—he was yet in-
finitely preferable to the Metternichs from
a liberal point of view. But, again from the
liberal viewpoint, Napoleon fell far short of
the Steins, the Weimars, the Moreaus, the
anglophile John Marshalls. Radical Napol-
eon's bitterest enemies were those adherents
of the Allies who were even more radically
inclined.

It may even have been—and heaven help
me if I am wrong—that the distinguished
and "enlightened" ghost of J. J. Rousseau
stalked in perfect amity beside the fiery
charger of old Marshal Bluecher (Prussian
Smedley Butler) in the 1814 march against
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YES SIR!

(Continued from Page 19)

through South England, also on our bicycles. Our attitude toward each other changed almost entirely. We felt a strange pride, when people turned to look at us. We did not mind any longer dressing alike. In fact, I would ask my brother in the morning what tie he was going to wear, so I could wear one like it. Naturally, our parents noticed this change and were well pleased.

We were very enthusiastic about our future, meaning to succeed through cooperation. In December, 1933, we applied together for a scholarship at an American college. Although the result was made known to us only half a year later, we never lost confidence, mutually strengthening our hopes. We almost kissed each other when we learned that we were among the seven lucky ones chosen out of tenfold. We have now been in this country for almost two years. This period has only strengthened our unity—and has made each of us a rather severe critic of the other's behavior, each being a sort of reciprocal checking system for the other.

There is a rather peculiar problem coming up now—at least, so people tell us. They expect us to have trouble over girls. Either we shall like the same girl, or a girl will like both of us and not be able to choose. Well, as far as our side of the question is concerned, we had only little common interest for one and the same girl, up to now. We have found out that our tastes differ slightly. Also we have a gentlemen's agreement, not to fish in the other's waters. As to the opposite side, or sex, no firsthand opinion has yet reached us. However, I believe that the girls will see some difference in us. To help people, I let myself grow sideburns, and so, whenever anybody asks how to tell us apart, I tell him or her: "My name is Leo and I have long hair (sideburns), the one with

the two "I's" is I." On the whole, people mix us up so often that we do not feel annoyed, but rather amused, and are taking it as a spice which we shall, probably, enjoy our whole life. There are, nevertheless, a few people who can tell us apart at any time and who say that we are as different as can be. What do you think?

Yes, sir, it is some fun to be twins.

MORE TALL TALES

(Continued from Page 23)

called his rabbit-chasing sons and had them scale the side of the mountain and shake some of the trees. The sons shook the trees, the apples fell to the ground, raced down the hill and crushed themselves against the wall. The juice filtered down the sluice to where the Old Man sat bottling the apple cider.

Of course Old Man Frisbie just about cornered the cider market, especially when he didn't let set and get hard. When it set and got hard, the Old Man let some of kids drink a gallon or two to keep them warm during the winter.

Speaking of winter, it gets cold up in those hills where the Frisbies lived. It got so cold one winter the Frisbies were frozen in and the rabbits became so brave one ventured within ten miles of Frisbie Hollow. It was during this freeze that Old Man Frisbie got his idea about the peaches.

If you ever went up into Frisbie Hollow and didn't tell the Old Man about his peaches, more than likely he would chase you out. One fellow went up there and mentioned that he didn't think Frisbie's peaches were so good. He made a big mistake. All seventeen of those Frisbie young'uns ganged the stranger and made him eat peaches until he allowed the peaches were good.

But to get back to the peaches. The Old Man could never stand peach fuzz. I never could either, for a fact. Anyway, the Old Man got out his think cap, sent the kids on

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a rabbit hunt, and started figuring out how to get the fuzz off of a peach, and make it grow that way. The Old Man thought so long that his young'uns completely covered the house with rabbits. About that time he called his brood in.

He said, "I'll be blasted if I ain't gonna larn how to grow them peaches 'thout any fuzz on'em if I have to send wun of yuh to "Collidge" to learn how to raise fuzz-less peaches."

But Emmet never got to "collidge". When he started down the hill a gang of woodpeckers caught him with his hat off and drilled his head full of holes. It took the Old Man darn near two months to find wood chinks to match Emmet's head. When the Old Man, did get Emmet's head chinked, Emmet was so addle-headed he wasn't good for anything. He got so bad at plowing that Old Frisbie took him out on the mountain one day and shot him. Old Frisbie thought that was the last of Emmet, but Emmet turned up two days later crazier than ever. It seemed as if the Old Man had shot him in the head and the chinks been blasted out.

Old Frisbie took some pity on Emmet and figured he would give him another trial. This time he chinked Emmet's head with green spruce. Emmet's head must have been pretty fertile, because in a week a first class spruce blossomed out of his head. Being as it was so near Christmas, the Old Man took Emmet and stood him in the corner of the house and used him for a Christmas tree.

To get back to the fuzz-less peaches. Old Frisbie tried everything he could think of to keep the fuzz off of the peaches while they were growing but nothing would work. So he had the young'uns paint the peaches with floor varnish when they got ripe. Then he turned loose the gang of woodpeckers that ate up Emmet's head. Naturally when the ironed-billed woodpeckers started their tattoo on the varnish it cracked off the fuzz and peelings, leaving the peaches peeled for Old Man Frisbie to can.

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