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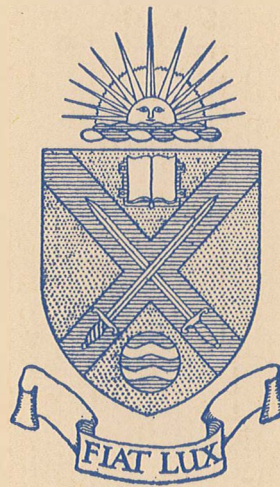
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THE FLAMINGO

MAY, 1943



ROLLINS COLLEGE

Winter Park, Florida

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ROLLINS COLLEGE WINTER PARK, FLORIDA

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He Who Runs Away

By HOWARD YARYAN

THE moon is hiding behind a wisp of cloud now, but it still stares down at me in a knowing manner. I have been looking at it now for some time. I know I should be concentrating on the work atop my desk; however, it is no use and I push it away. Still, it is strange how a moon can look the same from a civilized city like Miami, as it does from a wilderness like the Everglades.

Well, if you care to listen, I'll tell you a little about myself. I am Stephen Ames, broker. In the upper brackets of Miami society I am known as a successful business man. My home is in the swank residential district and some of my friends are Miami's most influential citizens. To all appearances I am happily married and have one child, Tommy, age eleven. Friends tell me that I am lucky to have a wife like Val. They are right; she has done everything possible to make me happy. However, our marriage will never be what it was once. She knows that there is something on my mind and that it has to do with that hunting trip into the Everglades five years ago. I used to go hunting every year, but I never explained to her why I stopped. I had better tell you the whole business. I have to tell someone and I can't tell Val.

It had been ten days since I left Miami on this hunting trip of mine and I was camping about five miles from Creeper's Corner, which is ten miles west of the Miami Canal and in the midst of the Everglades. Creeper's Corner is limited to a store and two weather-beaten, knocked-together shacks. The store, such as it is, is run by Ham Farrier and his daughter, Millie, who is pretty in a kittenish sort of way. I had quit hunting two hours before sunset and had eaten my meager supper. I hadn't killed any deer that day, but my gun had been fired. This was enough to cause me to clean it, and I was engaged in this task when the moon came up. It was just like this moon now; cold and aloof, all

by itself among millions of stars. My rifle was almost cleaned when I was shocked out of my meditating calmness by the swishing of bushes behind me.

I jumped up and whirled around to see a tall lean woodsman striding toward me. I recognized him as Lafe McCay, the older of the two McCay brothers, who trapped and did odd jobs around Creeper's Corner. We eyed each other for a few seconds, waiting for one another to speak. I finally cleared my throat and asked him if he'd care to sit down and have a cup of coffee. He shifted the wad of tobacco in his cheek and drawled, "Don't mind if I do."

I watched him as he folded his lengthy frame into a sitting position with his back against a tree. He didn't seem to want to talk then so I put the coffee pot on the fire and studied him more carefully. As I said before, he was tall and lean. He wore a battered straw hat with a cowlick of brown hair peeking out from under it. Hanging onto his gaunt body was a dirty, faded pair of overalls, while his feet were enclosed in a pair of moccasins. His blue eyes, which usually held a laughing look, were now moody. Presently I poured him a cup of coffee and handed it to him. He grunted his thanks and gulped it while I went back to cleaning my gun. I was surprised when he broke the silence and asked, "Have you heard th' news 'bout Millie an' Tom?"

I knew Tom was his brother and had been courting Millie for a long while, so I inquired, "Have they finally gotten married?"

"No, they got killed in Millie's paw's shack."

This calmly spoken sentence brought me to my feet with a start. "But how? Do they know who did it?"

"It was did with a rifle an' th' sheriff figgers that th' man what done it must a' been crazy jealous o' Tom an' killed 'em both. He's guessin' that th' man'll head for th' west coast as fast as he kin go an' he says

he's goin' to follow him if he goes clear to hell. He don't know he's after the wrong man."

"How do you know?"

"I just knows, that's all."

"Then the man should have stayed and told them. They wouldn't convict an innocent man."

"Not knowingly they wouldn't, but if the real killer left your knife at th' scene o' th' crime, you'd run too. With that an innocent man wouldn't have no chance a'tall." He finished his coffee and handed the cup to me.

"I still say that the man should have stayed and maintained his innocence. The law will take care of the one who is guilty."

"No, he prefers to take care o' th' killer hisself 'cause he considers it a personal matter. He aims to follow th' skunk to th' ends o' th' earth if it's necessary." He paused to listen then continued. "Those dawgs shore sound purty. Reminds me o' th' times me an' Tom went huntin'. Them must be th' sheriff's abayin' now. I guess he's on th' trail o' what he thinks is th' real murderer." He took another chew of tobacco. "Well, I'll mosey along; that durn fool sheriff's after me you know. O' course I'm not guilty an' like you say I could stay an' tell 'em, but remember 'Th' man what looks an' runs away 'll live to fight another day', an' that's what I aim to do. I'll get that killer if it takes me a lifetime. Goodbye, an' thanks for th' coffee."

He unfolded his length bit by bit, stood up and stretched, pulled his hat down more firmly, and ambled away, slipping quietly between the trees until he was entombed by the night. I watched while he vanished and then turned to stir up the fire, still thinking of what he had said and of the horrible crime that had been committed. There was no doubt of his innocence. I don't think there was a man living who could have looked him in the face and afterwards said he had lied. I could hear the hounds baying out beyond in the darkness. They were getting closer, but I knew it would be at least half an hour before

they reached the camp so I settled back to wait for them.

I was sitting there looking at the stars and moon, waiting for them when they came crashing through the underbrush. The dogs were barking and tugging at the leashes and they all acted as though they were the main event. The sheriff was in the lead, followed by five other men. He was a short, stout man with a bushy mustache and a bald head. His attire consisted of a torn leather jacket with no buttons, a baggy pair of tobacco-juice stained trousers, and scuffed boots. The rest of the posse was a shaggy looking lot, armed with rifles and shotguns, as thin as the hounds that led them. I knew the sheriff as well as I knew most of the other people of Creeper's Corner, which was only slightly.

He looked at me suspiciously and then bel-lowed, "What was Lafe McCay doin' here an' where at is he?"

I pretended that I didn't know what they were after and said I had no idea where Lafe could be. I told them Lafe had merely dropped in for a cup of coffee and that we had talked a bit and he had left half an hour before they came. I then inquired what they wanted with Lafe.

He seemed convinced of my ignorance of the crime and said, "He went an' killed his own brother an' his brother's gal 'cause he knowed he couldn't have her hisself."

I tried to show that I was shocked and surprised and said faintly, "And to think I was talking with that cold-blooded killer. I hope you find him." I must have satisfied him because they left after I pointed out the way Lafe had taken. Even when I tried to sleep that night I could still hear the howling of those dogs.

I didn't do much more hunting and two days later I packed and left for home.

So here I am, high in a skyscraper, thinking of that hunting trip and looking at the moon again. I still worry about Lafe, but many years have passed by and he hasn't found me yet.

"And Conquer We Must When Our Cause Is Just"

By GENE STURCHIO

Six hundred and forty years ago an Italian traveler was thrown into a jail in Genoa, and to pass the time he wrote a book. His name was Marco Polo, and his book about China was so exciting that it started a world movement of exploration and led to the discovery of America. A book written in prison.

Two hundred and six years ago another man went to prison in London, England. He, too, wrote a book to keep from going mad in the silence of his cell. His name was John Bunyan; the book was *Pilgrim's Progress*, and, after the Bible, it has sold more copies than any other book ever penned by man.

On a beautiful Spring morning just nineteen years ago, to a little river town in Bavaria, they brought another prisoner, tossed him into a cell and forgot about him. He, too, decided to write a book. Marco Polo had told how he loved China; Bunyan had told how he loved Christianity. So this man decided to tell how he hated everything. During the soft Spring evenings he would stride around his cell dictating to another prisoner. A thin, grey-faced radical. His name, of course, Adolph Hitler; his book, of course, *Mein Kampf*.

While we were watching the Washington baseball club in the series, or nominating Calvin Coolidge for President, and winning the 1924 Olympics, or loaning Germany a couple of hundred million dollars to help it back to its feet, the thin man in his jail cell went on writing the book. The thin man wrote: "First Germany must conquer Europe . . . for no nation on earth holds a square yard of territory by any right derived from Heaven . . . Strength alone constitutes the right to possess."

"Might is right", wrote the thin man, but he was just a broken-down, penny-ante in jail. It didn't concern us, did it?

While we were working up the Dawes Peace Plan that year the thin man was writing: "Labor unions are to be abolished. Strikes are to be forbidden. No one is to be free to

find work where he pleases. Wages will be frozen, and workmen forbidden to look for, or even accept, better jobs."

Well . . . it didn't concern us did it?

The following year, while the Prince of Wales began his tour in New York City, the thin man went on writing: "When we talk of new lands in Europe we are bound to think of Russia. The immense empire is ripe for collapse." Well it didn't concern us, did it?

The next year, 1926, the American stock market hit a new high and a lot of us Americans got rich enough to go abroad to play in Europe and drink un-bootlegged liquor; a few Americans read the book and saw that it had something in it for us after all. You can read it today . . . it's concise, complete. Just one sentence: "Democracy in the West today is a monstrosity of filth."

In the years that followed, the miracle happened. The one chance in ten million that would make his wild, badly written, clumsily thought-out book succeed, actually turned up. It became the Bible of the Nazi world; its author became its god.

Everything a Nazi official said officially became part of the book, for censorship was an iron wall; what Hitler wanted us to hear, we heard—nothing else. We listened to it, read the book, but—it didn't seem to make sense. It didn't make sense when Hitler said: "I shall maneuver France out of her Maginot line without losing a single soldier. How to do it is my secret."

Then, paragraph by paragraph, line by line, Hitler made his book come true. He attacked France exactly as he had said, pulled wool over England's eyes exactly as he had said; and, on schedule, he tore apart the old world.

He was talking about them, destroying them, not us—wasn't he? Then, suddenly, he was talking about destroying us, and from official documents can be drawn the plan for America. From the Ministry of Agriculture comes his plan. Berlin, May 1st, 1940: "A

new aristocracy of German masters, the Herrenvolk, will be created. This aristocracy will have slaves assigned to it. Please do not interpret the word slaves as a parable; we actually have in mind a modern form of medieval slavery which we must introduce because we urgently need it in order to fulfill our great tasks."

Concerns us, doesn't it?

"Higher education will, in the future, be reserved only for the German population."

Concerns us, doesn't it?

Adolph Hitler, interview with Herman Rauschming, 1933: "Do you really believe the masses will ever be Christian again?" "Nonsense. I promise you I can destroy the Church in a few years."

Adolph Hitler, interview, 1933: "Americans behave like clumsy boys. The American is no soldier. The inferiority and decadence of this allegedly new world is evident in its military inefficiency."

Concerns us, doesn't it?

"Our superior products will be sold at very low prices throughout the world and will cause the United States to have not seven million but thirty million, forty million unemployed."

Then there is the matter of race. These are the words of Hitler's Head of the Office of Racial Plan—Dr. Walther Gross: "Our policy is to arrest the fertility of the Poles, Czechs, Serbs, Russians and other Slavic peoples. Every increase through births among these parasitic peoples would be contrary to the general interest. We have therefore adopted radical measures to limit their new births to a minimum. German soldiers will be free to abuse Slav women, but these women are not allowed to bear children. An exception is hereby made for girls in some districts of Poland, as in the Tatras mountain region, where they have been put into breeding camps at Helenov near Lodz."

And all that is not about us . . . our women, our families . . . because we have not been conquered.

But there is a final document that again is the official, published, released-by-the-censor Nazi view. We are mentioned quite prominently in it. I quote Dr. Richard Darre, one of Hitler's Ministers: "At present the United States is so demoralized and corrupted that, like France, it need not be taken into consideration as a military adversary."

All the added chapters of that book began in the cell of a jail—the one that we didn't think concerned us. Even that contemptuous, boastful sentence: "The United States is so demoralized and corrupted that it need not be taken into consideration as a military adversary."

It doesn't apply to us. It doesn't apply to all the fine young men who left Rollins College last week for camp. It doesn't apply to you, does it?

If it does, this is the man Hitler sincerely believes you are. If he were right, the last chapter of *Mein Kampf* will be written in Berlin and not in Washington or London. But since you are not that man in this book of theirs, the most tragic book known in all history, the final chapter will be written by us.

For Adolph Hitler, when he dreamed it all up that summer of 1924, proud to be writing his book in the cell of a jail, proud to be among those who changed history from behind barred windows, quite overlooked one of the men who also grew famous for such a prison task. He overlooked the fact that one hundred and ten years before he entered that jail cell in Bavaria to write *Mein Kampf*, an American in a cell likewise did some writing. In Fort McHenry was imprisoned Francis Scott Key, and the last four lines of his contribution to literature go:

"And conquer we must when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, 'In God is our trust.'

And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Reality Fever

By JANE WELSH

THE high, expansive, but thinly furnished office of George Jennings Wigglesworth, president of the "Jennings and Robbins Real Estate Co.," sported all the typical characteristics of the hundred per cent American business office. It was so organized that the client entering through the west door from the outer office, first noticed Wigglesworth's massive mahogany desk and matching swivel chair. Then he'd notice the plush cushioned client's chair and then two tall bare windows overlooking the squalid business street. If he pressed his nose against one window so that it made a smudge, he'd see the company's impressive red sign, "J. & R. Real Estate Co." Across the room, a narrow slit window overlooked a dark and dirty side alley.

Stacked on the floor beneath this window one noticed a motley collection of newspapers and magazines. These papers included almost all possible varieties of periodic literature: edited papers, Nazi propaganda papers, edited speeches of statesmen, Congressional Records, and many others. Wigglesworth thought his friends should notice that the office resembled that of a newshawk more than a real estate man. Sometimes someone would acknowledge this and Wigglesworth would laugh heartily, for his hobby was, as he would tell them, "the news behind the news." Then they would make further light comments about his having missed his calling and that he should certainly have been a newspaper man. Stalwart, bouncing, and partially bald, Wigglesworth often flattered himself by saying, "I can well imagine the story behind this or that report;" when at home, he would elaborate elegantly to the buxom and patient Mrs. Martha Wigglesworth. She, a conscientious lady, always listened and sometimes would idly twist her large diamond wedding ring, as if it alone were responsible for the lecture she was receiving about Hitler's latest move and its effect upon real estate.

Now, the Wigglesworth's had a Jewish neighbor who they said "didn't belong." But Mr. Wigglesworth always expressed the opinion that with taxes and rents climbing, whom could you expect to buy the cozy little houses in their "elite" neighborhood but Jews. The Wigglesworths and their "set" didn't appreciate Jews. When asked why, Mrs. W. had to admit it was the way she had been brought up, and once she had heard someone say that, although the Jews were always trying to mix with the Gentiles, in time of crisis they were first a Jew and second a Gentile. Mr. W, however, spoke from experience in the business world. He said:

"I've done business with Jews and know they're clever swindlers. Why, the way their race is persecuted, it's a matter of self-preservation to be clever. Wise men avoid them, but of course," he would add, "one must be civil and never betray one's real animosity. After all, we are a democracy."

Mr. Wigglesworth was very amply decent when this neighbor, Albert Stein, on his way to work one morning, sat next to him on the bus.

Mr. Stein was a medium sized man, but slightly short in contrast to Wigglesworth. He was usually jolly, friendly, and owned, Mr. W. admitted, a very good hardware store. In fact, the hardware in the Wigglesworth house came from Stein's store, and confidentially it proved very substantial hardware.

This morning, however, Stein was depressed. In fact, he hadn't been himself since the Germans carried their advance into Russia through Odessa and Bessarabia. These places were two of the largest Jewish centers in the world. Wigglesworth had never questioned him, for, as he always said, "Jews were unpredictable." Then, Stein didn't habitually talk about himself, anyway.

But now Wigglesworth thought. "Just wonder what's biting him . . . Could I ask him I suppose." He was feeling congenial



"THERE WASN'T MUCH THERE, BUT IT'S THE END."

in spite of himself.

"What's troubling you this morning, old scout?" he boomed.

"Nothing really, it's not worth mentioning. Just that I've not heard from my daughter in over three months. She's in Odessa, Russia, with her husband. The papers I've looked through said nothing except that the Germans took the town. I don't know what's happened there . . . or if my girl is still alive."

"Well, now, that's too bad." Wigglesworth really felt concerned. Old Albert wasn't such a bad egg. Of course he'd never dealt with him in real estate, but still . . . He encouraged:

"Course, you know letters are slow coming from such places now-a-days."

"Yes", Stein agreed warmly, "my only hope. She is a good girl. I remember she wrote often from college, where she majored in physics. Incidentally, she met her husband there. He practically lived for physics; now he lives for her, too." Stein smiled. "The most decent boy that ever walked the earth. Yes, Mr. Wigglesworth, you, too, would admire him." He swelled with honest pride. Then as the main train of thought returned to mind, he continued:

"To get back to what I was about to tell you. She wrote one letter from college telling about a certain Sunday they spent working in the laboratory. They even had lunch in there, a funny unbalanced lunch. But you know, Mr. Wigglesworth, how those kids are. They'll eat anything digestible."

"Yes," Mr. W. agreed on this point. He knew. He too, had a daughter in college, and she thought she was fat. "Dieting to beat the band, damned foolishness."

"I wonder," Wigglesworth thought to himself, "what the Misses would say if she saw me getting so chummy with this Jew."

"Go on, old man," he boomed again, "I'm all ears about that girl of yours."

Stein laughed. "My girl doesn't seem to have illusions about dieting, at least. But as I was saying about that certain Sunday lunch in the lab; she brought along milk, raw carrots, and bread. He contributed

oranges, mild cheese and cake. They constructed a grill from lab implements and toasted cheese sandwiches. Best sandwiches I ever tasted, she wrote in her letter. Wonder what they're eating now?"

Wigglesworth was ironical. "Must at least have bread and cheese for sandwiches." Stein half laughed . . . then beamed and chuckled.

"And I know what her husband is doing."

"What?"

"He's whistling the tune of 'Aie-e-e, Suzett', like a French mocking bird. She says he always does, whenever things go wrong."

Stein laughed heartily. Wigglesworth followed suit, and thought:

"Stein's a darned amiable fellow. Will tell the Missus tonight. She'll have something to say! I sure can cheer a fellow up by just letting him talk." He guffawed anew.

"What's funny now?" Stein asked.

"Same old thing," answered Wigglesworth.

But as the sun cannot shine through thick clouds, neither could Mr. Stein continue laughing through his fears and doubts. His gloomy mood rivaled the drizzling weather outside the bus. People scurried across the street with umbrellas, hiding trucks and cars alike from their view. Children hopped over miniature rapids of rainwater rushing down the ditches and into gutters at the end of each block. Once the bus passed a lady frantically chasing a letter she had dropped into one stream. As the bus neared the business section Stein spoke again:

"You know why my girl and husband majored in science, and why he is devoting his life to it? It's like the poet, Keats, said—'Truth is beauty, Beauty is truth', and science always seeks truth."

Wigglesworth's daughter specialized in economics, but he admitted privately to himself, "she had no such cleancut philosophy of life." Men, perhaps, recognize the defects in their own children quicker than do women. At least, Wigglesworth felt that his Bernice was nothing extraordinary, while Stein's girl, a Jewess, probably had the mak-

ings of a fine lady. He mused:

"It might be a good policy to ask him up to the office and let him look through my collection of papers. Maybe he'll find a little more detail there. Might even sell him some real estate on the side. Jews have cash and besides a man's got to be democratic." Aloud he advised:

"Say, old fellow, why don't you come on up to my office and thumb through a pile of papers and magazines I've saved. I'm sure, judging by the tone of some of them that Nazi agents publish quite a number of articles. There's probably nothing concrete in them, but at least you might come across something you hadn't seen before. You know wartime newspapers, subtle instruments, huh? Might be worth it anyway."

"Well, would it be too much trouble?"

"No, not at all!"

"Well, when is it convenient for you?"

"Any time!"

"Thank you so much, I'll come up now, if that's convenient for you", Stein complied in a monotone.

"All right. We'll get off the bus here."

Up in the big bare office, Wigglesworth indicated the unobtrusive pile with a wave of his pudgy hand. He lit the light on his desk and a beam reached to the stack of papers, like a ray of hope. The office was damp that rainy morning and almost resembled a cell. The dreary atmosphere was dramatic. Some rain had leaked through one loose jointed window and made a puddle on the floor. The water would doubtless stain the floor so a rewaxing job would have to be done. The papers crackled as Stein feverishly excavated their contents. The dusty pile had accumulated over a two-year period.

"Sounds like a death-rattle," mused Mr. Wigglesworth idly. "Most likely nothing much in those papers; probably I could sell him that summer house in Port Pleasant. He may complain about the plumbing, though." The rustling noise of paper ceased. "Now to mention the house."

"Say, Mr. Stein, I have just the summer home for . . ."

But Albert Stein stood up then. He trembled. He looked small and old but composed.

"Thank you, Mr. Wigglesworth," he said, "there wasn't much there, but it's the end."

He laid a dusy news-magazine on Mr. W.'s desk. The small concise type seemed gigantic and black.

"In Odessa and Bessarabia there are no more Jews."

That evening two aristocratic centerpiece candles flickered nervously on the massive mahogany dining table in the Wigglesworth home. Their refined and mellowed light was reflected indirectly from the large gold-topped mirror onto Mr. Wigglesworth's now placid features. Not even the palatable odor of his favorite roast beef interested him. Not even his wife's cultivated refinement could stir in him the customary intimate jargon of admiration for her good taste. Not even Fluff, the family poodle, could persuade Mr. Wigglesworth to sneak him a substantial piece of meat.

"Whatever is bothering you tonight, George dear?" his wife cooed. "You seem so depressed."

"Nothing, Martha, just business. Things aren't so good at the office."

"You've had business worries before, but I've never seen you quite so depressed."

"It doesn't involve us, dear. It's all over and done with anyway," he grumbled affectionately.

Idly twiddling Fluff's right ear, Mr. W. thought:

"Wonder if, after all, I should tell her about Stein's daughter? Shocking ladies unnecessarily with gruesome stories is bad policy. Then, she may not understand. She's standing up to leave the table. Anyway, maybe it is best to be still. No, she is coming around the table."

Perching on the arm of her husband's chair, as best may be expected of a buxom lady, she stroked his thin hair with liquid smooth hands. The Andre Beauty Salon had waved her hair and manicured her nails that very afternoon. She bent to peck his bald

spot, leaving a red imprint, and he breathed the enticing French perfume he had given her last Christmas.

"Don't you think a wife should know when her husband is unhappy?" she coaxed.

"Martha, I may have to tell you if you continue prodding me like this." His features twisted painfully.

"Please tell me," she invited.

"Well", he began, "you won't look at it in quite the same light as I do. However, it's about Stein and his daughter."

"Oh, that Jew up the street?" she said archly, raising one eyebrow. "I had forgotten about him."

"Yes, Martha. It's a beastly crime the way the Jews are persecuted. I hate the whole business, regardless of what our friends say."

"Why dear, what's the matter with Mr. Stein, to so upset you?"

"Martha, Mr. Stein's only daughter has within all probability, been massacred by German invaders at Odessa in Russia."

Mrs. Martha Wigglesworth stood up straight and walked to the window, always in keeping with her stately surroundings. No flaws were in her makeup. Even the seams of her stockings were ramrod straight. Looking outside, she saw the red maple trees swaying in the wind and fancied she heard the

rustle of their leaves. Then shrugging matronly shoulders she turned back toward her deflated husband.

"Really, George dear, I wouldn't have thought of you . . ."

"Thought what?" he inquired wearily.

"Why, that this Jew could upset you so. Don't you realize that it takes all types to make a world, that Jews, as one type, have been persecuted since the beginning of the Christian era, that therefore Jews are tough and can stand anything?"

"But Martha, Stein is, I'll have to admit to you privately, a decent fellow."

"Perhaps, George, but like all the rest of his race his die is cast."

"Still it's ugly business," he insisted.

"Yes," she agreed, "but be objective and realize that this is a matter of survival of the fittest. The Jews can stand and have stood everything."

"I don't feel like talking any more, Martha, dear."

"No, of course you don't, but do put on a fresh shirt. The Jones's are coming for a short rubber of bridge in half an hour." She stroked his fleshy jowls with liquid gestures.

"Hell," he snapped with his customary gusto and kissed his wife. "It takes a wife to keep a man on his feet."

SPRING BREEZE

The spring breeze
Slips through my room,
Ruffling the curtains at my windows,
Stirring the papers on my desk.
It stops to run careless fingers through my
hair,
Before gliding through the door, and down
the stairs.

—GLADYS ABBOT.

Note On Willard Gibbs

By WALTER C. BEARD, JR.

In the major fields of science probably no one man has ever done more and received less recognition for his work than has J. Willard Gibbs, the mathematical physicist and American genius of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. The scope of the work done by this man, who was born, lived and died in the relative seclusion of the Yale Campus, is not generally known. Yet he laid the foundations for many of our great modern industries and set up equations serving as a basis of some of Einstein's work. His fame lies in the formulation of a mathematical law applying to practically every field of scientific investigation.

A contemporary of Melville, Whitman and the James's, this little known American published his papers in the "Proceedings of the Connecticut Academy," a publication of rather limited circulation. Late in 1857 the "Proceedings" included the paper which has marked Gibbs as one of the greatest creative thinkers of all time. This contribution, which has been called the *Rosetta Stone* of science, was entitled "Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances." By means of this, he created the science of chemical thermodynamics and raised himself to the rank occupied by Newton, Maxwell, and Einstein.

America readily recognized the genius evidenced by Thomas A. Edison and Elihu Thompson, whose work was easily seen as a means to dollars, but the theoretical work of Gibbs went comparatively unnoticed and certainly uncomprehended. In England and Germany, Gibbs' work first received recognition. The German scientists were quick to realize the significant material being produced by the young American mathematician. But it was for the great English physicist, James Clerk Maxwell, to bring Gibbs' genius to the level of understanding requisite to a general appreciation of the work. By means of his brilliant teaching and imaginative demonstrations, Maxwell was able to show the practical and more specific applications of Gibbs' theories. It was through Maxwell

that chemists first came to understand Gibbs in relation to chemistry. Because of the complex mathematical treatment necessarily used by Gibbs in evolving the final simple expressions, there are, even today, few persons who can read his original papers with understanding.

Essentially, the "Equilibrium of Heterogeneous Substances" is a mathematical treatment and expression of the factors and laws governing a stable system, or mixture of two or more different substances. The term equilibrium is used to designate a state physical or chemical stability in a mixture. The degree of stability is dependent on certain variable factors. Gibbs designated three variable factors—namely, temperature, pressure, and the concentration of the components of the system. The general theorem derived from these considerations is now known as the *Gibbs Phase Rule*.

Ever present examples of the successful application of the *Phase Rule* are seen in the manufacture of steel and other alloys, such as special bearing surfaces and lightweight aircraft metals. Steels are stable, solid solutions of carbon and certain other metals in iron. By varying the proportions of iron, carbon and added metals, by regulating the temperature of fusion, and by controlling conditions of tempering, the production of stable metals having definite properties is controlled. And so it is with lighter metal alloys consisting of aluminum, magnesium, copper, and other elements. All are blended and the final product produced in close adherence to the principles laid down by Gibbs. The physical chemists of General Electric Company have called the *Phase Rule* "a key which unlocked many of the secrets of complex and often confusing alloy systems." The work of Gibbs is conceded to have converted the study of metallurgy from an art to a science.

In World War I, the Haber process of nitrogen fixation made possible Germany's

entering into, and sustaining so long, the war. It was the development within the German borders of this process of taking the gases of the very air itself and combining them to make explosives and fertilizers that gave so prominent a position to the chemists. The successful commercial application of Haber's process depended on a complete understanding of Willard Gibbs' *Phase Rule*. The German chemists, who had so quickly recognized Gibbs' genius in his first publications, had the knowledge and were years ahead of the Allies, who recognized, at a somewhat late stage, the necessity of procuring men to apply the process in America and England. By 1919 huge plants for the production of explosives had been constructed. Among these was the immense Muscle Shoals project, which operates today. Behind these projects lay Gibbs' paper, furnishing equilibrium diagrams for the delicate adjustment of the various conditions necessary for the satisfactory cycle of operations.

The beauty of Gibbs' work lies in its ultimate simplicity. He was concerned principally with mathematical derivations and gave little concern to the practical implications of the results. The amazing feature of his work is found in the seemingly endless fields of application. Today the *Phase Rule* is being applied not only in the already mentioned industries, but also in agriculture, petrology, electro-chemistry, and, surprisingly enough, in the adjustment of social and economic systems. Even more significant is its use in physiology and other biological work. For example, the blood and other

solutions in the body are seen as delicately balanced physico-chemical systems functioning in accordance with the *Phase Rule*. Even the untutored can see an inspiring beauty in a work giving simple mathematical form to the inter-relations of the sciences.

Gibbs enjoyed his work in mathematics to the exclusion of other interests. He published several papers and a book on advanced mathematical methods. Although he rarely spoke at the Yale faculty meetings, he once made a well-known statement which has shown more than anything else his feeling for mathematics. After a long debate on the advisability of changing the amounts of English, classics and mathematics offered as electives Gibbs rose, much to the astonishment of the others, and spoke: "Mathematics is a language".

It is not difficult to understand why the name of Willard Gibbs should have been so long relegated to the rather esoteric groups of physicists, chemists and mathematicians when it should be as familiar to everyone, especially Americans, as the names of Thomas Edison or assuredly Joseph Henry. His work is obviously far ahead of his period, and it is only recently that sufficient "practical applications" have been brought forward to bring his name more widespread attention. Among scores of others in theoretical work, G. N. Lewis, prominent physical chemist at the California Institute of Technology, and Harold Urey, Nobel Prize chemist, have both expressed the magnitude of the debt of modern physics and physical chemistry to the work of Gibbs.

A Letter From Shanghai

The letter printed below is an actual translation of a letter written by Miss King Sze Tsung from the Japanese occupied city of Shanghai. Miss King Sze Tsung left China in October, 1941, and is now a student at Rollins College.

Dear R:

I recently received a letter from Hsi Wei, my former classmate, who is still in Shanghai. As you have asked me about the situation in Shanghai since Pearl Harbor, I am sure you would enjoy her letter. It gives a quite thorough story about the conditions there under the present "Co-Prosperity" system, Japanese origin, of course. As you will see, her art of letter writing is really worth mentioning. You may use it as a model for your correspondence, but I do hope you will never be compelled to use it. It requires a lot of thinking and you know thinking will add age to your looks.

This is her letter:

May 8, 1942.

Dear A:

It has been seven months now since I wrote you. Yet, it seems like eternity to me. I bet you must be wondering what has become of me. Well, I have been through an age of Negative Adaptation, which kept me rather busy. However, I am well adjusted and there is nothing to worry about. We are getting along smoothly under the new order. In fact, everything is running along so smoothly that nobody quarrels with anybody.

Life is jogging along like the donkeys' caravan. It is so romantic and peaceful. Remember those days when we went sight-seeing up North in those caravans? My, what a wonderful time we had! Speaking of carriages, we now have three means of transportation: bicycle, rickshaw, and our own pair of feet. Since the former two are rather expensive, most of us have to use our own feet and walk. I have to walk about four and a half miles to get to my office and back.

Fortunately, business is not as hot as it used to be; therefore, I can take all the time I want. Prices are mounting up, friends and relatives are all busy walking and working. We seldom have time to entertain each other. However, the relations within one family are getting cozier. I begin to understand grandfather's philosophy of life. In fact, I wish I were in his shoes, so that I could see things from his point of view. On second thought, I wish I were now with Ching, so that I might be of some use to the dear old man and help him with his work. He is so hopeless, as you well know.

Can you imagine that L. . . . is actually on a diet! Well, she is. Besides, she looks extremely becoming and charming in a size 14 dress. I think she ought to have taken up dieting long ago. Speaking of food, we don't have to worry about preparing a menu for any meal. This is real economy. Vegetables, corn and millet will always taste good when one's hungry. And we are hungry most of the time. I think it is because we walk so.

Lou-Ni just came back from S. M. C. Thank heaven, he got our share of rice today. You know, the other day he had to stand in line from ten o'clock in the morning till five o'clock in the afternoon before he could get the rice! Today he only waited for about four hours. Can you imagine there are such a lot of people living in Shanghai? You may not understand why we have to get our rice this special way. You see rice is so hard to get now. Ordinary polished rice is sold at eight hundred dollars one picul (110 lbs.). Naturally, we could not afford that. However, the co-controlled S. M. C. is very conscientious about public welfare. They are now undertaking to sell a kind of government rice at one hundred dollars per picul, but each person is limited to three pounds a day. We have to get in line to buy our share. But half of the time, the rice is sold out before one's turn comes, and the late comers have to start all over again the next day. We have experienced that misfortune



"... I WISH I WERE NOW WITH CHING ..."

only nine times within the past two months, which is indeed very lucky!

S. . . . has gone to the country with the children. She wrote that they are enjoying a very peaceful life, only she's not used to the rats. But many times some neighborhood cats would come over and help her to clear away some. Her children are out of school for the duration. It is really a pity. But S. . . . is taking it very bravely. She said that the children are spending a lot of time outdoors, and sometimes getting acquainted with the cats. She hopes that they would understand the nature of cats and really get educated in the biological sense. I think that's quite a worthwhile practice, don't you? K. . . . is now living with a friend; his mother is with us, and his sisters with the B. . . .s. Really, I do think K. . . . is too dogmatic about his ideas. He turned his own house over to S. M. C. to be used as they desired. Now, he himself could not afford to rent one. Therefore, the family has to be divided up. But I do admire his spirit of sharing, which is very hard to find among human beings.

You may be glad to hear that I am really getting very economical in my daily expenditures. We have only Lou-Ni with us now. All the other servants are gone. You see, the new servant-tax of forty dollars a season, per servant, is really beyond our means. Therefore, we have to give them up. I think this is a true foundation of democracy and equality among the Mongolian race. We have our own hands and legs, why not use them! Besides, the government's industrial factories are short of manpower. It is really killing two birds with one stone. Other obnoxious taxes are also being collected. For instance, we have the two-cent tax on food, matches, paper, and other daily requirements. Getting sufficient fuel for the winter will be the main problem to some people, for coal is sold at three thousand dollars a ton. Coal balls are sold at eighty dollars a load. I can foresee that it leaves us out in the cold. I am not particular about it, because I am sure walking four and a half miles a day will keep

me sufficiently warm. But I do pity those who cannot walk!

So, you can see for yourself that life is really getting on normally here under the new order. You don't have to worry about us, for we are not worrying about anything ourselves. Take good care of yourself and write me whenever you feel like it. I'll write you again when I find a chance and have news to tell. Meanwhile, I am praying that your work would bring you back to Shanghai, so that we could talk about the good old yesterday (which is today). I am sure it would not be long! Cheers and luck!

Your friend,

C. . . .

Now, R, what do you think of her letter? There may be some places you do not understand, or that seem senseless. It may be so, but to me they all mean something. I'll tell you a few examples and let you ponder the rest out yourself. I am sure if you think them over carefully you will find that there is no trick whatsoever in the wording of her sentences. It is a matter of imagination.

You can be sure that life now in Shanghai is not a smooth one, no matter how many smooths she used in her letter. She said that life is like riding in a donkey's caravan. Well, that explains the whole thing. We were so sick the last time we were traveling in one of them, it was worse than the ship. Hsi Wei is not happy, for she wished that she were in her grandfather's place. And that place, R, does not belong to this world! Later she said she wished she were with Ching. That sounds more encouraging to me, for Ching is the head of a branch of guerillas. Of course you can guess who the rats are! The Japanese officers, yes. And the cats symbolize the Chinese guerillas. It is a good allegory, isn't it? Lastly, she said that she had hoped I would be with her soon. You see, I am working with the government, and if my job would bring me to Shanghai, it could only be done after the government has moved to the coast. That will mark the day for the victory of China and the Allies! She sure sounds very hopeful, doesn't she?

The government she mentioned in her letter, as you may detect, is the puppet-government. The servants that lost their jobs as a result of the Servant-tax have to make a living and support their families through other means. The only road that is available for them is the puppet-government's war industrial fac-

tories. Isn't this a cunning way of getting manpower?

Please write me of your opinion about this letter. I am anxious to know what you think of it. Meanwhile, cheers and chin up!

Yours sincerely,

A. . . .

IF I SHOULD DOUBT

I lay there pillowed by the earth,
And covered with a breeze;
The song that lulled me on to rest
Came singing softly through the trees.

The light was sinking fast beyond
A distant hill, and far
Above the drift of tufted clouds,
I caught the sight of one faint star.

The daylight met the night half way,
They paused to form the twilight;
To paint the sky a million hues
That fade when conquered by the night.

"There in the west, another star,
And there, not far away, the moon."
It's strange how close to God we are,
When it is night, and cool, and June.

I heard a nearby owl cry out;
His answer echoed from afar.
I saw a light streak through the sky;
The pathway of a falling star.

A zephyr paused upon my brow,
And then went on its hurried flight
To rustle clover in their sleep;
To sing through branches in the night.

I saw the velvet sky aglow
With heaven's candles each in place;
The wonders of the universe;
The mysteries of endless space.

If ever I begin to doubt,
If through uncertainty I trod;
I'll think of that night spent with Him,
And know again, there is a God.

MARY LOUISE CAMPBELL.

Thine Alone

By BEN BRIGGS

PIGEONS scampered busily on the smooth green carpet of grass. Ribbons of criss-crossing white sidewalk gleamed in the early afternoon sunlight of a New York City park where carefree people strolled, drinking in the pleasure of the first real spring day of the year. Paul Manning strolled there too. He was the sort of man that the others happened to notice for his tall, slender figure and his face, finely chisled and sensitive, reflected perhaps thirty years of age. The light gray suit he wore had the same immaculate quality as his bearing. Perhaps some girl looked away from her soldier or sailor to utter a mental whistle or its feminine equivalent.

"Please, mister, can you let me have a couple of dollars?" Paul Manning whirled around to face the one who had suddenly addressed him. A short, stocky man with a thin nervous face stood before him clad in soiled blue work clothes. "Don't call a cop, mister," he hastened to add fearfully. "You're the first guy I've seen that looked like he had it and was human at the same time."

Manning should have been angry, but instead he smiled a bit. How could he be angry on this day when he felt that he would like to climb to some high pillar and shout down "The world is mine?" "Thanks," he replied aloud. "I think you're the first man who ever said that the first time he met me."

He withdrew his wallet and opened the billfold. He found only a single hundred dollar bill there. He closed it and opened the change compartment only to find two quarters and several pennies. He hesitated a moment before he extracted the bill and put it in the little man's hand. Manning was amazed at his obedience to a momentary impulse. He had never before given a panhandler more than a quarter to be rid of him. But whatever surprise the precise executive enjoyed was not a fraction of the pan-

handler's reaction. The man started to fold the bill to put it into his pocket when he noticed the denomination. His rough, scarred hands trembled. "This—this is a hundred dollars, mister. Did you know that?"

"Yes, I know it. You can go home and say that fate has been good to you, too."

"Gee, thanks," he said slowly. "I don't know anything else to say—anything fancy I mean. I never had so much money before." The little man was floundering. Manning felt a swift impulse to escape him.

He looked at his watch. "Never mind saying anything." He strode away, leaving an astonished possessor of a hundred dollar bill.

Manning walked back to his office. At last he smiled at the memory of the surprise on the panhandler's face. Idly he wondered what the man would do with the money. He could not be sorry for having given away the money. He had made someone as happy as he was, and it was pleasant to think of someone enjoying that height of joy.

But his poise was again all dignity when he entered the broadcast building. He nodded to a few of the hurrying men he met. The elevator whisked him to the proper floor, and he strode through busy outer offices into his own sanctuary. He thumbed through the notes on his desk. At the last of these he smiled. June would bring her script in at five o'clock for final revision before rehearsal. She had continued her husband's script with amazing success during those past months. He had been George Melton, one of Manning's best friends, before his disappearance after the destruction of his aircraft carrier in the Pacific. Manning, who had joined the Navy at the same time, had been injured in the same battle, but he had recovered. He was discharged because of a silver plate doctors had repaired his head wounds with, and he had gone back to New York and June. He had always loved her—nearly married her before she met George

Melton one evening at a college fraternity dance. Today she had finally agreed to marry him. Therefore, he consulted the clock and decided he could endure the next three hours until she came.

At four o'clock the voice of his secretary on the inter-office annunciator said, "Mr. George Melton to see you, sir." Yes, it was as simple as that. She was saying those words as though they meant nothing out of the ordinary. "George Melton," Manning gasped. "You mean the George Melton, the writer. He was lost. The Navy Department . . ." his voice trailed away. This was another man, of course. Hundreds of men might have that name. Manning mentally censored himself for the second time that afternoon.

But his secretary was replying, "Yes, sir. He's the one who used to write 'The American Story Hour'."

Manning could only say feebly, "Send him in . . . at once."

Soon George Melton stood there. He had changed incredibly since last they had met—but he was still George Melton. His cold blue eyes, his firm, thin mouth were unequivocal. The massiveness was gone from his former build and narrow lines were beginning to furrow his face. His light brown hair was tinged with gray. Manning rose slowly to his feet. "Where were you, George? Sit down and tell me what happened. The Navy Department said you were lost with the carrier."

The man used a cane to help himself to a convenient chair. "I was lost. George Melton was destroyed when his ship was torn to pieces by Japanese bombs. This is just a ghost that happens to resemble the man you knew. It calls itself George Carter when someone happens to ask."

Manning felt chills racing along his back. He could almost believe that this man was a ghost. He was not the George Melton he had known. "George," he found himself saying, "Have you called June? She'll be wild with joy."

"I have nothing to do with June. She married a man—not this wreck. This leg,"

he tapped the indicated member. It was artificial. He held up his right hand. "It's partly paralyzed. Do you think I could go to her knowing how she liked to dance and play tennis and sail the boat we used to keep up on Long Island? No, Paul, you know me better than that."

"But she loves you, George."

"Not me. You don't know the worst. The reason I was reported lost was that I had lost my memory. Things come back and then I forget again. I could never go out of the house and be sure that I would remember where to return."

Neither man spoke for a while. At last Manning found voice. "I think she'd be willing to take that chance."

"She won't have to, Paul. You were my best friend, and I'm counting on you to keep it quiet. I came to you because even a ghost needs nourishment. I think I can still write—maybe even better than I did before. I want you to sell these things for me." He took three folders from a brief case he carried. "Two short stories and a radio script. You'll see what you can do with them?"

"Of course, George. I'll take care of this, but there's something else you must know. June has said that she would marry me. She doesn't love me, but she thinks that you're gone."

"Then take her," interrupted the other. "That's the way it has to be." There was absolute resolve in his set lips and blue eyes.

"Think what you're saying. You can't do this, George. You must consider what you're giving up. You'll hate me after a time when you see me having the things that could have been yours. I'll be the one to come home in the evening to her. Not just for a little while, but forever she'll be lost to you." Manning paused for a moment hesitantly. "She'll have my children, and you'll know that they could have been yours. You'll learn to despise yourself for the stupid pride that made you give her up. Heaven knows that I worship her, but I can't have her under these circumstances."

But George Melton did not falter. "I've

thought about everything. My mind is made up." He sighed. "When shall I come back about those things?" He indicated the folders.

"I'll read the script now if you care to wait. I'll see someone about the stories tomorrow morning. You might come back day after tomorrow."

"Whatever you say. But you won't tell her or anyone else that you've seen me? I wore dark glasses, and I was so changed that no one recognized me except your secretary; I think she knows how to keep a secret. Because we were friends you must promise, too."

"I won't tell June, but please think over what I've said."

"Very well, but it will do no good. Thank you for everything. I'll have to leave now. June used to come about this time, I believe."

"Have lunch with me tomorrow, George," suggested Manning as he rose. The two men walked to the door.

Melton answered after a moment. "If we can go to some place where I won't be known."

"I know just the place. Meet me in the lobby at one o'clock." Manning pretended not to notice that his companion was not able to fasten his hand around the doorknob.

"Strange, isn't it?" Melton offered suddenly. "We two who love June more than anything else in the world argue as if we were each anxious for the other to have her."

"I know what is best, George."

"You're wrong, though. I've thought about it a lot longer than you. I was even thinking while I was floating around in the Pacific dodging lunchless sharks below and Jap planes above."

He went then. Manning watched him replace dark glasses and slowly make his way through the outer office. Despite the limp there was still more than a shred of dignity.

Manning spent the next several minutes admiring a blank wall and seeing none of it. His mind was a whirlwind of confusion. First, he loved June so desperately that he could not avoid a lurking regret that his happiness had been injured. He need only keep silent and she would be his forever. But he knew

that she would always love George. When his arms were around her, she would try to dream that it was George. Yet silence was so easy—George had insisted upon it. How ridiculous to do otherwise! Yet something not quite on the surface of his consciousness would not permit his mind to find sanctuary in this decision.

At five she came. She was gloriously lovely in a trim gray suit. Midnight black hair showered over her shoulders, and her dark brown eyes sparkled as his lips found haven on each of her soft cheeks. "Darling," she said, "I believe you do love me, after all. You've never kissed me quite like that before."

He caressed her hair before he replied. "I couldn't live if I lost you now, June. To come so close would be too much . . ."

"Don't say that, Paul. You know you couldn't get rid of me now even if you want." Her eyes glowed mischievously.

The script was made ready for rehearsal by seven o'clock. An hour later found them in a night club. June had donned a dramatic black evening gown that sparkled with silver sequins. He knew that he could never give her up. He must forget George . . . And was that oblivion not what he had asked for? They danced and he held her soft, fragrant form against him. While her fine hair brushed against his face, his decision became irrevocable.

At last she observed his thoughtful silence. "What is your dark secret, Paul? You are so quiet that I think something besides me is on your mind. Don't you love me any more?"

"You know I do, June. More than anything else in the world. I couldn't tell you about my love because there are no words. I spoke and yet said nothing. Didn't you hear me?"

"Let's sit down for a while, and then perhaps the orchestra won't drown out your telepathy."

They returned to their table. Manning was silent for a time. "I shouldn't ask this,

June, but do you think that you'll ever love me?"

The smile faded from the girl's face. "I don't know. I like you a lot, but I know that my heart is still with some twisted, rusting steel at the bottom of the Pacific. I don't think it will ever leave entirely, no matter what I wish."

"I understand, June. All I want is you. I love you enough for both of us."

"If you doubt, it's not too late to change your mind. Please don't marry me unless you are sure that it will make you happy."

"Of course, I'm sure. I shouldn't have said anything."

Manning's mind stole into the serenity of her deep brown eyes and rested there. They talked of a play they would see the following evening, of a house by the sea in Florida where they might spend an occasional winter vacation, of a little cabin boat with which they might sail along the coast. It was after one o'clock when they went home.

In his apartment Manning was still finding memory of his visitor an unwelcome bed-fellow. At last he surrendered to his state of unrest and got out the manuscripts that Melton had left. He immediately knew that these stories were superior to his pre-war works that had found publication in the nation's leading magazines. There was a new trouble here. June might see his published picture and notice some resemblance.

By four o'clock weariness overcame even his mental disturbance and he slept late into the morning. It was the insistent ringing of the telephone by his bed that finally roused him. A gruff-voiced man announced that he was the chief of the precinct police station. The unusual caller jerked Manning's mind to complete wakefulness.

"We got a guy tryin' to cash a hundred dollar bill this morning. He didn't look like the sort who'd be havin' such, so we ran him in. Now he claims you gave it to him. It sounds sort of silly, but we thought we'd better check."

"A short little man in blue work clothes?" asked Manning.

"Yeah, did you really give it to him?"

"I'm afraid I did, officer. Let him go with the money."

"O. K., sir, but he says he doesn't want the money. He claims it ain't been nothin' but trouble. His wife said he won it in poker." The officer hesitated a moment. "Don't do it any more, Mr. Manning," he finally said. "When a guy ain't never had nothing in all his life, it won't do nobody no good to suddenly give him a lot of something all his own. It sort of disrupts society, so to speak. Think how queer it would make you feel if you ever had something that wasn't your own. That's just as big a jump in the opposite direction, if you see what I mean."

"Yes, I understand," Manning answered slowly. "I'll protect society in the future. But tell me—how did the fellow know who I was?"

"He saw your pitcher in the paper one day an' he recognized you."

"I see. Thank you, officer."

Manning carefully fitted the receiver into its cradle. After he had dressed, he telephoned June to ask her to meet him in his office at four o'clock. Then he made a hurried appointment with a publisher for the morning to see the stories.

When the time had arrived for his one o'clock appointment with Melton, Manning had a handsome check and a plea for more from a great magazine editor. But instead of telling Melton of his good fortune while they sipped coffee at a little side-street cafeteria, he only told him to meet him in his studio office at four o'clock. The publisher would have his answer then.

In his apartment it remained only for Manning to call his secretary to make arrangements for his four o'clock visitors. "Show them into my waiting room and then leave quick," he instructed.

"Yes, sir. I'm glad you decided that way. I know they'll be happy in spite of anything George says. I haven't lived these years without knowing how to recognize love when I see it."

"I'm sure they will. I believe I really knew that this would have to be ever since I saw George. Someone just had to tell me. Have dinner with me this evening and I'll let you know all about it."

"I'd be glad to, Mr. Manning."

The telephone receiver clicked and later a man was seen to walk in a New York City park watching busy pigeons scampering on the fresh spring grass.

CHRISTOPHER

Tiny Christopher,
Half-past eight,
Half afraid, reached
The Heavenly Gate.

Gentle Christopher,
With light gold hair
And unsure steps, climbed
The Heavenly Stair,
And the great Saint Peter
Met him there.

Saint Peter asked him
If the way was hard
Or his flesh was weak
From the path he'd trod.
Said Christopher, "Please,
May I speak with God?"

So Christopher stretched
And Saint Peter bent,
And hand in hand
Together they went.

And Christopher walked
Where the grass was green
To the prettiest garden
He'd ever seen.

There were roses and lilies
Everywhere,
And they found God molding
A robin there.

Saint Peter stopped
By a honey-comb
And said, very softly,
"Christopher's home."

Then God turned round
With a Heavenly grace,
And the rustle of angel wings
Filled the place.

Christopher spoke, "Since
This home is new,
My mother was worried,
And father, too—
So I told them I'd come
Directly to you."

Christopher spoke,
For he thought he should,
And God told Christopher
He understood.

Then God took Christopher
By the hand
And together they stood
On the soft green land.

And God told Christopher
Not to weep
For the ones he loved
But to go to sleep,
For they'd come tomorrow
And tomorrow would keep.

Then God made Christopher
A feathered nest
And He tucked him in
And his dreams were blessed.
And Christopher closed
His eyes—to rest.

—LALEAH A. SULLIVAN.

HE FELT strangely happy and at peace this evening. Not because it was deliciously cool for early July, or because it promised to be a rare evening. He was glad it was Wednesday night and at seven o'clock he would walk into Julie's music-room to spend an hour at the piano. Only an hour! But it spelled sixty minutes of happiness for him. The tedious lessons of the week were over and he managed to live through them somehow, always awaiting Wednesday evenings with the eagerness of a child. The minutes, he knew, would be swift. Sixty rich pangs of brief and bitter enjoyment.

The clock in the hall chimed six. That meant there was time for a little concert. He decided on a piano concerto. In the alcove where the Victrola stood there was a fine collection of records and from these he pulled out the records and placed them carefully on the disc. The Victrola hummed, the first record clicked, then slid into place. He sat down in his favorite chair and closed his eyes. Almost at once, the music set him dreaming. He dreamed a lot, mostly when he was awake, and mostly because he was that kind of person. This hour, the interlude between the end of day and the beginning of night, was an hour of magic; the light outside stole away and in its place the soft dusk sifted in. A quiet peace filled him as he sat there, his mind let the notes drift in and out, the sounds shaped of themselves mysterious patterns in the air. *Da-dum-da, dee-da, dum-dee*, he sang in his hollow voice. *Da-dee-dee-dum*. It was splendid. "Splendid," he said aloud. He relaxed into a reverie of sound. Outside it was darkening, and the light faded imperceptibly from his music-room. Suddenly he noticed the time, and half sorry at not being able to hear the whole of the work, he roused himself and put the records away. In the living-room, where the stacks of music were piled in neat rows along the wall, he pondered over various scores. At last he found the piece he wanted, pulled it out, tucked it under his arm and on his way out did not glance at himself in the hall mirror. He hurried down-stairs in the joy of anticipation. The night air was sweet and young. All

the splendor of the evening unfolded before him as the first stars appeared. He decided to walk to his pupil's house. Nobody noticed as he walked that his hair was brown and had patches of gray in it, that he was not tall or young, and that he stooped. Nobody noticed that the crickets in the hedges were chirping and that there was one star sitting all alone in the sky. The rush of the cool wind on his neck as he walked was startling as the sharp gust of an electric fan. He was wondering if his pupil had practiced, and how well. All about him the stealthy evening wove itself, its touch compelling the sensibilities to an awareness of splendor. As he mused he lessened his pace, his ear attuned to the hushed whispering of trees. He was thinking that she would sometimes seem distracted, or pre-occupied, or even uninterested. But he told himself that he did not mind, because she was sincere and often diligent, and she was quietly beautiful. He hummed a bar from the music he carried under his arm, his hollow voice an unlovely burden in the wind.

Before he knew it he was in front of the red steps. He happened to look up. There were two stars twinkling at right angles from a smaller, distant one. Like two eyes, he said to himself as he went up the steps. The unlocked door opened easily as he turned the knob. From the music-room the chords of a familiar sonata floated out to him. For just a moment he paused in the outer hall, listening to the keys under her fingers. Then he went in, walking with accustomed soft tread. The first thing he saw was the mass of light hair coiled in braids around her head. The scalp showed pink where the part was and little stray ends of short hair stuck out in back of her ears. He wanted to look at the back of her neck, so he stepped closer, for he was a little near-sighted.

He heard the full tone of her playing. Her touch was strong, sure. While she played, he stood quietly dreaming, thinking how pleasant was the world that brought beauty to his eyes and ears. And, standing there in his pupil's house, he was far away. Only when she had finished and turned around did he say:

"Well done, my dear. I have some new music for you here."

"Thank you, sir," she said. "What is the name of it?"

"You will recognize it. I shall play it for you later. Have you practiced?" he smiled at her.

"Well," she answered, "I'll tell you after the lesson. Shall we begin?" He wanted to talk a little longer, but he pulled up a chair and sat down. He watched her fingers closely as she played the exercises. Here and there he took it up and played the treble with his left hand. When it was done he shook his head in encouragement and patted her hand.

"You must master them," he said. "They are difficult, but very important. Every pianist must *master* them."

"You are right, sir," she agreed. "I always need a drink of water after playing these exercises."

She got up and went away to get a drink. He watched her disappear, and he turned at last to the piano. She had left her handkerchief on it. He reached out and took it in his hand, turning and examining the lace edge with the fond naivete of a child. The handkerchief had a pleasant smell, faint and sweet. He put it to his nose, and fell to dreaming.

He was startled to find that she had come back and was sitting down.

"What are you doing with that?" she asked. He didn't know what to say, so he put it back on the piano. In the half-light she eyed him anxiously. The room was almost dark with the kind shadows that hid his embarrassment.

"We ought to have a light," she said, putting the handkerchief in her sleeve. There was a big straight lamp at the side of the piano which made everything bright and angular when she switched it on.

The light was disturbing. It must have hurt his eyes, for he blinked them like a cat waking abruptly in the full glare of moonlight. The light hurt him—it had burst rudely on the quiet atmosphere to rob the hour of its mood. Finally he said, "Let us have the sonata, my dear."

She rearranged the books on the music rack and began to play. From his chair, he listened attentively. The second movement was slow, legato. Glancing at him, she saw that his lids were half-closed. He was counting time to himself and in a little while he got up and walked about the room. His hands made graceful beats as he paced up and down conducting to the air. He bumped into the round table against the wall and the sweep of his hand, as he kept rhythm, knocked a photograph over. But he paid no attention, only paused to pick up the picture and set it aright. Then he stared at the photograph. The face had arrested his attention. It was the calm and wistful face of a young man in uniform.

She was playing the last movement, a gay and rollicking tempo. At the close of the sonata she looked up expectantly because he hadn't realized that she finished. Amusement came into her face as she found him gazing at the picture. She asked, "You admire the photograph?"

"My dear," he said, "who is this handsome young man? I have not noticed this picture before."

"Come and play the piece for me and I'll tell you."

"But," he insisted, "I shall play it later. Who is this young man?" She laughed happily, holding out her hands to him. She said, "He is my fiance. We are to be married next month. Congratulate me."

He did not take her hands. "Congratulate me," she protested. And when he was silent she asked, "What is the matter, sir?"

He looked at her. "My dear," he said, "I wish you happiness." He moved silently to the piano, and began to play. He did not play the piece he had brought with him that evening. This was something she did not know or recognize. She knew only that she had never heard playing like that. The room was alive with breathing harmonies, half-inspired, half-mad, aglow with subdued fire, with passages of quiet longing and drawn out despair.

She said nothing when he was finished. He stood up, put on his hat, took up his music and went out.

