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LITERARY SECTION

OF THE ROLLINS SANDSPUR

OCTOBER 22, 1926

LITERARY SECTION

Paul Hilliard Editor

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EDITORIAL

There is nothing that quite so satisfies the creative genius of the aspiring author as to see his work in print. It means acknowledgement of his merit by his fellow men and by the world at large. It prophesies success on the horizon of the great literati. It satisfies his vanity and proves that peculiar faith that every artist has in his own work.

It is the aim of this section of the *Sandspur* to grant these satisfactions to any student of Rollins who can produce work of literary merit. One does not need to be an H. G. Wells, a Rupert Hughes, or an Edwin Markham to gain recognition in these columns, but one must give evidence of literary propensity and skill that promises even better than a Wells, a Hughes, or a Markham. It is to promote literary interest at Rollins that this section is published.

We are situated in an artists' colony; therefore art is expected of us. Art in the form of literature is something that Rollins is able to offer to great advantage. Many students are coming here solely to follow out literary pursuits. Whether they believe the atmosphere of letters will influence their work for the better is problematical; but, surely, while in Rome it is easiest to do as the Romans do.

Rollins students deserve an outlet for their literary overflow. Constant and increasing demands for such an outlet have led to the publishing of this literary supplement; and, if it proves satisfactory, it will in all probability be continued, either in one form or another.

The editor will be glad to read any material submitted; and if found satisfactory to use it or return it with suggestions for improvement.

THE REALM BEYOND

By PAUL HILLIARD

Urged on by Beauty to seek that
which we may
Not know, and feeling, fail to understand,
We search for that which draws us
on, by day;
At night we dream the dreams of
futile man.
We reach, and always, just beyond
our grasp
It lures, evasive, fantasy abroad.
We can not know, but we may seek
and ask:
"Can this thing men desire be more
than God?"

The First Requirement

By HEWITT H. HOWLAND,
Editor of

The Century Magazine

The first requirement of any story is that it shall hold the reader's interest to the end. As *The Century* prefers short short-stories, the factor that will most promptly win and hold the reader's interest is character. The second is reality; the third, originality, the fourth, pattern, and fifth, style. I am grading, you understand, only on the basis of the reader's interest. In any other rating, style, which includes, of course, ability to write clear, clean English, would come higher in the scale. The type of story from the hard-boiled to sentimental, doesn't matter so much; any clean subject, so it is well handled, is acceptable to *The Century*. Naturally, the reader's sympathy is a paramount thing, when it comes to enlisting interest; and indeed in building from the editorial point of view, a "good story." Plot, in strict sense of the word, is very difficult to accomplish in a short story. If it can be added, then the author has achieved something worth while. A new device, a fresh twist, are highly desirable and may well serve in lieu of a plot.

On EVOLUTION

By PAUL HILLIARD

Evolution is an old idea. It is older than Methuselah, Babylon, Dayton, Tennessee, or Clarence Darrow. It is more aged than the theories of William Jennings Bryan ever were, and it dates from the dawn of civilization. In fact, the dawn of civilization has been only a process of evolution from prehistoric times. Evolution is by no means new, even though it is a vital subject in almost every pulpit sermon in the country, and seems to have sprung into prominence almost over-night. The old tree has merely been trimmed of its moss.

As nearly as I can ascertain, two sides have taken up the bone of contention to decide whether or not "in the beginning God created all things," or the beginning was only a process of evolution from something before the beginning—if human mind can conceive of such scopeless bounds. On the one hand are the fundamentalists, on the other the modernists. Each says the other is wrong. Neither can prove his point because no one was present at the beginning save a friend of the author of the Biblical (Continued on Page 2)

THE LEAF

By CARLO PASWALSKA

"A high wind will make a dead leaf fly like a bird."

This is the story of Keefe Pinscher, small and slight, with a furtive, calculating eye that comes of living and continuing to be alive in Mayvine Alley. One found him around the Idle Hour Pool Room of mornings (after 11), carelessly reclining against the door-way, handling a cigarette with a neat deftness that would have made any dowager from the Lake Drive region gnaw her lip in futile envy. These mornings after eleven he wore an outfit of startling black and white abetted by a bowler hat set to an infinitesimal nicety above his rather longish lashed eyes, vague unseeing eyes that were fixed on the sign of "O'Hallaran's Lunch—All Night" opposite. At rare intervals he would remove his coat and join the other shirt-sleeved, slim-waisted, near-replicas of himself about the green tables. He played taciturnly, surely, and always won.

Any time after eight or nine at night, clad in his alternate sartorial effect of a tuxedo and gleaming pleated shirt, he could be found in some one of the eighteen dancing places the South Shore district boasted. This was his main gesture. From nine till four every night he danced, silently, suavely, his pallid face set mask-like. His partners were the thin over-painted little creatures that sought such resorts variously as a means of support or for a stolen, pitiful taste of a family-forbidden pleasure. If their morals or philosophy were unsound, he never troubled; he was himself utterly lacking in both qualities. To him, however, they meant only a means, dancing was his one end. His movements were slow, deliberate, but so perfectly timed and rhymed that the music was as though his every move was made audible. It mattered not whether he were doing a tango a la Argentine in the best Montmartre manner (and doing it rather better than a Riviera gigolo) or swinging his legs grotesquely in the latest convulsion of the African jungle.

Sometimes while the sweating nigger orchestra rested, gathering its strength and wind for fresh barbarities he would sit at a refreshment table with a girl, sipping lemonade heavily loaded with a "stick" of woodish alcohol. If she had danced particularly well and had sense enough to keep quiet he would stroke her hand, thin and clawlike. He did it almost unconsciously, his eyes fixed pre-occupied out across the floor, his mind busy with new thoughts, new dance thoughts.

Occasionally he took one or another of them home after the dancing stopped at four o'clock. Kissing them was like a small hand full of chicken bones under a silk handkerchief. If he always left them at their doors it was not for dearth of wiley invitations, nor yet because of any moral scruples (he would have jeered at nothing, more), there was simply a

(Continued on Page 3)

A BIRD CALL

By VERNA MAXSON

Out of the silence of a velvet night
Comes the call of a bird.
Not a full-throated song,
But a gurgle of joy,
Such as a country brook gives
Stumbling over stones.

Out of the silence of a velvet night
Comes the call of a bird,
Like the gleam of the lake in the sun,
Like the arch of a rainbow
After a shower, or the delicate tint
Of a roadside flower.

THE ROLLINS TRIO—A BALLADE

By JAMES B. THOMAS

When Gretchen plays her violin,
While Edna plays her mellow flute
And Leila Niles is sitting in
To touch the keyboard's stirring
note—

So one might hear a dropping pin
The chatting audience grows mute—
Such silence and applause doth win
The Rollins Trio's high repute.

Forthwith the harmonies begin
While every ear becomes acute;
What films of melody they spin
From days of harpsichord and lute!
Then clapping hands make merry
din—

The artists' skill had borne its fruit,
Such silence and applause doth win
The Rollins Trio's high repute.

From smiling eyes and dimpled chin,
With charm that no one could dispute,

These mistresses of art have been
Accustomed, in their high pursuit,
Their sweet acknowledgements to
grin,

In ways both dignified and cute—
Such silence and applause doth win
The Rollins Trio's high repute.

L'Envoi.

Lovers of music, 'twere a sin
To miss a chance to pay them suit—
Such silence and applause doth win
The Rollins Trio's high repute.

OUR WINTER

By SINCLAIR HARDING

The trees, the leaves, the birds, the
grass; the lake—
It ruffles in the breeze, a thousand
waves.

The firmament proclaims these gorgeous
days,
And nature's in its green; all's well
with Fate!

The freshness of the morning bids us
wake
To greet again the sun its glorious
rays;

The dew upon the hillside gleams and
fades—
The mist from off a breath Neptune
did take.

Our day is at the morn, and spring
is here,
And youth is summoned past the
closing door,

And welcomed by a world without
a tear.
A carpet green that, stretched across
God's floor,

Will live to greet the morn another
year.
We live today, the yester is no more!

O'Henry is quoted as saying, when
asked to give the rules for successful
short story writing: "There are two:
the first is, write your story to suit
yourself, and the second—there is no
second."

OPPORTUNITY

By Sinclair Harding

The coast was clear. Little Jimmy Dale and his friend Harry peered out from behind the garage, and their eyes rested tenderly upon two big raspberry pies the cook had placed in the window to cool.

"Gee, they sure do look good," sighed Jimmy.

"Un-hunh," Harry agreed. "But, say, won't your ma have a fit when she finds them where they ain't?"

"Yeah, but how's she goin' to know who took 'em? It's a sure cinch I ain't gonna tell her, and you better not either if you know what's good for you."

"Aw, what's eatin' ya?" remarked the disgusted Harry. "I ain't no tattletale. I guess you know what I did to Martin Goldberg for telling on me about hittin' Mary Bealey with that spitball, don't you? Besides, we're pals, ain't we?"

"Yeah, as long as you play square," Jimmy diplomatically admitted. "My pa says they ain't no honest man who will go back on his frien's, an' you better be honest."

"Aw, I ain't gonna tell on you. Let's get the pies."

A few minutes later the two strolled around the corner of the garage. Harry was whittling industriously, and making an admirable attempt to appear intensely interested in the work of his one-bladed jack-knife. Jimmy affected an air of casualness entirely foreign to his thoughts. Now and then he kicked at a stone in his progress toward the pies. Once he lingered to pick up a bug, and farther on ended the unfortunate insect's struggles by depositing it on an ant hill. At last the two young culprits reached the side of the house unobserved by the enemy.

"I'll hand 'em to you," whispered Jimmy, "and you hide 'em in your shirt and beat it."

"Wait!" cautioned Harry in a whisper. "I hear someone coming around the house!"

"Run! Around the corner. Quick."

They disappeared around the corner of the house barely in time to avoid the ice man. When he had left, they ventured into the open once more.

"Get ready, now." Jimmy reached for a pie. "Ouch!" he yelled. His hand had touched the pie pan. Still hot from the oven, it was too hot to handle with bare hands. "Gee! that thing sure is hot. Gimme your cap, Harry."

The cap was quickly brought into use, but it was too late—Jimmy's yell of pain had reached the ears of Mrs. Dale. Hurrying to the back door, she made an exit just in time to observe the two boys disappear around the corner of the house, each with a pie in his hands.

"Jimmy!" No answer. "Jimmy, come here!" Still no answer. "Jimmy Dale, come here at once!" A small shock of sandy hair appeared slowly around the corner. It was followed by two big blue eyes, then head and shoulders. Finally Jimmy retraced his steps, placed his pie carefully in the window, and solemnly watched Harry as he did the same.

He did some quick thinking. No matter what he said, he saw severe chastisement lurking in the offing. Suddenly, a brilliant inspiration struck his active brain. Moving to a nearby rose bush, he selected the longest branch and cut it with his knife. Slow-

ly, he began shaving the thorns off the switch, and, completing the task to his entire satisfaction, he placed it in his mother's hands.

Meanwhile Mrs. Dale had not moved from her tracks, but stood there eyeing her son with a look that Jimmy had learned, from past experience, presaged deadly action in the near future. Liza, the cook, appeared in the background. She took in the situation with a delighted grin that uncovered a broad expanse of white teeth. Liza and Jimmy were sworn enemies ever since the day he turned a live rat loose in her kitchen and it met its death in a large pan of tapioca pudding she had just prepared.

"Das right, Mis' Dale," she approved, her broad bosom heaving in delighted chuckles. "Dat boy is nacherly got to be punished. I ain't gwine t' have no thievin' young rashcals pesticin' 'round my pies. Yas sum; I says he ought to be—"

"Aw, shut up, will ya!" grunted the disgusted Jimmy. "I guess we'd o' had the ole pies if it hadn't been for those hot pans."

"That'll do," interferred Jimmy's mother. "Liza, go inside. What is this switch for, James?"

"I guess I'll get a lickin' and I wanted to save you the trouble o' gettin' one yourself, mom."

The mother looked down into her son's forlorn face. For a moment they looked at each other. Suddenly Mrs. Dale burst into a fit of laughter. Jimmy looked at Harry; Harry looked at Jimmy. A perplexed frown appeared on the latter's face.

"What's th' joke, mom?" he asked. "I don't see anything to laugh at. This ain't no laughin' business at all."

Harry took advantage of circumstances and diplomatically made his departure. That evening Jimmy got two pieces of raspberry pie, and the next day the woman's club heard all about "James' cleverness. He was such a pathetic little figure," went on the affectionate mother, "standing there all ready to take his punishment. I just didn't have the heart to punish him."

Mrs. Julian Goldberg sniffed. She had heard of that "pathetic little figure" before. He associates with that horrible Harry Wilson, and no doubt had helped the latter to brutally disfigure her own Martin several days ago. Martin had appeared at home with two black eyes and several missing teeth and a tongue bitten halfway off. Pathetic, indeed! He was a thoroughbred roughneck and ought to be placed in a reform school until he learned to behave himself!

Meanwhile Jimmy wondered why his father gave him fifty cents that evening, and told him to go to the show, "specially when it was a school night."

And thus we have the story of an opportunity which presented itself and was immediately snatched up and put into use. Perhaps Jimmy's motive was not very commendable, but when the opportunity came to re-establish himself in the good graces of his mother, he was not found sleeping.

Opportunities do not come to the person who is not on the lookout for them. Opportunity is born of alertness. Some men say: "Oh, if I had had the opportunity that Jones had when he was a kid, I would be worth more today than I am." Jones had no more opportunities than you and I. Opportunity favors no one and treats all alike. The thought brings to my mind a little poem on "Opportunity" by Walter Malone:

Excerpt from

Smoked Glasses

By A. CARTER BRADFORD

(Editor's Note: This is the conclusion of Mr. Bradford's humorous story, "Smoked Glasses." The rejected lover is a newspaper reporter who writes up the story of the marriage of the woman he loved and publishes it in his paper.)

"A marriage that interested only a small minority of the city was that of Miss Celeste Crain to Mr. William R. McClellan, which took place this morning at Trinity church. Rev. H. A. Betts officiated.

"The church had its usual appearance except for the arrangement of six flower baskets containing a few sparse bunches of badly shattered chrysanthemums and a sprinkling of fern. White tapers lent a sickly light to the ceremony.

"Preceding the wedding march, Miss Maud Brown bored the gathering with three poorly rendered selections, "Oh Promise Me," "At Dawn-ing" and "I Love You Truly." As might be expected, her voice broke on the high notes.

"Acting as bridesmaid was Miss Mary Bronson, daughter of one of the city's leading restaurant men and bootleggers. She wore a blue satin gown and a sagging white underslip.

"The best man looked his worse in a new outfit presumably purchased from a credit clothier's. He appeared very comfortable.

"The little flower girls were Helen and Marie Thomas. They were adorable in their dainty pink and white dresses as they tripped gracefully down the aisle scattering the petals in all directions.

"The bride was given away by her father, and it has been maliciously said by some who are in a position to know, that it was the first thing he had given away in twenty years.

"Much favorable comment was heard from the ladies over the handsome appearance of the groom. He was immaculate in his well-tailored dark brown business suit. He wore a russet and gold tie to match and fawn colored spats. Unfortunately, his collar was too tight, causing him to perspire freely.

"The ring ceremony was performed by Rev. Betts, who looked disappointed at the bill slipped him by the groom afterwards.

"At high noon the young couple left on a short trip in the groom's 1919 model roadster. They have the best wishes of many friends for a safe and pleasant journey."

Before the first press run was completed, Mr. Robert Caruthers had penned a farewell note to the editor and purchased Pullman reservations for a small city far out in the wide open spaces.

They do me wrong who say I come no more,

When once I knock and fail to find you in.

For every day I stand outside your door,

And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,

Weep not for golden ages on the wane!

Each night I burn the records of the day,

At sunrise every soul is born again!

ON EVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 1)

tale in Genesis, and evidently he lacked power of accurate observation. The quarrel has progressed, and still no hope of settlement looms.

The United States of America seems to be the center of the maelstrom. Common-sense, money-grabbing, matter-of-fact, uncultured America! One of the youngest, consequently one of the crudest, of the nations. It has approached a national issue in the pot of contention. It has boiled continuously since someone tried to prove that man was a descendant of a monkey. Surgical science added another bit of seasoning to the porridge by attempting to transfer monkey glands to the bodies of human beings and produce new men. William Jennings Bryan came from Congress to the pulpit to defend the idea of creation and all the old-timers lined up with him. The atheists, infidels, skeptics, agnostics and modernists chose Clarence Darrow to champion their cause. It was finally decided that more "old faithfuls" than upstarts composed the jury, and a decision was handed down in favor of the "old faithful." Meanwhile the United States kept on arguing and Europe kept on smiling.

With neither side able to win decisively, the Theosophists saw a golden opportunity to gain publicity; but, boiled down, their religious porridge mixed excellently with that of the atheists, infidels, skeptics, agnostics, and modernists, with whom they were forced to throw in their lot.

Through all this cyclone of contention, the fundamentalist cursed the evolutionary theory and Mr. Darwin because they aimed at undermining the teachings of Jesus Christ. Mr. Darrow came in for his share of the epithets because he claimed he didn't know anything about the Divine Being, and demanded proof of His existence. The Theosophists said He was somewhere in the Gobi desert with His governing body of divinities. The fundamentalists said they knew He was, but they hadn't decided where — except, perhaps, in Heaven. Mr. Bryan sometimes found himself hard-pressed for adequate answers to Mr. Darrow's pointed questions. Mr. Darrow emanated the adage: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

What foolish arguments! Because history is a self-producing continuum, does that mean there is no Supreme Being! Why should the theory of evolution and religious beliefs clash, when they are as far removed as the poles from each other? Religion is truth, evolution is fact; both are inevitable. No wonder Europe laughed! No wonder America now feels foolish! If she doesn't, she ought to.

Everything is evolution, social as well as organic. The clothes we wear today are the result of an evolutionary process, even though we sometimes wonder where the clothes are. The manner in which we eat sprung from cruder methods. The use of fire for both peace and war is the result of a long time of evolutionary discoveries. There is no reason to believe man did not first come on this earth in a cruder state than now. Thorn-dyke presents a graphic illustration of the evolution of man's posture in his book, which seems entirely logical. So far as we are concerned, for all practical purposes, evolution is progress, and progress is defined by Webster as "a proceeding onward, as from one part or degree to one further advanced."

(Continued on Page 4)

THE LEAF

(Continued from Page 1)

queer twist in his aesthetic nature that was offended at the idea.

Whenever his funds ran low he might be seen hob-nobbing with some character of questionable origin and occupation; he would disappear for a day or so, and then he would be back calmly shooting pool at the "Idle Hour," or dancing through the nights at the halls. The papers might and might not carry an account of the theft of the Van Arsdale or the Astorford or the Abernethy diamonds from the safe in the home on Lake Drive; "detectives were following up clues and expected to apprehend the culprit," which was untrue.

He danced most often with Al, the tiniest and thinnest of all dancing creatures. At first he chose her because her feet were like swift shadows of his own, even in the most intricate patternings of his imagination. Her face, the minutest in the world, nearly hidden under a tangle of cropped blond curls, painted like that of a grotesque doll, was as immobile, mask-like as his own. She once worked in the cannery, the deep scars on her hands testified; but, with the snobbery of the half bad for those who have gone one step further, the cannery girls stood back from her, glorying in their respectability of sneaking hidden filth. However, she did not "flock" with the other creatures. She held aloof, going her way alone.

Keefe Pinscher got into the habit of taking her to the drab house where she lived, in the black echoing hour before light begins. She had a way of lifting her face to him with her eyes closed like a tired kid. She never resorted to any of the thousand old subterfuges to draw him inside. But he knew that her eyes followed him, hungrily, as he went on down the street.

One night instead of taking her straight back, they wandered down by the lake. It glistened blackly, lengthening the yellow points of the street lamps set about its edge. There was a narrow strip of draggled park and as they walked slowly along, Al crept close to him, shivering a little.

The sky line threatened to turn grey, the stars had been lost and mist clouded out the lake. It grew lighter, and the mists turned opal, big drops hung on the sparse leaves, and a fresh smell crept out of the earth. Then something strange happened. The colorless sky that should have turned delicate shell, shading into crimson gauzes and finally bursting into the full glory of the sun, turned green, the pale green of young, lush grass. A scientist might have muttered, "refraction," but Keefe Pinscher murmured wonderingly:

"Jeze—Jeze—It's turnin' green"—which was his way of saying that a miracle had happened.

Al's very small voice was tired: "Like lookin' up from under water, or through a bottle."

They were silent for a minute; then he kissed her, almost viciously, as though he were drawing all life out from her lips.

So light was her touch on his arm as they walked along the deserted streets that he did not realize she was leaning her whole weight on him.

He helped her up the steep stairs to her room on the second floor. No one had stirred in the shoddy boarding house, sleeping like an old beggar woman in a gutter. She fumbled for the key to her room and handed it to him. He did not move. In the

THERE *By Albert Newton*

"The place we're in is always here. The other place is there."—H. H. Knibbs.

Cool evening settled gently over the hills. Twilight of the valleys enveloped the road in shadows, but the dust-reddened sun cast a lingering glow over the hill-tops. A man climbed slowly to the nearest summit and paused for a moment to follow with his eyes the long ribbon-like road as it wound up and over the undulating hills, each a little higher than the one before till it reached an end on the farthest crest before an old frame, weather-beaten colonial house, a lonely sentinel, keeping eternal vigil over the surrounding country. A relic of a former age, it stood, tall and straight, austere in its complete lack of porches or gabled adornments, its windows burning with the reflected light of the sun.

The man went down into the valley.

Jonathan Langford was going home. A cosmopolitan, he appeared out of place on that lonely highway. His face soiled with dust and perspiration, his tailored clothes wrinkled and baggy and the gold-headed cane now used as an aid instead of an ornament, furnished a never-to-be-forgotten ensemble. He did not know whether anyone still lived in the old house, but he wondered if whoever might be domiciling there would be glad to see him now.

"It's not far," he said aloud, at the same time quickening his steps perceptibly, "not more than four miles. Perhaps I ought to have taken a car, but I rather wanted to go back the way I left . . . twenty years, yet there's not much change. They've drained the old creek and torn down the Parker place, but that's about all . . . might have happened in a year."

Off to the left among the tall poplars a whip-poor-will called his mate. A tree frog prayed earnestly for rain. A light breeze rustled the new-born leaves. Langford hurried on.

He felt strange to be going home. During the twenty years that had glided by since that memorable day when he ran away to seek his fortune or the will-o'-wisp adventure, (he was never quite certain which), the desire to go back had been ever with him, but he had been hindered always. Several times in his trips to the end of the earth he had passed within a few hundred miles of his home, but that was as near as he had come. At first there had been no money, then the insurrection in South America had held him. Another time a polar expedition delayed him for two years. After that had come the diamond fields and the archaeological research in Persia. Somehow, there were always obstacles to bar his return, always something over there beyond the horizon that lured him on. He hadn't written home for fifteen years. Even before that, his mother and Mary had stopped writing. He had not blamed them; he had missed their letters, however. Several times he had wondered if Mary ever married, but no news came to inform him. At last he gave up all hope of going home. It was of no use to hope, something always turned up. Then, one day all the old longing returned, intensified by prolonged anticipation.

He had planned a tiger hunt; was ready to leave the next day when he decided to go home. Now, after a month of steady travel, he was almost there.

"Guess Millie and Lou are both married off; nobody home but Mamma and little Joe since Dad died. I wonder if they'll know me," he mused as he climbed the last slope. No one had recognized him in the little town. Old man Phillips had even asked him if he wanted a job. He had had to laugh at that. He knew that he had changed. He was no longer the stout, black-haired youth of twenty that ran away. His hair was turning gray now. The fever had taken away the extra flesh; the desert had tanned his face and

puckered the skin around his eyes till they appeared to be hardly more than slits. Once he had been thought of as short, but now he was tall. Still he hoped, above all, that his mother would know him. He yearned for the light in her eyes and the welcoming cry with which she would greet him; the feel of her arms about his shoulders.

As he crossed the big yard he heard singing in the kitchen. There was a light there, too. He remembered that his mother had always preferred that room to the big, old-fashioned parlor. She said that she felt more at ease there. In his mind he could see the rows of pans, scrubbed till they shone, hanging just over the sink on the south wall. He paused for a moment out there in the cool darkness to survey the old house. How often in his dreams he had climbed the last hill and crossed the yard to see his mother awaiting him in the doorway, but before he could reach her she had vanished and the house with her. After such dreams he had always suffered with nostalgia for days. Now he thought of walking in without knocking and thus surprising her, but decided against that. "I'll see if she knows me," he said. "What if she doesn't live here, anyhow. I never thought to inquire of old man Phillips. I had no thought but that she would." The uncertainty troubled him.

After taking time to straighten his tie, and to wipe the dust from his face with a handkerchief soiled by many such moppings earlier in the afternoon, he raised the heavy iron knocker with the old Langford coat-of-arms engraved upon it, and let it fall lightly against the oak panel.

Instantly the singing in the kitchen hushed, and a woman's voice, clear and gentle, came to his ears: "Mary, there's someone at the door. Go see who it is, dear."

"Yes, mother," came the prompt reply. He knew that voice. Could it be that Joe had grown up and married Mary? His mother's voice had changed. He had expected that, but now it was so strange he could not recognize it. Mary's was still the same. How often he had lain on his back in the lonely watches of the night looking up at the stars and hearing again those gentle words and tones of hers on the day she bade him good-bye.

The door opened and a young woman of eighteen years stood looking at him, a friendly, but reserved questioning shining from her eyes. He recognized her as Mary. How young she looked; those twenty years might as well not have been for all the change they had effected in her. It might have been yesterday that he left her down there by the old poplar tree. Her golden hair still curled and her skin was just as fair and the dimple yet lingered in her cheek, but her nose wasn't tilted quite so much as in the old days. Then, too, in keeping with the fashion, her dress was much shorter than she had been accustomed to wear.

"Did you wish to see mother?" she asked.

He laughed, "Why, Mary, don't you know me?"

She looked him over carefully, then replied firmly: "No, sir. I never saw you before. You must have come to the wrong place." The smile faded from his face. She did not know him either.

"Don't you remember Jonathan Langford, Mary? Have you forgotten the day I ran away?—twenty years ago last August. I have the

GOD

By CARLO PASWALSKA

Who is God?
I am God.

Who will know me as none other can?
I alone.

Who will bless me for the good I do?
I alone know what's good that I do.

Who will damn me for the sorrow I cause?
I alone can scourge my soul with wips of remorse

What is the law of right and wrong?
I alone hear the thoughts that are a part of me.

Who is God?
I am God.

dim, uncertain light of the hall he could scarcely make out her face.

"Al," his voice was deep, tight in his throat. "Al, I don't want to—I don't—but I gotta—I can't help it—"

"Shhh—' Keefe. You're thinkin', and thinkin's what makes people do crazy things." She nestled her face against the front of his shirt, catching at his lapels with her tiny, scarred hands.

"I don't want to—I don't—got to!" His voice broke and was lost. He passed his arm across her back, gently, tenderly, and then he pressed something against her side.

The report of a small calibre revolver cut the musty stillness of the house like the crack of a muleteer's whip.

And that is the story of Keefe Pinscher.

handkerchief that you gave me, but—"

"You must be mistaken, sir. I do not know what you are talking about. I never saw you before in my life, and furthermore, I am not even twenty years old," interrupted Mary, who had listened to Langford with growing suspicion on her face. "I am sorry, but—"

"Just one moment, please," beseeched Langford as she made as though she would close the door. "Isn't your name Mary Lee?"

"No, sir. My name is Greene. I told you before that you must be mistaken, that—"

"Jonathan Langford, come in!" said a neatly-dressed, middle-aged woman who had suddenly come up behind Mary, throwing open the door. She was a replica of the younger girl except for her hair piled high on the top of her head.

"It is good to see you again. How you have changed! But—I would have known you anywhere. Your voice and your eyes are the same."

Langford passed his hand over his eyes. "Mary," he said, "I thought this girl was you. She—she—"

Both Marys laughed with clear, delightful mirth. The elder replied: "John, this is my daughter. People say that we do resemble each other. I married Tom Greene, William Greene's only son. You remember him. He died soon after Mary was born."

A questioning look had gradually spread over Langford's face; he appeared to be awaiting and expecting someone else. Finally he spoke softly—"Mother. Where is she?"

A swift shadow of pain fell over the face of the older woman. "She's dead, John. They all died in the influenza epidemic that swept the country five years ago; that is, all but Joe; he was killed in the World war. Why do we stand here? You must be hungry. You haven't had anything to eat, have you? Come on in while I prepare you something to eat and I will tell you all."

He followed her into the large hall and through the living room on back into the kitchen. The old house was as when he had left it, even to the grandfather's clock in the wide hall and the old colonial furniture. The high ceilings, the narrow windows with white curtains and the big, old-fashioned fireplace, all were the same, all except the kitchen; that was different. Modern cooking appliances had been installed there, including a sink, a large wood-burning range and a kitchen cabinet with a high stool in front of it.

He washed his face at the sink and dried it with a worn huck towel that the daughter brought him. It felt good to be home where they treated one as a member of the family and not as a person from whom favors might be won. He felt rather than thought. He sat down in a low rocker while the girl and her mother prepared a hasty meal. As the odors of freshly baked biscuits, hot coffee and apple tarts filled the room he found that he was hungrier than he had realized.

As they made ready the supper and while he ate, the elder woman talked. She had many things to tell and many questions to ask. Millie and Lou, his two sisters, had lived with his mother till they died in the epidemic. They had been so beautiful and so good and kind to everyone that they had been widely mourned. His mother died in the same epidemic, but a few days after his sisters. Several times, before she died, she had called for him, but they

did not know where to find him.

After the meal a young man of the community came to take the daughter to a dance at the school house; so Langford was left alone with her mother. He helped her wash the dishes and put them away. "And you, Mary, how have things gone with you?" he asked at last when they had finished the work and were sitting on the front steps. "You have told me nothing about yourself."

"Not very well, John. After you left, everybody declared that you would never come back; that you were a ne'er do well and a vagabond. I waited for you for two years, although my parents insisted that I marry Tom. He began to make love to me as soon as you left. I didn't care for Tom, but his father had money. You know how Father and Mother were. Finally I married him, but I never loved him. I tried to do my duty by him, though. I bore his children without complaint. He was a waster and a spend-thrift, as you know, and soon ran through with his father's money and also with what little I had. When everything was gone he died, leaving me with nothing to live on, and Mary, then a child a year old. Your mother rented me a room and gave me board and ten dollars a month to come and help her and your sisters here on the farm. I stayed with them till they died. Since then, I have lived alone, hiring someone to care for the orchard and a few acres of garden truck, and renting out the rest of the ground."

They sat on the steps talking till the moon rose. It was a full moon and Mary suggested that they take a walk through the orchard. The apple trees were in bloom and the perfume-laden air seemed to waft them into a kind of mystic paradise of exotic odors. Langford heard a bird stirring in a nest above, chirping softly to her brood.

They stopped under a gnarled old tree while he broke off a branch covered with blooms to give to her; he was relating to her his experiences in the South American revolution; then she was in his arms and he was telling her that he loved her; had never ceased to love her during all the years that had passed. Langford never knew how long they stood there talking, planning for the future. Once he heard a car drive up to the house and shortly drive away again. Distant and far away a rooster crowed, once twice and again he uttered his mournful cry.

"It is bad news when they crow at night like this, John," Mary whispered to him.

"Nothing can be bad news for us, sweetheart, now that I have you," he replied softly.

"You will never go away and leave me again?"

"Never. Nothing shall ever take you from me. I have come home to stay. Sometimes I may go away, but you will go with me. I have money, more than I can ever use. Mary will go away to school, but I shall never go away from you. We will be married tomorrow."

"Oh, John, how happy I am! But I have nothing to wear to be married tomorrow. I—"

"Do clothes count, Mary, when one has waited twenty years?" he asked.

At last with lagging steps they returned to the house. "You shall have the front room, John," Mary told him. "No one has slept in it for years, but I have always kept it in readiness against your return. I hoped you would come some day."

Even when they were outside his door and she had advised him where he would find a lamp and matches, it seemed as though they could not bear to part. Every minute was too precious.

Before extinguishing his light he noticed a framed picture of the Fujiyama mountain hanging at the head of his bed. It was an old picture that his mother had bought from an itinerant peddler. He took it from its hook and looked at the back. In dim pencil marks was the drawing of a heart and scribbled through it the words, "I love Mary." It had been thirty years since he wrote those words and drew that heart, but he remembered it as though it had been the day before; the guilty feeling of pride that swept over him as he surveyed his handiwork that day so long ago. Below them, written much more recently in Mary's firm style were other words. "I love you, too, John." He smiled a little and hung up the picture, but the picture had done its work. It had called to his mind familiar scenes in another land.

He could not go to sleep. He was restless, turning and twisting in his bed; thinking of Mary, making plans for the future. He was not happy. He had done wrong; he should have told her. The picture on the wall kept bothering him; he tried to forget it, but he could not. The glorious splendor of that mountain tormented his mind. Then, too, not strangely, perhaps, his mother's reproving look of the day on which she had caught him trying to sneak off to the fishing hole kept coming back to him. At last he fell into a troubled sleep, only to awaken suddenly, every muscle tense, every nerve taut, striving to hear again whatever had awakened him. It came, or he imagined that it came—that faint sound of a ship's horn. The picture of

Fujiyama flashed again before him, but was soon replaced by another. It was the time of year that he had promised to go back. The cherry trees were blooming in Japan and a small woman with an ivory skin beckoned to him from a garden, calling him back to a life of regret. He covered his head with the sheets, but still she called. A few minutes later the window opened and a dark form dropped noiselessly to the ground.

The next day Mary found the note he had left. It was simple, containing only a few sentences:

That was all, but in the year that has passed, two longer letters have come. These, Mary has stored away in a little box to be kept and read again and again until they shall wear away.

"The protoplasm of all writing is the picture. The first known writing was picture writing. The latest achievement of human art is the picture drama. The picture is the most simple, the most elemental, the most effective of all methods of presenting thought.—Glenn Clark.

"The thing paramount in all literature is human nature."—Prof. H. F. Harris.

"Some people are stale, flat, and unprofitable; flat and unraised."—Shakespeare.

Edgar Allen Poe "shortened the story by straightening the line to the end, holding the reader tense without space for relaxation by the way, permitting him no byways in which to drowse, and eliminating whatever does not contribute to the one preconceived effect with which he started."

ON EVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 2)

There is no reason to believe that the theory of evolution refutes the religion of Jesus Christ. There is no reason why a person cannot believe in both evolution and the existence of a Supreme Being. Above all, there is no sense in arguing about something that can never be settled.

Of course, progress precludes discussion and argument, but not to such an extent that the discussion becomes cant. Darwin's grand old theory can be "talked to death" just as easily as a bill in the Legislature.

It reminds me of my old grammar school days when we used to debate heatedly and regularly on the subject, "Resolved, that George Washington was a greater man than Benjamin Franklin."

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