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State Manual Training Normal School

THE TECHNE

Life Without Labor is a Crime, Labor Without Art and the Amenities of Life is Brutality.—Ruskin.

Vol. XV May-June, 1932 No. 5

Across the lighted stage with stately tread,
Minds steeped in axioms that the dead have said,
But facing outward in young hopefulness,
Fresh trained for service. Who would guess
Life's coming moments? What need for crystal globe?
When heads are high and hearts in hope's glad robe?

—Joy Talbert.

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THE TECHNE

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THE TECHNE publishes, for the most part, papers on educational subjects, though articles on closely related fields are also used. Part of these papers set forth the results of research; others aim at interpretation of current developments. Though some of the discussions will interest the specialist, it is hoped that in every number there will be something useful for the average teacher.

THE TECHNE is sent free to alumni, school officials, libraries, and, on request, to any person interested in the progress of education.

Entered as second-class matter December 13, 1917, at post office of Pittsburg, Kansas, under the act of August 24, 1912. Published five times a year—in October, December, February, April and June.

This issue of the Techne is given over to a project in Creative Writing. Prose selections have been made from the work of students in my Creative Writing classes of the present year—examples of essay, short story, and short-short story.

As the work of students is much more interesting than anything a teacher can say about it I am letting it speak for itself.

Margaret E. Haughawout.

INDEX

BOB

By Will Corporon

"But he denied before them all, saying. I know not what thou sayest . . . And again he denied with an oath, I do not know the man. Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. . . . And he went out, and wept bitterly."

* * *

"And, leaving the portals of this institution to go out into the world—some to go to college, some to take positions, some to get married, and others to divers places, we, the seniors of Auburn high school always remember this school and its members as the basis for whatever success we may attain. I thank you."

Robert Dale, president of the senior class, finished his Commencement night address and sat down amid generous applause from the parents and friends that had come to see the graduation exercises of the Auburn high school seniors.

Mr. Dale, Robert's father, sat in the rear of the high school auditorium. He listened to his son's speech with unabated interest. Pride, and exultation were plainly written on his face. When Robert had finished, Mr. Dale sank back in his chair, relaxed, and sighed gently.

The program proceeded and, at length, ended. The people slowly filed from the building, chattering and gossiping as they went. Mr. Dale waited in the lobby for Robert.

Dr. and Mrs. Miller spoke to him as they passed.

"You are to be congratulated, Mr. Dale," said the doctor, "for having such a bright young son."

"Thanks, Doc," returned Mr. Dale, smiling. "Bob's all right."

"You bet he is," said the doctor.

Several of the people, passing by, called to Mr. Dale.

"Bob sure did swell, Mr. Dale."

Mr. Dale nodded.

Soon Robert joined his father. As the two walked out, they presented a strange contrast. Mr. Dale, short and small, gray haired, and bent with age, wore overalls and a blue jacket. Bob, tall and straight, with sleek black hair and steel gray eyes, wore a new blue serge suit which had been purchased especially for the occasion.

Father and son climbed in an old buggy to which was hitched an old mare. As they slowly picked their way out of the maze of automobiles, Bob waved to his friends and yelled "goodbye."

Presently they were on a country dirt road, bound for the Dale farm, five miles from Auburn.

"You were fine tonight, son," complimented Mr. Dale.

"Thanks, Dad."

"A fine way to end your high school days, Bob."

"Yes, I suppose so. I sure hate to leave the old gang."

"Oh, you'll be all right. That shows it has been worth something to you if you hate leaving it." A pause. "Well, son, have you decided where you want to go to college?"

"Dad, I've decided not to go."

"What!"

"Well, I can help you on the farm and—"

"Listen to me, Bob. I promised your mother a few months before she died that I'd send you to college. And I'm going to! You don't want to stop now. Keep on, get educated, see life, and make something out of yourself."

"Oh, of course. You're right, Dad."

"Well, have you any idea where you'd like to go?"

"If I'm going, I'd kinda like to go to Wenter Military Academy."

"Wenter, eh? Well, I guess thats' as good as any. I'll write tomorrow and get some dope on it."

They finished the trip in silence.

Mr. Dale unhitched the mare and Bob went in the house.

Mr. Dale came in.

"I'll write tomorrow, son," he said. "you can help me on the farm this summer. When you leave, I'll get someone to help me."

"All right, dad. Good night."

"Good night, son."

So Bob worked on the farm during June, July and the first part of August. At last came the day to leave.

Mr. Dale drove Bob to the railroad station from which he was to begin his seventy-mile journey.

"Write, Bob, as soon as you get there. I know you'll make it all right. You do your part at Wenter and I'll do my part on the farm."

"All right, Dad. G'bye."

"Good bye, son."

The train pulled into the little station. Bob climbed aboard, after shaking his father's hand and soon was on his way to a new life full of new experiences.

Bob arrived at Wenter without mishap. He went to his room, (fixed things around) and then looked over the town. Every face was strange to him. He promptly proceeded to get homesick.

His first letter home was eight pages long. It was the kind of letter that is written by a person suffering from a severe case of nostalgia.

Soon, however, he became used to his surroundings. When school began, he was himself again and plunged into his studies with zest and enthusiasm.

From then on, the letters Mr. Dale received were short and peppy. Bob was enjoying himself immensely.

Time passed quickly. When Bob came home for Christmas, his father nearly cried from sheer pride and happiness. He invited all his friends in to show off his boy.

After Bob returned to school, his letters became fewer and far between.

"Guess Bob's pretty busy," mused Mr. Dale.

At the close of school, Bob wrote that he was going home with a friend for the summer. Mr. Dale was sick with disappointment.

"Oh, well," he thought. "Thats life. It'll be good for him."

Just before Bob's second term began, he stayed overnight on the farm. Mr. Dale thought he detected a change in Bob, but he said nothing.

Bob went back to school before his father had even come to realize that his son had been home.

That year the crops were a complete failure. Mr. Dale borrowed money from the bank to keep the farm going.

He thought of writing Bob about the finances but reconsidered and decided not to worry the boy with financial troubles.

The following Christmas, Bob wrote that he was too busy to leave but might be home at the close of the semester. Mr. Dale went about his work with a heavy heart. He had counted much on having Bob with him for Christmas.

At the end of the semester, Bob wrote that he would be home for a while at Easter.

In the meantime the small fund of cash on the farm had dwindled away until nothing was left. To add to the difficulty, Bob wrote his father for a bit of extra money.

"For a fraternity," he had written.

Mr. Dale didn't know what a fraternity was but he supposed it was part of the school work.

"I want to give you every opportunity for an education that will do you the most good," he wrote. "If this fraternity business will help you, then power to you, son. I know I'll be proud of you."

He mortgaged the farm and sent Bob the money.

Bob sent for extra money several times.

"To pay some debts of honor," he wrote.

Soon Mr. Dale had to sell two of his best cows to supply the money.

Easter came, but no Bob came with it. A letter soon revealed that he had gone to Kansas City for the week-end on business and wouldn't be home until the close of the school term.

That was the last straw for Mr. Dale. Not to see Bob for a whole year was a little too much.

"Hank," he said to the hired man, "Do you think you could run the farm for a few days? I'm thinking about going to Wenter to see Bob."

"Sure," replied Hank. "Go ahead. I'll run the ranch."

Early the next morning Mr. Dale started out for Wenter with the horse and buggy. It was a trip of about seventy-five miles.

It was mid-afternoon when he reached Wenter. Tired and dusty, he stopped close to the edge of town, just inside the city limits. Tying the mare to a post, he started up the Main Street.

Not knowing where to go, he wandered around aimlessly, hoping to locate the academy by chance.

"Well," he thought. "I can't find Bob this way. Guess I'll have to ask somebody that knows."

He entered a store on whose windows was painted the sign that this was the Military Soft Drink Emporium, Cigar, Candy, and Short Orders.

His gaze wandered about the room. There, right in front of him stood Bob! With him were two older boys, about Bob's age. The three boys were in bright new uniforms. Quite a contrast was evident between the military uniform spick-and-spanness of the boys' and the dusty, dirty blue, patched overalls costume of Mr. Dale's.

Father and son looked at each other a full ten seconds. Father with hope and joy. Son with fear and contempt.

Bob turned and started away.

"Bob," cried Mr. Dale. "Dont you know me? I've come all the way from the farm to see you!"

One of the boys laughed coarsely.

"Dale, this old coot knows you," he said to Bob. "Who is he?"

"I never saw him before," growled Bob.

"Why, son, you know me. I'm your father."

The other boy shouted in derision.

"The old hayseed says he's your old man, Bob. How about it?"

"I tell you, I never saw the old fool before!" exclaimed Bob.

"Sure?" jokingly queried the boy.

"Hell, yes! I'm sure."

"Why Bob, he looks just like you," said the other boy with a sly wink.

"Aw shut up," commanded Bob. "The old fellow must be drunk. Come on."

The three boys started out of the store, laughing and shouting.

Mr. Dale stood, stupefied. He had aged five years in the past five minutes. He felt old and helpless. His shoulders sagged.

"Don't you feel well, sir?" asked the clerk solicitously. "Anyhing I can do?"

"No thanks." Mr. Dale said with a slight shake of his head.

He trudged slowly back to his horse and buggy. As he rode slowly back toward Auburn over the dusty country road, tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Funny," he said to himself. "Funny, Bob didn't recognize me. I guess its because we hadn't seen each other for so long."

Back in Room 32, Dormitory 4 at Wenter Academy, a boy lay streched across the bed. He was sobbing and hot tears soaked the pillow.

"Oh, God!" he moaned. "Why did I do it? Why did I do it? Oh, God! Forgive me, Dad. Oh, God! Oh, God!"

JEWISH BUSINESS

By Hazel Schaefer

"Thirty years ago we came to America. Feinberg and me—my name's Wishnick. Shoes is our business. Sometimes there is a little fight, a little squabble. Five years ago we built the same kind of house, so it should cost cheaper, the architect and everything else. The families are friends and everything is all right—except—well—I must tell you about Abie and Rebecca. Abie is Feinberg's son.

What's happened was that when Abie was fourteen he was a jockey once. He won one race on Fleet-Foot. He had his picture taken and Feinberg goes around and shows it to everybody that his son is a famous rider, and frames it and hangs it up in the office. You could not talk to Feinberg five minutes without he should show you the picture. Sure, that is fine for a fourteen year old. The whole neighborhood is proud of him. But the boy finishes High School and the father wants he should come into business with him; but Abie wouldn't even hear of it. Then it is not so good. He wants to be a racing man.

Well, a coupla years or so, we know not much more about it. Feinberg is a proud man and what is not so nice in his family he keep a secret. But when the boy was about twenty and still doing nothing but riding and mostly watching horses. I had a look into it because he was comng to see my Rebecca every night and to tell my Rebecca about his pet horses, best riders and such nonsense.

"Abie, what's going to be the end of it? Racing ain't no business. You got to think of the family!" says I.

Abie just looks at me, shrugs his shoulder. When he goes away Rebecca asks me what business it is of mine and I says a boy that

comes round to my house, I want I should know what he's doing. Loafers should come into my house yet!

So a week passes,—two weeks and Feinberg comes up to my house. He looks worried. Finally he tells me it is about Abie. That this should happen in his family! Everybody is business—and he should just loaf, and does nothing. I talk to him, and its like talking to a wall. And what will be the end?

I tell him not to worry. With a father like him and a brother! Ach—Abie can't be such a bad boy.

I think the trouble is with Feinberg. When Abie won on Fleet Foot he talked too much. Abie got swelled head.

I say nothing about this. But Feinberg he knows where the trouble lies and Feinberg knows what I think and he says:

"How should I know he won't do as I tell and talk horses and do nothing all his life?"

That evening when I came home and see Abie sitting on the couch with Rebecca, I get angry. I gave it to him good and hard. First he should go and make a man of himself. Maybe racing was all right for American millionaire sons but for Jews sons,—Oh! business. Better go, says I, and come to my house no more.

Feinberg worried. He worried more about Abie than he did about his business. It breaks my heart. To all the worries a man got in business there should come such a thing—racing and horses!

But Rebecca reads in the papers about all the races and sometimes she finds Abies name.

And then one day Feinberg comes into my office. He was so excited he could hardly talk, but he says:

"You were right Wishnick. Abie has come to his senses! He's going on the road and sell shoes. Blood is thicker than water."

It made me very happy. I went home and told the good news to my daughter. She just cries and cries as if it were the worst news. So you never can understand women. Nobody ever did. I knew she had met him even if I had ordered to the contrary. Girls are independent in America. A father that knows, gives an order, and then closes the eyes when he isn't obeyed.

Oh! Feinberg is proud. He says his son has learned more on the road in two weeks than anybody could have learned in two years.

Meanwhile letters come to Rebecca. Each time Abie comes back he sees her.

Now there comes a new kind of shoes. You ain't never seen such shoes! Fleet-Foot shoes they are called. That boy Abie—fine ideas.

Feinberg's eyes sparkle! Fleet-Foot shoes become such a craze that women will have none but shoes marked and winged "Fleet-Foot."

I give Feinberg rights, even if it hurts my business.

Abie and Rebecca are often together. One day they come home and say they got married. It makes me so happy—saves me a lot of expense, because you know the faher of the girl pays the expenses. For business reasons I would have to have a wedding supper for some two hundred plates at three dollars each. Count it up please.

We were all very happy—for awhile.

Feinberg comes in to see me a month later.

"Abie will not come to work. He's not been for four days. He's busy at home. Won't tell me what he's doing. Says he's busy. What can be the trouble? You go see—see it's your family too.

I telephone. Abie says he is very busy and I should leave him alone.

What in the world is he doing?

I take a taxi and go to his house.

I go into his home. Abie and Rebecca sit at a table which is covered with old newspapers and journals.

Rebecca reads about Star Racer. Abie contradicts. He reads about Lone Fly and Easy Pace.

My heart sinks. He's gone back to his old racing!

"What is the matter, children? Abie! Again! You forget you are a married man!"

Rebecca looks at me as I was dumb. She picks up a shoe and says:

"Which do you like best for this Easy Pace or Dawn-Foot?"

THE RECOVERY

By Maxine Boner

Curling slivers of the scabby picket fell one by one into the turnip patch as Will Binns, slouching against the fence, thoughtfully whittled. A hoe lay aslant on the ground where it had fallen from his hand after a few desultory whacks at the dandelions. The deep wrinkles in his face set still deeper into grim lines as shaving after shaving twirled from his knife. Between slashes he gazed at the hoe and then at the garden with the stare of a hunted animal.

"One month ago. It seems ages. I waited a whole year for it and now it's gone. I can't ever get back on my feet." With a sob-suggesting sigh he dragged the hoe over to the dandelions and again gave a few spiritless jabs at them. But soon he sat down against the fence and dropped his head upon his hunched knees.

"Will, Will, where are you?" trilled Emma Binns from the back screen door where she lustily struck the dust-mop against the porch post. "Will, have you gone to sleep?"

"All right, all right, Mother, I'm coming." And with a heaving pull he came to his feet and trudged across the door-yard to the steps.

"Will, did you know that those two old red hens won't stay in the yard? I suppose their wings need clipping again. Let the dandelions go and tend to them first. Mrs. Owens will be right over here if her rose bed is scratched up. She just loves to stir up some excitement around here."

"Sure, I'll clip them. But has the mail come yet? I thought we'd hear from the lawyer this morning. Didn't you write that letter yesterday?"

"You saw me mail that letter yourself. But we won't hear, I know. I told you to go up there yourself, but you just won't do it. They can't do anything for you through letters. You have to talk to those fellows. That's how they get their bread and butter."

"I know that, Emma, but you know that I never can talk loud enough for Brandon to hear. That flu just left my throat so I never can make them understan. Besides my clothes are old. They're not fit to be seen on the streets. And you know if I ever met that skunk of a brother of yours, I couldn't keep my hands off him. Just think, Emma, we can't go on our trip." He slumped down on the lower step aand stared at a single weed peeping through the crack in the walk.

"Will, look at that old hen perched on the picket. Hurry up or she'll be in the alley, and the sun's too hot this morning to chase chickens over the neighborhood."

She gave Will a hearty plump on his rounded shoulder and and bustled into the kitchen, swinging her mop after her. She hurried to the small window over the sink and peeked through the dainty ruffles, warily watching Will. She saw him push himself to his feet and go through the garden gate with lagging steps.

For a moment Emma leaned her head against the window ledge, but only for a moment. With a flick of her apron corner across her left eye she wheeled to the stove where a pan-lid merrily bounced up and down on the bubbles of boiling water. She popped the oven door open and thumped two browning loaves within. The breakfast dishes had to be washed.

Will was so hard to manage these days. It was a terrible struggle to keep his spunk up. No matter how many things he had to do, he never finished any of them. The eaves were clogged with leaves, and last night the rain had soaked into the kitchen beaver-board ceiling. It was the first time such a thing had ever happened. And he used to take such pride in the blue paper. Even his tools were mixed on the table in the cellar. His hammer was lying in the yard. No, he couldn't or wouldn't do anything.

Emma remembered a morning one month before when Will had come home from the forced sale of her mother's store. When she saw him rush across the street, she know that they had been beaten. She asked no questions. He merely walked to the front room and fell

on the divan, his body racked with rasping sobs. She had heard him cry once before when his mother had died. Brokenly he told her that the bids had been only high enough to cover the rent mortgage. He had been frozen out. His hard-earned wages, put back into the business, had been lost. He was even without a job. The new roof, the cement drive to the garage, and above all their first vacation trip in twenty years were impossible. In two hours of a July morning everything had vanished. With the reaction of a blinding anger Will had threatened. Just a small vial would be all that was necessary. He had mentioned it only once, but Emma had remembered.

Throughout the sweltering August month creeping minute by minute away, Emma had haunted Will's steps. He thought of nothing but his loss. The household business had fallen on her shoulders. Dollars had to be stretched twice as far as they had gone before. She had been for a whole month a diplomat in the rough, bucking up Will, keep the home together, and making explanations to collectors.

As Emma scooped the silverware out of the hot suds, she furtively glanced towards the chicken-yard. Will had finished clipping the old hens' wings and now leaning on the gate, watching them strut in indignant surprise. Soon he took from his hip-pocket a blue and gold folder. Emma could recognize it from where she stood within the kitchen. In June he had sent to the Neosho chamber of commerce for it. It had been his leisure reading during the early summer months, when their plans had been complete even to the train which they would board. He had kept the folder in her recipe box in the cabinet. But for the past month she had not been able to find it. Now she saw Will look at it page by page, while the Rhode Island reds pecked at his shoe laces.

Emma dried the dishes and began to peel the potatoes for dinner. Will was still standing in the chicken lot with the folder in his hand. As a door slammed somewhere in the neighborhood, he stuffed it confusedly into his hip-pocket. A few minutes later he entered the kitchen as Emma opened the cupboard for the dinner dishes.

"Will, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing, I guess. What can I do? I'm past fifty now and old dogs can never learn new tricks."

"I didn't mean that at all. I only want you to set the dishes on the table for dinner. I want to hurry. The Third Circle is meeting here this afternoon, and I have to tidy up a bit before they come."

Will aimlessly whirled his felt hat to a nearby chair. Then his measured steps passed regularly from the cabinet to the table. He forgot to put his favorite coffee-mug at his place and her favorite bone-handled knife by her plate.

"Did we get any mail?" he asked with forced unconcern.

"Just an advertisement."

"That's funny. Didn't you say we might hear from him today?"

"Yes, I said that we might. But, Will, why don't you go up there and maybe he can advise you better. Brandon will understand that you've lost all your money. He might even offer to lend you some. If we had a few hundred now, we could do so well until we are back on our feet again. It won't take you long to get a job. Thirty years of experience will recommend you any place."

"But, Emma, I can't borrow. I don't have a job and absolutely no other security but the house, and it's not paid for. After slaving before those hot ovens for your mother and that lazy John, I'm down and out. I can never get back. No one will want me, I'm too old. Oh, if I ever get my hands on those scoundrels! Why did you let me give my wages back to them? Now your mother's gone to the West without even telling you goodbye. They stole my money. I suffer for it. Emma, I can't go on."

"Come, come, Will. Let's eat a bite. You do love the heels of hot bread. And I have some fresh butter, too. You can have every heel if you want it."

In a tense, exhausted silence they sat at the small table. Emma filled her plate and briskly passed the food to her husband. He ate a few bites, then absently pushed the peas on his plate into ranks of four abreast. Once he placed his hand on his left hip-pocket.

"Will, when you have finished and rested a bit, why don't you put on a fresh shirt and go to town? I'll be busy with the ladies from two to four. Just drop into Brandon's office for a few minutes and talk about the letter we sent to him. It won't take long. Then this evening we will finish our book. We have lemon pie for supper, you know."

"Emma, for God's sake, don't suggest that again. I'm not going to town. Your mother put me where I am. Don't spend the rest of your life tormenting me to death. I'll go crazy as it is."

Will knocked his chair over as he angrily left the table and rushed out into the yard. The house vibrated with the slam of the screen door. Emma slumped into her chair and musingly whirled a few drops of coffee around in her cup.

She was soon huming as she dusted the parlor furniture. Once when straightening the books on the table, she opened the album. She glanced at a picture autographed "Mother." She flicked her apron corner across her face. She had been so close to her mother for six years. She had helped to nurse her father before he died a year before. Emma's mother always said she was the only child whom she could depend upon. Now her mother had gone to California without saying goodbye, their money was gone, and Will could not recover.

How dusty and stuffy the house was in August. Maybe some iced lemonade would be good for the women to drink on such an afternoon. Soon Emma heard footsteps through the hall and then impatient movements in Will's room. As she later stood at the front door admitting the first Circle member, she saw Will hurrying up the street toward town.

As the late afternoon sun slanted through the kitchen window, painting bits of delicate rainbows on the glasses in the drying-pan, Emma kept her ear turned toward the dining-room. When she heard the door open, a shadow passed over her face to be replaced by a ready-made smile. Brisk, heavy steps came across the linoleum to the kitchen door. She did not turn around.

"Mother, I've been to town."

"You have? Wasn't the streets pretty hot?"

"Yeah, pretty hot. How was the Circle meeting? Good attendance?"

"Quite a few for such a scorching day." She persistently rinsed glasses under the faucet, where the crystal tinkled against the metal because of the quivering of her hand.

"I saw Brandon this afternoon. He's a pretty nice fellow. I kinda thought lawyers were uppity. But we had a good talk. Do you want these glasses dried?"

He hadn't offered to dry dishes for a whole month. It had been the one kitchen duty he had shared without suggestion from her.

"He offered me a loan of three hundred dollars. It will help us out for a while I guess. What do you think?"

"I think it's grand. What about putting a little place out here on the back of the lot and baking just nice pastries. I know that we could do it. That's what I've always wanted."

"Not just now, Emma. But soon, maybe. I better keep looking for a job. It's safer right now. But we'll plan on that place of our own."

"The place of our own" had been Emma's plan for fifteen years. Will always could follow better than he could lead.

That evening Will and Emma sat on the porch behind the honeysuckle trellis. The faint buzzing of insects filled the mauve twilight. On Emma's lap lay an open book.

"Did you like the end of the story?"

"Yes, but thingss are too happy in books. I guess they have to be though or they wouldn't be interesting. I wish I could live just one story-book day."

"No, you don't. It wouldn't be a bit exciting. Just look at that humming bird taking a last nip of honey. Maybe in the morning you better trim away some of the undergrowth down there. The vine might do better."

The telephone bell shrilled through the dusk. Emma stumbled over the furniture as she hurried through the darkening dining-room. After a moment she called.

"Will, come here. It's Mr. Kent at Perdue over long distance. He wants you to take that job. Come and talk to him."

"Can't you, Emma? You know I can't talk loud enough for him to hear."

"Will, don't make me lose my temper. Take this receiver and talk."

Emma went to the porch but stood by the screen where bits of conversation were audible.

"Well, I took it," Will announced when he returned to the porch. "But I can't go down there and leave you here. I won't be able to come home only on week-ends. The salary is awful low, too."

"Shucks! Who cares about being left alone. Min will come and visit for a while till I get used to it. When do you have to go? In the morning?"

"Gracious goodness, there I knew something would happen if I didn't wash on Monday, I never seen it fail yet."

Emma bustled into the house. She pressed the electric switch with one hand and flicked her habitual apron across her eyes with the other. Twenty years together and now to be forced to give up every day but Saturday and Sunday. When she had been a girl, she never could have imagined that her mother or brother would ruin her life.

Will sat in the deepening twilight on the porch.

"Driven from home. But Emma can't help what her folks do. Why did I trust them? Every cent gone. Our trip ruined. A man can't come back after the fifty mark."

At eleven o'clock the next morning Will and Emma stood on the porch. Emma busily brushed some lint from her husband's collar. Fingering the handle of his bag Will stared at the fence.

"That picket needs fixin'. Better get Tommy Jones to do it for you. Save the rest until I get home on Saturday. I better go now."

Emma gave him a matronly peck on the cheek.

"Now do you have that asthma salve in your bag? And if you run out of anything, just let me know and I'll send it right away. It's not so long until Saturday, and then pretty soon we'll put up our own place on the back lot. Hurry or you'll miss the train."

Emma went back to the house. She dropped into the chair behind the trellis and covered her face with her apron.

Will Binns scuffed down the brick walk with his bag clutched firmly. Its slight weight seemed to increase the droop in his broad shoulders.

"Maybe it won't be long. But at fifty it is never done."

As he rounded the corner he quickly glanced back at the house. No one was in sight. From his left hip-pocket he took a blue and gold folder. He stared at it fixedly as he walked along. Then he firmly stuffed it into his inner breast-pocket. He heard the faint whistle of the train as it approached the 7th street crossing.

JOANNA KEEPS A PROMISE

By Edna E. Dennie

It had been going on a long time before Tommy Saxon had realized its significance. He had never believed in ghosts or anything supernatural. His mind was too rational to accept without proof the superstitious beliefs of his African ancestors.

Joanna had been dead for six months, and he had mourned her faithfully for the first five. So he couldn't believe that it was she who molested him. They had always joked about death before she died. Joanna would laughingly say to him,

"Yes, and if you don't look out, when I die, I'm coming back to see you." This was one of her most amusing stock-jokes.

Tommy had never expected Joanna to die first. Somehow, he had expected her to be always with him.

To his utter amazement, then, one day she died. And his poetic but untrained mind could find no way out of its dilemma. He could not find solace in religion—he wasn't religious—no one in his family had ever been. Joanna had gone to church regularly wearing her white, crisply starched service dress, but she had gone without Tommy. Strange, he could remember her even now, with her shining black hair smoothly shingled and lying in heavy waves; he could remember how shapely her head was, but he could never remember how she had looked lying there that Sunday in her casket.

He had sat throughout the service with his head in his hands, while the preacher rumbled on in a sonorous monotone about Sister Saxon's faithfulness as a churchgoer and about her kindness to her neighbors. Tommy didn't know it, but if Joanna had been someone other than a drunkard's wife, the preacher might have waxed eloquent over her. He might even have implored the stricken husband to meet her in heaven. At the cemetery he had sat with his head still bowed, his eyes, red with unshed tears, fixed on the open grave.

That night he announced calmly that he intended to drink himself to death. The whole neighborhood wondered. Everyone knew that when Joanna was alive she hadn't let him drink too much of his own whiskey. She had been clever enough to sell it profitably. And she had watched Tommy carefully to see that he did not drink more than his daily allowance. In truth Joanna had been a good manager. But now that his greatest love was dead, Tommy felt that his next greatest love should take him.

After his startling declaration, he had gone out and returned shortly afterward with a gallon of whiskey. His friend Tenola and three women were at his house. Mournfully they sat around in the little living room and drank. When Tommy had gotten thoroughly drunk, his grief diminished, but the women, who had cried not at all that day, wept wholeheartedly over their water glasses of the straight raw whiskey. All five of them had gotten to bed with one another's

help and had slept until noon the next day. Then the women had all straightened their clothes, pushed their hair under their hats, and had gone home wishing Tommy a bleary-eyed farewell.

Summer passed with every day finding Tommy drunk before dark. He had drunk so much that he liked the taste of the burning liquid. It never affected his walk any more. He could "carry" a pint as easily as he could a thimblefull. People hoped that he had forgotten his resolution, but they knew it was useless to hope. He never went out with the men any more; his rich bass voice could not be heard booming away in tipsy, home-bound quartets.

Then one day in September two "strays" hit town. One was huge and dark; she was a mahogany Venus with big thick legs which she exposed above her knees. The other was little and yellow, a nasty yellow, with a sharp hooked nose and dirty snag teeth. In all, they were good road buddies.

Somehow or other, the big dark one, Cleopatra, fell in with Tommy, and moved her suitcase in beside his dresser. At first he didn't know whether to put her out or let her stay. He stilled loved Joanna and didn't really want another wife. Then he felt sorry for her because she had no place to stay for the winter. And he was never at home anyway except at night, and then he was never sober. So she stayed.

In October Tommy began having the spells. At first he thought it was indigestion; then he decided that it was some other more deep-seated disturbance. He would wake at night clutching at cramps in his body, and his pillow would be wet with perspiration. Sometimes he thought it was tears. He must not have made any noise because he could hear Cleopatra's peaceful elephantine snore.

He would get up and lie on the davenport in the living room by the fire, and gradually he would go to sleep. His misery always left him when he moved into the other room, and when the morning light would waken him his pain would have vanished.

He became suspicious of Cleopatra, and stopped eating her cooking. But each night it became worse so that once he thought he would die before he could pull himself awake and get out of the bed. He finally managed it, but he was weak and lay gasping for breath until morning.

He stopped drinking—that is, almost. He drank just a little each day. He let his gas bill and light bill go unpaid. They cut off everything, even the water, but Cleopatra stayed on. She fed herself now; he didn't know where she got the money; he didn't care.

One night they quarreled. It was Cleopatra's fault. Tommy was drunk and didn't want to quarrel with her. He didn't care what she did nor why. Cleopatra felt that he should at least pay her the compliment of pretended jealousy. She was a "woman scorned," possessed of the proverbial fury. But Tommy didn't mind the fury. He was thinking of the sweet-tempered Joanna. At once he remembered her

old half-earnest threat and he trembled. But he went to bed ignoring the swearing Cleopatra, who promised to kill him someday, maybe that night.

Then he felt the pain. This time it was in his neck, as if someone were choking him. He couldn't breathe well. It felt as if someone's arm were across his nose. He couldn't open his eyes; he wondered if the whiskey had made him blind. He didn't want to die now, but he didn't want to be blind either. He finally struggled to his feet and started toward the living room. In the door he saw a crisply starched white service dress and a beautiful head covered with shining black waves in neat order.

He reached for the outstretched hands, but he fell. The white dress helped him to his feet as it had done many times before and guided him to the davenport. He lay there with a delicious swinging sensation, and he was smothered with that drowsy peaceful sleep that comes to the comfortably drunk.

Neighbors awakened by Cleopatra's hysterical bellows the next morning rushed over to find Tommy lying in the doorway between the two rooms. One arm was stretched up clutching a white apron of Joanna's which Cleopatra had worn the day before. In a frightened tone she told of hanging it beside the door that night with the intention of wearing it again the next day.

The doctor's verdict was "an alcoholic death." The neighbors noticed the expression of amused contentment, a kind of half-smile, on Tommy's face and wondered what had fixed it there. What had he seen in those moments before morning?

THE WEDDING

By Louise Lowrance

The sun was hot and the steps creaked as they entered the house. Yellow dust was blowing down the street in great clouds, and leaves, dry and crackly flew up in peoples faces. Cars, buggies and vehicles of all kinds were lined in front of the house, and several horses, unhitched, were munching hay under the meager shade of a large tree at the back.

Inside, the house was dark and cool. It smelled of goldenrod, autumn leaves and greenhouse flowers. The furniture had been moved back and srtaght backed chairs were placed uniformly in rows around the wall. On top of the old upright piano the likenesses of Aunt Kate and Uncle Harve, just after they were married looked down on the commotion with mild serenity. On either side neatly arranged were the children, Mark and Lena, Russell and Lillian, now all grown. It was Lillian's wedding day. Her picture showed her as a freckled faced girl of ten with dark braided pig-tails tied with ribbons. At the other end of the room an arch had been made of pieces of packing cases and covered with autumn leaves and goldenrod. Here and there a rose or two from the greenhouse were placed very conspicuously so that all

might know the very best possible things were being done for Lillian's wedding.

Through the partly closed door into the large dining room could be seen the girl, who was hired to help out, putting flowers, plates, and dishes of marmalade on the table. In the center of that vast expanse of tablecloth was a three tiered cake about the size of a large dishpan. Stuck in the top of the cake were more flowers and on the side were two pink icing hearts blended neatly together with "Lil and Blanchard" written with a flourish in pink icing underneath. From the kitchen came the odor of chicken and the spicy smell of ham baking. The noise of loud talking and the clatter of dishes and pans made it evident that more than one of the aunts was helping with the dinner.

Little Mary, wearing a white starch dress with a wide blue ribbon sash tied in a huge bow in back and her shiny dark curls topped by another big bow, skipped excitedly beside her mother and father, for today was a wedding day and she was to carry the ring.

They walked through the living room and up the narrow dark stairs to the bedroom where they knew the presents were being displayed. They were all laid out neatly on the bed and a table. There were a great many presents, and nice ones, for Lillian had married well, the son of a small town newspaper editor and politician. Blanchard had finished school at a University in the East and was now ready to take a position as cub reporter on a large newspaper in New York.

The room was filled with relatives and friends all exclaiming over the gifts and talking in loud voices.

It was now time to go downstairs for the ceremony, and Mary was taken by cousin Lena to another bedroom where the bride and groom and the minister were rehearsing. Mary was to carry the ring in a basket covered with puffs of white satin and ribbon. She was to have a small gold band ring after the wedding as compensation for her part in the affair. They showed her how she was to carry the basket and walk in front of the bride and groom as they came down the stairs, but Mary suddenly became shy and selfconscious. She hung her head, backed against the wall and refused to move. The groom who was pale and perspiring under his stiff collar tried all means of persuasion to no avail and finally said, "See the pretty ring. You are to have it after the wedding. Would you like to try it on?"

Mary held out a pudgy finger, and as he slipped it on, closed her hand saying, "I want it now."

The strains of Mendelssohns "Wedding March" could be heard from downstairs and the bride gathering up her bouquet cried, "Let her have it now and let's go."

Mary, a broad smile on her face, marched resolutely down behind the preacher, tossng her curls from side to side.

As they proceeded into the room filled with people Mary started to swing the basket which contained the precious ring. Lillian's mother

who sat near the door tried to attract her attention but failed and finally in deseration whispered in a loud voice, "Mary, be careful." But it was too late; the ring went rolling across the floor and under a table at a far corner of the room. All heads bent down tryng to locate the lost ring while the wedding march went softly on and on and the preacher shifted from one foot to the other just back of the arch of autumn leaves and flowers.

Finally the ring was restored to the basket and Mary stood very sedately while the preacher thundered out, "Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?"

And the bride answered in a weak voice, "I do."

"Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife."

And the groom answered, "I do."

At last it was over and there was a great rush and commotion while getting to the dining room.

A few flies buzzing around the screen door could be heard during the hush while the bride cut the cake and a hot heavy odor came from kitchen.

After the natural hum of conversation had started again Lil and Blanchard were missed. The old station hack could be heard driving away from the side door and everyone rushed for his rice and old shoes. They were all too late, the bride and groom had gone.

ART OF BEING A WALL FLOWER

By Nellie Ross

For centuries past, the poets have honored in the verse the rose, the lily, the pansy, and the violet, comparing them to the one whom they consider most fair. But there in one variety of flower they have unjustly ignored; few, if any, have given the wall flower her due. To be one gracefully is an art requring the highest kind of courage and ability. It is both painful and difficult; but worst of all, the result is seldom appreciated.

The guady sisters of the drab wall flower seem not to realize the remarkable value of contrast. They should be filled with gratitude, instead of pitying scorn, for their less—or is it more?—fortunate sisters, because it's usually the background that intensifies the beauty of a flower. A lone daisy in a rubbish-filled backyard may be called beautiful, while among myriads of its kind, it goes unnoticed. Thus it is that the mural blossoms fulfill their mission in society.

To stand nonchalantly in a deserted corner of a room with the air of having just refused to dance with Maurice or the Prince of Wales demands prodigous dramatic ability and a strong determination to accomplish the impossible. It also takes strength of will to keep

that look of pleased expectancy when someone claims your one last companion, leaving you feeling like a drowning man who reached for a rope and missed it.

Those who welcome with pathetic eagerness and chance acquaintance who may approach are not loyal to their art. The idea—as I have decided from experience and observation—is to appear at all times to be doing exactly the thing you wanted to do. To show undue eagerness would make it seem that your enjoyment was not complete. An air of aloofness lends prestige and dignity to your position.

Loyalty among wall flowers is essential if they desire to perpetuate their class. For once they begin to entertain each other and amuse themselves, all hope of keeping up the morale of the group is gone. Rapidly, in small groups of two's and three's, they desert their art, leaving forsaken the ranks of wall flowers,—and there will be no returning.

DOG MEAT

By Clinton Oakes

Perry Ludlow sat hunched over in his father's huge chair before the fire reading, while at his feet lay his dog, Squint, dozing contentedly.

Perry was thirteen; a sunny, freckle-faced, undersized, little fellow who, no matter how enormous the quantity of food he consumed, nor how hard he played, never seemed to grow. His teacher had reported him as underweight and undersized, and suggested several ways and means to correct the deficiency. His father said it was all bosh, that the boy was twice as active as a monkey, and tough as leather for his age. And so Perry, the despair of the nutrition deartment, in spite of his deplorable condition, continued to carry on until some normal boy picked on Squint; then Perry licked the tar out of the offender.

Squint was the pride of Perry's life. He was three-quarters mongrel, and the rest was just plain dog; but because of his fuzzy countenance Perry referred to him as a "therbred" Airdale. But no Airedale could ever lay a claim to the many colors that fought to predominate in Squint's coat. He was a Joseph of twelve dog tribes at least, but when he wagged his stubby tail and wrinkled his face in a homely grin, Perry thought him as handsome as any that ever took first prize at a dog show.

Tonight, as usual, the two were in perfect harmony there in front of the fireplace in the reading room, Perry's mother and father had left him there to prepare his lessons, with Squint for comany; yet it is highly improbable that any text book could ever furnish the thrills that Perry was now undergoing. His eyes bulged with excitement, and

delicious chills chased each other up and down his spine; once he glanced furtively around to make sure that there was nothing about to spring upon him from behind. He was reading the "Hound of the Baskervilles."

Squint broke the spell as he jumped to his feet and trotted to the door, where he begged to be let out. Perry obliged him. Outside it was snowng, and the wind drove the snow before it in swirling eddies. Perry was scarcely able to see Squint as he leaped from the edge of the porch. How dark it was, too. There was just one thing to be seen; that was the great bar of light that pushed back the darkness from in front of the engine of No. 11 passenger train as it drew up to the station only a block away from Perry's home. Perry shivered. He reflected as he closed the door and returned to his book that Squint probably wouldn't stay out very long on such a night as this.

He started to read. What a scary story this was: people found dead with their throats horribly torn, and the body—a lonely traveler upon the moor: a baying voice upon the night wind; the sound of the running feet of the four-footed death; those slavering jaws; the fatal spring, a scream of agony from the victim—a scratching at the door brought Perry from his chair with a bound. Then he remembered that it must be Squint returned from his nocturnal foray. He opened the door and the dog bounded in.

What, oh what did he have in his mouth! Perry could scarcely believe his eyes—it was a human foot! Perry started to scream for his father; than he clapped his hand over his mouth lest he should. His eyes which had been distended with fright slowly assumed their normal size, then narrowed to mere slits. He reasoned that if anyone learned about the foot, Squint would be convicted of attempted murder. His mind was divided between love of Squint and the horrible fact that Squint had attacked a man and bitten off his foot. His thoughts went back to the "Hound of the Baskervilles." He remembered particularly about the slavering jaws of the monster. Squint had a very savage appearance, too, when his jaws were plastered with feathers from the tail of a neighbor's chicken. (Perry was too excited to notice that there was no blood upon Squint's jowls.) The great question was, what to do? Should he tell his mother and father that Squint was a would-be man killer or should he become an accomplice in Squint's crime by hiding the evidence? He couldn't decide which to do.

Suddenly, Squint barked inquiringly. He was rather proud of his having brought home something that would contribute to his private larder, yet he felt hurt at finding his efforts so coldly received.

The sudden noise stimulated Perry into action, and his uncertainty crystalized. At any moment his father might come to inquire about the dog's behavior. He put on his coat and hat, secured a newspaper from the stand-table, and reached down gingerly to take the foot from between the dog's paws. Squint immediately applied his

teeth to the heel and braced himself solidly against the edge of the rug. For once Perry was in no mood to haggle over a possession with Squint. He smacked him squarely between the eyes with his open palm. Squint relinquished all rights to the foot in his astonishment at the unexpected blow. He felt both surprised and hurt to be thus robbed and beaten by his admirer and protector.

Perry paid no attention to the dog. He wrapped the foot carefully in several thicknesses of paper and tucked it under his arm. He opened the door and stepped sidewise through it, effectively blocking Squint's determined efforts to follow. It was certainly dark; and the snow swirled drearily about in the light that streamed through the crack made by the opened door. Perry shivered, then pulled his collar about his throat and closed the door.

Stealthily he made his way around the house toward the tool shed. He passed the sitting room window. Both his mother and father were reading, all unconscious of the drama being enacted so near. Perry dodged the light from the window and passed into the deep shadows of the trees at the back of the house.

In the tool shed he had a miserable time finding the trenching spade. It would be sharp enough to penetrate the frosted ground. First he stepped on the rake teeth and the handle cracked his head smartly. It nearly scared him out of his wits, and in his excitement he dropped the foot. Then, as he groped in the dark for the newspaper bundle, his hand came in contact with something round, cold, and slick. It seemed to wiggle beneath his touch. Perry jumped into the air; his feet became entangled within its coils, and down he went among the tools with a clatter. The snaky thing proved to be the garden hose and Perry sat trembling and afraid that someone had heard the pandemonium he had stirred up.

Satisfied at last that the noise had passed unnoticed he arose from beneath a collection of handles and shafts and continued his search. At last he found his bundle and the spade, and made his way into the orchard.

He chose a spot at the foot of an ancient apple tree and began to dig. The ground was frozen and the digging difficult but finally the hole was deep enough to suit his purpose. He dropped the bundle in and hurriedly filled the hole with loose dirt, tramping it down thoroughly. The snow would soon eliminate every trace of the digging, he reasoned.

He crept back to the tool shed. There he cleaned the spade thoroughly and put it back, as nearly as he could remember, in the place where he had found it. He sneaked past the sitting room window. His father had not moved from his position beneath the reading lamp; his mother lay upon the couch.

Assured that his absence was undetected he ran to the front door, opened it softly, and slipped inside, peeling off his coat and hat as he went. Squint lay stretched before the fire eyeing him sleepily in mild

reproach. The clock struck nine. For Perry that meant bedtime and he decided to go to bed for once without being commanded to do so. He had no desire to answer any chance questions as to how he had spent the evening.

From the bottom of the stairs he wished his mother and father a "goodnight." For a long time he lay awake wondering about the poor man who had suffered from Squint's berserk attack. At last he fell into a troubled sleep to dream of a little man with one huge foot who was chased continually by a savage dog with jowls covered with chicken feathers.

The morning sun shining in his eyes awoke him and he went to the window to look out. There in the front yard in plain view of every passer-by was Squint gnawing on that foot. Perry literally threw himself into his clothes in his haste to once more try to save his dog.

As he clattered down the stairs with flapping shoe laces a sudden burst of laughter from his father in the dining room somehow arrested him. Even as he stopped he heard his father say, "Listen to this, Mother, it's rich."

DOG STEALS HUMAN FOOT

IS CHASED BY TRAINMEN, BUT ESCAPES

"Last night a shipment of specimens for the medical college arrived on No. 11, and while a trainman was unloading them, a small case containing a human foot, preserved in alcohol, slipped from his hands and was smashed against the brick paving.

"A non-descript dog which had just jumped upon the platform seized the foot and ran off into the darkness, pursued by the careless brakeman. The brakeman gave up the chase without recovering the foot from the marauder. If some citizen finds a human foot upon his grounds he can notify the medical college rather than the police station."

Mr. Ludlow finished the article with another burst of laughter. Perry from his hidden position on the stair, heaved a sigh of relief, and climbed blithely up the stairs to don underwear.

Upon the lawn Squint worried his bone in peace.

THE MEDICINE MAN'S DAUGHTER

By Robertson Strawn

Of all romantic figures it seems to me that the most colorful is the medicine-man's daughter to which I refer the daughter of the Indian witch doctor nor do I refer to the daughter of the town's best phy-

sician. The medicine-man's daughter to which I refer is that girl of eighteen who sits on the steps of the improved platform of the gaily-painted patent-medicine wagon which stands by the curb about fifty feet south of the drug store corner.

Each evening at seven-thirty the two oil flares are lighted. The crowd gathers, old men with rheumatism, middle-aged men done with a hard day's work, even boys with their mischief. The medicine-man, with his harsh voice, laughs at his own jokes, laughs at the crowd, and the crowd laughs at him. The open flares flicker and wave their arms in the warm evening breezes of summer and man. The lambent flames light the face of the gathered throng. Some swarthy, some fair but none ever as fair as the girl with the misty eyes, the medicine-man's daughter. She sits on the steps in the edge of the night gypsy-like, with a rose-red shawl thrown over her shoulders. No castanets make merry for a gypsy dance under the full mellow moon that peeps up on the further side of the wagon. She sits lonesome, forlorn, and friendless as the first evening star on which stares this girl with the misty eyes, the medicine-man's daughter.

Every night I come. I buy no medicine, I don't even laugh at the fellow's jokes. The girl with the long black hair and rose-red shawl, what does she see out there in the darkness? Where has she been and where is she going? Where is her home and where are her friends? Has she none? Is her home the steps of the wagon, are her friends the moon and the stars? Is her mother dead? Is her father cruel? I'll take her away from her father's whip and the friendless trail of his ways. Yes, I'll take her away, this girl with the misty eyes, the medicine-man's daughter.

For a week and a half the people bought his pills and powders, and then one morning where the wheels had stood, the track went onward down the road. Oh, she has gone, yes, gone, but where? Oh, where is she now, the girl with the misty eyes, the medicine-man's daughter.

WORDS—WORDS—WORDS

By Jeanette Baker

When we met she was sitting at a table with a group of friends who were also my friends. It was one of those tea-rooms which are advertsed as homelike and exclusive and in which ten people are served at one small table pushed back in a box-like booth.

She was talking when I first noticed her. The others at the table were listening wth expressions of sincere interest on their faces. She was not pretty in a feminine way but there was a kind of patrician air about the carriage of her head; and the expression of her eyes made one think of finished and sophisticated things. Her dress was rather careless—as though she had more important things to think about than clothes.

As I stood waiting for recognition, I observed all these things. I waited because Terry, with whom I was to have lunch, was too intent upon catching every word to notice me standing under his very elbow.

"The mundane become alive with an intense spirituality which makes them strong—like towers at night," she said, "that is why I like that bit of a poem." She picked up a biscuit and nibbled it.

"You say things well, Norma," said Terry. Then he saw me under his elbow and shouted, "Where have you been? We've been looking for you. Norma has been giving us her idea of a new poem. Norma Starke, may I present Jean Barr?"

She acknowledged the introduction with a smiling stare from clear brown eyes. The luncheon progressed leisurely. Conversation was fitful and spasmodic as it is among people who know each other. When Norma commented, however, it seemed that everyone paused. Her voice was low and vibrant, with a puality which made one wish to hear every word.

Norma and I walked to the library together after lunch. She was writing a sonnet, she said, and wished to read a little Browning, as she had thought of doing it in his style. I had thought of asking for Kathleen Norris' latest novel, but when I heard that Norma wrote sonnets, I was ashamed to tell her of my intention and mumbled something about a history reference.

Norma talked at great length of Browning; and also she mentioned Frost and Sandberg as exponents of modern verse—in such a way that I was impressed. This girl's conclusions would do justice to George Jean Nathan or Mencken, at least they impressed me as being of the same type and in the same class.

When she said, "Won't you come to see me soon?" I assured her that I would be there the very next day. The next meeting with Norma showed me that there was little from cherry "cokes" to elegaic stanzas; spring ensembles to Mendel's law that Norma did not have an opinion about. (That's an exaggeration of course).

I was fascinated, and my fascination grew to delightful respect as we became better friends. One day I met Terry and told him how charming I thought Norma to be. "She can fling mean English" was all Terry said.

One afternoon Norma and I were discussing some new books which I had heard reviewed in literature class. It seemed that Norma had read everyone that I mentioned. The ones on which she had no opinion she had dismissed as being "quite mediocre." I mentioned hearing about Howard Odum's "Rainbow Round My Shoulders," a story of the black boy.

"I have just finished that one" said my learned friend. "I find it to be one of the most delightful documents that I have ever encountered. Its author is a distinguished sociologist and in form it is a con-

tribution to his science, but in reaity it is an epic done in the grand manner, and one of the most elopuent that America has ever produced. I think Walt Whitman would have wallowed in it and I suspect that Mark Twain would have been stirred by it! At last the coon has found his poet."

"That sounds like Mencken himself, Norma. Where did you get to be so much like him? I've been studying him in class and he's a wonderfully good critic.'

"I really don't care for Mencken, my dear. And certainly the idea is my own. Let's get a coke."

At home yesterday I picked up a magazine. It was the Mercury. I turned the pages and the title Black Boy caught my eye. It was Howard Odum's. I read: "this is the most delightful document that I have ever encountered. Its author is a distinguished sociologist and in form it is an epic done in the grand manner. And one of the most eloquent——." It was all there. H. L. Mencken's name was at the top of the column. I pondered. I could hear the low voice saying, "I really don't care for Mencken, my dear——."

For six weeks I had been admiring mere words, words, words.

BOOK REVIEWS

GATES, ARTHUR I., and AYER, JEAN Y., *The Work and Play Books, Magic Hours*, Illustrated by A. Gladys Peck, Macmillian Co., New York, 1932.

MAGIC

Oh, a bottle of ink, a bottle of ink!
What's bottled up in a bottle of ink?
Princes and ponies and pirates and bees,
Pixies and brownies and magical keys,
Lions and tigers and ladies and knights,
Colorful peeps at most marvelous sights,
Witches and goblins and fairies and fays,
Heroes who lived in the far-away days—
More wonderful things than you ever could think—
All bottled up in a bottle of ink!

—Blanche Jennings Thompson

And just so with this reader. It contains all the surprises and information suggested in this lovely poem. (And it contains the poem.) Tales of furred and feathered friends so dear to the hearts of boys and girls; informational tales so written as to be veritible romances; stories of early schools, children of other lands, and facts and figures about everyday things, all of which are made intensely interesting. The fairy tales and lovely poems find their place in this magical collection. Stories to be read to one's self and then retold, stories to be read orally, and others to be dramatized are all found in this volume.

These selections are arranged so as to be very excellent materials for silent reading exerciese. Each is followed by a list of questions and suggestions which test the pupil's comprehension.

The very fine glossary is an excellent introduction for future work with a dictionary. Each page has the vowels marked in simple key words. Each word is marked diacritically and has a simple, well worded definition suited to the use of the word in the text.

The illustrations are exceedingly well done. The colors are smart and action is expressed by the artist in all the plates.

The make-up of the book itself is magical. The inside cover is so cleverly illustrated that we find the child turning to it again and again as he reads. The book is printed in fourteen point type. This adds greatly to its attractiveness as boys and girls of eight and nine years select much more readily material printed with this type.

Smaller type may be one of the causes for the "depression" found in voluntary reading at this level. At any rate *Magic Hour* has been in demand by all who have come in contact with my copy, so be it color, make-up, or materials included or a combination of all these it is indeed one of the finest new books off the press to supply fun

and pleasure, information and thought provoking materials for boys and girls of the third and fourth grades.

CALLIE M. KING
The Horace Mann Training School.

NICHOLS, TALMAGE, *Woodworking Manual for Students*, 79pp. The Manual Arts Press, Peoria: 1930. $1.00

This manual contains many valuable topics both general and specific. The topics are developed in lesson form followed by questions. Little, if any, of the material is new to the field but it is presented in different form than heretofore. Probably the division devoted to a study of woodworking machinery is of most worth because of the illustrations and the detail brought out in questions. To the beginning teacher who experiences difficulty assembling and presenting information to his class, this book may prove to be a "life-saver."

FORREST. K. BRYAN

SUZZALO, HENRY, FREELAND, GEORGE E., MCLAUGHLIN, KATHERINE L., and SKINNER, ADA M., American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, 1930.

Fact and Story Primer, 144 pp.
Fact and Story Book One, 173 pp.
Fact and Story Book Two, 283 pp.
Fact and Story Book Three, 261 pp.
Workbook for Primer, 48 pp.
Workbook for Book One, 48 pp.
Workbook for Book Two, 80 pp.
Workbook for Book three, 80 pp.
Teacher's Manual for First Year, 288 pp.
Teacher's Manual for Book Two and Three, 183 pp.

It is evident that these books have been prepared in accordance with recent progressive ideas concerning the objectives of an efficient reading program. This Series promotes a program which tends to enrich and extend the child's experiences and to increase his find of information. It seeks to develop permanent interests in reading as well as mastery of mechanics and enlargement of the child's reading vocabulary.

As the title of the Series indicates, the contents include both fanciful and factual material. It includes some inaginative literature such as folk-lore, fairytales, myths and a few modern tales. It stresses particularly, however, stories of real child-life, stories of animals and nature, things children like to do, those things which increase the child's interest in and understanding of his own environment and world he lives in. The material is well selected, carefully graded and is organized into units. It provides a balanced program of both oral and silent reading.

The vocabularies have been checked with the Thorndike and the Gates word lists. These books contain 92% of the first 1000 words of the Thorndike list and 76% of the Gates 1500 word list. In accordance with recent investigations the vocabulary burden for each thought unit in the Primer and First Reader is small and provision is made for ample repetition to secure mastery. It provides for very gradual in-

Emphasis is placed upon the development of independent readers. The material is organized in such a way as to foster reading outside the **crease** in vocabulary burden from grade to grade.
classroom. It attempts to guide the child into useful recreatory reading and into other activities and occupations.

The illustrations are interesting and attractive to children. The covers are bright and appealing. The books are strong and durable.

The workbooks are well-graded. The vocabularies have been so selected and organized as to be corrolated with the readers for diognostic and remedial purposes.

The Teacher's Manuals are clearly and definitely organized which makes them easily interpreted. They provide much suggestive material for supplementary reading.

VELDA M. WILLIAMS
Supervising Teacher, First Grade,
Horace Mann Training School.

SUZZALO, HENRY; FREELAND, GEORGE E.; MCLAUGHLIN, KATHERINE L.: SKINNER, ADA M., *Fact and Story Readers*, Books IV, V, VI, and VII. 429 pp., 480 pp., 496., and 492. American Book Co., New York, 1931.

As the title of these books infers, they contain stories from both fact and fiction. A variety of material is given from the fields of science, invention, biography, history, geography, and choice literature, both old and modern. Many of the stories are adaptations from the works of such writers as David Starr Jordan, Charles A. Lindberg, Edward Bok, Elbridge Brooks, Longfellow, Bryant, Booth Tarkington, and Mark Twain.

"Books and Magazines to Enjoy" at the end of each story suggests related literature. The absence of a glossary is, in part at least, atoned for by the explanation of difficult words and phrases as each story is completed. A short explanation, correlation, or motivating thought introduces each story. There are several pictures to make the stories more vivid.

The stories are written in a language which I believe will be understood and enjoyed by the boys and girls in the respective grades and at the same time furnish enough new words for vocabulary building.

VIOLET LEWIS,
Horace Mann Training School.
Supervising Teacher, Grade Six,

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