would be cozy.

“After dinner he sat down by the fireplace and wanted to talk to me, so he called, ‘Martita! Come heere and be cozee with me.’” She giggled and wrinkled her nose, then suddenly opened her eyes in a wide, serious, expression, “It’s a good thing Papa wasn’t there.”

Mrs. Thompson thought back to her first impression of Madame Marquet. The gay chatter and charming manner had not impressed her then as it did most people, for she recognized it as an artificial front. She had seen her neighbor cast it aside to scold the milkman or to argue with someone who had used her clothesline. It wasn't until she learned of the tragedy responsible for her temperamental disposition and superficial manners that she really began to like the woman. She knew Madame Marquet for what she really was, a lonely woman who was trying to fill her life with substitutes for the child that she had lost many years before. She was able to overlook occasional temperamental outbursts, for she knew that her friend did not mean to be unkind, but was a victim of a great emptiness in her life. Her friend was the real woman underneath that so few people really knew, not the gay, rather naive but charming person most people saw.

“Well, I must go home now and feex supper for Papa. Poor man, he's been working so hard," and with that she patted Mrs. Thompson's father on the cheek, squeezed her hostess's hand affectionately, and the tall straight figure left the room.

Life Is What You Make It

BARBARA JEAN FARK

Having neither enough years on my beginning to see the advent of the horseless carriage or enough years on the other end (as yet) to witness the helicopter age, I am not in a desirable position to discuss, with nostalgia or anything else, treasured objects that are gone forever or are passing from American life. The only thing at the present date I'll never see again is the age of ten, or for that matter any part of my childhood—happy, happy days when nobody minded if I had a smudge on my face because he had two, when all I or my sister had on our minds was digging a cave from our backyard straight to China.

The first event I can remember in my history is a little dancing school program directed by a neighborhood girl. Arrayed in blue and pink crepe paper feathers and slightly, ever so slightly, resembling a bluebird I hopped out of a clothes basket nest at the wrong time and bowed to the applause and cheers of the neighborhood. My life has been, since then, one continual flit.

Life began to pick up for me in the Year I of my education. Having missed school for two weeks due to a perennial childhood phenomenon known as measles, I returned to find the students engrossed in a little brown book with yes and no questions. If the question were correct "yes" was circled; otherwise one drew a
ring around “no.” The only remark in the book I remember is “yes, no, Chickens can talk.” Using logic I proved to myself that chickens do talk. Don’t they say, “cluck, cluck,” and surely that is hen conversation. However, the teacher did not reason as I did; fixing me with her cold, hard eye she exclaimed, “I am surprised at you.” I gulped weakly a few times, then retired to my chair resolving never to reason again. (Recently I saw that teacher; and you know, she still doesn’t see hens as I do.)

During my second year in the public school system, our school sponsored a world’s fair just like the one in Chicago. The second graders were studying the beautiful cherry blossom land, and so for their part in the fair constructed a Japanese paper house and prepared an exhibit of “made in Japan.” As a reward for faithfully coloring ten shingles orange-red for the roof of the house, I was elected to preside over the exhibit, which covered two tables, and to explain the combs, dolls, chinaware, and other trinkets of Japanese origin begged from reluctant homes. The first table proved such a drawing card that I was ordered to say, “I will be at the other table in just a minute to explain that exhibit.” (I never made it.) So for two ecstatic weeks I reigned supreme (Mother says) at the fair, wearing a most gorgeous red silk dress, since passed on to some cousins. (The “red and yeller catch of a feller” hadn’t hit me yet.) It was also in this room that I was given a check in deportment for slapping a little boy who ran afoul of my temper. To this day I can’t recall this incident; but, oh, how I wish I felt free to do it again.

During the next years I kept busy performing on the piano and on the stage. The most eventful occurrence of my ivory tickling days happened during a rendition of “Stars and Stripes Forever” in three parts. My sister, I, and a fat redhead, who always shoved us off the bench, were performing beautifully without a mishap until the last eight measures whereupon the music slid off the rack. I wasn’t bothered at all and nonchalantly retrieved the score from under the piano, but my sister was mortified to tears. Another such disaster struck as I slipped on a slick stage and did a beautiful “birdie” to the amusement of the audience. My happiest hours were spent in the occasional appearances I made at the Civic theater — dining at Sam’s Subway with the cast; eating props (the best brown bread was used in “Aladdin and the Lamp” although it was slightly moldy); experimenting with stage make-up; and blithely treading on a sleeping Jack of beanstalk fame. For two glamorous weeks during one winter I and nine other boys and girls waltzed and twirled in a “Punch and Judy Show.” The loveliest step in the dance was executed with the boy standing behind his partner, step sliding to the left (glec’esdae, pardon my French), the girl gracefully raising her left leg and right arm (arabesque), and the boy lifting her skyward — exhilarating to say the least. However, in the final performance my partner sprained his arm — no doubt all those hamburgers, malteds, and sodas we consumed after every show helped. It was fun for such hard work.

Meanwhile, I proceeded slowly on through grade school until I chanced to have a falling out with a substitute gym teacher. She loved exercises and hated games, so we exercised and exercised and exercised. I displayed my opinion of the knee-bends, etc., quite freely; and one day on arriving at class early the sub-
stitute asked my name. Undoubtedly I was in a blue mood so shaking my head I mumbled a few words. The teacher tried again with the same results. She asked; I mumbled and shook my head. Then I was hauled ingloriously to the principal's office where I heard again, "I am surprised at you!" After being worked on a day and a half, I apologized because the rose red drapes and the green, wavy-lined carpet in her office made me seasick. I laughed at the time.

This same principal criticized me once for monopolising oral conversation in English class to which denouncement I, with an austere look, quoted her, "Keep the conversational ball rolling." I had not yet learned about dignity, authority, and a few other things.

Childhood —sublimity —tootsie rolls, a dirty face, straight hair, races, head stands, suckers, shorts and halters, skinned knees, hose showers, Perkins' twin stories, Santa Claus.

My life will never be as carefree and as fearless as it was then. Now I'm getting sentimental, and I hadn't meant to at all. Since discovering that there are creatures in the world besides women P. G Wodehouse, baseball, and other such delightful objects, I felt like turning handsprings — which, (as someone has so aptly said before) come to think about it, is not unlike the Elysian fields of my childhood.

What I Like To Read

MARJORIE YELVINGTON

The analysis of character, whether it be reality or fiction, has always appealed to me. As far as my individual character is concerned, I am not quick to make friends for the simple reason that I am slow in forming opinions of a personality. Character study in literature is a valuable aid in teaching one the art (not the science) of psychology.

Gone With the Wind is as fine an example of character study in modern writing as one would find. The story is based on Scarlett O'Hara. Although she is the principal character, there are other personalities dealt with in like manner, except for the omission of minute details.

I enjoy literature in which the narration could easily happen in my own life or that of an acquaintance, a book in which I can imagine myself as being the heroine or the villainess. For this reason I have never developed a love for historical poems, ballads, and some other types of literature.

Along with the serious side of character study, I love the genuine humor of Christopher Morley as displayed in Kitty Foyle. The sincerity, warmth, and the "home-sweet-home" quality of it are typical of human nature in every respect.

The best classical character studies I have ever read are in Shakespeare's plays. Of all his works I have read, Macbeth is the greatest and most complete.

Like many people I am a cartoon and comics fan. I like to read of the utterly impossible adventures of the supernatural world and the simple antics of Nancy or the Bumsteads. These are a source of relaxation at the end of a long day.