

and "waded in."

One well-placed blow secured the prize. From the dogs' viewpoint, however, such "kills" are seldom worth the consequences suffered.

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High Pressure

CATHRYN SMITH

Pauline regarded John fretfully. She thought: "He's so sensible. I don't believe he ever did or said anything crazy in his life. He's absolutely stodgy!"

They rode along in silence for a while. John never drove fast, but there was enough wind to whip color into their faces, and Pauline's hair blew wildly.

Feeling her gaze, John turned to her and smiled, undisturbed by her frown. The frown deepened.

"Can't you say anything?" she demanded.

The smile left his face. His eyes looked hurt. He looked back at the road, his hands tightening on the wheel while he spoke steadily as if what he said had been said many times before.

"I've told you how I feel. You've known me two years now, and for a year you've been trying to make up your mind. Jerry's a play-boy; I'm not. Jerry's been handing you a line since you were sixteen, and now you think maybe it's strong enough to hang on to forever. Well, you've known him longer than you've known me. Maybe he would make a good husband, but I can't believe you'd want a line all your life.

"I love you, Pauline. I love you enough to want you to be happy. That's why I've kept on when I knew the competition was heavy. But it can't go on indefinitely. I may be wrong. After all, you ought to know what you're doing.

"I'm no high-pressure man. I love you, and you know it, but I'd feel foolish trying to recite poetry about

you. You're going to see Jerry tonight. When he talks to you, try to picture yourself married to him. If you like the picture, don't call me tomorrow. If you decide you'd rather look at me across the breakfast table every morning, call me before twelve, and we can probably arrange it."

Pauline looked puzzled.

"Are you trying to tell me that if I don't make up my mind by tomorrow morning, I won't see you again?"

John nodded, "Something like that."

Pauline moved closer.

"John, do you know how many times you've kissed me?"

"Twice." The reply came promptly.

Pauline rested her head on the seat near his shoulder and closed her eyes. The car stopped suddenly.

"You're home." John spoke brusquely.

He jumped out and opened the door for her. She refused his arm, looking at him wonderingly. At the door, he said goodbye hurriedly, almost gruffly, and walked swiftly back to the car.

That night Pauline listened closely to Jerry's conversation. While they danced, he kept up a constant flow of words: commented on her beauty every few minutes.

"You're gorgeous tonight, Paul," or "Paul, I'm quite infatuated with you, you know."

Later he said, "You were always a beautiful dancer, honey. Really, it's a pleasure to know you."

Once he said, "Happy, sweet? Your eyes are like stars."

During a pause, Pauline looked at him thoughtfully, and began "Jerry, have you ever thought—"

"Never think," he interrupted. "I know everything. For instance, I know you're the grandest pal a man ever had."

Pauline smiled gayly.

"We are pals, aren't we?"

They left the dance early. On the way home Jerry continued to tell her of her remarkable beauty, and his everlasting affection.

Pauline was quiet. She thought, "He never said he loved me. It's just as he remarked: we are grand pals."

When he left her, Jerry kissed her lightly.

"So long, honey. See you soon."

The next morning, Pauline awakened early and reached for the telephone. The connection was made immediately. She spoke rapidly into the mouth piece.

"Could we start having breakfast this morning—high-pressure man?"

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Autumn Swept Garden

Nothing can grow here now.
This garden is Autumn-swept;
Here, by the apple bough,
You turned and wept.

Nothing can pierce this ground.
It is wrinkled with thick covers.
Beyond the range of sound
A hoarse bird hovers.

Nothing comes here now.
No freckled butterfly
Will flutter near the bough
And tint the sky.

Nothing can liven this ground.
It is parched and dark with fear;
It has heard the crying sound,
Absorbed the tear.

CHARLES AUFDERHEIDE