

The birthday dinner had been eaten, the towering cake reduced to crumbs, and the ice-cream merely pinkish water, when the guests retired to the library and grouped themselves around the fire-place to watch Rosemary open her many gifts.

All gifts but one had been opened, admired, and the givers thanked, when Rosemary, her eyes misty, picked up the tiny blue ribboned box. Her hands fumbled as she untied the bow. All eyes were upon her as she drew forth an old-fashioned locket—Granny's most cherished possession! Inside were two pictures—Granny at eighteen, and her soldier-lover. The card attached read, "To Rosemary—who is most like me!"

Rosemary, running to Granny, threw her arms around her and cried, "Thank you for the most wonderful birthday I've ever had!"

Late that evening, after Rosemary had told Granny of her grand opportunity to go on the stage, the old woman looked at her grand-daughter.

"Well, Violet," she cackled, "didn't I tell you she was one o' the odd ones! She's a doer, that 'un."

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Shapes in The Night

DAVE CRAYCRAFT

People are shapes, and things are shadows; places a blur, and faces a blank. All people sleep sometime, but cities never—and never all people at once. The city's roar is a decrescendo from midnight on, but it never dies down to silence. Most windows are dark; most lights are out, but never all. There is the unending business of giving and taking life; there are marriages to be consummated and violated; there are lives to be saved under surgeon's knives, and lives to be taken under automobile wheels; there is work for ambulances and

buses, for taxicabs and garbage wagons, and there are markets to be made ready and milk to be delivered; there is work for cops and waiters, for house-dicks and ladies of the evening; and, at the zero hour of dawn, play boys returning from play pass laborers going to work. Cities never sleep.

Cities never sleep and never die. Life must continue though the senses weary. Blinded eyes, ringing ears, flat taste, greasy touch, and suffocating lungs are the tortures of a city.

The few sleeping passengers on the tops of the double decked buses roaring by are unknowingly exposed to the evil tortures. By the many lights on the street they are blinded, and by the rattling elevated an unforgettable war is placed in their minds. On one side are factories; on the other side, business. Rancid smoke from the tall stacks chokes the lungs and escaping sewer gas deadens the taste. The screaming sirens on the ambulances, the clanging bells on the fire trucks, and the slithering of brakes on taxicabs all help to kill the senses of the human body.

Cities never sleep, never die, and never quit. All hours of the night convey shadows parading to work; to factories roaring and smoking, to lights of lunch counters and garages that give twenty-four hour service. The conveyors of life; buses, trains, and taxicabs, are always moving. Paper boys hoarsely yelling on the street, crooners bellowing from second story night clubs, and radio announcers rasping from every other window add to the many unrecognized tortures of life. The long strain and grind tear down the senses; but cities go on and on—they never sleep, die, nor quit.