

This process was fruitless. The professor refiled the card and drew out another "Emergency Tactics": Follow the eyes of one of the students, or if their are none of these, watch one of the seat fillers. Their glance will be directed to the external object which is the cause of the laughter.

He looked at Miss Benson. She was looking at his feet. Oh well — Miss Benson was English. Better follow Mr. Sellick's eyes — at his feet, too.

The professor looked down—his feet! How ghastly! How ominous! Had he painted his corns with his wife's "Bleeding Dragon" nail polish instead of the corn medicine? He'd told her never to use that red stuff. Always leads to harm. The parson's wife at the last church they attended, before the one they went to now, wore red nail polish. She always spent her time in church picking it off. It was too reminiscent of his classes and much as he liked the church he had had to leave it. But it was definitely nail polish on his corns — so bright he could see it through his boots — not through his boots — surely not through his boots — no — never through his boots — nor through his socks.

If it couldn't be seen through his boots or his socks — then, — yes then — yes, most certainly then, he was barefooted. He wiggled a toe to be sure. It cracked. Yes, he was quite barefooted — except for the red polish on each toe. (Would the polish have to wear off?) He wondered. But barefoot! He must have forgotten to put on his shoes. — He'd taken his usual early morning walk on the front lawn absorbing strength from the earth through his bare feet. Well, he couldn't just stand there — with the class laughing — something should be done.

The professor picked up his pencil and put it in his pocket, picked up his umbrella, put it up and walked out. His wife met him at the door of their house with his socks and shoes. High shoes, special make — when he had something on his feet he liked to know it. He put them on, and went back to school. He walked into the room, hung his umbrella on the thermometer (It was quite a feat to do it when the umbrella was open.) and turned methodically to the speaking stand. "Today class—" But the class was gone. You only have to wait fifteen minutes—even for a Ph. D.

## CREDO

MARY WILEY

In our sad days it is a woman's part  
To keep alive the things that ease the soul,  
All music and delight. It is her role  
To pour out lovely songs to fill the heart  
With tenderness again, and hopeful start  
The hymnal in the church; amid the whole  
Of dark, confusing time out of control  
To sing, and let not loveliness depart.

Unflinching faith is difficult to keep  
When futile tears fall on the changeless earth  
And still are dried by the recurrent sun.  
Mankind may perish if its women weep  
Too much, too long. We will allow no dearth  
Of Song; there is much singing to be done.

