would be cozy.

“After dinner he sat down by the fireplace and wanted to talk to me, so he called, ‘Martita! Come here and be cozy 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 fix 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 my-
self 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. (Re-
cently 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 depart-
ment 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 with-
out 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
'bordie' to the amusement of the audi-
ence. 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
molay); experimenting with stage make-
up; and blithely treading on a sleeping
Jack of beanstalk fame. For two glamor
packed 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
(glacesdae, 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 excerised 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.