

thing then? she pondered. If Paul were wounded . . . No, I must not think about it. She quickened her steps, but again the question came back into her mind. If Paul . . . . No, it wouldn't make any difference. I can work all of my life. Helen stopped in the entrance of her building to pick up the mail. She found

the V-mail from Paul, and she tore open the envelope. Her eyes dropped to the last two lines. "I may be home on furlough soon. I've had a little bad luck . . . ." She rubbed her eyes to clear the blur, but the words still stood out black and foreboding on the gray background.

## The Valley

VERA GOOD

*I stood alone and looked across the valley;  
The trees whose roots were far below made webs  
Of yellow lace through which the smoke of fall's  
Gray fires was spiring to the gentle push  
Of wind. The near was indistinct, the far  
A furry mist that hung upon the earth  
And made me feel infinity I could not see.*