

rest, and the men at the saw stand waiting until the trunk lifts clear of the stump and the machine can be removed. The tree is no longer mute; as the wedges are driven up, it pops and groans protestingly when tissues check and tear and finally snap free. The elm stands poised for an instant, towering as if in one final gesture of defiance, and then the top starts over. Faster and faster it descends until, just as it gets horizontal to the ground, lunges free and forward of the stump and hits the ground with a wind-swishing, dust-raising boom that drowns the already trailing cry of "Timber!"

On the ground, the majesty of the old elm is gone. Broken limbs elbow up, and loosened bark hangs from the log. Large black ants and other ugly, crawling parasites swarm from crack and crevice. Its bruised and broken body lies quite still, and little men with ax and saw begin to strip away its mighty branches.

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Ph.D.

Betty VanDerbilt

He was a short man smoking a short pipe of pleasant-smelling tobacco. He held a book with papers under one arm. Both pipe and book were held firmly. As he paced slowly back and forth in the noisy hall, he stopped occasionally as if he were completing a thought. His small gray eyes squinted first at one student and then at another. A faint smile played around his mouth as he puffed and bit at the pipe.

The bell rang. He emptied the pipe against his hand and slipped it into the pocket of his brown suit, which was of good cloth and appeared comfortably lived-in. Unhurried now, he entered the classroom and laid the book upon the desk. He surveyed the class as if he were searching for an unprepared student. Finding none, he sat upon the creaky desk chair and took the papers from the book. He looked down his large angular nose at the papers; his eyes seemed to burn a hole through them. He drew his lips together as with a string and blew into his hands several tuneless whistles. He took no notice of a late and hasty student.

A hush fell upon the group as he chose a paper and with his firm, long-fingered hands spread it open upon the desk. Glancing briefly at the sunny weather outside, he turned

and began to read. His voice, which gave life to clipped but generous words, was not unpleasant.

The paper pleased him. Its subtle humor showed on his tanned face and crept slyly into his eyes. When he finished reading, his hands rose momentarily to his mouth concealing an imminent smile. As he bent forward over the paper, studying it intently, his fine brown hair showed thin over the top of his head.

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The Chill Hearth

Reveling in the steady warmth
That was his glowing heart
He drew a magic fairy ring
To keep intruders out.

But heedless dancers in their turns
Ignored his charmed wall;
He would have crossed the mystic bounds—
But dared not break the spell.

From lack of fuel the hearth grew cold;
Blazing logs were ash;
And chill, he envied distant fires
Built of the common rush.

—Ina Marshall

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Priestess of the Year

Bertie M. Layne

It is not necessary for me to take pensive journeys along country lanes or on the banks of streams to be aware of the solemnity that marks the decline of all things in the autumn of the year. For even though I might not have the good fortune to see the passionate beauty in the colors of