

choice

the answer to "the lady or the tiger"

by richard lower

He stood alone in the great arena, tall and slender. Thoughts coursed through his head like little shocks of electricity. Then he walked forward and without hesitation opened the door on the left. Silence, then a mighty roar burst from the assembled crowd. The youth stood dazed. He could not believe that the princess would play such a trick on him. Anger flared within him. So she had meant for him to die. His gesture, which was to be magnificent, now dropped, sadly unappreciated.

He led forth from the cage which he had just opened a beautiful maiden. He had been spared a horrible death at the teeth of the tiger.

The former lover of the princess was married according to the customs of the country. He took his pretty bride to his home where life began for them.

"John, dear," Penelope said to her husband one day, "why don't we ever go out of an evening? We always sit at home while you read the newspaper and smoke your old pipe. You do think more of them than you do of me."

And so they began to go out evenings.

One day John came home from work and found his wife crying.

"Oh John, I'm the only woman in the whole neighborhood who has to do her own washing. My beautiful hands are ruined."

So they had a wash woman.

"John, dear, I need some new clothes. I have nothing to wear to my bridge club." And so Penelope had some new clothes.

"John dear, why don't you get

yourself a suit of clothes like Mr. Smith? I think he looks so nice.

"John, you know Mr. Fairchild doesn't smoke his pipe in the house?"

So John went out of evenings to smoke his pipe.

"John, why don't you stay at home in the evenings? No other husband leaves his wife alone as much as you do."

One night John didn't go home at all. The next day he still didn't show up. His wife became worried. She called the police. They asked her to come down and identify a man there at the station.

In a padded cell was a man sitting on the floor tearing his hair. His only words were: "The right door, the right door."

tea

by

martha rose scott

"I shall move this green figure back on the table," said Mrs. Raymond, "so that it will not be harmed in the crowd. Perhaps this end table will be in the way. There—I shall push it close back against the little settee. How the old brass tray on the mantle shines in the sunlight that streaks across it and plays upon the slender green bottle beside it! Everything is in readiness—my house and I stand wanting to receive the first guests. The brass knocker falls against the door. I must open my house to them.