

maple to make room, but folks around here allus remembered Nellie, so they got up a petition and had the school-house put over far enough so that the tree could remain a standin'. Thar's a lot of sentiment and romance in that old maple. It's a right perty thought, hain't it? Well, I got to get my milkin' done. Hope to see you again if you ever come around these parts. What did you say yore name was?"

The tall, silent stranger turned to the old farmer. In a scarcely audible voice, came the answer, "I guess you don't remember me. I'm Herb Carewe."

Night Life on the River

By

Jane Colsher

A great chasm of black separated us from the multi-colored glow of the city—a gigantic dragon guarding its treasure. A chain of flickering lights made a feeble attempt to span the darkness, and lone red and green orbs sparkled here and there among the white ones like tiny rubies and emeralds giving opulence to the mighty river's crown. We plunged ahead toward the city with its illuminated skyscrapers and silhouetted towers; suddenly a giant network of steel and cement loomed ahead of us, barely discernible against the evening sky. Another moment and we were a part of the Mississippi's regal splendor.

Above the locomotives roaring into the distance and the dirty freighters chugging upstream, we heard the rush and gush of the turbulent muddy water. Like eternity the river stretched beneath us—bottomless. Who would trust those treacherous depths for life and livelihood? Yet, a colony of miserable houseboats, enlivened by occasional lanterns, huddled near the bank, keeping faith in God's protection.

Street lights shot wavering gleams far out into the broadening stream. The glints and sparkles of night cast eerie reflections on the ripples, while weird lights played on the warehouse windows.

Suddenly, with an incandescent blaze of glory, the pleasure steamer, "J. S.", appeared against the still, black night and slithered toward her dock. The waters gleamed and flashed; the sky was shot with color, and the air was rent with the blaring strains of a jazz orchestra and the riotous laughter of life that has had another thrill. The levee became alive with honking horns, flashing lights, and clattering crowds. A cock on a nearby boat decided it was morning and began to crow; a sleeping hound stirred lazily on his mat; and a weary watchman shuffled swiftly on his rounds.

Then, as suddenly as it had come, the joyous influence of the steamer disappeared. The lights were darkened; the crowd had passed on its way, and the gaiety was gone. Silent night took possession of the waterfront, and life resumed its usual course. Without warning we became a part of the multi-colored glow of the city; we had conquered the great black chasm.

Fog at Midnight

By

Aliceruth Johnson

A deserted city street. Midnight. Fog pressing against my eyes. The echoing clank of my heels on the hard pavement. I peer into the gloom, straining to assemble the blending shades of gray into some familiar object. Behind that dark and clammy curtain—what? I wave my hand, hoping to rend and tear it away. I glance about furtively, to catch some illusive shadow before it dissolves into the gloom. Heat surges up into my body and ends in a chill shudder. I open my mouth