

reached me about the true worth of this land, so I planned to see Cairo for myself. I came....to find only a struggling settlement in mud flats, a dismal swamp, and half-built houses rotting away...." He drifted off into silent reveries, but presently resumed.

Right then, as I watched Dickens wax strong in his vehemence, would I have injected a contrite objection, but some magnetic force ever held me within its bonds. These conflicting emotions, he must have sensed, as he turned slightly, and looked at me admonishingly.

"Sir, I hope you will bear with me in this abrupt manner, but the clay from which I sprang is instilled so within me, that it reveals itself at times like this, and my sentiments run havoc with my saner self.

"Again and again I find it so hard to comprehend; I grope about for a solution, but there seems to be no logical sequence. As I have written books in the light of reform, in like manner would I be inspired by America's adoption of slavery as an institution to flaunt its ignoble theme before the world. Myself drawn from the thralls of poverty, I have a deep understanding of the most morbid humanity."

As he spoke with so much pathos of a tragic life of which haunting memories yet remained, the embers of the log-fire seemed to dim, and a pall hung over the room.

"Now," he continued, "I am on the brink of life, yet I find my place in the crowd, especially the London crowd, I know them all in their wayward, lovable, comical variety."

Then, as if released from melancholy, he arose, and in the semi-darkness took my none-too-steady hand. "Forgive me," he said, "if I have exposed you to ennui or resentment, for I may never encumber you with my accusations again in this country. Should I return, I shall be reminded of the generous hospitality

that I was once offered in your home. Until then, I bid you a most sincere 'adieu'."

In parting, I again took his hand and said, "Sir, you shall never know what you have done for me tonight. There is no means within my narrow life by which I could ever repay you. I can only wish for you a safe homeward voyage, and the abundance of success that goes to all great men."

When Charles Dickens left that evening, I closed the door on a great episode in my life. Raised in the heart of London, he learned to love the everyday people, and they the men in the street, will keep his memory ever aglow; to them he committed it. It is that way of accepting mankind with a large hearted toleration and love, and even when it is not wholly admirable, that has endeared him to the hearts of generation after generation of readers. He teaches mankind the age-old lovely lessons of the understanding heart.

Hobby Horses

Doris Goldsmith

Nothing is sweeter to me than the aroma of a stable. Perhaps it is because a horse is not a complicated machine but a form of "nature in the raw" that I adore.

I can neither understand why "Tapo," my favorite horse, plays his queer pranks, nor can I unravel the mystery of any mechanism.

In short, my hobby is horse-back riding. I have been an enthusiast for many years though I learned to ride only a year ago. I admit that when I went to "Peter Pan" for my first lesson I was frightened to the toes of my boots. But the horse I rode, though I didn't know it, was fourteen years old and had corns. I wasn't aware of these facts and

when "Blossom" as she was so ludicrously named, started out at a trot, I felt as if any minute would find me under her corns. But nay, not having any idea that there was any such a thing as "posting to a trot" I continued to be "jiggled". I got through that first hour which left me weak with excitement and made up my mind that I had never had such a glorious time.

During the next few months I almost drove my family mad, as I took weekly lessons and marveled over each one for seven days afterward.

With all my lessons I still rode "Blossom" (her corns had been removed) to the mingled amusement and disgust of my family. Finally, (two months ago) not being able to bear the teasing of my family, I called the riding master to tell him I wished to ride another horse. Imagine my feelings when he said, "I wondered when you were going to start to ride a horse".

I went to the stable the next Sunday morning and there was "Tapo", the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. Four years old, a shining bay with a beautiful neck, he was divine. All went well until I started to mount him. He reared and plunged, kicked, started into the stable and kicked over the mounting block. Then I decided he was aptly named "Tapo," meaning "Devil." I don't know yet where I got the courage to mount him but I did, and for the first half mile I experienced the same sensations as I had on Blossom that first day. I finally got on to his trot and then followed the grandest ride I had ever had. From that day on, he has been my horse. When I'm at the stable, no one else saddles him, no one waters him and I alone feed him his lumps of sugar.

He leaves nothing to be desired in a horse—in fact "he's swell."

On Being Called Miss Soehner

Betty Lee Soehner

It is doubtful if I shall ever get used to being called Miss Soehner. Such liberation from the ranks of being just another Betty is overwhelming. When one is the baby of an entire family, it is indeed a new distinction to be honored by this title.

Aside from being treated continually as an infant by a patronizing sister, scarcely two years my senior, I have always had the great misfortune to look several years younger than I am. Indeed, when I bought my graduation dress last June, the saleslady solicitously inquired, "And is it for high school or grade school, my dear?" So, strange as it may seem, the form of grown up address is balm to my wounded sense of dignity.

When one has an older sister, introductions are made difficult. Usually, it is just Betty or, as in one never-to-be-forgotten incident when I was making a particular effort to be dignified, "Miss Soehner's sister".

Little does it matter to me that few of my teachers can pronounce the difficult name. I am used to that. I will answer to almost any spluttering or choking on the part of the professor as he gazes at the class with roving eye to discover which individual should have such a terrible appellation.

Still, it is with a distinct sense of shock and a moment's pause before I can summon my energy to answer "here" to that dignified, elevated, grown-up form of address, Miss Soehner.