

bum could possibly say that would interest a senator.

"A religious town, huh?" Aloud the senator said, "Mr. —ah?"

"Matewan," broke in that individual, importantly.

"Mr. Matewan, this gentleman and I have some business to discuss. I will see you again before I leave." To the amazement of the judge and the lady with the serpent's tongue, Senator Morris walked up the street beside Martin Olsen.

An hour passed and a great congregation had gathered in front of Olsen's little home.

"I seen him pass the window," whisered Miss Hodgeson.

"Wonder what the Senator could want with Olsen?" Judge Sylvester asked aloud for the tenth time.

The 4:41 whistled. Suddenly Olsen's door opened. Senator Morris was clapping Olsen on the back. He laughed and asked Olsen something. Olsen nodded, squinted one eye, his head jerked, and Senator Morris clapped him on the back and said, "Remarkable."

The 4:41 whistled again. The Senator nodded to the crowd, but with one arm linked in Olsen's walked to the train that was now chugging impatiently.

The Senator boarded the train much to the relief of a sweating secretary. The secretary was even more relieved when he smelled alcohol on the senator's breath. Alcohol had such a mellowing effect on the senator.

The senator waved goodbye out the window to Olsen who was already half way back to the pump, half the crowd following him and half remaining to watch the train pull out.

Judge Matewan stopped in front of Olsen. Miss Hodgeson was still with the judge.

"Martin, what did the senator say?"

"He said it was hot as the devil."

"I don't mean that. Well....ah.... did he say anything about me?"

"Yep."

The judge swelled visibly. "What did he say, Martin?"

"Wal, he said 'Who was thet self-important little fellar in the derby?'"

Sylvester Matewan turned red from the bottom of his fat neck to the rim of his black derby. He looked at the ground. He looked up.

Martin Olsen squinted his left eye. The crowd gave way in front of him. His head jerked slightly, and there was a small splash in the puddle by the judge's feet.

The judge watched the ripples die out. Suddenly he straightened, reached over, and clapped Olsen on the back. "Remarkable, Olsen, remarkable."

They'll Be Sorry

Grace Ferguson

A little girl lay on the big four-poster, sobbing great tearless sobs that shook her frail body; her head was almost smothered in one of the white pillows. She was sprawled at full length, and turned nervously from side to side at intervals, so that one minute she faced the heavy panelled door and the next, the ornate dressing table with the painted china toilet articles.

The sobs ceased and tears began to flow in abundance. The little girl's mouth drooped and her lower lip quivered as she attempted to dry her eyes with her already too-moist handkerchief. The tears ceased for a moment and she lay quietly on the bed; then they broke out again and she turned her face into the pillow, regaining for a time that climax of emotion which had been hers before.

Then she got up and sat on the edge of the bed, the toes of her shoes just touching the floor. She sat very still, worn out from her long weeping, and she looked out through the window. Her eyelids hung low and her lower lip was pressed upwards, causing the ends of her mouth to droop. She looked out upon the roof of the garage, which reflected the glorious sunlight, and beside it she saw the great white beech, unfurling its dainty leaves, ever so slowly. And she saw a happy robin shaking itself in the sun, and she saw a little brown rabbit trying to hide in the lilies of the valley at the foot of the white beech.

The little girl's mouth twisted into an ironic smile. Then she turned her gaze away from the window, and it rested on the modern little mahogany desk. She rose and went over to this little piece of furniture which was in such striking contrast to the rest of the room. She pulled out the little chair and sat down.

Once the lid was pulled back, a little drawer was visible in the center, between the two cubby-holes on each side. Papers were scattered everywhere, overflowing out of the drawer, filling all of the holes, and in disorderly piles in the space under the drawer.

The little girl took the papers out of the right hand cubby-hole. In careful script the word "Spelling" was written at the top; at the left was "Barbara J." and at the right, 100 was written; and beside the 100, there was a gold star. The rest of the pile was similar, except that the stars were sometimes blue. The little girl laid them in a neat pile on the desk.

Then she took the papers out of the next cubby-hole. "Arithmetic" was written at the top of these, in the same hand. There were seven 100s and one 98. She hesitated and then

thrust the 98 under the pile of papers in the bottom of the desk.

There were papers in the other cubby-holes marked "History" "Grammar" and "Civics," but Barbara did not disturb them. Instead, she opened the little drawer in the center of the desk. It was crammed full of cards and letters and pictures.

Three report cards came out first. There were four little rows of A's on each; but, to look closer, not quite perfect rows. Here and there the A was augmented by a "plus" mark, but once in a while a B or C took the place of the A. The "plus" marks were in spelling, domestic science, and arithmetic. The B's in grammar and history. There were C's on two of the cards, in civics.

Barbara laid the report cards in a row at the left hand side of the desk. Then she sorted the photographs out of the pile of papers from the drawer. In the first picture she saw herself smiling broadly. She was clad in shorts and was standing beside a bicycle. The unusual brilliance of the plating on the bicycle marred the photograph slightly; one of the little girl's hands rested on the handlebar; in the other hand were the rubber pedals, which had not yet been attached.

Barbara returned this picture to the drawer and took up the next one; this one showed her planting seeds in a vegetable garden. She laid it aside and discarded one showing her in a very stylish silk dress.

Several photographs of herself in hiking clothes she put back in the drawer, all except one which showed her shaking hands with a woman in uniform. The last one of all pictured her surrounded by paintings, wood blocks, and crude pottery. She put it aside with the other two, and then arranged these three, propping them against the cubby-holes.

Next she went to the ornate old bookcase and selected two books.

One was called "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates." It was inscribed "Won by Miss Barbara James for perfect attendance in Sunday school, 1931." The other book was called "The Little Colonel Stories," and the fly-leaf was inscribed "Barbara James, winner of the Spelling Contest, Room 9, February, 1928."

Besides these books Barbara placed her little Girl Scout pin and a green Audubon Society pin with a red cardinal on it. She allowed her eyes to wander over the varied assortment of books and papers and pins, and her lips again twisted into an ironic smile.

Then she opened the door of her closet and searched impatiently among the clothes hung carelessly on the hooks. Under two soiled dresses and part of a pair of pajamas, she found a quilted bath robe. She detached the cord which served as a belt, and re-entered the bedroom, closing the door carefully on the chaos within. She looked up at the low and ornate chandelier. Then she got a chair and a thick book, called the "Standard Dictionary of Facts." She placed the book on the chair and then climbed up onto it. She tied a lasso in the cord and then reaching up on tiptoe she tied the cord to the chandelier. She put the loop in the cord around her neck and then stood silently for minute after minute, listening. She heard nothing. The house was as quiet as a tomb.

Then a long sigh escaped her, and the wrinkles in her forehead disappeared. Her eyebrows went up in the middle and down at the ends. She removed the loop from her neck and got down off the chair. Then she put the book on the floor and sat down on the chair. She sat bent forward, her dress dropping between the knees and her hands in her lap. She sat and stared at the rug.

Presently her chin tightened and her lower lip quivered; a sob escaped her and the tears began to flow down her cheeks. She turned to the bed again, and buried her face in the pillow.

The Highwayman

Dorothy Thompson

"The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees," began Nan, "The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas. The road was a—."

"Nan Harris, stop reading that spooky poem," said Betty in a shaky voice. "It's bad enough to be left here alone to take care of the house, without your making it a whole lot worse."

"You'd be afraid of your own shadow," returned Nan calmly. "There's nothing to get warmed up about. Dad'll be back in a few hours, and besides, what could happen to us?"

"Nothing, of course," Betty answered. "But it's lonely out here on the main road at night, with no other houses around."

She went to the window, and watched the big sign that said, "Gas, Meals, Rooms for Tourists," swing in the wind.

"I don't like this kind of night, Nan; it fits the description you read too well."

"All the more reason for me to go on with the poem," Nan replied. "You've got to have atmosphere for this. Just listen: 'The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor, and the highwayman came riding—riding — The highwayman came riding up to the old inn door. Over the cobbles he—'"