

They left the dance early. On the way home Jerry continued to tell her of her remarkable beauty, and his everlasting affection.

Pauline was quiet. She thought, "He never said he loved me. It's just as he remarked: we are grand pals."

When he left her, Jerry kissed her lightly.

"So long, honey. See you soon."

The next morning, Pauline awakened early and reached for the telephone. The connection was made immediately. She spoke rapidly into the mouth piece.

"Could we start having breakfast this morning—high-pressure man?"

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Autumn Swept Garden

Nothing can grow here now.
This garden is Autumn-swept;
Here, by the apple bough,
You turned and wept.

Nothing can pierce this ground.
It is wrinkled with thick covers.
Beyond the range of sound
A hoarse bird hovers.

Nothing comes here now.
No freckled butterfly
Will flutter near the bough
And tint the sky.

Nothing can liven this ground.
It is parched and dark with fear;
It has heard the crying sound,
Absorbed the tear.

CHARLES AUFDERHEIDE