simple statement — there is nothing but thought. This is obvious because all things come under the heading of either “good” or “bad.” That is, the terms good and bad are all-inclusive, covering anything that we might desire to classify. From this it follows that how we think about things determines all we know and all we feel. This concept has been pondered and developed by many philosophers. Plato recognized it when he wrote concerning a man sitting in a cave, seeing only the reflections of the outside world on the cave wall. This constituted the world to him, because it was all he thought about it.

Even the material things that surround us resolve themselves into thought when we realize that our five physical senses, hearing, seeing, touching, tasting, and smelling, are reliant upon consciousness for their very functioning and hence, so to speak, for their existence. They are subjective and individual. A sound, for example, until it reaches a human ear, and thence a mind, is merely an air vibration. The vibration set in motion must fall on the ear of a living organism to have any entity. Therefore, we hear from the outside world only what enters our mind. “It is the hearer that makes the music.” Beautiful music falling on an ill-attuned ear loses its beauty.

Can it be possible, then, that we feel, see, hear, and taste our own thoughts? Or that, instead of beginning with a material world from which we receive impressions, we live in a world created first by our thoughts? That the world we live in is just a subjective state of our own thinking? If we would follow and accept the line of reasoning presented, we would have to return an affirmative reply to these questions.

For my part, I cannot presume to do so, but enjoy dwelling on their probability. Like anything of such a transcendental nature, these ideas cannot be discussed and decided upon with unanimous results. One thing is certain, however, that if we decide that it is our thinking that makes our lives either good or bad, we should be most particular about what we give our minds to think about.

FELICE

MARIJANE BADGER

I had been working hard all summer. When my vacation finally came, I decided to get “away from it all” and rented a cabin on a small lake. I arrived at the resort in the late afternoon of a warm September day. The lake was choppy and angry, little waves slapped at the shore.

“You should have come up sooner, Miss Morgan, we had a lovely summer. All of the vacationers are gone now, although we have a man in the cabin next to yours. I didn't think you would want to be left absolutely alone. He won't bother you, but he'll be there if you get frightened or something.”

A man rowed me across the lake. The cabins hugged the steep deep-forested banks, and the windows of most were boarded up in preparation for winter. The air had become cool and damp, the sky was clouded, but the sun shone through in small rays highlighting the quiet trees.

“You'll find everything you need in the
kitchen. There's plenty of wood for the fire. That boat there is yours." He led the way up to the small cabin. Studio couch, comfortable chairs, radio and fireplace, kitchen at the right, bath at the left, cheerful and compact, it was a nice cabin. He fixed the fire and left. It was beginning to get dark.

I ate supper, changed clothes and relaxed. I'd never been to a resort alone before. It was a little too quiet, but the change would be relaxing. At least I had no noisy neighbors, no neighbors at all, in fact — yes — one neighbor, absolutely no trouble at all.

I settled down with a book, one of several I had brought, books that I had read at one time and wanted now to read again. The book I read was Nathans' Portrait of Jennie, and as it had happened before, I found myself deeply absorbed in this strange story. When I finally laid it down I looked around the room. It was very quiet, I was cut off from the world. Why couldn't that have happened? There are many strange things in the world, only our minds limit us from seeing them. Why can't ideas we conjure up in our minds happen? And intermingling with these thoughts came recollections of fairy stories, and goblins and old women's tales of things "that really happened." The room seemed too quiet and lonesome so I stepped out on the porch to look at the night.

It was dark and cool outside the cabin. Long quivering fingers of mist pointed at the ragged clouds, shaming them for their dirty torn edges. A lazy breeze herded them across the sky and they moved along sullenly. Occasionally a wandering ray of moonlight shone through and streaked the haze of mist and its background of black hills. All around me was nothing but black trees and black hills. There was no sound, the silence oppressed me and I turned again to the cheerful living room. As I turned to go in, I felt a smooth slick thing rub against me and looking down, startled, I saw a large cat. "Well, Tabby, I'm glad to see you," I said, finding relief in the presence of the familiar domestic animal. "Won't you come in?" I opened the door and let the waiting cat in.

As it moved toward the fire, I noticed that this cat was wearing a heavy silver bracelet-like collar. I picked the cat up and held it on my lap. The collar was wide and the fastener was a small chain tied in an intricate knot. The cat's fur was very long and silky, with the smoothness of human hair rather than the cottony fluff of fur.

The cat tolerated my petting for a while, and then jumped to the floor. Unlike other cats, she didn't sprawl lazily beside the fire, but crouched, waiting, in a corner, all four feet under her, tail twitching slightly as if on the trail of a mouse. "You're a curious cat, Tabby," I ventured respectfully, "I'm afraid no mice will come out just now — it's too crowded here." Still the cat crouched there, waiting. After a while I began to wait — for what — I didn't know.

Then suddenly she laid back her ears, and her tail switched furiously. No longer did I have as a companion a rather strange but thoroughly domesticated cat. Tabby was a lady no longer, for she had become an aroused she-devil cat. I could see no reason for the change, nothing had changed in the room. But the cat began to slink slowly toward the door, as if drawn by something beyond her control. When she reached the door, she turned her head slowly and looked at me, her eyes like points of green fire in her head, and she crouched there waiting to go out. I opened the door, and stood there listening, while she disappeared into the darkness. It was quiet outside, and yet there seemed to be something to be heard just beyond my hear-
ing but although I listened intently, I couldn't bring it closer. Then I went inside and turned on the radio.

The next morning, I awoke, the happening of the night before very far away. I rowed across the lake, slept, and read and the day passed quickly. I saw no cat.

That evening, Tabby paid me another visit, I looked for her some time after dark and she was there, by the door, waiting to get in. Again as the night before, she crouched waiting for something, and I waited with her, and watched for the tell-tale flattening of her ears. And again she crept, unwillingly to the door, and out into the night. Although I listened carefully, I could hear no sound except a few strains of a violin, coming I imagined from the radio of my neighbor. And I must confess I grew a little frightened and not a little curious.

The following afternoon, I asked about the cat. "A cat? The only one I know around here is the one belonging to your neighbor. I don't like cats myself, but I remember he had one along with him. Funny thing for a man to have with him, if you ask me?" the owner said.

It was much later that night, when the cat appeared. She was waiting to come in when I opened the door, and she crouched as before with switching tail, waiting again for the thing I couldn't see or hear.

When she again moved toward the door, I sat in my chair, refusing to open the door although she kept her eyes fixed on me. There she crouched, close to the door, waiting for me to open it, her tail whipping frantically, restless, her eyes round. I opened the window, and she scratched at the screen, eager to leave. It was through this window that I heard it, what she must have been listening for. It was a violin, not over a radio but someone playing a violin, low and sweet, the melody changing little but minor and plaintive. Over and over the same strain soft and minor, flowing onward and yet returning to the same pattern. The cat sat tense and angry, yet as if hypnotized by this strange call in the night.

Then the music stopped. The cat was crouched in the same ever-waiting position no longer taut and restless.

Then she jumped and I with her, for some one was coming up the walk. When I answered, a tall man, smiling, stepped in, found the cat and put her on his arm.

"Thank you for keeping my cat for me," he smiled mockingly. "I was afraid she had wandered off. She is a very bad cat." His white teeth flashed again, and he stood ready to leave.

"O — I'm glad to have found her. She's a very unusual cat, isn't she?"

His expression discouraged any more talk of the cat. He was a presumptuous man, smiling and distant.

"Yes, I think she is a very unusual cat." He misunderstood deliberately, smiling mockingly still.

"But she has some peculiar ways, hasn't she?" I persisted.

"Perhaps she has, she had a very unusual mistress, my wife, who died three months ago. She is a great deal like her mistress, she loves music. Bretha used to say, that she could be enslaved by music. I have one of Bretha's bracelets on her for a collar. Yes, she's very much like her mistress — she's even named after her, are you not, Bretha dear?" The man smiled at the cat.

With that he excused himself and left.

The next morning I returned home. I don't like to be alone like that, at a camp. It makes me imagine things.