roses, and they can play where they want to. If old man Lascelle lays a hand on any one of 'em, he better watch out, and you, too!"

Her mouth drew tight, and she drew herself up as she prepared a crushing rejoinder, but the door slammed in her face. As she whirled to go home, she found herself within reach of Tony, a highly interested spectator. With a surprisingly quick movement, she slapped his face, and his dismayed howls provided a bagpipe march for her triumphal return. As she settled down to her mending again, she heard Mr. Malletti call his children into the house.

Suddenly, the Malletti door flew open and all the children came dashing across to her garden, screaming and waving weapons. They spread as they reached the four rose bushes, attacking them simultaneously with kitchen knives, a hand sickle, even one with scissors. Mrs. Lascelle gasped helplessly for a moment before she dropped her mending and ran to the rescue.

The confusion was awful. In futile rage she ran at them, grasped at them, but they gave way before her and closed in behind her, yelling and screaming and hacking at her rose bushes. And through her anger and through the noise she heard Mr. Malletti's voice shouting, "You and your roses. I'll teach you to slap my kid. We ain't got no roses, and you won't have 'em either. Go ahead and cry, you old fool!"

For she had stopped running and was standing still in the midst of desolation, crying and sobbing, with the ruins of her roses around her. And about her danced the ecstatic children, waving their weapons and shouting, at her, at one another, at the sky, "You old fool, you old fool, you old fool!"

FOURTEEN LINES RIMED IN QUIET DESPERATION

GEORGE COFFIN

Return and love you once again, you say!
Does this year's winter night recall the gleam
Of moon-fire flash on mica coated stream
In last year's snow hushed forest? Does the way
From Boston to the Inn out on the Bay
Still call you from the city in your dream
On restless nights? And do you ever scheme
To go again—go back to yesterday?
Return and love you? I have never ceased
To love nor left your side since we first met
In mystic moment charmed from time's fast flow
Through coldly measured space. My love's increased
With each repeating memory, and yet
No further meeting time is set, I know.

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