tree limb, knobby with new growth, the old brown leaf was gone. In the absence of its raspy whisper was the impatient sound of supple twigs humming in the wind. It’s gone, they said, it’s gone, she’s won, she’s won, she’s won. That evening after Sam had fallen into a dreamless sleep, the sun reached the topmost point of a western mountain, rested for a moment like a full, red bubble, then lost its balance and slipped over the edge. Punctured in the fall, it stained the sky a deep red that dried from purple to black.

**Saint Anthony and The Snicker**

**R. Adams**

When Sir Lancelot of Twinkletoes adopted his family, they didn’t know what to call him. Certainly, any one of his names would have been suitable, but Gentle Hands, who had a feeling for names, didn’t like Lancelot and she thought Twinkletoes was trite. Their indecision was senseless to Sir Lancelot, but people are often senseless to little dogs.

One morning, about three weeks after Lancelot moved into his wicker basket, with the cushion that matched the breakfast room curtains, the Hands were having their coffee and toast. Lancelot sat in his basket and stared at them, waiting for a tid-bit. Warm hands, finally, became aware of the puppy’s brown eyes and tossed a small crust to him. Lancelot grabbed it and ran to the dining room rug to eat it. He loved the dining room rug; it was white and had big, big, red roses splattered all over it. When he finished his morsel, he scampered up stairs to see if Gentle Hands had been too tired last night to put her slippers away. He had been attracted to those slippers ever since she had unpacked them, the day before. He sniffed about under the chaise and happily found what he sought.

In the meantime, Gentle Hands sat with a dictionary and the papers which contained Lancelot’s family tree; she flipped through one, then the other. Finally, she had an idea. “Let’s call him Snicker,” she laughed, spilling coffee on her beige dressing gown. “What!” demanded Warm Hands behind the Wall Street Journal.

“You know, Lancelot; let’s call him Snicker because he’s little and impudent,” explained Gentle Hands.

“And destructive,” growled Warm Hands, retrieving what was left of the white satin slipper. Lancelot had been foolish to carry that slipper down to the breakfast room because he had gotten lonely. It had been quite a feat, and he was proud of himself, but his prowess went unnoticed. He got a scolding.

Time teetered on and he became accustomed to his new name, but he really didn’t like it, it lacked dignity. However, he loved the Hands, Gentle, because she smelled like flowers and kissed him, Warm, because he fed him and took him for long walks, even if it was on a pink braided leash. Snicker had grown to a full three
pounds and each day became more and more adept at ruling the household with his iron paw.

One spring morning the new maid forgot to close the back door and Snicker ran out into the sunshine. He hadn't meant to run far, but the grass was so green and the wind smelled so sweet that he forgot all about home. When he turned around and started back to Warm Hands, his house had disappeared. He sat at the end of a long alley and tried to think; a filmy piece of paper sailed past his head and he bounced after it. He might have caught it, too, but it floated over a deep, vicious growl, and Snicker looked up into a set of shiny yellow teeth. They sprang from a black mouth about the size of a barn door.

"This is my territory," snapped Yellow Teeth. His hot, rank smelling breath warmed the tips of Snicker's ears.

"Oh, pardon me," gasped Snicker, "I'm terribly sorry."

"Get movin', Small Change." The beast looked as big as a Cadillac convertible.

Snicker ran under a raspberry bush; his whiskers stood out from his triangle nose and his polka dot eyes showed white around their edges. He didn't move a muscle nor did he take his eyes from the huge animal who was about to swallow him.

Yellow Teeth watched him for a minute or two, then he went over and sat down next to a wire fence; he started to pant.

Snicker moved his eyes a bit to the right and saw a hound lying behind the fence.

"Hello, little fellow." The hound had a sugary, resonant voice and she smiled at Snicker.

"What's your name?" crooned the hound.

"Snick-, I mean, Sir Lancelot," said Snicker, proudly.

"You don't say," smiled the hound, "what a lovely name."

Snicker liked the hound. His tail began to tingle and he could feel all the little holes in his skin where his long grey hairs went through. He lay watching her and Yellow Teeth until his heart slowed down to a trot, then he looked carefully around. There were dogs everywhere, under bushes, behind garbage cans, and in doorways. They all had their eyes on Yellow Teeth and the hound.

"Get off my foot," shrieked a dirty white, grabbing the throat of his companion. "Can't youse watch where youse sets!" He gave his pal a terrible shakings.

Snicker pulled his head into his shoulder blades and shivered. He wondered where these boys had learned English and how they had developed such unmodulated voices.

"Git," roared Yellow Teeth, charging the group behind the trash burner. They scattered, snarling and falling over each other. But when Yellow Teeth turned his back, they slid back, stealthily, to their former places.

"Now Yellow Teeth," smiled the hound, "don't be so selfish. I like everybody."
"Ya! I know you do. That's why your last litter had ten nationalities in it."

"Please, don't speak of my morals. I'm not immoral. I'm just friendly. This fence wasn't my idea. My master wants me to be ready for hunting season this fall. He doesn't consider my id."

"What's Id?" asked Snicker from under the raspberries.

"Shut up, Bug Boy," grumbled Yellow Teeth, out of the side of his mouth, as he turned around two or three times and then settled himself comfortably next to the fence, closing his slanty eyes.

The bees hummed pleasantly in the raspberry blossoms, and the fragrance made him think of Gentle Hands, so Snicker fell asleep. When he awakened, it was dark and he was hungry. Yellow Teeth's eyes were closed; Snicker slipped slowly out from under the bush to look for food.

"Hey, where you goin'?" Yellow Teeth spoke without moving a muscle.

Snicker froze in his tracks. "I'm hungry," he sobbed in a tiny voice.

"You can think of food?" Yellow Teeth spoke with hollow disgust.

"Now Dawling," Snicker loved her voice; it sounded like that Hungarian blond on TV. "Of course, he can think of food, he's a gentleman."

"He's got buttermilk in his veins," snorted the great beast.

"Feed him, my love. He can't possibly beat your time. Look at the size of him."

"What's wrong with my size?" Snicker smiled confidently as he eyed her.

Yellow Teeth snapped a warning. "Maybe." He measured Snicker with his bloodshot eyes. "He might be able to get under the fence."

"No I couldn't," said Snicker standing up and starting toward the hound, "Look, I'll show you."

"NO YOU WON'T!" Yellow Teeth made a grab for him.

Snicker jumped sideways and scurried back under his bush.

"Get him some dinner, please Dawling," crooned the lovely thing.

Yellow Teeth looked at her for a long time, then he ambled over to the biggest garbage can in the alley and, with one swipe of his paw, upset it. "Me first," he snarled.

There was a steak bone, two chicken feet, a piece of burned toast, and two beautiful fish heads. Snicker's mouth watered as he watched Yellow Teeth eat his way through all those pungent smelling goodies.

"Be my guest, you microbe," he belched, walking back to his front row seat by the fence.

"Oh thank you, SIR." Snicker was horrified at Yellow Teeth's manners. But he forgot about everything as he ran to the pile of leavings and ate, and ate, and ate.
"You're a big pig," drawled the hound, "you should take note of that little thoroughbred."

"He's a dust mop for a midget," grumbled Yellow Teeth.

"What's a midget?" asked the hound with interest. "Would I like one?"

"Forget it," warned Yellow Teeth.

Snicker's sides were bulging when he crept back under the bush and fell asleep.

The next morning there were many children in the alley. They smiled at Snicker and tried to catch him, but he was quick as a whistle and eluded them by hiding under an old car hood. Yellow Teeth ignored the world and waited patiently.

When it got dark Snicker crawled back to his bower of blossoms to be near the hound and smell the sweetness of the night wind.

"You still here?" snarled Yellow Teeth.

"Yes, Sir," whispered Snicker. "I'm hungry."

"Not again!" Yellow Teeth spoke with disgust. He looked at the hound, who stood smiling at Snicker. "Oh all right, anything to please a dame."

In the meantime, Gentle Hands and Warm Hands were beside themselves. They advertised in all the papers, called the radio "Dog-Gone" broadcast, and visited the police station. On the third day a kind man called and said he had seen a little grey dog dead in a gutter some blocks away. Warm Hands rushed to the area, but no one remembered a little dead dog. Nevertheless, Warm Hands cancelled all the ads and Gentle Hands cried herself to sleep. He gave her a tranquilizer and took her out to dinner, but she couldn't eat. She considered suicide but couldn't think of a neat way to perform the act, so she just spent her days being sad. One morning she was sitting in her living room crying over Snicker's pink collar, when the door bell rang. It was Julie, her friend.

"My dear, we are all beside ourselves over Snicker." said Julie, gently.

"I know; somehow, I feel he is still alive. If only I could find his little body, I would feel better. Do you think there are dogs in heaven, Julie, dear?"

"Heaven?" asked Julie thoughtfully.—"I've an idea. If you don't think he is dead, why don't you try Saint Anthony. He is marvellous; he never fails. I use him when I lose anything."

"I'm not very religious," said Gentle Hands.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. You ask him, and I'll go to church and light a candle." Julie seemed so certain.

"Very well," smiled Gentle Hands, sadly. "I'll try." So when Julie left, Gentle Hands fell to her knees on the kitchen floor and began to talk aloud: "You don't know me from a cinder path, Saint Anthony, but I have lost my little Snicker. He's a very tiny little Snicker and very helpless. Could you make an exception for a poor Protestant and help me find him?"
Saint Anthony sat on the uppermost branch of a tall oak tree. His lantern and compass were hanging on a limb beside him. He was asleep. Suddenly, he awoke; the acorn dangling over his nose was flashing and buzzing: “Rat-a-tat.”

“I say there,” he said, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. “I have a call.” He put the acorn to his ear and listened. “Yes?”

The acorn went on with its message.

“Yes, yes, yes. I’m so glad to hear from someone. Don’t people forgotten all about me.”

The acorn went on with its message.

“Yes, yes, yes. I’m so glad to hear from someone. Don’t people lose things any more?”

The acorn sounded apologetic.

“You needn’t worry. I know how the world is these days. Makes me feel useless, though. By the by, what’s the assignment? Who’s been misplaced?”

“Rat-a-tat-tat.”

The long beard bobbed up and down as he nodded his head in glee. “Well, what do you know; and a Protestant at that.”

They chatted back and forth for a second or two before he hung up the acorn saying: “Roger.” Then he picked his lantern and compass off the limb, hung them on his rope belt and stepped out into space saying: “Here we go.” He dropped slowly down through the branches of the tree. When he felt the ground under his feet, he wiggled his pointed nose, dusted the twigs off his long white gown, combed his flowing silver hair with his fingers, and rubbed each sandal, in turn, on the back of his boney leg. Then he fluffed his beard in the gentle breeze to complete his grooming. When he was satisfied, he held up his lantern and shook it vigorously. “You’ve slept long enough, you lazy Fireflies,” he sang. “We have a case.” He flicked the globe with his fingers. “Get with it,” he chided.

Suddenly, a little green light came on, then another, then another. When the lantern was glowing efficiently, the little white fellow took his compass and held it up to the light. He spun the dial till the needle came to rest on “LOST DOG.” Nodding his head, he strode out from under his tree, whistling merrily.

Two minutes later he was strutting down the alley where Snicker lay asleep. Yellow Teeth heard him and stretched his lip, growling with earth shaking sincerity.

“Boo!” breathed the Saint.

Yellow Teeth put his tail between his long legs and flew around the nearest corner.

“What did you do that for?” asked the hound angrily.

“Quiet, woman,” snapped the white figure. He parted the raspberry blossoms with his lantern and looked into their midst. “You lost, my friend?” he whispered.

“Gee, Sir, I sure am and I’m hungry, too. My supper of coffee grounds and lemon peels was not very filling.”
“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” laughed the old man. Snicker put his tongue out and kissed the toes nestled in the sturdy brown sandals.

“Hey, that tickles,” The Saint did a little dance. About then, there was a sound behind him so he jumped to the garage roof. His skirts flapped around his flying figure.

A deep voice came around the corner of the garage, stopped, listened a moment, then walked to the garbage can. He swore as he righted the can and put his bundle into its emptiness.

Snicker lay holding his breath, and Saint Anthony squatted on the roof, with his skirt tucked modestly around his knees.

“Aha, I know,” Anthony slapped his boney knee and puffed out his cheeks. “Snicker you go and lick the hand of the deep voice.”

“Nooooo.” His voice quavered.

“Do as I say.” Snicker felt the authority. So he crept out and licked the fingers of Deep Voice as they reached out to retrieve a handful of broken egg shells.

“Well, ’pon my soul, what have we here?” smiled Deep Voice. He lifted Snicker in his big hands and carried him into the house.

A pretty woman laughed as she saw Deep Voice with the little dog. “Where did you get that?” she cried. Her voice sounded like soft violins.

“You want him?” asked the deep voice.

“I can’t keep him. What would he do all day when I’m away at work?”

“Maybe we better find him a home, but first he looks hungry.” Deep Voice went to the refrigerator and poured Snicker a big saucer of milk.

Snicker swallowed it in five gulps wagging his tail with thanks.

“Best we look in the papers. Someone would, surely, have advertised for this little pup.”

Of course, the ads were gone because Gentle Hands had turned her problem over to Saint Anthony.

“Not a word about him,” said Deep Voice after a thorough search.

“Oh dear,” thought Snicker.

Outside, Saint Anthony stood on his tip toes so he could peak into their kitchen window. “Drat it,” he breathed. He squatted down beside the drain pipe and put the tip of his long beard in his mouth.

“Now let me see,” he said. He picked up his compass and spun the dial slowly, thinking all the time. “Ah, here it is.” He turned the dial till the needle came to rest on E.S.P., then he sat down on the ground to ponder.

In the meantime, Deep Voice and his lady were wondering where to take Snicker.

“I know, let’s take him to Sally. She only works in the mornings and she could have him for company.” Snicker loved her voice. It wasn’t as exciting as the hound’s, but he was a little tired of the hound.
“Maybe you got somethin’ there,” agreed Deep Voice. He took Snicker in his arms and walked down the street to a dark green bungalow. Saint Anthony followed, jumping from rooftop to rooftop, his lantern swinging crazily.

“Hi, Sally,” Deep Voice called from the porch. “Look what I brought you.” Sally was a round woman who smelled like hot biscuits. She took Snicker in her arms and hugged him. Then she held him out and gasped: “This here, is the pup that lives across the street from where I works. The lady has been out of her mind over losing him. I’ll go call her right away.” She handed Snicker to Deep Voice and picked up the telephone.

Saint Anthony, who was hanging from a shutter, nearly fell to the ground in his excitement.

“They will be so happy,” smiled Warm Biscuits from the telephone. “They thought he was dead.” Saint Anthony climbed down from his shutter and spoke to the lantern: “You boys can go back to sleep now, mission completed.” The light went out as if it had been cut with a scissors. “Lazy loafers,” smiled the Saint as he looked at the dark globe.

The little white figure strode down the street humming Adeste Fidelis. He stopped under a street lamp and looked at his compass. He spun the dial to “home,” closed his eyes and swayed rhythmically. In the space of time it takes to complete a good sneeze, he was back in the crotch of the big oak tree. He put his lantern and compass on the branch and made himself comfortable. The little acorn swung silently over his nose. He watched it for a long while, nodding sleepily.

“Gee,” he said, “it’s a powerful long time between calls these days.” Then he rolled his long beard into a pillow, put it under his head, and fell asleep to the music of the twinkling stars.

Greek Tragedy

Clinton E. McCord

From an historical perspective the drama emerged as one of the earliest of the arts. A typical history of dramatic literature, Brander Matthews’ The Development of the Drama, suggests that pantomime with dancing and vocal accompaniment may be older than language. The innate attraction to drama is borne out in the record of human experience.

This paper is concerned with one particular form of dramatic art which became a part of man’s experience at a relatively late date. Civilizations had flourished and decayed before the phenomena of Greek culture divided history, and the first flute player within the framework of that culture created what subsequent history has considered the highest form of dramatic art. Tragedy was a Greek con-