reached me about the true worth of this land, so I planned to see Cairo for myself. I came...to find only a struggling settlement in mud flats, a dismal swamp, and half-built houses rotting away..." He drifted off into silent reveries, but presently resumed.

Right then, as I watched Dickens wax strong in his vehemence, would I have injected a contrite objection, but some magnetic force ever held me within its bonds. These conflicting emotions, he must have sensed, as he turned slightly, and looked at me admonishingly.

"Sir, I hope you will bear with me in this abrupt manner, but the clay from which I sprang is instilled so within me, that it reveals itself at times like this, and my sentiments run havoc with my saner self.

"Again and again I find it so hard to comprehend; I grope about for a solution, but there seems to be no logical sequence. As I have written books in the light of reform, in like manner would I be inspired by America's adoption of slavery as an institution to flaunt its ignoble theme before the world. Myself drawn from the thralls of poverty, I have a deep understanding of the most morbid humanity."

As he spoke with so much pathos of a tragic life of which haunting memories yet remained, the embers of the log-fire seemed to dim, and a pall hung over the room.

"Now," he continued, "I am on the brink of life, yet I find my place in the crowd, especially the London crowd, I know them all in their wayward, lovable, comical variety."

Then, as if released from melancholy, he arose, and in the semi-darkness took my none-too-steady hand.

"Forgive me," he said, "if I have exposed you to ennuoi or resentment, for I may never encumber you with my accusations again in this country. Should I return, I shall be reminded of the generous hospitality that I was once offered in your home. Until then, I bid you a most sincere 'adieu'."

In parting, I again took his hand and said, "Sir, you shall never know what you have done for me tonight. There is no means within my narrow life by which I could ever repay you. I can only wish for you a safe home-ward voyage, and the abundance of success that goes to all great men."

When Charles Dickens left that evening, I closed the door on a great episode in my life. Raised in the heart of London, he learned to love the everyday people, and they the men in the street, will keep his memory ever aglow; to them he committed it. It is that way of accepting mankind with a large hearted toleration and love, and even when it is not wholly admirable, that has endeared him to the hearts of generation after generation of readers. He teaches mankind the age-old lovely lessons of the understanding heart.

**Hobby Horses**

Doris Goldsmith

Nothing is sweeter to me than the aroma of a stable. Perhaps it is because a horse is not a complicated machine but a form of "nature in the raw" that I adore.

I can neither understand why "Tapo," my favorite horse, plays his queer pranks, nor can I unravel the mystery of any mechanism.

In short, my hobby is horse-back riding. I have been an enthusiastic for many years though I learned to ride only a year ago. I admit that when I went to "Peter Pan" for my first lesson I was frightened to the toes of my boots. But the horse I rode, though I didn't know it, was fourteen years old and had corns. I wasn't aware of these facts and
On Being Called Miss Soehner

Betty Lee Soehner

It is doubtful if I shall ever get used to being called Miss Soehner. Such liberation from the ranks of being just another Betty is overwhelming. When one is the baby of an entire family, it is indeed a new distinction to be honored by this title.

Aside from being treated continually as an infant by a patronizing sister, scarcely two years my senior, I have always had the great misfortune to look several years younger than I am. Indeed, when I bought my graduation dress last June, the saleslady solicitously inquired, "And is it for high school or grade school, my dear?" So, strange as it may seem, the form of grown-up address is balm to my wounded sense of dignity.

When one has an older sister, introductions are made difficult. Usually, it is just Betty or, as in one never-to-be-forgotten incident when I was making a particular effort to be dignified, "Miss Soehner's sister". Little does it matter to me that few of my teachers can pronounce the difficult name. I am used to that. I will answer to almost any sputtering or choking on the part of the professor as he gazes at the class with roving eye to discover which individual should have such a terrible appellation.

Still, it is with a distinct sense of shock and a moment's pause before I can summon my energy to answer "here" to that dignified, elevated, grown-up form of address, Miss Soehner.