

AT LAST

By Rodney Ellsworth

OH, VIRTUE, thou art fled to brutish beasts and men have lost their honesty!" sighed Diogenes as he came out of the hardware store of Anthony Regulus. After adjusting the lately purchased battery in his time-worn "Eveready," he proceeded to roll the barrel which he had rescued from the hands of the furious mob at the bargain sale of Anheiser-Busch & Co., to the sunniest spot on the street. There before this inexpensive and economical dwelling he stretched his weary limbs and awaited the coming of the zenith, when, for the fourteen thousandth time he would flash on the searchlight in the hope of discovering an honest man.



Percy Cincinnatus' cigar store reared its stately bulk across the street. In front of it stood a chewing gum slot machine with its neat rows of spearmint, chocolate and Wrigley's tempting the passersby to drop a coin. Its proprietor, like the voice of an oracle, was dealing out words of worldly wisdom and wit to the awe-inspired throng around him. He told and retold how he had courageously saved Rome from the hands of the barbarians. Nor did his listeners tire of its repetition, for after each retelling they nearly burst their husky throats with cries of "Bravo!" "Give 'em the axe!"

With sorrow poor Diogenes gazed through the crowd. There was not an honest or virtuous man among them. Did not Mr. Cincinnatus hypnotize his customers and friends and then rob and cheat them when they purchased his wares? Had not Anthony Regulus betrayed his trust and mission of peace by inciting his countrymen to continue their war upon the Carthageans, who were almost defeated? Was Barnum Androclus still true to the lion that had given him his freedom? Had not Damon wooed and then married the wife of his sterling friend Pythias? True, there was not an honest man among them.

Disheartened and faint, Diogenes leaned against his barrel and dozed. The kindly sun sent down his moonbeams to kiss his sagely bald head, a solitary ægithognathæ cut the azure sky with her crimson wings, and nothing

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disturbed the drowsy silence except a clanging street car going up Pompeii avenue.

As the town clock struck the hour of noon and the weary sage roused himself, a forlorn, barefoot being with a torn and patched toga draping his ungainly form appeared on the scene. With an awkward stride he reached the slot machine and, taking a penny from his mouth, pushed it in the perforation labeled "Spearmint." But lo, two pieces instead of one issued forth! With an unpretentious air of solitary grandeur this singular fellow inserted another penny in the slot machine and refrained from pushing the button. Thus leaving another stick of peppermint to be had for the pushing of the button.

Perplexed, the aged sage rubbed his eyes and looked again. Was it possible? True? Could he believe his eyes?

With an unbounded shout of joy and a wild flourish of his hoary arms he sped across the street and, proudly placing his hand upon the shoulder of this unmoved, unastonished, extraordinary personage, he addressed him in the following words of matchless oratorical splendor:

"Noble stranger, most noble stranger, the days of man are numbered and his lifetime short and irrecoverable, but to increase his renown by the quality of his acts, this is the work of virtue. It is not always the most brilliant actions which best expose the virtues and vices of men. Some trifle, some insignificant word or jest, often displays the character better than pitched battles, bloody combats, or the taking of cities. Through this trifling act thy sublime character hath been revealed. Thy virtue is peerless—unsurpassed. Thou art an Honest Man. From whence dost thou come?"

"O honorable Father, worthiest of all worthies, my father, the wise Socrates, who is the great, great grandson of the radiant Apollo, the son of poor, persecuted Latona, world-famed in story and in song for its brevity, and I am one of its citizens."

"Thy brevity is truly amazing," replied the wise Diogenes, as he took from his snowy bosom a purpled samite box, undid its silver clasp, and brought forth a dazzling medal of purest gold whose scintillating rays outshone the sun as the sun pales the moon. Then in lofty accents, slow and undefinable, Corinth's greatest sage said, as he pinned this wondrous merit of honesty upon that righteous breast:

"Son of Socrates, Rome, Greece, the universe, nay, even Diogenes, proclaims thee an honest man. May the billowing sea, the restless winds, and the musical spheres sing thy praises forever; may the glory of this single deed be known to every man and become immortal; may the gods crown the 'Great Virtues Champion.'"

No sooner had this virtuous descendant of the gods strutted around the corner than Pandemonium itself broke loose and a concerted movement was



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made for the slot machine. O Rome, thou hast seen nothing like this! The death of Caesar, the riots of Nero, were nothing to this. Pool cues and soda bottles were used with complete abandon, but with wonderful accuracy. The shouts of the smiters mingled with the cries of the smitten in a perfect bedlam of sound. Confusion here had indeed made her masterpiece.

From this terrible scene of strike and conflict issued first the head and finally the torso of our venerable hero. Yea, verily, none other than Diogenes himself. Quickly did he efface himself from this bloody scene and retire to the lowly barrel, his home for so many years. Something glimmered whitely, held in his left hand. Cautiously he opened it and a perfect set of teeth appeared in view. Firmly clasped in his false teeth shone a beautiful stick of Spearmint.

THE PROPOSAL

Theodolphus D. VanWopus, prominent employee of the Bolt Manufacturing Company, faultlessly attired in his recently-cleaned blue serge suit, was wending his way toward the home of his heart's desire. His heart was light and his salary put his pocketbook in the same condition; but regardless of all this he intended to ask for her hand in mirage—we mean marriage—this very night.

Tillee Fuller-Wian, niece and ward of Mrs. Reggie Bunkerbillet and the object of all the above paragraph, answered the doorbell (they had released their maid to do Red Cross work) to admit our hero, Theodolphus. Words and this typewrecker fail us in a description of Miss Fuller-Wian. Now, without using so many asterisks, let us hie ourselves to a period two hours later, when the loving couple are seated on the sofa in the dimly lighted parlor.

Alas and alack, Theodolphus, with characteristic boldness, has his arm encircling the waist of the fair lady and is just beginning the same old bunk that he has been practicing alone for the past week.

"Tillee, m' darling," hesitatingly, "I have something to tell you. Er—e—yuh—ah—know that I—ah—have always cared for you ever since we were children." (Here Miss Fuller-Wian's head dropped to his shoulder.) With renewed courage he continued, "And—ah—this care for you has ripened er—ah—into love. Til-lee, oh, wunnerful girrul, will—ah—you—ah—be—ah—mi—?"

"Theo," she interrupted, "my, but that distillate they clean clothes with now is strong!"

A GRAND HAUL

By Curtis Sowerby

"Good morning, Mr. Cooper."

"Good morning, Mr. Weatherby."

"Very pleasant morning. By the way, I have a favor to ask of you. I wish you would take care of this satchel for me till this evening. I am on my way out to see that land and will return rather late."

"Certainly, Mr. Weatherby. I am on my way to the bank, so I will keep it until you return. It will be at my home this evening if you should wish to call for it."

"Thank you, sir. You do not know what the contents of that satchel mean to me. I have carried it ever since I left New York. I am afraid to trust it to any of those thieving hotel-keepers. I suffer from insomnia, anyway, and I certainly would not sleep a wink if I did not have that satchel with me or know it was in safe keeping. Well, I must be on my way. Good morning, sir."

With a longing look at the satchel, as though he was afraid to trust it out of his hands, Mr. Weatherby turned and laboriously climbed into a waiting buckboard. I say "laboriously" because Mr. Weatherby was a stout, choleric old gentleman of about sixty years of age. It was really quite a task for him to climb into a high country buckboard.

"I guess the old gent would die if I lost this satchel," thought Mr. Cooper as he walked on toward the bank. "He's a queer old duck. They say he won't trust anyone. He carries all his money with him. I bet he's got lots of it, too. It's light enough."

If Mr. Cooper had looked back while he was thus soliloquizing, he might have seen something of interest to himself. Scarcely had he heard Mr. Weatherby's departure when a small, dark man slipped out of an alley directly behind the spot where they had been talking.

With a hurried glance in either direction, the little man walked quickly toward the lower end of the town. Entering a small, dingy hotel, he sprang up two flights of rickety stairs and made his way to the rear of the building. He knocked several times on a door, in a certain code. In a moment the door opened a few inches. As the inmate of the room saw the visitor, he threw open the door quickly and drew him in.

"'Lo, Tony. Wot's de news? Gee, you'se is all fussed up."

Peering about in the room, for though it was late in the morning the room was dark, Tony didn't deign to reply.

"You're de only guy here, huh? Where's de boss?"

"Oh, him an' Jake is jest out scouting around. They'll be back in a minute."

"Hittin' the pipe again, Jimmy? Gee, you're gettin' bad. But go ahead an' get your dreams now, 'cause they's prob'ly business for tonight."

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"How's dat? Wot's up, Tony?"

"Oh, de ole gink jest gave his precious satchel to de banker. I seen him m'self. It near busted his heart to part wi' it. Now, dis banker's gonna have it at his house fer him t'night. If de boss says so, it'll be a snap to nab it and make our getaway."

"Gee, it's perty near time. We been following dat guy for a month. He's a slick ole geezer."

"Well, it'll be good-night for him when we get dat swag. Oh, boy!" said Tony, as he paced impatiently up and down the room.

* * * * *

It was just after dark. The street, which was in the select residential section of the town, was deserted, except for a large, rather old-fashioned machine of the type one usually hires from a garage, in which a lone driver sat hunched up in his seat.

Suddenly from the shadows of a hedge half way down the street from the machine a form, followed by two others, appeared and made its way to a low window of the adjoining house. Working with the ease of the adept, the taller of the three soon had the window open.

There was a moment's hesitation and then one of the forms was lifted into the window. It was quickly followed by the other two. Pausing for a moment to accustom themselves to the room, the party moved forward. Slowly they made their way toward the opposite side of the house. They halted as they heard voices from the adjoining room, from which a shaft of light flowed through an open door. Creeping to the opening, the leader drew himself up behind a portiere and peered into the room.

Under the big reading lamp sat Mr. Cooper reading his evening newspaper. His wife was holding two little girls on her lap. As the watcher looked, a nurse maid came in and carried the little ones off to bed. Then as his eye glanced about the room, it alighted on a small brown satchel.

Turning, he tapped the shoulder of the form next him.

"Follow me," he whispered tersely.

Stepping suddenly into the room, he covered Mr. Cooper with a large automatic. With one hand Tony seized Mrs. Cooper and, clapping his other hand over her mouth, choked off a scream that was rising to her lips. With a gasp, as she saw the muzzle of a revolver thrust into her face, she fainted, thus relieving Tony of the necessity of gagging her.

"Get that satchel, Jimmie," commanded the leader, as he waved his gun threateningly at Mr. Cooper, "and make your getaway!"

"Sure thing, Spike," answered Jimmie exuberantly as he seized the satchel and disappeared.

Pausing only to bind and gag effectively the now furious banker, Spike

and Tony soon followed. Leaping into the waiting machine, they were whirled around the corner and out of sight in a breath.

Heaving a sigh of relief as they sped along a clear country road, Jimmie chuckled.

"Perty easy, I'll say. Slicker'n a whistle."

"Yep. Everything worked fine. Gosh, though, won't de ole guy be sore? An' that banker! I thought he was gonna swell up an' bust," went on Tony.

"Jest think of the swath we'll cut in lil' ole N'York when we get back. Say, with all that swag we won't know whut to do," prophesied Spike.

"Le's have a look at de stuff. I dern near busted me finger opening that window. If I lay me lamps on dat stuff, though, I'll fergit all about it," put in Tony.

"All right. Stop here, Jake. We got lots of time, anyway. Dat banker's safe. I gave him a crack on the beezzer that'll make him kind a sick for a while."

As the car pulled to a stop by the side of the road the men huddled around the satchel. Breathlessly, Spike threw open the cover and, peering into its interior, saw—a beautiful pair of pink silk pajamas.

SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

It was November 11. Charlie McPhiliety stood hoeing weeds in his back lot. Miss Sarah Van Cannabunk, who had been in every grade that our hero attended from kindergarten up, but who spoke to him "at intervals," drove by in her Shovelofhay.

"Yoohoo!" she cried, and waved her handkerchief violently.

"Yoohoo-hoo!" he answered, and tipped his hat.

The war for democracy had been won.





THE AUTHOR

By Kedma Dupont

Alas! I know not what to write;
I am no scribe, 'tis clear.
I've tried to make a charming tale
To please the reader's ear.
At first I tried a tragedy;
It all dissolved in tears.
A humorous essay fared as well;
Beneath the critics' jeers.

Of bold adventures I would treat
With a dashing cavalier;
Or else a love tale calm and sweet;
Or a plot of blood and fear.
The fields of crime I have explored;
I've tried the soldier's camp.
In vain I've thought and labored,
And got the writer's cramp.

My cavalier will ne'er draw sword,
In vain the lover sighs,
My bloody tale will never make
One hair with horror rise,
The gallows-tree has not been raised
On which those rogues will dance,
No reveille those soldiers wakes
To join the ranks in France.

To editors turned sudden deaf
These facts I've often stated;
But, heartless, they insist, their thirst
For copy unabated.
"Each one must do his share," they say.
I guess it's true, and so
I've writ this melancholy tale
Of an author's toils and woe.

ROMEO AND JULIET

(A MODERN VERSION)

By Chester Close

JULIET basked in the golden rays of the moonlight on her balcony, thinking perhaps of one who had tried forbidden fruit. She loved a wealthy Romeo, a handsome youth, and sole heir to the money of his house. Juliet, too, was the only child of a happy household, and many lovers sought her hand, but she, fickle woman, wanted none.

Now between his house and hers arose a bitter feeling of jealousy, for both were wealthy and influential families, and each feared the other would gain more wealth or influence.

Juliet's father was a strong and active member of the House of Representatives, while Romeo's father was just as strong and just as active a member of the Senate.

Everything—Romeo, Juliet, feud and all—was exactly as that of those ancient lovers of whom Shakespeare told in the tragic story of the Montagues and Capulets. And so Juliet, too, was forced to solve her problem of love and pride, and she, too, determined to follow the example of her namesake.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the soft purring of a cat, and as she listened the purring grew louder—the sign of her lover's approach. Juliet's dear papa, however, hastened to throw a bucket of water on the offender—the noise was extinguished, and papa returned to his room, hurling oaths at the offending cat.

Then—Romeo appeared, climbing slowly but surely up a crimson rambler, Juliet's mother's favorite, drenched from head to foot, but undaunted. He had scratched himself on the thorns and as he climbed at last onto the balcony he swore. And as he did so he looked at her and then at the moon, and swore again that he "never had seen true beauty till that night."

Romeo's ancestors for generations back had been faithful followers of the Senate and always their thoughts had been for the pride and honor of their name rather than their own selfish ambitions—so Romeo, too, had a great question to decide. Should he disgrace his name by wedding a supporter of the House? Should he? Oh, if his eyes had been but closed to the charms of the face of Juliet! He decided he should—didn't, in fact—care whom he disgraced or why, just so long as he got his girl.

So after an evening of plotting and planning, Juliet bade him good-night and joined the folks in the parlor. Now as she entered the room, papa noticed the odor of his old-time friend, the "Fatima," but said nothing and proceeded to wait and watch.



ROMEO AND JULIET



In the meantime Romeo's dad, greeting his young son as he entered the room, did not fail to note traces of face powder on his coat lapel, but said nothing, and he, too, proceeded to wait and watch.

In their planning that evening the lovers had set their secret marriage day for the following evening. Woe to these lovers! They were watched!

And Juliet, in keeping her engagement, fled from the home of her irate parents, and in doing so passed along the shore of Devil's Lake. Her hat blew off and her scarf, badly torn, fell on the lake shore... Poor Romeo an hour later passed the lake and there he saw the hat floating on the treacherous water and the scarf at the water's edge. "Drowned! Drowned!" he moaned, as he brought forth the groceries he had purchased but that morning, and quaffing a draught of Lure-to-kill rat poison, he was gone in a flash.

As Juliet, disheartened and footsore, staggered home in the twilight, ye gods! her eyes rested on the lifeless form of her lover. She grasped the fatal bottle, but found no welcome drop of poison left for her. Oh, what should she do? Time was fleeting! She reached for Romeo's pocket knife, opened the largest blade, and taking one last look at her lover, she cut herself to the heart.

So the member of the Senate and the member of the House shook hands over the lifeless bodies, and the feud was no more. But the Fates had decreed that a Senator should always be a Senator and a Congressman a Congressman, and as it was decreed, so it was, is, and always shall be.

IN THE DARK

A shot—no, it was a bell—rang out in the darkness. I shivered. Then I endeavored to cover myself. "I fealsa wurse," I muttered and turned, looking this way and that. All was pitch dark. I could see nothing but the inky blackness before me.

Again that awful bell! This time bright lights struck me, and by the aid of their sharp glow I looked at my Big Ben on the table. I got up and turned off the alarm. It was 5:30 a. m. and I was going fishing.



WHAT HUNGER DOES

THE noon bell rang, and Horace De Wolney Perkins made his exit from the scene of the U. S. history class. Home was nineteen blocks away, and early morning detention had deprived him of his breakfast. He was hungry. That hunger, be it of the inner man or no,—an all-controlling instinct that seeks relief with the subtle aid of food; that hunger which oft prompts men to wrongdoing in order to alleviate it.

The school cafeteria had been discontinued at the end of the previous year on account of non-patronage. Horace's hurried search through his trousers bank revealed a total capital of three cents. This would not have kept the school eating house in session this year, nor would it procure food at the trusty corner store, where ice cream cones and other dainties were doled out at five, ten and fifteen cents, plus war tax. Hence no relief there. It was home, nineteen blocks away, or—? We have mentioned it before—wrongdoing.

And so entered Temptation, not clothed in vampish swathings with Bara eyes and beckoning looks, but vested in commonplace devil-ham sandwiches, stuffed eggs, and maybe cake, all of which belonged to someone else's lunch and forcefully appealed to the appetite.

These meditations and temptations occupied our he—, our friend's mind on his way from the science building, where history is scientifically distributed, to the basement of the main building where unprotected lunches bask on the tops of the book lockers. When Horace arrived at this place he found the majority of the knights of the lunch table already at their pleasant task.—Temptation, already described. It was too much! Now came action.

The sight of food goaded the tortured youth to desperation and, ah!

Warily gliding past the lunching studes, heedless of all salutations or recognition, he sighted above him, reposing in state on top of the long row of lockers, a white shoe box.

"Lunch," muttered the hunger-maddened being, and lurched forward. Stealthily he extended his hand toward the coveted box of food. On the end he read in bold letters the words "Honesty Brand."

Horace De Wolney Perkins, with his hat over his eyes, began his nineteen block journey—homeward and eatward.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

By James Moran

I hear a voice that calls to me,
It is the lure of the deep, old sea;
Her every lisp is a whisper sweet;
Her every roar is a glad entreat.
Her great breast rises, her great breast falls:

At every murmur methinks she calls;
Her white caps are beckons, her foam is a kiss;
Her mountainous waves are valleys of bliss—
Ah, she is my mother—forever I'll be
A roaming and roving child of the sea.

She speaks to me of spicy isles,
Of lands far off ten thousand miles,
Of palms, of shades, of forests deep,
Of dripping trees where monkeys sleep.
I smell the tea of the far, far East,
And the incense smoke at a shrine god's feast.

She shows me lands of ice and snow,
A sled, and dogs, and the Eskimo,
A seal, white bear, and a rolling whale
That spouts and dives for the fish's trail,
And icy mountains sparkle there
That crack and crash in the cold, still air—
Grinding ice, and the beast's fierce fight,
The voices of the Northern night.

I see great cities bathed in smoke,
I hear the workman's hammer's stroke
And see the booms and cranes, a score,
That lift ten tons to the great ship's floor;
I hear the rattle on cobblestone,
The hoof beat of horses; the humming drone
Of the peddler's dull and lazy cry
As he pushes an apple cart on by—
I see a thousand tides of men
That flow away, and back again.

She shows me men, yellow and brown;
Some wear fur and some a gown—
And I know all men, wherever they be,
Have a soul, a life; they are just like me.
Old sea, on thy cool, old depths
I'll trust you well with me:
Oh, rock me up, or carry me down,
Take me out to the world, around,
To men that are yellow, to men that are black—
Anywhere over this old earth's back,
For oh! like a river that flows to the sea,
I long to mingle with humanity.

BLACK SILK

By Alice Woods

IT WAS an uncomfortable position, to put it mildly. Here was I, a college student, male sex, stranded in a hotel one-half hour before the ball game was to begin, minus my clothes and with no hopes of obtaining any. "It may have been a good joke," I grumbled, my eyes again wandering over the room in the hope of finding something that might be converted into wearing apparel. "No doubt it was, but my sense of humor is not sufficiently developed to appreciate a joke on myself."



I kicked a chair savagely, muttered something when I discovered my foot was shoeless and therefore somewhat tender, and sank down upon the bed, my chin in my hands, clad only in my B. V. D.'s, and went over the happenings of the night before.

My sister, my aunt Mary, and I had come to Palo Alto to attend the game. Next door to me were some Berkeley students I knew, and they celebrated that night in the usual Berkeley way, partly by depriving me of my outer wearing apparel. The next morning I overslept, and when I awoke I discovered that they had gone off with my clothes. . . . Again my eyes roamed around the room. There was no hope

—no—

"Bob! Bob! Aren't you ever going to get up? I've been hammering on the door all morning, and we've only twenty minutes left. Do wake up!"

"Wake up, _____!" I roared. "Say, d'yuh _____"


"Bob!!"

But polite words failed to express my pressing emotion.

I became calm. Biting irony would better serve my purpose. "The main trouble in arising, my beloved sister (scathing sarcasm) is the simple little matter of having no clothes."

"No clothes?"

"No clothes. Simple and easy as it may sound, I find no happy solution to the problem. I may construct a light and airy Grecian costume from the window curtains, or, if you prefer, I can tear up the rug and appear as a cave man. Or perhaps a suit of bath towels would be more to your taste. By artistically draping a few sheets about me, I can easily pass as Caesar—"



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"Bob! Don't be ridiculous. How did it happen? What shall we do?"

"The gentlemen next door took a decided fancy to my apparel, it seems, and as a result, I trip around clad lightly and economically in my underclothes."

"Bob! I know! Aunt Mary has a headache, and she won't go to the game. Her black silk— Bob, would you?"

"Anything, woman, anything! Produce the black silk. And for the love of Mike, get me something to put on my feet. The guy who discovered the needle in the haystack has nothing on me."

"My blue bath sandals—," doubtfully.

"Sure! Your bath sandals. And get me Aunt Mary's hat with the violets blooming all over it. I'm desperate!"

Sis came back and thrust the clothes through the door.

"For heaven's sake," she said, "hurry! When you get ready to be buttoned up, come for me."

I held up the black silk and inspected it, stepped into it gingerly and pulled it on. It was then I discovered the incompleteness of the English language. I gasped weakly. I could not find words to express my emotion. Perhaps this was fortunate, as I had no breath to give vent to my feeling, if I could have done so. To describe the dress as skin tight is a mild way of putting it. To say the least, it "fit quick." I pulled, I pushed, I tugged, I yanked. I ripped off four buttons and burst two seams. Perspiration ran off my face. I sank into a chair, completely exhausted.

"Bob!" from the door. "Please, Bob, hurry!"

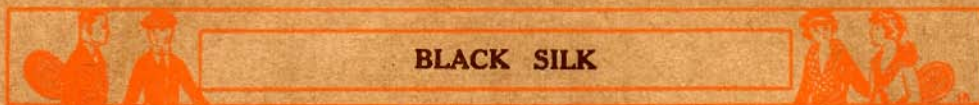
"Helen, come—come here!"

She came in, gazed at me in amazement, and howled with laughter.

I protested haughtily. "I feel quite foolish enough—"

"Bob," she said, "you're too funny! My dear child, it's on backwards. Here, let me do it."

I was finally poured into it successfully, the violet turban set coquettishly on one side of my head, bath slippers on my feet, and we fared forth. The dress was scarcely what could be truthfully called a perfect fit. My huge hands and half my forearms blossomed forth suddenly from the tight sleeves. My head was held high, not from pride, but owing to a high collar with some sort of stiff stuff in it. My face was red from embarrassment and the efforts of adorning myself, as well as from poor circulation due to the snugness of the dress. The silk ended at an uncomfortably high pace half way between my knees and ankles where my socks, which had been kindly left by the jokers, began. Helen's bath sandals were a few inches short and to keep them on I was obliged to shuffle along without raising my feet. I was a rare spectacle.



BLACK SILK

We arrived safely at the bleachers, but in order to climb to our seats it was necessary for me to remove my foot covering. The violet turban became dislodged in the climb, and I was forced to go all the way back, past the wondering crowds of spectators, in quest of my hat.

I discovered it under the feet of an elderly lady, who gazed at me in terror and clutched her husband's sleeve. I smiled at her reassuringly, endeavoring to appear sane, but the friendship of a maniac did not seem to appeal to her. That was no place for me. I gazed helplessly up at Helen. She was sitting there in convulsions. No assistance from that quarter, and as I glanced wildly about, the cool gray eyes of The One looked into mine disdainfully and turned away. The scornful coldness in my lady's orbs denied acquaintance, and I stood there a moment irresolutely, fingering the violet turban nervously and wiggling my toes in the blue sandals. What a mess! A dignified California junior, arrayed in an elderly aunt's black silk, spurned by the idol of his heart, and about to be removed from the bleachers by force on a charge of insanity!

A sudden panic seized me. I could not stay. I dared not stay. I would not stay. I made a break for freedom, encountered a crack with my toe and fell flat. The bleachers came up and hit me.

"It's a hard world," I muttered as I struck the ground. "Too doggone hard."

The black silk was somewhat awkward to handle, but seizing the rustling skirt, I jumped down the steps, three at a time, bowling over a program seller, leaving him sputtering adjectives after me as I fled. Past the wondering vendors of peanuts and pennants, to the gate, I ran.

Safe in my hotel room again, I meditated.

"Some people try anything once, but only once. Next time I appear in female attire will be when Niagara falls. Shall I send Peg roses or orchids?"

