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HOLIDAY

CHARLIE MEERS looked up from his morning paper, propped gracelessly against his cup of coffee, just in time to receive full in his left eye a few drops of water flicked at him by the spoon of his eldest son. Junior's face had settled instantly into an expression of cherubic innocence, and he looked rather reproachfully at his father with just the proper blend of curiosity and respect. But Charlie, at the moment, was in no mood to be trifled with, even so slightly. He turned to his wife, flushing angrily.

"Can't you keep those kids in bed till I've gone in the morning? If I had breakfast at six o'clock, they'd be down here just to pester me."

Clara raised her soft brown eyes which once had been melting, if we are to rely on something Charlie once said, but now seemed singularly dog-like, if we are to consider what was running through his mind at the moment. Her broad face had settled into one of its favorite expressions, the awfully-pained one, but she forbore making any remark.

Her silence failed to awe Charlie. As he idly debated with himself whether her eyes most resembled those of a dog, or those of a cow, his glance fell upon his second son.

"If you have to feed that child egg, you might leave him out in the kitchen. He's a disgrace."

Again Clara's eyes rose languidly from her shredded wheat to his intent blue eyes.

"Really, Charlie—"

But Charlie, by now had left the table and was picking up his suitcase and his hat. After all, he reflected, he must remember that he was getting away from it for a couple of weeks. Clara looked up at him, and he saw that the tears were threatening to roll down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry, Clara. I guess I'm a bit of a brute, but things have been getting my nerves lately. I'll be better when I get back from Chicago." He

submitted passively to her kiss, kissed Junior, and the rather eggy Jimmy, and went out.

As he walked to the station he felt keenly what a fool he had been. But then he was not entirely without excuse. Clara was crazy about him of course. That was the trouble. If only she would let him alone, he could stand having her around, but she was always looking up at him as a dog might that he had just struck, if he ever dared to say what he really thought about anything. Having been once the type of girl who loved Sweetheart cards, and mottoes on Valentine candy, she had naturally become the type of mother who believes in the sanctity of motherhood, and then lets her children be the pests of the neighborhood. He could forgive her her sloppy sentimentality, and even her boring inanity, but he never could quite forgive her for what she had made of those children. She had deluged them with penny candy, allowed them to run around everywhere, and in her effort to make them fond of her had succeeded in breaking down any character they might otherwise have had. He felt this very keenly, because they were all he really had left. He could still be reasonably polite to her, but knew that at heart he detested her for her stupidity, her banality, and chiefly, probably, for her unwavering adoration of him.

As he saw the train pull in to the station, he thought of what a God-send this business trip was. It had come up most unexpectedly. He had been called in to the superintendent's office just the day before, and told that they were having trouble with their Chicago office. The productions methods had not been equal to coping with their rapidly expanding business, and they wanted him to go out there for a couple of weeks, and straighten things out. He remembered now how his first thought had been that release was in sight for him, even if the release must be actually only a temporary let-up.

As he took his seat in the Pullman, he glanced with a mild sort of curiosity at the girl sitting opposite him, but the paper she was reading covered her face quite successfully. He glanced at her clothes, and the sophistication of their cut, and began to wonder idly, what she would be like. He had known few women in his life, and none well, not even Clara who had surprisingly turned out so differently from what he had imagined her to be when he married her. He had never played around with girls particularly before his marriage, and having married Clara had been sufficient to convince him that women are a silly lot, deficient in intellect, and utterly lacking in common sense. He was startled to see that the lady sitting opposite him had folded up her paper and was gazing at him rather steadily. For the first time since he could remember, he felt a dull flush stealing up his neck, a certain inexplicable embarrassment such as a child feels when caught stealing a piece of cake. Yet he would not have missed that look for a good deal. In fact he found it almost impossibly hard to keep his eyes riveted on the view passing by the window. He was experiencing an entirely new and undefinable sensation, for he knew as surely

as though he were watching her that the girl opposite him was sizing him up, and something made him want terribly to know what she thought of him. He was used to women of Clara's type, and in the office had known a number of the sort of girls who are extremely sure of themselves, and with every reason to be so, but here was someone entirely different. Here was the quiet sophistication of someone who was born sure of herself, and consequently had not had to get used to the idea. Here was a girl who was so used to being looked at, that it embarrassed her not in the slightest, and she seemed to take particular enjoyment in sizing up others. He glanced at her again, and saw that she had folded up her paper, and was quite openly regarding him. He cleared his throat, and started to say something, but then changed his mind, and was so glad he had, because a moment later he realized how inane the remark would have been. A moment passed before she suddenly turned away, and getting up, started in the direction of the diner. When she had gone, a terrible tension seemed to have snapped. He could think once more, and not have the awful feeling that she had given him, that his suit had far too decided a stripe, and that his tie was decidedly askew.

Charlie felt troubled, and being unwilling to be disturbed without reason, decided to go to lunch and get this crazy new feeling out of his mind. He waited in line a moment and then to his horror, he saw the waiter beckon on him to the most recently vacated seat, the one opposite where she was sitting. She smiled ever so slightly when he sat down, and then became mightily engrossed in her fruit cocktail. He looked at her again, at the cool candor of her eyes, the sure poise of her head, the unusual richness of the bit of chestnut hair that showed under her tiny, close-fitting turban. He had a sudden unreasoning desire to hear her voice.

"Ever been through this part of the country before?"

She smiled with her eyes, and as she answered, he was conscious of the peculiar richness of her voice. "I go through here pretty often, and you?"

"It's my first trip. I've never had much of a chance to travel."

"No," and somehow the word seemed to convey the idea that she knew just what he was up against, just what it meant to him to be tied down by Clara. He tried not to feel too terribly elated, but somehow he seemed to feel the establishment of a bond between them. He was ashamed to think how the idea fascinated him. He tried again, if only to hear that disturbingly rich voice.

"This ham is dreadfully tough. You were wise to order salad."

She ate the cherry off the top of her salad and regarded him with an odd, half-smile.

"You're a most unusual sort, and the funny thing is, you don't even realize it yourself."

"You're wrong there, I'm afraid. Seeing you has made me realize very keenly how remarkably ordinary I am."

She smiled again. "Don't say that, or I'll begin to think I was wrong. I didn't think you were the sort who said the flattering thing. I had just

decided you would be unconventionally honest."

He protested. "What would be flattery of others is honest when said of you."

"You're really quite delightful. In spite of the fact that you feel you have to make pretty speeches, I think I was right in what I thought of you at first."

"Which was?"

"That I would like you." She held out her hand. My name is Vivian Gray. I'm going out to Chicago with a road company. We played New York for three months, and now we're going to try Chicago."

Three hours later, Charlie tried to think out how the thing had happened. He had seen her, admired her known he should avoid her, and here he was talking to her as though he had known her, well very well, certainly. He was telling her about Clara, and Junior, and Jimmy, and she would nod in that unbelievably sympathetic way, and say just the thing he had been hoping she would say. He tried to analyze the fascination she held for him, but it was composed of so many little things, the tone of her voice, the clear green of her eyes, the very soft smile that curved around her lips, even when her eyes held that quizzical look. He stopped trying to analyze it. It was so much more fun just to look at her, and wonder what she really thought of him. He couldn't resist asking her.

"I've been boring you." It was half assertion, half question.

"You know you haven't. You're the sort who stops when he should. Tell me some more. Tell me about yourself for a change, not what those you are with are like, just what you are like."

And then it started all over again, the sympathetic queries, the little nods of approval, and the just right remarks, so very cleverly interposed. He could see her doing it, knew it was a game with her, yet there was something about her that kept him talking long after he felt he had made a fool of himself.

The next day, when they parted, he wrote down the address she gave him, and then felt a cold chill the minute she had gone for fear she had been playing with him, and the address she had given him was only a part of the game.

Charlie found his first week there decidedly trying. He saw Vivian only in those intervals when she was not at the theatre. He had gone to the opening of her play, and then sent the program to Clara, having written beside Vivian's name, "She was on the same train I was coming west." He had decided after careful thought that this remark was sufficiently conservative, and yet would give Clara the thrill she always got from proximity to any sort of royalty. The play he had not liked. For one thing, there was something so incurably youthful about the juvenile who insisted on forcing his attention on Vivian, and for another, he had not liked the part Vivian had played, the hardness and superficiality of it. He told her so when they were having supper later in the evening.

She laughed. "Why not? You've told me yourself how that paragon of inefficient domesticity, your w i f e

bores you. Superficiality should at least have the interest of novelty for you."

"You delight in being perverse. I'll not bother arguing with you. I'd rather look at you."

"For which I insist on continuing the argument. You would hate me if you thought me like the girl I played tonight, am I right there?"

"Why do we have to go into that? Of course I hate her type, but you have nothing in common with it."

"I like you Charlie, but I'm afraid for you. Your kind doesn't miss a single jolt the world has to offer. What's that piece they're playing now?"

When they had said good-night that evening, Vivian had tried to make him promise he would not try to see her again, but knew as well as he did how silly it was of her to try.

By the second week, they had it down to a set formula, lunch, dinner, and then supper and a dance after the evening performance. Charlie could feel his grip on himself slipping. He would read his daily letter from his wife with an odd sort of detachment, thinking in a sort of absent-minded way, what a bore it must be to be married to a woman of her type. She had ceased to exist for him as a personality, and become merely something he really shouldn't forget, but found it singularly hard to remember with any degree of distinctness. At the beginning of the third week, he got a letter from the superintendent asking him how much longer he would be needed out there. Things had become unusually busy back in the New York office, and while they would leave the length of his stay to his own judgment, still they needed him pretty badly, and more of the same sort of thing.

He talked it over with Vivian. "I can't bluff this out much longer. I have to make up my mind. If I decide I'm willing to cut it all, will you come with me?"

She looked at him, and then looked out of the window. "I'm not given to self-sacrifice, or anything of the sort. You know that, but you know, too, that I love you, Charlie. If you'll go to London, and let me have my chance on the stage there, I'll do it." They left it at that.

Her play was to close that Saturday, and they were making all plans for leaving the following Tuesday. On Monday morning, he found a telegram waiting for him when he came back from breakfast. He took it for granted that it was from his superintendent, and slipped it into his pocket. He met Vivian shortly afterwards, and opened it in her presence. She watched the color leave his face.

She pressed his hand. "Pretty bad, dear?" He held it out for her to read. "Clara killed saving Jimmy from skidding car. We tried to call you. Expect you Tuesday. John Rawley."

He slipped into a chair, still with that strangely white look on his face.

"What does this make of the other thing? Where does this leave us?"

Vivian walked over to him, and kissed him. "This is good-bye dear. You are going back alone."

He looked up at her, half-aroused from his lethargy. "It can't mean that, dear. Think what you are saying. This doesn't change you, nor

me." He looked away from her face. "This only makes it easier for us."

"No, Charlie, you know you're wrong. It's over for us. It's you and the children now, not you and me. It's not that I'm just selfish—it's more than that. It's that I know I couldn't make you any more happy than Clara could. I'd make quite as poor a mother as she did. We're a different sort, she and I, but we're neither one of us your kind. Don't think I don't love you. I may be fooling myself, but I think it's because I love you that I'm letting you go. You can't make me change my mind. It's over, that's all. I love you, Charlie. I love you, but it's over." He heard the door close, and looked up to see that she was gone.

His train left around noon, and as he started to take his seat, he saw opposite him a strangely familiar figure, the face covered by a newspaper. He started to say something, but then turned around suddenly, and went to find the porter.

"Any other reservation?"

"No sir. That lady opposite your seat got the last one, sir. She just happened to be in luck because some one cancelled a reservation. Anything the matter with that seat, sir?"

"No, but I think I'll ride in the coach."

Louise Towne '28.

A BALLAD

The Princess Alander, she sat on her throne
And loudly proclaimed to her suitors and peers,
"Of all who would wed me my choice will be he
Who most deftly and well can wiggle his ears."

The princes, aghast, left the palace and hall,
They mounted their steeds and rode sadly away:
Their ears were all tired with the efforts they'd made,
But just how to wiggle them, no one could say.

So Alander lived lonely, but happy and well
For ages,—at least for a number of years;
She declared, "I was wise on the day that I vowed
I would wed only him who could wiggle his ears."

Then a stranger came riding from far distant lands
Who captured her heart, but Alander, thro' tears,
Before she could answer him "Right-O" or "No,"
Besought him "Sir Knight, can you wiggle your ears?"

He wiggled them left and he wiggled them right;
Alander, entranced, said, "In all future years
When you mean that you love me don't use common words
But more eloquent language—a wiggle of ears."

Anna Lundgren, '28.

"OUT OF THE SEA"

OF course, I should have had better sense than to go. It was mere obstinacy on my part. I had read the play and liked it. I had read the reviews and the critics had not liked it. But I thought that they probably were not educated up to it. I wrote to Nancy, "Do you think you could face 'Out of the Sea' for old times' sake? If you can, go to Gray's and get some tickets before the thing closes."

She called me the first night I was home. "I got the tickets," she said. "It must be pretty bad. Even Margaret couldn't bear it. She told the leading man so and he is much discouraged—also terrible according to her." This conversation did not cheer me especially. When an actor's pals and playmates go back on him—usually things are wrong.

Saturday I found out what was wrong and much against my will, I joined the ranks of the critics. Of course, "Out of the Sea" had its good points or at least its good point. This point was Lyn Harding, the English actor, who played the part of the heroine's brutal husband. He was good in that he fitted the role. He was bad in that he was so dominant both as to his physical makeup and his personality that he over-shadowed the rest of the cast.

The play also had its bad points. As a critic remarked it is really closet drama. There are some things you can read and not notice. But no one can hear an actor, be his voice ever so good, say,"Lyonnesse . . Lyonnesse," rising six notes in the scale for the second word and filling his voice with poetry, amazement, and delight, without feeling, as they say, hot and bothered. I am also incapable of sitting comfortably while a man tilts his beloved precariously backward and murmurs, "My woman from the sea." Of course, there is no use in quibbling over fine points, but I hope that when next I drown, the adjacent actors will not get out their pearl gray fedoras before coming to my rescue. I also trust that I will never be in a position where some man, remonstrating with my husband, ends the speech up brutally by, "That's what you get for being such a cad." Cad may be a good word in its way, but it brings to my mind a man in white spats who takes a Pekingese out on a leash and starts every sentence. "Oh, but I say now—" Aside from these minor details, the leading man was so overpowered by the dominant husband that I could not see why the woman preferred him unless her husband's very largeness was fatiguing. But then I suppose that after a few years of brutality even a minor poet might prove attractive.

The play as I said had its bad points. The worst one was the leading woman. She had a difficult role to play. It is hard for any woman to be a little sister to the waves, but it is especially hard if she is a sturdy woman. Beatrix Thomson who essayed the part is decidedly sturdy. She is a good solid English girl, a firm creature with both feet on the ground. Besides this, she was dressed terribly. Perhaps, as Nancy pointed out, they were trying to make her look like a

dream. When Johann Sandalin stumbled over her long thin legs, she had been deciding why she ought to leave Moodus and go to New York, of which place old Cellini had told her vaguely. New York seemed very remote to her, there under the tall wide trees through the branches of which the sun poked inquiring rays that startled the new, young insects awkwardly imitating the antics of their busy elders.

Johann stood stock-still in embarrassed apology. Angelica sat up hastily and primly pulled her skirt down. Then she saw the paint-stained palette in his hand and such a wave of lonesomeness for old Cellini swept over her that she could not bear it at all and began to cry. Johann was concerned. He dropped to his knees.

"Have I hurt you? Have I hurt you?" he kept repeating helplessly.

She composed herself after a while, partly out of pity for his obvious distress. She dried her eyes on his handkerchief and they talked until long after the sun started its first preparations for the overnight trip. Whatever had been old Cellini's faults, equivocation was not one of them and Angelica he had always taught to speak out directly. Johann was charmed by her simplicity and straightforwardness. Moreover, he was intrigued by the slim grace of her body and the appeal of her enormous lovely eyes. They talked of painting, and of old Cellini, then of themselves. They were both young, both lonesome. It was really a very simple matter for them to become friends.

Johann realized that this shiftless sort of life for him could not continue very long. He loved the country. He would have been content to stroll for days haphazardly through greening meadows that slightly rolled, over barren hills that poorly imitated mountains, through the scented woods that ineffectively guarded Moodus on three sides from the onslaughts of advancing civilization. He liked to lie in the pleasantness of the warming sunlight among bushes weary with the burden of ripening berries. He even took delight in sketching bits of rural scenes from oblique angular approaches so that you could see only the coy shade of a scarecrow standing gaunt in the autumn fields or a pigsty reeling tipsily over the black oozy mud where fat young hogs rolled in pleasure.

At other times he felt restless and a gnawing ambition cost him many sleepless nights where he lay wide-awake in his bed and ached to revolutionize the world, to become great and rich and powerful. "I will succeed. I will succeed," he would repeat over and over to himself, enjoying the sound of the words and their effect on him. Thus he was torn between the two forces.

Still at other times, and in moments when he felt the beauty of the things around him most, he saw in a clear white light how temporal his ambitions were. In solitude, as he tramped the woods, he would mull things over. What is it all for? What if I have money and power? Can I reconcile them any better to the loveliness of nature?

Angelica, moulded into shape by old Cellini's shiftless ideas, held to the same doubts of wordly glory. Angel-

ica, with her langourous drifting grace, her sketchiness, her fatalism, was reassuring to Johann when he was in doubt or when the gnawing ambition clutched too insistently at his vitals.

Then he met Susan. Susan was a blonde and the daughter of the richest man in town. The youths of Moodus termed her a good sport and even the girls acknowledged she was cute. You got a little dizzy if you stayed around her very long for her chatter rattled with dazing, sweet insistence about your ears. Susan prided herself on getting everything she wanted and wanted many things. Johann's blond charm, his steady slowness, his artistic manner caught her attention.

So that when one morning over the gleaming crystal and silver of the breakfast table she pouted becomingly at her father, he wasn't slow in guessing what she wanted.

"Dad, I do think that Mr. Sandalin is awfully exciting looking. Ask him up to dinner some night. I have heard that he's been seen with that impossible Cellini girl—but of course" —she appraised herself complacently in the mirror—"she's a frump. Why does she wear such stupid clothes. You must ask him up, Daddy dear." She rose and lightly blew a kiss in the general direction of her father. "He's much too nice to be wasted on Angelica Cellini."

Johann accepted the invitation to dinner. He was a little awed, a little embarrassed, and very flattered. Susan was a gracious hostess and chattered pleasingly and continuously through the sparkle of delicate crystal glasses and gleaming silver. The absence of a dinner jacket caused Johann intense suffering when he discovered that Mr. Weatherbee had come down formally dressed for dinner. Susan sensed it and turned the conversation skillfully. "Mr. Sandalin, you must paint perfectly lovely things. I'm just sure of it. You must take me over to your studio and show me everything," she declared with blond prettiness. Johann muttered embarrassedly about his studio being the fields and the woods. Susan clapped her hands. "How pretty! Father, isn't Mr. Sandalin the most poetic thing! I'm sure you're going to be ever so great and famous some day, Mr. Sandalin." And Johann expanded, almost visibly.

After dinner they went into the drawing room, which Johann thought was richly elegant. Susan played the piano and they talked of a great many superficial and apparently important things which Johann knew little about. He felt a gnawing ambition to achieve to the eminence of a man like Mr. Weatherbee, for example. He watched him, sitting heavily in a soft plushy chair, rolling a fat cigar in his pudgy hand, well-shaven, well-dressed, well-fed. And Susan, well-groomed and trim, darting here and there in conversation and in manner, easily and surely.

Walking home later in the evening he felt as though life had cheated him somehow. The stars were out and there was a moon low in the deep blue velvet of the sky. The night was very still and suddenly he felt purged of the heavy cigar smoke and the luxurious comfort of the Weatherbee home atmosphere. Angelica's house loomed white and shabby in the moonlight

and a glimmer in the kitchen told him that she was still up. He whistled low and she came to the door with a worn book in her hand.

"Is it you, Johann?"

They sat in the shadows of the top step and the tendrils of the porch vine trailed their smooth fingers lovingly about the old rail.

"I was reading, Johann, Father's favorite, old Petrarch." Angelica talked slowly and her voice always drifted into the air like a rose-tinted soap bubble that burst and disappeared almost before you could catch its loveliness to fix in your memory.

"Have you read those sonnets, Johann?"

The air was sodden with the scent of night. Johann quite slowly took her into his arms.

* * *

In November, old and futile leaves fluttered aimlessly from their branchy nests to the hardness of the dry, wintry earth.

In November, too, the *Moodus Weekly* chronicled in florid, heavy type, the marriage of Susan Weatherbee, debutante daughter of our foremost banker, Mr. John B. Weatherbee, to Johann Sandalin, artist.

Katherine Grann '29.

CATALOGUE FOR AN AUCTION SALE

A whimsied mind so cluttered
Should have an auction sale.
I might offer, but who would buy,
The joy of a woodland trail;
The lace of a spider's web, all wet
And jeweled with the dew;
An apple-green sky with a flake of moon,
And a lark's song in the blue.

They'd make a lovely crazy quilt,
But I've never learned to sew;
And I find so many things each day
That some will have to go.
The smell of clover in the dusk,
The buzz of home-bound bees,
The whippoorwill crying in the marsh,—
Should you like some of these?

Muriel Kendrick '29.

A BALLAD

GRANDMOTHER

Sit and spin by the fire, some day, some day,
Your fairy prince will ride your way.
Yellow the gold and the silver, white;
Apple-green covered, his armor bright,
On a jet black horse he'll carry you high,
Be patient, granddaughter, by and by—

Not I! Not I!
I'll out to meet him! I'll wait not here!

My dear—my dear.

GRANDMOTHER

And have you come from far-off lands,
Granddaughter, with bruised and scarred brown hands?
Your prince, was he fond and fair,
Crimson his armor, gold his hair?
Was he true, dear sweet, was he true?
And, granddaughter, what were you, were you?

Wrong! And unkind!
I found him not! No prince could I win!

Sit still—and spin!

Joyce Freston '28.

WINDY HILL

I HAD often heard of an uncanny legend connected with a cabin on Windy Hill, but I never learned the complete story until last fall when I was actually in Small Harbor, the little sea town which nestles at the foot of the hill. Being possessed of strong nerves, cherishing no superstitions and chancing to be free for the Thanksgiving holidays, I determined to spend three days there and find out the truth about Windy Hill.

Arriving in Small Harbor the afternoon before Thanksgiving Day, I straightway hired a room in the home of a widow who lived there with her two grown sons. She was a small woman, simple and credulous as a child. I had not been in her house three hours when I felt that I knew intimately the whole of her life. Her husband had been lost at sea, she said, and her sons were sailors. I saw them that night, when we had supper together. Both were tall men, with quiet eyes and stolid features. The older had a hair lip. The left hand of the younger lacked a forefinger. Perhaps it was because of their personal defects that both were silent to moroseness. Yet they were not unkindly, and upon being questioned they readily told me all they knew about Windy Hill.

Years ago, an old mariner called Captain La Mer built the cabin on

Windy Hill, and lived there alone. He was a moody character not much given to talking, and subject to fits of gloomy depression. He avoided meeting people, and spent most of his time in or near his cabin. Sea-captain that he had been, he knew all the weather signs, and upon occasion would prophesy storms. He called the winds his friends, and he may have been the one who gave the hill its name.

One Thanksgiving Day, sometime after the Captain had first come to Small Harbor, three sinister-looking strangers came to the town, and stopped at the little inn there. They spoke little, but by their clothing and manners they were plainly sea-faring men. Late in the afternoon they disappeared from the inn. They were never again seen in Small Harbor. That same night a storm arose and raged until morning. The following afternoon one of the townspeople came to the Captain's home and found him lying face down on the floor of his cabin—murdered. There were signs of a struggle—a bloodstained knife lay near by—and that was all. Suspicion of course pointed to the two strangers but they never returned to Small Harbor.

Time went on. Stories of strange happenings on Windy Hill were circulated in the region. One man dared another to spend the anniversary night of the Captain's murder there. The man accepted the dare, and came back raving mad. Others dared and came back with tales. . . .

All this I gleaned from my landlady and her two sons. I tried to question some of the other inhabitants of Small Harbor, but they were strangely reticent. Their superstitution amused me, and the idea of an unsolved mystery intrigued me. I became more and more determined to spend Thanksgiving night in the cabin on Windy Hill. Nobody offered to accompany me, but my landlady's sons promised to come to the cabin for me if I did not return by noon of the day after Thanksgiving.

I was given explicit directions for reaching the cabin, and I set out early in the afternoon of that sombre autumn day, expecting to come to my destination before nightfall. Somehow though, I lost my way and wandered about in the dried thickets on the hill for several hours before I saw high above me the cabin that had been erected by Captain La Mer. I started toward it in haste, but I was much impeded by brambles, and made very slow progress. Meanwhile, dusk fell so that I was further hampered by the uncertain light. Still I pressed on, eager to reach the cabin. I felt no uneasiness. I felt only excited anticipation.

It was quite dark when I reached the summit of the hill. I paused for a moment to look about me. The air was very still. Above, the ghastly moon cast only a few feeble beams. Below, the ocean stretched sullen and lusterless in the sickly light. Everywhere there was deep silence.

Then, as I stood on the hilltop, I first sensed the Thing's approach. I cannot tell how, but, by degrees, I felt sure that something was creeping slowly across the ocean to the shore. Occasionally it disturbed the waters, caused them to foam angrily. There was no sound, and my eyes actually

saw no figure on the watery expanse, yet I knew certainly that something was coming toward me. As I realized this, I experienced a desire to turn and run, but an unseen force restrained me. I remained fascinated staring at the sea.

Gradually, the Thing advanced. It reached the land, and I saw the waves recede foaming from the shore. At the same time I heard an eerie sound, a faint whimpering somewhere in the distance. I felt a sinking sensation in the pit of my stomach. My hands met, cold and clammy. And the Thing came on.

It made no definite sound. I knew it was coming rather by a series of suggestive noises, scarcely audible—insinuations which seemed to fill the whole woodland. My thoughts went back to the half-witted boy I had seen some years before. He had sat in a shadow, muttering continuously while his fingers picked restlessly at his clothing, and his feet moved about unceasingly on the floor. So with the Thing. It gibbered senselessly in the treetops. It fumbled foolishly among the leaves. It shuffled aimlessly in the grass as it came up the slope. And now and then there arose a weird, moaning cry that chilled my blood. Tales of being shut up with a mad creature flashed through my brain with increased horror. Then, as a dreadful climax, a cloud suddenly obscured the moon—ponderous darkness lay upon the earth. And the Thing came on.

I wanted to run—to cry out—but I could not. My feet refused to leave the ground. Screams arose, and were strangled in my throat. Overwhelming terror had gripped me. Fear—cold, impalpable Fear, such as I had never known before — made me its own. Like a hypnotist's victim I stood motionless, staring wide-eyed into the darkness whence advanced the shapeless, horrible Thing which mine eyes could not see, nor my body touch, but which my soul, by every uncanny instinct Nature bestows, knew was there before me, lurking like a black devil invisible in the darkness.

Still the Thing came on. Its insane mumblings increased until they were like small thunder. It was ten feet away. It was five feet away. And then, with a shriek of maniacal laughter it was upon me! Suddenly my feet found themselves and I leaped blindly in the direction of the cabin. But the Thing was beside me. It raced with me. A mocking, triumphant cry sounded upon my ears as, hurling me to the ground, it sped past me, and with a wild whoop burst open the door of the cabin, and I heard it raving about within. Simultaneously a thousand demons of storm seemed loosened. Thunder crashed. A blinding flash of lightning seared the heavens. Trees veered crazily above, while torrents of rain beat ruthlessly upon me as I lay on the ground.

Dizzily I tried to get up, but a sharp, thrilling pain shot through my ankle. I was overcome with nausea, and sank senseless back to the ground.

* * *

When I opened my eyes I was in bed in the room I had rented in the village. My landlady and her sons stood near the window, conversing in low tones. Seeing that I was awake they came over to the bedside.

"We came to the hilltop early this morning," said the younger son. "You were lying unconscious on the ground. Tell us. Have you—"

"Yes," breathed the mother, "Tell us. Have you solved the mystery of Windy Hill? What——"

"But," I replied, "I don't know any more than I knew yesterday afternoon. I did not even get to the cabin. I stopped to rest near it, and the storm arose, and a gale knocked me down—and out. Funny thing, though. The wind——the wind——"

I went no further. What did the expressions on their faces mean?

"Ah, yes," sighed one, "the wind. You, like all the rest. You stopped. and the wind rose—yes? And it came nearer and nearer. You were frightened, you turned to run, but it ran with you, and it struck you to the ground before you reached the cabin. Ah, yes."

"But how did you know? What do you mean?" I exclaimed.

The younger son spoke again. "There have been other strangers, venturesome like you. And they have told the same tale. They are frightened— they turn to run—they fall—they never even enter the cabin. This time we thought we might find the reason. But you, like all the rest—"

"It will always be so!" cried the older son who had not spoken before. "Nameless terror—"

"That's it!" I interrupted, "nameless terror—"

"Nameless terror," he went on, "haunts the unholy place. Since the murder of Captain La Mer, no one has ever spent Thanksgiving night in the cabin on Windy Hill, and no one ever will. It has always been so. It will always be so. And we shall never know—"

The other two bowed their heads in assent. I sank back thoughtfully upon my pillows. And from the outside came a slight sound like an acquiescent echo from the November wind.

Lois Taylor, '31.

WANDERLUST

"I ride by night," the traveler said,
"And save much time that way."
"But, oh, the loveliness," I thought,
"For those who ride by day."

The train winds up a gray-blue hill
And over trackless downs;
It runs beside a wayward brook,
And stops at little towns.

At last at night it comes to rest
Within the city's gate,
Where you, my dear, will welcome me.
Speed, train, lest we be late!

'20.