

Step by Step

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The next visit that Jack paid to Ethel was on a bright moonlight night. The weather was warm with a pleasant breeze that stirred through the trees. He suggested that they take a street car ride out to Green river. She at once consented to go—in fact she had mentioned such a trip before that night. As they rode along in the summer car they decided to take a walk out to the river before coming back.

They could keep straight on down the highway to the river but there was a nearer cut through the woods. Ethel suggested that they go through the woods and they did. A little later they were seated on the bank of the river in a place where people seldom ever sat. The moon and stars were the only light; the trees making a shade.

They were playing hands. They were exchanging kisses. Their arms were about each other. (Jack knew there was no real love attached to it.) His lips were buried in hers. Jack would have made another move—when the one he had in his arms, spoke with a voice that sounded exactly like Harry Norton, "Maybe you could, but don't risk yourself too far."

A Snapshot at Harding

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began thusly

"The present exigencies demand a dynamic hand I am intent on utilizing emergistical promptitude in their solution, and though the United States is indissoluble—"

Just here Mr. Wilson interrupted with a call for me to come to his side of the lawn, which I did, not wishing to be the object of his disfavor.

He took up Mr. Harding's speech right where he left off, (so it appeared to me); but I called an immediate halt.

"Pardon," said I, apologetically, "I can get that speech from the Associated Press. What I want is something unique about yourself."

But Mr. Wilson told me that he himself was a self-conscious man and that he preferred not to talk about himself. He stated, however, that he could give me a complete summary, in a nutshell, of Mr. Harding.

He began by telling me that Mr. Harding was a very vain man. This was evidenced by the fact that his wife had voted her ticket Republican in the recent election. He further stated that Harding was not a true American, as he ate gooble peas parched by a GREEK on the street corner, and that he did not favor the workingman's getting a decent living, since he had not paid a single one for his vote in the last election.

Just here I was summoned by Mr. Harding. I went over and reoccupied my brickbat. The president-elect took up the set speech where the ex-president left off. I cut him off, asking him to tell

me more about himself: how often he took a bath, what kind of pie he ate most, and how often he changed socks.

He refused to express himself on such domestic affairs, as he feared that Mr. Wilson might refute him. Then, we fell to discussing the possibilities of High Point and North Carolina, and the outlook of High Point hoboes during the year 1921. I told Mr. Harding that everybody is well in High Point and described in detail what a time I had the four years I spent in Thomasville one day.

I took my leave as a bell rang out in the stillness of the night, signifying that it was time for the new president to take his chair, and as Mr. Wilson was thrown off the premises by two husky accomplices of Mr. Harding's. I lifted the ex-president from the gutter, and arm in arm we strolled down the street. I tried to comfort him by repeating the well-known saying: "To the victor belongs the spoils."

I shall not undertake to describe my return trip. When I left the city, it seemed that everybody was feeling decidedly Republican in Washington. They all send their love.

MY DREAM GIRL

My Dream Girl, My Dream Girl,
My mind you have set in quite a dizzy whirl;
I dream of you in the morning
I dream of you in the night
And I never feel quite right
Unless you're in my inner sight.

My Dream Girl, my Dream Girl,
Your hair a lovely curl,
Your face an angel one I know
And teeth a pretty pearl.
Your lips a cherry red—
I know you never wash them off
Before you go to bed.

My Dream Girl, my Dream Girl,
My thought's with you all day,
My thoughts all follow you
And seldom go astray.
Little Dream Girl, though it may never be,
I HOPE some day, not far away,
That you'll belong to me.

—Vernon Snyder.

THE CIGARETTE

A boy's a man he thinks
When he's with you.
But the kind of men you make
Is the kind that'll never do
Many a heart have you rent
And the dollars you have spent
Are forever gone in smoke.
Some poor stiffling heart to choke.
Oh! little weed so slim and white
Goodness knows you are a fright.
You have a most innocent look,
But oh your power, you little crook.

—By Vernon Snyder.