

TREASURE IN HEAVEN (Cont. from p. 8)

"Bert does. The others, too. I heard them talking today."

He shook his head decisively. "Uh-uh. Not me. Any time I have to crawl—"

"But, Bill," earnestly, "you're a lot smarter than all the rest of them put together. And look where they are."

He eyed her keenly. "Where are they?"

She flushed, but went on determinedly, "We do have to judge by worldly standards if we're to live in the world. Front is important. Compare their homes to ours."

He looked around. "What's the matter with our home? I like it."

"Nothing's wrong with it. It's just—well—it's old. Old and shabby. They'll think—I mean—you see, you and Bert started at the same time. Please don't think I'm criticizing you, dear." She patted him gently. "I'm merely stating facts. Sometimes we have to face up to things, take stock of ourselves. Don't you see, dear, I'm trying to help you. I want to be proud of you."

The humor left his eyes. "I see," he said. He got up, moved over to the window, pushing back his hair as though, she thought, in a gesture of defeat. A young thirty-nine, he suddenly looked old to her. She felt strange inside. He was so good. But she mustn't let pity stop her. Bill was the type who needed to be pushed.

When the girls came here two weeks from now for the club meeting, they would witness the effects of Bill's failure, in a house sadly run down. She wished suddenly that she could keep him from their secret thoughts. She hated them. She hated her house, the symbol of failure and humiliation.

She got up quickly, feeling tears springing to her eyes. Stopping, she kissed the top of his head as he sat by the window. "I'm tired, honey," she said gently. "I'm going to bed."

Usually she rose early, but Bill

was up before her, packing for his business trip. "Oh Bill, I'm sorry," she said, genuinely humble. "I meant to get up early and help you. I'll fix your breakfast."

He snapped the suitcase shut, and gave her a quick kiss. "I've eaten. And I'm late. Can't afford to miss my train. Better catch some more sleep before the herd gets up. 'Bye, sweet."

But she couldn't sleep. The depression was there again and the word "failure" kept racing through her brain. It was going to be hard to get through the P.T.A. board meeting, a few hours from now, at which she must preside.

The meeting was at ten, and somehow she got through it, even managing her brightest smile. But it was a relief to have it over, she thought as she emerged later into the street. Usually she felt stimulated, but not today.

As she walked toward her car, her attention was attracted to newspaper headlines in big type: "Train Wreck Kills Thirty." And then her heart fell coldly into her stomach as the seriousness of these headlines sank in. Bill's train! With trembling hands she pushed a dime into the slot and grabbed a paper. Nausea all but overcame her as she stumbled toward her car, reading avidly. One

Life

Round and round  
Through life's vicious circle  
We flee;  
Asking naught of any being.

But from each crisis  
That confronts us,  
We cringe in fear  
Lest life become a flunt fiasco.

And when at last  
Death approaches;  
We soon grow cold  
And are long forgotten.

ALBERT McDOUGALD

thought only was in my mind now. She thought, "Maybe they will reach her, news."

In her car she sat hard on the hands shook on Buildings, cars green lights for no impression mind. The earth was shaking teeth, disrupting nervous system.

her to her gasp think about w own, dear Bill. life be without remember when on his loving a minute had she much she depended much just know alive and well. His love, his corny jokes gone, she was

She thought together. Their so beautiful in Connie's birth information and awe kind of a miracle. The way they brand new how that only yesterday with a humiliating She had said ing their new aren't we lucky

When had I could not appreciate all his first When had she for granted and to change his view the surd whim? end, learned only by losing refused to accept could she, "Oh," she became one more changed, and him. One blind."

She began on the railroad, the avail. Then

(Cont.)

he

Game

clouds rapidly fill the contrasted expanse of horizon. A field has a spring in November, specially tinted the side of the right red way which vivacious, across who's would field. Boy Scouts continually by other sports the railing of red and bagged back of the shouted could she, attempting meg-

When had I could not appreciate all his first When had she for granted and to change his view the surd whim? end, learned only by losing refused to accept could she, "Oh," she became one more changed, and him. One blind."

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For evening, Ap