

vato. Wait till you get there: you'll understand better. That is the true dangerous age. I'm fifty years old, and I live in a damned marble-slabbed apartment house and write two rotten books a year and the movies buy them and I make ten times too much money. And when those beastly checks come in I think of the days when Mrs. Bleak and I were first married and I was earning twenty-five a week on the old 'Moon', and we were all borrowing from each other for lunch. Borrowing money for lunch,—I tell you that's what keeps a man young! And then I picked up my Chesterton and read that stanza of his, and the other poem 'When I Came Back to Fleet Street' (gosh, read it if you don't know it), and Kipling's poem 'The Press' in 'A Diversity of Creatures'; and, oh hell, I just had to come back and smell it all again, and feel the building shake when the edition goes to press. Make a good story, wouldn't it? Yes, but you don't put real life into stories, not when you're a popular author."

There was a brief silence, during which I wondered how much longer they would stay. For neither heaven nor hell nor the crackling of broken hearts weighs much in the mind of the

newspaper man when the deadline time approaches; and I knew that the composing room would shortly be asking why my copy wasn't upstairs.

"All very sound, all perfectly sound," said Dove cheerfully. "And I don't doubt you'd have gotten away with it, old man, if you hadn't borrowed from the city editor. That was a *lapsus rationis*. But now we must explain to Mrs. Bleak and resume the miserable life of fifteen per cent royalties."

Bleak showed his first sign of returning good spirits. "My dear boy," he said, "I touched the city editor on purpose. In the old 'Moon' days there was a legend that it couldn't be done. And do you know, I got into him twice."

He smiled proudly, and got up.

"The joke of it is," he said, "that Jim Doyle was a cub on the 'Moon' when I was there twenty-five years ago. And he was the one who used to assert so loudly that it couldn't be done."

I resumed my work, thinking to myself that when "Silver Hair" was published I would give it a devil of a good notice, on the front page of the Book Section.

DREAMS

By Charles McMorris Purdy

DREAMS are phosphorescents,
Flicking the water's foam
Like fireflies on an April night....

I wade into the surf
And try to catch them,
But they slip through my fingers,
Only to sparkle the more....

BOOK SERVICE FROM THE PULPIT

By William L. Stidger

THE preacher who knows and lives in books is capable of a service to his people that will pay a hundred-fold," said a preacher-pastor one day in my presence. He said it with a good deal of emphasis and feeling.

"Books? So you are a book-preacher?" said another preacher in a slightly critical tone.

"Yes," said my friend: "a preacher of books and *the Book*."

A week before this conversation I had heard Helen Keller speak at a meeting of the Advertising Clubs in Cleveland, Ohio. I was scheduled to speak immediately following her appearance. It was the most difficult speaking task I ever attempted. The wonder of what Miss Sullivan had done for that blind, deaf and dumb girl swept me off my feet. I could not refrain from calling the attention of that great crowd of business men to Lincoln's words at Gettysburg as he stood looking down upon the graves of thousands of American soldiers.

I said, "As I stand up to speak to you, following as I do the miracle of Helen Keller, I am aware of the fact that what I say cannot speak as loudly as what Miss Sullivan has done."

It was a tense meeting because of that wonderful girl's presence. But perhaps the most beautiful moment of all was when Miss Sullivan permitted that crowd of business men to ask questions of Miss Keller.

One man said, "Tell Miss Keller that I know her brother in the south." Miss Sullivan put Helen's two fingers

to her own lips and Helen's thumb to her vibrant throat and conveyed the message.

Even before those words were spoken Helen's feet began to dance and her body to vibrate with ecstasy as she said, "And are you an engineer also?"

Then somebody asked Helen what her favorite sport was.

She said with that peculiar and careful pronunciation, "Horseback riding!"

Then Miss Sullivan asked Helen if she knew that the room was full of men.

She danced with excitement and said, "Yes I know."

"How do you know Helen?"

"I can smell zem."

"How do you tell your men friends apart, Helen?"

"I smell zem."

The crowd roared with laughter and excitement. Tears were in every eye. It was a tense ten minutes for every man. Even the laughter was to hide the tears.

"What do you mean when you say you smell them?"

"I smell zeir different tobaccos," said Helen clapping her hands.

Then the crowd applauded. Helen seemed overjoyed at the applause.

Somebody asked her how she could tell that they were applauding, since she could not hear.

She said, "I feel zem."

"How do you feel the applause?"