

religion. And don't he send me a check every month? Why, I was slingin' downright disloyalty.

"Freedom of thought, eh?" That's dangerous with so many Bolsheviks trying to make the Constitution a scrap of paper. "Peace, eh?" Didn't my R.O.T.C. officer say war was necessary and inevitable? "Beauty, art" . . . well, I've been intending all year to go over and see Steele's pictures. There may be something in this culture stuff after all. "Religion" . . . believe what your preacher tells you and be safe; don't worry your head about it.

Come on, Marcella! My Gawd, we'll miss the last dance!

Spring Green

By LEILA SHELLEY.

Life is a great green salad
In a blue sky-bowl:
Innumerable green leaves
Dripping with oil-coloured sunlight,
And thunder clouds like floating clots of whipped cream.
The wind is the wooden fork of God,
Stirring and stirring and stirring
And all the men and women in their dun gray clothes
Are little almonds hidden in the leaves,
Little almonds and walnuts,
Some of them wormy and bitter