



*Woodcut by Richard Bennett*

## BY THE SEA WALL

By Edward Lucas White

YOU bid me write. Alas, but who shall bring  
Down this wide colored sky into one word;  
Within one verse put all the winds that stirred  
Its clouds into their many shapes that fling  
On us soft-speaking lights that drone and sing;  
Catch all the sweet sobs that we two have heard  
From these unsteady waves whose sounds are blurred  
In the late air with tones of winds that ring?

I cannot make this place speak in a song  
For turning back within myself I find  
The likeness of no evening-colored mind,  
But dawn-like lights and shadows bright and glad,  
And all the clear strength that young day has had  
When its life is not half an hour long.

## FINIS

By Elsie Singmaster

WARDEN BANNISTER sat alone in his library on Saturday afternoon. The library was a large, high ceiled room furnished with book-cases unopened for years, pictures which were never looked at, a carved writing desk, a stove set up when the furnace fell to pieces, and a half dozen worn chairs.

Outside the scene was, almost intolerably bright. Snow had fallen to a depth unprecedented in Bannister's memory. It hid neither the ill tended trunks of the mighty trees nor the pathetic disrepair of the great house, but it covered the broken fences, the tall stems of weeds, and the pile of ashes which Nellie O'Toole created by the simple process of emptying them out the window.

Bannister sat in the deepest and most worn of the chairs. Tall and spare, he was dressed in an ancient black suit with a frock coat, a coarse blue shirt, and a black tie. His lower lip protruded and the corners of his mouth dipped low. He clutched a thick cane like a weapon.

He was always alone except when Nellie O'Toole sat with him; there were few persons who did not dislike him and many who had ample reason to fear him. He had the power of wealth, and used it without compunction. His reign was approaching its term; he had been warned against eating — Nellie O'Toole was a superb cook; and against drinking — there was ancient wine in his cellar; and especially against anger. Resentment was a comfort upon which he had counted, but feeling resentful, he might go in the twinkling of an eye.

Nellie O'Toole, forty years old and gross in body and soul, sat with him much of the time, since the front of the house was pleasanter than the back. Bannister paid her exorbitant wages, and she expected a share of his estate. He had nobody in the world except a grandnephew with whom he had long since refused to have anything to do, and he had no philanthropic intentions.

Nellie entered with her market basket in one hand and the other outstretched for her wages. She wore a black fur coat, enormous, dangling earrings, and a hat which was exactly the color of the carmine on her cheeks.

"You're not going out!" cried Bannister.

"What'll we eat if I don't go out?"

Bannister walked to the table. He paid Nellie by check — there was no chance for peculation. Upon her check she would make her mark; she could read her name but she could not write it.

"I'll come back soon", she promised.

"I know how soon you'll come!"

Occupied with feeling his pulse, he did not lift his eyes to watch Nellie down the path on her floundering way.

After a long time he returned to his easy chair. The sunshine mocked him — what was there for an old man to do? Books? He read only those in which there was some vileness to ferret out. Food? He had an appetite but he was forbidden to satisfy it. Love? Love meant lust and he was too old, too old. His face grew hot — Nellie had no business to leave him alone. Words of