

more—a torrent of it. She stood there before him, taunting him, sneering at him, goading him.

It was only when Judge Carmen hammered for order that she paused for breath, turned from Pedro, and, hammering back at him with her bare fist on the table before her, amazingly let loose that wild flood of raw emotionalism against the judge, the jury, little Johnny Hines, the court room, and the whole town. It seemed that all the disdain and contempt that had been festering in her heart for eight years suddenly boiled to the surface; and she treated us to such an eruption of temper as quiet little Stonyville had never before witnessed. "Fools! And is Pedro the only working man who wears a red bandanna? I told you—I told you I didn't kill him. You wouldn't believe me, eh? Well, there he stands—perhaps you believe me now. Fools and pigs! May the evil eye take you! I spit upon you—and you—and you—And you, Johnny Hines—worm, caterpillar! You would kiss me when Pedro is gone; kiss me when he is here, if you dare!"

But Pedro had reached her now, and his hand was on her shoulder. Abruptly the court room was forgotten by Rhona. There before us all, with no sense whatever for the decencies, Pedro investigated the lurid scar with a rough forefinger, and suddenly laughed aloud—an ugly sound. It was then that Rhona melted, clung to him. "Take me away, Pedro! I've wanted you. I thought I should be hung and feel nothing of it—"

I overheard Judge Carmen's informal observation after court had been dismissed: "Whew! That woman! If he'd strangled *her*, I'd acquit him."

So Pedro had won after all, I reflected, as I struck off for the bank. In the end, he'd subdued Rhona. . . . But had he? It was at that moment I saw them come from Thompson's Emporium. Rhona paused to jab into her black hair a glittering rhinestone pin, which was clearly Pedro's peace-offering to her. They went off down the street together, toward their little box of a house, but I saw her turn her head and fling big Chris Polizzi a glance that was a challenge and a dare.

The Olympians

BY EDMUND WILSON, JR.

THERE were no gardens there like those
That, tapestried with courteous trees,
Rose-clouded with the laurel-rose,
Hung high above blue distances.

There were no fountains dolphin-fed
For idle eyes to drift upon,
Where gold-fish, flecking green with red,
Drift idle in the eternal sun;

No sloping alleys sliding smooth
Through velvet glooms or golden light,
Round-moulded like the marble youth
Who stops the alley-way with white;

No naiad satyr-sprayed and pale;
No lap-dog lions poised in rank;

No Ganymede, demure and frail,
The satyr crouching at his flank;

No Homer smooth on creamy skin,
In gay blue-gold embroidery clad—
The black and dingy boards of Ginn
Were all the dress your poets had.

In bare-swept houses, white and low;
High stony pastures never ploughed;
The pure thin air; the frozen snow;
And the sad autumn dark with cloud—

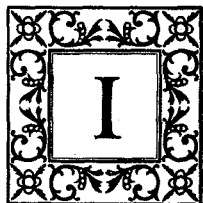
Here, setting bare feet on bare wood,
They came who late in silks had gone;
White candor by your desks they stood,
Austere to wake the winter dawn.

From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN

Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

V.—FIRST JOURNEY TO IDVOR IN ELEVEN YEARS



It was a beautiful June afternoon when from the gay deck of the *State of Florida* I saw the low coast-line of Long Island disappear in the distance. With it disappeared the land the first glimpse of which I caught so eagerly on that sunny March morning nine years before, when the immigrant ship *Westphalia* carried me into New York harbor. When I approached this coast my busy imagination suggested that it was the edge of the cover of a great and mysterious book which I had to read and decipher. I read it for nine long years, and my belief that I had deciphered it made me confident that I was quite rich in learning. Besides, there was my Bachelor of Arts diploma and my naturalization papers, and, of course, I thought, they were the best evidence in the world that I was returning to see my mother again, rich in learning and in academic honors as I promised her nine years before in that letter from Hamburg.

The sky was clear, the sea was smooth, and its sharp and even horizon line toward which the ship was heading promised a peaceful temper of the powers which control the motions of the air above and of the waters below our ship. The comforts of the ship and the fair prospects of a fine voyage were recorded in the smiling faces of my fellow passengers. A group of lively schoolgirls from Washington, making their first trip to Europe under the guidance of an old professor with long gray hair and shaggy beard, looked like so many nymphs playing around a drowsy Neptune. They formed the central group of the happy passengers. There were a number of college boys on board. Some of them had friends among the Washington nymphs; by clever manœuvring it was arranged that the college

boys, including myself, should sit at the same table with the playful nymphs. The gray-locked professor, whom I called Father Neptune (and the title stuck to him), was somewhat reluctant at first, but finally he gave his consent to this "wonderful" proposition, as the girls called it, and he sat at the head of the table, presiding with a dignity which fully demonstrated that he deserved the title "Father Neptune." The jolly captain assured us that his good old ship never carried a more exuberant company of youngsters across the Atlantic. But this was not the fierce Atlantic which I saw nine years before. It was an Atlantic which apparently studied to please and to amuse. All kinds of pleasant things happened during the voyage, as if arranged purposely for our amusement. Many schools of porpoises approached the merry ship, and I suggested that they visited us in order to pay their respects to Father Neptune and his beautiful nymphs. This suggestion was accepted with vociferous acclamation, and it was agreed that free play be granted to our imaginations. Let your fancy take any course at your own risk was our motto. When the visiting porpoises hustled off like a squadron of reconnoitering horsemen leaping gaily over the smooth waves, as if in a merry steeplechase, it was suggested by one of the girls with a lively imagination, that they were anxious to report to the chief of staff of a great host which, hidden in the depths of the quiescent Atlantic, controls the ocean waves. She, the oracle, as we called her, prophesied that when these heralds had delivered the report that Father Neptune and his fair nymphs were passing in triumphal procession through their watery realm, then all things in the heavens above and in the sea below would bow to the will of Neptune and his playful crew.

Two spouting whales appeared one day