



Syrian Songs

BY LOUIS DODGE

I

WHEN Hafiz was young
(And his face was like a dancing flame)
He used to say, "Surely my dog and horse have souls."

When he was old
(And his face was like ashes)
He was wont to say,
"Ai—but who can prove that men have souls?"

II

While a sand storm swept in from the desert
Old Hafiz entertained travellers in an inn, saying:

"On an occasion when I walked in outer darkness
I encountered a dead man who talked to me.
I asked him how he was, and he replied listlessly,
'About as usual.'
I asked, 'Do you rest comfortably?'
He sighed as he responded, 'One always dreams, you know.'
I came to the point. 'What is it like to be dead?' I asked.
He mused, perplexed; then lifting his hollow eyes he demanded,
'What is it like to be alive?'"

III

Said old Hafiz to Sihun the youth:

"When Sorrow comes and enters at your door
And you start up trembling and weep and wring your hands—
Be sure that Sorrow is yet but a stranger to you.

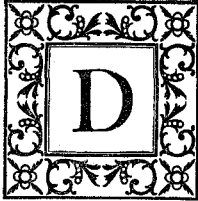
"But when he enters to you and you do not stir,
But keep on mending your old sandal,
With your head a little on one side
And your dull eyes on your work,
Then may you say with assurance,
'Yes, I know who it is. It is Sorrow.'"



Rewards

BY J. HYATT DOWNING

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES REYNOLDS



DAY was drooping as Anna Walrod turned her horse into the road leading to the open country. The road followed the general course of the valley, crossing here and there a little stream over rickety wooden bridges. The stream was marked at intervals with clumps of willow and gaunt cottonwoods. It always seemed to Anna that the road lingered when it came to one of these shaded places, as though loath to begin its ascent of the long slopes to the top of the mesa, where the heat waves crawled in shimmering layers.

Dusk had fallen over the flat country when at last Anna Walrod neared home. Lights pricked widely separated points in the swiftly thickening night. Her own house, one of a shadowy group of low buildings, lay before her. On the day when she had first seen them, new and raw, years before, the thought had risen in her mind: "If they would only burn." It had seemed to her then, as for months afterward, that obliteration of these chains which bound them to this strange, unfriendly country would be release. The need of remaining would no longer exist. One didn't go off and leave buildings. But if there *were* no buildings, surely the land would not be sufficient cause to stay on. Land! Why, that was everywhere, limitless, rolling in unending waves westward until, somewhere, it must slide smoothly into the ocean, like the flat blade of a knife.

As she turned into the yard, her ears were assailed by the high, shrill whine of whirling gears. The kitchen door was open, and she could see the giant shadow of her husband moving with machinelike regularity across the yellow lamplit walls, as he turned the required sixty revolutions per minute. How she hated that

separator. The slightly sickening odor which rose from its bowl, when scalding water was run through after the milk, was always with her. The machine had come to possess a sort of malignant personality. The first thing to be attended to in the morning, it was the last leering task at night before thin sleep, fretful with weariness, spread over her. Each day it was there, alive and grinning, conscious of its multitude of grease-coated disks and floats and bowls.

Her husband paused in the act of pulling off his heavy boots as she entered the kitchen. He was a thick, squat man with a stubble of straw-colored beard and a sullen mouth. He looked up at her, still holding his boot, his face red from the exertion of pulling it off. "Christ's sake! What took you so long? I s'pose I ain't hungry? Workin' like a dog all day and no supper!" He threw the boots into a corner back of the kitchen stove and then padded heavily across the bare pine floor in his stocking feet to a shelf where he kept his pipe. He stopped in the act of tamping tobacco into the blackened bowl to inquire over his shoulder: "Ya bring that Spearhead?" Anna nodded indifferently to the still unwrapped bundles on the table. He fumbled among them. "Hell! This ain't Spearhead. It's Horse-shoe!" He threw the oily black plug back upon the table. Anna did not reply. The air became thick with the smell of melting grease and the penetrating odor of rank tobacco. She placed three plates upon the table, and beside them the wooden-handled knives and forks.

"No use settin' a place for Eustace. Ain't likely he'll be home." There was a leering satisfaction in the voice. Anna halted, half stooped over, as she reached for cobs in the basket beside the stove. "Where is he?" she asked in a voice which she strove to make casual.

"I seen him ridin' off as I come in from