

latter had done well in those ten years and was a banker in Montclair. He had been told to meet his brother at the old cave where they used to camp as boys.

What Jim didn't tell Peter was this.

Jim had decided it on the way up. He would give Peter his clothes and stay in the mountains. He knew, as Peter didn't, that the escape would be front-page stuff the next morning, that his relationship would be known to every newspaper reader, that he would be exposed and ruined by it. He had a curious mixture of thoughts. Dislike of being the ruined Valjean of a respectable suburb was confused with a long-suppressed desire to be a Thoreau. He would build a cabin with his own hands up there in the isolated mountains. He was sufficiently selfish to want an excuse for deserting a home in the suburbs, a balky furnace, a wife and two children, with all the details they involved, in favor of a look at the moon across a mountain-top, a diet of raw vegetables, and the right not to shave. He had always wanted to live alone as a squatter in the deserted hills. But he wanted his brother to believe that he was sacrificing an assured position, a respectable social environment and the comforts of life, as some sort of recompense to the brother who had kept his mouth shut for ten years.

So when the prison clothes had been

burned, the chain filed off, he made modest mention of it, but it is doubtful if Peter heard him. He was far more interested in making what reporters persist in calling "his getaway." Which he did in a few moments walking down the hill sideways in the manner of a crab, pausing to wave at the turn in the trail. Jim Barnes then took from the bag and put on an old flannel shirt and khaki trousers, lighted his pipe and looked off over the hills. He was content.

A few hours later came the dawn, almost as quickly as it did at the Hollywood Vaudeville on Tuesday nights. Jim rolled out of his blanket, bathed his face in the cold brook and realized with a happy thrill that the first day of his new life was actually his to do with as he wished. He turned from the brook to walk back to the cave of his boyhood memories. Then he stopped suddenly. A large sign in shiniest A & P red was creaking gently in the morning breeze. It bore this simple message:

CAVE OF THE WINDS

Hamburgers, Waffles, Hot Cones
Clam Chowder

OPENS MAY 15TH

Development

BY KILE CROOK

LEVEL off the rises
And fill in the ravine;
Place trees of certain sizes
With intervals between;

Cut the elder bushes;
Smother out the brook;
Trample down the rushes
And straighten every crook;

Build two-storied boxes,—
Hispano-anglo-dutch;
Plant zinnias and phloxes,
Geraniums and such;

Lay a hard, smooth paving;
Venerate the sod . . .
*"Come live, at a great saving,
Midst the open fields of God."*

Sketches from the Eastward Valleys of the Pyrenees

BY GERARD WALLOP

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE PLAINS AND THE SEA ROAD TO SPAIN



OUR men were leaning over the bow of the packet from Havre, singing "Annie Laurie" softly into the night. They sang so softly that a yard away the waves drowned their song, and no one heard their singing but themselves. It was the last night of three weeks in which that peculiar rite was consecrated. To-morrow they would be scattered, but to-night, with the sea in their faces and three weeks of joyous vagabondage fresh in their minds, it was meet that they should sing their song.

The first night it had been sung was under the Avenue des Platanes, in the ancient capital of the Kings of Majorca. All day had been spent on the skirt of the sea and the mountain. We had (for it is simpler that I should confess to "we" at once) gone to Argeles, a tiny town gathered round its tall church tower, huddled on one side from the sea, and on the west from the vineyards and cork groves that ran from there in long lines to the mountain whose blue feet were all that the clouds would let us see. Once, for a dazzling moment, the clouds had parted high up, and we had caught a sight of Canigou's snow peaks, standing over us with the sunlight playing in every color of the rainbow on her. But only for one precious second. At Argeles we found an auberge and a dejeuner of gigantic proportions—savory garlic, and a collation of the strongest fish that ever came out of the Mediterranean, washed down by the soft red vin du pays, which is not the least of the Roussillon's blessings.

Replete and hiccoughishly benign, we

took up our sticks and found the sea road that leads to Spain. A few miles of song (for however tuneless some of us might be, the will to sing is the spirit of the Pyrenees) brought us to the first fingers of the mountain, where they trailed lazily into the sea. Here we found wild lavender beginning to catch our knees, as we left the road and started to run through a cork grove down toward the sea. The smell of the wild lavender, and the sheets of their purple flowers in the sunlight through cork leaves, once sniffed and seen, will not easily leave you. We came out on the edge of the cliff, where it first turns into a headland, in token of mountainhood. The wild lavender became stunted and sparse, and instead grew thyme and sea-pink and strange saxifrages that drowned the smell of the sea fifty feet beneath us. It lay calm and blue, as the very sky above it; here and there with a faint wisp of mist coiled lazily on the surface. Far beyond, out against Majorca, under the horizon, stood a piled city of clouds in the sunlight. Just at our feet was a tiny cove with a shingle beach and brown pools groined in the rocks. So we scrambled down the little cliff, deliriously each chose a rock for his clothes, left them there, and then shivered, waiting for the next man to take the first reckless step. It was April, and the sky was warm—we were not quite so sure of the sea. Being cowards, we lined up and let no man stay behind to mock. That bath was an unforgotten glory. If you can imagine an eighteen-hour rumble, second-class, in anything but a train de luxe, and a night of incredible stuffiness in an inside room of a hotel, with washing materials too primitive to belong to anything but a front-line dug-out—if you can feel the first joy in the freedom of the roads after laborious