

THE HARVEST TREASURE

The harvest stands
In golden rows;
In her bright dress
The tall vine grows.

Over the field
Among the sheaves,
Butterflies dance
On golden leaves.

And more wealth
Than worlds can hold
Gleam in a fragment
Of this gold.

—THE SCARRED BARD—

The ARTSMen have always maintained that the SCIENCE-men are always and so constantly absorbed in the minute and the derivatives thereof that they lack communication with the grand and ennobling world that spins macroscopically about them. Here is a little gem that slipped almost unnoticed from the realm of the notebook and slide-rule. Weigh it in the balance and see if the technophiles are really missing much.

It seems that a few of the budding engineers forsook their books and instruments long enough to submit to some acculturation when *Hamlet* was in town, and when the presentation was later undergoing the usual critical dissection, of course it was one of these practical gentlemen who stated with that measure of reserve characteristic of men meddling in modern mechanics, "I thought Ophelia was aerodynamically perfect."

A SEA STORY

The placid bay lay under the lazy haze of a July afternoon the rippleless water of the bay had a deep hue of blue which seemed to be a reflection of the cloudless sky above. A few people lay on the sunny expanse of soft, white sand sunning themselves as one would see a dog do on a warm day in winter. People came here on these weekends to get away from the humdrum of crazy city life and to live on this rugged secluded coast at least a few hours, undisturbed by the noise of the city,—racing cars, howling sirens, the staccato beat of typewriters, and the unrelenting wave of human voices.