

beloved to all those who appreciate the beauty of finer things. Across the Pont du Carrousel and ancient Pont Neuf to the beautiful and inspiring church of Notre Dame, perched on the Ile de la Cite and embraced by a small narrow arm of the quietly flowing Seine. We passed the Place Vendome, with its bronze column erected by Napoleon, and then up the Rue de la Paix, dear to the hearts of fashionable women the world over. Then we were on Montmartre; all of Paris lay spread before us. On our far left we could see the Eiffel Tower, and Arc of Triumph. In back of us was the gleaming, ivory whiteness of the Basilica of the Sacre-Coeur, resembling somewhat India's Taj Mahal. We strolled around Montmartre's narrow cobbled streets for a short while, stopping at an art shop to buy a couple of small paintings and then we were off again, through the steeply sloping streets, the haunts of some famous Parisian artists slipping further behind us. So it continued until five when we left our touring coach at the Place de l' Opera and headed for the Eiffel Tower.

The tower reaches upward for slightly less than one thousand feet. From its gusty peak we saw a miniature Paris below, with the silver ribbon of the Seine winding at our feet.

In a very small way, that is how I saw an eternal city, perhaps not everlasting in a material sense, but as long as there are people who love love and life, and that will be until man draws his last breath, there will always be a Paris—if only in memory. Its atmosphere of romance will be perpetuated in the hearts of lovers the world over, and in the hearts of those who forever seek beauty.

—A. T. S. '59—

CITY-CIDE

As Maud approached the streetcar stop, she attracted many a stare. Perhaps it was because of the way she strode along in her heavy-soled shoes, with her arms pumping vigorously. Or perhaps it was because she stopped every so often to pat one or another of her four-footed followers—animated bundles of dirty, mangy-looking fur and bones.

While Maud was patting yet another reasonable facsimile of man's best friend, she noticed the streetcar rapidly approaching the stop, and broke into a run. Such was her momentum that when she reached the stop, she was just in time to give the last passenger, a fastidious, very dignified gentleman, a little unexpected assistance as he entered the car.

"Oh, 'scuse me, Mister! Are yuh hurt bad?" she puffed, yanking him to his feet, and swatting dust from his formerly spotless grey suit. "Honest Mister, I just couldn't git meself stopped in

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time when I got here. Gorsh sakes, I darn near missed this here vehickel! Haw haw haw, yuh shore looks funny with that there dust on yer chin, Mister! Say, here's that thingamuhjig yuh had stuck on yer nose," she added, handing him his pince-nez. This venerable gentleman trembled with indignation and sputtered with wrath as he rubbed ineffectively at the dust on his chin.

But Maud did not notice his anger. By this time, she was offering the driver a handful of pennies. "Here yuh are, Mister. Gorsh, I gotta lotta cents here—haw haw haw, that's a joke, see . . . gotta lotta cents—sense, see?"

Impatiently pointing to the sign, the driver exclaimed, "Look here, Lady, can't you read? That sign says single tickets cost a dime."

Loudly and indignantly, our heroine protested. "Hey," she said, "what's wrong with cents? They's money, ain't they? Whaddya want a dime fer anaways? Back home in Hickville Old Jim Smith—God rest his soul—he up an' died about a year ago with a bad case of the flu,—Old Jim allus took cents. An' what's good enuf fer Old Jim Smith is good enuf fer you!" The driver, however, was obdurate in demanding the proper change, and finally, from among the bits of string, breadcrumbs, sugar lumps, safety pins, hair pins, straight pins, and the two dead crickets which she had in her pocket, Maud extricated the required coin.

"Whew! Whatta nut!" breathed the harrassed driver, with a sigh of relief, when at last Maud was seated in the back of the car with her transfer and her ticket. Her ticket! Oh no, not that! But it was so. She hadn't deposited her ticket. Bracing himself and squaring his shoulders, the weary driver set out to collect it.

"Muh ticket? Whaddya want that fer? Well, I got it here someplace—had it just a minit ago. Hey, hold this here junk fer a minit will yuh?" And before he realized her intention, the driver found himself holding a collection of pins, string, and crumby coins, while Maud searched for the bothersome bit of paper. "Nope, it ain't in that there pocket. Well, mebbe it's in me other one. Nope—not there either. Guess I just ain't got it anymore. Musta lost it, I guess . . . mebbe I swallered it. Ain't got it now anyways, that's fer sure."

In vain the driver kept insisting that he must have the ticket; Maud kept insisting that she didn't know where it was. At last, head whirling, the defeated driver returned, ticketless, to the wheel and once more the heroine of this tale turned her attention upon the scenery.

A few minutes later she wiped her perspiring brow. "Gosh, it sure is darn warm in here, ain't it?" she said to her neighbor, a meticulously attired blonde model with an elaborately arranged coiffure.

"Yes, isn't it?" murmured the model, raising her eyebrows with a slight shudder as she drew her skirts closer about herself.

"Glad yuh agree, Lady, Guess I'll just open up this here winder a mite," and, leaning across her neighbor, Maud threw open the window. Immediately a great gust of wind produced a most unusual type of coiffure quite unlike the model's former arrangement. Oblivious to the girl's rapidly rising blood pressure, Maud remarked pleasantly, "Gorsh, I shore do admire yer hairdo, Lady. Guess it's what they call that there "windswept look", eh? Makes me kinda homesick. Reminds me of Grammaw—God rest her soul. She usta look like that when she comed in from milkin' the cows on a real wicked evenin'."

The seething model was still attempting to summon a suitably scathing reply, when she received a sharp jab in the ribs. It was Maud again, this time excitedly attempting to direct her attention to a sight at the corner, where the streetcar was waiting for the light to change. Turning to the open window, the girl found herself face to face with a wheezy bleary-eyed milk-wagon nag, sagging on her wobbly legs.

"Will yuh just look at them there eyes," breathed Maud. "Just like me paw's. Gorsh, the poor thing. I wonder if I got any sugar." As she searched, she casually heaped the contents of her pockets in the model's lap. This horrified young lady, upon seeing the crickets, rushed off the car, screaming hysterically.

For a moment, Maud stared after her in bewilderment, shrugged, gathered her belongings off the floor, and since the milk-wagon was now about a block behind, she popped the sugar into her own mouth. Sucking noisily and contentedly, she gazed about. Suddenly she spied in the next seat, a prosperous-looking business man, reading the morning paper. Leaning over the seat, Maud said, conversationally, "Hey, Mister, how's Lil Abner gittin' along? Did anyone git Tiny in the Sadie Hawkins Day race?" But this gentleman was not to be enticed into conversation. He rose abruptly and moved to another seat.

A few minutes later, Maud scrambled to her feet and lurched up to the driver. "Say, Mister," she demanded. "How much longer do we gotta drive to git to McGregor Street?"

In a completely resigned voice the driver replied, "Lady, if you want to get to McGregor Street you should be going West instead of North. You're on the wrong car!"

Maud got off at the next stop, and was last seen stomping Eastward along the boulevard, pausing now and then to pat an occasional thorough-bred mongrel.

Later that day the driver resigned his job, in favor of something less nerve-wracking; he is now in Nevada, employed as a target on the atomic testing grounds.

—DOREEN CUSACK '58—