

Deep in the shadow that rolls to
the west,
Say will you pass in your voyage
o'er the crest
Of horizon, the planes that we
search in our sorrow—
The men who were fighting, nor
came back to rest?"

On the whole, this little collection
of verse is a notable achievement by
so young a writer, and shows con-
siderable promise. It is to be hoped
that under peace conditions Mr.
Thomas will continue to cultivate his
acquaintance with the Muse.

—R. A. H.

“When It Struck Home”

By Francis J. Dickie

SHEA, still bleary-eyed and a little
shaky from his long debauch,
stood listlessly on the street staring
at the chalk-written board in front
of the employment agent's office.
Tattered and dirty was Shea, and
almost penniless. He stood there
alone, solitary, apart from the crowd
that was passing by. Away down
the track of the railroad nearby the
whistle of the six o'clock inbound ex-
press echoed mournfully on the chill
air of the early winter evening. It
was almost dark.

The man wondered a little dully
where to go next; the offered jobs
on that board before him held out no
possibilities. It was more of animal
thought, the knowledge of necessity
for food and shelter, than anything
else. And the man was now almost
an animal. Fifteen years of constant
toil in lumber woods, on railroad
grade, the mines and upon the steel,
had left little of sentiment or finer
feelings about him. He did not care
any more, he had nothing for which
to care—no friends, no family, no
home.

Down the badly-lighted street,
home-bound workers were hurrying;
a trolley car rattled by with loud
rumbling and slight creaking of
wheels on frosty rail; mingled with
the workers and the home-hurrying

crowd, transient, stake-spending men
from distant camps, rough of dress
and loud of voice, passed by. But
Shea paid no attention to them. His
eyes still gazed upon the board,
though he saw not the chalk marks
thereon. Again the express whistled
for the east switch, and a moment
later with loud clanging pulled into
the depot, a few blocks away from
where the laborer stood.

The voice of a child caught Shea's
attention, and he looked around.
Holding tight to the hand of a little
woman, a boy of about six was trot-
ting gamely along to keep pace with
his hurrying mother.

Almost in front of Shea they both
came suddenly to a stop, and the
laborer was conscious that, grip in
hand, a man had also halted.

“Oh, it's you; we were a little
late,” she said.

In reply the man leaned down to
kiss his greeters.

He was a big man, Shea noted;
clean of face, fine of feature, neat of
dress. A type of successful business
man, the man possessed of a home, a
family, and all the things that are
worth while.

The group had stood but a mo-
ment and were gone, on up the street,
unnoticing, unseeing the strange,
hungry light that had leaped to the