

as if overcome by fear. A shrill, cackling laugh pierces the air, and then the one in green speaks.

Figure: Ah, my fine fellows, I have you at last. (Extends a clutching hand). From henceforth you are in my power, slaves of the tyrant Mammon. (Points to the silent figure). Him have you freed from his bonds. However, I have lost but one and gained two. Come here and receive your reward. (The two men approach, as if in a hypnotic state, extending their hands before them. The figure takes from among his green robes a number of gold chains, with which he fetters their hands. Once again he laughs, and the men draw away. Then he turns toward the audience, and, with withering scorn utters these words): "And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Curtain Falls.

A. R. D., '26.

AUTUMN SHADES

Pale saffron clouds lie loose along the sky,
Like blossoms from an angel's hand;
Above the purple hills, hung white and high,
One virgin star shines o'er the harvest land,
And, midst the tasselled sheaves, the low wind stirs
Like the sweet sound of distant dulcimers.

Saving for this, in all the glimmering reach
Of sundown interval and fallow fair,
There is no song, no sigh, no sound of speech,
But only a great silence everywhere,
With dream and peace and beauty peopled through
And in my heart a starry thought of you.

O. T. R., '26.