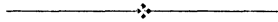


think that a little blood on his shoe would cause a man to limp peculiarly the rest of his life? It is hard to forget that one clean spot on the floor in this world of grease and dirt. Especially when the repulsive odor of strong disinfectant still seems to cling to the spot, and he can still close his eyes and see that twisted form lying there.

FIFTEEN years it took him to forget a similar twisted form—another friend killed also by a machine—not a beautiful, harmless looking, quietly humming, spark-throwing grinder, but a destructive engine that killed men by design. Fifteen years is a long time to remember how still a man lies when a piece of shrapnel hits him full in the face just below the rim of that comical steel hat. Will it be another fifteen years before he forgets that a man lies just as still when killed while making an axle for one of those engines?

No wonder that twenty-three thousand four hundred times a year he warily watches that beautiful, harmless wheel.



Snared

Margaret Himmel



Night has caught me in her trap;
She's bound me down with tall damp grass
And hung a million stars to glitter in my eyes,
The moon to leer at me.
She's sent the searing south wind
To whisper in my ears, "Remember!"
And left me only emptiness to clutch.