

A RED SUNSET

By Bertha Helen Crabbe

THE boy was small and pale, and rather cocky over his new gray spring suit, with the lavender tie and socks and the lavender-banded hat. The girl with him did not do justice to his splendors, and he knew it. Pulling down his vest with uneasy self-consciousness, he looked stealthily around the crowded car to see if anyone were taking note of the discrepancy between her appearance and his own. All day it had worried him more or less; now for some reason it assumed an irritating importance. He glared furiously into those eyes which happened to meet his, and drummed upon the straw covering of the car seat. After a time he glanced sidewise at the girl.

He admitted that she was a "cute enough" little thing, with her sharp, elfish face and quick wit, but there was no doubt about the fact that her black dress skirt was threadbare and spotted, and her white waist had seen many days of wear since its last laundering. Her hat and shoes, too, were decidedly shabby. It was a shame, the boy thought, that he had drawn such a poor prize. He had not noticed her clothes much that morning when he picked her up on the avenue and invited her to spend the day with him at Seaside. It was her face which had attracted him. There was something avidly alive and daring about it that had centered his attention immediately, and had kept it centered without flagging during all that long full day of junketing.

But this was the hour of disillusionment. It had come to others beside the boy. The whole carful of pleasure-weary, home-going people was oppressed by it. Rouge showed too brazenly upon cheek and lip, eyes were tired and resentful, wit was acrid and slow to respond. Again these people had been cheated out of the perfect happiness which they had sought, and vaguely pricking into their consciousness was the knowledge that on the next holiday they would spring just as confidently to the search and be just as cleverly cheated.

The boy thought it was the girl who had cheated him, and he could not endure being cheated. It turned him sullen and pettishly vengeful. He scowled darkly at her. She must have grit to keep up such a rapid-fire display of charms under his perfectly apparent displeasure. But he did not admire her grit; it was stupid and senseless. He had long since ceased to play up to her. Her merry quips and gay flights of nonsense had grown stale from over-use, the flash of her black eyes had become meaningless, her smiles were like clever pieces of mechanism designed to display her small, crooked white teeth; all her methods of charm and attraction were ugly and distinct beneath the surface of her art.

The boy was sick of her. He drew away as far as the seat would permit. She immediately moved nearer. He frowned out of the window across the aisle. She leaned over in front of him,

and chattered up into his averted face. Suddenly he turned and glared at her, his little blue eyes savage, his lips snarling.

Her light laughter broke off, suspended in mid-air. Her face stiffened, the small chin grew sharp. "Why'n't you bite my head off?" she snapped.

With a founce she turned her back upon him, and looked out of the window. He could see the cords in her neck jerk with the furious chewing of her gum. From his point of vantage he looked her over resentfully. Her straight black hair grew in witches' locks in the nape of her neck, her ears were small and vixenish, there was a rim of grime above her rumpled lace collar. He hated the girl.

"I hope you know me the next time you see me!" She flashed around and caught the hatred in his eyes.

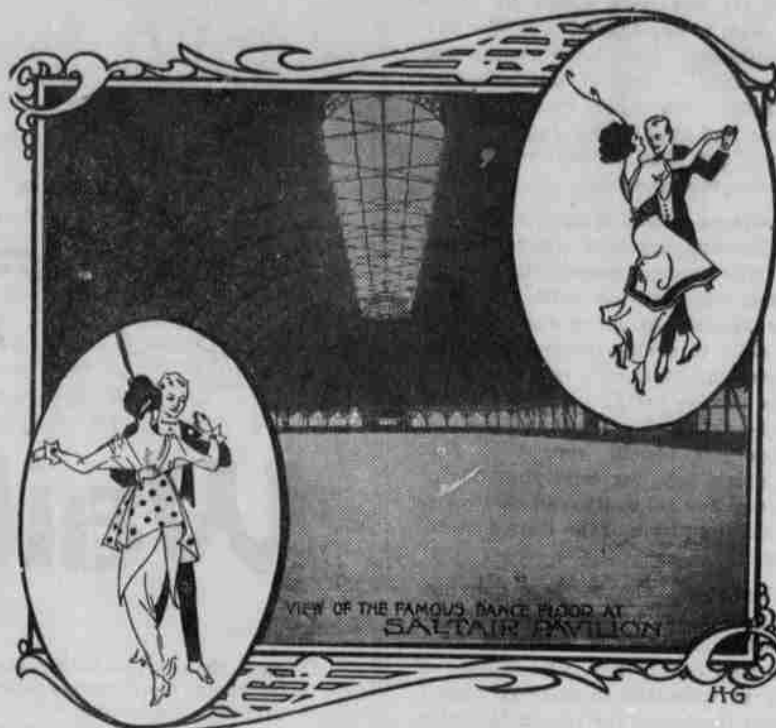
He flushed and muttered unintelligibly.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?" the girl demanded. "Ain't I played up to you all day the best I know how. Ain't I smiled till my cheeks cracked and kept my brain hummin' thinking up things to please you? Ain't I pretended I liked hot dogs when they near choked me? Ain't I made out I was scared of the waves, and screamed my head off so you could feel tickled and superior? Didn't I make you think it was the strongest, bravest man in the world to go out beyond the life lines? Ain't I made myself out a poor, mean, little sneakin' liar a thousand times today just to please you? Ain't I worked like the devil to please you? Say, boy, I want you to know I've paid a thousand times over today for this trip, and I want what's comin' to me! I want you to know I ain't goin' to stand for you turnin' sour on me like this!"

The boy looked at her helplessly. "Aw, shut up," he said, jerking his head backward with an awful effort at bravado.

Something desperate welled up in the girl's black eyes. "Shut up nothin'!" she cried. "I want you to understand you've got to treat me square! There hasn't been one minute this blessed day that I ain't had every nerve stretched to please you! I ache like I'd been pounded, tryin' to give you your money's worth of good time! I'm square, I tell you! No fellow ever spent a dime on me that he didn't get full measure for it. I'd like to know how you think I feel to work myself to the limit all day, and then have you turn me down like this! Men make me sick! They make me dog-sick! I wish you could be a girl for a minute, and see how it feels. Gee, what a girl does for a man, how she crawls and scrunches and lies and knuckles under, how she trots out all she's worth and jingles it before his eyes like somebody jingles a watch-chain to get a baby to smile! It makes me sick! I'm tired of it! I'm done! You can go to blazes if you want to, you poor, little, fed-up shrimp! I'm done!" She turned her back upon him, and

Saltair Season In Full Swing



DECORATION DAY—Thursday— saw the opening of the twenty-sixth consecutive summer season of Saltair, Utah's greatest pleasure resort, and the big lakeside playground was crowded to capacity the opening day and night.

Thousands of dollars have been expended by the Saltair company this year in beautifying the resort, and it has never looked more beautiful than now. The big dance floor is in perfect order, the music being furnished by one of Utah's best band organizations, Sweeten's band. The immense picnic pavilion has been renovated and redecorated and is ready for those who take their lunches and dinners and go to the lake for the afternoon.

The biggest, new attraction is the splendid "movie" house opened this year for the first time, with its \$8,800 organ and expert organist in charge. First-run Bluebird and Jewel productions are shown at this house, and absolutely no admittance is charged. It is another free entertainment provided by the management for those adults and children who would like to drop into a theatre for an hour or so, and

leaned her elbows on the window-sill.

The train rattled out on the long trestle. The sun was setting over the bay. Its light was of a peculiar transparency. The whole car was flooded with it. The passengers blinked and moved uneasily in their places. They seemed furtively on guard. It was an uncomfortably conspicuous and obtrusive sunset. It was keen, compelling beauty which must be reckoned with. Gradually, faces unconsciously played upon by feeling lifted to it. Here and there one became refined to pure spirit.

Slowly the girl turned away from the window. Her eyes were bewildered with beauty. She looked at the boy. He stared at her, his face strained and

indications point to its being one of the most popular attractions of the season.

"Captain," a trained horse, who can add, multiply, subtract, and divide, and is guaranteed to make the correct change from a cash register, is another new addition to the attractions of the pleasure resort.

Every concession is in splendid condition, all being thoroughly gone over and put into fine shape, with a number of new concessions added.

One of the biggest carousals ever brought into the state has been installed, boasting an organ that cost many thousands of dollars. A captive airplane is to be installed as soon as it arrives.

The Ship Cafe, under the direction of C. E. LeMaire, promises to be more popular this year than before, and already many "sunset dinners at the lake" are being planned.

The same train schedule as last year prevails, the first afternoon train leaving at 2 o'clock, others following every forty-five minutes thereafter. The automobile road is in splendid shape, and ample parking space has been provided at the lake.

awed and baffled of understanding.

"Say, kid," he faltered softly, "that's a great sunset, ain't it?"

A dazzling smile flashed over her face. "It sure is!" she agreed in a glad, singing voice.—From the Bellman (Minneapolis).

A village butcher, a big man, possessed a deep voice, and he was exercising it at the local concert organized for the children's school treat by singing several unapplauded encores. "My!" exclaimed the school trustee's wife; "hasn't he an extensive repertory?" "Well, I shoudn't like to say that," said the local dressmaker; "but he certainly is getting rather stout."