

## BANAL STORY

**S**O HE ate an orange, slowly spitting out the seeds. Outside the snow was turning to rain. Inside the electric stove seemed to give no heat and rising from his writing table he sat down upon the stove. How good it felt. Here at last was life.

He reached for another orange. Far away in Paris Mascart had knocked Danny Frush cuckoo in the second round. Far off in Mesopotamia 21 feet of snow had fallen. Across the world in distant Australia the English Cricketers were sharpening up their wickets. There was Romance.

Patrons of the arts and letters have discovered The Forum, he mused. It is the guide, philosopher and friend of the thinking minority. Prize short stories—will their authors write our best sellers of tomorrow?

You will enjoy these warm, homespun, American tales, bits of real life on the open ranch, in crowded tenement or comfortable home and all with a healthy undercurrent of humor.

I must read them, he thought.

His thoughts raced on. Our children's children—what of them? Who of them? New means must be discovered to find room for us under the sun. Shall this be done by war or can it be done by peaceful methods?

Or will we all have to move to Canada?

Our deepest convictions—will Science upset them? Our civilization—is it inferior to older orders of things.

And meanwhile in the far off dripping jungles of Yucatan sounded the chopping of the axes of the gum choppers.

Do we want big men—or do we want them cultured? Take Joyce. Take President Coolidge. What star must our college students aim at? There is Jack Britton. There is Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Can we reconcile the two? Take the case of Young Stribling.

And what of our daughters who must make their own Soundings? Nancy Hawthorne is obliged to make her own Soundings in the sea of life. Bravely and sensibly she faces the problems which come to every girl of eighteen.

Are you a girl of eighteen? Take the case of Joan of Arc. Take the case of Bernard Shaw. Take the case of Betsy Ross.

Think of these things in 1925—Was there a risqué page in Puritan History? Were there two sides to Pocahontas?