Puddles

Isabel March*
Men—the butcher, the baker, the hardware dealer, the bootlegger—seemed to ooze into the station. One had a star on his coat.

"Sorry to get all you boys out of bed at this hour, but business is business. I've seen this feller's picture before. 'Gentleman Jim,' the Federals call him. We'll be well paid for our catch, I reckon."

They all went to the city, partly because they were afraid the village jail wouldn't hold such a notorious man, but mostly because they liked a show. The sun was up when Reynolds and the marshall started home. Tommy was asleep on the back seat.

"Well, Ed, that was a fine cash register he wrecked for you last night, wasn't it?"

"Yeah." Reynolds spat over the side of the car. "We liked it a lot. We called it 'Susie'."

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**Beauty**

By Mildred Clay

Things that are lovely are transitory:
The graceful spiral of a falling leaf,
The silvery wisp of a new moon,
Smiling eyes,
The rippling of wind on a golden field;
Fairies, and dreams,
And butterflies.

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**Puddles**

Uninteresting and muddy by day,
Changed by the lovely, low,
Floating, pink clouds at sunset
To a miracle of landscape—
Pink puddles.

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**Puddles**

By Isabel March