And Spring Came

William Craig*

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of blue tobacco tins and glimmering cigarette cases a red and white sign beamed its message. "Smoke Chesterfields. They Satisfy." Slowly Harry turned to the door, hesitated a moment with his hand on the latch, then sauntered in.

"Register," he said to the spectacled little man at the counter. A quarter jingled on the coin-scarred, glass case. The newspaper rustled softly as Harry took it from the counter, folded it carefully and thrust it into his overcoat pocket."

"Anything else?"

The inside of Harry's mouth was uncomfortably hot and dry. Tiny drops of perspiration gleamed from his frowning forehead. Slowly his office-white hand rose to pass lightly over his parched lips, hesitated for a moment on his chin, then dropped to the counter, palm upward.

"Oh, yeah, and—and a package of Camels."

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**And Spring Came**

William Craig

Arch. E. So.

He said, "Let the earth be
With beauty upon it,
And men that may see,
May hear and enjoy it."

And spring came.

And men grew restless
And quarreled and fought,
And killed each other—
Earth's beauty forgot!

And spring came.

And He said, "Why
Should beauty be gone?
I'll let men die,
And beauty live on."

And spring came.