

FEATURE PAGE

"PETER"

by ANNIE

He was sitting on the step when she came. It was afterwards to become his favorite position, and he would sit on the landing of the outside steps, peer around the corner, and survey the doings of the alley and street. He liked it there for it was put of the early fall wind and the sun felt warm on his coat. She, the woman-thing, smelt good in a way not altogether strange to him. She radiated a feeling of kindness that soothed him and gave him the confidence to follow her as she went in the place. She made some sounds which made him feel at home and after awhile some milk was put down. Then he went back to the step and the sun.

He came back often, and then stayed. He liked it there. The male-thing was not too bad: there was a kind feel about it and it played with him and stroked him and talked to him. True, he did not know what was said, but that did not matter, for the tone was either playful, or teasing, or caressing, and he understood. The tone of the male-thing was sometimes angry, and when it slapped its hands together he put back his ears and flicked his tail.

One of the things that had interested him was the golden gleam and flash that he saw on the table. He smelled water and rose on his hind legs to find out. Not high enough—ah!—there was a low thing, and he jumped up on to it. Angry sounds greeted him and he felt alarm from the two things. The male-thing slapped its hands and as he instinctively drew back the intriguing gold flicker was taken away. He forgot about this strange object but remembered other sounds, the sounds that were warnings, and the sounds that meant him. They used to open the door that led to the outside and call and after a while he recognized their voices. He came to connect the sound "Peter" with food and if he felt hungry, or wanted to go inside, he came. He usually did not come, though, for it was not cold and he enjoyed the grass.

One day he nearly decided to leave, and it came about this way. He always stayed in the Place at least part of the night. That was one of the reasons why he liked to stay there, for the window—that funny thing where you could see out or in and could go through—was always left open and he could come and go as he liked. They were seldom there during the day but they came and gave him food and they were there to pet and play with him in the evenings. One place—he knew it was a place for they went in and out and he smelled water and had smells—he could not go. They kept the door that led to it closed and that kept him out. One night he came in and, feeling restless and hungry as it became light, he went to the place of food and heat to see if anything was left in his dish. The smelly place was open. Smells—good smells—tickled his nose, and with his tail erect, he went in. No food, but he smelled water, and it called forth memories. On his hind legs he looked over the rim of a low thing and found water inside. Disappointed, he looked around, and in the dim light a golden glint caught his eye. Nose quivering, the tip of his tail gently waving, he stood there looking up. They weren't there to stop him—he would find out what it was! One jump and he was up beside them and could look right down on them. Now he knew what they were: they were fish! They flashed and flashed around and he licked his lips. His tail lashed with excitement as the smell tickled his empty stomach. Tentatively he made a dab with his paw at the terrified gold fish and drew it back in surprise to feel the cold and the wet. His lips lifted at the corners in a half snarl, his eyes were mere pin points and he trembled all over as desire gripped him. He made a quick scooping stroke with his paw and was rewarded with even more terrified flutterings. Again he tried and with a wet "Slop!" a flopping frantic shape was on the floor. Down he went and it was gone in a single gulp. The process was repeated one, two, three times

He was still dabbing at a bowl empty of fish and only half full of water, in an ecstasy of excitement when the male-thing came in. During the next few minutes he made his resolution to leave. Those minutes weren't pleasant, but they could have been worse; he decided later. The only reason he did not leave then and there was because it was raining. He hated getting wet—wasn't he wet enough already? So he staid off and lay down to wash his paws and face behind the couch. He was surprised when they called him for breakfast, and though he wasn't hungry he ate what he could because he thought he had better.

Domestic affairs remained tranquil after that. The window was always open, even though it got quite cold. True, the gap for him to get through became narrower and narrower and once it fell and took a few hairs out of his tail, but he always managed to scrape through it and out. There was a convenient neighbouring garbage can if he did not care for his food at home too much. Besides, it was fun daring

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The Thin End Of The Wedge

CIVILIZATION

New York Herald-Tribune: A girl in a bar stuffed nickels in a juke-box for one uninterrupted hour, and during that time played nothing but a tune called "Civilization," known also to some as "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo" and to others by the sixfold repetition of the word "No" with which the first line ends. Another customer promptly shot her and then, for good measure, shot the bartender. This appears eminently reasonable, but more careful consideration of the case will convince the thoughtful that the problem goes deeper than that. The juke-box, after all, remains; so does the record; so do women with nickels. Furthermore, shootings inside a bar are always to be deplored; they disturb the customers, sometimes break bottles and are often characterized by poor marksmanship.

If there is any recourse, it must be approached in a more fundamental manner. One must proceed back through the woman with nickels, through the record, through the juke-box, to the original malefactor: the men who wrote the song. They are the guilty ones, for violence was inevitable the moment "Civilization" was published. Here is where legislation can have a substantial effect. Let us make it the law that hereafter the authors of any popular song must hear it played, without interruption, or six hours before they will be permitted to make it public. Such a restriction would make it unlikely that any such song as "Civilization" would ever be published again; it would, in fact, make it unlikely that any popular song would be published. Nothing could be fairer than that.

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"PETER"

Continued from Col. 1, and 2

the person who owned the garbage to stop him. This person was of two colours, not like Peter (who was proud of his smooth silky black coat) and older, and sometimes Peter did not escape his claws when he made a stroke at him. Then he would come running to the Place, and if the window wasn't open, he would scratch for dear life at the window pane. But then sometimes the other person would pretend that he did not see Peter on the steps, who would slowly edge up the steps with his ears flattened and the top of his tail gently waving. Peter would keep his eye on the other person, as he sneaked up, but the owner of the garbage can would dream on, his attitude disdainfully suggesting that Peter was too young a person to be of interest to him, that Peter knew nothing of the ways of life and was below his notice. Then Peter's tail would wave and he would try and break through the other's disdain. When he had succeeded he would hurriedly return home to be patted and have metaphin put on his scratches and on his torn ear. He liked being sympathized with and soothed, but he detested the rest of the treatment. Sometimes the episode ended in tail-lashings, hard words, and slaps.

One day a piece-of-outdoors appeared on the porch and Peter smelled it and liked its green freshness. It was leaning up against his window and its parts stroked his back as he went under it. Soon the male-thing came out, shook off the snow from the piece of outdoors and dragged it in. There was much noise, which scared Peter (he hid behind the couch and watched distrustfully) and then the tree was standing in the corner. The male-thing put down rustling things and Peter loved that. He jumped and it crackled and rustled under his paws and was altogether lovely. The male-thing made threatening noises and motions and Peter retired and watched while more paper was put down, then he came out and played and the male-thing made noises of pleasure and joy.

Peter was struck by a smell, a few days later, that sent him into ecstasy as he came through the window. For joy he pranced and the tip of his tail flicked as he went, nose up, looking for the smell. He found it soon enough and it was so strong it drove all thoughts of hunger from him. It came from a little thing on the table in the other food room. Not the food-and-heat room, but the other. For a second he stood while his desire battled with the faint, but persistent, memory of smacks as his last told him to jump up on the table and get the thing with the smell. Lust triumphed and in a trice the thing was on the floor and Peter after it. He loved it. He rolled over and over with the little box in his fore-paws. He bit it and soon had the rustling things off it. The smell was stronger than ever and he pranced and jumped on it and pushed it, just as he used to push his little red rolling thing when he was younger. Finally he got into the stuff—that

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ARE YOU A

"Wish-I-
Could?"



IT'S amazing how many times you hear "I wish I could smoke a pipe" . . . especially when the solution is so very simple. Having decided to smoke a pipe it's best to start off with a Burley tobacco. It will keep your tongue cool, and once you light up it stays lit.

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