

The officer let go of the man, and took out his note book, "What's yer name?" he asked the man.

"Mark Anthony," was the calm yet startling answer.

"Hey? Say, you crazy or what?" suspiciously from the cop.

Both Ray and the officer stood dumbfounded. This man was either crazy or he was just stalling. But the man was willing to prove that he was Mark Antony. He was going to show them what was in that wooden box. He opened it, and showed it to Ray and the officer.

"Take a look at that vase! Isn't it a peach?" he asked. But Ray and the cop could see no vase. The box was EMPTY! The man was still speaking, "Cleopatra didn't want to give it to me, but I took it just the same."

Now Ray was sure of one thing: this man was crazy! He remembered the money! He hoped against hope that that part was not crazy too. He took out the money and stared at it. Somehow the money looked different. He let out a groan, "Fake!" was all he could say. After a while he continued, "Take him away with you, officer, before he takes a notion to show us something he swiped from Caesar."

"Nothing doing," replied the officer, "you take him to his palace, yourself. Do you think I want a crazy man tagging along after me? Nix, Mr. del Villar, you take him home."

But as Ray started to climb into the car, he heard the officer's voice.

"Hey, wait a minute. Where do you think you're going? I haven't given you your invitation yet."

"Oh. . . but officer. . .", this time Ray meant it, but the officer interrupted him with that old, old, line, "Tell it to the Judge!"

Ray turned to Patria, "See what you've done! If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't have gotten this ticket," and as he saw that Patria was about to speak, he let out a loud "Shut up!"

\* \* \*

The next day the clerk of the court cast out a big knowing pitiful glance as he saw Ray entering the court room. And when at the end of the hearing, Ray came towards him to pay his fine, he sighed, "They always come back."

Ray came out of the court house and slowly walked towards his old Chevrolet, where Patria was waiting for him. He was sadder (he had just paid his fine with his next month's allowance), and wiser, (he had learned another lesson). But the clerk was right after all, "they always come-back!"

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## Waiting

By Jorge Ma. Cui, H.S. '31

**T**WILIGHT on the bay. Against the blue and gold horizon, two silhouettes could be faintly discerned. On one of the rocks of the breakwater sat a boy and a girl. The girl was reading the last stanza of a beautiful poem:

*"In each sail that skims the horizon,  
In each land-ward blowing breeze,  
I behold that stately galley,  
Hear those mournful melodies;*

*"Till my soul is filled with longing  
For the secret of the sea,  
And the heart of the great ocean  
Sends a thrilling pulse through me."*

The girl stopped reading. She turned to her companion, who sat staring at the waves, which now and then dashed against the rocks at their feet.

"What's the matter, dear? Didn't you like that poem?"

"Yes, I liked it," he replied, "but I was just thinking how well that poem described me. I am an adventurer. Sometimes the feeling to go away and see the world is so strong within me that, I can hardly resist it." He paused, and after a while, seeing that his companion did not answer, he added, "Yesterday, I got a job on a steamer. I'm sailing away tomorrow."

"You mean that you're going away?"

"Yes, I'm going away. I'm going away to seek my fortune, and I shall come back when I'm rich." He paused, then he took her hand, "Promise me one thing, dear. Promise that you'll wait for me."

"I promise," she answered, "I shall wait even till death!"

"When you sit here to watch the sunset, you will think of me, won't you?"

"I shall think of you . . . always!"

For a moment he clasped her to his breast. Then he took the book from which she had, but a moment before, been reading and wrote:

"When the sun sinks to rest, remember I am thinking of you always."

\* \* \*

A year has passed. Luis was in America. Month after month she received letters from him. She answered them. Letters filled with love and tenderness. Suddenly he stopped writing. To Carolina it seemed as if the sun had set out of her life. Day after day, at twilight, she sat on the rocks where they had spent their last blissful hours together. She had lived those hours over and over again in her imagination, wept at the tender memory of their farewell. The little book, where he had written his sentiments, she treasured as she would the most priceless jewels.

As she sat on the rock, she thought of him far away somewhere, roving, looking for the pot of gold at the end of his rainbow. Had he found it? She thought too, of the day when he would come back to her. But would he? Doubts filled her mind, only to be quickly dispelled by the words he had writ-

ten in her book:

"When the sun sinks to rest, remember I am thinking of you always."

Yes, he still remembered her. He could not have forgotten her.

\* \* \*

Five years have passed. For Luis five years of hard work and now he had succeeded. He was rich! Now he could go back to his country to keep his promise to his loved one.

For Carolina those five years were years of waiting, years of hardship. She had met many men during the course of those five years. Many had loved her, and wished to marry her. But always the thought of him who toiled and labored in a far away country, kept her from accepting any one of them.

One day the newspapers printed the news of the sinking of the *S.S. Pacific*, on its way from New York to Manila. All the passengers and crew, the newspapers said, had perished. Little did Carolina dream that the man she had been waiting for, all these years was on that boat.

Gradually with the passing of years, she faded and languished, but the memory of her promise and his, still gave her hope. She was still young, but like the rose which has been neglected, she faded. No longer was she the beautiful girl, youth blooming in her face, whom Luis had left.

\* \* \*

A year afterwards, in one of the free wards of the Philippine General Hospital an old woman, poor and friendless, passed away to a better world. She was not exactly old, as far as years went, but her spirit spent with hopeless waiting, craved for the sleep that knows no waking.

A book, which she had clasped to her breast throughout her long illness, now slipped from her lifeless fingers. It fell to the floor, disclosing on one page the faded and almost illegible writing:

"When the sun sinks to rest, remember I am thinking of you always."

She had remembered! She had waited but in vain for the man who never came back!