

It was already four o'clock in the morning, and the eastern horizon was beginning to change from black to gray, as we said our farewells to our simple African hosts, and Botelho piloted us safely over the rough cart-road through the Brazilian jungle, back to the broad paved highway and on to the beautiful modern city of Rio, just as the first ray of the rising sun began to gild the top storeys of the taller buildings. We were back in another and totally different world — a world of reality.

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## THE TENDER ART

By ALDEN A. NOWLAN

The spark she struck with tender art  
To flame inside her lover's heart,  
Soon spread its fire in scarlet lanes  
And burnt along his pulsing veins.

The holocaust engulfed his years,  
Unsmothered by her desperate tears,  
And she, like one who bears the lash,  
Saw love and lover turn to ash.