

old houses here in Galesburg stand as always, occasionally the families living in them descendants of the families who built them in the deep peace of the eighties, nineties, the turn of the century, and the early twenties.

"Broad is a nice street, all right," I said to Marsh and he nodded.

"Very attractive. Last night, when I walked along it the crickets were buzzing in the trees." They weren't crickets, of course, but I didn't correct the man from Chicago. "A lot of living-room lights were lighted, and now and then I heard voices *murmuring from front porches*. There were fireflies over the lawns and bushes, and all in all I walked a lot farther than I'd meant to. So when I saw a streetcar coming toward me I decided I'd ride back to Main Street." Marsh leaned toward me, his cigar between thumb and forefinger, pointing its butt end at me. "You hear what I say? I said I saw that streetcar and I heard it, too, I don't care what anyone tells you." He sat back in his chair, regarding me bitterly, then continued.

"It was still a long way off when I first noticed it. But I saw the single round headlight moving slowly along toward me, swaying above the track down the middle of the street. Then I saw the light begin to glint along the rails, and a moment later heard the sound—there's no other sound just like it; a sort of steady, metallic hiss—of a streetcar moving along the rails.

"I saw it, I heard it, and I stepped out into the street to wait for it; there was no other traffic. I just stood there in the middle of the street beside the track waiting and thinking absently about the new factory. Down the street somewhere

a phonograph was playing. I recognized the tune; it was 'Wabash Blues,' and it slowed down for a few moments, the notes growling as they got slower and deeper. Then someone wound the phonograph and it speeded right up.

"Now, that motorman saw me; he must have. I signaled to make sure as the car came closer, stepping right up beside the rails to get into the beam of its light, and waving one arm. So he saw me, all right, and I saw him, very plainly. He had on a black uniform cap and wore a large mustache. He had on a blue shirt with a white stiff collar and a black tie, and a vest with flat metal buttons, and a gold watch chain stretching from pocket to pocket. That's how close I saw him but he never so much as glanced at me. I stood right there in the beam of his light waving my arm; it made a big swaying shadow down the street past us. Then all of a sudden, that car right on top of me, I saw that he wasn't going to stop; he hadn't even slowed down.

"The car swelled out at the sides the way a streetcar does, protruding well past the rails, and I was right next to the tracks. I was about to be hit by that car, I suddenly realized; *would* have been hit if I hadn't dropped back, falling to the street behind me like a ballplayer at bat dropping away from a badly pitched ball. Right back and down on my haunches I went, then lost my balance and sprawled out flat on my back on the street as that car rocked past me straight through the space I'd been standing in and went on by like a little island of light swaying off down the rails.

"I yelled after it. I was badly scared and I cursed that guy out. Still lying on my back in the dust of the street, I shouted so he could hear me, and a porch light snapped on. I didn't