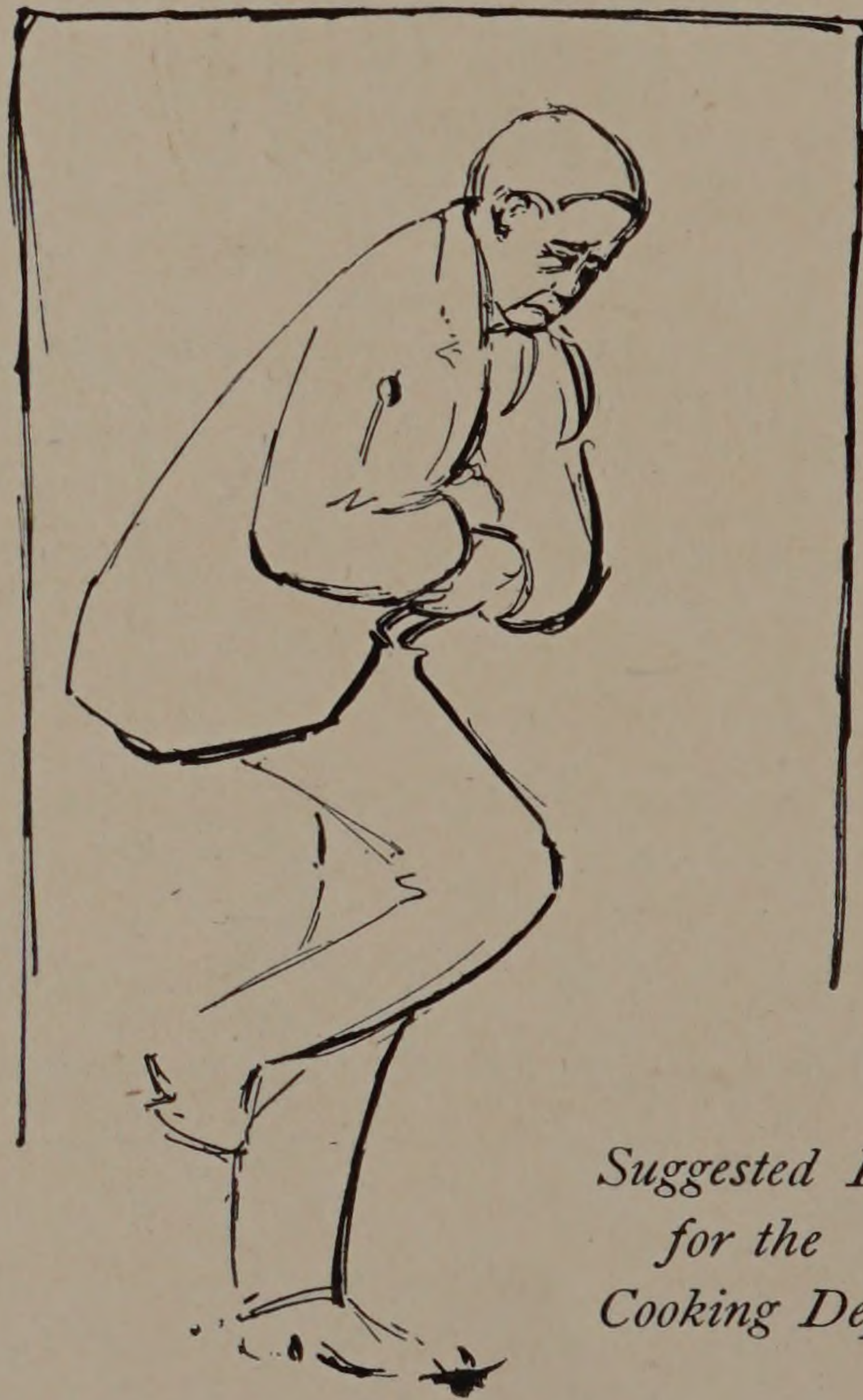


## The Tempering

*Finished my house, in seeming and in shape  
Gleaming and straight, the hammer's travail past;  
But false, false to the trusting hand's intent  
Too quick of edge, but edged too soft to last.*

*Slow slid the heat from within, and the tints  
Mirrored the loss, until the mottled shade  
Sign of my hour—then the chill fixing plunge,  
Then was I born, the Spirit of the Blade.*

—Thomas Wood Stevens.



*Suggested Pose  
for the  
Cooking Department*