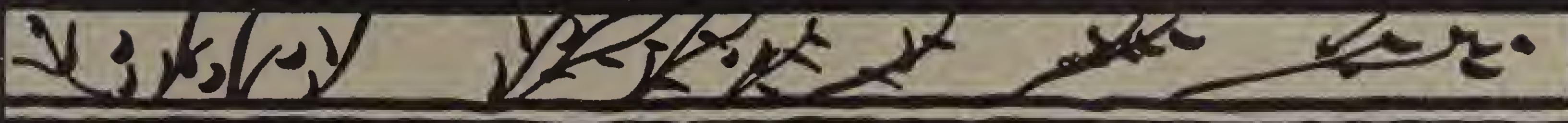


Homespun

EDMUND TURNER

Childhood Issue

HOMESPUN

A Literary Magazine Published By the Students of the Central High School, Greensboro, North Carolina

Entered As Second-Class Matter November 23, 1926, at the Post Office at Greensboro, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879

Volume II April · 1927 Number 4

Contents

Frontispiece .... Edmund Turner

The Weave
- The Miracle *(Verse)* .... Virginia Douglas
- The Development of Literature for Children .... Mary Jane Wharton
- The Poet Laureate of Childhood .... Beverly Moore
- Aeschipyrus' Epitaph *(Verse)* .... Zaidee Smith
- Robert Louis Stevenson.... Evelyn Rives, Nell D. Thurman
- Two Famous Children of History .... Pearl Johnson
- Who Was "Mother Goose"? .... E. Ruth Abbott
- A Memory of Childhood *(Verse)* .... Ruth Heath
- A Favorite of Children .... Frances Coble
- Riley's Attitude Toward Children .... Ernest Scarboro
- Two Child Prodigies .... Mae Murchison
- The Thought *(Verse)* .... Zaidee Smith
- Injustices to Childhood .... Carlton Wilder

Colors in the Weave
- Running Away .... Jack Coble
- Long Pants .... John M. Brown
- Imitation .... Emma Griffin
- A Fishing Trip .... Effie Scales
- Hero-Worship .... Mary Lynn Carlson
- The Preacher's Visit .... John Allred
- Sittin' by the Fire .... Mary Lyon Leak
- Love at Six .... Miriam Block
- The Age-Old Conflict *(Verse)* .... William Scott
- Valuables .... Joe Mann
- Little Brother .... Margaret High
- Getting Even .... William Pemberton
- All for a Dime .... Ralph Cook
- A Tragedy of Childhood .... Mary Jane Wharton
- Dressing Up *(Verse)* .... Matilda Robinson

Warp and Woof
- Unruffled Childhood .... Henry E. Biggs
- "A Little Child Shall Lead Them" .... Carlton Wilder

Tangled Threads
- My Autograph Collection .... J. D. McNairy, Jr.
- My Rose *(Verse)* .... Graham Todd
- The Price .... Irene McFadyen
- Trampled Snow .... Zaidee Smith
- The Wild Waves Are Saying *(Verse)* .... Rebecca Webster

Patterns, McNairy, McGlamery, Shuford, Biggs, Brooks, Wyche

Ravelings .... McLees, Betts, Bennett

The Shuttle .... Ruth Abbott

The Weaver's Guild .... Mary Jane Wharton

EDMUND
TURNER

THE WEAVE

The Miracle

Virginia Douglas

An elfin saw a rain-drop once
That fell into a field.
To him the drop, a crystal ball,
The future all revealed.

He saw a daisy and a rose
That water like his ball
Had made to grow through natural clay
And change to beauty all.

He saw a poor man's well be filled
With water just like his,
And then the elfin's eyes grew large
On seeing all of this.

He pondered, pondered on the thought
That marvels could proceed
From common rain that fell to earth
And filled a common need.

The elfin thought he had seen all,
But there was his mistake.
How could he know that rain alone
Could never a flower make?

The Development of Literature For Children

Mary Jane Wharton

DURING the eighteenth century standards were changed all over the world. The rights and worths of the individual were considered in an altogether different light from that of the preceding age. In America this movement culminated in the Declaration of Independence in 1776, and in Europe it was marked by the French Revolution of 1789. Though perhaps not outwardly, every country was changed by new thought, and this new thought led to an awakened interest in the welfare of children and therefore to the development of children's literature. The eighteenth century marks the beginning of children's literature which is in any manner like our own.

Before 1700 short articles had been written for children's reading. Yet all these stories were didactic; they taught obedience to parents or correct behavior at church. *Little Goody Two-Shoes* by Oliver Goldsmith is an example of this kind of writing.

Later, Rousseau was among the first to awaken an interest in children's literature by teaching less formal methods of schooling. Charles Lamb came next; it seems that he was the first to get the idea that literature for children should be just as artistic and just as worthy of literary recognition as literature for adults. "For children or men" was a favorite phrase of his; it may be well applied to his and his sister's prose version of Shakespeare's plays.

In the last part of the same century appeared the writings of Maria Edgeworth, Dr. Aiken, Mrs. Barbauld; their stories are among the first written primarily for the purpose of entertaining children. We are indebted to them for the creation of types of children's literature that modern authors have developed into fascinating stories of child life, thrilling stories of adventure, and accounts of nature.

Then during the nineteenth century came Dinah Maria Craik. She wrote several stories for her own children; among her writings are *The Little Lame Prince* and *The Fairy Book.* Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) followed with his fascinating story of *Alice in Wonderland.*

In the nineteenth century students recognized the fact that good literature for children is also good literature for adults, because art is art, whatever its form. In this century Harriet Martineau, Captain Marryat, Thomas Hughes, Louisa Alcott, Mrs. Ewing, "Mark Twain," Stevenson, Kipling, Lofting, and many others have made literature for children the enjoyable reading it now is.

The Poet Laureate of Childhood

Beverly Moore

Custom changes; men's views of the different aspects of life change; but childhood—its sweetness and purity—goes on through generations. Men have tried to interpret in various ways these happy years. Some have nobly portrayed their impressions—in poetry and in fiction. It is the poetic impress with which we are concerned at present, however. Poetry seems to hold something for the child that it has for no one else; possibly it reveals to him his own state and surroundings. But poetry, especially children's poetry, is not confined to children alone. Indeed, it is the poetry of childhood through which those who have already spent their more tender days look back with fondest memories.

In the long van of men and women who have excelled in children's verse, perhaps the most outstanding is Eugene Field, who is known to the world-at-large as America's childhood poet. Field, between the busy hours of strenuous newspaper work, found time to give his poetic genius an outlet. He loved poetry with all his soul—it was his recreation. Field himself said, speaking of his paraphrasing of certain passages of Horace, "I soon became much interested in the work, or perhaps I should rather call it play." He felt this keen joy in all his writing. Although he did enter other realms of poetic endeavor, it is chiefly with child verse that Field's name is connected.

Every child is familiar with "Little Boy Blue," and to those who have outgrown childhood, the grown-up children, it is remi-

niscent of those years. Its powerful appeal to human hearts at the time it was published in 1888 has not dwindled. Years have strengthened its popularity. It is the story of a little boy who played with a toy dog and a toy soldier. He put the toys away, one night, and toddled off to his bed. In his sleep he had a dream, and an angel beckoned, and he slept on, never to waken. The last stanza shows that the toys loved their playmate as he loved them:

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
And the smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

In his *A Little Book of Western Verse,* Field pours forth the love of children so inherent in his nature. Certain ideas attracted him in his Western jaunts and contacts. He expresses these thoughts in this little book, considered by authorities as his best literary production. It begins:

A dying mother gave to you
Her child a many years ago;
How in your gracious love he grew
You know, dear patient heart, you know.

The mother's child you fostered there
Salutes you now and bids you take
These little children of his pen
And love them for the author's sake.

Perhaps the best known poem of the group is "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." Field excelled in this type of poem, the lullaby. By his use of meter he almost makes the reader feel that he is accompanying the trio on the adventure. The rhyme-scheme is particularly interesting:

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

People the world over love Field's poetry. There is something in it which reveals the inmost spirit of childhood. It is genuine in this respect. Critics say that his poetry is written in sustained literary style; that it has true literary charm and appeal. But whether Eugene Field lives through the ages, classed with Lowell, his famous contemporary, Field will live as a true poet of childhood.

Aeschipyrus' Epitaph: He Who Had Bad Dreams

Zaidee Smith

Over seas of frailty,
Trod by all,
I for immortality
Searched—call
The purple amaranth
My pall.

Now am I dead, madly
Stabbed through . . . .
Some kin anemone
Feared you
Would learn the Fates—
So do!

Robert Louis Stevenson

I. The Boy

Evelyn Rives

IN Edinburgh, Scotland, there was a large, gray stone house which overlooked Queen Street gardens. Here a little boy, Robert Stevenson, spent many hours looking out of the windows at the lilac bushes and the blackbirds fluttering from tree to tree.

This boy was very small for his age, never well, and always very lonely. He had no brothers and sisters to play with, so he played with pretty young mother. She, however, had a troublesome cough, and had to go south very often. At these times, Robert was left in the care of his father and his nurse, "Cummie," whom he loved very much.

Robert never slept very well at night because he was afraid of the dark, and also, because he had a bad cough. Whenever he called in the night, his father and nurse were always ready to go to his room. Cummie would hold him in her arms at the windows, and they would think of the children who lived on the other side of the gardens. His father would sit by his bed and tell him stories of coachmen and inn-keepers.

Robert did not learn to read until he was seven years old, but his father, mother, and Cummie were always ready to read to him.

When Robert was six years old, his uncle offered a prize to the nephew who could tell the best story about Moses. Since Robert was too young to know how to write, he told his story to his mother and she wrote it down exactly as he told it. He won the prize and determined then to be an author.

Robert was very fond of his nurse, and after he had grown up and was writing, he sent her a copy of everything that he wrote. It was probably because of her influence upon his childhood that he wrote so many poems and stories for children.

II. The Poet of Childhood

Nell D. Thurman

Robert Louis Stevenson was a great lover of children. Many poets are interested in nature, but only a few have as their theme both children and nature.

It was probably because of Stevenson's gentle disposition that he showed such an interest in children. He never seemed too old to enjoy having them with him. In his youth, Stevenson was a very frail child and was forced to spend a great deal of his time in bed. It was probably the remembrance of his almost constant sickness that called forth many of his poems, as "My Bed Is a Boat."

In his style, Stevenson has a simplicity that carries with it a certain dignity showing that he is a true artist. There is no rambling on or superfluous use of words. His diction in "A Child's Garden Verse" never soars above the understanding of the children for whom it was written. For his subject matter Stevenson chose ordinary things with which any child is acquainted. He speaks of the counterpane on his bed as a country:

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow hill,
And sees before him dale and plain,
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

As is illustrated in this stanze from one of his poems, Stevenson calls on the imagination of his readers. He paints in vivid colors some every day subject that otherwise would seem a mere object. In this way, he leaves his reader in a content and happy state of mind and encourages him to use his own imagination when called upon to amuse himself alone.

Stevenson's children's poems fill the gap between the "Mother Goose" rhymes and the poetry of other poets that is more difficult to understand. He lacks the sing-song rhythm and impossibility of the "Mother Goose" rhymes, though his subject matter and diction are simpler than those of many other poets.

Two Famous Children of History

Pearl Johnson

PERHAPS no other misdeed in the black life of Richard III has added so much infamy to his name or compelled the world to condemn him more than his atrocious treatment of those two famous princes of history, Edward V and his brother, Arthur. There is no parallel in history to this act. The mystery and pity of their fate has made them the two most famous children of history.

The two princes were sons of that Edward IV who wrested the crown of England from Henry VI in the famous battle of St. Albans, fought in 1455; then lost it again when the Duke of Warwick came to Henry's aid; but, by perseverance, recaptured it in 1471 at Barnet. In 1483 Edward died and his young son was proclaimed his successor.

Edward V was not in London at the time of his father's death; Richard, of Gloucester, brother of Edward IV, became automatically the protector of the realms and guardian of the young king. Edward's mother, who was bitterly oposed to her morally and physically misshapen brother-in-law, no doubt thanked God that her two sons were with her, out of the reach of his protection.

Nevertheless, when the call for the presence of Edward, in order that he might be crowned, reached the distracted mother, she was torn between the desire to secure her son's coronation and his installation as king, and her anguish of apprehension lest Richard desired his presence merely that he might more easily dispense with it forever. This fear was accentuated by Richard's repeatedly expressed desire that Arthur, Edward's heir, be sent with his brother.

At last, fearing that should Edward not be sent to London, he would be deposed by his uncle, she gathered together as many men-at-arms as possible and dispatched the two princes to the capital. Almost within sight of London, Edward was alarmed by the magnificent display of soldiery with which his uncle greeted him; his own forces, in comparison, were too insignificant to afford any protection at all. No doubt Edward felt the hopelessness of the situation; but, if so, no doubt he was somewhat reassured by the unanimous proclamation of approval accorded him by his people.

The streets were thronged with gaily dressed crowds noisily welcoming their young king with an unintentionally sardonic greeting—"Long live the King!"

Richard probably seemed all graciousness. He was such a politic scoundrel that after his notorious treachery, his cheated subjects never suspected their deception. Edward and Arthur were installed in the palace to await the coronation. A few weeks passed and Edward grew restless. He was given hints concerning conspiracies against his life, and, finally for safety, according to Richard, they were moved to the Tower of London.

In the darkness of the old fortress, the young princes probably found nothing to amuse them; they remained there for some weeks, two lonely, doomed boys. After this interval of time, a soldier came to the tower and gave a written order from the King's guardian to the jailer which admitted him at once into the presence of the two princes. He remained nearly a week—perhaps he had a hard fight with his conscience or poisoned his victims. However, at the end of this time, he reappeared, and when the jailer visited their apartment, the boys had vanished.

The secret of their disappearance was the source of much conjecture for many years; long afterwards, the discovery of two skeletons in the walls of the tower all but settled the question of what became of the two unfortunate princes.

Their terrible fate has made them famous throughout the world. Romanticists and artists have received unending inspiration from their history. Perhaps the most famout representation in any form of these two princes is that by the English painter, Millais, in his beautiful picture, "The Princes in the Tower." In this study, the slender, boyish figures of the two princes are depicted against the grayish background of the tower. The floor and walls seen are of cold, dark stone; behind Arthur, on the right, the bleak, heavy stairway winds upward; the meager light from a window in an unseen alcove of the stairway projects on the opposite wall an indefinite and suggestive picture of a man who holds his hand on his dagger. The two boys stand closely together, their hands interlocked. Arthur's golden head rests upon the shoulder of his brother. Edward rears his head defiantly, as though he feels the awfulness of his situation, yet feels also his responsibility for his younger brother. The two figures epitomize courage, yet seem to shrink together as though conscious of their terrifying surroundings and

their impending doom. The princes are dressed in sombre black, no doubt in mourning for their father; Edward wears the mark of his nobility, the Garter, just below his left knee.

This picture has an interesting history of its own; and as it has made the princes of the tower famous children of art as well as of history, it might not be amiss to relate it briefly here. The two young men whose figures represent those of Edward and Arthur were brought to Rosetti by a fond mother that he might paint a picture of them. Struck with their purely English appearance, he immediately conceived the ambition to paint them as the murdered princes. After weeks of "atmosphering" at the tower, he costumed the lads as we see them and painted his famous portrayal.

That the two young princes, had they lived, might have become famous as monarchs of England, is not beyond speculation; that Richard feared to let them live for political reasons is proof enough of that. Perhaps they had already begun to show ability. At any rate, Edward was even then greatly loved by the people. Nevertheless, although they are famous in history only for the infamy practiced on them by Richard, their pathetic story has reached the hearts of many, and no children of history are more famous.

Who Was "Mother Goose"?

E. Ruth Abbott

From his earliest childhood practically every one of us has known about and enjoyed the clever rhymes of *Mother Goose*. This has been true with children for a period of over a hundred and fifty years, and during this time there has always been the question, "*Who was Mother Goose*"? The answer to this question can be given with no certainty, because the earliest editions were evidently "read to pieces" by interested youngsters of the time, and no positive proof of them can be found.

Yet, certain it is that on May 16, 1777, the English firm of Carnan and Newberry published a seventh edition of *Mother Goose Tales;* certain it is that Thomas Carnan, on December 28, 1780,

entered a copyright for *Mother Goose Melodies, or Sonnets For the Cradle.* John Newberry probably published a first edition before 1767.

The verses themselves bear witness that they were of English origin; yet they need not have been written by one person—more likely they are folklore handed down by several generations. But, of necessity, there must have been one who collected them into a volume. Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote for Newberry during the years 1762-1767, was well known for his love of children; and it is to him that credit may most reasonably be given as the compiler.

However, there is a story which would trace the origin of these rhymes of childhood to Boston, Massachusetts. There, Elizabeth Foster married a well-known sea captain, Goose or Vergoosi; Elizabeth Foster's daughter married Thomas Fleet, a prominent New England printer. The Fleet family was a large one, and old Mother Goose often sang her grandchildren to sleep. Thomas Fleet, with a thought to business, listened to the nursery rhymes with which she soothed the children; and, it is said, in 1719 published a book entitled *Mother Goose's Melodies, or Sonnets for the Nursery.*

The story thus far can be proved to be true, but no trace of the book can be found; nevertheless, neither can there be found any copy of the English Newberry edition. Not many years ago, it was claimed by a certain gentleman that a copy of Fleet's book was seen by him, but he must have been at fault since it was seen by no one else.

In the British Museum there is a single copy of a Newberry edition *believed* to have been printed in 1780; in the library of the American Antequarian Society there is a copy of an edition published in 1785 by Isaiah Thomas, and also the title page, but no book, of the 1799 edition by Thomas.

Thus it is that the authorship of one of the most popular books of all times can be credited to no person with certainty. So, it still remains to be found out who, if any one person, was the real "Mother Goose."

A Memory of Childhood

Ruth Heath

I pulled aside life's curtain,
And peered back at the stage;
A vivid picture laughed at me,
And fairly mocked my age.

A vision of forgotten years—
A moment's lingering thought—
What a world of memories
That withered rose leaf brought.

A blare of bugles greeted me,
A blur of stars and stripes,
The steady trump of soldiers
Of a thousand different types.

Amid the group, and yet apart,
A tall young soldier stood,
One arm around his mother
Who smiled and understood.

I saw her pin a yellow rose
Upon his brave young breast,
And whisper something to him, and
Ask God to do the rest.

He smiled; tears came into his eyes,
His arms drew her more close,
Then something fell upon the ground—
It was the yellow rose.

He quickly kissed her tear-stained face,
Saluted her, and went
To join the ranks. His mother then
Seemed tired, and old, and bent.

I lifted up the crushed rose
Unnoticed, stained, and broken,
A living and a sacred trust,
A flower, and yet—a token.

I gave it back all save a leaf—
A crumpled yellow one—
To his mother who had done her share
By giving her only son.

And so today I found that leaf—
A memory of childhood.
I wonder if that boy came back;
I wonder if he could.

A Favorite of Children

Frances Coble

James Whitcomb Riley was born in a house on a shady little street in the shady little town of Greenfield, Indiana, on October 7, 1849. As soon as he became at all interested in this world, young James found a brother and a sister waiting to play with him.

James was a slender lad with corn-silk hair and big blue eyes. Because of his timidity and physical inability, he did not join in the rough sports of his playmates, although he showed an extra amount of mischief in the pranks he played.

The boy was sent to school at an early age, but he did not remain there long. James Whitcomb was very fond of his first teacher, who, according to his own description was "a little old woman, rosy and roly-poly, who seemed to have stepped right out of a fairy book, for she was so jolly and amiable." She was a mother to all the scholars, and even when she was forced to whip James, she always gave him a bread and jam sandwich, afterwards.

Before Riley was even old enough to read, he bought his first book, Quarles' *Divine Emblems*, which in that day cost the whole of twenty-five cents. Why he bought the book instead of candy, Riley, himself, was unable to explain.

Like every boy, Riley had an early determination, but instead of wanting to be a policeman or a street-car conductor, he hoped to be a baker. It was the height of his ambition to sit and eat all these good things of the baker's by the carload, and not sell a one of them.

About this time, Riley made his first attempt at poetry. He both sketched and composed a verse for a little valentine for his mother. This delighted his mother, who, as Riley said, "gave me three big cookies and didn't spank me for two whole weeks." This was the poet's first literary encouragement.

James Whitcomb stopped school at the age of sixteen and for a while devoted himself to various fields of art. At first he thought he was destined to be a great painter or a musician. In fact, he was the bass drummer in a brass band, and this led him to dream of becoming a great circus performer. Then, for two summers, Riley traveled around with a company of young fellows calling themselves "The Graphics." Their job was to cover all the barns and fences in the state with advertisements. Riley also made an attempt at acting, but his father finally persuaded him to read law in his office.

Riley, however, escaped from this punishment by running away with a traveling medicine-man. He painted the advertisements and manipulated the blackboard during the street lectures. Sometimes he himself recited or drew character sketches from the back step of the wagon.

On returning to Greenfield, Riley became the local editor of his home paper. The new proprietor transferred him to the literary department, and not knowing what else to put in his allotted space, Riley filled it with verse. There was not room in this paper for all his productions; he timidly began to offer them to the papers. Riley was at first thrilled and then discouraged over the reception of his poetry, but after sending some samples to Longfellow, he received the encouragement for which he had been waiting.

But Riley soon found that his works were not accepted because of his obscurity. The desire to become known led him to make a very grave mistake. He wrote a poem in the style of Poe, and

accompanying it was a note explaining how Poe happened to write it, and why it had been lost to view. Riley proclaimed his disbelief that Poe had written this, and so avoided suspicion. But after this nation-wide discussion, Riley was finally discovered, and two dreary years followed. But his employment on the staff of *The Indianapolis Journal* marked the turning point of his career. The publishing of "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and " 'Leven More Poems" was a marked success.

And soon Riley became a great teller of children's stories, as well as a writer of them. At first his timidity kept him from reading anywhere except in Sunday school, but gradually he began to read many poems from public platforms.

England, as well as his own country, soon recognized Riley as a great children's poet. In his country, he had been made Honorary Master of Arts by Yale in 1902; in 1903, Wabash, and the following year, the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Letters, and in 1907, Indiana University gave him his LL.D. The Academy of Arts and Letters elected him to membership, and in 1912 awarded him a gold medal for his poetry.

All during Riley's life the school children had shown their love for their poet and they made his last birthday very pleasant for him. One of his poems was read in every school in the country, and thousands of letters and flowers poured in to him from everywhere. It was on this day that some of his poems were set to music and danced in pantomime at Indianapolis. And then a dinner was given for the happy poet that night.

Riley spent the following winter and spring in Miami, Florida, where he had gone for his health. But when he returned home, he seemed to realize his approaching death.

On Saturday night, July 22, 1916, Riley passed away, as he had desired, without the slightest suffering. All day Monday and Monday night his body lay in Indiana's capitol, while thousands of admirers bade him farewell.

Riley's Attitude Toward Children

Ernest Scarboro

Riley was the poet of childhood, but he was not fond of children in the way that we are who love to have them around. He delighted in the memories of his own childhood. Often, however, when he was in the presence of real youngsters, he was inclined to be easily disturbed by their behavior.

The poet had a deep sense of the dignity of young souls. But at no time when he was talking to children was he at his best. Yet children felt the witchery of his personality. Often they would sit spellbound when he was talking to their parents.

Riley's ability in story-telling was very remarkable. One of the best of his works for children is his narration of "Bud's Bear Story." Another masterpiece tells about the boy who was not going to say his prayers "tonight, nor the next night, nor the next night. An' after that, if nothin' happens, I ain't ever going to say 'em." He, truly, understood the nature of a child, even though he was not at ease in their presence.

Two Child Prodigies

Mae Murchison

At the present time there are two notable child-poets, Hilda Conkling and Nathalia Crane, whose work has stimulated world-wide comment and wonder. People often are astonished at the powers of expression which these little girls possess; but the wonder is not that there are such children, but that there are so few in very much the same way as the average children. There are apparently no extraordinary differences between their outward existences and those of any child.

Hilda Conkling at the age of thirteen has two extraordinary books to her credit. Genius has given this young girl a sharpness

of vision and speed of communication which any older poet might envy. Hilda began to talk poetry when she was four years old, so her mother, also a poet, states. She "told" her poems to her mother (Grace Hayward Conkling) and she took notes and arranged the line divisions, added the titles, and read them to Hilda for correction.

Before she had reached the age of ten years, her *Poems by a Little Girl* made its appearance. When she was thirteen her second volume, *Shoes of the Wind,* appeared. With this second book her observation was keener than ever. Nothing seems to have escaped her notice, but her gift is not merely visual because her young mind arranges what it beholds in such a way as to delight everyone. Her images show other things besides closeness of observation. They disclose a very wide-awake imagination.

Nathalia Crane at the age of ten years was writing poetry of which many a poet of greater years and recognized standing would be glad to be known as the author. Nathalia had been writing her verses for several months before her father and mother came across them, writing them without fuss or excitement and stowing them away in a private album. Shortly before Christmas in 1922, however, she mailed some of her poems to a Brooklyn newspaper and received immediate acknowledgement from the editor. Her parents were greatly astonished, as much so as this same editor when Nathalia walked into his office and proved to be a little girl.

Nathalia remained unaffected, playing with her dolls when it pleased her, and retiring to her room to write poems when it pleased her. She has always written when fancy prompted her. What she has written is the kind of thing she can write, whatever its merits and demerits. The inspiration for most of her poems comes from books she has read, which are mainly romantic in character.

What are the influences which create such prodigies? Why are they so rare? Possibly there are similar talents latent in all children; but in some way, perhaps owing in part to the attitude of adults, they are never brought to light. If adults were more inclined to foster the self-expression of children, doubtless there would be many more children of ability than the world can boast of today.

The Thought

Zaidee Smith

(Thoreau said: *Only one out of a million is awake enough to live the divine, the poetic life.*)

Burning shame
This unsung god!
(Hackneyed hero
Of the sod!)
Lo, the poet.
Let him think
Out this . . .
'Twill turn to ink.
Here's a romance
Nestled in
Tawdry cosmos,
Common sin.
Lo, the poet.
Let him think
Out this
Ten dollars chink.
The world is hell
(Threadbare rent!)
Virtue-bunk,
Soul-cant.
Lo, the poet.
Let him think
Out this . . .
(The readers blink)
Dead, dead
The great god Pan!
Grasp it? *They say*
I can . . . .

I'm one of the millions
Awake to think
In the divine
Poetic ink.

Injustices to Childhood

Carlton Wilder

CHILDHOOD bears many burdens, not any lighter because most children are unconscious of their significance. No, in fact they are very serious, and it is fruit for much wonder how so many children reach as high a plane of adult development as they do. When you consider how much of their growth and training—physical, moral, intellectual—is a haphazard process, and how many of our conscious attempts to help them out only produce a bad effect which quite defeats our purpose, it is plainly remarkable that society holds together.

What are some of childhood's burdens?

We can think of several injustices to childhood which people are committing every day all about us. First, and one of the most important, people fail to take the child, his desires, his needs seriously. Childhood is a very remote period to the adult; his own, at least the reality of it, is more or less forgotten. He can not put himself in the child's place; he cannot feel the intense emotions, the compelling urges, the dazzling wonder which stirs the imagination of the child. And so he fails to take the child into account as a living being with sensations and desires, though different, still just as real and just as urgent as his own. The child represents various things to him, according to his disposition and the extent and nature of his contact with childhood—an abstractedly-conceived-of unit of life, possibly; a small and very annoying type of animal; a bit of clay to mold for the fulfilment of his own desires; something to love with very much the same feeling of tenderness, though more strongly developed, that he would feel toward a diminutive puppy or kitten; various things at various times, but never as a human being whose wants and needs are entitled to as much respect as his own. Failing in this one consideration, it follows as a matter of course that the adult misunderstands the problem of developing the child and, in bringing him up, follows aims which are very often inconsistent with the child's welfare.

At this point we are reminded of another frequently occurring injustice, that of confusing the child's welfare with the adult's desires for the child's development. The child is very often not

given a chance to follow his own bent in life; the adult has already planned out his existence for him, and he is forced to follow that course. Undoubtedly it is possible to think of many reasons why such a course of life is good for him, whether he believes it or not, but all fail to take into consideration the significance of the child's desire. Every desire has a definite reason for existence, or the child would not possess it, and would it not follow that every desire is thwarted at a cost? Of course society and civilization could not stand a moment if it were not for the repression of desire, but nevertheless unless society were in another sense coordinated with desire it would have no existence. The best way to crush unsafe desires is to develop the best desires in the individual. But the best desires may not necessarily be the desires considered best by the preceding generation. Nevertheless, every constructive desire, every desire that is not obviously suicidal or dangerous to the community, should be encouraged. In this way the child's psychological balance will be strengthened; he will be happier and far more useful.

Even though the custom of planning the child's life for him may be passing out of vogue, still very little is done to encourage constructive development of the child's own powers, whether we consider children of any particular economic or social stratum. His natural curiosity in its early effulgent stages is apt as not to be repressed with serious loss to the child, for that annoying curiosity is probably the real basis of his intellectual growth. Parents contribute to this; schools contribute to this.

Of course that is not true. Conditions are bad now, but what were they a thousand, even a hundred years ago? It is only lately that we are beginning to conceive of justice to the child as anything else but an implicit deference to the desires of his parents.

COLORS IN THE WEAVE

RUNNING AWAY

JACK COBLE

WHEN I was quite a young fellow there came a new addition to our household—and this addition was nothing less than a howling baby brother. His eyes were as black and as large as they could be; he was bald-headed and quite cheerful; indeed, he soon became the idol of the family and all the neighbors. It was not long before his overwhelming popularity had pushed me so far into the background that I felt most shamefully mistreated and obscure.

Now two months of such treatment was really too much; so one fine morning I asserted my rights and informed my parents that I was on the eve of a departure.

"Oh, really," said my mother, not at all excited.

Now this was indeed an insult to my dignity and not at all what my egotism had expected. It really seemed that she didn't believe me—well, she would find out, all right.

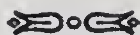
Consequently, breakfast over, and with my week's allowance in my pocket, I betook myself upon my journey, a poor mistreated soul, bursting forth into newly-discovered freedom. I made splendid headway, and it was not long before I found myself quite well across town. Then suddenly I stopped and thought, and I wondered just where I was going.

I really had no place to go, and I certainly didn't like sleeping alone in the woods. Besides, I had nothing to eat and—anyway what was the use of leaving home? My mother had probably suffered enough to repent by this time and I supposed that my father had already called out the police. Most likely at that moment they were both lying prostrate at home—why should I treat them thus? They had indeed learned their lesson.

So, turning, I retraced my footsteps and came within a block of my home. Somehow the neighbors did not seem excited, and I did not see the police force. Indeed, I heard no piercing screams of anguish and grief, as I had expected. Not even the people next door were disturbed. Things seemed as usual as I stepped on our porch. I opened and slammed the screen door; and immediately the nurse, the cook, and my mother, all three, descended upon me.

"Be quiet," said my mother. "Don't you see that the baby's asleep? Why were you outdoors, anyway?"

"Oh, I've been playing," I shamefully said and willingly sank into obscurity, for I was not even missed.



Long Pants

John M. Brown

The day I "dropped the curtains" was one of the biggest days of my life. I shall never forget it. I thought it would be ages before my parents would give their consent to this event, and when they did, oh, but I was proud!

The excitement of selecting that suit was heart-breaking to daddy. Finally, however, the job was completed. The pants were wide enough to suit my taste and also pleased dad's sense of proportion. Along with the new suit, went men's shoes, men's shirts and ties—what seemed to me a whole new outfit.

Sunday morning following the purchase I was up unusually early. I had bathed and dressed with exquisite care, when suddenly I found that I didn't have any socks. I knew I had forgotten something and that was it. What was I to do? An idea dawned—I'd borrow a pair of dad's.

"No sir, you are not going to wear a pair of my socks out, and ruin them with your big feet," said dad vehemently. "Wear your stockings today and get some socks tomorrow."

I went sheepishly off to Sunday school and of course the first thing everybody noticed was that I had on stockings. Ye gods! I thought that hour would never end. I heard snickers in front of

me, snickers behind, and everywhere I looked someone was looking at my stockings.

All things must finally end, however; so at last Sunday school was over. That was one day I did not stay for church, although it spoiled a long record of attendance. I made a hasty retreat for home, feeling that I had been utterly disgraced for life.

When I arrived at home I found the true cause (or the greater cause) for all the laughing. I had left all the price tags and maker's tags on the trousers, which naturally showed up distinctly on all sides. My pride had been mortally wounded.

Imitation

Emma Griffin

To ransack a closet or trunk and dress in costumes of other years, to play lady when one is but eight or nine, is one of the greatest pleasures of childhood.

The fun may always be shared with others. The joy is always greater because the parade of these old dresses and hats, slippers and fans, is sure to awaken the memories of the older members of the family, and call forth wonderful tales. That old pink dress was worn to a charming ball, or the crisp, white organdy was first admired by our father.

Inspired by such recollections, the small lady unconsciously, perhaps, begins to act the part the costume calls for and imitates the manners of older ladies.

She travels or calls, sails or rides, plays, dances, or flirts to the limit of her observation and experience. The little lady is happy, so happy in her trailing gown, or with her quaint old shawl, or with just one of mother's old dresses, that she forgets in the acting of her part how much of her ideals and knowledge of life she displays.

A Fishing Trip

Effie Scales

THE rain beat down pitilessly upon the three childish figures in the boat. The face of the old man, who was tinkering with the engine, was grave. He was an old sailor and knew well enough the dangers of the Chesapeake.

The fury of the storm increased. The gray waves rose higher. One of the children disengaged herself from the group and went towards the old man. In her eyes was a look of terror, but she asked him bravely, "Can I help you, Captain?"

"No, child, we are drifting toward Rose Island, and I am going to try and make a landing there," he replied. Then he turned all his attention to the engine.

Vaguely the little girl stumbled back to her companions. Her thoughts went back to the bright afternoon, when she had dashed madly into the house, and asked with much excitement if she could accompany the "Captain," as she always called him, on a fishing trip. "Mother, please let me go; Jim and Tom are going!"

With her mother's consent, she had trudged happily down to the dock, where the captain and two small boys awaited her. Then she had proudly "cast off," and the captain turned the bow of his cruiser seaward! Was it yesterday? It seemed years ago, but it was that very afternoon. The air was stifling, but the gay little crowd didn't seem to feel the hot sun beating down relentlessly on the open boat. They had all done so well. Why, she had caught three fish, her very own self! "Captain" had placed them in the box-like arrangement, which trailed behind. "To keep them fresh," he had said.

Without warning the storm had broken. The sky grew dark and the blue waters turned to gray, lashing demon waves. Then the engine had given out, and now?

The tiny island loomed up blackly in the fast approaching night, as the boat drifted slowly towards it. It seemed hours before the boat grated on a rock, and the "Captain" sprang out. He waded majestically through the swirling foam into the beach, drawing the boat up safely on the firm, hard sand. The three occupants jumped hastily out, and waited miserably for what was to follow.

The "Captain" led his little companions up the long stretch of beach. Finally they spotted a hut and roused the old sailor, who lived there, into comprehending the situation. With difficulty they persuaded him to take them back to the mainland in his rickety old boat.

By the time their long journey was over, the stars had come out and were shining clearly in the black sky. The only girl in the party was sleepily nodding on the "Captain's" shoulder. He carried her very tenderly up to her own door, where she was met by a bevy of adoring relatives. When the old "Captain" started to go, she pushed her way out of the loving circle, and held out her hand gravely to him. "Good night, Captain, and thank you, sir, for a very nice fishing trip." Then, still nodding sleepily, she was carried away.

That is an experience of my earlier days, which was stamped so heavily on my brain that I have never forgotten my first fishing trip, and it will always be a happy reminder of my first taste of danger and real adventure.

Hero-Worship

Mary Lynn Carlson

Many, many years ago there lived across the street from us the most handsome man that I had ever seen. He was the idol of my dreams, and I loved him even above all my dolls. The fact that he was twenty-one or two and was a college graduate did not daunt me at all. His love affairs, however, did cause me a little worry at times.

One day I was playing on the sidewalk when he backed his car from the garage and started up town.

"Hi, Skee," he called. "Want to ride up town with me to get some cigarettes?"

I was pleased beyond words. He opened the door for me and I clambered up by his side, feeling that I truly was a lady. As we

rode up the street I glanced out of the window occasionally and spoke very aloofly to various friends whom I passed.

But my happiness was not to last. We parked in front of a drug store and my hero jumped out. My eyes followed adoringly his every move. While he bought his cigarettes and waited for the change, he glanced about the store. Suddenly he smiled, hesitated for a moment, and then walked back to a table where a beautiful girl sat. She was painted and powdered to the late degree, and had a cocky little hat perched on the side of her head. As she got up and walked out with my idol I noticed that her stockings were of sheerest silk and her shoes had marvelous high heels.

The pair came out to the car together. When she saw me she exclaimed, "Where on earth did you get this remarkably dirty little girl?"

"Oh, she's just a neighbor's kid," carelessly answered the idol of my dreams.

My hopes were shattered. I couldn't go to sleep that night. After what seemed to me hours of sleeplessness, a mighty purpose grew within me. I would show "him" what "just a neighbor's kid" could do.

The next afternoon, with revenge in my heart, I entered mother's room. She was not at home, so I had the place to myself. First of all I scrubbed my hands and face, my neck and even my ears. It would not do to be "remarkably dirty" again. Then I raided mother's closet and picked out the most beautiful dress that I could find. I was greatly distressed to find that mother had worn her very highest-heeled shoes; but I picked out some silk stockings and donned the next highest-heeled pair. I caked rouge and powder and lipstick on my face. I even attempted to put a little mascaro on my eyelashes, but it made me cry and loóked a little smudgy, so I left that off. At last I considered myself dressed to perfection, and set out to await my hero's return from work.

I was a little afraid to go out on the street dressed as I was, because people would be so curious, and there was really no telling when mother would get home; so I waited on the porch. At last I saw his car approaching. I did not notice that another car followed it. As it stopped before his door I jumped up and rushed across the street as fast as my high heels would allow me. I was standing before him when he jumped from the car. His mouth fell open and then—he smiled. It was the most beautiful smile

in the world and I was sure it meant that I had accomplished my purpose. I had made him think I was a lady. It made no difference that a car stopped just then and my mother took me by the arm with many exclamations and led me home. It did not even matter that I got a spanking, for the boy across the street had *smiled!*

The Preacher's Visit

John Allred

Speaking of ordeals, the Greek ordeal of fire is hardly to be considered with the miseries a child has to undergo when the pastor makes his annual visit. I don't mean just a short chat on the front porch on a hot afternoon, but a sure enough visit including supper and a long talk in the parlor afterwards.

I could always tell within a few days of when the event would occur in my household. Mother would start drilling us in table etiquette. Morning, noon, and night, we were subjected to a steady stream of advice on how to handle a fork and knife, not to sup our soup or coffee, that a napkin was to be used instead of the table cloth, and that we were to keep our mouth shut while eating.

About three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the visit, each and every one of us would have a long session in the bathroom. Ears, face, neck, and hands would be scrubbed until they took on the color of a boiled lobster and felt as if they had been sandpapered. Then our Sunday starched shirts were put on, and the friction between them and our sore necks caused a most unpleasant sensation. Then our feet were encased in shoes that must have been made of elephant hide, judging from the toughness of them. After our toilet was completed, we were placed in chairs in the parlor and commanded not to move. After sitting for fifteen minutes without hardly moving, I could appreciate how a knight must have felt in a suit of armor. In a few minutes the water and soap which had been used to control our unruly hair would dry, and it would start assuming an erect position not unlike a porcupine's quills.

Presently the pastor would arrive, smiling as usual, and greet us with a few words. Mother would come in, wearing her new dress, and escort us into the dining-room. I will not discuss the meal much, but, suffice to say, it was a success for the preacher, but somewhat of a failure on our part, for which we accounted after his departure.

After the meal we would go to the parlor where the old people would talk about how crime was increasing and how the taxes were becoming unbearable.

About nine o'clock the visitor would announce his intention of leaving. While father was getting the Ford started, he would give profuse thanks for the meal and tell us good-bye.

As the door closed behind him we simultaneously breathed a sigh of relief and thanked God in our hearts that it was over for at least another year.

Sittin' by the Fire

Mary Lyon Leak

What fun to sit by the fire and listen to mother reading from the little red book! Yes, she reads all about elves and fairies and goblins and things. But, best of all, later, if you're real good, she'll read about "Little Orphant Annie," and "The Bumblebee," and all those nice funny ones.

Ask mother and she will say that Mr. Riley wrote all these stories about things that all of us do. But how did he know all about that? Anyhow, he writes nice funny stories that sound all jingly to me. And funny? Why when mother comes to "Grandfather Squeers" I just laugh and laugh about the lightning rods over his ears.

If a fairy should come to you and say that you could have three wishes, what would you wish? Well, if it were me, first of all I would wish that Mr. Riley lived at our house so he could make up rhymes all day. Then I'd wish that the "Happy Little Cripple" would get well of his curvature of the spine, and come and play with me. Last of all, I would wish that when I grow up I could be a nice "Raggedy Man." Wouldn't you?

Love at Six

Miriam Block

BILLY sat right across the aisle from me in the first grade. To me, he was the most wonderful boy I had ever seen; for none other could pop his fingers, or could make his shoes squeak with such authority as Billy. I watched him with all the interest of a young lady for a gentleman she greatly admires.

One morning, after we were all seated in our respective places, Billy fumbled in his pocket, pulled out a huge red apple, and without a word placed it on my desk. This was the unspoken word! I was henceforth to be termed as Billy's sweetheart. Of course, even then, actions spoke louder than words, so I was daily reminded of his affections by some similar gift.

Since there is a rival in every story, I must not forget to mention the villainess of this love affair. Susan sat on the other side of Billy. She was a lovely little thing, with golden curls and blue eyes. Cautiously, she watched us every minute of the day, trying her best to attract Billy's attention and give him one of her sweet little innocent smiles. It took a great deal of work on my part to keep the wayward Billy from succumbing to Susan's coquetries.

Not long after that I was going slowly home down the walk of the school. Suddenly, and without warning, I felt a most vicious kiss upon my cheek. In a moment I found the donor to be the pink-pill of the school. I sincerely hoped that this undesirable incident had passed unseen.

However, the next morning, as soon as I came into the room, I could tell that something was wrong by the way the teacher looked at me. She immediately called me up before the whole class.

"Miriam, I was told by little Susan Kent that a boy kissed you yesterday afternoon. This is true—is it not?"

My eyes filled with two unwanted tears. How could I help it if he kissed me? I slapped him after he did, anyway; and she had not even said anything to the boy. Of course all the blame would be put on me. I glanced at Billy. He would not even look at me.

I returned to my seat, a sad little girl. And then the unbelievable happened. We had just settled quietly in our seats, when Billy fumbled in his pocket, pulled out a huge red apple, and laid it on the desk of——Susan! My first love affair had ended a tragedy.

The Age-Old Conflict

William Scott

Maw! Please don' wash my ears;
I don' as' you that before,
You jes' take up rag an' soap,
An' scour them forevermore.

You wash 'em jes' 'fore breakfas'
An' 'fore I go to bed,
An' sometimes jes' 'fore dinner,
An', maw, they get so red.

Maw! Please don' pull my ears so hard,
You are so awful rough,
If I could have 'em washed like shirts,
Boy! That 'ud be the stuff.

Oh! Maw, please stop now;
You got 'em nice an' clean,
Please don' pull my ears so hard;
Maw! Please don' be so mean.

Oh, maw! You are through now, maw!
I can go out too?
Jes' startin' on the other ear?
Aw, maw! I thought you wuz through!

Valuables

Joe Mann

"Joe, come here! You must immediately remove this trash from this desk. The drawers are so full there is no room for your books. Take that unsightly trunk and put it in the attic. It is not being used for anything except to hold more junk.

"Where am I going to put my things? I can't throw them away."

"You can throw most of them away; you don't use them."

"I don't want to throw them away. Everything there is still good. Maybe I'll need them someday. Look here at the top I traded with Johnny for a small one and some string. It will soon be marble season again so I can't throw away my marbles. We're going to give a show soon and I'm saving those old tickets to use for it. Don't you see I can't throw anything away?"

"Well, I don't see what you can do with them unless—maybe I can get another book case to put in here. Let your valuables stay where they are."

Little Brother

Margaret High

The little imp! He is the one who creeps into my room and eats all my candy and comes out with his mouth full and his pockets bulging. He is the one who left those horrible, nasty, slimy worms on my bed and then told me he thought I'd like them. How his dirty little face lighted up with smiles when I kissed him and forgave him.

Little brother is the one who comes dashing into the parlor when company is there and tells me what mamma said about throwing the garbage out and washing the dishes. Then he begs for money and won't leave until he gets paid.

The little dickens reads my love letters and then when I have a party, he runs around hollowing phrases from them.

He can always manage to find the books I keep hidden under my mattress, and asks mamma if she knew sister had them.

How sad he looks when he comes up with his terrible report card and begs me (his big sister, as he calls me) to sign it.

How pitiful he is when he comes crying to me with a cut toe or an aching tooth and "wants sister to fix it up so it won't hurt."

How worried he is when he comes in to get big sister to help him with his "jogifrey" and his " 'rithmetic."

Little brother may be aggravating, but I love him and I wouldn't take anything for him.

Getting Even

William Pemberton

It was a bright, sunshiny afternoon in May when some friends and I were playing ball in my back yard. When it came my time to bat I stepped up to the plate and took a hard swing at the ball, expecting a home-run. Instead, the ball went through the kitchen window.

"Billy, come here," called mother and all the sunshine disappeared from my life.

I went into the kitchen and said, "What do you want, mamma?"

She began, "Billy, what do you mean by breaking out that window?"

"I didn't mean to, mamma. I couldn't help it."

"Well, you shouldn't be so careless. You will have to pay for the window with your own money, and from now on you and your friends will have to play ball somewhere else."

The sentence passed, I stalked out to my stand on the back steps to take stock of the wrongs people had done me.

I sat down and thought, "No one likes me here; I might as well be dead.

"No, I know what I'll do. I'll run away. Then she will be sorry she treated me so mean. I'll go to New York and get me a job running a train. Then I'll have a big time and make lots of money. I'll get promoted to conductor.

"When mamma rides on my train, I'll walk up to her and say, 'Ticket, please.' Won't she be surprised to see me? I'll bet she will beg me to come home and tell me if I come home I will not have to carry in any wood or coal and that I can play ball where I want to."

"Billy, come to supper," called mother.

Gone were my dreams. Sunshine again filled my soul and I decided that home wasn't such a bad place, after all.

All for a Dime

Ralph Cook

The early life of all of us is remembered by some incident of great pain, excitement, or pleasure.

I remember well a certain effect of growing that had a queer sensation over me. It happened that when I was nearly nine years old my first tooth became loose. At first it held me spellbound and I continually played with it with my tongue. This first stage was one of amusement for me because I never dreamed that I would soon have to pull it out.

It happened that while I was in the act of playing with it my mother saw this. She immediately told me that I must pull my tooth out right away. But I suppose I pleaded so that she said that it could remain there until papa came home.

Those few hours were as a reign of terror to me. I did not want to part with my tooth for two reasons. The first was that I thought it would be very painful, and the second was that since it was a front tooth its absence would make me conspicuous and my friends would tease me.

Finally, however, father came home and I became very scared. Mother told him of the disaster that should take place. He responded that she was quite right, that my tooth should be re-

moved. He gave his reason as the danger that might result if I should swallow it during the night.

I begged and begged for him not to take it away, but he offered me the huge reward of five cents if I would let him do it and a dime if I would do it myself. For a time my impending doom was forgotten by my thoughts of the reward. I moved my tongue against the tooth as if to say good-bye, but then it fell out without warning.

I ran my tongue through the place it used to be and received another strange sensation. However, I was exceedingly happy when I got the new dime.

A Tragedy of Childhood

Mary Jane Wharton

One spring, on account of some act of good behavior on my part, mother presented me with a juvenile garden set. It was one of my early springs—the time when everything out-of-doors is calling. I had my little garden plot and my shovel, hoe, and rake—what bliss!

Miriam came to see me one afternoon, and it was with a proud feeling that I brought out my new toys to show her. Gardening, however, seemed too difficult for that afternoon's pastime. So we employed ourselves in digging up dandelions—those little yellow pests which had literally taken possession of our lawn. Industriously we set to work with hoe and shovel, and even with the rake when the roots became too difficult.

We soon found that our new occupation was too much like work, and that long and frequent rest-periods were essential. I fortunately selected the ground on which to repose my weary limbs, but Miriam chose the hoe. She precariously pitched herself on the handle and rocked back and forth. A slight shifting of weight was the last straw, and my poor little hoe parted from its handle forever. Miriam and I parted, too, in a burst of tears. I

thought she had broken my heart when she broke the little toy; so neither the rake nor the shovel, which were still as good as new, could solace me.

Much to my surprise, when I fled to mother in tears, she called me a little goose and scolded me for treating Miriam as I had. To add to my disgrace, mother insisted that I take Miriam her sweater which she had forgotten in her impetuous rush home.

Even today I can not think of the incident without living my sufferings all over again. Yet, too, on account of my older viewpoint, I must always laugh when I remember Miriam's expression of agony.

Dressing Up

Matilda Robinson

To me a source of utmost joy
Back in my childhood days,
Was playing in the attic room
Amidst the trunks and trays
Of old mysterious garments there.
I knew not whence they came;
But that never bothered me,—
I loved them just the same.

A silk bodice quite tightly laced,
A flower stuck in my hair;
A flowing skirt of tucks and frills,
A rosebud here or there,
A high-heeled shoe on each little foot,
A pin of yellowed pearl,
Would transform me quite quickly to
A quaint old-fashioned girl.

A piece of black cloth o'er one eye,
A kerchief 'round my neck,
About my waist a piece of plaid
With some bright colored check,
A pair of men's shoes much too big,
Some sailor breeches old,
And I was changed by magic trick
Into a pirate bold.

A thousand combinations more,
(There're limitless things to be)
An old grandma or grandpapa,
A sailor out at sea,
A captain in some mighty war,
A girl of any age
From time she leaves the cradle
To her debut on the stage.

So many pleasant days I spent,
My imagination free
To think up other parts to play—
Parts for my friends and me.
It never grew monotonous
Nor bored me in the least.
'Twas always new and still will be
As long as East is East.

"PLAYIN' SODJER"

WARP AND WOOF

EDITORIAL STAFF

CARLTON WILDER, *Editor-in-Chief*
HENRY BIGGS, *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
LOUIS BROOKS, *Assignment Editor*
SARAH MENDENHALL, *Desk Editor*

ZAIDEE SMITH, *Poetry* — RUTH HEATH, *Dramatics*
PHYLLIS PENN, *Short Story* — MARY JANE WHARTON, *Alumni*
GRAHAM TODD, *Humor* — RUTH ABBOTT, *Exchange*

Art Department
ED TURNER, *Editor* — FRANCES YOUNGER, *Assistant*

Business Department
HARRY GUMP, *Business Manager* — DAVID STERN, *Assistant*

Faculty Advisers
MISS TILLETT
MISS SUMNER — MISS EAST — MISS ALLEN — MISS WALKER — MR. BLAIR

Unruffled Childhood

WHO does not, at some time or other in the course of life, give himself over to retrospective meditation? Memory links men with many things, the galling with the sweet; it seems a curse to many. But regardless of life's later hardships, irrespective of the shadows, the recollections of childhood—the joys of Christmas, the thrill of spring, the simple faith, the untrammeled feelings, the unsullied spirit, the limitless dreams—come as a refreshing current brushing away murky clouds of doubt.

There were no tomorrow's worries then, no cares, no dark forebodings. Tomorrow was a hall of great expectations; yesterdays went by unnumbered. Sophistication had not replaced innocence, nor had prejudices begun to insinuate themselves into our thoughts. In short we lived unhurried, unharrassed, beautifully, simply, qui-

etly. It was as though a lull before a tempest—a gigantic storm, a struggle relentless and wearisome, where men faint, tire, deceive, perpetrate infamy, price the virtues, stamp their souls for a shilling, a battle in which only the courageous and strong in spirit can account themselves victorious.

Henry E. Biggs

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them"

CHILDHOOD is the primitive stage of individual existence. In it we see re-enacted many of the customs and changes of custom which marked the early periods in the development of mankind. It is an incomplete stage; the tendencies which will help to form the adult personality are there, but as yet they are very rudimentary, very indefinite.

So in the sense that he is not yet fully organized for life, the child is inferior to the adult. But in another sense the child has qualities much superior to those of the average adult. As a rule he has not been subjected to those harsh influences of environment which tend to thwart the full expression of his better impulses. His buoyant philosophy of life is yet untrammeled by the dead weight of skepticism or disillusionment. His hope is yet unshadowed by the many failures which the years so often bring. His mental and physical energy are yet untouched by the drain of fruitless effort. He faces life with little sense of responsibility, with few compulsions save to be true to his own instincts; and he gives all the resources of his mind and body to each day as it comes, living and learning, and wasting little time on regret or speculation. If given the proper chance he will usually develop beneficent, social impulses as easily as selfish, individual ones.

From a child the adult can learn many qualities which it would be wise for him to cultivate. He can draw a great deal more happiness from existence if he will only face its vicissitudes day by day, with that clear, childlike determination to draw from them all that is good. If he will be content to grow gradually in this way, he has mastered the first principle of a higher success, for only thus can he prove himself the master of his environment rather than a mere helpless bit of living matter cast this way and that by the play of inexorable forces.

Carlton Wilder

TANGLED THREADS

My Autograph Collection

J. D. McNairy, Jr.

SOME days ago the postman handed me a letter addressed in a handwriting which I recognized as my own. At first it aroused my curiosity, for I could not for the moment imagine why I should be writing to myself. Upon opening the envelope, however, I found it to contain the autographs of Thomas A. Edison and Mrs. Edison. I then remembered that I had written to him over three years ago asking for his autograph and enclosing a self-addressed envelope.

As I uncovered my autograph book, I recalled my experiences during the last five years in collecting signatures of famous people. During this period I have been fortunate enough to secure some fifty autographs of the leading men of today in international and national affairs. Some few I have seen personally and talked with, but most of them I have written to and received letters from.

As I remember it now, the first impulse to collect autographs came to me when I was in the sixth grade at Old Lindsay Street School. I was reading one of Dr. C. Alphonso Smith's books, and, realizing that he was a native of Greensboro, I decided to write to him. In my letter to him asking for his autograph I told him that I was attending Lindsay Street School. I also presumed that he had once attended it. He wrote back a long letter in his own handwriting telling me that he had once attended Lindsay Street School and that O. Henry was also a student there for a short while. He added: "I have none but pleasant memories of it, though many a sound (but eminently deserved) whipping is blended with my recollection of those happy days." He also sent me photostatic copies of letters which he had received from O. Henry and from

President Roosevelt concerning O. Henry. Since then I have seen these letters reproduced in many places. I prize them very highly.

About this time I also received cards or short letters from Dr. Frank Crane, Edgar A. Guest, Irvin S. Cobb, and Charles E. Hughes. A card came from Edward W. Bok with his famous advice to "make the world a bit better or more beautiful because you have been in it." His secretary also enclosed a little advice that it is customary to send stamped self-addressed envelopes with all requests for autographs. Since then I have learned that nearly everyone who has written him has received a card containing the same advice.

In my collection I have the autographs of four Presidents of the United States and of two Presidents' wives. They are Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Mrs. Harding, Coolidge, and Mrs. Coolidge. They are perhaps the most valuable ones I have in monetary terms, yet I prize some others more.

The letter which I prize most highly, at least the one which pleases my *ego* the most, is a short note from Henry Van Dyke, dated June 17, 1923. It is as follows: "You have learned early how to do things,—carefully, frankly, politely, without timidity and without buncombe. I send *you* my best wishes with this autograph. Henry Van Dyke." At the bottom of the page he has this inscription: "To J. D. McNairy, Jr. Do honor to your father's name."

From New York I received a note from Hamlin Garland. John Dewey, the philosopher, wrote "to my unknown thirteen-year-old friend" with his signature. I wrote to Luther Burbank in California. After several weeks of waiting, when no answer came, I wrote to him again. Within a short time after this, the postman brought me a letter with his autograph in the most beautiful and legible handwriting I have yet received. From Joseph Hofman, the musician, I received a few bars of music with his inscription. (I have not yet attempted to sing the music.)

When I first set out to collect autographed letters my idea was to get chiefly writers. This soon led to getting letters from all the famous people I could. However, I still hold the autographs from the writers to be the most valuable. From Edwin Arlington Robinson, the poet, came the finest and most illegible writing I have yet seen. To this day I have transcribed only a part of it. It covers

over a half a page of stationery. William Lyon Phelps wrote: "I wish you all good happiness and success in your school life and in your career." When I wrote to Christopher Morley I told him that I had often heard people say that he was the foremost American writer. He wrote back: "Do you tell everyone you write to that you consider him (or her) the 'foremost American writer'? It can't always be true—and certainly isn't in this case."

Two years ago I heard Dr. James Harvey Robinson speak at the North Carolina College. Afterwards I started up to introduce myself to him, but lost my nerve before getting to him. I was "green" then and since have been able to master myself better. I wrote to him and told him that I had heard his address, and how much I enjoyed it. He answered: "I am glad you liked my address last year at Greensboro. It was kind of you to tell me so. I at least said what I thought, and you will find that this is an unusual privilege in this world of ours. Agreeable means to agree; disagreeable means to disagree with most of mankind most of the time. Few care to find out how things really lie."

Dr. J. H. Randall, of New York, delivered the annual address at N. C. C. W. some few years ago; I heard him and can truly say that I heard one of the best speeches I have ever listened to. Afterwards, I wrote to him and asked him for his autograph. He responded in a long letter in his own handwriting in which he said he enjoyed this first visit to Greensboro and hoped that he might come again. He ended: "With every best wish for your work during these student days and for your largest possible success in the larger world outside."

The longest and nicest letters that I have received yet have been from North Carolina men. When I wrote to Dr. Archibald Henderson he sent me an autographed picture of himself and wrote the following letter: "Your request is directed to the wrong man, I fear—as I do not answer to the description you give: 'one of the leading men of America.' I approve your decision to collect autographs of such men; and by perseverance, you will be astonished to discover how soon you will have quite a considerable collection. Some day such a collection will have a very genuine associative, historical, and even monetary value.

"Best luck to you in your endeavor. It is a harmless pastime, easily indulgent, and is rich in a certain sort of reward."

From Paul Green, Carolina's greatest Playmaker, I received a long letter in his own handwriting. From Professor Koch, the founder of the Playmakers, I have this letter:

"I appreciate much your letter and want to congratulate you on the interesting thing which you are doing. It is a fine thing to have such an interest and I am sure that you will derive much benefit and pleasure from it.

"You are very generous to consider me one 'of the leading men in America' and I am grateful for your confidence.

"I scarcely know how to answer your question as to where I got the Playmaking idea. It just seems to have always been a part of my nature; just my way of reaching out and expressing myself, you see. You'll find your way, too. I am glad that you are planning to come to the University and shall look forward to knowing you.

"Good luck in your undertaking."

Somewhat different from these is my small collection of the autographs of Englishmen. I have written to about twenty Englishmen, but have secured few replies. One reason, perhaps, is the fact that I did not enclose return postage. Thus far I have the autographs, merely the name on a card, of Lloyd George, Rudyard Kipling, and Winston Churchill. The last-named is only an assumption, as I have an autograph which I cannot read for certain. It is from the treasury department of the English Government; and as I wrote to Winston Churchill, I presume this to be his.

When John Cowper Powys spoke here I heard him and afterwards introduced myself and secured his autograph. My second encounter in meeting lecturers on my own initiative came when John Drinkwater spoke here. I have his play, "Abraham Lincoln," which he autographed for me.

This completes my collection to date. It represents the work of over three years. The desire to collect these letters has been almost intangible. It has come and gone. With each wave of enthusiasm I have written some letters, but often the enthusiasm died before the answers came. I do not know whether I shall continue this hobby or not. When the desire comes to me, I probably shall satisfy it.

In collecting these letters, I have done it not as a means of making money, as many of the modern collectors do, but for the joy of it and for the memories a collection of this kind holds. I did

not receive my idea directly from Mr. Bok's book, as he has alleged most of the modern collectors did, but stumbled upon it by my own happy accident. Each letter and each card I have means something to me. Some mean the reward of long and hopeful waiting; others mean the memory of a pleasant evening spent in hearing a lecture, and a few minutes afterward in conversing with the speaker; many connote to me something of the life and work of the writer; all are precious as representatives of many hours of work in writing letters and of much real joy.

My Rose

Graham Todd

I

Rose in a garden of pansies,—
Old-rose rose.
From the hill I gaze on you,
And your beauty lies
Dully on my senses.
So full already with the brilliant hue
That your sisters, the pansies,
Like fancies,
Have given me.
First I looked into the garden
From the hillside,
Gave partiality to a color,—
Loud—harsh—
Spun it in my loom of beauty,
And the pattern displeased me.
Another and another,—
Color after color—
Note on note—
Always—
Discord.

II

I used up each in turn,
Each brought new hope of something lasting,
And soon the list was down to you—
Old-rose rose,
And I turned in desperation,
Went back o'er them all—
Returned disappointed.
Then my eyes fell on you,
More like a shadow than a color,
In such a company;
And interested,
I drew closer, peeped through the gate,—
And knew
I loved you.
Love lifted my soul o'er the wall,
And now I trample pansies with my knees
As down on them,
I worship you—
Old-rose rose.

The Price

Irene McFadyen

"At last," murmured Anna Belle contentedly, "I am here."

By "here" Anna Belle meant Florida, Fort Landerdale to be more exact. It had taken many months of saving, doing without food and other things Anna Belle had needed and wanted, to hoard enough money to come to Florida.

Anna Belle had been old Mr. Oak's secretary of Oak & Son, lawyers, until she had saved enough to journey to Florida and become Miss Anna Belle Howard of Howard Gold-digging Company. As Mr. Oak's secretary she had been an ordinary working girl only for better looks and plainer dress. It was whispered among the other employees that she had no boy friends, and once a stenog-

rapher had seen her refuse a ride offered by a handsome young man in a sporty roadster.

"One of these good little girls—you know the kind," said the gossiping stenographer, as she slipped over her hand an expensive bracelet that a "boy friend" had given her.

Little did the girls at the office realize that Anna Belle envied their brazen ways. But now she had decided to become one of them. She had planned to launch her career at Fort Landerdale, and now that she was comfortably established at the hotel and dressed in her prettiest new clothes she walked down to the river to begin her work.

She crossed the bridge and walked along the bank with a newly acquired air of nonchalance. She forgot her new life and was mildly wondering if the river really did have a bottom or whether it was just an old Indian legend accepted by custom, when a pleasant voice sent her thoughts scurrying into all different directions. A small motor boat steered by a handsome young man had drawn up to the bank, and its driver was asking quite courteously if Anna Belle would not like to ride down the river. She was so startled at first that she could not speak, but only listened as he told her about the charming scenes on the river. Before she hardly realized it, she was seated in the boat and they were moving slowly on the water. Her companion talked freely, yet impersonally. She was new here, wasn't she? How did she like it?

As Anna Belle answered his question she murmured to herself:

"And I thought it was terrible to be picked up. Why, he is the nicest, most courteous thing imaginable."

Soon they were conversing like two old friends, and it was with a start of surprise that Anna Belle found herself at their starting-place. After they had landed and Anna Belle had told the young man what a nice time she had had, it seemed to her as if he was half extending his hand to her.

"How delightfully friendly," she thought as she gave him her hand. But he seemed to be trying to say something else. As if in a dream, she heard his pleasant voice say distinctly:

"The fee is six dollars, Miss Howard."

There was a queer little smile on Anna Belle's face as she watched a small motor boat with a small white placard upon which was printed "See the beauties of New River for $6.00" disappear in the distance.

Trampled Snow

Zaidee Smith

THE filthiest thing is trampled snow. And the dreariest place is a deserted school. The monitor clock ticks off the minutes as if to the beat of multitudes of shuffling footsteps, but the corridors are blank, and send back the ticking unclaimed. Each door is locked, and the rooms seen through glass panes are too orderly and too useless.

No one has any business in the outer office of a school at such a time. Natalie had waited alone for an hour. The last teacher had gone, and the janitor had been off long ago. She was too preoccupied to mind the vast silence. The banquet would be so wonderful. The governor was on the program! She had never seen him. Her orchid frock needed a touch of something on the side. Mother had been purchasing it for an hour.

The clock addressed her directly. Six o'clock. Mother was to be back by six. Natalie watched the traffic out in the street. People going home from work. The banquet at night. Natalie sprang to the window and tapped the sill nervously. Hundreds of cars—none of them mother's. Natalie wondered how much of this she could bear—a great deal more, perhaps. But it made one think of Milton's "On My Blindness," and of the struggle of the poor for existence, and of the necromantic Tristram and Iseult, and all other unpleasant and sad things. Natalie remembered with regret that she was two dollars behind with her church pledge. She wondered if the door opened from the inside. It did. She went out of doors and found that she had shut herself out.

It was bitter cold and dark was nearly on.

Natalie saw the girls shivering in their splendor. She saw them coming in flocks from nearby towns—guests at the banquet. Soon they would arrive. She would be here to meet them—how very queer. It had been some time. Mother would be here now surely. She prayed and cursed in the same breath.

Speak of angels and you hear their wings flutter. A car swung around the corner and it was mother's.

"Oh, my very dear!" Natalie said, and listened politely to mother's excuse.

The Westons lived on Olive Street, a new development of an old part of town. Straight back of their small brick bungalow was an irregular row of new houses similar to those on Olive. Back among these was a little old squalid white cottage with a green bench on the porch used in summer for holding potted plants. The greenery was removed to the inside now. Time changes many things, but only the shifting of the seasons and of the geraniums disturbed the pig-headed Irish of Mr. Thorne's place.

There were three small rooms. The east room was filled with a fireplace, a huge bed with an old lady in it, and the mangy-looking geraniums filling all comfortable places. In the room to the west, the tiny one, the old man sat talking to the old lady.

"I tell ye, tonight's hit. When we uz over thar tellin' Mis' Weston about Granma Freeze, Natalie was larnin' her piece. Yes, she wuz. She said hit would be Choosdy. Hain't it Choosdy? I say hit is, now."

"Has the gals come yit?"

"No."

Old Thorne scratched his shaggy mane, and his deep, sad eyes looked bitter.

"They'd better not let them good-for-nothin' mill boys come with them."

Mrs. Thorne's deceptive little black eyes met his threat. She rubbed her round hands seriously.

"I told 'em you wuzn't gonna take no foolishness—no drinkin', nor no cards, nor no comp'ny 'cept'n' Saturdays and Sundays. You heered me. You heered me say we'd turn 'em out if they didn't stay by our rules."

"We can't turn Granma Freeze out."

"She ain't a bother'n nothin'. It's her dasted nieces I ain't agonna put up with."

"You'll be gitten meals fer the ole woman a dozen times a day."

"She's old. They's three things I'm sorry for: Them's sick folk, babies, an' old folk. The rest can shift fer they-selves. They don't bother me. But when *I'm* old—" she did not finish her sentence, but her deceptive little eyes showed no emotion.

Old Thorne looked up blankly. "Are ye goin'?"

"Yes, I'm goin'. She's gonna speak a piece."

"It's well nigh seven-thirty. Git on yer coat."

"Did ye wrop up that pipe outside? If it bustiz we won't have no water tomorrow."

Mrs. Thorne moved into the next room. She explained to Granny that she'd be back later. Natalie was "gonna speak a piece."

Granny Freeze might have been the object of Mrs. Thorne's sympathies. She surely was as helpless as a babe. She talked like one. "Dat blessed child! If y' speak to her, tell her thanky for the nice shawl, will ye?"

"Would ye mind me wearin' it, granny?"

"No."

"We'll be back." Mrs. Thorne tied the shawl under her big jaw and was bundled out into the snow with her husband.

"This here snow was mighty purty three days ago," suggested the old man.

"M-m-mmm."

* * * * *

The tea room, John Marshal High School's pride, was festooned, befitting the presence of the governor. Tables arranged in the shape of a wheel with glistening spokes and long lines of candles. Emerald silk and brown hangings. The gentle flow of voices like the third cocktail—the colorful young guests and the unconcerned waiters conversing in undertones.

The governor swallowed a last bite, and rose to make his address. "My young friends"—his smile pervaded the room. Natalie leaned forward. This was glorious! His easy voice moved on in undulation. He had some interesting things to say about—what *did* he say?

It didn't matter.

It was Natalie's turn to answer the governor in behalf of the people of John Marshal. She fluttered to her feet and sailed out on the pleasant sea of honest admiration. It was delicious to be admired, to feel a heroine. It was delightful to express oneself, delightful like crisp waffles. Natalie remarked subconsciously, though, that waffles were fattening. She was three-fourths through her speech when there was a commotion at the closed doors which Natalie faced. Everyone turned to see. The doors bulged open, and two uncommon sights showed momentarily, until their scuffling was stopped and the doors closed. The larger one was an unwieldy

woman with a shawl over her head. The shaggy companion piece was a man. They were gone. Natalie finished hurriedly and sank in her seat. An eager applause.

Curious, these two old things at the banquet! They had said they would be there, but she had laughed. How dreadful of them to come!

The crowd moved out into the spacious reception hall. Natalie wanted to speak to the governor. She moved nearer him. At the same time she saw those two old things moving toward her. Like a disappointed bird of prey she sidled over to them. "Come with me," she begged of them.

"Have ye spoke, yit?" whispered Thorne, in awe of the mass of humans in such masquerade.

"Yes, but come in here and I'll say it to you."

But Natalie hadn't the hardness to scold them, and she hadn't the face to meet their innocent eagerness. She showed them into a very private place. Their hopes were high. The door closed on the mass of human masquerades. They turned to see Natalie. She had gone. They turned back to the door timidly. It would not open. There was nothing to do but wait for Natalie. She would be back in a little while. There was a mutual comfort in each other, but they hadn't the mind of oralize or appreciate it. They stood watching the door, not moving a muscle. How long, oh how long was it? Outside the door, the building was becoming quiet. In nearly two hours the silence became intense, and so near the two that they could hear the clock somewhere beyond the door. Mrs. Thorne's feet ached. She settled her weight into a chair. In the dark they sat, and sat . . . . . Natalie had neglected to leave them a light. The dreariest place is a deserted school. The filthiest thing is trampled snow.

The Wild Waves Are Saying

Rebecca Webster

The wild waves are saying
That Neptune's daughter is abroad on the open sea,
And her hair in ringlets makes the waves,
As they dash upon the lea,
And her eyes, they sparkle in the sun,
And make a rainbow for you and me.

The wild waves are saying
That Neptune's daughter is abroad on the open sea,
And her arms gleam bright, in the ocean light,
As she sways along the lea,
And her silver throat makes a mellow note,
As it carries far over the sea.

The wild waves are saying
That Neptune's daughter is abroad on the open sea,
And the fins of her tail flash back and forth,
As she races along the lea.
And the ship-wrecked humans
Struggle forth from the arms of the hungry sea.

Nathalia Crane

J. D. McNairy, Jr.

NOT since Chatterton has a child prodigy so startled the literary world as Nathalia Crane, of Brooklyn, has done in our time. As a girl of fourteen she has written poetry that has been recognized over all America and England as having a high standard of value. She has been admitted to several authors' clubs which previously had only older people as members. Her work has been read and appreciated by old and young alike.

The story of her entrance into the press has become almost traditional. Her parents noticed that she wrote rhymes and poems as many children do, but thought them nothing out of the ordinary. Nathalia sent some of her poems to the poetry editor of one of the New York dailies and asked a fee of fifty cents for their use in the paper. She did not state her age in the letter as has been the case with other children submitting contributions, but only signed her name. The editor accepted them for their merit and asked the author for more. She complied with his wishes and in a course of time he asked the author to come to see him. He was quite startled to find a young girl to be the author of these poems which he had printed with such enthusiasm. He could not believe the truthfulness of the authorship until it was verified by the girl's father and mother, who were quite as startled as the editor.

An examination of the works of Nathaalia Crane will show the justice of their wide praise. Older writers would be only too glad to claim poems to their credit which had the merits of these. They reveal a freshness and an insight unusual in modern poetry. Most of these are imaginative and express the thoughts of a fleeting

moment, but some delve into mythology and history. There are new fairy stories told in a new and delightful way; there are impressions of the world optimistic and beautiful; and there are rhymes showing an unusual insight into human nature.

Perhaps the best known of these poems is the "Janitor's Boy." It expresses the childish affection for another child never before captured by an older writer. It displays the imagination so characteristic of a child who will "look for a lonely isle in our geography." "The Story of Honey" and "The Commonplace God" are perhaps two of the other best known poems. The one which reveals the keenest and most beautiful insight is the "Blind Girl," with the best couplet running thus:

In the darkness who would wonder, in the darkness who would care
If the odor of the roses and the better things were there?

The poems of Nathalie Crane have received their recognition not because they treat of unusual subjects nor because they reveal an intellect foreign to children, but because they express the tangled and undefined feelings of every child. The poet is only the average child with a special gift of expression. The small things, the fanciful, and the imaginative attract her attention. She is interested in the things of every-day life.

Perhaps the thing which has made these poems unusual is the ability of the author to break away from the traditional and trite ways of expression. *Cliches* are not present in these poems to any noticeable degree. The similes and phrasings are original in a way that makes the appeal. Perhaps the most interesting and unusual of the similes is the one which describes the author's feelings about the janitor's boy when she says, "My heart is all a-flutter like the washing on the line."

If the young author's style and power improves at a reasonable rate, then the prophecy of one critic who said that the English language will be raised to yet unattained heights and unknown power, will be fulfilled.

STEVENSON, *Treasure Island*

When I was a small child I liked to read several books. Most of them were books of adventure, such as *Aladdin, Arabian Nights, Bluebeard,* and *Robinson Crusoe.* The one I liked best, however, and the one I remember reading most, was Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island.* I got more pleasure from spending an hour reading of Jim's adventures on Treasure Island than from anything else I can remember.

When I read this book I actually fought with pirates and searched for buried treasure along with Jim. If Jim was in danger, I was as frightened as he, if not more. When he found the buried treasure I was as happy as if I had found it myself. There was no doubt, whatever, in my mind, that pirates and treasure islands really existed. I used to hope that some day I, too, might find a buried treasure as Jim did. To me Captain Kidd and John Silver were just as real as Santa Claus.

Treasure Island was written in a style that exactly suited me, a style so simple and direct that the smallest boy could understand it. I also delighted in the many pictures in the book. These stimulated my imagination and enabled me to visualize more clearly what I read. I often studied these long at a time; then closed my eyes and saw them acted in my imagination.

Many pleasant hours of my childhood were spent in reading this book. I uever tired of it; by the time I had finished reading it once I was ready to start over again.

Wylie McGlamery

KOCH, *Carolina Folk-Plays—Second Edition*

The second series of *Carolina Folk-Plays* is a delightful book edited by Frederick H. Koch, the founder and director of the Carolina Playmakers.

Professor Koch is a pioneer in the field of the American Folk-Theatre, and has done notable work at the Universities of Dakota and North Carolina. His work has done much to promote the development of plays representing the traditions and various phases of the present day life of the people. At present he is in charge of all the dramatic work at the University of North Carolina.

The second series of plays contains a long, instructive chapter on "Making a Folk-Theatre," dealing with the play-in-the-making, how it is selected and criticized by the students, the try-outs, and finally the finished production as it is given at the Playmakers' own theatre.

There are five plays in this edition: "Trista," by Elizabeth A. Lay; "The Return of Buck Gavin," by Thomas Clayton Wolfe; "Gaius and Gaius, Jr.," by Lucy M. Cobb; "Fixin's," by Erma and Paul Greene; and the "Beaded Buckle," by Frances Gray.

"Fixin's," a tragedy of the tenant-farm woman, is to me decidedly the most realistic. The stark tragedy of Lilly, whose soul was starved for "purty things," and Ed, whose life was centered on his own "peas and cotton land," is a drama of every-day life, and cannot fail to excite the emotions of its audience.

The plays as a whole throw light on life in various parts of North Carolina; they certainly are proof of the excellent work of Professor Koch and his students.

Helen Shuford

James Barrie, *A Kiss For Cinderella*

Possessing a charm which is so peculiar to all of Barrie's work, especially his productions for the stage, *A Kiss For Cinderella,* written in three acts, is beautiful in its simplicity. The whole play is toned by an undercurrent so faintly whimsical, so artistically couched, that neither its whimsical touches nor its subtle comedy is overdone. In scenic sets and charming stage contrast, it is masterfully executed.

Beneath the outward beauty of the play there is subtle satire with which the author ridicules national prejudices born of war. He also makes a thrust at Lord Kitchener; and, by introducing the personality bearing the cognomen of Lord Times, the playwright chuckles at the power of the press in the channels of public life and government. And, careless of both crown and press, Edward Windsor is again represented as the diffident scion of the English throne—until, in the orphan's dream, he meets a Cinderilla. This same spirit of democracy is again featured in the cross-section picture of life at a war hospital. Such are the blessings of war.

The book is a typical Barrie one, and well worth reading and rereading.

Henry Biggs

There was a time when all novels had to be fast-moving and of an adventurous type to please the reader. Of late, however, there has been a tendency to replace this background of adventure by one of thought and emotion. H. G. Wells has come forth with what he terms "a novel at a new angle," presenting the life of one man against a background of thought and philosophy. And so with other modern authors. Considerably older than any of these late novels, but one written at somewhat the same angle—a work deserving a place among the masterpieces—is Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim.*

Here the life of one, who at first thought might be termed "the greatest coward," is presented against a background of tragedy and insurmountable difficulty. Possibly twenty chapters of the work are devoted to a detailed account of the protagonist's view of his past mistake, and his outlook upon the future. For the lover of glamor and hair-breadth romance, most of his narrative is dry copy, but for those who find pleasure in viewing life in its many phases, who revel in reaching down to a man's soul and laying it bare, *Lord Jim* is fascinating reading.

Powerfully built, physically fearless, yet ever with a shadow cast over him, Jim indelibly impresses himself upon one's mind: we follow him through life sympathizing, pitying, in a way understanding. We feel that he is good after a fashion, yet we cannot forget his sin. In his simplicity, in his frankness, he is as Cornelius said, "no more than a little child." In his activity, his zeal, he is a man, fearlessly, desperately seeking to bury his past, to flee from himself.

Little more than twenty, Jim embarks upon that fearful journey in the Patna. Then comes the investigation, at which he first meets Marlow, the only man who ever really understood Jim, and he imperfectly. It is Marlow who saves Jim from the inevitable way of outcasts, who shows him the one opportunity—Patusan, where he rises on a small scale to the level of a demi-god; where among "my people," as he calls them, he escapes from himself.

Lord Jim is indeed an absorbing and fascinating work. Conrad's simple direct narrative style makes all his work pleasant reading. The sincerity and force of the novel makes it "ring true," to

use a much hackneyed phrase, for which there seems to be no better substitute.

Jim stands out as a colossal, pathetic, desperate, magnetic character, overshadowed by tragedy—yet withal a wonderfully human fellow.

Louis Brooks

Halliburton, *The Royal Road to Romance*

The book, *The Royal Road to Romance,* carries all that its title implies. It does that and more. So thoroughly interesting is it that the reader, whether he be a globe-trotter or only a person who knows nothing whatsoever of foreign countries, can hardly force himself to lay it down. The author, Richard Halliburton, has filled the book with innumerable wonders of the out-of-the-way corners of the earth.

Immediately upon his graduation from Princeton, Mr. Halliburton, then only a boy, started out on a world tour with his roommate. They declined a luxurious passage from their wealthy parents, desiring to seek by other means the romance that the earth held. Their meager funds were reimbursed only by the sale of news articles to various American journals and newspapers. Halliburton parted from his friend in France, but was not without companionship in his wanderings. The hand of fate led him from France to Gibralter and thence to Egypt. Two moonlight nights passed, one spent on the highest peak of Gibralter; the other on the Pyramid of Cheops. To pass the historic Hellespont without following in Lord Byron's foot-steps would be unpardonable neglect, he thought, so he swam that body of water.

The famous peaks, the Matterhorn and Fuijiama, were climbed out of season. A night was spent on Mount Olympus, another in the sacred gardens of the Taj Mahal.

This royal road to romance lasted six hundred days, nearly all of which were crammed with interest, excitement, and knowledge. The vigorous style of the book is indeed pleasing. In fact, it holds a feast for the boy with a feeling of wanderlust.

Ernest Wyche

RAVELINGS

"Miss Terri-bell Stout"

Lily McLees

Miss Terri-bell Stout
Had a touch of the gout
And a lot of avoirdupois;
She wobbled about
With a Terri-bell pout,
Making a Terri-bell noise.

She sighed in vain,
She sighed again,
Used diets, reducers galore.
She continued to gain,
Till with the help of a cane
She used to get over the floor.

She sadly did rue,
"Oh, that this too,
Too solid flesh would melt!"
But she got the flu
And I'm telling you
Her lucky cards were dealt.

Reduce she did,
And soon she hid
Her double chin and ankles;
Thus she was rid
Of flesh o'erdid
And now no more it rankles.

His First Love Affair

Margaret Betts

"Turnip salad? Horrors! How could anyone pass it around on such a lovely spring day? Gee, never! Baked apples? No! No appetite? Why, of course, I just don't feel like eating anything. I haven't, either. Who ever heard of me having spring fever?

"Mother, make Lucy stop teasing me about Dot. I'll admit she's wonderful, 'cause she's different from most girls. Never was one like her before. Wonder who she's got a date with? Me jealous? I'd never be jealous of Fred Thompson. She's just stringing him. That's one boy I do despise, though. Seems like he just tries to be a little too popular, and I hate a boy like that."

"Ludy, will you please stop passing those potatoes in front of me? I wouldn't eat anything if my life depended on it."

"What's that? The phone! Is it for me? Who? Dot? Please stop yelling at me, Ludy!

"Yeah, uh-huh, this is me! Seven-thirty? Why, I've never felt better in my life. I'll be right over.

"Mother, gimme some turnip salad, cornbread, potatoes, and baked apples, quick! Please hurry. I've got to take Dot to the station."

Church

Edythe Bennett

In all my childhood days I thought church was merely a place where father went to sleep, and where mother learned new things. The preacher was only a man, to me, telling mother something she hadn't heard and talking father to sleep. I see it differently now, although every time I sit there waiting for church to begin, I think of the time when mother pinched father every time he shut his eyes.

THE SHUTTLE

Edited by Ruth Abbott

UPON our desk are piled high many high school magazines. Each one is of a different type—some from large schools, some from small ones; some of them well-written and well arranged, others of not such excellent qualities. Yet each of these is interesting because it shows us the literary strivings and achievements of the high school which publishes it. Therefore, it is most difficult to select the few to which we must limit ourselves for criticism. However, from this large number there are several publications which are clearly outstanding.

One of these outstanding ones is *The Quest,* Minneapolis, Minnesota. It is decidedly one of the few magazines which rank in the superior class. The drawings are unusually artistic. In fact, the whole of the magazine shows a finish that is most commendable. The following poem is a type of the material contained in this magazine:

WINTER

Silver etchings thread the pane,
Frost-lade moon is on the wane,
With the crystal hush of snow
Covering soft the autumn's woe.
White brushed wings are idly still
On the quiet crested hill
While the sprite with solvent gleam
Prisons the reluctant stream.

Also, *The Dragon* is a magazine "you like to read." The editorials are made interesting by such unique illustrations as the following from "Concentration":

It is said that Napoleon possessed the ability to fall asleep whenever he so desired, no matter what the hour or place. According to one story, the manner of his doing it was this: He would imagine his mind to be a room, on the walls of which were drawers filled with ideas and thoughts. These drawers kept continually opening in order to let some thoughts out into the general's consciousness. Imagining himself in that room, he would rush about shutting all the open drawers, the mental exertion in doing this being great enough to produce sleep. One cannot help but admire such a marvelous power of concentration.

By its quiet and impressive dignity, the *Mercyon,* from St. Mary's High School, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, also places itself in the superior class. It differs from other publications in that it conveys the atmosphere of a religious school. The lives of the men chosen as themes are made real to the reader by well-written articles. We were disappointed, however, in not finding an exchange department.

Another magazine of quite praiseworthy balance and general tone is the *Clarion,* Arlington, Massachusetts. The articles are good, but the arrangement of them in the literary department is poor; and the lack of heavier matter is apparent.

If we consider improvement made during the year we must place *The Wissahickon,* Roxborough, Pennsylvania, at the head of the list. W. R. H. S. is unexcelled as an editorial department, and each of the stories in the "Literature" is well-written. It is more honor to make great progress toward the top than to stand still in the highest rank. Therefore, *Wissahickon,* accept our congratulations!

One other publication which we cannot lay aside without comment is the *Taj,* from Harrisonburg, Virginia. Most valuable stories and forceful articles comprise the magazine. However, may it be said, that having ads as the first page of the magazine spoils one's first impression of an otherwise good magazine. Such a handicap could certainly be overcome.

The comments from the following magazines on HOMESPUN are greatly appreciated:

The Taj, Harrisonburg, Virginia.
The Goddard, Barre, Vermont.
The Radiator, Somerville, Massachusetts.

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Edited by MARY JANE WHARTON

SO THIS IS KINDNESS

ELSIE PALMER

A BOOK-AGENT importuned Bill Watlington, a rich merchant living a few miles out of the city, until he bought a book,—*The Book of Knowledge*. Mr. Watlington did not want the book, but to get rid of the agent, he bought it; then taking it under his arm he proceeded to his store.

That afternoon a book-agent called on Mrs. Watlington and he, after much persuasion, sold her a copy of the book. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book that morning. When Mr. Watlington came home that evening, he greeted his wife with a cheery smile as he said: "Well, my dear, I hope you have enjoyed the day. What have you been doing?"

"Oh, yes. I had a visitor this afternoon."

"Ah, and who was she?"

"It wasn't a 'she'; it was a gentleman,—a book-agent."

"A what?"

"A book-agent, and to get rid of the persistent man I bought his book, *The Book of Knowledge*. See, here it is," she exclaimed, advancing toward her husband.

"I don't want to see it," said Mr. Watlington, frowning terribly.

"Why, Bill, what is wrong?" asked his wife.

"Because that very same rascal sold me that book, too. Now we have two copies of exactly the same book—two copies of *The Book of Knowledge*—and——"

"But, husband, we can——"

"No, we can't either!" interrupted Mr. Watlington. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I——"

"Why, there he goes to the station now," said Mrs. Watlington, pointing out of the window at the fast retreating form of the book-agent.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my shoes, and——"

Just then Mr. Stephens, a neighbor, drove by; Mr. Watlington pounded on the window pane in such a frantic manner that he almost frightened the man to death.

"Hey, Stephens," he shouted, "won't you drive down to the station and hold that book-agent until I come? Hurry. Catch 'im now."

"All right," said Mr. Stephens, stepping on the gas and tearing madly down the street.

Mr. Stephens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard."

"Book-Agent," he yelled as he stepped on the train. "Book-Agent. Hold on. Mr. Watlington wants to see you."

"Watlington? Watlington wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book-agent.

"Oh, I know what he wants; he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that's all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Ten dollars for *The Book of Knowledge,*" said the man as he reached for the money and passed the book out the car-window.

Just then Mr. Watlington arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stephens enthusiastically, "just got it and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watlington.

"Why, I got the book—*The Book of Knowledge*—and paid—"

"Well——for——goodness——sake," moaned Mr. Watlington as he placed his hand to his brow and swooned right in the middle of the street.