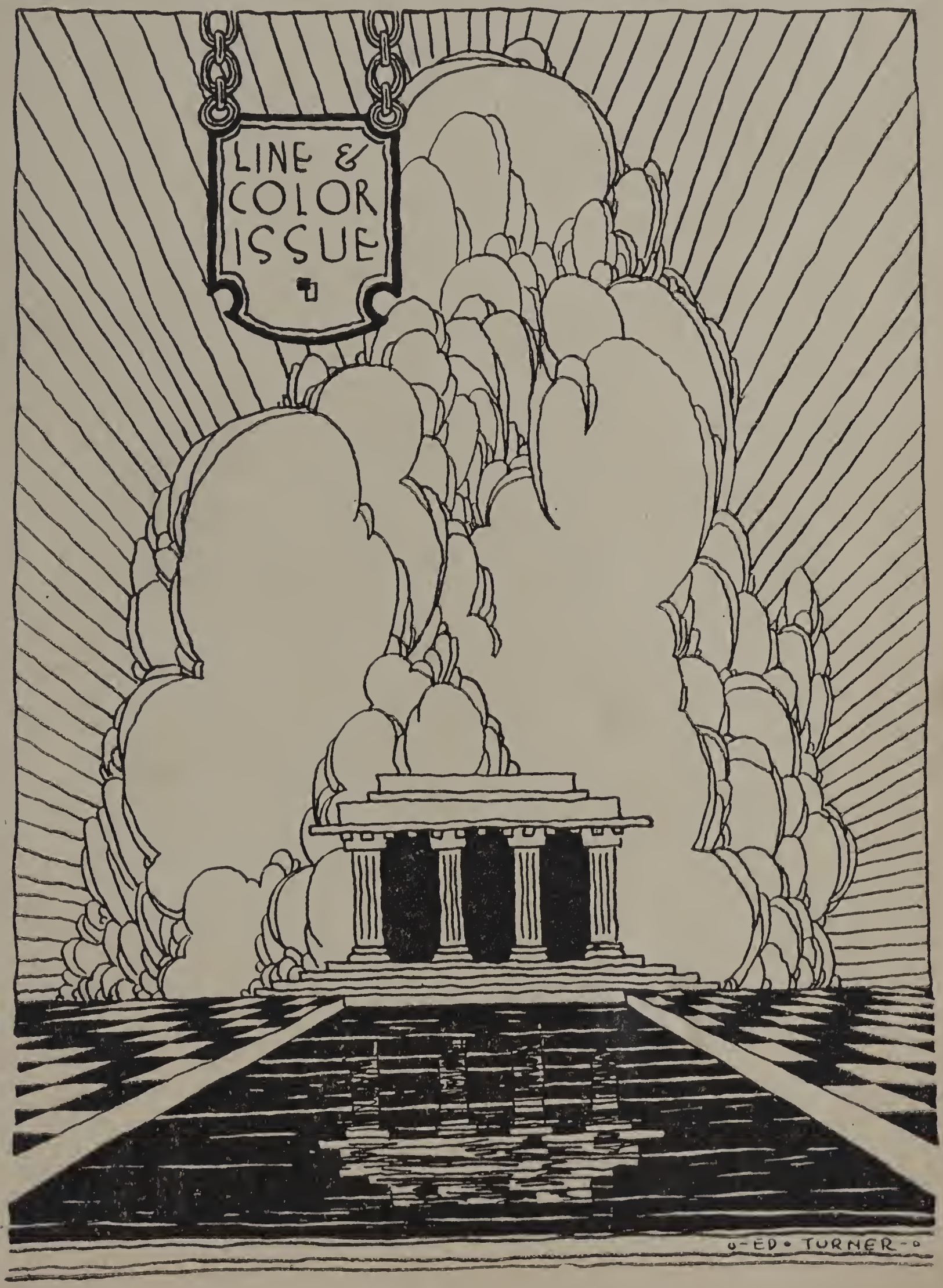
HOMESPUN



HOMESPUN

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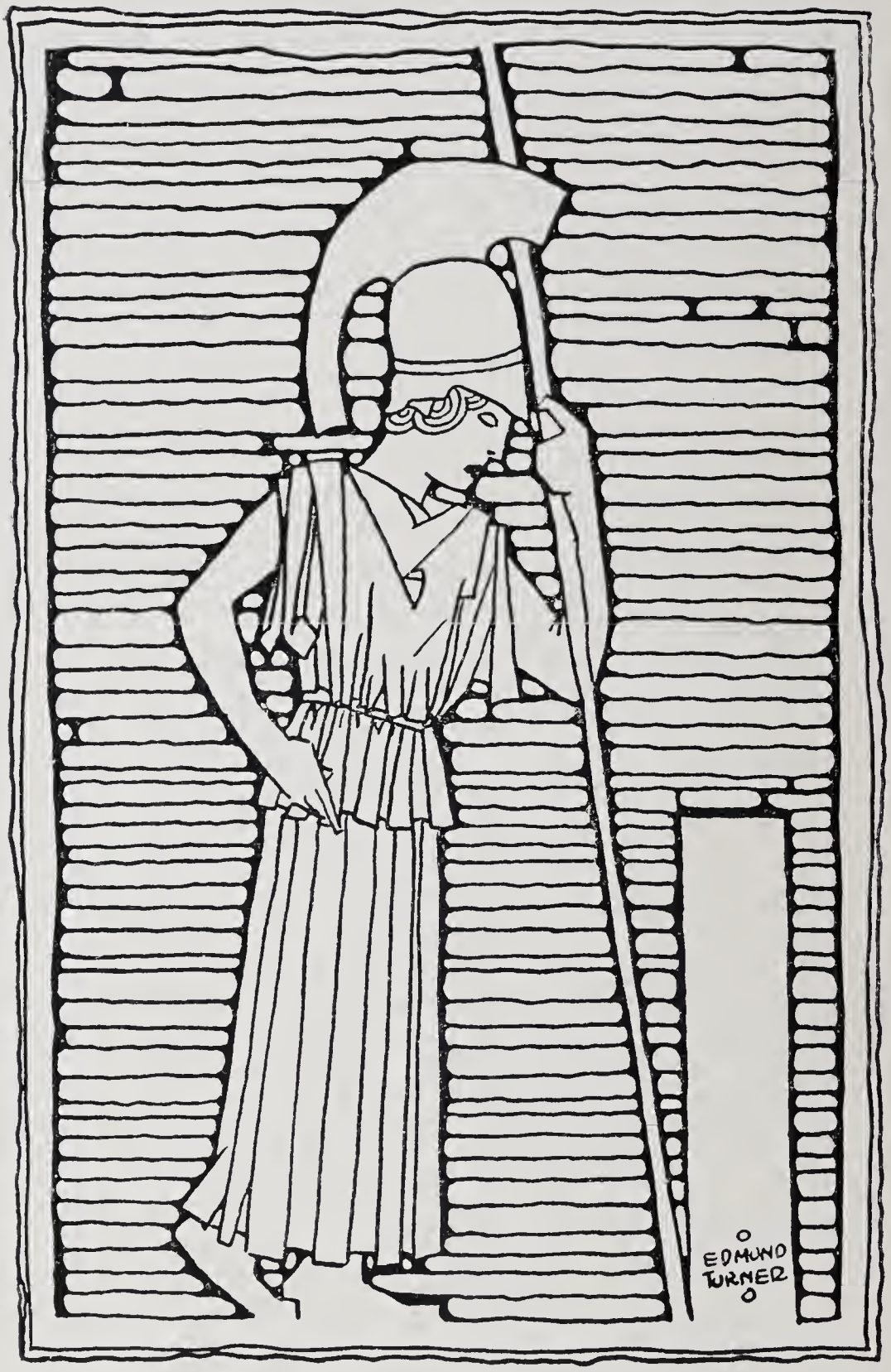

EDMUND
TURNER

THE WEAVE

Sublime Moments

Jean Barto

Art—
A magic expression
Inspired by the best
That is and has been
In life and nature
And the human soul.

Art—
The concrete form
Of the best that can be
Visualized
In a moment of sublime conception,
Interpreted by the masters of eternity.

Art—
The unsounded rhythm
Of superlative beauty,
The æsthetic outlet
Of a soul's divine longing,
Seeking life in centuries of living.

The Master of the Italian Renaissance

Clyde Norcom

One's heart is stirred by the indomitable will and almost superhuman energy and courage of the master workman of the Italian Renaissance—Michael Angelo. This great man endured great hardships, illness, and overwhelming labor that the soul of his imagination might live in reality. For many months Michael Angelo lay on his back, and battled with the peculiar technical problems of painting on over-wet plaster; he contended for years with jealous rivals, but, in the end, he surmounted all difficulties and succeeded in creating perfect work.

Imagine the master of Italian art lying on a scaffold many dizzy feet above the floor of a chapel in Rome, painting with fast and furious master strokes the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. The great genius, between the years 1508 and 1512, revealed there with "titanic power his immortal vision of the world's creation." Today we are amazed at the splendor and beauty of the nine scenes depicting the story of Genesis from the creation to the flood. When we view the hundreds of wonderful figures, some actually painted within three or four days, showing the ancestry of Christ, ancient prophets, and stirring moments of Biblical history, we can understand why artists call this "the most extraordinary piece of technical work ever accomplished."

At the age of thirteen the lad was under the instruction of Ghirlandaio, the painter of Florence, who showed him how to copy drawings, mix colors, and lay the groundwork for frescoes. A year later he became the pupil of Lorenzo de Medici, the great merchant-prince and patron of art. Here in the palace gardens of Florence he began his work that lasted until death. Two years later Lorenzo died, and the young sculptor started his career. The "Picta," the statue of the Virgin Mary holding the crucified body of her Son, was chiseled during his stay at Rome. Its fame spread throughout all Italy in a day. Michel Agnola became Michael Angelo, that is, Michael the Angel, in a day's time. He was immediately recalled to Florence.

"There at the age of twenty-six he retired into a workshop built around an eighteen-foot marble block which another sculptor had half-spoiled forty years before. When he removed this covering twelve years later, the world gasped, for out of that cramped colossal mass he had created his youthful, courageous "David"—one of the world's greatest statues of spirit—quailing, awe-inspiring force."

It is not to his lesser achievements that we turn for inspiration. His masterpieces on canvas and in stone still amaze us with their creator's "marvelous skill of hand, and his grandeur of conception." "The Last Judgment," flaring with fiery daring sixty feet high at one end of the Sistine Chapel, is "the most famous single painting in the universe." His architectural achievement—the greatest of the Italian Renaissance—the great dome of St. Peter's in Rome, is a labor of love designed during his last years.

Other than Titian, he was the last great figure of Italy's golden age of art. He is characterized as "a stern and lonely dreamer; in the loftiness of his inspiration and in the number and variety of his immortal works he still stands unrivaled."

His works are a part of himself. He is true to his own life. He never painted a laugh, for his aspect of life was serious and full of sober purposes. "We cannot call his work somber—it does not depress—for it carries with it a poise and strength that is sufficient unto itself."

In old age he was respected, loved, and revered by all. Even the king arose when he entered the council-chamber, and would not sit until he was seated at the right hand of the throne; he was not permitted to kneel before the Pope; when walking through the streets of Rome the people removed their hats in homage; and today we stand uncovered as we gaze upon his work in the Eternal City.

"Death plucks me by the cloak," he cried when he was eighty-nine, and the brush fell from his hand. He was buried in the church of Sante Croce at Florence.

Facts are not the significant things of his life. The soul of the man in his works, as revealed to us, is what we can appreciate most. "Art is the work of the whole spirit of man," declared Ruskin. If we must see the beauty and charm of his creations, we must first see his spirit filled with imagination and dreams.

The Test of Time

Marion Geoghegan

People looked at the little bit of humanity and shook their heads. An ugly, deformed, little thing—what could he amount to in the world? No, he would only be a burden on his parents—as if they didn't have enough already. Nine children there were, and enough to eat up a poor stone mason's salary.

So Pierre Gaillon was born, and so he grew up. No one ever bothered to notice Pierre; he was an insignificant little thing, not like other children, and so they let him be.

When Pierre was eight years old, he was given a flock of goats to tend. It was his duty to take them out into the fields every day and watch them. But Pierre hated the goats, and soon forgot them to wander beyond the field into the woods where he could watch the birds. One day his wanderings took him farther into the forest than ever before. He was tired and flung himself down on the wet ground near a little river to rest. About him the rain-soaked clay shone stickily, inviting him to dig his fingers idly in it. How easily he could squeeze the soft, slimy clay and curve it into odd figures! How easily it yielded to his touch and left his imprints in it! Pierre picked up more of the earth, moulding it into the forms he knew best—the birds and the flowers.

Many days passed in which Pierre spent hours on the river's bank, experimenting with his new game. How fascinating it was! He worked until he found the right consistency of the clay; then he would mould it into figures, and set them in the sun to dry. As his fingers became more familiar with the clay, he would fashion out more complicated things—a house, a church, and a man.

But Pierre was not satisfied; he wanted something more. As he grew older, he became dissatisfied with the crude clay, and wished for other things. In his mind's eye he saw himself a great sculptor, far above the little group he had known all his life. Those people who laughed at his deformed body and scorned him, they would respect him! Pierre's starved little soul longed for the day when men would respect him.

Once Pierre found a piece of stone and a chisel, which his father had been using. He seized the stone eagerly and tried to shape it into the form of an animal. His chisel and mallet slipped so often that the stone was cut grotesquely, and far from the form he had intended. He looked at the dismal failure, but doggedly he started a second piece. He experimented and found that he must slope his chisel to produce the desired effects. Slowly he was learning the art of sculpture.

Pierre's zeal for his work made him attempt something more difficult, a statue of man, and as his example—Jesus. He had never seen a figure of Christ, and he did not know how to fashion this image of his. But Pierre made the little statue an embodiment of all his ideals in man, and into it he put his own soul. He made the stone throb with life, though it was crudely carved.

Finally Pierre could no longer restrain his desire to be taught the sculptor's art, and he decided to leave his home for Paris—the place where the greatest of artists and sculptors gathered. So Pierre Gaillon, fifteen years old, left his unloved birthplace for the city, where men are forgotten in the crowded streets of life. Weeks he wandered about, unable to find an artist who was willing to give him work. He lost his faith in God and his genius, wandering aimlessly about the streets, until he reached the depths of poverty and hunger.

One day as he lay in the street, a woman came up to him and laid her hand upon him. Startled, he looked up to find the giver of the first caress he had ever known. Pierre hung onto every word she spoke; she was an angel in his sight. The lady took him home with her and nursed him back to health again. She listened eagerly to his ambitions, his dreams, and his ideals; and she secured for Pierre a small position in the house of a great sculptor.

Many years passed. Pierre Gaillon had grown wrinkled and white with age. He had realized his ambitions and reached a higher goal than most men attain. Art galleries and famous homes the world over cherished and revered the smallest piece of sculpture that bore the mark of "Pierre Gaillon."

But fame had not stayed with Gaillon. When he became too old to work, people soon forgot him, though they valued his art. He dropped again to the depths of poverty, and Pierre Gaillon died in a cellar. By his side was found a bundle wrapped in a newspaper. Inside was a little figure of Jesus, crudely done, indeed, and hardly worthy of Pierre Gaillon's fame; but it had stood that ravaging test of time.

To "Mona Lisa"

Sarah Ferguson

You sit and smile there in your frame of gold,
Oh, lady, with a charm that is so strange.
You smile a smile which is not young or old,
From youth to age, from joy to grief its range;
It shows emotions, yet is peaceful, still;
You must have suffered much, oh, many pains,
And yet known joy and triumph and iron will.
And knowing these with mystic look you deign
To look with pity; so I want to trace
The cause of all the mockery in your eyes.
Each time I gaze upon your pictured face
I turn and think this time that I am wise,
And to the meaning of that look come near;
Yet I will never know the true cause of that smiling-sneer.

The Stone Mountain Memorial

Edwinna Jones

At Stone Mountain, Georgia, a memorial is being erected to the Southern Confederacy. It is an attempt to chisel the story of the South out of the side of a mountain of solid stone. Sixteen miles from Atlanta stands this rounded, granite boulder (known as Stone Mountain), three thousand feet long and rising from the plain nine hundred feet high. The sides of this mountain are smooth, sloping, and devoid of any vegetation. It seems as though the mountain is placed there for some message to be written upon it to endure through the ages. Gutzon Borglum, distinguished American sculptor, sensed this on his first visit there twelve years ago, and so the idea had its origin.

The Daughters of the Confederacy had long desired to erect some fitting memorial to General Robert E. Lee, and so consulted with some famous sculptors—among them Gutzon Borglum, who suggested the Stone Mountain project. The first plan of the Daughters of the Confederacy provided for a bas-relief of the head of Lee to be cut in the base of the mountain. Borglum felt this to be entirely unsuitable and told them so. He then presented his plans, which involved the portrayal of the story of the South on this mountain side. Forming the central interest, according to Borglum's plans, there was to be a group of figures, including Lee, Stuart, Davis, and Jackson. It was to depict the march of the army straight along the side of the mountain. The setting sun would throw its last rays on the central figures, heightening their beauty and charm. Although the site was dedicated in 1916, the World War delayed the beginning of the actual work. Borglum, however, promised to complete the memorial within eight years.

One of the first problems which confronted Borglum was how to outline the designs at the proper place on the mountain side. This was solved by means of a large stereopticon throwing the picture on the surface of the mountain, and by letting men down over the precipice to trace the outline in white paint. All this

had to be done at night and, of course, was very dangerous. Borglum, however, was very careful and took every possible precaution against the loss of life in this undertaking. So the work was begun and proceeded smoothly at first.

The unveiling of Lee's head on January 19, 1924, was made the event of a great celebration for the state of Georgia and the entire South. The party had to ascend the mountain by the road; then descend to the enclosure of Lee's head. A table was set on Lee's shoulders, and many guests ate luncheon in this unique setting.

In February, 1925, there was some misunderstanding between Borglum and those interested in the project, and so he was replaced in this great undertaking, which, to certain engineers, presented more difficulties than the Panama Canal. Augustus Lukeman was chosen as his successor. Then arguments and disagreements followed so that the work stood at a standstill for a long while. Within the last two weeks the newspapers bore the disappointing news that the Daughters of the Confederacy were considering giving up their plans. It is hoped, however, that they will reconsider; for the memorial, it seems to me, is too splendid a thing to be allowed to drop.

The Divine Brush

Ivah Wolfe

The earth was changed to a gray blue tint,
For with nature's brush it was painted so,
And the sun shone down and sent
Over all the earth a warming glow;
The clouds in their white dresses
Floated around the sky,
Slowly, lazily, and peacefully,
Beautiful to the eye.
So nature, God's only form of visible expression,
Paints for human eyes divine impression.

Industrial Architecture

Joseph Hendricks

Architecture, even though it is considered one of the fine arts, is rapidly deteriorating instead of improving in American civic life. It is becoming less and less of an art—in fact, it has become a new science—a sort of super-engineering. Modern industrial plants, schools, and those immense structures known as skyscrapers are examples of this degeneration in American architecture. There is no need to speak of architecture in the building of industrial plants—there is none. These piles of steel and stone are a blot on the earth; they are built with no regard for their effect on the tastes of an art-loving people. Their only purpose is to serve the great god, Industry. Some may admire these huge structures with their roaring furnaces, whirling turbines, and confused sounds. This admiration is not artistic appreciation, however; it is the awe-struck adulation for a gigantic, oppressive industrialism.

Architecture was and is known as the most practicable of all the arts, but its utilitarian purpose has been grossly abused. Westminster Abbey, Winchester Cathedral, the Belfry of Bruges, Chartres, the remains of the Roman Colosseum, the great fragment of the Parthenon, St. Paul's, St. Sophia, Notre Dame, Rheims, and other magnificent buildings were constructed for a useful purpose, but their utilitarian character did not detract from their architectural merit. Therefore, there is no reason why modern American buildings should not be beautiful as well as useful.

The modern school plants of two and three stories are so low in relation to their great length as to be utterly out of proportion. This is an example of utility overruling beauty. I believe that schools should be the most beautiful of all public buildings in order to bring about a love of the beautiful in young men and women. Architecture is the most human of all the arts—man meets it in his work, in his religion, in his play, and in his study. Accordingly school buildings should be so constructed and so beautified that an instinctive sense of beauty would be infused in their occupants and beholders.

One thing should be understood. Architects are not to blame for the ugly buildings which are springing up in American metropolises. Architects are of a necessity artists, and they do not design these buildings because they think they are producing art. Today, architects must design and build structures which meet the demands of industrialism. In this age of rapid change, too, a disadvantage to the architect is the fact that buildings go out of date so quickly. Increased congestion in cities gives rise to the necessity of increasing the height of buildings. Of course one cannot expect an architect to give his best on a building which he knows is doomed to be razed in fifteen or twenty years. If a building is not razed, it is usually surrounded and overshadowed by skyscrapers—an equally inglorious fate, by the way, because the background of a structure is one of the chief components of its beauty. An unfortunate sidelight on this congestion is the fact that the mass of people working in large cities are forced more and more to live in the tall apartment buildings in the tiniest of rooms. In New York, the central grass plot of Park Avenue had to be removed to aid traffic. No doubt the day will come when Central Park in New York will be given over to buildings.

In modern building the architect is being replaced by the engineer. Thus one may see why our buildings are machines and not works of art as they should be. In 1800 the structure of a building represented about ninety per cent of the total cost; in 1920 the increased amount necessary for location, fixtures, appliances, ventilation, fire-proof construction, and other things made the structure of the building cost about fifty per cent of the total cost. According to Lewis Mumford in his "Sticks and Stones," "A modern building is an establishment devoted to the manufacture of light, the circulation of air, the maintenance of a uniform temperature, and the vertical transportation of its occupants." It can be seen that the engineer can give the owner a building which contains more cubic feet of space for less money than the architect can if the latter uses any artistic talent in the design of the building. However, a quarry worker cannot sculpture—neither can an engineer perform the work of an architect.

The American skyscraper, as it is called, has been the subject of much discussion by many classes of people, professional builders and others. The skyscraper has been contemptuously described as a honeycomb of cubes, draped with a fire-proof material. The pure mechanical form and the great number of windows of a skyscraper forbid its being treated as a work of architecture. It is likened to a column, with a base, a shaft, and a capital. The base and the capital (or top) are the only suitable places on a skyscraper for ornamentation. If it is adorned at the base, it cannot be done to fit the scale of the building and be pleasing to the eyes of the man in the street at the same time. And if it is decorated at the top, no one can see the adornments! The entire trouble with skyscrapers is that they are built on a superhuman scale—the individual is dwarfed and does not fit in at all with this scale, socially or economically. Physically, of course, the individual is out of proportion to a skyscraper, for as Mr. Mumford says, "For the millions who fill the pavements and shuttle back and forth in tubes, the skyscraper as a tall, cloudward building does not exist." One can appreciate the irony in the following words by the same author: "What our critics have learned to admire in our great buildings is their photographs—and that is another story." In an article chiefly devoted to praise of the skyscraper, in a number of *The Arts,* the majority of the illustrations were taken from a point that the man in the street never reaches. In short, it is an architecture, not for men, but for angels and aviators!

The skyscrapers could perhaps be appreciated if the streets surrounding them were ten times wider, so that people could view them as whole buildings and not as sections. The zoning ordinances of larger cities, which require a building to be built in the form of a pyramid after it has reached a certain height, cause the structure to look like nothing so much as a pile of children's building blocks. Personally, I have never seen any architectural beauty in building blocks. And furthermore, why should the framers of these zoning ordinances constitute themselves as a committee to say what is right and what is wrong in architectural construction?

Another regrettable phase of this mechanical architecture is the standardization of domestic architecture. In private homes in cities and suburbs, even though space is not valuable and greater freedom in treatment is permissible, the proclivity is to make the details of all homes alike. There is no individuality in American domestic building. The boards are cut to length in a sawmill, the roofing is made in a roofing factory, the window frames are cut in standard sizes and put together in a framing factory, the balustrade is done in a turning mill—in fact, everything goes by a catalog rule. The architect is eliminated in all but the most expensive work. The owner cannot show any individuality in his home except at great cost for variations from the standards set by the builder. Mr. Mumford is again satirical, "The chief thing needful for the full enjoyment of this architecture is a standardized people. Here our various educational institutions, from the advertising columns of the five-cent magazine to the higher centers of learning, from the movie to the radio, have not perhaps altogether failed the architect."

Perhaps in the future this lack of beauty in buildings will be noted by the people as a whole. When that time comes, there will certainly be an upheaval and change in the methods of building. People will realize that they want architecture as a fine art and not as a corrupted form of engineering.

To a Painter

Macon Crocker

With brush in hand
You give your visions form;
Each line and stroke a thing of beauty makes;
By your spell youth is forever caught,
And with love and life remains.

The Greatest Picture

James Stewart

Andrew Tonio was seated in his studio, chin resting in palm, brow wrinkled in thought, and body tense as if he were waiting for something. There were many ruined canvases around the wall—ruined because the painter, in a fit of anger and despair at not being able to get the exact touch he wanted, had splashed paint all over them.

Andrew was thinking deeply. Some months ago, while talking to a friend, the subject of art had come up. Without thinking of Andrew's sensitive nature, the friend had remarked that painting was almost a dead art. He did not believe, he said, that the present generation of painters was as masterful and great as former generations. Andrew, stung to the quick, responded hotly that art was becoming better and better, and to prove it, he would paint the greatest picture ever seen. If the picture were not ready at the end of the year, he would eat his words and acknowledge the friend right. This was the reason for the many ruined beginnings.

Suddenly his hands clinched, and his head came up with a jerk. He knew what the picture would be. He set feverishly to work on the fresh canvas he kept constantly ready.

The picture rapidly took form, and he began to fill in the details. He had come to the face, the most important part of all. He had all his faculties concentrated on the exact expression he was to give it, and he realized that for his attention to be distracted for a moment would mean the failure of his dream.

He raised his hand slowly, steadied it, and had just touched the canvas when his subconscious mind heard a cry. But he must not pause; he must finish before all was lost. Again he heard the cry, this time more insistent. He was able to hear the quavering note of stark terror in it. He threw down his brush and jumped up, overturning his paints on the beautiful picture. His human heart had triumphed over his petty desires.

"Damn the picture," he cried, "if it costs a soul's salvation."

He rushed to the door and opened it. A cloaked figure carrying a large bundle on her breast almost fell into the dimly lighted room. It was a young woman, holding a young baby.

"Oh, hide me!" she gasped brokenly. "They are after me. They will kill me and my baby."

He closed the door swiftly and led the woman into a room where there was a bright fire burning in an open grate. He had hardly given voice to a question, when they were startled by a loud knocking at the door. He glanced at her face, and seeing the expression of helplessness and dumb pleading in her eyes, he turned toward the door, his duty clear. He opened the door slightly, to look into the face of a drunken officer. His gaze never faltered as he held the door to prevent his entering.

"Where's the woman?" he asked; and at the look of inquiry on the painter's face, he added, "She escaped from me and came down this way. Do not lie to me, man. I shall know in the end."

"The woman," answered Andrew firmly, "passed on down the street and turned up at the next corner. Leave me now, for I am very busy." He closed the door in the man's face and turned toward the room where he had left the woman. His head was bowed in deep thought and sorrow. His picture was ruined; he would probably never be able to make another like it. As he approached the door, he raised his head and opened his eyes.

His eyes opened wider with amazement and incredulity, and a smile trembled on his lips. He saw his picture. The woman was standing in front of the fire, her cloak thrown off. The expression of tenderness and love on her face as she gazed at the baby in her arms, and the light of the fire in her long, shiny hair were the answer to the painter's prayers. Here was his inspiration, his masterpiece. He bowed his head in thanks to the God who had sent the woman.

Famous Madonnas

Carmella Jerome

The most revered subject in the world of religious art as well as in the world of reality is the madonna and her babe. As it has such a universal appeal, artists for centuries have painted masterpieces concerning this subject. Madonna paintings are so numerous that it is almost impossible to estimate their number. Every art gallery has some study of the madonna and her babe from some great school of art.

The greatest madonna paintings are found to have been painted during the Renaissance—that great period in the development of art. The madonna paintings may be divided according to authorities into five classes: the Portrait Madonna, the Madonna Enthroned, the Madonna of the Sky, the Pastoral Madonna, and the Madonna in a Home Environment.

In drawings belonging to the first class the virgin is pictured as a half-length figure against a solid background. She is usually pictured in a blue robe.

In the group of the madonna enthroned the virgin is sitting on a throne or dais. Representative among this group are Cimbue's "Madonna," painted in 1270 and now in the Church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence; Bellini's "Madonna of San Zaccana," at the Venice Academy; Andrea del Sarto's "Madonna of the Harpies," in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence; Perugino's "Madonna and Saints," in the Vatican Gallery.

Under the "Madonna of the Sky" the figures are set in the heavens surrounded by clouds. Representative paintings of this group are: Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," Fra Angelico's "Madonna della Stella," Correggio's "Madonna of Saint Sebastian."

The pastoral background is used in paintings under "The Pastoral Madonna." Some of this type are: Raphael's "Belle Jardinere," "The Madonna of the Meadow," the "Madonna of the Goldfinch," and Da Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks."

There is only a small group under the "Madonna in a Home Environment." Most of these are from Northern painters. Quinten Massey's "Madonna," Shongaruer's "Holy Family," and Rembrandt's "In a Carpenter's Home" are a few of this class.

Legend gives Saint Luke credit for having painted the first madonna. But it was not until after the Council of Ephesus in A. D. 431 that this type of art was recognized. Raphael is the world's greatest painter of madonnas. His masterpiece, the "Sistine Madonna," painted in 1518, now hangs in the Dresden Gallery. The picture shows the Virgin supported on clouds and carrying the infant Jesus in her arms. Pope Sixtus II kneels on one side, and Saint Catherine on the other, and below, the two famous cherubs of Raphael are leaning. It was painted as an altar piece for the Church of San Sisto at Piacenya and was finished just before Raphael died.

Another of Raphael's great paintings is the "Madonna of the Chair." It is said that he first painted it on a barrel top and then copied it on canvas. It was painted in 1516 and now hangs in the Pitti Palace.

Leonardo da Vinci's "Madonna of the Rocks" takes its name from the appearance of high rocks in the background.

Correggio's madonna paintings are crowded with figures expressing gaiety and joy of life. His pictures are "unsurpassed for masterly handling of color." Among his famous paintings are the "Madonna of Saint Sebastian," "La Zingarella," "Madonna della Casta," "Madonna della Scala." The last-named picture was originally painted over the entrance of the eastern gate of Parma, which is entered by a flight of steps—thus the name "Madonna della Scala" (of the staircase).

Titian ranks next to Raphael and Correggio in his paintings of the Virgin. His most famous is the "Madonna with Roses."

Many modern painters, among them Defergger, Bodenhauser, Bougreau, have copied Raphael in representing the madonna in the heavens, but none can compare with those of Raphael, the Master.

Colors in the Weave

Expectation

As I Would Paint It

Virginia McKinney

THE BACKGROUND

The sky that had been pink and white a few minutes before, is now a dull, angry gray. It looks as if there will be showers—heavy, beating showers. There is a ripple among the trees; one can almost hear snatches of a low, sad song. A few splashes of sunshine still cling to the tallest of the trees, as though reluctant to leave. The grass is a smooth carpet of green. There are no shadows; not a blade of grass stands out. Interspersed here and there in the grass are bunches of daisies. They present a mass of color—white, yellow, and green.

THE FIGURE

A fairy-like dancer is flitting across the grass. She seems to be trying to out-dance the shower that is approaching. Her costume embodies the spirit of the woods, the masses of black hair being the only dark coloring. Head and arms lifted toward the sky, she whirls on her toes. Every line of her body shows action, a hurried, breathless action.

The whole atmosphere breathes expectancy—the approaching storm, the haste of the dancer, and the droop of the flowers.

On Nature's Canvas

Evening

Jack Kleemeier

The white ruins of a Greek temple stand on the hill. Through the columns the setting sun is seen over the blue Aegean. Far out at sea the white sail of a boat bobs up and down. On one side the misty tops of mountains rear themselves above the clouds. Far down on the strip of white sand a shepherd boy is slowly gathering in his flocks.

The Arrival of Night

Macon Crocker

Pale blue, dark red, then below a solid carpet of green. The sun lowered itself slowly beyond the mountain. The day grew shorter. Night was beginning its journey to the hills. Red faded away; pale blue turned slowly to black; green was no more. Night had arrived.

A Queen's Gown

Frances Cartland

The dark water was a garment spangled with many brilliant stars. The moon softly threw down a broad sash of silver. The wind with gentle caresses supplied the ruffles to the skirt. Then it was complete and fit for a queen.

Moon Magic

Carter Williams

Night had fallen as the lighter shades of evening dimmed and blackened. Black clouds swiftly scudded across the sky, sometimes permitting for a brief moment the glow of the harvest moon or a patch of stars to break forth upon the wooded mountainside. The low, threatening growl of thunder was heard here and there around us. We felt as if we were surrounded by a pack of fierce animals which were growling out threats of coming violence.

We had expected to spend the night in tents, but since a storm threatened, we must now seek more substantial shelter. In one great flash of lightning we glimpsed a house on down the trail, and even then we could see the waving shutters like the eyelids of great black eyes. After much stumbling and commotion we reached the house, to find it deserted; so we took possession.

In a short while we were rolled up in blankets close to each other for comfort and warmth. A few trembled when the splintering crashes of thunder shook our frail shelter. Soon great drops of rain struck the tin roof slowly, sounding like the steps of some forgotten ghost. A dirty curtain ripped from the window and was swept across our drawn faces by a wandering wind, causing one of the weaker boys to shriek aloud in his fright. Then the rain swept down, accompanied by a crash of thunder, and it sounded as if all the people in the world were stamping on the roof. The wind whistled and shrieked around the house and under the eaves. The shutters slammed incessantly, aided by the droning and moaning of the gale sweeping through the trees.

Then suddenly the wind subsided, the black clouds broke and were swept away by a gentler wind. The moon shone forth in all its splendor. I arose and went to the window, and I shall never forget that scene, a world transformed from deepest black and heavy winds to one of gold and gentle whispers of breezes, soughing through the pines glittering with drops of water. The rushing creek even was gold, glittering, sparkling, dancing gold such as only a moon can make.

A Study in Melancholy

Hugh McCroy

It is an October day in August—one of those days that come sometimes in the cool Northern summers. The wind blows steadily and the trees sway and creak, and their cloaks of fluttering leaves murmur continuously. Dark, steel-gray clouds drift very rapidly overhead; there is no blue in the sky, not the slightest patch of it —only this restless mass of gray. I am lying on my back on the narrow beach of a small lake—a beach thickly strewn with pebbles.

The lake is lashed into choppy waves by the wind. Brilliant white-caps show against its dark, slaty-blue surface. Its waves break all along the shore with petulant, explosive noises; as far as I can hear along the shore line come these sharp reports. They are characteristic of small lakes—nervous, unreliable bodies of water. In sharp contrast is the dull, solemn roar of Lake Michigan, rolling its breakers up a long beach like a miniature ocean. It is about a mile away, but its sound dominates every other. It is an unvarying monotone that seems like the knell of an impending doom.

There is no life about except a gull or two circling vainly in the wind. I am alone in an apparent wilderness. A sudden realization creeps over me that human desire is meaningless, that it was born out of the solemn, ordered confusion of inanimate things and that it will die in time to be absorbed by their indifference.

I think about this a while and feel almost indifferent to the idea myself. I can identify myself with the unfeeling elements and the masses of unquickened matter. I am a part of them now and feel in my heart a quiet sort of gladness over the fact.

Now I turn over and pick up a handful of coarse sand. I let the sand slip through my fingers till only a few grains remain. These I examine closely. There are many different colors and shades of colors—grays, greens, reds, blues, browns, yellows, and brilliant mixtures. Each grain has a history; each is so old that my age beside it is lost like a man's breath blown into a hurricane.

Perhaps when the last vestige of man has disappeared from the earth, these same grains of sand that I finger now will be little changed. I toss them away into their immortal oblivion. What meaning is there in it all? I find it more agreeable not to answer, but lie back on the sand staring at the sky and let my thoughts drift where they will.

An Old Churchyard

Dick Douglas

Guarded by the sentinel graves of its dead, the little brick church stands in the middle of "God's acre," a silent, lonely thing. Its shroud of ivy screens it from prying eyes. Magnolias surround the church—magnolias growing above crumbling tombstones bearing ancient dates and forgotten names. The shadows of the slabs, cast by the late afternoon sun, lengthen, then flow out through the little iron fence which incloses the churchyard. They seem to beckon the stones to follow, but the stones remain, silent specters in the dusk.

The Rain

Macon Crocker

It beats,
And with each drop
Brings melancholy thoughts
That darken the ray of sunlight
In my soul.

A Storm in Summer

Everett Stamper

The heat waves rose lazily from the tops of buildings. The leaves in the trees hung as if they were weary. It was hot. It was the kind of day in which every one sought the shade except a few barefoot boys who played in the yard. There was a large thunder head towering in the southern sky.

Suddenly, there was a low distant rumble of thunder. The leaves trembled as if in fright. The sky was swiftly becoming dark as the towering clouds marched on. There was a flash of lightning and a loud clap of thunder. The leaves twisted and flapped. Doors slammed; mothers called for their children; a pedestrian hurried by; the sky became black; another flash of lightning; a loud clap of thunder—and all was still. This was the kind of stillness that makes one feel that something terrible and mysterious is going to happen. Then down came the rain. The houses in the distance faded from view, and the ones near at hand took the shape of huge grey ghosts. The clouds marched on, and the sun shone brightly again on the clean, fresh earth.

The Grey Veil

Inda Myers

A damp stillness prevailed. A transparent veil covered the night. Black figures appeared now and then, coming out of the grey veil, only to disappear in another.

Fog—dismal, gloomy and grotesque, covering happy faces with a grey veil—

An Autumn Landscape

Robert Ballard

The hillside was covered with trees ablaze with the colors of autumn. A tangled undergrowth of shrubs and vines almost concealed the tiny stream at the base of the hill. A grove of stately pine trees crowning the summit of the hill formed a background of dark green against the colors of the maples flamed in vivid shades of yellow, orange, and crimson. The oak trees added a warmth of color in darker shades, while the birches and poplars were pure gold. Below the branches of the tall trees the undergrowth was a riot of color. Along the banks of the stream the willows stooped to drop their leaves, which floated down the stream like tiny canoes. The sunlight shining dimly through the branches of the trees seemed to fall in many colors on the moss and ferns beneath, like lights from a great cathedral.

Nature's Art

Grace Hobbs

A flower's dreamy face
Saucily peeping through green foliage—
A brook's bubbling song
As it skips over white pebbles—
A bird's trilling—a bee's humming—
A maiden's song
As she works at her homely task—
A blue sky—a green earth—
The noisy booming of the surf—
This is Nature's art.

Posies

Rebecca Heath

Honeysuckle—
Sweet beneath the sun,
Restful, drowsy
Tranquility of midday—
And childhood memories of joy.

Wet violets—
Dripping in the rain,
Fragrance intangible,
Elusive sweetness,
Reminiscent of love
In its beginning.

Red roses—
Glistening with dew in the
Freshness of dawn,
Vivacious, graceful—
Gaiety of youth—
Breathing of life.

Magnolias—
Reflecting the moonbeams
Through shadowy trees,
Mysterious, exotic,
Vibrant with the romance of night.

Orchids—
In a warm room,
Charmingly fragile,
Delightfully modern,
Aloof sophistication
Of today.

Sweet peas
In an old garden,
Quaintly old-fashioned,
Delicately pale,
Bringing dreams of long ago
And yesterdays.

Trees in Autumn

Doris Hogan

(In imitation of Wordsworth)

The world has not anything to show more fair;
Blind would be the eye that passeth by
This glory of God in its revelry.
These wooded plains now doth wear
The beauty of this season, silent and bare.
In their autumnal spirit the trees doth lie,
Framing a glorious drop against the sky;
All colors are the leaves that they now bare,
Shaking, swaying, fluttering, falling everywhere.
Never did an artist try to portray
A more splendid picture of the trees in fall.
Ne'er saw I a more wonderful array
Of God's great power shown to the universe all
Of how He can revise, recast, and brighten in
His own way.

The Diamond Lake

Graham C. Cochrane

I stood before the Diamond Lake, a fitting climax to the other beautiful wonders of the Endless Caverns near New Market, Virginia, realizing what a master artist Nature really is.

The lake is not, as its name implies, a large body of water, but only about four feet by six feet in expanse and one inch in depth. Nevertheless, the smallness of the lake is made up in the grandeur of its beauty. The surface of the crystal-clear water resembles a highly polished mirror, but I have never seen a mirror reflect an image as lovely as the one this lake reflects. The numerous delicately formed stalactites over it are reflected in such a vivid way that their reflections look like stalagmites. When the vari-colored electric lights are thrown upon the water, myriads of stars shoot dazzling rays, while the roof is fretted with transparent brilliance.

Only those who have seen the beautiful limestone formations of underground caverns know how beautiful the colors in the different formations are. The human eye is in fact the only means of conveying the true beauty of the Diamond Lake to the minds of people.

Neptune's Anger

Louise Thacker

The god Neptune was angry! All the fishermen knew it and hurried landward in their small tugs. The sea buoys tolled and tolled, shouting the anger of the god abroad. As the waves dashed against the rocks, the foam spread wide, and sprays of the gushing ocean leaped high in fury. But still and calm amid the wind, rain and roaring sea stood the lighthouse, leading those under Neptune's sway into the safety of Mother Earth's bosom.

"The Madonna of the Chair"

Maude Hobbs

There can be found in almost every home copies of the world's most famous paintings, the madonnas. It is thought that they have become better known and are loved more than any other type of painting, because of their beautiful simplicity. One cannot begin to name the madonna masterpieces of the world's artists.

Though striking and beautiful madonnas have been lovely, painted by artists of every country, there is one painter whose work in this field is supreme. Raphael, an Italian master, painted the world's most famous madonnas. Of these paintings, the "Madonna of the Chair" is the most famous.

This masterpiece is now hanging in the Pitti Gallery in Florence, and it owes its origin to a casual incident. For years Raphael had searched for a fitting model, but did not find one, until one day he encountered a peasant woman seated, holding a boy in her lap, while another boy stood nearby. She was exactly the type he had been seeking. Raphael had with him a pencil, but nothing else, so he took a smooth barrel-head and made his sketch upon its surface.

Raphael worked upon this painting for months and months, ever following the sketch on the barrel-head. When the painting was finished, it was round in shape, just as the original sketch had been. This painting is now known as "the most popular painting ever made."

"The Blue Boy"

Jane Crabtree

"The Blue Boy," by Gainsborough, one of the world's most famous paintings, now hangs in the Henry E. Huntington Memorial Library at Pasadena, California. There are several stories told about this picture, but there is one which is most generally accepted as true.

A very wealthy family, composed of a small baby and its parents, lived in a large house on the outskirts of a huge forest in England. One day the father took his young son out into the garden and while there was challenged to a race by a lovely lady. While these two were out of sight some gypsies, who were camping in the forest, stole the baby and left the neighborhood.

Years passed and the mother never forgave the father for leaving the child. One day a gypsy band pitched its camp in the forest. They planned to rob the elegant house.

On the same day, however, Gainsborough, the artist, came for a visit. That night a small boy climbed through the pantry window, but he unfortunately struck a piece of china, which fell and broke, awakening the household. The lady and her husband both hastened to the scene of the disturbance, and, seeing the boy, they remembered their son and were kind to him.

The following day the man made inquiries among the gypsies concerning the lad. He was shown a locket containing pictures which proved that the boy was his own lost son.

On learning this, the wife forgave her husband and there was much rejoicing in the great house. A blue suit was made for the son, and when he presented himself, in all his splendor, for inspection, he made such a beautiful picture that the artist was inspired to paint him. This painting is entitled "The Blue Boy," and is known to almost every one.

Paint Boxes

Ella Latham

Anne Foster was an artist. All her life she had wanted to do something that would make her known. Her one chance was her art, her paint boxes. Anne's fingers were alive—they could draw, they could paint, they could make life from her paint boxes.

Jean Foster was an artist, too, but in another art. Her art was her face, for Jean was very beautiful. People told Jean she was beautiful and she laughingly would reply, "Oh, it isn't I; it's my paint boxes." For Jean's cheeks were too pink, her lips too carmine, her hair too gold to be natural.

Jimmy was the boy who lived across the street. Anne painted for his praise; Jean, for his flattering compliments. But both girls regarded Jimmy as the best pal in the world.

Anne was painting a picture she called "Youth." "Youth" was a picture of a lovely girl, looking straight forward, with clear, bright eyes, with golden hair, with carmine lips. Yes, it was Jean, but even an improvement on Jean. Anne's "Youth" was even more natural-looking than the real lovely Jean.

"Anne, Anne, Anne," called Jean, running up to Anne's little studio one morning. "Can you imagine? I'm trying for a beauty contest. The winner goes to Paris! I might win—if I do, my paint boxes will bring me more than yours ever will!"

Anne smiled at Jean—and went on painting. "Jean," she said, "I'm entering my picture in the Martain-Smith contest. The winner goes to Paris, too, to study a year. Oh! if I should win! Maybe I could some day become a real master of art."

"Oh!" replied Jean, "but I can use my paint boxes to a better advantage."

"You've used them to an advantage at home—you have made Jimmy love you."

"Yes," answered Jean, "but Jimmy will be waiting for me when I come home."

"If——we win."

"Yes, if we win."

Three months later both girls were leaving for France. Their arms were full of flowers; they were smiling, waving goodbyes. Jimmy wondered which was the prettier—Jean with all her dazzling beauty, or Anne with her simple beauty.

In France Anne soon became famous as a portrait-painter. But her goal was higher. Slowly she climbed the steep ladder of fame, and more and more fame her paint boxes brought her.

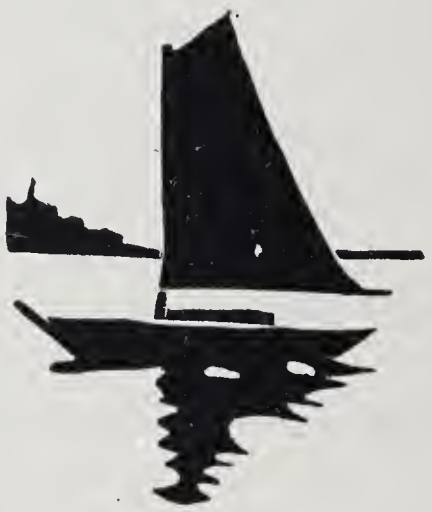
Jean, too, became famous, as a dancer, and as a beauty. Night after night she faced her audience—smiling—bowing—laughing. Night after night Paris raved over her beauty and her dancing. And Jean attributed all her fame to her paint boxes.

A year later Jean and Anne came home. The papers carried a picture of the lovely Jean, in a sparkling dress, posed as a dancer. There was a simple picture of Anne, half smiling in an artist's smock. Paint boxes had done much for both.

Jean was more stunning-looking, more unnatural-looking, more like a French doll than a girl. Anne—well Anne was still Anne. Of course she smiled, the same old smile, and when she did so, Jimmy's heart missed a beat.

That night in a moon-lit garden, Anne promised to become the wife of Jimmy. The flowers swayed, the shadows lifted and nodded as if they approved of Anne's answer, and two figures quite close together were shadowed on the garden wall.

That same night Jean waited and waited for Jimmy, and for the pleasure of refusing him.



WARP AND WOOF

Groping After Truth

The development of art has been a slow groping. Countless ages ago, at a time when he was still buried in the darkness of primitive ignorance, man first began to represent in the form of art the things he saw about him. Perhaps it was the necessity of communication with his fellows that induced him to make the first rude sketches. Perhaps it was that same force which made him shout, or sing, or dance, which made him want to deal with things, to affect them with his hands or his mind, the force which is indefinitely summed up under the term self-expression. At any rate, he persisted, and with the coming of civilization learned the technique of imitating nature to a degree that would satisfy the most exacting eye. He even went further; he learned to

express in art his ideals of beauty, by combining in a new way harmonious elements found in nature.

After two thousand years we find man still groping to portray with line and color the moments in existence which excite his wonder, his fear, or his longing. In all this time probably he has never surpassed the idealism of Greek art or the realism of Roman art.

What then remains? Is not all this groping after truth or beauty futile, since in the end we come up against an impassable barrier? It would seem so truly, if we look on art merely as skill in the reproduction of ideas and of visual sensations. There is always a limit beyond which technique cannot go. But, on the other hand, if we think of art primarily as a medium for the expression of individual experience, or as a rich store of experience accumulating through ages, we must admit it can go on eternally, or to be more correct, as long as humanity can go on. There is endless variety in natural forms. And when man tires of their slight restraint, he can always take refuge in the chaotic absurdities of his own imagination. After short periods of such relief, he will be sure to return, thoroughly cured of his apostasy, to the faith of his forbears.

Carlton Wilder

An Acknowledgment

The HOMESPUN staff feels that a successful high school or college publication must first be a vital unit in that high school which it serves. There is no better method of obtaining this necessary relationship than choosing as an editorial policy the cultivation of the student writer who is not a member of the staff, with a view to encouraging his literary tastes and making him a regular contributor. Just how well this task is handled constitutes an important point in high school editing. It is the subject of discussion at press conventions. It is a matter of serious consideration in the selection of the leading scholastic publications in the literary and journalistic fields.

In the furtherance of this policy the HOMESPUN staff feels that it has been very successful. This success has not come as a result of anything particularly unusual that the staff has done; it is not an achievement of the editors. Those who deserve recognition are members of that group of Greensboro High School students who have from time to time written, often in the face of discouragement, for this magazine, their magazine, HOMESPUN. And at this time every member of the staff wishes to express appreciation for this loyal support.

Henry Biggs

The Poetry of Spring

Each season has its own distinctive mood, and that of spring seems more poetic than any of the others. There is some elusive quality in those first warm northwest breezes which strikes a responsive chord in all human beings, makes them passionate, restless, or sad, according to their natures and the way life has dealt with them. All seem to feel that something mysterious is working within them. They are stimulated; perhaps they laugh more easily, and feel a desire to talk. If they are young, they talk of the beauty they are hoping to find in life; if they are old, of the beauty they have found and, in a sense, lost again.

Through the centuries much of the emotion of this mood has overflowed in poetry. Nearly every poet that ever lived has written something dealing with the mood of spring. It is an ageless theme. Though it is nearly as old as the human race, it still charms us to write of it, and to read of it.

Why should the fact that the earth has reached a different position relative to the sun and that vegetation, as a result, has been stimulated to greater activity, excite us so unduly? Doubtless science has at least a partially satisfactory answer to this question as to so many others. But after all, most of us believe that the feeling itself is much more important than its explanation. Reflective thought seems a pale and dismal thing beside it; it has a

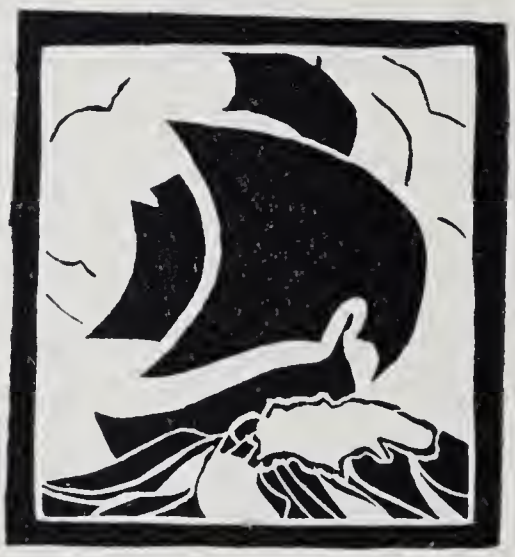
magic quality about it that will lure us on to something bold, if only bold deeds. It furnishes a few of the moments of exaltation which help to make life tolerable. It is one phase of the inevitable order of things that we have no wish to escape.

Carlton Wilder

New Artists

Part of the art work in this issue of HOMESPUN was contributed by Miss Henrietta Lee's class in arts and crafts. This class, which has been organized only two semesters, is proving an eminently successful experiment, to judge from the quality of work it is doing. All the sketches contributed show considerable skill, and HOMESPUN wishes to take this opportunity to congratulate the artists and their teacher.

One of the most difficult problems with which a high school magazine is faced is to secure art work of a sufficiently high quality. Artists in most high schools seem to be even more scarce than writers. HOMESPUN has been very fortunate in this respect, having had a capable art staff since its opening numbers. Now, we feel more than optimistic about the future of its art work, knowing that a group of artists are being trained in this school, who will be able to take the place of those who have helped to make the reputation of HOMESPUN.



TANGLED THREADS

After "Guilford Courthouse"

Dick Douglas

CHARACTERS

The Mother Moore

Julia Moore

Charlie Moore

A British Soldier

SCENE

A Guilford County log cabin. In rear is an open fire, above which hangs a flintlock musket; rear left, a rough bed; spread upon it a blue coverlid. A high corner cupboard stands in right corner. In center is a table with four chairs set for a meal. Julia Moore, *a girl of fifteen, stands in front of fireplace, stirring pot suspended from crane.* The Mother Moore, *a woman of fifty, sits before the cupboard, spinning.* Charlie Moore, *eight, is seated by bed, playing with several stones. Both* Mother *and* Julia *seem nervously expectant of something.*

Mother: Charlie, git some wood for the fire. Your brother, Gilles, is comin' home tonight. Sent word by ole Tom as how he was comin' over to see us for a spell after this here fight's over. He said as soon as they run the Britishers away, he 'ud ask the cap'n if he could go home to see his ma. *(More slowly and sadly)* I don't reckon he'll git to stay long, though.

Julia: Ma, tell me about him. What's he doin'?

MOTHER: *(Laughing)* I done told you and Charlie about him fifty times. You know what he's doin'.

JULIA: Yes, but I likes to hear you tell about him.

MOTHER: Law, Julie, I reckon you're as proud of him as me. Him, my boy, the bugler in the North Ca'lina cavalry. He says as how the cap'n—what's that furriner's name, Julie?

JULIA: *(Speaks slowly and carefully)* Marquis Bretigny, ma.

MOTHER: Yes, that's it. Gilles said that the cap'n likes him purty well, and that he was proud to serve under sech a man. He likes bein' in the army, too. I reckon if his father was livin', he 'ud be proud of him. Sometimes, though, I gits powerful feared for him.

JULIA: Aw, ma, he'll be all right. He won't git hurt none.

MOTHER: I prays to God he won't. *(Pause)* Where's Charlie? Ain't he come in with that wood yet? *(Calls)* Charlie!

(Voice from outside): I'm comin', ma. *(*CHARLIE *enters with armful of wood.)*

MOTHER: Build up the fire, Charlie. *(Suddenly)* What's that?

CHARLIE: I didn't hear nothin'.

MOTHER: Listen!

A noise of scraping against the door is heard outside, left. Then a moan. Mother goes to door, opens it; then steps back quickly. A tall, well-built man of middle age appears. He is dressed in the uniform of the British cavalry, red coat, white breeches, and black boots. He wears no cap. His face is pale and drawn, and his right arm hangs limp. The right side of his coat is covered with blood.

SOLDIER: *(Gasping, yet with accent)* Can I get water here?

MOTHER: Why—why, yes; come in and set down.

JULIA: No, don't let him in, ma. He's a Britisher. Can't you see?

MOTHER: Julie, you oughter be ashamed. It don't make no difference what he is; he's hurt, ain't he? *(She helps him over to chair; gives him drink from bottle which she takes from cupboard; then attempts to dress his wounds.)*

MOTHER: Was you in the fight?

The SOLDIER *nods.*

MOTHER: Who beat?

SOLDIER: Well, Greene was driven from the field, but we lost more men.

MOTHER: *(Anxiously)* What happened to the cavalry?

SOLDIER: I'm in it myself. Tarlton's Legion.

JULIA: Is that him as how they call "Bloody" Tarlton?

SOLDIER: Yes, miss, and rightly is 'e called "bloody." *(Vehemently)* 'E is the cruelest man in the army. Just this afternoon, 'e shot a boy who was begging for quarter. Pulled out 'is gun and said, "So this is the kind of men they breed over here, is it? The sooner we kill them out, the better. I'll see that 'e don't live to rebel again." Then 'e killed 'im, 'e did.

MOTHER: *(With strained voice, leaning forward)* A boy in the cavalry? The bugler?

SOLDIER: Yes.

MOTHER: In the troop of—of—

JULIA: Marquis Bretigny? *(Soldier nods, puzzled.)*

MOTHER: *(With a sob)* My boy! Dead! *(Pause. Then* MOTHER *rises; points to door; looks at* SOLDIER.)

MOTHER: You, a Britisher, killed my boy! Git out of my house!

SOLDIER: But, madam, I had nothing to do with it.

MOTHER: *(Unheeding)* Git out of my house!

JULIA: *(Crying)* Ma, don't send him out without nothin' to eat. 'Sides, he's wounded.

MOTHER: *(Nods. Sits down.* CHARLIE *stands in corner, wide-eyed,* JULIA *behind table, and* SOLDIER *by door, looking on helplessly.* MOTHER *slowly raises eyes upward.)* The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. *(Stares dry-eyed at floor)* Set down, soldier, and eat.

(Curtain)

A Farewell

Carlton Wilder

City of familiar streets,
I do not belong to you any more;
I am going to leave you.
And you will not hear my step on your sidewalks now,
Nor see my image mirrored in your shop windows,
Nor will I jest any more with your young men,
Nor make eyes at your pretty women.
I will not listen dreamily again to music floating on the air of your summer nights;
Nor awake to the eager bustle of your mornings;
Nor curse your slimy pavements on those wet November days of yours;
Nor know the appalling silence of your streets at night.
And I will leave you with fierce joy in my heart,
At spiting you and your cold wall of self-content,
That would not yield to my frantic blows.
But you will still be unmoved, quite unmoved.
Ah, you know your power, hateful monster.
You will be unmoved,
As when I came, eager to know and love you,
Young, very young, afraid, and overwhelmed
With that first bewildering sense of life stirring without rest in me.
But your people smiled and talked with me.
Sometimes I thought they raised their hands in welcome.
Sometimes I seemed to feel in tune with you and all your throbbing life.
I scattered moments now lavishly, madly,
Till your streets thronged with their ghosts.
Moments and their ghosts!
Moments of chest-bursting pride;
Moments of shame that burned like poison in my blood;
Moments of tenderness coming soft as a whisper on a breeze of spring;

Moments of fear, stark fear;
Moments of passion flowing swollen like an April tide—
These and many more have come and passed away.
And now of all that is me they alone belong to you.
And though I leave you with fierce joy in my heart
At spiting you and your cold wall of self-content,
That would not yield to my frantic blows,
Still these ghosts stay;
I cannot tear them from your streets,
From your solemn, prosaic streets.
And you are unmoved, quite unmoved.

Against the Fading Light

Eugenia Isler

Against the fading light of closing day,
So clearly outlined it can well be seen,
While just above the moon and stars hold sway,
The lighthouse stands as stately as a queen—
A queen whose shining lights forever lead
Storm-tossed and weary sailors home—
A queen whose goodly guidance all do heed,
A queen whose hopes e'er soar toward heaven's dome,
A righteous, stalwart, helping queen. Below
Among the seaweeds and the treacherous sand,
Stones lodge; while high above winds blow;
Yet brave 'gainst all, the light and tower stand.
Then, inky star-pierced blackness comes, and night
Earth in her kindly bosom gathers tight.

Sour Revenge

John Brown

CHARACTERS

Dick Brooks, College Student, despised by all
Louise, Ethel, Mabel, Eunice, Co-eds
Jack, Bill, Ed, Harry, Collegians
Students

SCENE I

The opening scene is in Louise's *room at a college rooming-house. At the back is a bed and at the right are two windows. Between them is a desk on which books, a telephone, pencils, etc., are cluttered. On the left up-stage is a chiffonier with many articles on it. Pennants are on the wall and several chairs are scattered around the room. At the rise of the curtain,* Louise *is opening a box from home. As she gets the box open three girls burst in. All are typical co-eds. They are* Ethel, Mabel, *and* Eunice.

Louise: Welcome, girls; I just got a box from home full of all kinds of eats.

Ethel: Grand, I was just dying for some cake!

Mabel: Me, too!

Eunice: I thought I would have to give up the dance if someone didn't soon get a box. Gee! This chicken is good.

Ethel: That reminds me! Guess what?

Louise: I'll bite.

Mabel: We are all listening.

Ethel: Of course you know that crazy Dick Brooks. *(Many expressions of disgust)* Why he had the nerve to ask me to the dance tomorrow night. The very idea!

All: *(Laughing)* Same here.

Ethel: Well, what do you know about that? And I promised I wouldn't give him a final answer until tonight.

Mabel: You've nothing on me.

EUNICE: I did the same trick myself.

LOUISE: Here's another sucker.

EUNICE: The conceited idiot. I could cheerfully choke him.

LOUISE: Let's find some way to get even.

ETHEL: That ought not to be bad. He's so dumb he wears green glasses when he is drinking milk so that he will think it's pea soup.

MABEL: I have it!

THE OTHERS: What?

MABEL: Let's all accept his invitation.

ETHEL: It must have been a terrible strain on the old cranium to think of that.

LOUISE: Well, suppose we do it.

EUNICE: Dig out the stationery.

LOUISE *takes paper from desk.*

MABEL: Say, this will be too good to keep; let's tell Jack and the other fellows about it. *(Goes to phone)* 3579——May I speak to Jack Martin?——Whatcha say, ole top? Listen to this, if you want to hear something funny. Dick Brooks has invited four of us to the dance tomorrow night and we have all accepted. If you are at the post office when he gets his mail, it will be funnier than any comedy ever produced to see his face. Well, so long.

(Curtain)

SCENE II

Late in the afternoon. In front of the post office. JACK, ED, HARRY, BILL, *and many other students are hanging around seemingly waiting for someone. The door of the post office opens and* DICK BROOKS *steps out, at the same time opening four letters. He might be described as a slightly conceited "greasy grind."*

JACK: Kinda rushed with mail, eh Dick? *(Laughs and crowd joins in.)*

BILL: Such popularity must be deserved.

HARRY: Let me have the ones you refuse.

ED: How do you manage to look after them?

DICK: *(Looking up and somewhat peeved)* Do you know how Rockefeller became a success?

JACK: I'll bite; how? *(Winks at his pals.)*

DICK: He attended to his business. *(Nearly all of the boys slip off when he says this.)*

JACK: No need to get hot, old man.

DICK: I was just stating a fact.

JACK: Aw, dry up. *(Turns and leaves. Is followed by his friends.)*

DICK *sits on bench and finishes reading letters, his face becoming sadder and sadder as he reads each.*

(Curtain)

SCENE III

Entrance to the ballroom. About 11:30. MABEL, ETHEL, EUNICE, *and* LOUISE *enter with* JACK, BILL, ED, *and* HARRY.

MABEL: The joke is certainly on us. It's lucky you came after us or we would have missed the best dance of the year.

EUNICE: He could have at least given us some idea as to his actions. I'd love to kill him.

BILL: And the terrible part is that he brought a girl who has received the biggest rush of the evening.

LOUISE: Who is she?

ED: Nobody knows.

JACK: Here he comes now and alone. I'll ask him why didn't show up.

DICK: Oh! Hello.

MABEL: Don't speak to me.

DICK: Pardon me. My error.

JACK: That's a fine way to talk after breaking a date with a girl for the biggest dance of the year.

DICK: Did she need two escorts? Besides, I didn't have a date with her.

THE OTHERS: You didn't?

DICK: Why, no. I made another date after all of you acted so indifferent.

JACK: And just ignored their replies to your invitations.

DICK: Their replies? Oh! I'm beginning to see light on yesterday. I see why every one was so interested in my affairs. Well, why didn't you answer my invitations then?

ED: Don't try to get out of it that way. We saw you receive four letters yesterday afternoon.

DICK: Well, if this will help any, those four letters were wedding invitations. Unusual, I admit, but a fact, and *one* of them caused considerable worry. *(Laughs and walks off.)*

MABEL: That's odd; I gave the letters to Harry to mail yesterday morning.

HARRY: Gosh! I forgot to mail them.

(Quick Curtain)

THE SONG OF THE SEA SHELL

(After the style of Amy Lowell)

GRACE CURTIS

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, oh please!
A tale of sunny Italy,
And a sweet, refreshing breeze;
Stories of far off China town—
Children with pigtails hanging down;
Crossbones, skulls, and pirates bold,
Who bury their treasures of silver and gold.
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, oh please!

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, oh please!
A song of a lonely South Sea isle—
Soft winds and tropical trees;
Of cold waves lapping upon the shore,
Going out with the tide with a mighty roar;
Of lovely mermaids with faces fair,
Who bathe in the sunlight their golden hair.
Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, oh please!

On a Searchlight

Louis Brooks

A monstrous circling beam,
A golden-winged dragon,
A creature of flaming tongue
Twisting about in the night.
An illusive spectral shade
Which waxes and wanes,
Or perchance a legion of fireflies
Drawn together by some unknown force,
Whirling in a mad rhythmic dance.
What is this which flares forth in the dark,
This searchlight?

Old Age

Norman York

Oh time,
Wait for me today.
While on your forward flight,
Stop and spare me from your roll,
Oh time!

My youth,
To me so dear,
The glory of my life,
You have stolen from my temple—
You greedy thief!

Leave,
Oh leave
That which remains.
Thou greedy thief,
Leave.

Oh manhood,
That is passed and forgotten,
You were the climax of my life,
The time when all was song and joy,
Oh manhood!

Oh age,
You heartless creature,
Take these blemishes from my face.
Relieve my hand of this cursed cane,
Age.

Oh life,
You cruel monster,
You have warped my bones, my brain;
My hair is white; my footsteps falter,
Oh life!

Beauty

Dazzling,
Tempestuous, vital—
She was the sun of my life,
But her beauty blinded me.
Now all is dark.

Lawrence Hoyle

The Ghost Light

Jack Kleemeier

CHARACTERS

Jed Riley, a rough mountaineer about thirty years old.
Zeb Riley, Jed's brother. A boy just returned from college.
The Old Woman, generally shunned and considered by all her neighbors as one in league with the devil.

SETTING

On Brown's mountain, near Hickory, North Carolina, one cold, clear night when the "ghost light" is very bright and at times seems very close to the observer.

SCENE I

Zeb *and* Jed Rley *are eating supper, the former eating very little, because he is worried, and the latter, because he is half-drunk. The cabin is bare except for a table, two chairs, a bed, and a cook stove.*

Zeb: *(In a strained voice)* Jed, what makes you get drunk like this? You know it's just goin' to kill you. That doctor at Hickory has done told you what it would do.

Jed: *(Angrily)* Leave me be, I tell ye. Ever since you went to college, you wouldn't take a drop. Haven't I done told yuh that likker's the only thing that'll stop the misery in my heart. 'Sides, I don't take no stock in these here city doctors.

Zeb: I've got to go over to the old woman's tonight. They say she's sick and nobody else will help her. Want to come along?

Jed: Catch me puttin' my foot outen the door tonight! That ole woman's goin' to die. When the ghost light gets to behavin' like it is tonight, sumpin's goin' to happen. You know what happened to old man Vance. The old fool didn't have sense enough to quit chasin' that light and it got him, too. It got Bill Case's two gals the same night. I ain't a-goin' to let no sperits git me.

Zeb: Well, I've got to be going. See you later.

JED: I warn ye. Ye better not go around no sperit woman's house when the light's like it is tonight. Ye're a blasted fool to go.

ZEB: Well, so long!

SCENE II

The OLD WOMAN'S *house. It is a dilapidated cabin filled with old dry herbs and all sorts of knick-knacks. The old woman is lying on the only bed, moaning. A knock on the door is heard and* ZEB RILEY *enters.*

ZEB: How are you, Granny?

OLD WOMAN: Who are ye? One of them dirty Rileys, ain't ye? Git away from here! I don't need no help from the likes of ye. Come to pester an ole woman when she's helpless.

ZEB: I came to help you, Granny. Can't I get something to ease your pain?

OLD WOMAN: Who are you to be thinking of helping an ole woman dying when you helped hurt her all her life? I've done without anybody in this place for fifty years and I don't need nobody now.

ZEB: If you'll tell me what herbs to get, I'll try to make you some medicine.

OLD WOMAN: Herbs won't help me now. Help won't neither. Leave me be with my sperits. *(Starts mumbling.)*

ZEB *gets her a drink of cool water.*

OLD WOMAN: *(Sitting up)* Here I am! Come git me, old man. I'm waitin'. How're ye goin' to take me? Help me to show these black fools.

Suddenly the ghost light shines through the window and the old woman falls back, dead. ZEB *is petrified with fear at the sight and runs out.*

SCENE III

The Rileys' cabin. JED *is sitting in a chair taking a drink of whiskey when* ZEB *bursts in.*

ZEB: *(Breathlessly)* Jed! Jed! The ghost light got the old woman. Damn that light.

JED: *(Thoroughly drunk)* Who believes any ole light can hurt ye? I'm a-goin' out and see what 'tis. Fur as I can see 'tain't nothin' but ole fox fire.

ZEB: No! No, Jed! Don't go foolin' with that light. It got the old woman and it'll git you, too. Leave it alone.

JED: Ho! Ha! 'Tain't nothin' but an old light. Can't hurt ye.

Grabbing up a gun, he takes a long swig of whiskey and opens the door. There, in mid air, seen plainly from the door, is the ghost light. JED *cries out and falls to the floor.* ZEB *rushes over to him.*

ZEB: *(Dazed by the turn of events)* Dead! That cursed light got Jed, too. What'll I do? *(His mind seems affected and he gibbers crazily.)* Ha! Ha! Two of them. Got two of 'em. Good for you, ole light. I gotta kill somebody. I'll get that damn light; that's what I'll do. *(Dashes out of the cabin in the direction of the light.)*

(Curtain)

AT MIDNIGHT

DICK DOUGLAS

'Tis midnight and the blackness of the pit
Envelopes heart and spirit. Over all
The dead ambitions, hopes, desires a pall
Is draped and the funereal ending writ.
With what aspirations high was lit
The start, though never did the task appall,
But now, o'ershadowed by grim failure's wall,
In dark despondence and despair I sit.
Is this the thought, or is the dark of night
But the herald of approaching day,
A curtain to be raised on a new stage
Of opportunity and chance, alight
With new hopes and with fires that burn away
All blemishes and leave the unsullied page?

O'er Flanders' Field

Douglas Cartland

In Flanders' Field did crescents fly,
Red against the deep blue sky
And we, the dead, had scarlet tombs,
From some brave soldier's deep grim wounds;
But now the poppies breathe pure air,
In every nook, everywhere.
No more their blood the earth shall stain,
For peace and happiness again doth reign
O'er Flanders' Field.

In Flanders' Field the battle cry
Reached piercing to the very sky.
It woke the soldier from his sleep.
It made the loving mother weep
To hear the guns and cannons roar,
On every side, behind, before;
But now all this is passed, is gone,
And once more the sweet bird's song pours out
O'er Flanders' Field.

Figure on a Grecian Urn

Macon Crocker

Motionless,
Yes, for centuries,
And yet forever vital,
Thou proud possessor of that ancient charm
To whom all the world's a slave.
Thou thing of beauty!

The Wind

Randolph Freeman

Oh, the wind is a feather
  In the weather man's hat,
And it's big as this
  And it's long as that.

If it waves around
  At the tip-tiptop,
It won't rain today,
  Not a single drop.

But, ah, my dears,
  If it goes swish-swash,
Put your rubbers on
  And take in your wash.

If it goes flip-flop
  With a whirly sound,
How the papers will fly
  At the picnic ground!

For the wind is a feather
  In the weather man's hat,
And it's big as this
  And long as that.

PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

John Masefield, *The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight*

The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight is a one-act play written by John Masefield. The object of the play is to show the bravery of Roche, the leader of rebel forces in Ireland, compared with the cowardly ways of the supposedly most daring men in the English army.

The play opens with Roche in an inn alone. Soon his peace is interrupted by the arrival of Major Sirr, Major Landys, and Mr. Fitzpatrick. These men are in command of an army sent to put down the insurrection started by Figu Roche and his rebels. Not recognizing Roche, they ask him to drink a toast with them. In the act of doing so, Roche tells them who he is, and also that soon his army of rebels is coming. Afraid of capture, they allow him to save them, they think, by putting them up a huge chimney. The army arrives, and the captain enters the inn. When he makes himself known, we find that he has brought with him the army which is seeking Roche and his rebels. Roche takes command of the situation, and orders the captain to search the place. The search reveals the three generals who are disguised by the soot on their faces. Roche orders them captured by their own men. He orders the captain of the forces to march in the opposite direction from where the rebels are. After the army has left, Roche escapes from the country.

Mr. Masefield wrote a very good play in *The Sweeps of Ninety-Eight*. The reader's attention is held to the end. When we find

that Roche has to face the opposing army, we can hardly wait for the outcome. We are highly entertained, too, by the keen touch of humor which Mr. Fitzpatrick adds to the play.

Leta Stafford

Dorothy Parker, *Enough Rope*

Enough Rope is the cleverest book of satirical poems that I have ever read. It is worth one's time to read this book, if only for the sake of the titles.

Most of the poems start off as beautiful little lyrics or love songs; but at the end, most likely the last line, the thought is skilfully twisted into ironic or sarcastic meaning.

Some of the poems I like best are: "The Dark Girl's Rhyme," "Somebody's Song," "Epitaph for a Darling Lady," "Path," "Dramatists,' "'Testament," "Condolence," "Unfortunate Coincidence," "Plea," "Godspeed," and "Observation."

The two that appeal to me most are "Inventory"—

"Four be the things I am wiser to know:
Idleness, sorrow, a friend, and a foe.
Four be the things I'd been better without:
Love, curiosity, freckles, and doubt.
Three be the things I shall never attain:
Envy, content, and sufficient champagne.
Three be the things I shall have till I die:
Laughter and hope and a sock in the eye."

and "Resume"—

"Razors pain you;
Rivers are damp;
Acids stain you;
And drugs cause cramp.
Guns aren't lawful;
Nooses give;
Gas smells awful;
You might as well live."

Margaret Sockwell

Frank G. Tompkins, *Sham*

In the one-act play *Sham,* by Frank G. Tompkins, the author sets out to give a satire on social life in America today, and to show that people who strive hard to secure a high social standing are, in the end, nothing but shams.

A thief enters the home of Charles and Clara while they have gone to a moving-picture show. He examines all the bric-a-brac in sight and declares it all to be imitation. When the owners arrive at the house, he very frankly tells them that he is a thief, but also tells them facts that no one else would dare speak. He declares that he wants nothing in their home, but, to help them socially, he will have to take something. He says that if it were reported that a thief took some genuine thing from every home in that suburb, except their own, they would be dropped from the social registers of every family there. Considering it from this standpoint, Clara then offers him anything in the room, all of which he refuses because it is not genuine. He seems to dwell on that one word, *genuine.* Finally, Charles says he has a picture of a cousin that is surely genuine. He wraps it, and the thief does not look at it until he has left. When he finds a picture of Washington, he returns the portrait, disgusted with both of them.

I think the author succeeded well in his purpose. His story is surely one of many cases of social madness that fill our country.

Mary Henri Robinson

Maurice Maeterlinck, *The Intruder*

The feeling *The Intruder* conveys of the mysterious coming of death, and the creation of a death-like atmosphere, makes this drama one of the most emotional plays I have ever read. Maeterlinck's use of symbols and the short, choppy sentences of his characters create such a tense mood of death that the reader quickly feels involved in the scene.

The story is of a sightless old man, who, with bent head, submits his destiny to others; and yet, he lives in a reality that is deeper and more human than those about him. He is able to per-

ceive death stalking in their midst; while the rest, unable to understand his feelings, stand by and call him a silly old fool. The little children are the only ones who seem to understand his premonitions.

The blindness of the old man is symbolic of the spiritual blindness of the human race; a gardener sharpening his scythe stands for death; and the mysterious quenching of a lamp signifies the going out of life. The sudden outcry of the newborn baby at its mother's death, and the immediate entrance of the Sister, add to the death-like atmosphere.

Maeterlinck has developed the plot well, and his many subtle touches make it a most interesting drama.

Marion Geoghegan

RAVELINGS

The Rescue

Randolph Freeman

Who picked the pickaninny from harm one scorching day?
I'll tell you all about it, and how he ran away.
That pickaninny black was he, a tiny toddling tot,
Who lived far, far away from here where winter days are hot!
He lived with mammy, pappy, and with pickaninnies three
In a funny little cabin set close beside the sea.
He had a friend, a northern crow, and with him loved to share
The hominy and hoe-cake that his mammy would prepare.

One day the tiny pickanin went toddling to the sea,
Across the hot and burning sand and all alone went he.
Now Allie Gator lay in wait to catch dat pickanin;
He saw him comin' down the beach, and grinned a wicked grin.
And when he scrambled from the waves and dashed along the shore,
The pickaninny saw him and began to shriek and roar.
Oh, who could help that toddler then, or save him from his foe?
His eyes were bulging out with fright and bitter was his woe!

"Caw, caw!" was heard. Quite suddenly old Allie Gator stopped,
For right in front of him a crow with flapping pinions hopped.
"Go back into the sea," he cried, "and stay where you belong;
To frighten baby pickanins is very, very wrong!"
But Allie Gator wagged his monstrous head from side to side,
Made answer with a fierce "Gr-row!" and stretched his great
mouth wide.

But do you think that scared the crow? No, no, he gave a hop
And landed on the Gator's nose with quite a determined flop.

"Back—back into the sea!" he cried, "or else I'll peck your eyes!
I'm where you cannot harm me despite your strength and size."
"Oh, spare my eyes!" that Gator cried, and turned and scrambled back
Across the sands into the seas, away from Shinyblack.
Oh, yes, it was our Shinyblack—our own good northern crow—
Who bravely faced the Gator fierce and ordered him to go.
'Twas he who picked the pickanin from harm that winter day
When on the cabin and the sand the burning sunshine lay.

"Art in Everyday Life"

Wyatt Taylor

"Say, Bill, look at that girl powdering her nose right out there in public."

"Well, I see her—and what of it? It's not an unusual occurrence, is it? I think only yesterday you saw another such artist."

"Well, I wonder what she thinks she's doing?"

"Oh, she's just attending to her art in everyday life."

"Well, if painting is art, she certainly has art, and from the number of times that I've seen that same girl paint, I'm sure she's an artist every day."

"There goes Ralph McDonald; you know what a fine boy he is, and how everybody likes him. Gee, look at him look at that girl and grin. He looks at her as though he thought she was crazy."

"Yes, I suspect he does think she's crazy. Have you ever been in Ralph's room? Everything is always tidy and there's not a thing out of place. He studies every night and dismisses with a grin all who bother him. He's a real boy and he has a backbone."

"Yes, he's got what I call real art in everyday life."

THE SHUTTLE

Edited by EUGENIA ISLER

In looking over the recent exchanges, I noticed such a pleasing variety among them that I thought a comparative study would be interesting—at least to the editor.

Decidedly one of the best short stories was found in *Academy Life*, one of our newer friends. In this refreshing story, full of spice and youthful adventure, the author, W. A. H., has developed an unusually good character study of the modern father. The conversation is natural with many vivid phrases, and the surprising and gay touch at the end is delightful. However, W. A. H., we do wish that you had not chosen the trite title, "All's Well That Ends Well," for this far-from-trite story.

The page of music is an unique innovation. Thanks to the exchange department, HOMESPUN found a much appreciated but unexpected surprise.

The Archive, Duke University, (a cat may look at a queen, you know) should be congratulated on its large and well-developed book review section. There is certainly an unusual quantity of timely book reviews. The story "Thirst," by Bernard Jones, is different, with a rather sordid ending, perhaps, yet nevertheless enjoyable. In the poems, "Souvenir" and "Urn Burial," we are somewhat reminded of the poetic beauty of Keats (our highest compliment).

Our old friend, *The Gleam*, from St. Paul, Minnesota, has edited this issue on negroes in the South, which is quite entertaining. The dialect is particularly good in the stories, and the characters in "The Lappo Couple" are realistic. Aren't the following lines expressive?

> Lolling comfortably, almost luxuriously, back in a homely unpainted kitchen chair, dilapidated shoes resting nicely on the edges of the stove, Jaspur Jefferson Lappo was serenely unconscious of the bustling activity of his mulatto wife a few feet away. . . . However, her mind had turned to rich, juicy thoughts of revenge, capital punishment preferred.

This is sufficient to indicate the variety of magazine material which the editor of this department has the pleasure of reading. Some of these magazines are unmistakably making literature.

THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by MARGARET SOCKWELL

MOUNTAIN ETHICS

MARGARET HIGH

MARY looked wearily out of the small, dingy kitchen window. She was tired, dead tired, and the drab, cold landscape outside gave her no comfort. She was worried and heartsick. Lately her Pa hadn't been acting in his right mind; something seemed to be troubling him. Mary could not understand why he had softened toward her lately, after all the years of harsh, rough treatment he had given her. She had never gotten really close to her Pa; she couldn't after the way he had killed her mother from hard work. And, too, she was worried about Dan. He was a good husband, and she didn't mind working her fingers to the bone on their small, dreary farm for him. He wasn't such a bad sort, but she wished he wouldn't run around with these Tucker boys and Joe Wilson from Hope Valley. Every one knew they were the worst bootleggers in Kemball County. And lately he had been running around with them, maybe helping them peddle their whisky. She hoped he'd stay out of trouble; she had enough trouble and worry, especially since her baby had come.

She moved mechanically about the plain, rough kitchen, making preparations for supper. She glanced uneasily toward the door as she heard the stamping of feet on the tiny pine porch outside.

" 'Lo, Pa," she said wearily, as a small old man entered.

"How air ye, Mary? Hope you ain't milked or chopped no wood yit. You oughtn't to do no heavy wuk. 'S too much fer one person to do. I'll git that done a'ter I've eat. Snowin' hard

out thar, and cold as I've ever seen hit git. Ain't Dan come yit? Hit's nigh on ter seven o'clock."

He slowly took off his ragged, snow-covered coat and hung his faded cap on the peg behind the door.

"Pa, I'm worried 'bout Dan. He's down in the valley and hit's time he's back. He went down thar early this evenin' with Joe Wilson and, Pa"—she continued excitedly as she wrung her hands—"he tuck yer gun! It ain't behind the door and I heard him axe about it this morning."

Just at that time the stamping could be heard again and in a minute the door opened hurriedly and a tall, rough man entered.

" 'Lo, Mary," he greeted hurriedly, "got my supper yit? I'm tired. I'm going to eat and go ter bed. I put in a hard day's wuk. 'Lo, Pa," he added as he noticed the old man huddled near the stove.

"What's th' trouble, Dan? Ain't nothin' wrong, is thar? Ain't nothin' to git excited about as I can see. Why, Dan, ain't them my boots you got on? Them's mine, all right. See that piece o' leather sticking out on that left one? Guess you got the wrong 'uns. Pull 'em off and set them by th' stove to dry," and then, with a queer, childish expression on his wrinkled face, he reached over and picked up his gun from where his son-in-law had carelessly dropped it. What was wrong with Dan? Why had he taken his gun and boots? He hoped nothing had happened to him because that would mean Mary's happiness. He would try to find out what was worrying the boy and try to help him out, he thought.

Dan finished his supper and hurriedly retired. No sooner had he left the room than footsteps and voices were heard outside.

"Oh, Pa," cried Mary, "what's wrong with Dan? And, Pa, who's outside and what's they wants 'round here? Pa, don't let nothin' happen to Dan. What 'bout me and the baby? Please, Pa."

A loud rapping on the door interrupted her. Old Pa McGraw thudded across the room and opened the door. Cold blasts of icy wind swept into the small room, filling it with a sudden coldness. Two men, one of them in uniform, entered quickly.

"Good evening, McGraw, and Mrs. Brown," one of them said curtly. "Been some trouble down in the valley. Some bootleggers

got a federalist officer and killed him. Another inspector's been wounded. We traced one of the fellows that done the shootin' here. Can't be no mistake, 'cause his tracks is in the snow."

"Now, McGraw," the other man cut in, "hello—what's yer gun doin' out? Ain't been huntin' in this kinda weather, air yer? These your boots?" he questioned, as he picked up Pa McGraw's boots, which Dan had left by the hot stove to dry.

Mary was dumbfounded. Dan, her husband! She might have known this thing would happen. Her tiny baby! What would they do to Dan? She, stammering, tried to edge into the investigation; but the two men had her Pa by the arm.

"Guess we found our man. We needn't look no farther. That's th' track that was in th' snow. Ain't no mistaking that piece of leather juttin' out of the left boot. And this here gun. It's th' same kinda shells in it as was found near the bodies. Come on, McGraw. Don't guess you got much to say for yourself, have you?"

McGraw cast a helpless look toward Mary. After all, this would be a good thing to do for Mary. This would leave Dan clear, and he and Mary could be happy alone. He didn't mind sacrificing for Mary; she was worth more than that anyhow. It was the least he could do for her.

"Nope, I ain't got a gol dern thing ter say," he spluttered, trying to be brave; "seein's believin', I reckon. Now, Mary, quiet yerself and don't worry none 'bout me. I just ain't worth hit. Yer Pa's glad he can do somethin' fer his little gal; ain't much a'ter all. You just be good and happy with Dan and don't git into any more scrapes 'cause Pa won't be here ter help you out no more. S'all right, honey. G'bye."

And with that he turned and meekly followed the officers out of doors, closing the door behind him.

"Pa, Pa!" shouted Mary wildly. "Come back! Don't leave!" But she heard no answer, only the howling of the icy wind raging around their small house.

A Maiden's Scorn

Charles Root

Is it "better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all?"
I think not when I count the cost
Of what that love has done for me. Pride's fall
Is ever a bitter thing to bear. One is spared
Who has never loved the tender heartache
And uncertainty of him who once has cared.
I sought her in tones that told my heartbreak.
No punishment below, no reward from above
Can erase the memory of that which she said
When I ventured to tell of my honest love;
Dear God, it is far better to be dead.
Ah, lucky is he who has never known
The bitter pain of a maiden's scorn.