HOMESPUN

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HOMESPUN

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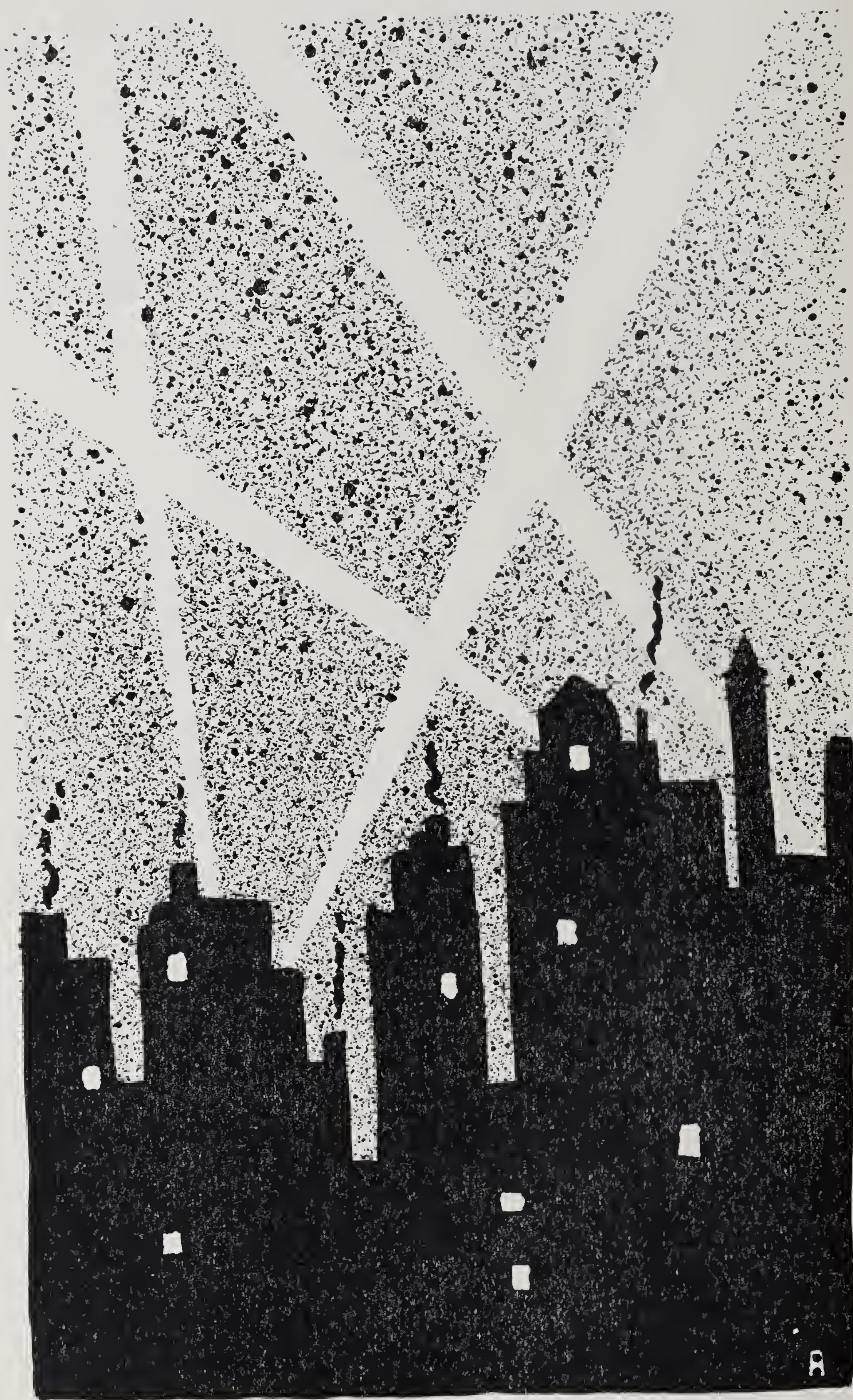

THE WEAVE

Strong Cities

Louis Brooks

Cities, you with tall buildings,
And the cataclysmic rumble of ten thousand motors,
Steadfastly burning their song into the heart of time—
Song of destruction, song of rebirth,
Song of doing, vibrant, powerful, eternal—
You cities, I see you on the skyline,
Your tall buildings pushing up
Into the smoke clouds,
Smoke prayers rising from new altars—
Bold, defiant, strong,
With the strength of a young god,
Tiger cities leaping up—
New lords of a new land,
Fresh, enduring,
Always sending up smoke prayers,
Always with your tall buildings,
And your cataclysmic roar
Of a million voices blended in one.

Sandburg, the Poet of Industry

Louis Brooks

Through several volumes of poetry from his pen Carl Sandburg has particularly identified himself with modern industry. He has a peculiar genius for sensing the romance, the tragedy, and the rugged splendor of present-day life as typified in the factory or by the work gang, and he has a remarkable ability to describe what he sees in a manner that reproduces on the printed page all the realism that first inspired the poet. Sometimes this ability is almost startling in its vigor and its brutal indifference to the finer elements of life; then again it shows Sandburg with all the æsthetic qualities of less harsh writers. He is essentially a painter with words, one who can slap on his colors roughly, or who can trace with careful delicacy. He is either a poet you strongly like, or one you strongly dislike. Whatever else may be said of him, it must be admitted that he is remarkably effective in creating the thing for which he is striving.

Scorner of sham and hypocrisy, sympathizer with the oppressed and down-trodden, loving life with a savage ecstasy, Sandburg presents at once a likeness and a contrast to Walt Whitman, that early *vers librist* of whom one is often reminded in the vigor and intensity of his modern follower. Sandburg is in no sense, however, an understudy of Whitman; he is perhaps one of those whom "the good gray poet" prophesied would rise up to follow him. He has the same note of realism, the same belief in the power of words to reach the reader; but while Whitman wrote in broad, sweeping lines, with something of a patriarchal power, Sandburg expresses himself with the terse force of an arrogant young fighter, or the quick beauty of a vanishing smoke form. There is not the same majestical stride to Sandburg's march, but there is a directness which makes it equally as enduring as that of Whitman. Whitman's lines resound to the ax stroke of the pioneer; Sandburg's voice is the voice of "smoke and steel" going together to carry on a world. Whitman interpreted cosmic forces; Sandburg knows

the power of a steam engine or a steel factory. There is little in the path of either that escapes attention.

There is that about Carl Sandburg which well fits him for his calling. He has been a stacker of wheat, a worker in big cities, a manual laborer knowing the inside life of fellow-laborers; and he has listened lovingly to the lusty voice of Chicago until he can translate her every mood. If his strokes are at times broad almost to crudeness, their rough vigor is amply justified by the power they give to his word-painting. Always he is bringing you back to the essential facts of life. He had rather show people a mucker, or a railroad yard, or a steel beam than greenhouses and fine pictures, but he can also show them white fences, and women drying their hair, and cool tombs. Sandburg is strong, masculine, but he is sometimes a quiet philosopher watching the cool blue surface of a lake, or wondering how long clean curtains will withstand the dust from a heedless street. He can delineate character, whether it be that of shovelmen and shopgirls, or that of mayors and men with monuments erected to their memory.

Sandburg sees in industry the essence of modern life, hears in its throbbing motors and rushing wheels the power that is the source of strength. Back of the motors, back of the roar of engines and the thud of hammers, he feels the human touch, the souls of the men and women "sweating it deep in their ditches." His is a voice crying in the city, bitterly defying the brutality of life, sternly pleading for justice, joyously laughing in the sheer ecstasy of life, fiercely laughing, and cursing, and mocking; but always seeing the reality, always holding up the truth.

Cities with tall buildings reaching up beyond the dirt and din to where smoke symbols climb across the sky, proud cities, arrogantly boasting that they rule the world, these are to Sandburg the gods of today, gods that often grind cruelly the mill of life, but glorious gods making glorious the men and women that toil for them and struggle against them. Sandburg is often vague, merely suggesting the form of an idea, but even then there is a subtle power in his word-painting. Even when he writes prose there is this quality of word-force which makes it not very different from his free verse.

Industry has, under the touch of this poet, become a thing of romance and rugged beauty. He has, as it were, laid bare the soul of motors, and mucker, and steel giants, and shown that beneath the outer trappings is a poetic splendor. Steam shovels have become iron gods; the song of motors, the rhythm of a new life; the smoke of factories, the dust from new battle fields. Here is romance in reality that will live long after contemporary great ones have passed into "cool tombs."

Factory

Mary Hobgood

Oh, Factory—glutton god of industry,
Fed by slaves whose only task is that
Of feeding you your meal of sooty earth
For which you lick out your tongue of red flame—
Have you no soul? Do you not grieve to see
The bent and toil-worn figures out of which
With iron fingers you have crushed the hopes
And joys of life? And do you never think
Of all the hearts you've broken, and the souls
You've warped? And do you never see before
Your face a bubble rise and burst—the dream
Of some poor slave? And do you never feel
Upon your shoulders all the weight of those
Low creatures, sacrificed to sate your greed,
Whose souls, like incense rising from an altar,
Drift by you like thin flames and mount to God?

THE RISE OF AVIATION

CHARLES RIVES

AVIATION did not have its origin in the workshop of any one known man's brain, but was the product of several men. Probably the first of these men were Lilienthal, Chanute, and Pilcher. Lilienthal was a German experimenter who sought to balance his gliders by the motion of his body. Chanute, an American, worked with adjustable planes for balancing his gliders. These men found it possible to glide a short distance on wings. Then came the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, who, with some of the ideas of these earlier men, really invented the flying machine.

In 1900 the Wright brothers lived in Dayton, Ohio, where, in their bicycle shop, they first began working on the flying machine. They were so much annoyed by the ridicule of the public that they moved to the sand hills of North Carolina where no one could bother them. Here, among the Kill Devil hills, they found a very suitable place to experiment with their machines.

These two brothers worked very faithfully over their project, and it was only two years after they had moved to North Carolina that they first had a successful flight. This first flight was made in a glider and was a little more than three hundred yards long. By making this successful flight, they had not only perfected a glider into a higher stage but had become more skilled in the handling of this fragile machine.

With one successful glide already made, the Wright brothers did not stop but worked more faithfully and earnestly than ever before. In less than a year they had fitted a motor and a propeller into their glider and made a successful flight of twenty-four miles. This was done through the efforts and courage of both brothers in making trial flights. They risked their lives many times in trying out the new "flying machine."

The twenty-four-mile flight seemed to arouse the interest of the public very much. Before this time people had laughed at the idea of flying, but now they were thinking seriously about the

subject. Not only did the United States become excited over the new invention, but also many other parts of the world became curious about it. So valuable was the invention considered that the Wright brothers found it difficult to protect their patent rights against fraudulent claims. In fact, these business considerations became so pressing that they were obliged to forego their experimentation for nearly three years in order to devote their time to protecting their interests. They had improved upon the power of the motor and had agreed to build a plane for the United States Signal Corps and one for a French syndicate. The machine that was built for the government was to cost twenty-five thousand dollars.

The world was now wildly enthusiastic over the idea of aviation. Thousands went to see the noted Wright brothers when they made the final tests on the machine they had built for the government. The preliminary flights were all successful in every detail, and in the last test Orville Wright flew the plane for an hour and three minutes. Later, the first two passengers were taken up. They were Lieutenants Lahm and Selfridge of the United States army.

It was a short while after this that the first fatal accident occurred. Orville Wright was at Fort Meyer making flight after flight. One day he and Lieutenant Selfridge were about seventy-five feet in the air when one of the stay wires broke and wrapped around the propeller. The machine plunged to the ground and Lieutenant Selfridge was killed.

Inventors from all over the world became intensely interested in aviation, and many things were invented that helped it very much. New types of planes were invented, and sometimes as many as three motors were built with which a high speed could be attained. Other devices were built which made flying safer.

Now, twenty-nine years have passed since that first memorable flight was made in the sand hills of North Carolina, and many wonderful feats have been performed. Passenger and mail routes have been formed all over the country. Lindbergh has crossed the Atlantic in a modern single-passenger plane. What can one expect of any new type of industry when aviation has developed into its present stage in twenty-nine years?

Twisting

Grace Hobbs

Smoke twisted in fearful darkness
To an angry sky.
Factory whistles shrieked;
Subway trains crashed into the blackness.
Crowds slushed over wet pavements.
Past me—on—on—
Yet never a fear, or tear, or regret.
I was a part of it—
It was a part of me.
I loved it.
It belonged
To me.

Earth-Eaters

Like some monster dragon of yore,
Belching forth smoke and fire,
Licking out its long, sinuous fangs,
Falling on its prey, and eating the very heart;
So—
The steam-shovel eats the earth,
Tearing a great gaping wound
From which trickles blood of pebble and stone.

Martha Shuford

Giant's Fingers

Louis Brooks

NIGHT was closing about the hills. The sun stuck for one final instant on the topmost point of the highest of the range, and then was suddenly gone. The tinge of color left in its stead lasted for a time, to be replaced by a lack of any particular color. To one whose frame of mind was in harmony with their grandeur, these hills presented an aspect of stern beauty; to one who disliked them, they now seemed almost intolerable. An artist would have found them impressive rather than appealing; a traveler would have viewed them with indifference. To the youth who presently detached himself from the shadows of the valley and, emerging into the half-light of the highest hill, stood gazing at the undulations of land beyond, they were bars jutting into the sky, fingers of a giant in whose hand he was a pawn.

Ever since he could remember he had been walled in by these pillars of earth until they had by degrees become the visible sign of his bondage, and because of that he hated them with a futile, unreasoning hatred. He had watched the winter snows melt from their tops and flow down to glut the stream pushing its way along the valley; had seen the summer sun parch their uppermost slopes until the red earth broke asunder with pain of heat. It was not the land itself that he hated, but the narrow, limited outlook, the utter lack of anything appealing or satisfying to youthful needs and youthful desires, which in his mind was inseparably associated with the hills. It was a good country, the soil rich in those elements necessary to productiveness, and the climate an aid to successful crops. To that rudely tutored individual, his father, who was as much a part of the land as were the hills he cultivated, this was a desirable place; but to the youth it was a void in which one must become a part of the nothingness, unless one rose above the nothingness and left behind the things associated with it.

Joe Callun was like many other youths of eighteen. Tall, loosely-built, marked with the ruddiness of outdoor life, he might have been handsome, had it not been for the sullen resentment

expressed in an otherwise pleasing face. He desired above all things else the freedom of life typified in the city, the associations and activities so often described by that brother who had been fortunate enough to get away from the farm, and who was now enjoying the position of a traveling salesman, a "drummer" as "the old man" styled him. Joe disliked "the old man" intensely, although he scarcely knew why. Perhaps it was because his father was so much a part of the land, a stolid being finding happiness in daily toil. His was a meager way of life, and he saw no reason why his son should not follow in the same path. He was a man of the country and could not understand Joe's desire for a more glamorous existence. In his young manhood he had traveled a little as an itinerant worker, and he vaguely talked of some such temporary release for his son. "When you'uns are twenty-one, Joe, I expect you'll want to travel some like I did." He paused halfway down the row and mopped his face.

"Damn your twenty-one," Joe said sullenly. "I hate this place," he went on heatedly, "hate the very sight of those damned hills. I want to get away from it all, get out where there's something doin', live like John lives—anything to be away from here. You don't understand, and you don't give a damn, but I'm goin' to leave, and you can't stop me."

"Watch that row," Callun said roughly, and went on with his plowing.

The conversation ended as had many others, each of the men holding sullenly to his view, each resenting the attitude of the other. There had been a time when out of fear Joe had secretly nursed his discontent, but now he openly defied his father, and took every opportunity to show his distaste for the farm. For weeks at a time he would refuse to work, meeting his father's angry reproofs with sullen curses. At present he had grudgingly consented to lend a hand in a crucial period, but his work was done with obvious indifference.

The clang of the big bell on the post back of the kitchen announced that the noonday meal was ready. With relief Joe turned from his plowing to a more inviting occupation. As the two workers entered the yard, Jack joined them. Jack was one

of those tenants who, lacking the ability to make good in any field, blamed his present failures on his employer.

"Jack, you'uns left part of that Jersey cow's milk for the new calf, didn't you?" Callun inquired.

"Yes, sir," Jack replied. "And by the way, I was wonderin' if I could git the buggy to go to town this afternoon for some flour?"

"No," Callun replied, "I've told you that Bob's sorta lame. You can git it when I go down Saturday."

The three entered the kitchen, and without ceremony seated themselves at the table, and began loading their plates with bounteous portions of ham and beans. A woman entered bearing a handleless pot of coffee, whose contents she dexterously transferred to thick cups. Leonard Callun's wife was not a pleasing woman. Tall, with graying hair, she had an air of slovenliness in keeping with her speech. She might once have been good-looking, but it must have been a long time ago. She filled her place well enough, though: she was a good mother and a good wife. Good enough, at any rate, for Leonard Callun.

"You'un aren't hungry," she said after a time, observing that Joe ate indifferently. She punctuated her remark with a stream of tobacco juice ejected through a quill gripped tightly between a ragged line of teeth. She was not a pleasant creature just now, but Callun's staunch spirit was unaffected.

"He's moonin' about the city again," he said unpleasantly. The quarrel of the morning still rankled. "Thinks the farm's not good enough for him. Says he's going to leave us." There was a ring of sarcasm in this last, but Joe said nothing, merely exchanging a glance with Jack.

"Yeah," went on Callun as he dipped his bread in his coffee, "he thinks he's gotta live like John does. Says he don't find nothing to do here, that is, nothing to his likin'. Plenty to do all right with that lower field dry, now that the creek's gone down. Got to plow it tomorrow if Joe can find the time to mingle with such folks as us. But if he don't, Jack and me can handle it all right."

"Oh, I'll help you," Joe replied surlily. "It's not the work. It's just that you won't ever let me do anything I want to. But, by God, I don't have to stand such stuff always, and I won't." He got up abruptly and went out.

Joe plowed in the lower field the next day, plowed half-heartedly, and with a sullen resentment. At noon when he and Jack put up the mules he unburdened his mind. There was a strong bond between the two, not so much a bond of friendship, but more a mutual dislike for "the old man." It was not in Jack's nature to be content in any state, and it was a habit of his to feel resentment toward those more satisfied than himself. In the privacy of the barn these two often discussed their grievances.

"There's a dance down at town tonight," Joe said, "and the old man says I can't go. Well, I'm goin', and if he don't like it he can go to hell."

"Sure," replied Jack. "It's none of his business where you go. You're old enough to boss yerself."

"And what's more," Joe went on heatedly, "I can pull out of here when I want to, and he can't do a thing about it. Bob's mine; you've heard him say so, and the old lady has heard him say so. He can't back down on that."

"No, but you'd never get Bob out of here. He'd whale you half to death if he caught you trying to."

"He wouldn't lay a hand on me. He knows I'd shoot him," Joe retorted.

"Maybe, but you'd never get Bob away. Nobody would buy him, anyway, unless they thought the old man was willin'. Least ways, not around here."

"Well, there's the saddle; that's mine and it's worth something. He can't stop me from sellin' that. Anyway, he wouldn't know until it was sold."

"He'd never let you come back," Jack remarked.

"By God! I don't want to come back. I'm tired of this place, and I'm going to leave. But first I'm going to that dance tonight, old man or no old man."

By the time the dance had progressed to the halfway stage Joe Callun was drunk. It was in this state that Bud Smith called him outside. Bud's first words cleared Joe's head considerably.

"Listen here, Joe, do you want to make some money easy?"

Joe pulled himself together, and paid as strict attention as was possible under the circumstances.

"Sure," he stated hilariously.

"There's some danger," Bud went on, "but we thought you a likely lad, and we're willing to give you a try."

"Who's 'we'?" Joe inquired.

"Never mind about that. Meet me here tomorrow night about this time. And you needn't mention what I've told you." Bud turned and walked inside, a little unsteadily. Joe followed after a moment, elated and somewhat puzzled by Bud's proposition.

A fast machine roared up the valley road. Bud Smith was at the wheel, while in the back seat were Joe and a farmer from down the creek, a lean man of unsavory reputation. In the month that had elapsed since the night of the dance Joe had learned a great deal about the business of bootlegging. He liked the job, partly because it was lucrative, but chiefly because it was exciting. It had about it a glamour wholly novel. In this trade he had found a new use for his hated hills, had found that they furnished an excellent place to conceal stills. In their new role he placed a proper value upon them, was coming almost to consider them a refuge. Life was greatly improved, too, by the fact that he was living in a room above a store owned by Bud Smith. At last he was beyond the control of "the old man." He was his own master, and aside from this was in a position to make more money in one month than "the old man" made in six, perhaps even in a year. At least, so Bud told him, and Bud seemed to be prosperous enough. This easy way of living was far better than anything John had ever done. Of course there was money in "drumming," but there was also hard work connected with it—not work such as that on the farm, but more than one ever need do so long as he could engage in a business like bootlegging. This was real life, and he was enjoying it to the fullest extent. Perhaps some day he might even become the leader of such an organization as this gang. The

thought stirred him to ambitious endeavor. For the first time in his life Joe Callun considered himself fortunate.

The car made a sharp turn into a little-used wagon road, and presently came to a stop before a dilapidated shack. Another trimly-built machine stood a little beyond the door. It was headed back the way the three had come.

"You fellows go on in while I turn the car around," Bud said. "It never hurts to be careful, and we might want to leave in a hurry," he added as Joe and his companion got out and approached the door.

Smoke was ascending from the chimney, and inside a complete apparatus for manufacturing corn whiskey was in full force. A rough-looking man, whom Joe had come to know as Bill Jackson, was operating the outfit. When Bud entered, he called him aside. The two talked earnestly for some time, both appearing worried.

"What's wrong?" Joe asked a little later.

"Oh, nothing particular," Bud replied, "except Bill says he thinks he saw the sheriff back a little way in the hills. I guess it's all right, though."

Near noon the sound of hoofs reached the group. Bill went out to reconnoiter, and speedily returned to report that a buggy was approaching. A moment later the vehicle drew up a few yards from the door. In it were three men. Joe recognized them as the local sheriff and his deputies. He remembered that these men had a reputation as determined man-hunters, and realized with sudden fear that he was on the side of the hunted.

"I'll handle this," Bud said curtly. He shoved a little blue-black automatic into Joe's hand. The youth gripped it with nervous fingers. The crucial moment in his life as a bootlegger had come. He wondered how he was going to act. It wouldn't do to get panicky; Bud never did, and he mustn't. But somehow it was more difficult than he had imagined to watch calmly through a crack in the wall while three grim representatives of the law sat ten yards away.

"Mornin'," Bud said coldly to the intruders.

"Mornin', Bud," the sheriff replied evenly. "I was hardly expectin' to find you here."

"Just came up to look over a little tract of timber hereabouts that I'd thought of buying," Bud answered.

"Cooking dinner?" one of the men asked, glancing significantly at the smoke slowly rising from the chimney.

"Yeah. I'm stayin' late, so I brought along some grub."

"Whose car?" the sheriff inquired, motioning to the machine beyond Smith's.

"Belongs to a friend of mine who come from Forestville to look over the timber with me."

"Bud, you're a damn liar," the sheriff said evenly. "That car belongs to Bill Jackson, and Bill and some more of the gang are inside there now. We've been watchin' you all mornin' and we've got you cold."

"By God, if you have!" Bud roared, and sprang forward.

The smoke arising from the chimney mingled for a time with the smoke clouds spurting up just in front of the shack, smoke clouds cleft by points of flame and sudden sharp reports. Joe and the farmer with an unsavory reputation crouched behind Bud Smith's car, firing uncertainly. Bud Smith lay somewhere in that fog of smoke and dust, dust arising from the frenzied movements of the sheriff's horse. Beyond this were three men firing coolly, deliberately. Joe had a sickening fear of the coolness with which these men fought, the deadliness with which they fired. His left arm hung limp at his side, and he was fast growing faint from the loss of blood. His right hand trembled weakly despite the reassurance of the automatic. The sight of Bud crumpled limply on the ground had been too much for his nerves. He felt that in another moment he would either faint or go insane. The calm voice of the sheriff issuing a brief command struck him as a thing utterly incongruous with the unrealities about him. The muttered oaths of the man beside him beat upon his ears like the roar of a cataract. Everything spun in a wild whirl. The smoke and dust cleared for a moment and he saw the body of Smith lying strangely twisted, saw three men crouched low beyond that body; then everything blurred, and he reeled forward beyond the shelter of

the machine. There was a spurt of flame from the sheriff's gun, and with a sudden choking feeling in his chest Joe fell on his face.

The sun beat down fiercely on the hills, great red and grey mounds of earth jutting up like the fingers of a giant. A half dozen vultures wheeled slowly in a cloudless sky.

From the Top of a Skyscraper

Rebecca Heath

I am standing on the top floor of a skyscraper.
Below me the roar of the elevated blends with the clash of the trolley;
And somehow it falls upon my ear harmoniously,
And I take new interest in the tangle of human feet on the pavement.
The hot noon sun makes mirrors out of the slimiest mud puddle
And makes the black silhouette on the horizon strangely fascinating.

But oh! It's easy to see poetry in things from a skyscraper.
Yet I know that when I go down
Men will brush past me, hot and dirty;
The factory whistle will jangle in my ears;
The mud puddle will splatter me,
And the silhouettes will become only grimy buildings.

I am standing on the top floor of a skyscraper.
Below me the roar of the elevated crashes with the clang of the trolley;
The unharmonious jangle of the factory whistles echoes in my ear;
Everything is smoky and dirty and hot.

Hidden Romance in Industry

Henry Weiland, Jr.

The man once walked into the small foundry, and began looking about on the floor for a piece of steel. He finally found a piece that suited his fancy, paid a few cents for it, and walked out with it.

There was nothing strange about the occurrence, but there was something in it that went beyond his purchase of it, something that amounted to more than the few cents that he paid for it. Many years ago, if a man had gone into a foundry in a like manner and had purchased a piece of steel the same size and shape, he would have been forced to pay many times the few cents that the item costs today.

That is a clue to a hidden romance in industry—one of the deeds that so often go unsung, but which are nevertheless responsible in a large measure for the industrial success of the world today. This particular hidden romance deals with the work of an Englishman named Bessemer. Few citizens of the world today know anything about this scientist, and can appreciate his work.

Before the time of Bessemer, the cost of the production of steel such as is used in the construction of buildings now cost too much to permit such use of it. Bessemer, therefore, spent his money and a great part of his life working out a cheaper method for the production of crude steel. His first trials were unsuccessful, but he did not allow defeat to down him.

He interested others in his experiments, and borrowed money with which to continue his work. He at last perfected a converter that worked as he wished. He then exhibited it before a meeting of magnates. For his demonstration, however, he used molten crude iron from another source from that which he used in his successful attempt. When the steel formed by his converter was tested, it proved so brittle that it was entirely useless.

This setback would have discouraged many a man not so sincere and interested in his work, but Bessemer continued his investigations. At last he found that the cause of the brittleness

was the presence of a certain compound that was not found in all iron ore.

With this great discovery to encourage him, he again started up the long hill to distinction and recognition for himself and his invention. This time, when the converter was demonstrated before the steel magnates, the steel manufactured by his converter proved quite strong, and the invention proved very economical.

Bessemer succeeded; but, many ask, what did his invention mean to the success and progress of the world today? By his invention of the converter, Bessemer gave man a more complete mastery of the world, and made such things as skyscrapers and giant pieces of machinery possible.

The Row

Juanita Day

"The Row"—that is what they are called—these small houses that look so much alike. Truly it is a fitting name for them. Passers-by only glance at the houses and go on, feeling annoyed that such as these should exist in their prosperous town. But to some The Row represents home. Perhaps they never have known a better place of abode and scarcely consider the altogether unsatisfactory surroundings. Or, on the other hand, there may be some who have lived in better residences, and who are irked and oppressed by the very sordidness of it all.

There they are—twenty-five in number—all on one street, all in a row and all built exactly alike. Let's look at one more closely. It presents a somber appearance, because its one-time gray color has been darkened by soot until now it is quite drab. It is not only low but also narrow—small to the minutest detail. At the front of the house is a tiny porch; indeed, it is hardly large enough to seat two people comfortably. Leading up to it is a

gravel path, on each side of which is a wee plot of ground. This yard is just a square of plain, hard-packed, sterile soil. Not a blade of grass may be seen, but close to the porch grows a stiff row of posies. Of these few flowers the family is as careful as of a child, for what coaxing it took to make them bloom! However, these sparse blossoms, instead of beautifying the surroundings, look almost out of place. That's all for the front, and as for the rear of the building—well, it overlooks the railroad tracks. This dwelling houses a family of six. The other twenty-four houses, each containing a family of from four to ten persons, are almost identical.

Here are all stages of life. The little children play in the dirt yards; the young people love and marry; the mothers and fathers struggle to carry on; the old people die. So life moves on—in the homes of the factory-workers—in The Row.

Iron

Grace Hobbs

Your heart is iron—
I loved you;
Yet you looked on me with disdain.
Your eyes reproached;
Your touch was cold.
Even the grave seemed not rest,
But chill and lifelessness.
You turned away from me,
Still I loved
And wondered what made you so cold,
City of the iron heart.

Colors in the Weave

Screws

Henry Weiland

"Screws, screws, that's all I ever see. There! That's done. Now for the next. Where's that hole? Ah, there it is. Another screw gone. One more absurd little job done. God! How time drags. No doubt that clock's stopped. It must be time for dinner. Only ten o'clock? Impossible!

"Well, I guess I might as well put in some more screws and try to wait for the whistle. There! I'm beginning to see screws where they aren't. They're everywhere. My God! I'm losing my senses. Come back! I can't do that. I must not. I've gotta work. I can't afford to lose my head. Maybe I'll miss my pay check if I do, and I need that—the wife and kids—God help me.

"There's the darned boss showing a visitor around. Look at his clothes. And they're just what he wears around here. I ain't worn nothing that good for years. That's what he gets for doing nothing, while I'm puttin' in screws—screws! There they are again—everywhere. Screws!

"Laugh, you damned villain, laugh! You don't have to work. You don't have to stick screws in holes all day long. You don't have nothing to bother you. Life's easy enough for you. You ain't got no worries. You ain't got screws to mess with—you ain't got no troubles—no screws! Oh, God! There they are again. More of 'em. Everywhere I look—screws—and more of 'em. Wait! Stop! I can't do this—I can't—I must take care of the—the wife—an'—the kids—an'—an' the screws. Screws!

"What're you laughin' at? You're laughin' at me! Stand back! Don't you touch me! You—you cursed highbrow of a boss—stop! If you come any closer I'll—I'll throw this box of screws at—screws—screws. Oh, God! I can't see anything but those screws! Stand back! Give me air—give me—screws—screws everywhere.

"That's it, hold me! Hold me so I can't see that boss—so I can't see those—those screws. No, they're there—they're there—they're everywhere I look! God! Give me some water! Ah! That's better. Now take away those screws—those horrid screws—or I'll go mad—God! Take them away—or take me. Take me away! I can't stand this—I can't stand those screws. I can't stand that boss—that darned smiling boss. Take me away before I go crazy over screws—screws. Can't you take them away? No, you haven't; they're still there. Only more of them. That's all there is around here—screws—screws!

"Take me home. Take me to my wife—my kids—but leave those darned screws—leave them—leave the boss—that darned smiling boss! Just take me away from those screws—screws—screws!"

The Telephone Operator

Norma Carr

A long board stretched the length of the room. Before it on high chairs sat girls, each wearing a peculiar contraption around her neck and fastened over her ears. Into the black, funnel-shaped objects hung beneath their lips they uttered apparently meaningless phrases in answer to the messages received through the round pieces over their ears.

When Alexander Bell invented the telephone, he could not possibly have imagined the vast number of girls who, like watchful guardians, would give of their body's labor and their mind's occupation in order that his invention might give service to man.

The operator sitting before the board watched for the small lights to appear—some red, some green, and some white. No matter how tired she was, always she must answer in a pleasant voice, for this framework of wood contained a living piece of mechanism. Patiently she would ask, "Number, please." Then, in a second's time, two humans connected by lines of wire would be carrying on a conversation.

Hers was not a simple task. All over the city people would be desiring to use the telephone, and the girl at the switchboard was a necessary unit in the process. In the form of insistent lights her duty stood before her very eyes. Her arms often would become so tired that she could scarcely move. The constant demand of every nerve of the body and the centering of every thought on the work before her was so exhausting that merely to sit idle would have been the only desire of her life. But, no, such a thing as that was impossible; so thorough had been her training that she reacted automatically to each signal. What if her head ached and every muscle in her body revolted against the undue demands, the work must be done.

For scarcely a moment was her mind allowed to dwell upon the pleasant thoughts of the sun outside or of the "after hours." Day by day, her identity lost among the trappings of the board, she sits. The individual who uses the telephone cares little about her, for she is merely a part of a great system. When at her duty, she is a piece of machinery having no hopes, ambitions, sorrows, or loves. It is from her association with the machine that she is considered one, too. Electricity may be harnessed, but some one will always be its slave.

But slave though she may be for eight hours daily, after that she is a natural creature; and coursing through her veins are the desires of all other youths.

The Steam Shovel

Grace Hobbs

A gaunt spectre,
Like a dark, forbidding giant,
Looms against a pearled sky.
Its voice is silent.
The levers are rusty and worn.
Life fires have kindled, died—
As a candle fading—gleams.
Snow spirits slip
Their silver fingers
Along its iron sides.
Mournful voices chant about it.

Yesterday it purred busily;
Smoke, like dreams,
Curled to a turquoise sky.
The fire of strength quivered
Through its rocking frame.
A power was there—
Lifting power—and yet—
Now it stands,
Like a dark, forbidding giant,
Looming against a pearled sky.

A Violet

A trembling violet—
A fairy's ghost—
Fragile, cloudy, and moist;
It shyly blooms where fairies die,
When man invades their haunts.

Mary Leet Underwood

New Music

Lucille Ferree

The girl put her hands to her ears and groaned. Her head rocked to and fro in perfect rhythm with the noise of the looms in the mill. Her face, outlined with weariness, showed contempt of the factory in which she was working. She might have been pretty, had there not been circles beneath her eyes, eyes which held no interest whatsoever for her surroundings, indicating overwork and not enough sleep. Long braids of brown hair formed a halo around her tiny pinched face. Her short, skinny figure was clothed in the coarse fabrics, the same as which she was now weaving.

"Say, Sallie," she punched the girl next to her and spoke, "ain't you tired of all this? I've got so I hate the sound of this place so bad; I feel as if I could go away sometimes and never come back. That noise has got me so bad that I can't sleep at night for that ringing in my ears."

Again she tried to shut out the noise by placing her hands over her ears.

"Helen, honey, don't take it so hard. Course it's tough, us having to work in the mills, but 'beggars can't be choosers,' as some great man or somebody said. Just take your job as a matter of course and brace up!"

"It's no use, Sal, I can't do it!"

"Oh, sure you can! Bunk says a new foreman, or somebody like that, has come over at the place where he's working. From what he says, he seems to be educated. Maybe you'll like that type. What say we four go to the pictures tonight?"

"Well, maybe; I don't know."

"Sure, you'll go. There goes the whistle—quitting time! Wait for me down at the bridge. I've got to see Bunk a minute. Bye!"

A few minutes later a small, drab form passed through the employees' exit. She was pushed about and almost trampled upon by the huge mass of people, desirous to see sunlight again. There were all types of mill people in this mass. The majority of them were laughing, talking, or joking. Men were dragging out their

pipes and tobacco pouches. Flappers were putting on new faces, and, occasionally, winking behind their vanities. Many girls went directly to a certain place, where they grabbed the arms of their boy friends, who were going to accompany them home. Women were searching in their pocketbooks to see if they still had the money with which to buy the evening meal. Men were looking to see if they still had their money to go to the poker game. Helen passed out of the building repeating to herself, "I hate this work, I hate this building, I hate everybody, but, above all, I hate this eternal hum of the motors."

* * * * * *

The morning sun shone through the heavy windows of the factory upon the small, skinny figure of a girl. She had brown hair wound around her head in the form of a halo, framing her flushed, almost pretty face. Circles were still beneath her eyes, but they were very faint. Her brown eyes held the look of one who has found something wonderful and divine. Her hands worked rapidly, never stopping once to place them over her ears. She whistled as she worked, and her foot kept time to the roar of the looms by her tapping it against the cement floor.

"Helen, dear," cried Sally, next to her. "Whatever has come over you? Yesterday you were a walking ghost, and today, why —you look like you're in love! Do you like Tom, Helen?"

"Sally," Helen began in a hushed tone, "did I say yesterday I didn't like it here? Oh, but I do! What music these looms make! Listen! Can you hear those shrill notes that sound like humming birds? Do you hear that powerful automobile motor? Just think of riding down Broadway in a machine like that! Then, too, you can hear the frogs croaking. That's the chugging of a ship, and the other noise similar to it is a motorboat. Sally, it's wonderful! There is music of all kinds in this hum-drum roar! Oh, you asked me about the boy last night? Well, he's different. Oh, I'm happy, Sally! There's the whistle! I'll see you later! Bye."

With a flash of her teeth and a cheerful smile, Helen left a figure standing with her hand to her head in a puzzled manner, staring after the retreating form.

Pay Day

Grace Hobbs

I've counted every minute—
Every minute o' the day—
Till the time I get to stand in line
A-waiting for my pay.

Nellie wants a little hat—
She's my wife, you know—
And baby needs some lactic milk
To make his muscles grow.

The little home wants shrubs
To make it nice to see,
And some day, at Nellie's window,
I'll plant a willow tree.

I'll fill the house with comfort,
And when the wind blows
It will bring the willow's rustle
And the breath of a wild-wood rose.

Yes, I've counted every minute
Till I get home today
With a cargo of dreams
And an envelope of pay.

Love

Love is a garden
With happiness in bloom,
And a sparkling fountain
Bubbling over with
Joy.

Grace Curtis

THE YOUNG WEAVER

NORMA CARR

In the large room were long lines of machines over which young girls hovered. The complacent hum of the motors denoted their good condition. Intermittently could be heard the clank of the busy shuttle as it carried the thread. A sultry breeze idled through the room, only intensifying the heat. On the face of a slender girl working in a corner there was a tired and oddly drawn expression. Unless one noticed her eyes, she appeared a mutely carved figure.

How long she had worked before the machine she could not remember. Sometimes it seemed to her as if she had always watched the loom as it wove the long cuts of cloth. There was little in life for her outside the factory. On Sunday she would sit in her room and watch the cars pass with their smiling loads. She often thought of how pleasant it would be to step into the shining motors and go gliding down a quiet, shaded road.

In dim corners of the theatres, however, she lived her life. There was no other way for her. Because of her occupation she was cut off from the pleasures enjoyed by the other classes. To the world she was merely another pair of eyes and another pair of hands to tend the machine made by her fellowmen. It was one thing to be a slave to a living person, but to live in submission to a piece of steel was to be shut off from contact with human beings. Seeing others experience emotions denied to her by fate produced the only bright spot in her drab existence.

It was the remembrance of those evenings spent in the show that lighted her eyes as she patiently watched the busy carrier of thread and saw the cloth grow before her eyes. An outsider might have been struck by the romance of the production, but to her that meant only a means of existence. The machine claimed the body, but nothing could take her soul completely. What matter if she could not feed this beauty-hunger, this desire for higher things? In her was a spirit which defied the mechanical and the material.

The Song of the Rails

Tom Durham

Have you ever heard the rails
Moaning low their many tales,
Tales of sorrow and of woe,
Tales of biting winds and snow;
Tales of warm and sunny lands,
Tales of miles and miles of sand?

Through the tropic jungle-land,
O'er the desert's burning sand;
Through the narrow mountain nooks,
By the ever-running brooks;
Through deep tunnels, long and black;
By the hermit's humble shack;
Over cities' busy crowds,
Just beneath the fleecy clouds;
Through the valley, o'er the hill,
Rails and rails are singing still.

Winds

Winds, playing through the trees,
Are voices of the dead
Warning, whispering, pleading,
Harping on the leaves
Melancholy tones.

Mary Rucker

The Nightwatchman

Harvey Cavan

Jim Callum, the greyed and crippled old nightwatchman, was making his nightly rounds at the foundry. He had not always been a cripple with scars, one arm gone, and half one leg torn away. He had once held the position of yonder burly foreman.

Jim loved the steel mills. He had worked in them since he was a mere boy. He loved especially the night work at the foundry—the glow of the furnace was beautiful.

He crept up to an open doorway and watched. A jibcrane bearing a great ladle full of tons and tons of white-hot metal was passing above. The molten liquid shimmered and gave off intense blue flames of escaping gas. The seething and bubbling mass slopped from one side of the great cauldron to the other. Every drop that fell to earth rebounded, exploding into a thousand points of fire. Far up in the rafters the arc lights cast a cold glare over all.

Then, the ladle dipped. The stream of metal flowed into the mold with a crackling roar. Abruptly the arc lamps were extinguished by an intense violet glare of light. Then, the jibcrane carried the ladle back to be filled again.

Jim called this the "cradle of civilization." Here was the beginning of our monster warships, our immense cannon and field artillery, our guns, our automobiles, our skyscrapers, our stoves, and even our needles, pins, and pen points.

His thoughts turned back fifteen years. He had gone down the slight incline from the furnace hearth to the molding sand. There, in the darkness, he had watched the gnome-like figures of his men at work. The light of the glowing metal had turned from white to pink and to deep red, and then faded to a dull grey. Suddenly he had seen a tiny puff of steam between the bricks. He had shouted orders, but too late! A tiny stream of escaping metal flowed in between the bricks. There was a fierce explosion—after that a blank. When he returned to consciousness,

his face was badly burned, and he was minus one arm and part of a leg. The company had pitied him and made him a night-watchman.

Jim turned for one last glance, gave a sigh of contentment, and went off to finish his night rounds.

On Racing Wheels

Elizabeth Boyst

It came suddenly—
With only a whistle giving the warning;
A whistle—yet so unlike one—
Not high and shrill,
But deep and weird into the night—
Like the call of the death angel.

On it came—
Its one eye—bulging in its socket—
Glaring like the eye of a beast;
Its wheels—mighty symbols of industry—
Speeding over the iron rails;
Its black breath—hot and suffocating—
Steaming from its huge nostrils.

A sudden burst of flame—
A deafening roar—
And it rumbled on.

When the Whistle Blew

Louise Hunter

Outside the mill, only the steady hum and whirr of industry indicated the toil within. Inside, the ceaseless movement of the machines, the utter fatigue written on the drooping figures of men, and their faces streaked with mingled sweat and grime showed the toll taken by toil. Some hurried to and fro, the others stood motionless all day before the same machine, performing over and over the same monotonous task.

There were only the habitual noises when a sudden scream tore the dullness of the place. A mangled limb torn from the socket was hanging from a machine, and a man lay prostrate in the path before it, frantic with pain. Then, mingling with his screams of agony comes the long-drawn wail of the evening whistle. His comrades file by slowly, stopping to offer aid and watching with pitying eyes the retreating ambulance as it carries the injured man away.

* * * * * *

Inside the gray walls of the small hospital room, three anxious people were grouped about the bed of a still figure. They were his wife, a tired woman with eyes reddened from weeping, her hands twisting and retwisting the handkerchief in her lap, and beside her an older woman who tried to comfort her. On the other side of the bed stood the nurse, cool, white-clad, and professional, watch in hand, watching the almost imperceptible breathing of the dying man.

There was silence in the room save for the broken murmuring of the women, when there came from below the hill the long-drawn wail of the mill whistle. The figure on the bed quivered; his wife rose to stand beside him. As the last sound of the whistle died out, the eyes in the gray face fluttered and opened, and his wife bent over him to catch the words he uttered.

"Quittin' time," he whispered, tried to smile, and with a last quivering sigh closed his eyes and "quit."

Steel

Guy Hope

Steel—
A sparkling molten mass
Poured into a thousand shapes
Flashing as it moves—

Steel—
The prow of a ship,
Strong—sturdy—pushing its way
Through danger—

Steel—
The skeleton of a skyscraper
Supporting the earth—
Mighty—imposing—

Steel—
The arch of a cathedral,
Graceful—vast—
An awe-inspiring prayer—

Wind

A roaring giant
Puffs and blows and scowls
Until the smallest clouds
Like flocks of frightened sheep
Vanish beyond the hills.

Marguerite Wells

Smoke Bonds

Louis Brooks

Smoke of the first fire builders,
Rising hesitantly toward the tree tops;
Smoke of steel factories, and smoke of trains,
Bold against the skyline.
Between the two, smoke of all ages,
Rising and floating across,
Forming smoke bonds,
Linking and interlinking
All races and times.
Common hope of many hearts,
Common need of many men.
Smoke bonds, always linking,
Always interlinking.

WARP AND WOOF

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Romance in Iron

No period of human history has ever failed to be romantic, all statements to the contrary. Perhaps the period was not a colorful era of knights errant, or of adventurous discoverers; but it had some vital claim to the romantic side of life, even if it were nothing more glamorous than a mere mechanical revolution. Back of all the dirt and smoke of modern industry is a romance and a rugged beauty unsurpassed by charms of any so-called romantic period. The present century is an age of wonder and power beyond anything yet known, and behind the commonplace

evidences of this are a glamour and a rough grandeur worthy of the best efforts of contemporary poets and writers.

In the mighty bulk of a skeleton skyscraper, or the throb of great engines, or the strong realism of men and women supplying the needs of a waiting world by the labor of their hands, there is a poetry that has in a measure become the voice of America. There are other voices to which other poets listen; but the defiant note from the soul of this iron god awakens a response as surely as the clash of Viking swords, or the chanties of ancient seamen. Here truly is romance of a vivid sort, romance strong enough to stir a new spirit, and to lend charm to those symbols of the rebirth rising bold against the skyline.

Louis Brooks

Wanted—An Invention

Somehow, amidst the whirlwind of the numerous school activities of the present age, high school pupils have acquired from some unknown source the idea that a literary publication can run itself, that all they have to do is to subscribe to the magazine at the beginning of the semester, and then sit back and wait for the issues to appear. There is certainly something wrong with an attitude of this kind. How can a magazine be a true representation of the school if the small group composing the staff writes all of the articles? Literary work, as well as athletic work, requires the coöperation of the whole school.

It must be admitted that science has made many important discoveries and inventions in the past half century. In fact, it is almost impossible to escape contact with these wonders of men. At present the results of science are surpassing even the radio, vitaphone, and television. However, as far as is now known, there has been no invention by means of which a magazine can be put out without human effort. Until such a wonder is accomplished, it remains for the student body to coöperate with the staff in writing material for the high school publication.

Elizabeth Boyst

TANGLED THREADS

Our Epidemic

Dixon Thacker

The flu epidemic which recently visited our city so ruthlessly reminds me of the measles epidemic we had at our house. Of course, it wasn't a real epidemic, but after mother had nursed four successive cases, she felt as if it had been one!

I was at that tender age when school was my main object in life. I *loved* it! Thus, you may imagine my chagrin when "Sis" came home one day sadly bespeckled and burning with fever. Mother immediately recognized the evil spirit as the measles, and bustled "Sis" into quarantine. I was allowed only one glimpse of her measle-marred features, but that one glimpse was enough to make me determined to keep away from her. I hated measles! Besides making my own kith and kin look like a—well, words won't express it—it was keeping me away from my beloved school.

For ten days "Sis" lived in an isolated condition. We three remaining children were not even allowed to peep through the keyhole of her room door.

But one day—just three days before I could go back to school —"Sis" received a large box of candy. Now, it happened that Teeny saw that bow-bedecked box and knew what it contained. And Teeny has more than one sweet tooth, as have most little boys. Naturally, Teeny wanted some of his sister's candy. But "Sis," rather spoiled by her long illness, was determined that Teeny should not have even one piece until she was able to come out and give it to him. So the much-sought-after sweets were taken

in to be hidden in the sick-room. Now, Teeny's sweet teeth were more powerful than Teeny—and still are!—so, while mother visited her Wednesday Book Club, and "Sis" took an afternoon nap, Teeny slipped into the measles room. Evidently the object of his visit was well hidden, for he stayed seemingly hours in "Sis's" slumbering presence. When he finally came out with mouth, hands, and pockets stuffed full of oozy chocolates, I was fully prepared to see Teeny measled, too. But I didn't then. Twelve hours later, however, I did!

So Teeny had the measles! And two more weeks were added to my imprisonment! Then Billy took 'em. Billy and Teeny always do the very same things, even if it's having a hateful, despicable old disease!

And still I remained untouched by the enemy. I alone was left to hear mother's repeated: "Stay away from the door! Don't you know that measles is contagious?" But for some reason mother chose to say other things to me. "Well, Dick, I guess it's your time next!" And, "Looks like you're going to have to have 'em, Dick." At the end of a week I felt as if it were my *duty* to have the old disease! And then my head began to feel hot, and my feet cold. I kept running to the mirror to see if my face bore any of the telltale bumps. Finally, when Teeny was almost well, I crawled into bed beside him. And I truly had the measles!

Exactly seven weeks after "Sis" had acquired the fatal disease, I returned to my school room. On the threshold I hesitated. Well, for heaven's sake, which one of those desks was mine, anyway?

Night

Night is a goddess fair
Robed in a velvet gown.
The twinkling stars are jewels
Sparkling in her crown.

Kendall May

Regina

Juanita Day

Every once in a while I get the acting craze, but these spells come more seldom now than they used to. Perhaps one of the most interesting roles I have played off the stage was that of queen. My sister and I have always been more or less fond of luxury, so it was not strange that we should like being queen. This is how we managed it:

First, maybe, she would assume the part of her royal majesty. During that time I was her lady-in-waiting and her most humble and obedient subject. She had only to command, and if it were in my power she received what she wanted. This was fun, but you can imagine that the most enjoyment I derived from it was the ever-abiding thought that soon I would gain that distinctive position.

Then my turn came, and how glad I was! I'm sure I was quite the happiest little queen that ever could be found. I commanded; my sister obeyed.

Saturdays were our red letter days in this game. For instance, if I were queen on Saturday morning, I would order my servant to bring my breakfast up to me. Then, lying back among my pillows and with all the airs of an honest-to-goodness member of the royal family, I would gently nibble my toast and drink my milk.

However, sometimes the subject rebelled, and at such crises our finely-thought-out plan refused to work. I remember one time in my reign when I ardently desired my sister's small teddy-bear, which she had possessed almost all her life. You know, I've always loved teddy-bears—still do, too, for that matter. Well, as I was saying, I requested the dear bear (in the very dressy black velvet suit); my sister refused to yield, and then the trouble began. I insisted on having him; she just as obstinately insisted on keeping him. Then her majesty indulged in conduct which would shame even a little girl, let alone a queen. One of those disgusting

girl fights ensued, consisting of much hair-pulling and yelling. Meanwhile the teddy-bear was hoisted about in the air. Poor little fellow! It took him a long time to recover from those injuries.

The chief trouble with our system was that, after once being queen, each of us felt that it was almost too much of a decline to be just a paltry subject. We were rather more inclined to luxury at the same time, and that would never do.

I maintain, though, that it was fun, and, mind you, sometime we'll play again just such parts, but then there will be no quarrels.

Retrospection

John Lindeman

Yes, I know I'm near my end—
  My life in years is late.
And soon I'll give up earthly things
  And go to meet my fate.
I've nought to fear—in looking back
  I find just one lone deed
For which, when reckoning day arrives,
  I shall have cause or need
Of penitence. That single thing?

Let's see—now, just when was the day
  That I did do great wrong?
I was a money-lender then,
  And life was just a song.
A lively trade I had built up,
  (And quite a fortune, too).
Ne'er did I practice usury
  —I swear that that is true—
Until one day an old man came—
  I knew at once 'twas he

Whose son it was that (damn his soul)
Had stol'n my bride-to-be.
Vengeance is sweet, mine doubly so.
Not many weeks had passed
Before the old man owed to me
All that he had amassed
(Which was not much, but just the same
It filled my heart's desire).
I tried at once to get my due
And ruin my rival's sire.
I did; and then I heard the news
That he (the sire) was dead.
He'd shot himself—his money gone,
Starvation in its stead.

And then I had that ancient's blood,
In truth, upon my hands.
I closed my shop and went to roam
In many foreign lands.
I climbed the peaks of high Tibet,
I crossed the stormy seas.
I'd fain forget my awful crime,
But on each little breeze
I'd hear the words: "You are the one
Who, in a jealous rage,
Did slay an innocent old man."
My conscience built a cage
In which I've been a prisoner
Many a lonely year.

I've had my punishment, I think,
And as the time grows near
For me to leave this world behind,
I'm comforted with this:
God will forgive me, on the Day,
The thing I've done amiss.

Illusion

Louise Cheek

As for myself I did not fear greatly the adding of years to my life. Still there were always questions in my mind concerning those who were old. I had seen sorrow, grief, and loneliness written on the faces of those who passed. In the pathetic droop of the slow-moving cheek was written drudge, while in the complacent smile of the rotund merchant was glimpsed success. Life was constantly revealed to me in the faces and walks of the people who traveled by my door. Youth failed to intrigue me, but those who were growing old were a source of increasing speculation on my part; I wanted to know how those who were old felt about life. Did they regret their lost youth? Did they dream fondly over the past years? What emotions and experiences had gone toward the shaping of their life? All these thoughts came to me as I watched the pathetic parade of wizened old men and stoop-shouldered women, all lifeless and dull. Surely they were not always that way; there must have been a time when they laughed in the sun. Now they were all alike, sitting in the sun, trying to warm themselves in its light. Indeed some made life seem tragic to me, for I could not understand what the existence they were leading could give to one's soul, what hope sustained their passing years, for to me they were like empty shells.

Then in the pageant I found one day the lady with the mysterious bag. She was such an old-looking woman that I wondered if she had ever been young. Lines of pitiful failure were etched deeply in her thin, yellow face. A feeling of revulsion involuntarily came over me, for she did not seem to be a natural creature. As she trudged along with a vacant look in her sunken eyes, she presented a picture of pathos which in the light of the spring sun seemed oddly out of place. What, I mused, was her story; what had caused those deep lines; and what kept her in touch with youth.

Days passed and I often saw her go by. Sometimes she would affect a springy step, striving with the aid of high heels, short

dresses, and bobbed, straggly locks to bring back a semblance of youth. Always in her face was that utter bleakness and futility which no modern dress could ever erase. My first feeling of antipathy became modified until I often felt amused. One day she came in. After that I never laughed at her again.

Not only had her strange appearance aroused my curiosity; but the brown lizard-skin bag was also a source of many fancied conclusions. Then I found why she carried the bag so faithfully. It was the source of her income. She made her living now, and had for many years, by going from house to house endeavoring to sell her wares. When she came in and sat down near me, she carefully opened the satchel. In her claw-like hands she brought out a jar of cold cream. It was all so inconsistent. Here was an emaciated old woman peddling cosmetics. She had nothing to sell that I wanted; nevertheless she was an answer to a perturbing question. Small talk was exchanged until she became freer in her conversation. Bit by bit I collected the loose threads until I had the why of her life.

Her story was of love. It seemed nearly impossible that such an all-powerful emotion should ever have been felt by this pathetic creature. Yet I sat, calmly discussing the mighty theme with a passing old woman.

Incoherently she told me her story, often punctuating important facts with aimless remarks about the various creams in her bag. Despite her faltering tone I could understand now how that life was still bearable to her. It was because she possessed a priceless gift, the treasured memory of an unbroken ideal. Hardships, poverty, and grief had been her lot; but even the cold years could not take from her that perfect illusion. With a turn of her yellow, wrinkled hand she drew back the curtain of thirty years and showed to me a picture of a joyous girl, laughing with her lover:

"No, I have never married; but I am not an old maid," she declared in soft tones. Fearful of breaking into her talk, I merely looked at her in an agreeing manner. "It was spring, that year of long ago; and Julia was twenty. Somehow she reminded one of a flower—so slim and graceful with a look of dewy freshness on

her face. Just like the apple blossom, shell-like, rose-pink, wild and fresh; she was in the spring day of her life.

"I was pretty then. Every one said that my hair was the longest in town."

This was said, perhaps, to apologize for the stray ends of her hair which was fast turning gray. What did it matter to her if sometimes the sky was tinged with grayness, for love was wooing her? In the little white house in a country town she lived with her mother. Hollyhocks grew high by the side of the fence, around which honeysuckles twined in a caressing way. A white gate, drooping a little open, invited one to enter. A graveled walk, bordered with sweet williams and violets, led to the door of the simple home. Content there with her daily tasks, she never questioned her importance in life.

On one of her daily trips to the general store she saw John. As she stood in the door with the rays of sunlight caught in her auburn hair, she presented a picture of elusive beauty. There was a fragile yet courageous air in her youthful form. No wonder John stood still as he saw her enter. Although he was tired of the existence he had been living, a little bored and cynical, he could not pass lightly the feeling he experienced when Julia entered.

Fate was kind to the young man, for he found lodgings in the small white house. As the days passed, the quiet power of the young girl impressed him more. One evening as they stood by the gate exchanging small talk, all his feelings for her rushed over him. A sensation of rapture and warmth made him desire to clasp Julia in his arms. As if enchanted, they stood there mute. The odor of honeysuckles, mingled with the other odors of the night, seemed to glow and breathe. With a rush the poignant loveliness of the night overwhelmed him. In the distance an owl hooted; the moon kept stealing over the apple tree. At the moment Love was the ruler.

From then on life was all moonlight and garden walks. Wrapped in the ecstasy of first love, Julia passed her days. Surely such a beautiful song as her heart was singing could never be hushed. Not once did her thoughts touch reality.

Later she was forced to see the other side of life. Her mother, a semi-invalid, found that life was slowly but surely slipping from her grasp. Then came the day when a cloud hung over the abode. All but the birds singing in the trees was silent. Even this tragedy could not cast a deep spell over her love. Stunned at first by her mother's long sleep, she went around as in a daze. John with his strong, sure way made even the sadness sweet. How nice she thought it was to have him beside her.

Her manner of living was changed. It was John's wish that they be married as soon as possible; but it was necessary for them to wait. When all the matters were arranged, Julia went to the city to visit relatives for a short while. Some instinct warned her against leaving. It seemed that she could not possibly leave the scene of her grief, yet more powerful than that, her happiness.

It was now in the summer; the apple blossoms had long ago fallen. In the glow of the summer moon they walked to the gate. On the morrow she would leave, but tonight nothing mattered except love. There by the gate John told her again the sweet words. Encircling the lovers were the shadows of the trees which seemed to ward off all the world, leaving the two in the magic ring. It was the memory of this moonlit night which she still carried in her heart.

She had not been in the city three weeks before the message came to her that John, too, was gone. Completely unnerved by this last news, she felt that she could not bear to live. Day and night she fought the depressing gloom. Sometimes it seemed as if she were sinking into a deep chasm. Above it all she would see his face, around her hear the murmurs of that moonlight night. When at last her youth conquered the desire to give up, Julia seemed to walk as if with a ghost.

When the nights came, thousands of memories crowded around her, choking her, crushing her. "Oh, God!" she thought, "will life never end? Will it be like this always." Months and years passed; always as if in a dream, she spent her days.

Unprepared for life's work, she had a hard time earning a living. At first she tried to take a business course. But her strength was

gone and soon she had to give the idea up. As she would sit in her narrow room, tired from the day's work, again would come the memory of that last night. Time, though often cruel, was kind to her, for the wounds were healed. In her dreary, impoverished life only the picture of John as she last saw him helped her to pass the days.

As I had listened to her recital, I felt with her the spring nights, the days in the little white house and the presence of John. A strange light came into her eyes as she brought back those intoxicating hours. So vividly could I see the Julia of those other days that when I looked at the old woman I could hardly suppress my feelings. I knew now that life was not entirely an empty dream for her with her memories. My reverie was broken by her renewed efforts to sell me some powder. At that moment I had no wish to think of material things. I wanted only to think over the remarkable things I had heard.

I gently but firmly told her that I did not care for her goods. She got up to leave, but before she reached the last steps she turned to me and said:

"No one has ever loved as we did." And she walked out of my life, still carrying the brown lizard-skin bag.

Daybreak

Dawn in rosy petticoats
Came creeping o'er the hill.
I felt her slender fingertips,
So soft, and damp, and chill.
I watched her as she snuffed the stars
Like candles, one by one,
And shook night's shadows from her hair,
To bleach them in the sun.

Lois Lazenby

Possessions

Mary Leet Underwood

A thousand tiny angels breathed upon God's sky,
And where the blue once was a lovely cloud floats by.

On the hillside a little seed by the soft dew was wet,
And in that spot there blooms a fragile violet.

A lark, bubbling over with joy, soared along,
And the young spring winds resounded in song.

So, one thinks, of all the beauty in all the land:
Such—the creations of God—the possessions of man.

The New and Fearsome Things

Dixon Thacker

I watched them from my window 'cross the way—
That father and that mother with their son.
And I was still a youthful boy that day
When Jimmy's father let him shoot his gun;
But I saw things that others did not see—
A glint of pride within the father's eye.
They all heard Jimmy's happy, carefree "Gee,"
But only I had heard the mother sigh.
I saw upon her heavy lashes, once, a tear;
She hardly breathed, her body was so still.
And then she spoke and cast aside all fear.
"I can't protect him now, but father can and will!"

The years have passed, and now they call me old,
But Jimmy still is young and free of care,
And he's become an aviator bold.
I saw him take a plane into the air
Today; and in the upward-looking crowd
I saw his father looking upward, too.
He did not cringe with fear; nay, he was proud
As Jimmy in his roaring plane now flew
In circles over our dazed and whirling heads.
I stood and watched his happy face until
I heard him speak the words that killed his dreads:
"I can't protect him now, but Father can and will!"

Now, when I think of new and fearsome things,
I really have no fear;
I think of rumbling, roaring trains,
Of swishing, lapping boats,
Of swift and whirring aeroplanes,
And I'm glad we have them here;
For in my heart I hear two voices still:
"I can't protect him now, but Father can and will!"

Words

Words, words,
Words of the poet, words of the lover.
How like the hand of an artist,
Scarcely half expressing the vision alive in the mind.
What is there in words, anyway?
Only the apparel of an ideal.
God! but words are frail things.

L. B.

On Seeing the Pines

Lucy Crocker

The moon shines through the pines on yonder hill,
Majestic giants, lords of the woodland.
The wind howls, bending them in its hand.
Calm they become again, undaunted still.
The snows beat down upon the lordly pines.
Never heeding the cold, they keep their green.
Their needles color the distant scene.
Birds in their boughs protection often find
From winter's blasts. Great God! Oh, may I be
Too strong to heed the little injuries;
May I in disappointments cheerful be,
Seeing the beauty in life's realities.
Through all my life may I as useful be,
And keep that attribute, sincerity.

Childhood

Childhood—the garden of life
Where laughter and happiness
Bloom
Unhindered by the weeds
Of care and worry.

Betty Hansen

The Span of Life

Louise Cheek

The span of life is but a road, a line
From birth to death. And man is born to tread
The path, to follow on as passeth time.
From one who thinks of woe a joy has fled,
And life is but an empty march. To me,
While I am on the road, a thought does come
Of others who the worldly things do see.
The moon, which silvers pools and trees, to some
Is but a light from which to hide. If life
In blindness spent and beauty hidden lie,
If all the days be spent in idle strife,
To me the plan is wrong and love a lie.
So long as I on earth the days do spend,
Oh give to me a lonely path—a friend!

Memories

Memories are lakes
Placid and serene,
Sparkling with joy,
Reflecting
Good and bad.

Marguerite Wells

PATTERNS

James B. Duke, Master Builder—Jenkins

At the present time every one is interested in the future of Duke, a great university heavily endowed—a future Harvard or Yale, perhaps. Who has made all this possible? James B. Duke, a native of North Carolina, a son of whom we are proud. Mr. — — Jenkins lets us look into the private life, into the character of this truly great man in *James B. Duke—Master Builder.* The reader sees him not only as one of America's greatest business men but as a "friend to man."

The early life of the "tobacco king" was filled with hardship and poverty; however, in a comparatively short time he became one of the richest men in the world. How? By his ambition and hard work. With all his wealth, position, and power, though, he never became self-centered. As Mr. Jenkins says, God must have helped him to gain his wealth with which he did so much good. He furnished employment for thousands; he gave millions to churches, hospitals, and schools.

Mr. Jenkins has made the book as interesting as possible with the subject—a business man's life. There are a great many figures on tobacco production and manufacture, and water-power, but that was necessary, I suppose, to show the magnitude of Mr. Duke's enterprises. The personal touches in the home life of Mr. Duke, his splendid traits of character bring him closer to the reader. The book is an inspiration to boys and girls to overcome obstacles, however great, and to reach the goal for which every one strives—success.

Carmen Patterson

Joseph and His Brethren—H. W. Freeman

For those of the so-called "reading public" who have adjusted their taste so that only books of the Riviera, of the brilliant, dazzling, alluring class of leisure, of scandalous intrigues among the "four hundred," gestures, clap-traps, and all—for these readers the reviewer fears that *Joseph and His Brethren* will prove a bit too dull in setting, a bit too elemental in tone, and a bit too calmly and frankly drawn to please. But the story of the Geaiter family and the "prosy," homespun drama that was lived by the members of Benjamin Geaiter's family at Crakenhill Farm, told in Mr. Freeman's direct and rugged style, will undoubtedly charm those who occasionally refresh themselves by dabbling in the soil, mentally crumbling the clods and breathing the aroma of new-plowed fields—checking on things primitive.

It is just this aroma that pervades the entire book. The Geaiter brothers, like their father, are caught by the spell of the land; the clods of broken earth, the stable stench, the growing crops hold them fast at Crakenhill. They want nothing better; they appear profoundly contented in their little world of sheep and cows and dirt. At times a restlessness, which one never observes in the elder Geaiter and the oldest son, Ben, shows itself among the other boys—just a flare-up, destined always to be beaten down. They stand stolidly in a group about the dead body of their mother, an overworked woman who died laboring in the fields. On one occasion a desire to cast free and go to Canada induces two of the boys to leave the farm; their courage fails on reaching Ipswich, the nearest large town. Leave England! Impossible! Suffolk calls them back, back to the familiar routine and welcome chores. They creep shamefully back, ready to do anything if only they can redeem themselves. Later another son sees the army as a door to freedom; and years afterwards, Joseph—the last of the sons of Benjamin Geaiter—succumbs to the charms of a circus, but not for long. The land's immutable hold upon them is harder to explain than it would have been a hundred years ago. Civilization has already crushed the love of the soil out of most of us. No longer do we have a sort of maddening hunger for land. There

are, however, men who live in rather remote rural sections, as Suffolk and Essex in England, and certain parts of the United States (even New England), who still feel this strange urge to own land, to dig, to plant, to harvest.

But, however strong the call of the soil is to the men of Crakenhill, that same soil repulses all the women whom Fate has cast there, crushing them like some merciless monster. It is this conflict, this constant clash of opposing wills and molding Destiny, that captures the interest after the first fifty or so pages, and sweeps the reader on to the very end. Harry falls in love only to be quickly jerked back to reality by the prompt condemnation of his brothers. When love and farming clash, farming wins, always wins. Ben tackles the problem of Harry's courting in the characteristic way:

" 'It's like this,' said Ben, taking out his pipe and rubbing the bowl on the palm of his hand. 'Bob seed you this afternoon fooling about with Jessie Eves in the hay field!' "

Harry makes a sharp reply, and the conversation continues.

" 'It's got to stop,' said Ben firmly.

" 'Who are you to say so?' said Harry defiantly.

" 'We all think so,' said Ben quietly, 'don't we, Hiram?'

" 'Ay,' said Hiram. Bob and Ern nodded.

" 'That's not the way to get your work done,' Ben continued, 'and we're not going to have any of that dam' nonsense on this farm.'

" 'Well, d' you think I spend all my time like that?' said Harry, nervously rubbing his hands.

" 'Well, you've wasted a good deal of time these last weeks with your gun of an evening,' Ben replied, evading the question. 'I don't know what you've been doing; but it's got to stop.'

" 'But I'm in love,' said Harry.

"They all stared at him."

To them this state is incomprehensible. It means nothing to their ill-trained sensibilities. And when Jessie is put against the interest of the farm, even Harry is forced to relinquish love and hold fast to Crakenhill. It is thus that these men meet all prob-

lems, giving rise, perhaps quite unconsciously, to an attitude so deadly to those things which a woman prizes above all else—to have ascendancy above all other considerations, to be treated with affection, to be loved. But as the years pass, the brothers, mellowed by the twists and turns of dear experience, change and look on life quite differently, though always from the standpoint of the soil. Companionship becomes the source of their greatest happiness; the friction of other years disappears, and a way is made for Joseph.

Mr. Freeman mingles this touch of autumnal maturity with the spring of Joseph's love for Daisy masterfully, preserving at once simplicity and force of style that leaves the author's ability unquestioned. Throughout the book the reader is impressed by the reality, both of the experiences related and the country where the story of Joseph is laid. It is evident that Essex has given another promising writer to the creative art, a young man who is unafraid to turn back to the source of real literature: plain, simple living of common people. To this extent he is a disciple of Hardy. The Suffolk countryside approaches to a marked degree the realness of the famed "heath country." Then, too, there is the inseparable pressure of environment that is so strong in *The Return of the Native* and *Tess.* But Mr. Freeman makes no attempt to analyze the characters, nor does he allow them much time to ask themselves why they are content to exist at Crakenhill. They merely live. Yet this unwillingness to probe into their minds should not affect the thoughtful reader who delights in literary dissections, for there is plenty of room for conjecture and some serious thought. *Joseph and His Brethren* is a book that can be well recommended for a few evenings' genuine pleasure in an easy armchair before an open fire.

B. B. B.

RAVELINGS

Meditations of a Steam Shovel

Richard Holyfield

"Cha, chug-chug-chug, swish-swish-swish,"
Sighed old Steam Shovel one day.
"I know not how I start or stop,
Or dig the dirt away.

"I'm big Steam Shovel, more mighty'n man,
All spattered and covered with clay,
Looking for something I cannot find,
As I angrily dig away."

"Cha, chug-chug-chug, swish-swish-swish,
Will some one tell me, pray,
Why I move, and chug, and start, and stop,
And dig in the dirt all day?

"I belch black smoke into the sky,
And still I creak and groan;
I think 'twill be a great reward
To see my work well done."

Relief

Margaret Murchison

Slowly, meekly, falteringly we entered the school and crept down the long hall. Each pupil dropped into his or her session room as we passed it by. The rest peered shyly through the glass part of the door as they passed to catch a glimpse of the teacher's face. Never had the teachers looked so stern. The freshman session room was the last to be reached. We slipped through the door and meekly glided into our seats to find that a teacher's stern expression was not our only greeting. The most of the pupils who had been afraid to participate in our April fool prank were "freshies," and here they sat just as calm as they could be.

Why, we were away from school only about two hours, and never farther than a mile away at the most. Just an hour before, we had been having the time of our lives, running and frolicking and playing, without one moment's thought as to how the teachers would receive our little prank until the school had come in sight.

I began envying the freshmen around me who had had sense enough not to take part in our prank. Had it come to this! There before our very eyes in large letters on the blackboard were these words: "Go find your stump and grub it before you leave school." Why, that was the very lowest form of punishment! Could it be true that we had actually to "grub" stumps! These were the thoughts that ran over and over through my mind.

As if to prove the statement on the board, at recess we found that the stumps were even tagged. Every single one of our names was attached to some stump out there in the open field which surrounded the school. Again thoughts—this time, of contempt—began chasing themselves back and forth in my mind. I guess the old grounds will soon be cleared now, if every pupil grubs his stump, I thought. Some of the boys had actually begun digging theirs up and were even so gracious as to begin digging on some of the girls' stumps.

The rest of the afternoon in school meant nothing to me as far as lessons were concerned, for I didn't know a word that was said during any recitation period. My thoughts were out in the open field grubbing stumps.

Finally, the three-thirty bell rang; and the little "goody-goodies" scrambled past the door, leaving us sitting forlornly in our seats, for we had been asked to remain in our rooms a few minutes after the others had gone.

The minute the last pupil had passed the door the teacher's expression suddenly changed from that stern determined look into a broad, grinning smile. She let the map, which I had not even noticed had been pulled down during our recess, fly up with a bang. There before our eyes this time were these words: "April fool."

The Chariot

Douglas Long

Her sides are bright with glaring paint, covering the dents and scars,
The gay inscriptions writ thereon proclaim her queen of cars.
Her sides do shake, her brakes do squeak, her motor it doth roar,
But the old Ford comes rattling—rattling—rattling—
The old Ford comes rattling up to the old school door.

Her fenders hang and clang and grate, and scrape against the tires,
Her body jolts, she stops and clorts, and chokes and then backfires.
She won't go fast, she can't go fast, she couldn't go much slower,
But the old Ford comes rattling—rattling—rattling—
The old Ford comes rattling up to the old school door.

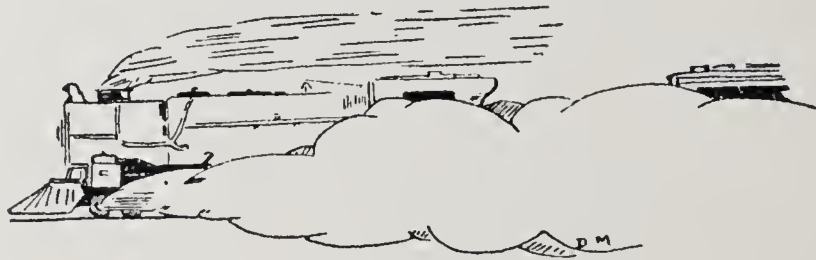
The Elevated

Harold S. Cone

Have you ever heard the roaring of an elevated railway
As it moves with sounds terrific o'er the busy streets below?
You would think its tracks would shatter, overcome by such vibrations,
As this engineless procession speeds its way. What makes it go?

First, a rattle is suggested as it races in the distance;
Then, a rumble, as—much nearer—it advances 'round a curve.
This expands itself to thunder as it comes straight o'er the trestles—
Then, that noise so indescribable that makes one lose his nerve.

From beneath, this snorting dragon seems to shake the whole creation;
It suggests all might and power in one concentrated force;
And it always sets you thinking that you're small and unimportant;
But it's queerest when you realize it's a man-made thing, of course.



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by Harold Cone

Just what sort of material should make up an exchange department? Of course we do not attempt to be an authority on this question. Yet we feel we are right in giving out this advice. By no means fill up your exchange section entirely with criticisms of other publications. If you do this, your section will be readable only to the exchange editors.

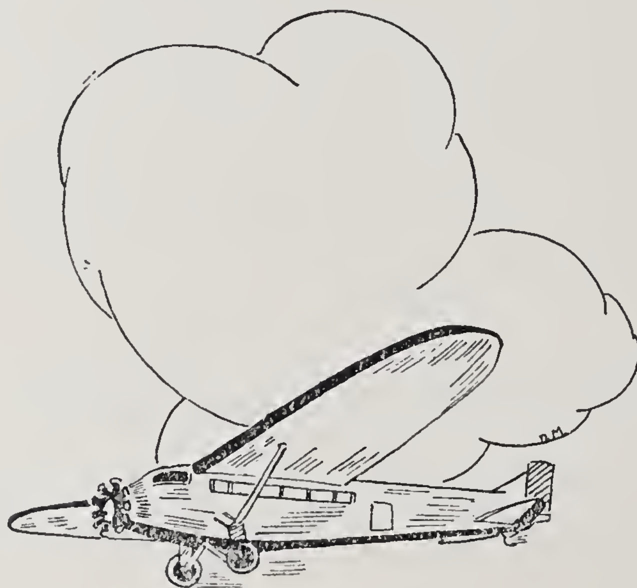
What then should be in this department? For one thing, the editor of this section might well quote worthy material from other publications. This might be of interest to the average reader. Better still, perhaps, are articles which describe, criticise, or otherwise treat phases of any publication in general. Such an article is interesting to the reader, because he or she feels that this advice —if it happens to be advice, or even discourse—is meant for him or her as well as for any other person. As soon as the reader comes across the section in which one certain publication is described, he feels that no more of this is for him. Thus, if the entire section is made up of such material, it becomes unreadable to the average person. Varying the schemes of this section from one time to another can certainly do no harm.

The Scribbler, Spartanburg High School, Spartanburg, S. C.

In looking over *The Scribbler,* the editor has especially noticed the number of contributors. At least thirty-four have contributed purely literary material to this issue. The editor believes that any school, regardless of its size, has reason to be well pleased and well satisfied with itself under such circumstances. It proves that the literary interests in that school are widespread. In this particular

case, there is not only indicated a widespread interest, but a large amount of talent as well. Twenty-one poems, some of which are exceptionally good, are in the one issue. Then, also, there are eighteen humorous poems written by students. This the editor believes to be a worthwhile project: to have a humor department made up of material written by students. If such a project is not carried too far, he believes many publications would do well to substitute a department of this nature for their joke department which usually consists of a collection of jokes from various sources (the source is rarely given). *The Scribbler* contains this latter section in addition to the other. This is permissible only in that the publication comprises a newspaper as well as a literary magazine, and whereas the former department might well be a part of the literary magazine, collected jokes are certainly permissible in a newspaper.

"A thoroughly interesting magazine," is the editor's comment about this magazine.



THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by LUCY CROCKER

THE GREAT COMA

H. E. B.

I

Some dreamers settled there and found it to their notion to pan the streams. They found gold easily enough. Men were aware of the existence of the metal in the upper valley; these dreamers were assured that the southern valley would not keep from them her secret gifts. And the valley was not false to her wooers. The racing mountain streams helped anxious hands uncover ore, ore, ore—gold ore after which the higher creatures lust. Every one knew of the find; every one talked of it. Chicago, St. Louis, New York, San Francisco were awakened as if by an electric shock. The goddess had beckoned; her lovers, unmindful of her exacting cruel ties of other years, came willingly to her court. They were many men of all states and conditions, men from all walks of life, hailing from God knows where. But they came, and a city was born.

II

And what a city! It sprang up overnight, so to speak, at the fork of the North and Doe Rivers near the gorge. Saloons—hotels—shanty houses. Soon two hundred thousand humans had made their "throw" there. They were all demanding something from Fate. Every night or two some husky devil would wind up with

just a pellet of lead in the middle of his vitals down at Ted's Place, and money with which to bury him was all gone on women. The harlots would just sneer and turn to the next one that had "scrapin'" enough to make it interesting. The boys around the bar usually gave enough to plank the dead man up. It was their duty. If they got bumped off, they would expect this last little lift from the rest. Nothing was certain in the life of a "panner" except liquor and women and cards. But they were all so d—— restful while they lasted. The gambling set—the fellows who made their way with cards—kept low in the daytime. But at dusk, when the tired toilers would return to the town, the prostitutes would begin to haunt the popular saloons and cast their painted glances upon haggard faces, while close at their heels were the "sharks" (representing the Goddess of Chance) who vied with all their might with the Goddess of Lust for the worker's pouch and his soul. Yes, it was a city indeed. The railroad came and then the banks. Even a parson or two. All men, saints and sinners alike, were drawn there. And life continued to demand a price for yellow gold.

III

The city had experienced a series of convulsions. Wise men said that the end was near. Little "runs," once laughed at, were being panned. The golden life blood of the city was gradually slowing. The fever and the strain had been too much. There was a period of semi-consciousness—and then a great coma came upon the one-time city of hates and loves, of graft and lust, and sin and toil, and despair and happiness. The vast, empty hulk was left bare and desolate—a row of tottering shanties—faded saloon signs and grass in the street—the railroad gone—an occasional nag hobbling up the weedy paths—and the howl of a mongrel dog answering a far-off wolf.

Eyes

Helen Felder

She had told me that I drove her mad! In a frenzy of fury, I flung her picture into the fire. I—her husband—was accused of having driven her to insanity! In unspeakable mirth at the idea, I chuckled horribly. Let her say it—she was dead. She had no power now to harm me. I was safe.

Safe? The tongues of fire had licked over the picture until only the eyes remained. Terrible eyes they were—leering eyes, which had no body and whose corners were gleefully crinkling up in the flames. Safe? Yes, I was safe. Soon the eyes too would go, and I would be alone again. Until they were gone, however, I watched them steadily, shivering at their steady gaze, but fearing to let them out of my sight.

They were deep eyes, outlined in living fire. Awful eyes they were—eyes without a body—nothing but two glistening orbs of grinning hate. With an effort, as the last blackened bit of paper crumpled up, I wrenched my gaze away. Even then they followed me—those terrible eyes. I looked out through the window. A shudder ran over me. I could not rid myself of the things—they were in every pane of glass, peeping maliciously into my soul. In spite of myself, I flinched at that which they found there. I no longer felt so safe.

Attempting to reassure myself, I argued that as soon as my eyes should grow accustomed to the intense gloom of the place, I would be able to lose the eyes. But I was wrong. They were everywhere. When I attempted to read my book, they leaped up at me from the pages. When I allowed my glance to wander about the room, the first thing it encountered was a pair of eyes gazing at me innocently from a painting on the wall. As I watched in horrified fascination, they came nearer—nearer. At first they were reproachful; then they smiled at me—grinned at me—leered at me. I crouched lower in my chair.

Suddenly I rose to my feet, shaking as if with an ague. It seemed to me that I *must* pull down the window curtains, or else those eyes would haunt me forever. Halfway across the room I stopped short. Directly before me two eyes stared up in the dark with a green glare. Something brushed against my legs. On looking down, I could distinguish no sort of a body—merely two gleaming eyes!

With a scream, I raced to the door and plunged into the street, in among the crowds of passersby. Again I shrieked. This time I fell, conscious only of hundreds of staring—eyes!

Gray Memories

Carlton Wilder

Blue sky out beyond the dead brown trees
And barred window frame.
Blue sky out there,
Ecstatic color,
Color of love, of youth.
Does it matter if you lure to death?

There is the singer stirring in me,
In me whose voice cannot find the tones which
give life to music.
Tone-mute I am,
Whose heart sings a wild melody.
Be quiet a little bit, heart that sings;
Your moment of pain will pass away,
And you will find a voice later,
Humming gray memories softly;
And no ears will be offended.