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HOMESPUN



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HOMESPUN

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Contents

THE WEAVE

When Is Man Old? (<i>Verse</i>).....	Susanne Ketchum
Pride Goeth.....	Billye Hobgood
On a Cemetery (<i>Verse</i>).....	Nancy Hudson
The Molten Mass.....	Susan Gregory
Dimmed Eyes (<i>Verse</i>).....	Grace Hobbs
Death Conceived on Herald Square (<i>Verse</i>)	Billye Hobgood
The Cure.....	Martha Shuford
Old Moons (<i>Verse</i>).....	Billye Hobgood
Yesterdays (<i>Verse</i>).....	Rebecca Heath
Antiques.....	Manie Leake Parsons
The Cheater.....	Katherine Page Clements
Candle Light (<i>Verse</i>).....	Grace Hobbs
Sunset (<i>Verse</i>).....	Harry Grayson

COLORS IN THE WEAVE

Willow (<i>Verse</i>).....	Grace Hobbs
Made-to-Order Doctors.....	Susan Gregory
"Aunt Sarah".....	Grace Hobbs
Jessica and Lorenzo (<i>Verse</i>).....	Harry Grayson
"Miss Anne".....	Rebecca Heath
Age As Youth Sees It (<i>Verse</i>).....	W. M. Paris
Beauty of Old Age.....	Helen Crutchfield
"Old Ayres".....	Grace Hobbs
The Old Gentleman.....	Douglas Long
Grandmother.....	Margaret Wall

WARP AND WOOF.....

Michaels, Gregory, Curtis

TANGLED THREADS

Power (<i>Verse</i>).....	Mary Rucker
That Laugh.....	Billye Hobgood
Barter (<i>Verse</i>).....	Mary Rucker
The Last Ferrara (<i>Verse</i>).....	Emma White Carlton
Home (<i>Verse</i>).....	Grace Hobbs
Sonnet (<i>Verse</i>).....	Susanne Ketchum
The Ivory Knife.....	Edith Latham
Each In His Own Tongue.....	Katherine Page Clements
Night (<i>Verse</i>).....	Ella Leens Latham
Christopher Columbus II.....	Bill Edgerton
A Little Bit of England.....	Meredith Watt
The Storm.....	W. B. Davis
Your Name (<i>Verse</i>).....	Randolph Freeman

PATTERNS.....

Parsons, Hobgood, Wilkins, Edgerton

RAVELINGS

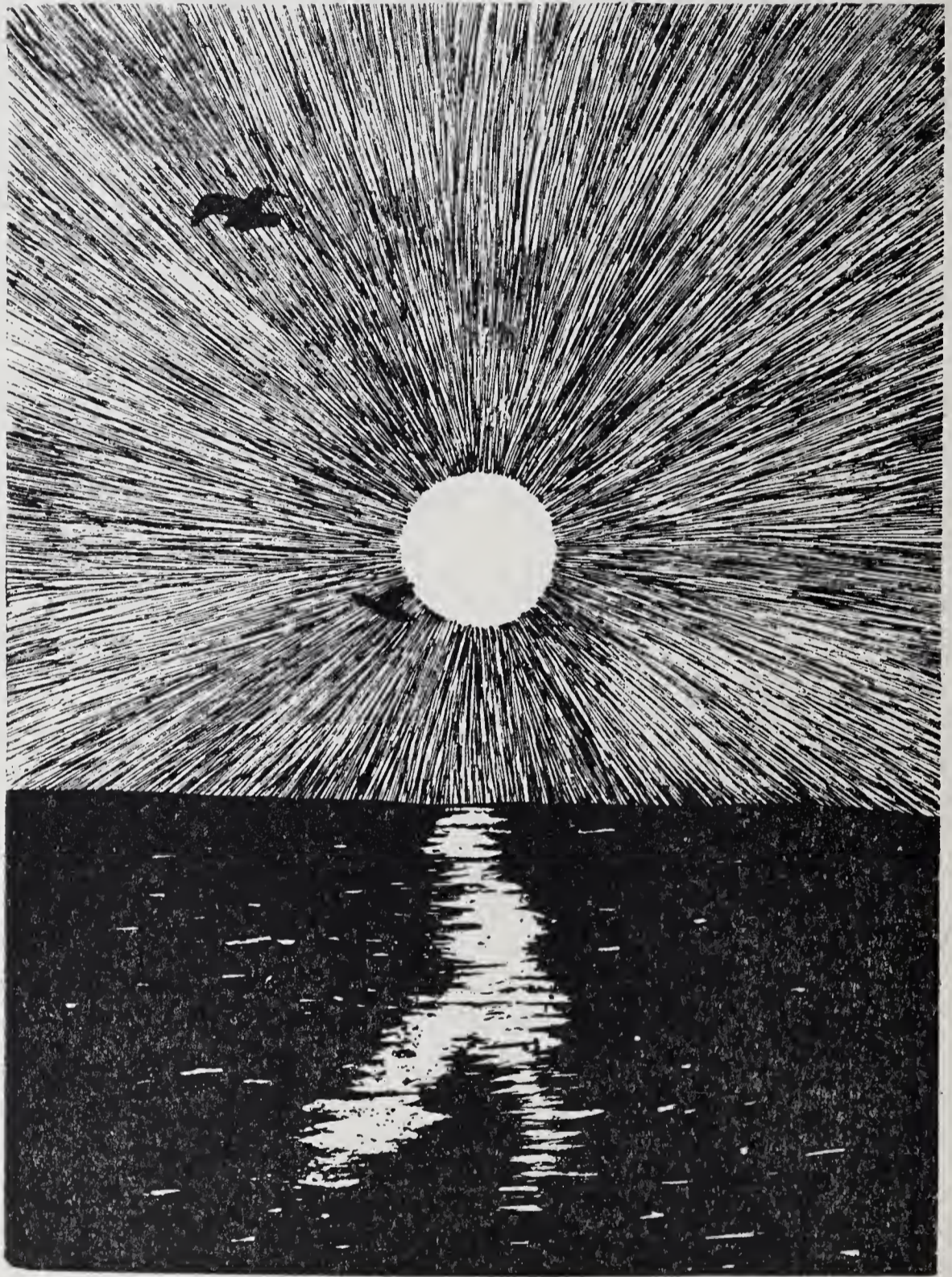
District Number 13.....	Martha Shuford
The Square Pegs.....	Bill Edgerton
Freckle Bones.....	W. B. Davis

THE SHUTTLE.....

Holt

THE WEAVERS' GUILD.....

Dixon Thacker





THE WEAVE

WHEN IS MAN OLD?

SUSANNE KETCHUM

I asked of Wisdom—
“When is man old?”
The answer came as it had come before—
“When man ceases to wonder at—
Ceases to love
The beauties that youth finds
In nature—
Then is man old.”

When my desires are satisfied,
And my emotions die
And leave me so cold—
The thing I once have loved
I love no more;
When sunsets burning red and gold
Mean but the time for evening meals;
When cherry blossoms in their beauty
Shall but hold the thought of luscious fruit;
Then would I rather sleep the dreamless sleep
Than lose those things I wished the most to have.

PRIDE GOETH

BILLYE HOBGOOD

HE was sitting outside, sullenly, when I drove up. His hands were clenched over the steering wheel of a long cream-colored roadster, the knuckles showing white against his usual tan. "What's the trouble?" I asked.

He looked up, startled. "What the hell business is it—oh, it's you! Sorry," he said, "I just feel like that now."

"What's bothering you?" I repeated.

"Dad. He's so stubborn. You know him, Brian. You know how he is."

"Yeh, I know him," I said. "What's he refused you now?"

"Aw, he's always trying to keep me from something I want," Carl said. "You know. Like he always is. Sometimes I hate him, Brian."

I laughed. "Yeh! You can't hate him, Carl. He's too good to you. Look at that car you're driving. I think he's darn good to you to give you that."

"He was ashamed not to," Carl said. "All the other boys have one, so he had to give me one, too. He's so stubbornly proud."

I lit a cigarette, the flame from my match veering sharply in the darkness. "What d'ye want now?"

"I don't want anything of him," Carl said. "It isn't money or anything like that."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's Diana. You know Diana. Well, Diana and I are gonna get married."

"Diana Mayfield?" I asked. Then I knew it must be, for old man Mayfield had once set Carl's father on his ears in a new real estate development. Carl Storm, Sr., was like that; he never forgot anything, no matter how slight.

Carl reached for my cigarette and lit one from it, sparks falling on my trousers. "Keep your ashes to yourself!" I said.

"Oh, shut up! Can't you see I'm worried?" he shouted. He was mad. I had seen him mad before, but not like this.

"Does your father know Diana?" I asked.

"No."

"Why don't you bring her over?"

Carl grunted. "The old man would throw a fit," he said.

"Bring her over," I said. "I'll go in and talk to the deacon. Maybe he'll change when he sees her."

"Fat chance," Carl said.

"I know. But Diana has more sense than you have," I said. "Tell her about it. Maybe she can think of something. When you get here, blow your horn, and I'll let you in before your Dad gets a chance to know who it is."

"It won't work," Carl said.

"It's worth trying," I told him. "Anything's worth trying."

"I'll bring her over," he said. He lit another cigarette. "Something's got to be done, though," he said.

I went in. Carl Storm, Sr., was sitting in a long wicker chair with his feet stretched out over a pile of books.

"Hello," Mr. Storm said. "Carl's out."

"I know it, sir," I said. "I thought perhaps you might be lonely, so I came in to talk a while."

Mr. Storm laughed. "Probably want a drink, and you haven't any money," he said, laughing. He called the butler. "Two Martinis," he told him. "And don't forget the cherries." He looked at me. "Always did like candied cherries," he said. "Gives you something to work for after you've finished your drink."

I sat down. "Hot," I said.

"I'm not hot," Mr. Storm said. "I never get hot. Just lie here and read and drink and smoke. Never get hot."

"No," I said. "But I can't do that. I've got to work."

"Ought to have been born rich," said Mr. Storm, "like Carl. Carl doesn't have to work because I have worked for him. Wish I had known he was going to be so damn lazy and stubborn; I wouldn't have worked so hard."

"Carl isn't stubborn, Mr. Storm," I said. "Maybe you just think he is."

The drinks came; and when we had finished, Mr. Storm went fishing for his cherry. "Wants to get married," Mr. Storm said, between jabs at the bottom of the glass. "It'd be all right if he'd pick out someone worth a damn. A Mayfield! Humph ! ! !" He found the cherry and pulled out his handkerchief to wipe his finger. He glanced at me suddenly. "I won't have a son of mine marrying a Mayfield!" he shouted.

I jumped, for a horn was blowing outside. "Excuse me," I said. "Sounds like Carl." I went out, and they were standing in the door.

"I'm ready," I said. "I don't know about him."

Diana looked cold. "I don't like this," she said. "I don't know whether I love you enough to go through with it."

Carl went white. "Don't back out now," he said. "For God's sake, not now."

We went in.

"Hello, dad," Carl said, bringing Diana forward. "Dad, this is Diana Mayfield."

Mr. Storm dropped his book; he drew up his legs a bit. "Well," he said, "well, what about it?"

Carl was getting mad again. "You don't have to be so rude," he shouted.

"Be quiet, Carl," Diana said.

"They want to get married," I told Mr. Storm.

He looked at me contemptuously. "That's obvious," he said. Then he turned sharply to Carl. "You're not going to marry that a—a child!" he said. "I won't have it!" he shouted.

Carl was still angry. "You can be a gentleman, at least," he said.

Diana stepped up. She had been awfully quiet; but here's where the fireworks begin, I thought.

"Wait a minute," she said, cold and imperious as stones at night. "Wait a moment, Mr. Storm. You don't have to get so excited!"

Mr. Storm jerked his head up. "Don't talk to me!" he said. "Don't talk to me when I'm mad! This is Carl's and my affair, but you may as well hear what I have to say. My son is not going

to marry you!" Mr. Storm looked kind of funny standing there, gesticulating so wildly.

Diana looked him over coldly, calmly. "That's exactly what I've been trying to tell you, sir. I am not going to marry your son." She stopped and stared at Carl to see how he was taking it.

Mr. Storm got red, his eyes widened. "What?" he shouted. "What, what'd you say?"

"Have you gone crazy?" Carl whispered, dry-throatedly. "You can't mean that, Diana."

"But I do mean it," she said. "I wouldn't marry you on a bet. Why, you might grow up into something like that." She pointed an accusing finger at Mr. Storm. "You inherit things like that," she said. "Tempers and stubbornness and such things." She looked rather wistfully at Carl. "You understand, dear, don't you?" Carl looked like a man who had been worshiping a lovely idol that had suddenly taken life and spit in his face. "I don't know what you mean, Diana," he said.

Mr. Storm popped up again. "You think you're too good to marry my son, eh?" he asked, ludicrously calm after his recent outburst. "You a—a Mayfield—you think you're better than my son, eh?" He grasped Diana by her shoulders. "I'll show you," he said. "You can't wreck my son's life by flirting and fooling and then not marrying him. Look at 'em!" Diana looked obediently. Carl was standing, or rather slumping, over the back of a chair. He seemed to want to cry and was finding his hurt so deep he couldn't get tears to rinse it out. Mr. Storm shouted: "Look at 'em! You think you can do that to my son and get away with it?" He looked at her for an answer, but received none. He looked at Carl and received only that dumb, hurt stare. "Too good for him, huh?" he said half to himself.

Suddenly he turned to Diana again. "You can't hurt my boy like that," he said. "Go over there and tell him you're sorry. Tell him you love him. Tell him anything:—just don't let him look like that." Mr. Storm sat down; then he got up and started again. "You'll marry him, if I say so," he said. "You needn't think you're better than a Storm, anytime!"

Diana seemed to want to smile. "Just say so," she said, "and see what I do."

Carl Storm, Sr., hesitated. "I've got to do something," he said. "I can't have him looking like that all the time." He spoke more calmly. "Marry him, Diana," he said, simply.

She stood dumb for a moment. And then—"Carl," she cried. "Carl! You heard him, didn't you?" She went to him, a trifle unsteadily, trying to smile through her tears. "Carl," she cried, "he told us to get married! He told us to get married!"

I started out after them, but Carl, Sr., called me back. "Sit down and have a drink," he said. I sat down, my financial status being what it is. "Two Martinis," he called, "and don't forget the cherries."

When the drinks came, Carl, Sr., struggled for his cherry. A long time we sat there in the gradually falling dust. Then—"Smart girl, that Diana Mayfield," Carl, Sr., said.



ON A CEMETERY

NANCY HUDSON

I know of a garden
Where the blossoms fall snow white
As death;
Where tender vines entwine the mounds,
Where solemn moss steals gently on,
And hushed breezes play.
It is a mystic place, a haunt
Of souls deceased,
A marble garden
Where lie the flowers of ripened time.

THE MOLTEN MASS

SUSAN GREGORY

SILAS CROSBY was a worker in a steel foundry. He poured the molten mass into molds. He despised the world and everyone in it, except his tiny son, whom he adored; he saw in him another Silas Crosby.

Silas was so hateful and difficult to get along with that everyone refused to work with him, and yet he was so skilful that he was indispensable. One day the manager had given him a boiler in a room at the farthest end of the foundry. It was practically secluded, and the old ogre worked alone.

Silas had had a wife, once, who had died mysteriously. No one ever knew the exact facts. It was generally supposed to have been suicide, but there was a lurking suspicion in some minds.

Silas had worked Mrs. Crosby cruelly. Often he had made her tend to the boiler herself. She was deathly afraid of it, and he knew it. He would taunt her, and twice when she had displeased him, he had taken her finger and dipped it into the red, livid liquid. To her agonized cries he only chuckled, "Heh, heh, heh, you're crazy, woman, crazy! Haven't got sense enough not to pour out the lead without burning your finger. You're crazy—yes, you're crazy!"

Often he told her the devil was waiting for her. He'd take her to the kettle and point out: "See that red mass? That's the devil. He's waiting for you—waiting for you. That's where you're going some day."

To her stricken reproach, he'd only answer, "Yes, sir, you're crazy, crazy as a loon, and you're going to the devil."

One day he and his wife and son were at the melting pot. The boy, possessed with the deviltry of his father, reached up and slapped his mother. She, by way of remonstrance, caught his hand and gave it a pat.

"Woman, woman, you're crazy. Leave my son alone. Leave him alone. Do you hear? Leave him alone!"

Then Silas, tormentingly, dragged her to the pot. "See that?" and he pointed out the liquid. "That's the devil. He's waiting for you. See him? Look at his arms, reaching out for you. He wants you; he wants you."

The woman, horror-stricken, gazed down; then suddenly she jumped, and the boiling liquid closed over her.

Silas, stupefied, gazed, then, picking up the boy said, "Look there, son, she's gone. She was crazy, anyhow. Good riddance, eh?" And, chuckling, he moved to tell the men about it.

* * * * *

Exactly five years later he was still at the melting pot. His son was there, too. Pointing to a ripple in the liquid, Silas said, "See, boy, see that crazy fool, raising her arms? That's your mother, your mother, I say—Always was crazy—Never had much sense—Raising her arms. She wants me to forgive her. No, she's crazy. I won't forgive her. Ha, ha, ha, wants me to forgive her."

Suddenly he saw a leaping body, and the boy went into the pot. "Boy, boy, where are you? You'll be killed. Boy!" In vain he called, and again he saw the mother's face, but this time it smiled. "No, no, you shan't have him; you shan't! Why, you're crazy, woman! Crazy as a loon! I'm coming for him. You shan't have him. I'm coming. Look out, I'm coming."

And a third body cast itself into the mass and disappeared.



DIMMED EYES

GRACE HOBBS

Come, read for me this word
On life's gray, blotted page,
For my hands are old and palsied,
And my eyes are dimmed with age.
'Tis a word, they say, that encircles the earth,
Makes flowers from thorns—for men;
Awakens echoes in the heart,
Then quiets them again.

Read quickly! Don't let the evening bells
Sway before that word is known
For, then my soul will seek the haven
Where grimmer winds are blown.
God! My eyes! How they pained me
When I tried to look
On the faded pages—thumbed and torn—
Of this great earthly book.

Closer I moved, yet I feared the old;
I looked on the page—then gazed above.
I cried—I could not help it—
For the work thereon was “love.”
I tried to speak.—My heart seemed to break—
His soul had missed its happiest hour,
For, before I spoke, the twilight came,
And the bells rang from the tower.



DEATH: CONCEIVED ON HERALD SQUARE THROUGH AN OFFICE WINDOW

BILLYE HOBGOOD

I

Translucently seen through warped glass,
he started across the street,
an old man—

blue-white lips,
purple-cold hands,

an armful of flowers,
voice crying in a shrill treble,
(icy, that treble, like chilled music)
“Des roses . . . des roses . . .”

He was blind—eyes lost to Beauty behind thick-rimmed glasses.
Helplessly with a cane,

slipping,
sliding,

an old man crossed the street.

II

Have you ever seen an old man crossing the street?

Crying: “Des roses . . . avez-vous achet  des roses?”

Slow . . . step . . . by . . . step?

White-bearded, flecked with dots of brown spittle,
gnarled hands grasping a cane.

Icy streets, filthy and cold with seething life.

My eyes, through the greenish glass, sought
the brain of the old man (in image)

Thoughts (Old Man) . . . whining . . . circling

of (perhaps) Life, Birth, Death

Thoughts (perhaps) of God, Love, Mother.

God! Mother! In the dark prison of her flesh,

we know not our own mother.

Thoughts . . . (perhaps) of Beauty reeling

like a stricken fool across the inane pages.

Thoughts . . . And all the while the white ghost, long-grieved,

(a leaf, a stone, an unfound door,

wind-swept and forlorn)

presses presses

III

I sit at my window

and dream.

IV

Sharp shrill scream

unearthly scream

of a fire siren.

Harsh, crying the lament

of the wind-grieved ghost—

presses—presses—presses.

An old man,
oblivious of Life or Death, of Love or Hate,
crossing an icy street.

There! . . . Oh, God, there it is!
Red, crimson-red, screaming, belching
acrid smoke from its black maw,
careening drunkenly onward, onward!
“Watch out there, Old Man!
Watch out! You’ll get hit!”

(Chaotic brain, dry scream)

A short cynical laugh. “You’ll be hit, Old Man!”
More laughter . . . men laughing—women laughing—
children laughing—God laughing—Christ laughing—the
whole world laughing.

Red destruction, inevitable as Death,
Onward! Onward! Onward!

V

Impact of iron against flesh—
slow, still quiet of being present at Death—
a trickling of blood, warm and crimson,
mingling with the filth of the gutter—
roses, the color of blood, being trampled

VI

Wondering, I sit at my window,
dreaming
A leaf, a stone, an unfound door;
O Lost,
You have been found by the wind-grieved ghost.



Death—
Death—
The gateway
To a mighty city,
The end
Of our long journey.

Lois Siler

THE CURE

MARTHA SHUFORD

HILARY JONES had been a drinker before he married Ann, and now five years since that event he was a drunkard. Not that Ann had anything to do with his arriving at such a state—perhaps she did nag a bit too much on the off-color side—but, never mind, we are not concerned with the whys and wherefores of the matter. The fact remains that Hilary at the present time was a sot, or to express it more elegantly, an inebriate.

The couple lived in Charleston, South Carolina, the town that stopped the hand of time fifty years ago and has been pushing it backward ever since. One may also recognize it by the similarity of the houses there. You walk down King street to Ashely, turn to the right, walk two blocks, turn to the left, and there is your house. Or is it? No, that one next door is yours. Plague take it all, where do you live? Ah, one block down. Yonder is your domicile! Funny, how you had forgotten, but then these confounded houses——

On a night in June Hilary was coming home, a little earlier than usual it is true, but also a bit unsteadier than was his wont. "Thish peculiar, thish sidewalk so wide," he muttered thickly to himself as he walked down the middle of the street. At the intersection of King and Rutledge, he turned to his right on Rutledge, went down two houses, stepped up on the curb and began ascending steps to the front door, though in truth, the steps didn't begin till after he had crossed the sidewalk. Finding the door open, he twisted the knob, and stumbled in. On the threshold of the living-room his half-shut eyes flew open, and he involuntarily straightened himself.

Who was that Jackass on the sofa calmly reaching in the little silver box and taking his, Hilary Jones's cigarettes? What was he doing there? And then, where was Ann? Good God! Where was Ann?

As straight as though he had never touched a drop in his life, Hilary walked over to the fellow and said in a voice like the cold, metallic ring of silver on concrete: "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Yes, yes," began the man on the sofa, "sit down, for heaven's sake. You annoy me standing there like an ubiquitous valet."

"I prefer to stand," replied Hilary menacingly.

"Just as you like; just as you like."

"How long has this been going on?" demanded the irate husband.

"Oh, ever since she began to turn me down for that blackguard, Lyle Carr," came the flippant answer. "But listen, who are you? She hasn't said a word about you. Ah, well, I might have known she was just another dirty little doublecrosser."

With one motion Hilary had his fingers around the throat of the speaker. Ah, but it felt good. Between chockes he jerked out, "You liar! You dirty doublecrosser yourself! You can't play around with my wife, call her names, and then expect to live. You can't——"

A soft swish and rustle was heard, and a feminine voice full of anger cried, "What is the meaning of this?"

Hilary jumped as if he had been shot, gave one wild look at the lady, flew to the door, opened it and was down at the intersection of King and Rutledge in exactly one-half a minute. He turned to his left on Rutledge, went down two houses, flew up the steps, opened the door, and was upstairs in bed in exactly another half-minute.

Needless to explain in detail, Hilary Jones has not touched even an egg-nog since that night.



Ruins —
Unfulfilled dreams—
Clutching with haunting fingers
From a long forgotten
Past.

Katherine Wagner

OLD MOONS

BILLYE HOBGOOD

Do you remember,
I say, do you remember, dear,
Those old moons?
Silvered spear-points of light,
Flickering over smooth waters?—
Gilt-rimmed old moon,
Ghost of a new moon,
Calling, calling for succor?
Do you remember, dear?

Dear,
Those nights (under an old moon)
When your voice
Was like old coins dropping,
When you whispered of Life,
Told of Love and Happiness,
Of Beauty and Goodness?
Do you remember, dear,
Under the slow dying of an old moon?

Oh!
There is a new moon, dear;
Begone!—I have seen the birth of a new moon,
Seen Life, felt Hate, Poverty, Passion—
Under the Old Moon, dear,
You forgot to tell me of pain;
Death you didn't explain.
Now I have lived without a moon,
Oh! Begone!
Life ends too soon.

YESTERDAYS

REBECCA HEATH

He sits and stares with vacant eye
At the pale patch of bleary sky
That braves his window pane.
He does not know the sun's bright gleam
Where wavelets splash and lovers dream;
He cannot hear the rain.

It seems as if he's waiting there
In his gaunt and faded rocking-chair
For death to come along
And take him by his withered hand,
And give to him his last command,
And hear—perhaps—a song!

For in his mem'ry yet there strays
A dream of sun-filled yesterdays,
When he and youth were one;
And though his beard is scant and white,
He's wand'ring in a star-loud night
Where liquid moonbeams run.

He sits and stares with vacant eye
At the pale patch of bleary sky
That braves his window pane.
And though he cannot feel the thrill
Of rain upon the mottled sill,
He dreams and loves again.

ANTIQUES

MANIE LEAKE PARSONS

POSSIBLY one of the saddest things in life is the fact that so many of us are misunderstood—the tired business man, whose wife “never did understand him”; the “temperamental” would-be-artist, who always informs the reporter that “no one ever really understood him”; the shy, sensitive soul who actually may long for companionship and friends, but whom others think conceited because he is quiet and reserved. And the antique—what human has ever been so terribly misunderstood? The awful, slurring remarks some persons cast in its direction at the very mention of the name! True, both the name and the article have been somewhat overworked, of late, but that is the fault of the misguided men and women who are interested in the subject simply for a hobby or who have a perverted sense of beauty. It is in no way really due to the antiques themselves. For those persons find great pleasure in anything that is old; an old, rickety pine chair, for instance, suddenly becomes a great prize when it is learned that it is several hundred years old. A cracked bottle, a faded picture, an old bucket—all become immensely valuable treasures when they have reached the ripe old age of a century or so.

But the true romance, the beauty, the adventure of antiques seems apparent to only a few. The only possible beauty to be found in the furniture—and the discussion henceforth shall concern only that department of the antique—of the early American pioneers is a certain ruggedness of strength, which was characteristic of the people of that age. Even this is lost when the pieces begin to “come to pieces.” However, the grace of a Sheraton sideboard or chair, the quiet, dignified beauty of it—what dreams, what fanciful pictures they bring! For most of these pieces come from fine old English homes of the eighteenth century, and, though this period is not as dashingly adventurous as that of “Good Queen Bess,” it was still very romantic and exciting. It was the day of duels, lovely ladies, and gallant gentlemen, and when one sees a

really good piece of Sheraton, Hepplewhite, or Chippendale, the gay and lively ghosts of these people seem to come hurrying out of the past, moving about the furniture, perhaps sitting prettily in the chairs, and creating an undeniable atmosphere of romance.

And clocks—what grandfathers, little grandmothers, and richly carved mantle clocks—what must they have seen through all the years! For, surely, clocks do see; they do feel and understand; else how could they “tick-tock” so supportingly? For there is something about the steadiness of a clock’s “tick” that makes it seem to say that it knows that all these things—these griefs, these joys—are but transient and unimportant in the great scheme of things. How many deaths, how many births, parties, balls, marriages, quarrels, duels, murders, and suicides these old men must have seen! (For they do seem like staid, settled old grandfathers, even the smallest of them.) But though they may enjoy the sweetness of a courtship under their very noses, even this they realize to be unimportant. Whether he wins her or not, the world will go on as before, and it will never know, for the most part, that someone’s heart has been broken. All the clock asks is to be wound up. Give him a turn every eight days or so, and he safely continues on his stolid way in life.

And this knowledge of the ways of the world, this wisdom is not to be found in an alarm clock, or even in the beautiful reproductions so frequently made now. A clock has to live many years before it gathers this atmosphere and attains this philosophy. Surely there is romance in old beauty.



Memories—
Ladies in crinoline,
Lads in gray,
Glorious days
Come again—
Grandfather dreams.

Lois Siler

THE CHEATER

KATHERINE PAGE CLEMENTS

DID you ever see Old Man Benton? He was a shrewd old man, was Old Man Benton. At least that's what we all thought about him. We never quite knew what to make of him. There was something rather mysterious about the fellow. Yet all of us admitted that we liked him—to a certain extent. We wanted to be with him; yet when we were, we just could not say a thing. Oh, we could talk, but our thoughts seemed so insignificant by those of Old Man Benton.

Old Benton had come to Sheridan as a young man just out of college. He had headed his class at Yale, and was soon considered one of Sheridan's most brilliant young professors. The president, Hampton W. Wester, had taken a great liking to him. Eventually his daughter, Peggy Wester, and young Benton had been married. When Wester had retired, Benton was selected as his successor.

We never knew Wester because he was long in his grave before we came to Sheridan. But everybody knew the story.

The marriage of Benton and Peggy Wester could not be called a love match. They seemed very happy, though; and she had borne him two children, John Lewis Benton, Jr., and Peggy. These proved to be lovely children. Only last June had young John finished school. Old Man Benton had sent him abroad immediately—said the chap needed a change. Beautiful little Peggy had three more years. Half of the boys at Sheridan were in love with her.

Most of the time since my friends, Neil Macon and Russell Graham, and I had come to Sheridan to teach, the college had run pretty smoothly. But lately, things seemed different. The very atmosphere seemed stiffer. A lot of our friends were changing—were more aloof.

Then our salaries were cut. They told us that it was unavoidable, and that if we would just stay on, everything would soon be back in shape. So we stayed. But little things began to leak out.

We were all puzzled. The school was all but broke. But where was the money going? That was the question.

And then one day when we were all called to Old Man Benton's, we were prepared for a great blow—for anything.

"Men," he began, "tomorrow I am handing in my resignation. There is something——"

He did not finish because just then there was a sharp ringing of the doorbell. In a minute Pat Mahaffey and several of his force were standing in the door of that study, eyeing Old Man Benton.

"Come on, Benton, we've got you. We know what you and your gang did with that money. And now you're gonna pay for it—every one of you."

"Ye—es," answered Old Man Benton, "I'm ready. But trust me just a minute."

"All right. But make it short."

We watched him climb the stairs, slowly, evenly.

Now those of you who never saw Old Man Benton will never see him now; for we knew when we heard that one clear shot that we would never see him again—alive.



CANDLE LIGHT

GRACE HOBBS

Gloaming—

Shadows creeping up the ivied wall,

A weary heart grown sadder—

I saw a dead leaf fall—

The last red flame from the candle of spring

Close to the river's brink.

Soon a gust of wind will come—

The leaf will fall and sink.

The last red flame
From the candle of spring—youth—
And a turn of the page—
The flame flickers low,
For the chapter now is "Age."
My soul lies close to the river's brink
Where silver laughter lies.
Soon a gust of wind will come
The leaf will fall—and rise!



SUNSET

HARRY GRAYSON

Thoughts led me down a path of silver
Lit by sunset's fire
And ran to meet the streaming color
In the harbor of desire.
Then they seemed to burst and flame
And slowly die away,
And I found my hope was dead—
A symphony in gray—
But then the dawn thrust
A thousand stars into my hair—
Jewels to brighten a world-worn soul
To keep it sparkling-fair,
And in my heart left a promise
That my life's sunset would be
A flame—a burst of color
And a rainbow—in the life to be.



COLORS IN THE WEAWE

WILLOW

GRACE HOBBS

A little old-fashioned garden
Alight by a crescent moon,
Still fragrant from lilacs and roses
That budded when it was June;
Still sweet with the song of springtime
And the thrush's morning song;
Still fresh with a coolness that lingers
From the dew drops of the dawn—
But, void of the voice of a maiden
Empty of one sweet song
That made the May days golden,
The willow whispers, "Gone—
Her hair was as pale as the moonbeams;
Her voice was as pure as a rose
And her laughter seems to ring again
As every zephyr comes—and goes—
Yet, never again to the garden she comes—
Never with quaint Southern charms,
For the earth knew—and it loved her,
So it gathered her close in its arms."

MADE-TO-ORDER DOCTORS

SUSAN GREGORY

Dr. and Mrs. Norton moved one day to a quiet little Southern town where Dr. Norton was to take up his Baptist pastorate. For some time they lived there quietly until the reverend gentleman became ill, and the question of a doctor was raised.

Now, it was the custom in that church community for all the pastors to have the same doctor, a traditional kind of thing. Mrs. Norton objected to having her doctor chosen for her, but her husband soon showed her that it would be very undiplomatic not to have the regular doctor, so it was finally arranged.

The next morning Dr. Jones called. He was ushered into the sick room where he stayed for quite a while. Finally, however, he emerged, and, with a grave face, called Mrs. Norton aside.

"Mrs. Norton," he said, "I hate to tell you, but I think your husband has appendicitis."

"Appendicitis? Are you absolutely sure?"

"Yes, I'm quite sure, and he ought to be operated on. I'll have a room engaged at the hospital for him."

With pretty acquiescence Mrs. Norton gave in to the doctor's professional manner. As soon as he left, she went to her husband's room and acquainted him with his ailment.

"I don't like the idea of having your doctor made-to-order," she said. "I'm going to call my own doctor."

"Now, now," was the gentle rejoinder, "don't do anything rash. Let him go ahead." So for a while Mrs. Norton calmed down.

The next morning the doctor came and announced that he had everything ready for his patient to be taken to the hospital.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Norton, "I want to tell you something, but first promise you won't get mad."

"Why certainly not," replied the faintly puzzled physician.

"Are you sure?" she insisted, and at his assurance she suddenly began to smile.

"Well, doctor, it is only this: Doctor Norton had his appendix out a year ago."

“AUNT SARAH”

GRACE HOBBS

“Aunt Sarah” always seemed artificial, ungenerous, and unkind when I first learned to know her quick, shrill voice. In my recollections of “Aunt Sarah”—that was the name given her by the taunting younger neighborhood—I always think of her with a mop of gray hair piled high on her head, large fiery eyes, and snowy fingers which always brandished a stick to any visitor, including the minister, who ventured within the gates of her yard. Some of the neighbors sent her a beautiful basket of flowers once, but she refused them. Flowers always seemed to increase her wickedness, as I termed her temper, rather than to dispense with it. I never liked her—no one else did—but I pitied her.

I still experienced some curiosity as to how her hours were spent when suddenly one day the shades of her large home were drawn, the gates to her yard locked, and then she spent the following two weeks in solitude and seclusion—tolerating only a huge mastiff which guarded the premises. It was the popular opinion of our crowd that she had turned to a witch, but others, older, and perhaps wiser, said that her heart was broken over the death of a madcap son.

One day several weeks later I was dreamily eyeing the dreary mansion from a tree in my yard when I saw the door slightly open and the old crooked form emerge. As she moved toward the street, I was surprised to see a kind expression had drowned the hard lines about her mouth; her hair was whiter—but seemed a crown to her beaming countenance. I slid down from my lofty perch and ventured nearer—but she did not see me. Her eyes seemed enchanted by something in the grass. Her fingers trembled as she reached downward and picked something. When I saw what it was, my whole heart seemed to smile with hers, for I knew that she had found sunshine when she picked a violet——

JESSICA AND LORENZO

(Blank Verse on Their Old Age)

HARRY GRAYSON

LORENZO: How softly willows blow upon this night!
Here will we sit and dream of other days.
Let music creep into our dulled ears
And soothe our weary hearts to peaceful rest.
The fountain bubbles happily, my love.
Tonight we sing again the songs of yore,
It sang to us that night.

JESSICA: In such a night
Did Robin playfully drink up the dew
And wait to play his tricks at evening tide.
In such a night did Jessica find love—
And finding—give away her maiden heart—
And touch a thornless rose.

LORENZO: In such a night
Did Lorenzo prove he loved her well,
And fear lest he should lose his sacred flower.

JESSICA: How sweet the music seems upon this night!
Our locks are gray; but, still our hearts are young.

LORENZO: Though reminiscences are always dear,
The present means as much as life did then;
Youth always stays where love can never die.



Sunset—
The last burning
Ember
And the bleeding death
Of day.

Katherine Wagner

MISS ANNE

REBECCA HEATH

Miss Anne's life was the very soul of order. Her days were carefully planned to the minute, and nothing less than a hurricane could have made her change them. In her narrow world which began every day at six o'clock she lived contentedly with Timothy, her cat, and an immaculate flower garden.

In the afternoon from two o'clock until five she sat in her rocking-chair with her "work". Her "work" varied with the seasons. In the spring she embroidered; in summer she preserved and pickled; in the fall she knitted, and in the winter she quilted.

Miss Anne hated disorder. She couldn't understand how that slouchy Mrs. Jones could exist in that haphazard manner. Why, sometimes without a word of warning she would decide to lunch down town and away she would speed! And once she even forgot and left a roast in the oven. But of course, she had neglected also to lock the door, so Miss Anne went in and took it out.

Sometimes after her evening ritual of winding the clock, ejecting the cat, and locking the doors and windows, Miss Anne could not rest well in her old four-poster bed. She would be thinking that perhaps she had left her knitting out, so out she would get in the cold and trot downstairs to see.

And thus the model little lady with her model cat and well-regulated flowers lived in a highly irregular world.



Old Age—
The old clock nodded;
Grandfather dreamed;
The house flitted backwards,
For age
Lives in youth.

Lois Siler

AGE AS YOUTH SEES IT

W. M. PARIS

So stealthily the Old Man creeps that we,
As youth, from out our smug contented place,
Never feel his bony fingers, stern decree,
Nor see the crumblings of our mighty race.
The ignorance of the future and the past
Is armor 'gainst the fruitless cares of age.
Youth does not fear that he will always last;
But soon the years will end their wild rampage.
Then why should evening shadows cast their pall
Across the rosy morning of our life,
For much too soon the voice of age will call,
And in our hearts, still young, will turn his knife.
Let youth foresee the joyless state of age;
And so accept this fate as life's just wage.



BEAUTY OF OLD AGE

HELEN CRUTCHFIELD

Like beautiful oaks that have withstood the storms of centuries, I have seen men, on growing old, become straighter of stature and stronger of fiber. I have seen grandmothers, lovely as a bit of old ivory lace, more beautiful than when they were young.

Old lace, storm-twisted trees, fine old silver, all grow more lovely with age.

Can not I, too, grow lovely, growing old? And should it be termed age? Loveliness is youth, ambition, imagination, and all its folly. As long as I have that, however old in years I may be, I shall have retained my youth and only strengthened it with the mellow wisdom that added years bring.

“OLD AYRES”

HARRY GRAYSON

“Old Ayres” was the name the soldiers gave him; his sunken eyes, wearied by the sight of crimson fields, were dull—and almost sightless. His tawny arms and tapering fingers trembled, revealing the tension that maddens soldiers just before the roar of artillery and bursting shells. His gray hair seemed a celestial crown as he crept through the fields of death to face death himself.

Every comrade’s heart beat for “Old Ayres” as he moved. Many prophesied the last fight for him; but side by side with them he moved—his old muscles straining, his back crooked. Then suddenly a crimson stain appeared on his cheek—made blacker by the shadows. A sob—or was it a laugh—bitter—that burst from his thin lips.

“Ain’t hurt—just had a tooth pulled,” he gasped, half to himself, half to his comrades. There was a chillness in the voice that froze the hearts about him, as he plunged forward, gasping. A young boy stopped, kneeled beside him, and slipped his arms about the snowy head—pressed a canteen to the feverish mouth. The lips murmured inaudible syllables;—the blood oozed slowly. “Old Ayres” had fought the good fight.



THE OLD GENTLEMAN

DOUGLAS LONG

In my mind’s eye I can see him as he looked on that frosty morning, riding out of the barnyard with his pack of hounds. How erect he sat on his horse, and how skillfully he managed it. From a distance one would never have taken him to be more than a young man, much less one in his early seventies. What a proud gleam there was in his gray eyes as he watched his dogs pick up a trail, a gleam that was kept company by a permanent twinkle. He was truly a handsome old gentleman as he sat there on his horse, erect as a soldier, with the early morning sun shining on his white hair.

GRANDMOTHER

MARGARET WALL

Grandmother had just finished telling us her favorite story of the horse running away with her that time, and of the way grandfather had saved her. Brother and I were sorry when she had finished because we always drank in every word of her stories.

Grandmother is quite a favorite with us. She is small and delicate, but as jolly as the days are long. Everyone is always welcome to her old cottage out in the country. She has many admiring audiences, some because of interest in what she says, others because they can't help liking the little old lady.

I don't think that I've ever visited her when she did not have someone there taking care of him. Once there was a family there who had to leave their home because they could not pay their rent. The father was in Texas, and the family had to wait until he could send them some money to join him. She has a little negro girl there who helps her about the house. This child lost her mother and father in a fire. Another time she was housing several children and their mother whose husband had had a sunstroke while working on his farm.

That is the kind of person she is. She is always helping others, and she gets more out of life than any person that I have ever known.



WARP AND WOOF

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Age

AGE is always pictured as being decrepit: A feeble old grandmother methodically knitting with trembling hands, or a bent old man reminiscent of "the good old days gone by." Yet the only one who actually has a right to claim antiquity is Father Time, himself. The oldest ancient when comparing his age with that of the world discovers that he is still a youth with the majority of his life yet un-lived.

Can't we look upon age as venerable and tried rather than as intolerant and helpless? Truly, the latter part of one's worldly life

is a second childhood, but not as it is universally viewed—reverting back to childish habits. It is a childhood in that it precedes a second youth, a second adulthood, the after life. Doesn't this viewpoint give age a different aspect?

Our life up to the last decade is a preparation for what comes afterwards, and the final stage should be one of relief rather than tension. Instead of dreading age, we should anticipate it; instead of its casting a shadow, it should be a guiding beacon. It certainly is the only brief pause we enjoy; all the initial period of our lives is spent in hectic preparation, in the accumulation of a sufficient income to live on comfortably during our old age. Therefore, age should be the time when we reap that which we have worked so hard to sow.

Let us draw a final comparison between youth and age: Youth is rosy but green; age is mellow and ripe.

Ed Michaels



Puck and Spring

Along with all the rest of the reform movements of the day we do not think it amiss to start one to make Puck, an extremely mischievous little imp, the patron saint of spring. In our opinion, Puck ought to occupy this position in relation to spring, because they both are, as Puck says, pleased exceedingly with things "that befall preposterously." These imposters enjoy playing such befuddling tricks on human beings that they may well exclaim, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!" During the three months which spring calls her own many are the dangers of her numerous "Puckish" jokes.

In March she takes great delight in twirling the skirts of some staid old-maid in such a fashion as to expose most indecently, not to mention inconsiderately, a pair of long-hidden knees. This windy month in much the same vein is constantly lowering the dignity of some pompous self-loving male by rolling his "dress-up" hat (which is never tipped even to ladies) unceremoniously into a

mud-puddle, and thus forcing the aforesaid self-sufficient individual to stoop undignifiedly to conquer his inconstant chapeau. So much for the practical jokes of March.

April, Puck-like, is no respecter of persons or occasions. In fact it even goes so far as to overlook utterly the wishes of picnickers and strolling lovers. In the first instance most of us have had numerous "indoor" picnics, and we have all gone through with one of those wet excursions where the longer one sticks it out, the harder it rains. As for the lovers, nothing is more dampening to the emotions than a situation in which one's best girl or one's Romeo looks like a wet chicken minus most of his feathers. Thus, as it is alleged in the case of the "younger" generation also, April is extremely careless about and scornful of all well-established conventions.

Spring seems to be saving her most delightful escapades, however, for the last month of her regime, May. While puppy-love and dreamy, unprepared students may be delightful to spring, they are, from all we can gather, extremely delightful to all conscientious teachers. We have heard that they even go so far as to long for those marvelous spring-days which afford them such unexcelled opportunities to study the hypnotic effect of the weather on the ambitions of their scholars (excuse us, we meant pupils). Even more pleasing to the delicate senses of the instructors is the artistic tone given the school by the charming effect of many lovelorn groups exchanging glances and words dripping with the intense passion characteristic only of a high-school love. One can easily see, then, why all pedagogues sigh with deep regret when May at last is forced to relinquish her inspiring grip on their dear children.

However, spring, like Puck, makes up in the end for all her past errors. She teaches pupils to be so polite that they invariably clap after sermons, whether they be complimentary to spring or not. So, gentle reader, if you have not been too overcome with any of the above manifestations of spring's humor, we beg you to further this all important movement to make Puck spring's patron sprite by thinking always of that impish sprite as synonymous with spring.

Isaac Gregory

Consistency

When we start out upon any new project, we usually anticipate accomplishing a great deal. Take our school work, for instance. At the beginning of each semester we regretfully review our previous record. We realize that we have not done all that we could have done and should have done. However, we decide to make a fresh start and to do something really worthwhile.

The same thing happens at the close of the semester. We realize that our work is almost completed and that we haven't done quite as much as we had planned to do. Therefore, we study a little bit harder and try to pull ourselves up from the low standard to which we have fallen.

As has been indicated, the students are more active at the beginning and ending of the semester; what, then of the "in-between" time? March is the "in-between" month of the spring semester; it comes between the beginning of the new semester and the commencement exercises. In March the students have had time to forget their ambitious resolutions, but have not yet realized that the semester will soon end and that the work they had planned to do is still undone.

Consistency is a most important factor in every project. If a person can be depended on at any time, he is much more valuable than one who is dependable today and not dependable tomorrow.

In whatever project we undertake, let's aim high; then stick to a straight, steady course.

Grace Curtis



TANGLED THREADS

POWER

MARY RUCKER

I stood upon a hilltop
One changeable spring day—
And frolicked with a naughty wind
That tossed my hair in play,
When suddenly I heard a roar,
And dark against the sky
Black clouds made curtains for a train
That laughed as it passed by.
What though the train outran the wind
And mocked the flying birds,
It did not thrill me as they did,
And make me grope for words.
And it could not halfway compare
With a flower at my feet,
Reflecting heaven in its heart,
And flaunting perfume sweet.
For far more precious are the birds
And dearer is the flower—
For they are filled with magic,
But the train with only power.

THAT LAUGH

BILLYE HOBGOOD

GORDON DWYER sat alone—tall and spare, his face shadowed by the dim glow of a blue lamp, his eyes burning feverishly, he sat—half-sprawling, his fingers toying with an emptied glass. He was handsome, that Gordon Dwyer. Dark and mysterious he seemed that night; little bluish pouches grinning beneath each eye, his cheeks normally so white, gleaming with a pinkish flush. And his mouth was plastic and mobile, full, with those drawn cavities at each corner that always make one wonder.

Gordon Dwyer sat alone, thinking. Funny about thoughts, Gordon was thinking. They whirl around and around, like minute dervishes, the head of one striking the heel of another. Thoughts of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Or is there a tomorrow? What will happen then? Oh, hell, what am I thinking now? Tomorrow . . . forget it. Take a drink and steady yourself for tonight . . .

He picked up the glass, leaving a round sticky smudge on the table, filled it with whisky from a glittering decanter, gulped it down, placed the decanter back, and sprawled again in his chair. His fingers strayed to a note lying on the table. "Will be there at eight. Important. A," was written in a spidery feminine hand Instinctively he glanced at his watch twenty minutes till eight. And Aline would be there at eight.

Aline—Always his thoughts must go back to Aline. Memories, mosquitoes of the soul, sucking the joy of life. Memories of youth, when he and Aline were lovers together beautiful, poignant memories, rendered more beautiful, more poignant by the anguish following. The youthful lovers, a strangely beautiful girl and a gawky unknown youth made handsome by ambition. For he was going to be a great writer. (And now I am a great writer, Gordon thought, and what have I? A fine apartment, cars, money, whiskey, fame . . . and once I thought they were life.) Memories of a poor youth and a wealthy girl. "When I become great, Aline, there will be only you and I. (And now there is only I, thought Gordon) in

a mauve cloud atop the world, pitying others because they do not possess our happiness. You'll wait, Aline? . . .” And Aline had not waited. Memories of years abroad—shovelling coal, waiting in restaurants, boot-legging, drinking, anything to escape from the horrible thought of that night at the theatre, to dull his ears from the haunting mockery of her laugh.

He was to have met her at the theatre that night. Vision of Aline, beautiful and calm as she came into the lobby . . . and at her side a tall uniformed stranger with an empty sleeve and a medal. “Aline!” he had cried, the cry of Youth, when it first meets the hardness of Life. “Aline!” She had turned gracefully, quickly. “Why, Gordon Dwyer! Hello! I had no idea of seeing you here. You must come to see me sometime, won't you?” And she had passed on. Back of her floated a phrase: “Just another of the boys around town.” And then that laugh.

Oh God, thought Gordon, that laugh! He reached for the whisky glass, found it empty, filled it, and then he seemed to hear that laugh. Hard, haunting, mocking, cynical, it sounded through his mind. Terrible, intense, annihilating Life that laugh. He drank his whisky, poured another, and drank that.

. . . . Ten minutes till eight, his watch said. Funny how curious the figures on the dial looked. Seemed to be going round and round. Funny as hell. Gordon laughed. Good joke . . . whoever heard of the numerals on a watch running a race. But there they were, running—plain as your face. He reached for the table, missed, and laughed again. Needed another drink, he thought, to steady him up He pulled the decanter from the table, slipped and fell to the floor, whisky spilling whitely, eyes closing sleepily

The minutes passed silently, obliviously. Someone rapped at the door, received no answer, rapped again and entered

Beautiful she was, with a great shock of hair gleaming bronzely, and agate-blue eyes that were soft and tremulous now. And her mouth was scarlet as a wound. She stood for a moment, seeing no one. Her eyes, soft and wet, roamed over the room finding the table and the note she moved slowly toward it, stumbling over something dark and human. “Gordon,” she cried, and her voice was low and husky, rhythmical as life “Gordon! It's I, Aline!

Aline—do you hear, Gordon? It's I! I've come back to you. Forever, Gordon! Just as you had planned, dear." His face was a stupid blot illumined by two feverish spots in his cheeks

"Gordon . . ." Her voice was the sound of a crucifixion her eyes were a well of pain, dripping tears upon his face

And then there was the sound of a closing door, the whir of an elevator . . . silence.

Back through the hallway there seemed to float a laugh. God, but it was terrible, that laugh. Tearful, broken by sobs, hysterical, holding bleeding sorrow to its bosom, it seeped through the room.



BARTER

MARY RUCKER

I sold my heart for a robin's song,
For a bit of a rainbow trail,
For a daisy's smile, for a fairy's look,
For a strand of sunshine veil.

I bartered my soul for a drop of star dust,
For a silver pool of moonbeams,
For a crescent moon, for a wind's soft croon,
For the ghosts of forgotten dreams.

But I have not lost my heart or my soul,
For instead have come to stay
The dreaming beauty of the Night—
The wisdom of the Day.

THE LAST FERRARA

Inspired by Browning's "My Last Duchess"

EMMA WHITE CARLTON

Behold! A last Ferrara in this frame.
Thou art betrayed through Van Dyke's worldly fame.
No other man who knows thee what thou art
Could ever think of thee in terms of art.
For this shows beauty, kindness, grace, and ease.
And here this product pictures to deceive.

You wore no smile as Van Dyke says you did;
Indeed you kept your spirit truly hid.
You thought yourself superior and smart,
You never realized people had a heart.
Ah, laughing eyes! How could you treat me so?
You filled my cup of life brimful with woe.

I drank my hemlock patiently and slow.
No other save myself shall ever know.
You froze all sweetness with your jealousy
And broke my bleeding heart with enmity.
Had I been granted my own life to live,
I would have smiled and smiling loved to give.



HOME

GRACE HOBBS

You need not tell me this is home.
I saw the roses by the wall—
And felt the lure of yesterday
Where the blue-gray shadows fall.

I knew it was your mother's voice.
Her laughter, airy as a sunshine stream,
I heard beside the little pool
Where the periwinkles gleam.

I thought she smiled—but it was the smile
Of chrysanthemums along the path.
I heard again her tender voice
In the blue bird's aftermath.

I knew 'twas home before you told me—
Home! Not a castle built in air,
But a friendly little heaven
Nestling in the flowers there.



SONNET

SUSANNE KETCHUM

There is so much to catch as years go by:
Grey shadows leap into a golden ray,
And gold, in turn, fades back into the grey;
Gay flowers lift their heads up to the sky,
And bud and bloom, then bow their heads to die.
There are great white-caps churning in the bay
Beneath the towering cliffs of colored clay.
We love them all, nor ask the reason why.

There are so many things for us to see,
And when in time there comes an ominous hush,
We scarce have time to snatch a pen or brush
And leave, as record, beauty years may keep,
That we may tell the world the mystery
We found in life before we went to sleep.

THE IVORY KNIFE

EDITH LATHAM

IT all happened in such a strange sort of way, rather unexpectedly. A queer uneasiness had hovered about us all during dinner. I sensed it at the start, and judging by the queer look on Turk's face, I knew he had noticed it, too. It wasn't like Turk, or me either, to be superstitious; but that kind of thing played on our nerves. Some inner sense told me that whatever was going to happen was going to be strangely different from anything we had ever experienced before. I hoped this feeling wouldn't dampen our spirit, for so far we had gotten along famously. Jim Gray had told several jokes, and we were really enjoying this little informal dinner of Captain Kerry's. This old, weather-beaten sea captain was a rather likable fellow, and we weren't at all sorry we had accepted the invitation to have dinner with him and Jim Gray. Yet underneath the jolly air of the captain and the gayety of Jim we knew that they, too, were acting under an awful strain.

After dinner our host took us into his den to smoke and to look at his collection of curios. He really had a number of rare pieces, and Turk and I were getting deeply interested in the little stories he told about each one as he passed it to us to examine. Turk was handling a small ivory knife from India when, rather suddenly, he said, "I've seen this knife before," At that the captain stiffened, and a steely glint came into his cold blue eyes. Jim Gray had been leaning over a small Chinese table, but at Turk's remark he straightened up, and his smile faded into icy hardness. It was not until then that I noticed a thin, livid scar curving down his left cheek. My eyes flashed a warning to Turk, but it was too late; he was speaking again.

"It looks like a knife that belonged to Jake Ward," he said, closely scrutinizing the ivory blade.

I was sure the crisis had come, and any minute I expected the storm to break, but such was not to be. Neither the Captain nor Jim spoke a word. Seconds passed. It was awful, standing there

knowing the torrent of rage and hate running through their minds, and yet not knowing what would be the outcome. In those few seconds I realized what memories Turk's remarks had roused in them, and suddenly I recalled the incident in which Jim had received that thin blue scar.

It had been a treacherous night there on the rocky coast where Captain Kerry and his crew had landed. The waves lashed and tore in their mad fury to destroy. Jim Grey and the Captain sat before a glowing fire in the cottage, listening to the waves in their frantic onward rush against the roar of the gale. Then suddenly there came a lull in the storm. It was a triumphant mood—a mood of grandeur and power, seeming to illustrate the inevitable survival of some great and mighty truth!

The door opened and there upon the threshold, drenched through, stood Jean, the Captain's blue-eyed daughter, with Jake Ward, a sailor on her father's boat.

They were smiling, and in their eyes there shone a new light. Jean stood there a moment looking first at her father, then at Jim where her eyes lingered, for on his countenance was a mingled look of hurt, pride, and wonder. She drew herself up proudly, and her beautiful face remained serene and her voice calm as she said, "We were married by Father James, Daddy. Won't you wish us happiness?"

In an instant the captain grew livid with anger. He stormed out a curse upon them both, and his rage rivaled the fury of that wild ocean storm. Jim rushed at them, crazed with insane jealousy, but he stopped within two feet of the door. His hand reached to his face, where along his left cheek was a long, curving crimson streak. There was a quick scurry across the porch, and then the footsteps of Jake Ward and his bride were lost in the howling of the gale.

The sound of Captain Kerry's voice brought me from my thoughts to the present situation, and I marveled at the calm composure with which he said, "I bought the knife in a gift shop in Bombay some ten or fifteen years ago."

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

KATHERINE PAGE CLEMENTS

BOBBY WRIGHT, aged five, was quite a young salesman. In fact, he showed signs of being one of the most promising salesmen the people in Ridgecrest had ever seen. He always found something to sell. When the little negro boy would bring around advertisements of a neighboring grocery store sales, Bobby was the first to know about it. He would scamper about collecting the papers from the sidewalks and street, where the blustering wind had tossed them. Then straight to his young friends he would go, there and then making a sale of these valued articles at ten for one penny. He would sell old tin cans, old discarded furniture for boys' club-rooms and torn books for their libraries.

One morning Bobby was out of the house. His mother happened to be alone at the time a very booky-looking book agent came to make her an extended visit.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wright," he greeted her cheerfully.

"Good morning," came the politely cold response of Mrs. Martin Wright.

"I represent the Columbia Publishing House, Mrs. Wright. We have an excellent new reference book that I want you to see. It—"

"But I'm not interested today, sir," replied the woman.

"Oh, but you really are; you have to see it. Your son is just at the age when he needs something like our fine book. Just sit down in the swing here and look it over.

Mrs. Wright, like many other women before her, sat down in desperation, knowing that this man was not going to move until she gave him a hearing.

"Now see, Mrs. Wright——"

"Mom! Oh Mom!" called the shrill voice of a very young boy. Just then Bobby, in all his glory, came walking around the house, his arms and pockets filled with antique razors, an old dog collar, black and white ties that his great-great grandfather had worn, and a lot of other plunder that a very little boy might have.

"Mom," he repeated. "Ooh, a man—a man to buy some o' my wares. I got a swell razor I'll sell you for a nickle. All it needs is a new blade, and a little polishing. Course yuh'd hafta get the rust off—but that's nothin'—is it, Mom?"

"I don't need a razor, my chap, but I've got just the thing you need. It's——"

"I don't need nothin'; I don't buy; I sell. 'N' here's a old leather belt for a dime that you can cut up for a razor strop."

"I tell you, I don't want——"

"Another thing," continued young Mr. Wright, "that you need is some garters to hold those socks up. They look turrible danglin' down like that. I don't like 'em."

"Oh, who cares about what you like—you little upstart," shouted the book man.

Mrs. Wright, of course, was furious with this man for talking to her little boy like that, but being a wise mother, she kept very quiet and only listened.

"And," Bobby went on, "here's a nice bag for ya' to carry your books in. I'll give it to ya' for two bits. That's dirt cheap, too."

"Oh for J—Pete's sake—you little idiot, don't you know when to quit bothering people, trying to sell them things?" And with that the young man grabbed his hat and books and hurried away from the house, down the street until he was lost from sight.



NIGHT

ELLA LEENS LATHAM

The night has hung high
Into her heavens
A moon that is carved
Of sparkling silver.

The moon has poured silver
Over the world
And left shimmering shadows
Embroidered on darkness.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS II

BILL EDGERTON

JOSEPH SIMPSON was awakened by a faint tapping on his bedroom window.

"Beanie," came a hoarse whisper. "Beanie, yuh ready?"

"Yeah, sure!" was the reply as "Beanie" crawled sleepily from his bed.

Outside, two small boys waited impatiently in the hazy light of dawn. Soon the window opened, and they were joined by the third, who carried, as did his two companions, a small, well-filled bag. The three then started across a neighboring field and disappeared in the woods beyond.

Ten minutes later they emerged at the edge of a fairly large river. "Red" Linville, the oldest of the boys, led the way to a clump of bushes, to which was tied a queer-looking boat. It had probably once been a very respectable rowboat, but one would never recognize it now. The front half of the boat had been crudely covered with rough planks; this was the deck. Through a hole in the deck a mast arose, upon which were stretched two sheets. With a great deal of imagination one might believe this to be a sailboat.

Red climbed into the boat.

"All right, I'll be the captain; Beanie will—"

"Naw, I want to be captain!" interrupted Beanie.

"Say, I'm older'n you, ain't I?" Growled "Red." "I'm eleven years old, and you ain't hardly ten."

"That's all right; it's my papa's boat. I'll—"

"No, you won't! I'll show you!" Thereupon a fight ensued. "Red" won; hence he was captain.

"Now, come on," he said. "We've got to hurry. It's just about sunrise, and we haven't set out yet. Remember, it's more than twenty miles to the ocean; and we want to be 'way out to sea by night."

"Oh boy!" chimed in Tom, "Red's" younger brother. "How long do you reckon it will take us to get across, Red?"

"Aw, I don't know; I expect it'll take us 'bout a week. But we've got enough food to last longer than that. Now, hand me those sacks and boxes; they's the eats. Have you got your blankets? All right; give 'em here, and I'll stow 'em in the cabin under the deck." He called it a cabin, though it was scarcely two feet high.

"Well," continued Captain "Red," "we're about ready to sail. Beanie, you're the bo's'ain, and——"

"What's a bo's'ain, 'Red'?"

"Oh, I don't know; but we gotta have one. All ships do. And you, Tom, you'll be the cook——"

"But we haven't got anything to cook, 'Red,' and besides, a fire——"

"Aw, that's all right. We gotta have a cook. Whoever heard of a ship without a cook? Now, lemme see about these charts and maps." And "Red" pulled a sheet of paper from his pocket, at the top of which was: "Fourth Year Geography—Page 68." On one side was a world map—scale: one inch equals four thousand miles.

"Say," interrupted Beanie, "How are we going to know which way to go when we get out of sight of land?"

"The sun rises in the east and sets in the west, don't it?" said "Red." "Now, is everything ready? Let's go. Shove off, and hoist the sails?"

And the rising sun looked down on three excited little boys in a fifteen-foot rowboat on their way—they thought—to Europe.

Noon found the young sailors at the mouth of the river. At last the great moment had come; they were setting out to sea!

Due to the aid of a brisk east wind, the setting sun found them far from the sight of land. With the coming of dusk, however, their zeal for crossing the Atlantic began to wane—that is, Beanie and Tom were not so enthusiastic, but "Red" seemed just as adventurous as ever.

As it grew darker, an oppressive silence fell over them.

"Red," began Tom solemnly, "the sun's gone down now; how yuh going to know which way to go?"

"Oh," replied the Captain quickly—almost too quickly to be sincere, "I know the north star, and we can guide the boat by that." Still, "Red's" optimistic tone sounded rather forced to Tom.

“What if it’s cloudy?”

“Wel-l-l——”

Then followed another silence, broken only by the lapping of the waves against the sides of the boat. “Red” glanced at Beanie and Tom. From their expressions he judged that something must be done quickly—he feared mutiny.

“Say,” he asked. “How about something to eat? We forgot about supper!”

Beanie turned rather pale. “Er, I don’t believe I want anything.”

Tom took a biscuit, ate half of it, and threw the rest in the water. “Things don’t seem to taste as good as I thought they would,” he said.

Soon clouds began to rise from the west; the stars disappeared; the wind grew stronger; and the waves became larger. The little boat began to rock.

“Say, ‘Red,’” began Beanie, “how do you know which way to go now?”

“Aw, I just got a sense of direction.”

The total number of hours the boys slept that night was about ten minutes. However, with the coming of dawn and light, and the going of darkness and shadows, their spirits rose a bit.

They were doomed to a cloudy day, though, and “R’s” “sense of direction” was their only guide.

The time hung so heavily, each day seeming to last about a week, that the boys lost count of the time they had been at sea. Optimistic “Red” said four days; Beanie, a little less cheerful, said six; while Tom said ten. But they all remembered that the only clear day of the voyage had been the first one.

Anyway, about the middle of another cloudy morning, while looking through what he called “binoculars,” but what looked to Tom like two baking powder cans, “Red” shouted, “Land Ho!”

Surely enough, there was the rolling outline of the shore, broken by occasional patches of trees.

“Wonder what country it is,” ventured Beanie .

“Red” assumed a very important air, and pulled out his geography book map. “Well, now let’s see,” he said in a dignified

manner. "I would judge that we are now on the north-eastern coast of France!"

Ten minutes later they landed and pulled their boat up on the shore.

"Now let's start exploring," suggested "Red." The others agreed, and off they went. They climbed to the top of a low knoll, from which they could get a better view of the surrounding country. In a field some distance away a man was hoeing; and the young adventurers started toward him.

"Say, 'Red'," Tom inquired. "How are we goin' to talk to him? We can't talk French!"

"Doggone it!" came the answer. "I never thought of that! Let's see. My brother took French in high school. He told me the word for 'good day.' Lemme think; it was something like 'bone-chew 'er,' I believe. We'll try it anyhow."

As they approached within speaking distance, "Red" called out, "Bone-chew 'er, mister. Is this France?"

The man turned around, dropped his hoe, and opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"What you talking about, boy?"

"Oh, I know!" said Beanie. "I bet we're in England!"

"That's it!" agreed "Red"; then to the farmer: "Say, mister, how far are we from London?"

Perhaps the man thought they were joking and decided he could joke, too. Anyway, he directed them to a road that lay a short distance away. "Just go up that road about two miles till you come to a cross-roads. You will see a sign there that'll tell you the way."

Off they started, chatting gaily about the beauties of England.

"It's just about like America, ain't it, 'Red'?"

"Not much difference," was the reply. "These farms around here look a lot like those back in Maysville."

Finally they reached the crossroads. Surely enough, there was the sign. As they neared it, Beanie read half aloud, "Maysville—19 miles."

“Red” was speechless.

Beanie groaned, “Doggone it!”

But Tom, the ever-practical Tom, merely remarked, “I’m hungry!”



A LITTLE BIT OF ENGLAND

MEREDITH WATT

Halifax, Nova Scotia, is one of the most beautiful and interesting cities I think I have ever seen. The whole atmosphere is very English; the people and the customs are especially so.

The city is built on a steep hill, at the bottom of which is one of the largest and most beautiful harbors in the world. The streets are narrow and crowded for the most part, and the traffic is regulated by very British-looking officers.

There is an old market on one of the streets, in which one can buy most anything, from chickens to flowers. The government buildings are old and dignified and have watched the growth of Halifax since an early date. There are beautiful theatres, gardens, and stores in which one can buy the smartest woollens to be had.

But the part that I love best is the long arm of water that runs away up into the city. There are countless boat houses and clubs on both sides of this, and at night the arm is crowded with canoes, which paddle languorously to the tune of the orchestra which plays on the shore. It is a beautiful sight, and one which no one is likely to forget very soon. Another thing I love is the picturesque yacht squadron—on the mouth of the bay. There are yachting races every Saturday afternoon, and during the excitement tea is served on the porch of the squadron house.

It is a city that one grows to love more and more as he learns to know it; I, for one, would like to spend my last days there, if I had my choice in the matter.

THE STORM

W. B. DAVIS

AN appalling quiet lay over the jungle. The trees were motionless, drooping their foliage like withered flowers. With the foggy quiet a drowsy heat settled down. On the east the sky was dark purple, the color of the sluggish, bottomless river that surged lazily toward the sea along the hazy horizon.

On the edge of the river, where the jungle growth grew right down to the sand, lay a small native dugout or piroque. Some ten minutes before, two white men and a native had paddled down the stream into the river and beached the canoe. No sooner had they disappeared than a small launch glided around the bend.

The clouds had gathered swiftly, and in the distance the storm was brewing. The trees were bending and lashing in the driving wind and rain. The searing lightning and rolling thunder sent the little launch ashore quickly, and its occupants made a rush for the comparative safety of the jungle.

The party was composed of two women and three men—and a cage of giant serpents. The cage was carried on a bar over the shoulders of the two men. The fury of the gale had increased, and no sooner had the party reached the protection of the native village than pandemonium broke loose.

Trees were broken, huts were swept away, and the steady rising of the river turned the jungle into a tawny muddy torrent.

When dark came, the fury of the storm had not abated, and the campers went to bed in the face of the rising flood.

In the peaceful quiet before the storm, a huge rock python had been basking under the tropic sun on a huge rock overhanging the stream. When the tempest raged up and down the jungles, he lay there peacefully and quietly feeling the patter of rain against his newly-made skin. His forty feet of coils were stretched out at full length on the rock. Suddenly, as though he had decided he had forgotten something, he lowered his immense black and yellow bulk into the rushing river. Once in the grip of the tide he writhed and

struggled in vain to get out. Great logs and pieces of debris battered his ribs continually, and the yellow, rushing waters threatened to envelope him. When the waves finally subsided, he was thrown ragged and bloody on a muddy beach many miles below. All day he lay among the torn and mangled wreckage of the river reeds.

At the dawn of the next day after the flood the party of explorers had gathered their belongings and come back to the river bank to build a dugout.

When they reached the bank, the men rushed off down the river in search of a suitable log for a boat. The cage of snakes was set down by the river, next to a clump of reeds that grew on the sand. One of the bars had been loosened in some way, and one of the pythons, a huge greenish tree serpent, was sliding softly through the hole in the cage, and crawling swiftly now on towards the unsuspecting women. One of them happened to glance over her shoulder and gave a terror-stricken cry. They turned and fled—all but one, who was rooted to the ground in fear and not able to move. The huge reptile glided straight toward her and began to encircle the spot on which she stood.

In the reeds a pair of beady, deadly eyes watched this little drama closely. Back in his reptilian mind the on-looking python had a vision of a battle to the death in the jungle, of a titanic engagement in which his mate had been crushed to death by this monster before him, and pythons mate only once. On the other hand, his memory turned to a day when his scaly back had been pierced by the stinging bullet of a white man. Even now, when his back was bent too often, the old wound rankled; and he longed for revenge for his hurt. For a long time he lay there undecided. Mate or self? Man or snake? This was the deciding factor in the life of three of God's creatures, two snakes and one woman. The green tree serpent was nearer now, his red forked tongue flickering quickly and dangerously close to the woman's paralyzed face.

At last the snake instinct won, and he crawled over into the rushes to sun: whereupon the director ordered the other snake to be caught, and notified the actors that the day's work had been finished.

YOUR NAME

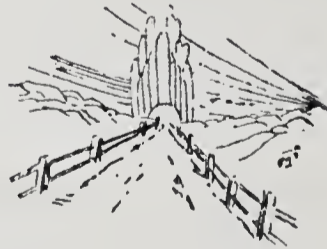
RANDOLPH FREEMAN

Your name is on the warm lips of the rain
That press all night upon my window pane;
I hear it in the early morning breeze
That sings across the meadowland and plain,
And in the locust trees.

I hear it in the soft voice of the brook
That purls along our old familiar nook;
I hear it in the shouting of the sea
Down on the beach-road we so often took—
A name so dear to me.

Upon the copper of the evening sky
The fiery hand of sunset writes it high;
Inscribes it with a mighty pen of flame
That holds spellbound the heart and mind and eye
A high love-hallowed name.

And often in the quiet hours of the night
The long white fingers of the moon-light write
Upon my chamber wall a name that gleams,
A name so beautiful and silvery white
I hold it in my dreams.





PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

WALPOLE—*Hans Frost*

In his splendid new novel, *Hans Frost*, Hugh Walpole has taken for the center of his plot a very unusual type of character—that of an old man.

On his seventieth birthday, Hans Frost, the “grand old man of English letters,” realizes that he is dissatisfied with life as he has been living it for the past fifteen years or so. His feeling is a rather vague unrest and yearning, which he himself hardly understands. Only his dog, Martha, and his young niece, Nathalie, sympathize with him and really appreciate him, he feels. How he struggles against this new self and the ties of his wife and home, and how he finally finds peace in a small village by the sea make a most interesting story and are told in almost perfect style by Mr. Walpole. The book contains some very good description, both of scenes and characters.

It seems that through *Hans Frost* Walpole tells his own philosophy and ideas about writing and writers. This, in addition to the fascinating old man himself and his niece, who is almost as attractive, makes a really good book.

It has been said that, if a masterpiece has been written in the last decade, *Hans Frost* is the masterpiece. Certainly, in a day of cheap and hastily-written love stories, it stands forth as a welcome beacon. It is a study, a story, and a great work.

Manie L. Parsons

THORNTON WILDER—*The Woman of Andros*

In a brief introductory note, Thornton Wilder acknowledges his indebtedness to Terence's "Andria" in the writing of his latest story, *The Woman of Andros*. It is, however, a superficial debt, for Mr. Wilder has used only the names of Terence's characters and not his plot. "Andria" is a comedy of errors; *The Woman of Andros* is an idyllic tragedy.

The main characters are four in number: Simo, a merchant of the island; his son, Pamphilus; Chrysis, a courtesan from the Island of Andros, and her sister, Glycerium. The action takes place on an imaginary island which Mr. Wilder has named Brynos.

The style Mr. Wilder has become so famous for, is, in his new book, more chiselled, more grave, which quality is essential to the story in question. It is a model of studied perfection, of precise, beautiful words used precisely and beautifully, of jewelled moments in the lives of Pamphilus and Chrysis and Glycerium.

In *The Woman of Andros* Mr. Wilder turns the tables on his readers. In his former books he has been a sort of omnipotent power recording, from afar, the action and emotion of his characters. It was second-hand; it had been told him by someone else, and he was just an innocent chronicler, wondering bewilderedly why these people do this and that. But in his latest book he is very perplexed about abstractions such as life and death . . . and he infuses into the simple story a rhythmic poetry of life, a love of beauty, and an ending that is so consummately tragic, so obviously logical that one never thinks of it until it is over.

Mr. Wilder, in describing the emotions of Chrysis, a courtesan who has killed herself inside to suit the demands and philosophy of her profession, has last begun grappling with that thing called the human mind, has discovered that there are such things as hate and passion and tenderness and love . . . His two characters, Pamphilus and Chrysis, endure the typical misfortunes of epic tragedy—thwarted love, loss, betrayal, conflict between duty and desire—and it is what they feel and say that makes the story.

As one thinks again of "The Cabala" and "The Bridge" after reading *The Woman of Andros*, one feels that not only is Mr. Wilder's prose in his new book more finely wrought and tempered, but that he has brought us into closer human contact with his characters. Somehow, he seems to sense the emotions of these distant Greeks and has interpreted them to us so that we feel their lives rather than see them.

Billye Hobgood

DAVID LOTH—*The Brownings—A Victorian Idyll*

In *The Brownings—A Victorian Idyll* David Loth, a young English author, has painted a most charming portrait of Elizabeth and Robert Browning, their personal characteristics, their unusual love, and, above all, their immortal poetry. One learns to admire Robert Browning, the polished leader in society, as well as Robert Browning, the poet. One meets Elizabeth Barrett, the patient invalid whose domineering father is coldly watching her die by degrees. The courting, done mostly by mail, is amusing in its formality and strict propriety. It is no wonder that all London was shocked when such love-making ended in elopement. We follow the Brownings through days of discouragement and, then, bliss until the chapter entitled "The End of the Idyll." There, in an unforgettable description, beautiful for its simplicity, Loth tells of the death of Elizabeth Barrett.

This book is indeed delightful in its human qualities. It is written in a readable and attractive style. One feels, upon completing the book, that he has come from the hallowed halls of undying songs and has beheld the Brownings.

Kate Wilkins

EUGENE WRIGHT—*The Great Horn Spoon*

The story of Eugene Wright's adventures reads like the wildest dream of a dime-novel writer. After narrating his voyages to India on a freight steamer, he vividly describes the cities and native life. Then follows some almost unbelievable adventures: he kills a tiger within sixty miles of Calcutta, spends a month with some wild East Indian natives, shoots crocodiles at midnight, and patronizes an opium den. The climax comes with his hair-raising account of the trip across the wildest part of Borneo; and it is difficult to believe that one man could go through such hazardous experiences and come out alive. In the heart of Borneo he arouses the enmity of a savage tribe, who pursues him for days. Later he meets another tribe, who has never before seen a white man, and so suppose him to be a god. He remains with them a week or two, living just as they do.

After leaving Borneo, Wright's adventures consist of somewhat quieter things, such as being shipwrecked when a storm fills his boat with desert sand, being captured by fierce Arabian bandits, nearly dying of thirst on a waterless desert, and visiting forgotten cities.

Wright uses vivid description throughout the book, adding much to the effect of his many adventures. There is not a dull page in it; from the very first the reader forgets everything but the story. With no exceptions, it is by far the most unusual, most thrilling, most interesting, and in every way the best travel book I have ever read.

Bill Edgerton



RAVELINGS

DISTRICT NUMBER 13

MARTHA SHUFORD

ALMOST anything could happen on a night like that. The sky was as black as if someone had daubed it with tar in the hope of shutting out the minutest ray of light. A west wind snarled around the corners, overturned trash-baskets, and sent miscellaneous articles scurrying here and there. The very air was charged with the feeling that some dire calamity was about to happen.

Suddenly a shriek tortured the silence, and down the fire-escape of the tenement-on-the-corner rolled a bulky object much like a human being in size and shape.

Policeman O'Malley, ever on the alert in this neighborhood, heard the commotion, saw the dim outlines of the tumbling figure and blew one long blast on his whistle. "Been expecting something to happen roun' here," he muttered to himself, "things been too quiet lately. Jiminy," as an idea dawned on him, "I'll fix 'em once and for all—give 'em the whole works!"

Without further deliberation he ran across the street to the alarm boxes and began turning in the alarms, one by one: first, the Police Reserves; second, the patrol wagons; third, the fire trucks; and last but not least by any means, the alarm for the Chief of Police himself.

In an instant one would have thought judgment day had arrived; bedlam itself ensued. The eerie sirens, borne by the wind, sounded like a million howling dervishes, all of a sudden let loose. The low whine of the chief's warning signal came closer, closer—

and then they were there, the whole protecting army of the city, Police Department, Fire Department, and Medical Corps.

Never think for a moment that the occupants of the tenement were insensible to the furore. Windows flew open, and there fell on the heads of the city's pride objects ranging in degree and kind from boxes of powder to kitchen stoves. Cries of "Fireman, save my child," reached the ears of the doughty braves below.

"What in the hell——" began the chief, but he soon found out, for an iron skillet hurtling through space found its equilibrium atop of his head.

Some three hours later quiet and peace were established, that is in the tenement, but not so in the Police Department.

The afternoon's paper contained the following notice down in one corner on the last page:

"Policeman Tim O'Malley of District Number 13 was this morning suspended from further service with the City Forces, charged with being drunk and disorderly while on duty."



THE SQUARE PEGS

BILL EDGERTON

The second day of the National Archery Tournament was drawing to a close. Groups of contestants were gathered here and there, discussing the scores of the day.

Ed Crowell, with his bows in one hand and his arrow box in the other, started with a companion across the drive to the hotel.

"You know, Jim," he said, "this place is just too big and too grand for me. All the millionaires lounging around in the lobby, and the formal dinners that come in installments, and all the Pierce-Arrows, and Cadillacs, and foreign cars—I guess I just never was s'posed to be rich and go out for society."

"Well, you're not, are you? You wouldn't be here now if they hadn't decided to hold the National Tournament at the Westchester-

Biltmore. It does seem sort of queer for us to be stayin' at a place like this, though. Mr. Bob's little old Ford looks funny parked over there between a Rolls-Royce and a Packard."

Not far away stood Mr. Bob himself, shooting a few last practice arrows before supper. It was he who had brought the two boys to New York for the tournament. And what a trip it had been! They had camped out every night and had cooked their own meals all the way from North Carolina.

Sometime after supper that night Mr. Bob missed the two boys. He could find no one who had seen them since they left the archery range that afternoon. A search of the whole country was begun. Everything imaginable that could have happened to the boys passed through the mind of the man who had brought them. His responsibility to their parents weighed heavily upon him. What if they were kidnapped? Perhaps they were at that moment lying in some dark woods, robbed, beaten, unconscious! Or maybe they were even dead! He searched the hotel thoroughly, then the grounds; and finally he started a hunt throughout the surrounding country. Meanwhile the hotel management had everyone available in the search.

At last, in desperation, Mr. Bob started down the highway toward the little town of Rye. By that time complete darkness had set in, and any further attempt at a search was futile.

Suddenly, in a field beside the highway, Mr. Bob saw the red glow of a campfire.

"I wonder . . ." he mused, then turned and ran toward the light. As he drew near, he was dumbfounded to see a tent erected, in front of which the two boys were seated. Over the fire a pot was hung.

As his approach had not yet been noticed—for he was still beyond the light of the fire—Mr. Bob listened a moment to the conversation.

"Gee!" said Ed. "It's mighty good to get back where you can stretch without bein' impolite, and can eat like you want to, and sleep in fresh air. That old hotel room was the stuffiest place——"

Mr. Bob stepped forward. A smile of common understanding was on his face. "Move over a little, Jim," he said, "and give me a spoon for the stew."



FRECKLE BONES

W. B. DAVIS

The close, smoky atmosphere in the back room of Willie Williams' barber shop was broken occasionally by the sound of dark, rich brunette voices, and the rattle of dice on wood. On several tables in the room were cards and poker chips, and clusters of gentlemen from lower Harlem were crowded around. Over in a corner a somewhat belated crap game was in progress.

The usual noises of the gambling joint were soon silenced by three hearty raps on the back door.

"Boy, you know who knock," was the muffled reply from without.

The door was opened, and a dark, but flashily dressed, member of the Royal Brothers of Ethiopia walked in.

"Cinnamon, howdy."

"Moon Eye, heah us is."

"Rally round, brotherho; us craves action wid de freckle bones."

"Shoots a fo'ty. Whuff. Lets it lay. Reads a six ace. Lady Luck, heah us is. Honey dew, drip yo nectar. An' I reads a fo'tray. Cinnamon, yo is faded. I'se a wild an' wooly wilecat, an' I'se on mah prowl."

Thereafter for a period of fifteen or twenty minutes the new arrival (whose official handle in the club was Cinnamon) consistently threw sevens and elevens and hauled in the cash.

"Open the door in the name of the law," bellowed a voice from outside; and this interruption was followed by the sound of an axe battering on the door.

"Lawd Gawd! Lady Luck, heah comes Ole Man Trubbil. Wuz misery sellin' at two cents a ton, I'd figger I'se wuth a million dollahs." This from Cinnamon.

Five minutes later the lodge was quartered in its new club-room—fourteen by twelve, and barred with iron.

Cinnamon went to sleep on the first day and on the fifth was still coasting along at about ninety per. In order to keep him from starving, the jailor ordered his rations to be dumped in his mouth when it dropped open, about once every two minutes.

About noon on the sixth day the jailor came into the cell and called Cinnamon to him.

“Boy, come here.”

“Cap’n, yessuh.”

“The Governor says his chauffeur has been shot, and he wants a new one. You’ll do. Come along.”

The lower part of Cinnamon’s face dropped down something less than two feet.

“Shot! Me! How come, boy, how come?”

In spite of his objections, our hero was soon reposing in the front seat of a luxurious sedan.

“Boy, can you drive a car?”

“Cap’n, yessuh. Drove mules fo’ three years in de wah. Reckon I kin drive mos’ anything.”

“Well, fine. Wait here for the Governor; he’ll be out of those doors in a few minutes. He has on a straw hat and a blue suit. Take him to the Capitol.”

No sooner had he gone away than the front seat of the sedan was empty, and the Governor’s new man was on the point of doing a fade-away. Just as he was about to start around the corner, a farmer in blue overalls and a large straw hat came out and asked where the Capitol was.

Cinnamon’s heart took a leap and subsided.

“Cap’n, yessuh. Hop in, Goweneh; us goes to de Capitol.”

When they were careening down the street, the farmer wanted to know where they were headed.

“Anywhere you says, Goweneh.”

The farmer was pleased at being called “governor” and said, “Home, James.”

“Name ain’t James, named Alexander Brutus Caesar Worthington, Jr.—Cinnamon fo’ short. Which way home?”

After he had received certain directions, he headed for the open country and soon rolled up in front of a small country home. Within two hours the sedan had been repainted blue, and no one would ever have recognized it.

Four miles away an angry governor stamped out and cursed the world in general, pages were hurrying about, and police were searching the streets.

A day later Lady Luck's favorite was languishing in jail again and bemoaning his fate. When he was called out, it was before a terror-crazed governor and not a judge.

"Boy, get on your knees an' pray. It'll be your last prayer."

"Cap'n, yessuh," and Cinnamon flopped down on his knees before the stand.

Just then the Governor glimpsed the pair of dice clasped lightly in his hand. Now, the young Governor was a great sportsman and especially when it came to gambling. His terror was forgotten and the sporting instinct came out strongly in him."

"Boy, get up. Can you shoot crap?"

"Cap'n, yessuh. Can I whut?"

Ten minutes later Lady Luck's chief supporter was ambling down the Capitol steps—free.

Back in the Capitol a surprised and disappointed governor muttered, "Well—Well I'll be damned."

Through the open windows of the room floated:

"I don' bottheh wuk,
Wuk don' bottheh me.
I'se fo' times as happy
As a bumble bee.
Eats when I kin git it,
Sleeps mos' all de time,
Don' give a doggone ef de sun
Don' never shine."



THE SHUTTLE

AS OTHERS SEE US

Without doubt this is the most attractive magazine that exchanges with us. It does not resemble a high school publication in that it lacks happenings, athletics and humor. We especially liked your poetry and also the clever titles of departments.

The Acorn, Roanoke, Va.

What untold promises are made by the name of your magazine and its alluring cover. The unique titles of the departments, the poetry and the versions of modern youth make your literary magazine, perhaps, the best we have had of its kind. However, if there is not another paper edited by your school, we suggest that you do not confine it wholly to literature.

Advance, Salem, Mass.

As ever your magazine casts its spell upon us. The slow, fantastic, realistic unraveling of the scheme of your book plan thrills us. How splendid the story "A Sacrifice!" The cover, and then the spoken thoughts leave a spirit of mysticism. Come again!

Advance, Salem, Mass.

Your magazine is always opened with great expectations, which have never yet been unfulfilled. Your column headings seem more appropriate every time we see them. Don't you think it would be better to put the page of the story or article in the Contents box? It would be easier for the reader.

Towers, Philadelphia, Pa.

We are very proud of having HOMESPUN on our exchange list, for you are so original and so complete! Your "Colors in the Weave" deserves unlimited praise.

The Spaulding Sentinel, Barre, Vt.

The stories and poems in your paper are very interesting. The material is well arranged.

The Goddard Record, Jackson College, Barre, Vt.

From your unique cover to the very last page we enjoyed every contribution to your magazine. We congratulate you, and perhaps, confidentially, we envy you a tiny bit on the evident wealth of literary material you have in your school. Come again, and soon!

Golden Rod, Quincy, Mass.

Your magazine is unique and exceedingly attractive. The poem, "The Blackboard," is inspiring. The "Way of Jimmie" is an ideal playlet. Jimmie is just as egotistic as most men are. The whole appearance of your book has an air of something that is different, and lingers in our memories for a long time.

The High School Record, Camden, N. J.

We are delighted to receive such a cleverly developed magazine. The department headings are appropriate and catch the eye. We especially like the poems "At the Rising of the Sun" and "Youth's Dream," which are very realistic. Everything seems to fit in with the theme of youth. You must have a lot of material to choose from, or else the school possesses many gifted pupils.

Critic, Lynchburg, Va.

THE WEAVERS' GUILD

LOVE AND TEENY *

DIXON THACKER

"I kissed my girl on the way to school today," announced Teeny with the most nonchalant air in the world.

"Why?" I asked—a silly question, I admit, but what *could* one say when such a small boy made such a huge remark?

But Teeny was ready, as usual, with his all-sufficient answer. "Because nobody was looking."

That was months ago. Since that day, Teeny's love affairs have been many. He has made that same nonchalant announcement more than once, and always he has answered to my silly "Why?", "Because nobody was looking." He has carried away my candy and my fruits in seeming carloads, and many are the times I have tied huge bunches of freshly-picked violets that smelled strongly of wild onions to be carried away to some shy, retiring little girl. But never in all those months did Teeny show signs of becoming really infatuated, until—he began to carry cigarettes and ask the price of orchids! Then did he show the real signs of love.

We were partaking of a meager Saturday night supper when Teeny put the question to Mother.

"Are 'awrchids' ver' 'spensive?" he asked with that ever-present laziness in his speech.

Mother raised puzzled eyes from a plate of baked-beans and answered, "Too expensive for you to be thinking about!"

* Readers of HOMESPUN will recall the delightful stories about Teeny which appeared in various issues last year. We are extremely pleased to publish this month another incident from Teeny's life.—THE EDITOR.

"I should say so!" I put in my word. "For heaven's sake what made you ask such a crazy question?"

"Oh, I 'on' know."

And the conversation shifted to other things.

But—right in the midst of an exceedingly interesting discussion of the modern girl between Mother and myself, Teeny interrupted.

"What color are 'awrchids'?"

"Oh, ye gods, Teeny," I answered, a little more than a little irritated by the foolish questions. "Most any color!" And the incident was over for the moment.

A day or two later Teeny brought the "latest" home for my inspection. This was an old custom, and I had been expecting a visit from the little lady for several days. She came in—a pretty child of perhaps ten years. Her hair was of a sandy shade that fell in every direction except the right one; her eyes were blue and "misbehaving"; and she was the possessor of two of the most absurd little dimples I had ever seen.

"What a 'knockout' she'd be if she were older," I gasped. And no wonder Teeny had "fallen"!

When the introductions had been made (for Teeny is well instructed in the ways of etiquette), I asked Agnes to have a seat beside me on the sofa. But she declined to do so, rather preferring to make use of a footstool in front of our open fire. She was, I was not surprised to find, quite free of shyness and self-consciousness and entered into conversation with me quite readily.

"No, we weren't in Greensboro last summer," she said in answer to a question of mine and trying to make her baby voice sound "grown-up." "We went to Wrightsville, an'—oh!—I met some o' the mos' adorable b-o-o-ys! An' I had the mos' fun! An' I had a grea-a-at big room all by myself—'cept for Mother—an' the 'awchestra' was 'gawgeous'!"

Then someone mentioned Valentine Day, which was not far away, and I saw a shadow cross Teeny's face.

"Ooooooh, I think Valentines are si-i-illy! I think boys oughtta gives girls flowers and things, don' you?" I did, but dared not say

so! "I wouldn't ha-a-ave any silly ol' Valentines," continued Agnes. "The only thing I like for Valentines is 'awrchids'. 'Awrchids' are 'gawgeous'."

And in this I saw Teeny's sudden leap from "oniony" violets to sweet-smelling orchids explained.

For days Teeny lived in a world of frowns and wrinkled foreheads. Twice I came upon him sitting all alone and smoking his pipe (oh, yes! It was an idea of Agnes' that Teeny should smoke a pipe—a "smelly" old pipe chogged full of rabbit-tobacco that made one wish for even the past wild-onion days.) Yes, twice I came upon him, deep in meditation and muttering something like this over and over to himself. "'Awrchids'—most any color—'spensive—sweet—'awrchids'."

Each time, however, I was too deep in the thralls of a new red evening dress to set Teeny right as to the color of orchids.

So Valentine day came, and with it a terrible disarrangement of my dressing-table. Teeny's work! And what was he after now? There was evidence of his smutty hands all through my chest of drawers, my boxes, and, in fact, everything that I had hitherto called my own. But before I could ascertain his reasons for upsetting my private belongings so thoroughly, Agnes came bounding up the stairs. She had thrown aside her usual sophisticated manner and appeared before me as the sweet simple child that had always shown just a bit through the sophistication. She carried in her arms a large box—decidedly a Christmas box, as was indicated by the poinsettas arrayed upon its sides—which she thrust into my hands.

"Teeny did it all for me!" she said. "It's a 'gawgeous' 'awrchid.' Ooooooh! It's a 'awrchid'! Open it, Dick. Look!"

And she tore the cover off with excited fingers.

Deep in the folds of a lot of pink tissue paper was—indeed, a "gawgeous awrchid"! The lovely red, taffeta flower for which I had searched hours and hours in every department store in town, and for which I had paid quite a small fortune, had been ruthlessly torn from the new red evening dress, saturated in Houbigant's perfume, and presented to Agnes as an "awrchid"!

And while the happy recipient of the well-meant gift danced on nimble feet and exclaimed over the "sweet smell," my thoughts, for some reason, dashed madly back and forth from "red-Houbiganted orchids" to "fresh violets and wild onions."

And even to this day Teeny thinks himself in love with Agnes. Yesterday he told us, "I kissed my girl today."

"Why?" I asked foolishly.

"Because no one was looking."



