

Homespun

Christmas Number

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HOMESPUN

Edited by HELEN FELDER ORDEN GOODE, *Business Manager*

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THE STAR IN THE EAST



THE WEAVE

Yellow Orange

By ELIZABETH UMBERGER

IT was the festive season. Every window breathed forth cheer; every pedestrian reflected the holiday spirit. But as Beth beamed down the street something flashed by which dazzled her so that for an instant she was forced to call for relief upon what she thought to be a nearby post, but which proved to be only an unusually tall sailor. However, he served the purpose and possessed eyes like Raymond Navarro. So much for that. When she recovered from the shock, Beth realized that all the excitement was due to that horrible shade of yellow-orange worn by some young thing of the younger set. With a grudge against the whole human race, the girl continued her struggle through the Christmas shoppers. She had gone only a few yards when—splash!—mud dashed all over her hose. Horrible weather! Why hadn't she stayed at home, anyway?

Christmas eve arrived and with it the long-anticipated ball. The whole year had seemed to be a long wait for this eventful night. A new evening gown had been installed in each wardrobe; beauty parlors were kept busy the entire day; telephone bills were enlarged. The expense was a thing to stun fathers.

That night amid the splendor of the most popular hall in the city the party ate and danced until the wee sma' hours. How wonderful the soft lights and reflections looked on the rich and delicate colors of the frocks! The gliding couples, pausing now and then, swaying with the rhythm of some enchanting air, caused one to thrill with the poetry of motion.

Beth's escort was in his second heaven. Beth herself was in the highest of spirits. Dancing with one and then another, there

was nothing but joy expressed in her every movement, until—— suddenly she became motionless as her whole attention was focused on something at the far end of the room. Her pained expression caught the eye of her partner, but too late. Immediately following a faint cry, Beth had tripped against a passing couple, causing a head-on collision. Standing by a lovely gown of ashes-of-roses was that frightful yellow-orange shade. How she abhorred it! As it happened, her *bete noir* left the floor early in the evening, to the great relief of Beth. However, it took the girl some time to recover. For the next two or three numbers her rhythm was a joke; her dancing was described by some friends as being horrible, a thing unusual for Beth. Instead of the famous smile she wore a wrinkled forehead; her well-shaped chin crinkled, and from tightly drawn lips could be heard the grating of pretty white teeth. Her body was as limp as a willow branch.

Finally the horrible picture faded away. Beth's smile returned. The last waltz was heavenly; and taken all in all, the dance was a huge success and Beth came out, as usual, like a comet.

Comparatively early the next morning while lying in bed Beth felt a gentle tap several times in succession against her foot. The tapping would cease now and then for a second, then begin again. With wide opened eyes the girl waited. Beneath, everything was in motion. She could hear water running, doors opening and shutting gently, a newsboy on the street. She watched a shaft of sunlight that came in through the east window, then lay there gazing up at a stain on the ceiling. Gradually the strain of her stare relaxed. She realized that she was awake and that the tapping on her foot was the other one keeping time to that last "Midnight Waltz" with Ted. Tenderly she cherished the divine memory.

Suddenly an entirely foreign realization seized her, sending such a succession of thrills through her body that she sat straight up in bed. It was Christmas! The round, brown eyes, more beautiful than ever with such new delight, fell on her clothes thrown carelessly over a nearby chair the night before. Clothes

look so lonely with nobody in them, she thought as she leaped out of bed and began to dress.

In due time there was a head-on collision in the hall with a younger brother in the eagerness to reach the living-room to give the first greeting of "Christmas gift!"

The whole house with its Yuletide decorations was thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of its members, to-wit: peace on earth, good will to men, with a lot of merriment thrown in for good measure. The few wonderful etchings and rare engravings which broke the soft smooth white of walls at long intervals were tipped with holly. From the simply designed chandelier hung a graceful piece of mistletoe. In a comfortable corner of the room reigned a handsome Christmas tree. Its many, many subjects were donned in the gayest of costumes, some green, some red, and some white; packages tied with pretty corded strings and ribbons of gold, silver, red and green. Now and then could be seen a shy little trick tucked away in the fork of a limb.

As the various members of the Bailey household appeared on the scene, each one would offer up a cry of exultation. Little Helen took only a short while to pass judgment; soon she was nestled between the arms of a huge upholstered rocking chair, lulling her "baby-doll" to sleep with the melody of a primer Sunday School hymn. Already Tom had begun to make use of his new erector set. As for Beth, she had entirely forgotten that that young pest had even swiped a piece of chocolate or that any one had sat on a date two nights before; her whole attention was focused on a large box which had been denied her immediate attention due to its very carelessly selected storing-place. The girl knew it to contain her long-awaited Spanish shawl. How she had anticipated this moment, hoped and prayed for it as a child. She had seemed to live at times only to be the proud possessor of a shawl like Mabel's. Some years ago when Aunt Caroline had come to this country to pay them a visit she made a promise: for the Christmas of her dear Beth's junior year at college she would send her favorite a full sized shawl direct from Spain; and this was it.

Here was the prize package—brought to the surface by eager hands! The possessor sank into a chair nearby, so excited she was. Mother clipped the cord; Tommy bid for the stamps; and, when the whole outside covering had been thrown to him, returned content to his erector set. Dad's anxiety had reached a high point. Uncle Jim's funny little neck was stretched until one could almost hear it snap. For a second not a sound could be heard but the click of the scissors; the inner shrine was to be invaded. A pin drop would have had the same effect as on a bubble in midair. Now the tissue paper was reached—a crisis—one tug—and mother held up the treasure triumphantly! But Beth gave a shriek. The shawl was of that horrible shade of yellow-orange.

Her Christmas was wrecked.



Christmas Dinner

By JACK COBLE

Grapefruit halves with red, red cherries;
Silver gleaming 'neath the light;
Holly sprigs with glistening berries;
Eyes a-sparkle with delight;

Steaming soup; then on a platter,
Browned to suit the taste of king,
Mister Turkey, looking fatter
Than a—"Yes, I think I'll take a wing"—

Rice, and peas, and rolls, and butter;
Celery stalks, and olives green;
Then a smoking brown plum pudding:
Feast for any king or queen!

The Growth of Christmas

By J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO there was born in Judea in the hills surrounding Jerusalem a little babe. He was placed in the manger, because there was not enough room in the inn. And Wise Men, led on by a star, came to worship Him and give Him their gifts.

This Babe grew into a man as the years passed, spending His time in doing good. Thirty years He prepared Himself; then in three eventful years He did more for the world than any man who lived before or after Him. He left behind Him twelve men whom He had trained and taught to carry on His work after He had gone. He puts His faith in these men whom he commissioned to teach all the world the religion that He had taught and lived.

These men and those who came after them instituted the Church to aid them in their effort to give to the world the teachings of their Lord. They called this Church the Christian Church after their Master and term it Catholic—an all-inclusive name. They called its teachings and doctrines “Christianity.”

It was only natural that the Church should set aside some special time in which to honor and thank the founders of its belief, and take renewed devotion to His cause. So Christmas was instituted. This was designed to take the place of the old pagan festivals held at the winter solstice.

In various sections of the country it was observed at different times. In some, December; in others, January; and in some places, May; while January 6th was observed by the Eastern Church. This last-named day is still observed in the Armenian Church of to-day.

As Christianity moved onward in its march northward and westward, it became necessary to have a universal date for Christmas. So December 25th was decided on as the winter solstice festival of the pagan Gauls. Germans and Britons also began to celebrate this day. In their zeal to convert these bar-

barian people the Christians tried to make as few changes as possible in the pagan religion so that the conversion would be more easily made. This probably accounts for the fact that Christmas is observed on the 25th of December, as historical facts relating to the exact time of the birth of Christ are lacking. This date was accepted everywhere in the fourth and fifth centuries.

The "Christes Messe," or "Christ Mass," as it was called in England, became a national festival. In the time of Shakespeare a festival was held at this time for twelve days, during which all work was suspended and every one gave over his time to merry-making.

It was about this time that the whole world was startled with the bold reformations of such men as Luther and Calvin. Luther in his church accepted Christmas with many alterations, while Calvin wholly rejected it and denounced it not only as Catholicism, but as pagan and unchristian. As the Protestant Reformation swept England, a law was passed by the Puritans of Parliament prohibiting any festivals on December 25th. The day was ordered to be kept as a fast. In far-away America the Pilgrims passed laws against Christmas as they conceived it to be only a remnant of Catholicism.

Gradually with the Restoration in England, when the storm of radicalism had subsided, Christmas came back into observance but with many changes. People realized that there was something worth while about it after all, despite their hatreds and prejudices.

This, then, is our inheritance and background. The Dutch settlement in New York added much to the celebration by bringing over their Santa Claus or "San Nicolas," which is to-day the very heart of Christmas to many boys and girls. The Germans are responsible for the Christmas tree which we decorate in each community and home to-day. It first appeared along the Rhine in the sixteenth century. In the first part of the nineteenth century the custom swept over all Germany and fifty years later was accepted universally in Christendom.

So today we celebrate our Christmas in much the same manner as our fathers and grandfathers have ever since the Revolu-

tionary War. We have Santa Claus to come down the chimney to see the little folks; we attend church and hear the preacher put across his honest message; and we return home to gather around the Christmas tree, enjoy the good dinner of turkey, and exchange gifts with our friends and family.

Commercialism, always present in every American institution (and so characteristic of most Americans) has entered in for its share of the Christmas holidays. While the American people spend over twenty million dollars for Christmas cards alone, many other concerns do a thriving business during the holiday season, or are organized and run only to furnish toys and playthings for the children at Christmas time. The seal dealer, the card maker, and fancy wrapping paper concerns exist only because of these holidays. Work is carried on in many businesses the year around preparing for Christmas, while others begin as early as March or April.



The Origin of the Christmas Tree

By E. RUTH ABBOTT

ALMOST every high school student has happy recollections of Christmas trees, for in the days of his early childhood they were the climaxes of each year's work and play. He remembers with a certain wistfulness the decorations—the tinsel, the small glowing lights, the delicately formed ornaments, the brilliantly colored balls, the gifts, perhaps a tinsel star or a picture of jolly Santa Claus among the branches, the odor of the pine or cedar itself.

The Christmas tree has come to signify a great deal in our Christmas festival; it claims as secure a place as the hanging up of the children's stockings.

We have accepted and enjoyed the custom, yet it has never occurred to many of us how it started. It originated with an

incident few would imagine, and which, if we accept the legend as told, is a highly dramatic incident. So runs the story:

At the time of the Saint Boniface, the great Christian apostle, the tribes of Germany were pagans. According to their cruel and ruthless religion, so-called festivals were held to celebrate their gods. These occurred at the various seasons of the year. The festival for the Thunder God, Thor, took place in the middle of winter, presumably about our Christmas time.

Let us imagine the scene on one certain bitter winter night as the tribe assembled to do honor to Thor. In the midst of the forest the people congregated with their faces turned toward a small hill on the summit of which stood a gigantic oak. This tree they called the "Thunder Oak" and considered it sacred to Thor. Around this strongest of trees flamed a fire with its leaping red tongues scattering sparks and throwing a lurid glow over the surrounding objects. The white-robed warriors stood in solemn array at one side of the fiery altar; the women and children watched on the other. The glow from the fire showed the grizzled priest in his pagan robes of finery; near him was a child, the victim of the night, to be sacrificed to the dreaded god, to be killed by a blow from Thor's hammer.

The wind raged, tossing the limbs of the mighty oak and blowing the blaze at its roots. The victim was brought to the altar and there made to kneel. At this point in the ritual Boniface appeared. He stopped the blow of the descending hammer by means of his cross and saved the trembling child.

Then in a simple manner he told the assembled pagans the story of the Christ. He explained that sacrifice of sin and wickedness was the thing that the true God wished and not the cruel killing of children. The pagans were converted. It is said that Boniface, then, with his mighty blows fell the "Thunder Oak of Thor." Behind it stood a tall fir tree with its graceful branches lifted skyward and its topmost twig pointing to the stars. Looking over the ruins of the pagan oak, Boniface pointed to the fresh evergreen, saying: "And here is the living tree, with no stain of blood upon it; that shall be the sign of your new worship. See, how it points to the sky. Let us call it the tree of the Christ-child, for it is the birth night of the White Christ.

You shall go no more into the shadows to keep your feasts with secret rites of shame. You shall keep them at home with laughter and songs and rites of love."

In such a way was the Christmas tree instituted into our Christmas ritual, not by the civilized people of the world, as was the legend of Santa Claus, but with barbarous tribes, with a touch of the savage festivals and the glow of fires in the forest.

When we are in our homes enjoying the pleasures of Christmas cheer and are making the Christmas tree the center of entertainment, may we remember the true significance of the tree with its branches "pointing to the stars."



Christmas

By MILDRED GOLDEN

A candle on a frosted sill,
On door a wreath of holly;
Beneath a tinsel Christmas tree
A drum, a gun, a dolly;
An angel singing "Peace on earth"—
But some men call it folly.



Pagan Survivals in Christian Rituals and Festivals

By J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

STRICTLY SPEAKING, Christmas is not altogether a Christian custom. As far back as history dates man has had some kind of festival at the winter solstice to honor his god or gods. Back when the ancient Egyptians worshipped their sun god, when the Phœnicians believed in Baal, and when in old England the Druidical religion predominated, we find men stopping for a few brief days when the end of the year was drawing near, and paying tribute to those deities whom they believed had blessed their lives with plenty. In Germany, in Ireland, in Scandinavia and in all the other countries, there was some kind of ritual and festival corresponding to our Christmas.

So it seems only logical that many of these old customs peculiar to the locality were retained even when Christianity was accepted. Indeed, the Yule or Jual celebrated by the ancient Goths and Saxons was kept in practically its same form in the Christian religion until the Reformation by Luther. Chief among these retained rites are the hanging of the mistletoe and the burning of the Yule-log.

The mistletoe was believed by the Druids in England to possess wonderful curative powers. These powers were restricted, however, so that only when it grew on the oak, the favorite tree of their god Tutanés, was it supposed to possess them. During the festival of the winter solstice a large group of religious workers went to the forest on the festive day and with great ceremony cut the mistletoe from the tree. After this two white bulls and often human lives were sacrificed to their gods.

The burning of the Yule-log is not so commonly practiced in our community as in other parts of the world. It was originated by the Scandinavians who kindled great bonfires to their god, Thor.

In the Feudal Ages the most joyous time of the year was at the burning of the Yule-log when old quarrels were forgotten

and faith was pledged anew. Visitors were welcomed and stood with uncovered heads as the Yule-log passed to the hearth where it was burned. Afterwards a great feast was held for all old friends and neighbors who might be enemies.

The decorating of churches and homes at Christmas time is a survival of the old Roman custom of covering the temples and dwellings with green boughs at the Saturnalia.

It seems somewhat strange that the custom of giving, a thing upon which we pride ourselves most at Christmas, is an old Roman practice also of the Saturnalia. The Romans exchanged gifts in much the same manner as we do to-day. Though this custom has been denounced by the church fathers, declared pagan and unchristian, and prohibited at one time by church law, yet it still remains as our greatest celebration of Christmas.



Christmas in Germany

By JOHANN NAU

IT is Christmas Eve in Germany. There are but a few hours left now before the gifts will be distributed, and the Christmas tree lighted. Both papa and mama are very busy in the room with preparations. While they are hurrying here and there, we are peeping through the keyhole and cracks in the door. We can get only a glimpse of the tree, which is being decorated by papa. It is a tall fir tree shaped almost like a pyramid, which papa bought at the market. Now he is hanging many ornaments, such as apples, candy, nuts, cakes, and candles, on the tree. We can hear them whispering about certain things but cannot understand the words. Mama has told us that the gifts will be distributed when darkness falls. Several times we look through the window, and can still distinguish the earth, the trees, and the buildings covered with snow. We have been ready for hours for the time to come, but it comes very slowly.

At last the time is here. Papa comes out and tells us to line up in order. We obey promptly. While papa is lighting the

Christmas tree, we can hardly wait to see the gifts. Then the doors swing open, and we see the Christmas tree in all its splendor with gifts at its base. We enter the room singing—

*From heaven above to earth I come,
To bear good news to every home;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
Whereof I now will say and sing.*

Then our father reads to us the story of the birth of Christ. This we enjoy very much. Then a prayer is offered, and after it the gifts are distributed. We sing another hymn. Then we play with our gifts until we are called to supper. We refuse to eat because we have eaten too much already. The rest of Christmas Eve is spent in joy and happiness.



Why Holly Berries are Red (*A Fairy Tale*)

By CECILE LINDAU

DID YOU KNOW that many, many years ago holly berries, instead of being red, were white?

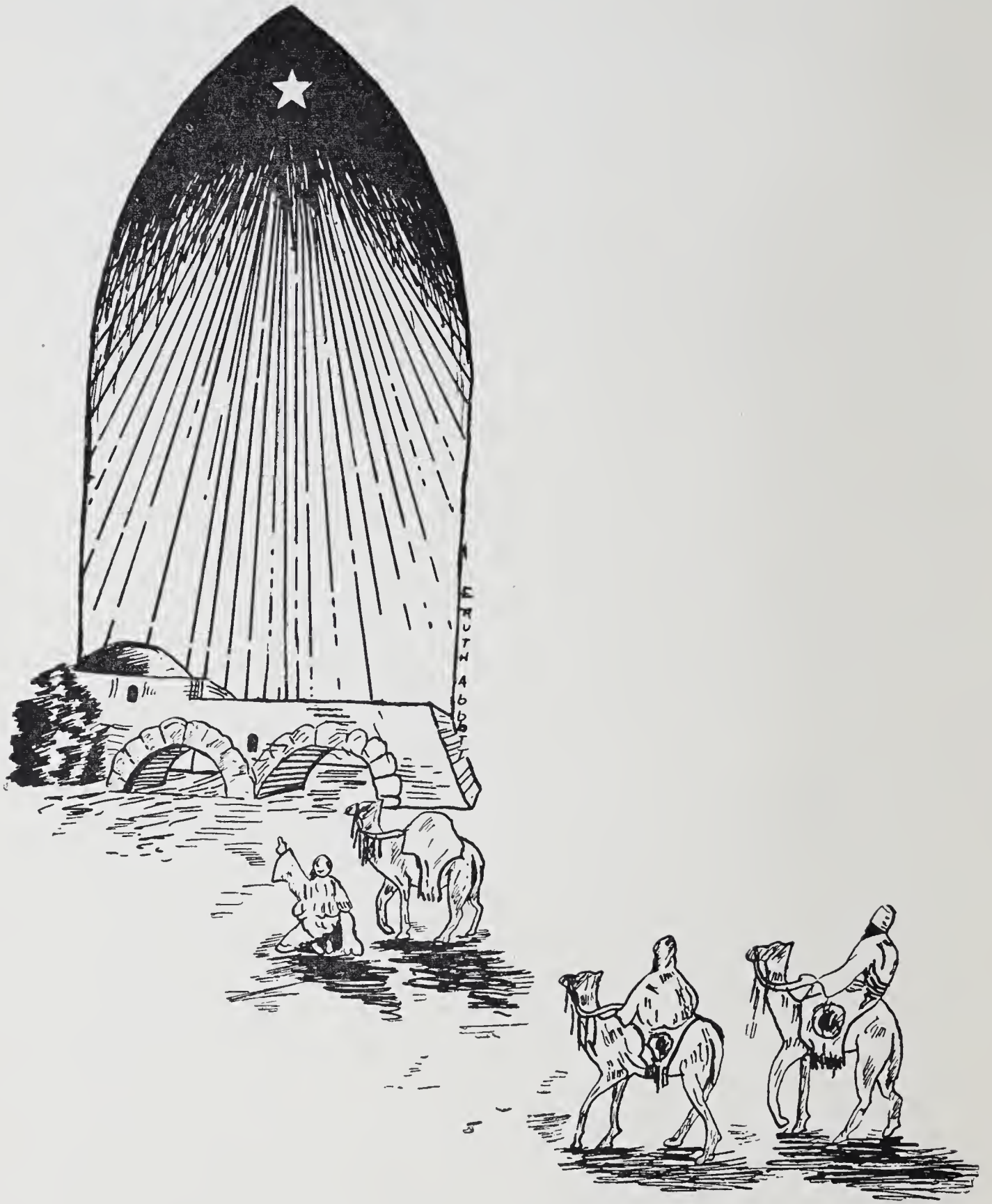
Once upon a time there lived a little girl, a beautiful child with golden curls and pretty blue eyes. Her name was Haydee. Now, Haydee was not like other little girls because other little girls grow up, but Haydee never grew up. For years now she had been a little girl, always playing and dancing about as any child of six or eight years. Do you wonder why she was different from other children? It was because her mother was a fairy; and, although she herself had always lived with the fairies, Haydee was not really one of them, for her father was a mere mortal. Haydee had never known this man, her father; but, according to her mother, he must have been a rather wonderful person. It was a beautiful story, this romance of her mother

and father—but that story must be told some other time, because it has nothing whatever to do with this one except that it concerns two most interesting characters, Haydee's parents.

Of course Haydee was always happy, always laughing and singing; but at Christmas time she was happier than at any other time of the year, for it was then that she was allowed to go into the woods alone. You see, Christmas is the fairies' busiest season. Each fairy has some certain duty to perform, something to brighten the Yuletide. It was Haydee's duty to gather all the cedar and mistletoe and other decorative foliage with which to adorn the homes of the poor people who could not afford to buy expensive Christmas decorations. Haydee was allowed to gather any vines or shrubbery in the forest, any save the holly branches. For some unknown reason she was always warned never to touch even so much as a single berry of this tree. And they would make such lovely wreaths, with their dainty white berries and prickly leaves! How Haydee wanted to pick them, but she dared not. For hours she would stand and look at them, admire them, long for them. Conscientious creature though she was, Haydee would neglect her work in order that she might study every line and curve of the holly tree. If she saw a berry lying on the ground, she would long to place it back among the other berries, even though she knew it would not grow. She could not bear to see a single berry fall to the ground.

Poor Haydee! At first she was satisfied merely to look at the lovely holly tree; but eventually this feeling grew into an irrepressible desire to touch the tree, to touch a leaf or berry. Bravely she overcame this desire which she knew was wrong; but one day the impulse conquered her. Only to place her finger on a stainless berry for a moment! But as she cautiously moved toward the berries, the edge of a leaf pricked her finger, causing a drop of blood to fall on the berries.

From the tree there rushed a thousand voices. And Haydee was driven from fairyland. Worst of all she had to grow up as a mortal. But the drop of blood that fell upon the berries turned them red; and now in the mid-winter season the world over, we find between the waxen leaves of the holly the glistening red.



A White Christmas

By JACK COBLE

AFRESH SNOW had fallen for Christmas and lay over the whole countryside like a great ermine cloak, and glistened and sparkled—dazzling in the early morning sunlight.

The road was heaped with drifts. The trees on either side that in summer time would have made the road pleasant with dark, cool shadows, were now black outlines, topped with marble. Every fence post, every dead thing that had bloomed in summer, was heaped high with snow.

Fields where in summer green corn had waved, were now piled with drifts and lay covered in a blanket of soft white. The corn, stacked high, groaned under loads of gleaming carrarra. Brooks that sang in summer now reflected the blue of the sky and the clearness of the atmosphere where they were seen, at places, through the snow.

The houses with roofs of marble, fields that sparkled in the sunlight, woods that were enchanting as a fairyland, and the road stretching white through the trees to meet the clear blue sky, all helped to make the Christmas a beautiful one.



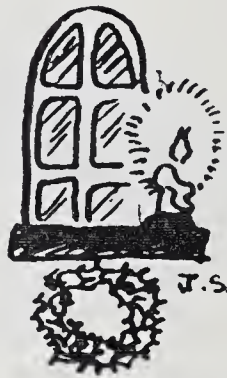
The Candle in the Window

By MARY PRICE

In winter sky a thousand stars;
A moon above the hill;
But best of all, a candle light
On frosted window sill.

A candle light is best of all:
It sends across the snow
The message of the Christmas-tide
That all mankind should know.

“Peace on the earth, good will to men,”
The candle seems to say;
“Look unto Christ, the world’s great Light,
The Hope, the Truth, the Way.”





COLORS *in the* WEAVE

Christmas Eve

The thermometer registered three degrees below zero, outdoors. Notwithstanding, the fire inside was sending out rays of cheer as though it understood that the idol of the home was to return that night. Everything had undergone a surprising transformation for this singular event. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that the room looked like a perfect grove, from every part of which bright red berries glistened. As a finishing touch a bunch of mistletoe dangled from the chandelier.

All was quiet except for the crackling of the blaze roaring up the chimney and the measured tread of a handsome young man pacing the floor. His face was not in harmony with his surroundings, for there was a deep wrinkle on his forehead, and every now and then he shook his head, apparently in troubled thought. What if she didn't come?

As the moments dragged by, he became still more restless. His paces across the carpet were punctuated by numerous visits to the window. Why would that car never return? Did something hold up the train? Why had he not gone to the station himself instead of depending on the chauffeur? Of course, it was to be a surprise to her—the house and all—but just the same these thoughts rushed through his brain until a cold sweat was on his brow and his hand shook as if it had palsy. If he could just telephone! But he must keep his eyes on the door and listen for the whirr of wheels. Oh, the agony of waiting!

Suddenly a merry laugh came from the next room. Of course, she had just fooled him and had come in the back way. She ran in with her face upturned and pulled him under the

chandelier. And somehow, for one blissful moment all the lights in the world went out!

Margaret Stockton



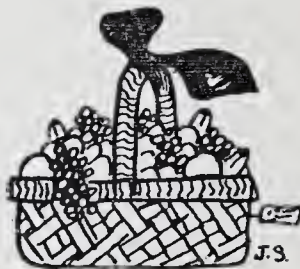
Mistletoe

People have seemed to use and revere mistletoe for ages. When the Druids, the ancient priests of the Celts, found it growing on the sacred oak, they cut it off with a golden blade and gave bits to the people for charms. In Northern mythology there was an arrow made of mistletoe which slew Balder, the son of a goddess. European nations seemed to have revered mistletoe as a ceremonial plant.

But none of these traditions can compare with the use of mistletoe at Christmas time. The house has been decorated for the joyous party with bells, wreaths, holly and poinsettias; and *yet* something seems to be missing. Dad winks mischievously and tells the children that they are only trying to play innocent. "You know it wouldn't be a party without a mistletoe kiss."

With that hint Alice climbs up on a chair and becomingly arranges the branches and sprigs. She looks at it demurely, thinking how she may slip under it when Jimmy can see her. Brother Tom watches it interestingly, too, for he knows Jane will be there to-night. He wonders how many times she will pass under the mistletoe. And such are the thoughts of young minds in every home where people are preparing for Christmas. What secrets, blushes, and love-tales the mistletoe might tell could it only talk!

Miriam Block



What's in a Noise

"Oh, Mother, ain't it time to get up yet?"

"Goodness, no! Why don't you turn over and go to sleep; it's just three o'clock. Now please stop waking me up."

Little Tommy, trying to follow orders, bounced about in his bed, then lay staring into the darkness. How silly of his mother to tell him to go to sleep! How could he shut his eyes when at any moment he might hear Santa Claus?

* * * *

"Oh, I heard him; I know I did. Good night, do you s'pose he'll come down this chimney? Jimmy, hey, Jimmy——"

"Son, if you wake your little brother up, I'll—why, I just won't let Santa Claus in."

"Then you heard him too, didn't you, Mother?"

"Tom, what are you talking about?"

"Why, Mother, I just now heard Santa Claus's reindeers' hoofs. They were just prancin' aroun' on top of the roof. They sounded like just lots of them; and, why I even heard Santa Claus holler at 'em. He's got a real deep voice, an——"

"Tommy, for goodness sake, that noise was the bed creaking and that voice was your daddy snoring. If you don't be still, Santa won't even come down; he'll go right away when he finds you're awake."

"Well, 'em, but I know I did hear something on the roof, an'—there *is something* comin' down the chimney, see?"

"That's soot falling down. Now please be still. I'm tired of your talking."

* * * *

"Mother, isn't it time to get up yet?"

"Tommy, it's ten minutes past three."

E. Ruth Abbott

Sally

Poor Sally! She knew it was useless, as she watched people pass her by in contempt. Everyone knew her to be just what she was—a plain, ugly, stupid little orphan, whom nobody wanted. Oh, if only some kind lady would gather her into her arms and let her cry out her feelings! But that could never be. Sally was too ugly for anyone to love her.

One lovely lady saw her and disdainfully drew aside what little skirt she had. Sally's heart nearly broke, but she resolved to steel herself against such as that. Why—oh, why—wasn't she pretty enough to be adopted? Christmas was so lonesome in this place. Sally wondered whether she would ever get out of there.

Suddenly someone said: "I want to buy a doll for the cook's little girl. This one will do. How much is it?" And Sally was turned upside down that the customer might see the price tag on her foot.

Helen Felder



Their Christmas

Carl J. Wilson arrived home from the office unusually happy that evening. He had lost the grouch most business men carried during the Christmas season. In the lapel of his coat he had, pinned upside down, a tiny sprig of mistletoe. In the corner of his mouth, with glowing end high in the air, was one of his best cigars that he had hoarded for his prospective customers.

When Mrs. Wilson entered the room to give him his regular welcome, she seemed to sense something in the air. Instead of a frown on his face, a grin played at the corners of his well-shaped mouth. "Carl, did you have a hard day at the office today?" she asked.

"Well, not any harder than any other day, especially at this time of the year." He grinned. He put his thumbs in the arm-

pits of his vest, swelled his chest, and swayed back and forth like a conqueror.

"What's the matter, then?" questioned Mrs. Wilson, getting more curious all the time over the unusual attitude of her husband. "Have you bought a car?"

"No, I haven't bought a car. It's better than that."

"Did you land that big order with the Smiths?"

"No, not yet; Jimmie C. went to see him yesterday, but he was busy."

"Well, what has happened, then—the boss given you a raise?" She knitted her brows in thought.

"No, he promised me the raise at the first of the year, but that isn't it." Carl continued to sway back and forth, blowing great rings of blue smoke into the air.

"Well, I think you might tell me." Mrs. Wilson began to pout.

"I'll bet you couldn't guess in a million years." A look of triumph crossed Carl's face.

"I give up then. You tell me."

"Aw, please don't give up; you are doing great."

Mrs. Wilson buried her face in her arms and fell across the bed. She began to sob.

"Oh, gosh!" Carl pulled a much-worn envelope from his pocket. He drew a yellow sheet of paper from it and threw the envelope in the fire. "Well, here it is." He handed the paper to Mrs. Wilson.

She brushed the tears from her eyes and unfolded the paper. It was a telegram. She read: "Dear children, I cannot visit you this Christmas. Be good. Mother."

"See?" Carl began to hum a snatch of a tune he had heard at a musical comedy. "Now we can have our Christmas all by ourselves for the first time since we have been married." He walked over to her side and put his arms around her. "It will be our own Christmas."

Wade Hobbs

H O M E S P U N

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The Christmas Spirit

During the many centuries in which Christmas has been celebrated, a spirit of Christmas has been uppermost in the hearts of observers. This spirit has never necessitated a belief in Santa Claus, nor has it ever found satisfaction in the exchange of gifts. It is indefinable in the words of mortal man; but the Angel who told the Wise Men of the birth of Christ has given it to us in the words, "and on earth peace among men—"

It is just this feeling that causes an awakening in our hearts at Christmas time, that inspires us to make glad the poor, right

the wrong, and to be cheerful and friendly toward all. Sometimes I wonder why Christmas cannot be every day; each day one in which men are happy, thankful to God, and gracious and benevolent to their brothers. Though Christmas proper, of course, can be only on December the twenty-fifth, the spirit of Christmas can be carried out in each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. Just think what a happier and more nearly perfect place to live in this world would be, if we were to observe the message of the Angel for all time. What a world of prejudice would be removed!

Beverley Moore



Feast or Orgy?

Christmas is the greatest feast of our year; that is, it ought to be, because it symbolizes the birth of all that is good and most that is new in this life of ours.

The trouble with us is that we have gone far beyond making it a feast and have turned it more or less into an orgy. What should be a joyous occasion has become merely an hilarious one; and the main issue—the celebration of the birth of the Christ-child—has been altogether overlooked.

Almost every American family gorges itself with highly indigestible food and drink on Christmas day, and, for that matter, during the entire week of holidays. Even the tiny children are allowed to eat a hundred and one things that they should not, on the assumption that Christmas comes but once a year and that the castor oil bottle is always handy.

Christmas in the average American home is a time of lavish expenditure. It frequently brings debt and even when it does not do just that, it causes one to spend for fripperies money that should rightfully go into articles of daily use or of real beauty. We give expensive and often unwelcome gifts to persons who do not need them. We obligate friends and relatives to return to us articles of equal value. We send gifts where often a card would be just as fitting.

Christmas too often makes us discontented with the gifts we receive. We become jealous of our friends' gifts and we become peevish and petulant because we haven't been able to make as much of a splurge as we think we should have. And we habitually wind up the festivities with a grouch that is the product of this composite state of mind, superinduced by indigestion in our already overworked alimentary canal.

Let's be sensible for once and make of this 1925 Christmas a season of worship.

Georgie Stewart



Plagiarism

Webster defines plagiarism as "the act of stealing from another's writings." And stealing it is, just as much that as is the act of breaking into a bank and carrying off two thousand dollars to which one is not entitled. Bank robbery and plagiarism differ only in the degree of dishonesty; the principle is the same.

Clever phrases, a particularly clever way of putting across an idea or of developing a plot, an original twist to the plot (such as the trick ending of O. Henry)—the copying of any of these without attributing them to the real writer is plagiarism and therefore theft. "Borrowing" is the term many people use for this act. To our way of thinking that is evading the truth.

There are very few original plots, so the reproduction of one can hardly be said to be plagiarism, that is, provided it be developed in an original manner. However, the unfolding of a story in substantially the same manner as that used by someone else is plagiarism.

All of us are more or less prone to let this evil creep into our work, perhaps unconsciously. We read a particularly good description or expression; later, when writing something of our own, we come to a place where that description or expression would fit in exactly. It is hard to keep from putting it in; but we must refrain if we would be absolutely honest and have no regrets from our work.

Glenn Holder



Threads of Many Colors

Red, White and Blue Forever

By CECILE LINDAU

MARY could not make up her mind. As she walked up Davie Street the very winds seemed to taunt her—to mock her indecision. But it was such a difficult question to decide. Of course all of her church friends would be shocked—would probably make her stop teaching Sunday School if she should do this thing.

“A girl who would do such a thing as that—well, I, for one, don’t want her to have no dealin’s with my children!” It would be exactly what old Mrs. Lewis would say. In fact all the mothers and aunts, and old maids, and so-called friends would look upon the matter in much the same light.

And Jenny Smith! Why Jenny would be delighted! She was so wild about John and should *she* (Mary) release him for one hour, he would be gone forever. Jenny was a quick worker.

Was Charlie Spencer worth it all? As a butcher he made a good salary, but no better than John made as a barber. But somehow “Mrs. Spencer” sounded much more imposing than “Mrs. Jones.” To be sure there were worse names than Mary Jones, but Mary Spencer—well, it would look better on the marriage license.

Then there were some who thought that Charlie was better looking. Personally, she had never cared particularly for that type—the Jack Dempsey type. Of course John wasn’t at all like that. He was not so—er masculine looking, but his eyes—there was something about John’s eyes, especially when Charlie Spencer’s name was mentioned in connection with his own, that made you want to put your arms around him and kiss him.

Johnny didn't know how to handle the girls like Charlie. Now Johnny—if he put his arm around you and you pushed him away, why he wouldn't attempt it again. But Charlie—he held you so tight you couldn't push him away; he just took your breath away. Perhaps that accounted for Charlie's popularity. All the girl's liked Charlie, while outside of Jenny, John had gone with no other girl but her. She and Johnny had been engaged since she was fourteen and he seventeen. But if she broke off with John, she could have Charlie; she knew she could have him in spite of the other girls.

Yes—Charlie was in for the best catch,—Charlie was—. But Mary did not finish her meditation. As she looked at the shiny pole in front of her with its red, white, and blue stripes coming and going unceasingly, she could not resist them. She ran into the barber shop. Oblivious to the several customers standing by, she threw her arms about the neck of her future husband and vowed in her heart to be loyal to him forever.



Sunday Afternoon

By MARY PRICE

THE DUNBAR HOME was typical of many others on that rainy Sunday afternoon in that no one of its inmates had anything at all to do. Suddenly Nina had a "hunch" although, to be sure, she had the same bright idea practically every Sunday afternoon. "Let's play bridge," she exclaimed. "We haven't a thing else to do. I know Miss Dickson will play with us. Of course you want to play, don't you, mother?"

There was a heavy silence in the room for a moment. No one really expected Mrs. Dunbar to accept the proposal, but they had agreed that surely, "Constant dropping, day by day, soon will wear the rock away." So they tensely waited.

"Nina, don't be absurd. How many times before have I told you that you will never play bridge on Sunday in my house." She spoke as though she had been brutally wounded by her best-loved friend—perhaps she had.

"Oh, mother, be yourself!" chimed in Don, the collegiate member of the household. "You know I haven't had a chance to play bridge in days. I've heard you say that Sunday is supposed to be a day of rest from the week's activities. Well, I'd like to know how when we played bridge last week. We are all of us throwing our time away now, and we could so easily be training our minds. Can't we get going?"

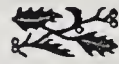
"You may be right, Don. I'm not saying that you are'nt, but I wasn't reared in that way. My mother would turn over in her grave if she even saw one of you touch a card. I think that I am being very liberal in letting you act as you do. But you shall never play cards in my house on Sunday if I know it and can possibly prevent it."

Don and Nina uttered great sighs. "I do wish you wouldn't be so Victorian," muttered Don. "However, I suppose I had just as soon catch a little air with that Greer girl as not. I'll be in some time tonight. Just leave the door unlocked."

"I didn't much want to play anyhow," said Nina, "'cause

I'm just dying to finish 'The Green Hat.' Iris Marsh is the most interesting person I've ever known."

After her son and daughter had departed, Mrs. Dunbar spent the rest of the afternoon in reading the latest developments in the sensational murder of the day and the last installments of the serial story then running in the daily paper.



The Barber

By CARLTON WILDER

THE PERIOD between morning trade and afternoon trade had brought its lull to the barbershop. The long rows of chairs stood quite deserted rearing their stocky nickle plated, leather-stuffed forms upward from the floor of polished tile, their images reflected as far as the eye could see in the brilliant mirrors on either wall. The barbers were engaged in various tasks. Some straightened their glittering tools on the shelves that ran the length of the room. Others stropped their razors, the keen blades flashing back and forth on the stiff leather with that peculiar snapping sound which is unmistakable. A few leaned lazily against their chairs and perused the newspapers. Occasionally heavy voices in conversation echoed across the room.

One of the barbers had just come in from lunch. He was young, tall, slender, neatly clad in a brown suit; and when he removed his hat, he revealed a mass of dark, glossy chestnut curls closely fitting a well-shaped head. With mild large, brown eyes, brown eyes somewhat like those of a deer, he scanned the lighted room. Then he crossed it with his long, lounging stride; a door in the back closed behind him. In a moment he returned, in his shirtsleeves staring about with a questioning glance, as if uncertain in what to employ himself. He soon perceived his task, however. On one of the comfortable wicker settees, well cushioned, provided for the use of customers, the new manicurist was lounging. She was a dark flapper, with gray eyes, and a

scattering of tiny brown freckles on her face and nose. She had a pretty mouth. The young barber knew her quite well.

As he sat down beside her hardly giving her face a glance, he was conscious of her eyes upon him. He reddened a little, attempted to look unconcerned, failed, then knitted his brow into a ferocious frown to hide his embarrassment.

She laughed. "You look so funny, Frank. Who are you glaring at?" Her voice flowed musically.

He smiled weakly—a strained-out smile. "No one."

Sitting suddenly erect, the girl leaned toward him, her eyes flashing with animation. She shook her small, white finger in his face.

"I know what's the matter, you're caught with the goods, you naughty boy. You haven't been to see me for a week; and you've given me the slip down here every day. It's that blonde you carried to the show last night, ain't it?"

One of the negro boys in the shop had turned on the phonograph. A blast of raucous, shrieking jazz filled the barber's ears; the phonograph was situated just back of the settee. The irritating sound made his growing temper leap with a jerk into action.

"Stop that hellish noise, you little black devil! He had risen to his feet and shouted fiercely. The boy cast his large bulging eyes upward with a look in them like the eyes of a frightened animal; then lowered them quickly as he saw the frown darkening the barber's flushed face. He ran to the machine, trembling slightly and managed to shut it off.

"What the hell did you do that for? Think we want that thing going every minute. If I see you near that machine again today I'll pitch you through the window!"

The young barber felt the flush subsiding in his face. He had seated himself again, and the accustomed lethargy of his nature had once more asserted itself.

"You know that ain't so, Nell,—what you said just now. I don't need to look for any better girls when I've got my little Nell, and what's more I don't want to, Sweetie, I ain't tried to escape seein' you, honest I ain't. I've—I've been mighty busy these last few nights."

“Doin’ what?”

Steps sounded outside; the screen door slammed. A customer! Just in time! He breathed deeply with relief, stepped briskly to his chair in his most business like manner, and stood there pointing to it proudly.

“Have a seat, sir?”

A young fellow, resplendent in his new suit, clambered on to the soft seat and reclined his head lazily on the cushioned niche made for it. The barber went about his work with the coolness and precision conquered by long practice. The customer spoke from the folds of cloth that were slowly strangling him.

“Hot again, isn’t it?”

The weather again, that tiresome subject; he had spoken several hundred words on it, all told, during the morning. His answer was mechanical.

“Yes, and it makes me feel lazy.”

“Nothing like hot weather to make a man feel lazy.”

“Sure ain’t.” His words were hardly perceptible, a mechanical expression, actuated by the subconscious mind. He was thinking of Nell, while he deftly plied the comb and scissors in the dark mop before him. What on earth made her so suspicious? Gosh this fellow had tough hair! He let it grow so darn long down on the neck, too; it was hard to reach. Why in the blazes didn’t fellows get their hair cut oftener. Nell had no right to be so suspicious. Goodness knows he’d never given her any cause for it. Well, that was life. No one trusted a man. It seemed as if being fair with people was useless. One might as well play things crooked; you’d get the credit for doing it anyway. The dark, stringy masses of hair floated to the floor and settled there silently; they had a ghastly, detached look that always affected him horribly as if they were bits of life torn from their parent body, dying on the marble floor. He hated barbering. Fate had forced him into it. But he wouldn’t go over that now; he’d resolved to forget long ago. Why was Nell so unreasonable? After they’d waited these two years and been quite happy in expectation. Gosh, but she was pretty. He loved every little freckle on her face. He loved her dark, fragrant hair; her eyes, so gray, so mysterious in the way they flashed

with the play of her emotions; her little red, curving mouth. If she only wouldn't be so unreasonable. Well, that was the way with women. How would she guess that he was working nights so as to surprise her with a little home? Well it was all life. He hated life, he hated barbering, he hated women—almost. But not quite. A ray of afternoon sunlight flickering through the window flashed on her dark curls and turned them to threads of finely spun gold. Gosh, but she was lovely!



Nels

By GLENN HOLDER

THE RIVETERS' GUNS play a giant tattoo upon the white-hot rivets as they are driven into the holes punched in the steel. Rat-a-tat-a-tat-tat. The sound is deafening, vibrating upon the ear drums with a violence that threatens to burst them. The big punch machines bite out round slugs from the beams and channels with a regular, monotonous, clack-a-clack-clack. The lay-out men's hammers beating upon the steel and the huge shears, clipping off the thick, tough metal with ludicrous ease contribute their part to the Niagara of noise. The pandemonium of sound from these mighty machines almost drown out the very thoughts of the workers. In fact, some of the men have become strikingly like human prototypes of the mechanical marvels with which they toil. Most of them work with machine-like efficiency and precision, but it is labor that calls for no brain exercise, and they go through the day without expending any large amount of mental energy.

The man on Punch No. 2 had the eyes of a dreamer and the brow of a thinker. Evidently of Nordic blood, his blondness contrasted sharply with the swarthy skins of most of the other men. He found nothing in common with them and kept entirely to himself.

Pate, the foreman, held him in utter contempt. "Nels,

you hurry and get that lot of channels punched up. You're the slowest man I ever had on the job. Ain't good for nothin' at all; about as no-count a hand as I ever seen," he would snarl at him.

Nels never answered back. A look of dumb suffering would cross his face, and his eyes look right on past Pate and out through the grimy window pane to the free sunshine beyond; to the rumbling, restless world that he longed to wander through unhindered, at liberty to observe the deed of mankind and draw his conclusions therefrom; to create, for he was a born creator.

At night Nels would wearily trudge home to his youthful, blue-eyed, golden-haired wife, wedded just six months before. Too tired to take her out to the show or accompany her in a call on friends, he could only sink down in a chair after eating supper, read a little in the newspaper, and then go to bed. Often he would lie awake for hours, unable to secure the slumber which he so badly needed in preparation for the day's drudgery, and his thoughts would become morose, morbid.

His brain always followed the same central theme at these times. What did life hold for him? He ought never to have married Alice. True he loved her deeply and he was satisfied that she loved him, but she was unhappy. He could not give her the good times that her joy-starved soul longed for. Life was so futile—just one trial and trouble after another. You worked all your days—toiled your life away, died, and left—nothing. A man was such a tiny unit among the billions that made up the world's population, just one little drop of water in life's great oceans. Nobody would be the worse off if he were to accidentally step into the path of one of the giant hoists down at the shop. It would be so easy; all over so quickly. Alice would be better off, too, for she could collect the two thousand in insurance that he had to struggle so hard to keep up. Oh, how he hated the shop, Pate, all the men, poor dumb, unfeeling beasts of work that they were. He hated people, everybody, life, everything.

One day Pate went too far. "You damn sleepy-headed Swedish yokel you," he yelled at Nels, brandishing his fists in

the air. "Get them angles punched before I kick you off the job."

Nels said never another word, but swung his arm with all the strength of his body behind it, and landed squarely between his eyes. Pate slumped down without a sound.

Leisurely making his way to the locker room, Nels changed his clothes, came out, and walked unconcernedly past the group about the unconscious foreman. Out into the bright sunlight he strode, and down the railroad track that stretched its winding length like the coils of a giant constrictor past the steel shop. Where was he going? He didn't know and he didn't care. What was the difference anyway?

A train whistled in the distance. Who-oo-who-oo-who-who. That was the north-bound local coming in No. 46, that was it. He had often watched it's clicking wheels as they spun smoothly along the rails and wondered how it would feel to be sandwiched in between them. Bet it would feel funny; anyhow you wouldn't feel anything shortly after. Now was the best time to find out. The engine poked it's stubby nose into view around a distant curve. It wouldn't be long now.

Nels stumbled his toe on a cross tie and swore. The devil wouldn't even let a man die in peace and comfort. A little striped lizard darted across the right-of-way in pursuit of a grasshopper. Even the tiny insect clung tenaciously to life. It must be getting something out of living or it wouldn't be so anxious to escape death. Nels wavered.

Like a prehistoric monster the engine rushed forward, its single eye of a head-light gleaming balefully in the reflected sunlight and it's stack pouring out clouds of black smoke in irregular blasts as if it were panting with the force of it's all-important passion to hurtle ever onward. It was so near now that the number could be distinguished. 1313 were the numerals on the round boiler plate. Unlucky number, that. No sir, not for him. No engine with such a number as that was going to make a dead man out of him. He stepped aside, and the train rushed harmlessly past.

Continuing his aimless treading of the ties, Nels came to the business section of town. He knew 'twasn't any use, but

he'd ask for a job at a few places just for luck. Halting before an ornate office building with a gilt lettered sign over the entrance, he read the inscription "Truitt Advertising Agency, Inc." He'd like to write ads. They always had fascinated him.

The big office with its neat rows of shiny mahogany desks appealed to Nels. "Any places open here?" he hesitatingly inquired of the man at the nearest desk, who looked up inquiringly from his work.

"See Hinton. He's the janitor. Down in the furnace room, I think, believe he said he needed some help, he was brusquely informed.

Hinton proved to be a very dirty individual with a surly countenance and a twist to the corners of his mouth that gave the impression of a perpetual sneer. He looked Nels over disdainfully.

"So yuh want a job, do yuh? Well, you're a sad-looking specimen, but I got to have somebody. You get the job, but believe me, Buddy, you're gonna get some real work, too."

And Nels got it. From 7:30 A. M., till 7:00 P. M., it was one continuous grind of menial labor. He had to sweep the offices out, fire the big furnace, haul in supplies in a balky, dilapidated truck which was always stalling in heavy traffic, bringing down upon Nel's innocent head the wrath of the irate officers, and do a thousand and one odd jobs in between. It was in many ways just as bad or worse than the steel shop job, and the pay was less. It seemed as if Hinton never did anything but hunt for work that Nels might do. On top of that nothing ever satisfied him, and his perpetual sneer became a snarl whenever he spoke to Nels.

But there was something about the atmosphere of the office that drew Nels, fascinated him. Often while sweeping up the deserted rooms after the office force had struggled into coats and hurriedly departed with the arrival of five-thirty, he would pause before the sheets of copy left on the desk of some careless ad writer and critically look over the embryo advertisement. That night he would work until Alice made him go to bed, endeavoring to improve upon it, and dreaming of the time when he would be a master advertising man.

Gradually a change began to creep over his life, and the moments of despair, in which he had hated living, began to grow more and more infrequent. As the months sped by the old weariness after the day's toil was over; became a thing of the past, and Alice and he spent many a happy evening at the picture show or the home of some friend.

And then came the rush of Christmas advertising. The huge Lionel Electric corporation, largest of its kind in the world became dissatisfied with the agency which was doing their advertising, and asked Truitt's to submit a sample ad for their Christmas campaign. Immediately the "old man" commanded all other work to stop and everybody to get busy on a Lionel ad. To the one submitting the best he promised a Christmas gift of \$100.

Nels heard of the new campaign shortly after it was announced to the office force. This was his opportunity, and he would make the most of it, he decided.

For the next few nights Nels was busy far into the still, early morning hours. His ad began to take shape; he was putting everything he had and was into it. Finally it was completed, and he signed his name to it and carried it to the office. With the fear in his heart he slipped into Truitt's office, laid the copy on his desk, and hurried out.

That morning the old man stormed about the office, railing at all the office force. Everybody had turned in an ad, but in his opinion none of them had proven good enough to be submitted to the Lionel people. A little before noon he retreated into his office and sat down before his desk, intending to clear it of the accumulated papers. He saw Nels' ad and picked it up. He looked it over, gasped, and ran for his secretary. "Send that Swede janitor here," he commanded.

The president of the biggest advertising agency in the country today is a big blonde Swede with dreamy eyes, known to everyone as Nels. His organization handles every sort of advertising except that for steel mills and shops; these he refuses to consider.

Under Troubled Waters

By HENRY E. BIGGS

LIFE seemed drab and desolate to Henry Hanes, though it appeared to the rest of us that his existence was bright enough. He was a lovable fellow, tall, erect, and handsome, with thick yellow hair that curled readily (indeed, without any sort of provocation, yet with some provocation, for its possessor). To all outward appearances he was happy; but, it so happened that one night, when the fraternity house was deserted save for Henry and me, he drew a chair up beside mine and, without cause, for I had been acquainted with him only a short time, poured out his whole life to me as he saw it.

It all came suddenly. Before I had time for reflections, he bluntly announced that I was the only man in the world he had the least smattering of confidence in. I hastened to assure him that I felt quite complimented, but he seemed to fail to hear me and continued his original trend of conversation. He was disgusted with life, with everything; in fact, had been for a number of years. Every man had his price. There was no such thing as Love, Honor, and Faithfulness. No one could be trusted; sometimes he even failed to trust himself and had many times contemplated suicide. His whole life was wasted. Existence was rotten.

Then he worked himself into a bitter fierceness. He would get his due yet. The whole world was walking over the weak rough shod, why shouldn't he? He would be a superman; he would reach the top over the bodies of the others; he would kill if he wished,—hurt, wound, and mar.

As he told me this a certain dull brutish look came over his entire face like some mindless person, yet he had a mind. It was new to me to hear a youth with life as a great race course spread out before him—daring him, challenging him—to hear such a fellow speak so despairingly of life and in the same breath glare defiantly at the world and demand his deserts even over the maimed bodies of others. Such a peculiar chap! Was the fellow sick? I wondered and waited for him to speak.

“I’m through with everything unless I can get something out of it, more power and influence to obtain more power. Something gnawed within me; I had to tell someone; and I decided tonight to—to tell you.”

With that he rose and left as abruptly as he had come.

We saw him rarely at the frat house after that. Occasionally he would drop around, act breezy enough, smoke awhile, and depart. So it was all Spring. Then we graduated and each went his way.

I thought of Henry often during the six intervening years. Then we unexpectedly met. It was on board a ship coming from Cairo, Egypt, to Liverpool that I ran upon him, in much the same manner as one comes across the picture of an old friend in a discarded college annual which has been misplaced for years. In answer to a life time craving I had scraped up enough money teaching to visit Palestine and was returning broke, but happy, then I came face to face with him, unexpectedly.

He was sitting on a deck chair gazing out at the sea as it rose and fell in lazy billows so characteristic of the Mediterranean. As I drew nearer he looked up and a broad smile played over his face. He spoke first:

“Well, if it isn’t old Bill! How are you, and what are you doing on board a ship in the Mediterranean? Gotten rich I suppose? Just cruising for your health, eh? How is the old University of Virginia? It’s a dear old school. I didn’t appreciate it or anything else when I went there. Draw up along side and tell me of the States. I haven’t been back there in years.”

He listened eagerly to every word I uttered from mere comments on the recent presidential election to scattered facts about the rebuilding of our fraternity house at Charlottesville. He was interested in everything, in the rebuilding of the gymnasium; in “Strong” Johnson, Virginia’s star athlete of the day; in Sam L. Page, his roommate; in all the old gang of the frat. His whole outlook upon life seemed changed; everything seemed so vital to him; he was aglow with earnestness in his inquiries.

My mind could not conceive of the cause for such a change. I began to ask questions. He answered them readily. For sev-

eral years he had been a missionary to India. He was a teacher of a dirty, cramped little school of inland India. He was now on furlough—just a year—he was going back.

I was all wonderment. What was the explanation? What force could have wrought such a man from the miserable wretch of the college days? It seemed as mysterious as the depths of the sea.

By a faint rustle and a soft charming voice, I was brought to the realization that I was no longer alone with my friend. I looked up in a half surprised way. Looking down at us was a charming woman, whose deep blue eyes radiated gentleness and love. As we rose Henry spoke:

“Helen, this is William Colleer, a former college classmate.

“Bill, my wife.”



Meditations in a Dentist's Chair

By HELEN FELDER

"Ever had a tooth filled before?"

"No, doctor."

"Then it's an entirely new sensation. Don't worry. It won't hurt. Take about forty minutes I guess."

And I had to fill an engagement in thirty!

"Doctor, er—ah—I think I'd better—"

"There, there, now. It won't hurt. I'll have you fixed up in a jiffy. Just sit right down."

"But, doctor—"

"Never you mind, little lady. Why, it doesn't hurt a bit. Nothing to be afraid of. Sit down."

"But, doctor, that isn't—"

"Sit down! It won't hurt. Sit down!"

The old doctor pattered about mysteriously. What was he doing? What was he going to do? I heard him giving orders to the nurse in a buz-z-ing tone.

"Now here we are."

Were we? I didn't know, myself. One never can tell, when one is choking; for I was choking, choking horribly. Whatever that little mirror was, it accomplished the purpose admirably. Finally it was withdrawn and I breathed freely; but, alas—

"Just a little wider. That's fine;" and the mirror went farther back into my mouth.

I recovered a few minutes later on feeling my head being bored off. Something was slowly but steadily eating its way up my tooth into the jaw. Horrors! What next?

"You're getting along fine, my young friend. Why, one grown woman jerked so when I did this, that she had a sore jaw for six months."

I groaned. I would do well to get out of there alive.

Suddenly the doctor changed his tactics. A pricking sensation stole into my jaw. Not so bad but—

“Right still, here. You can’t be too careful with such as this. You never can tell what’ll come of it if the person twists ever so little.”

A terrible rending poke numbed my jaw, and I felt my consciousness slipping. My last conscious thought was a doleful one; I hadn’t made my will. Then I was revived by a squirting spray of warm water, which refreshed my mouth—and, incidentally, the back of my neck.

“My, but you’re patient, child. Many a grown person would have yelled. There, that’s all.”

I stumbled from the room, the nurse following me. Dimly I heard her say “Next.” Very, very dimly I heard someone else say: “I’d like to see the doctor, please.” Then I bolted. I never wanted to see that doctor again as long as I lived.



On the Heels of the Great

By HENRY GOODWIN

IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE of *Homespun* I told of my early struggles as an autograph collector. In the following paragraphs I want to record some of the genuine thrills that have come with dogging at the heels of the great—thrills worth the long, nearly fruitless beginning that, like all beginnings, was hard.

Wilfred T. Grenfell, noted for his Arctic explorations, his book of a true adventure called, “Afloat on an Ice Pan,” and his medical work in the far north, was lecturing at Guilford College. Upon invitation from a friend, I attended and found him a most enjoyable lecturer. Afterwards I lost no time in meeting him and getting his autograph. Being unprepared to furnish better writing materials, he had to use the back of an old letter. Luck was with me, though, for on the following Sunday he spoke at the First Presbyterian Church, and at that time I was able to furnish some little cards for his signature.

The afternoon before Woodrow Wilson died a friend of mine was discussing his merits and the value of his autograph. We did not know then that Wilson was near death, but we had heard that his autograph was valued at twenty-five dollars. The day following his death, Wall Street brokers were holding on to them for dear life; if anyone wanted one, it cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars (\$125.00) up.

Upon reading of his death, I wrote to Mrs. Wilson expressing my sympathy and my regrets at not having been able to get his autograph, and asked for hers. A "card of appreciation" bore her signature.

Although my effort to get Mr. Wilson's signature has as yet been in vain, I have one consolation. When I was still quite a child, he came to Greensboro and made a campaign speech before his first election to the presidency. At that time, my father held me up in his arms while I shook hands with the great American statesman.

Joseph P. Tumulty, life-long lawyer and friend of the late President Woodrow Wilson, sent me his autograph when I asked him for his and Woodrow Wilson's. This was my last attempt to obtain Wilson's autograph.

On March 26, 1924 Detroit played Toronto in a pre-season baseball game at Cone Park. That night I went down to the hotel to look the players over. Mr. Cobb and a few associates had finished their evening repast and were sitting around the table talking when I stepped up. All of them were very cordial and after I introduced myself to Mr. Cobb, he introduced me to all the members at the table and later to nearly all the players. One of the men seated at the table offered me a drink of something which looked like "private stock," but I refused. Cobb reprimanded him for even suggesting such. Afterwards he gave me his autograph.

Among the other ballplayers on the Detroit team who gave me their autographs were—A. H. ("Red") Wingo, Jr., Harry Heilman, Lou Blue, and Fred B. ("Freddie") Carisch.

On April 19, 1924, the New York Yankees beat the Brooklyn Nationals by the score of nine to eight. The night after the

game, I met the "Friend of the Kids." However, "Babe" Ruth didn't impress me as such. The brightest thing that I saw about him was that purple ink with which he signed his name.

I was unable to meet Miss Maria Ivegum, soprano, when she sang at the National Theatre; so I left a little note for her at the hotel. She received the note but didn't leave any autographs. Imagine my surprise, then, when she sent me two autographed pictures of herself, over three months later.

By an exchange with Aubrey Brooks, another collector, I got the autographs of Joe Kirkwood and Gene Sarazens, both noted golfers, for one of those that Ty Cobb gave me.

George W. Goethals, otherwise known as "The Builder of the Panama Canal," was very nice about giving me his signature; but he had nothing on William Howard Taft, chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and Ex-President of the United States.

Although I have tried in vain half a dozen times to get Henry Ford's autograph, I have enjoyed my attempts. According to the signatures of secretaries on answers from Henry Ford's office, he must have about ten different office members for his private use. My first two attempts to obtain his autograph were normal. Neither gained me anything except secretaries' autographs. Then I tried his wife, but the mistake of my life was forgetting to ask for hers, too. Not to be thrown off so easily, I made another attempt. This time, I tried to make it seem personal enough to get by the secretaries. I used a blue envelope with gold border. Inside I explained why I had done so and made my request known on ordinary business stationery. You need not try to imagine my chagrin when I found that my plans had failed! Anyway, I suppose Henry Ford and his secretaries had a good laugh at my expense.

When the Prince of Wales visited America, he brought with him some printed form letters to send to all who asked for his autograph. It is needless to mention that I am in possession of one.

Otis Skinner, leading actor in "Sancho Panza" (A comedy by Melchoir Lengyel), consented to autograph a program for me when he appeared at the Grand Theatre.

Vladmir De Pachmann, world famed pianist and Victor artist, when asked for his autograph while leaving the theatre, replied with a shake of his head and a quaint "non, non, non!" I followed him to the O'Henry hotel and finally got it just the same.

The well-known Houdini, world famous magician, lecturer, author, and anti-spiritualist, must have thought that I might use his signature for crooked work; because he wouldn't put his signature on a blank card. I had to cut his picture off an advertisement and get him to sign that.

Have you ever watched the effect your letters have on people? When Paul Whiteman brought his famous orchestra to town, I went to hear him and get his "John Hancock." He was too busy at the theatre; so I went to the O'Henry and waited for him. By eleven o'clock I was afraid he wasn't coming, so I wrote him a little note. I changed my mind however about leaving and waited in the lobby. At two minutes of twelve he appeared on the scene. He was handed my note before I had time to assert myself. I watched him read the note and show it to his friends. After that he went out again; so did I. Upon inquiry next day, the hotel clerk handed me Whiteman's autograph.

Josephus Daniels, well-known in this state and elsewhere, gave me his signature after his speech at the unveiling of Charles B. Aycock's picture at Aycock School on January 30, 1925.

Miss Geraldine Farrar played in "Carmen" late last February at the Grand theatre. Although I was at the theatre, I had to trail her to her private car before she would make a contribution to my collection of autographs.

Then Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn brought their dancing company to town and performed in the N. C. C. W. auditorium. They gave a wonderful exhibition of gaily-colored costumes and scenery; and their speed in changing costumes was nothing short of marvelous. After the performance I secured their autographs and rode back to town with them. It gives me a great deal of pleasure to be able to say that I was seated by the leading lady, too.

The famous writer, poet, and dramatist, John Drinkwater, who spoke at the North Carolina College for Women not so long ago, was a real friend. He left the hotel before I could find him; so I had to wait till he finished his lecture. Although he had retired when I called, he cordially invited me in and politely wrote his signature for me. Being an Englishman, he spelled Greensboro, "G-r-e-e-n-s-b-o-r-o-u-g-h."

Louis Mann, eminent American actor of the present day wrote for me "To Mr. Henry Goodwin with best wishes of,
Yours sincerely, Louis Mann, Nov. 1, 1925."

This autograph brings my collection to the present time, November 17, 1925. It does not, however, write "finis" to my hobby. As soon as I have the chance to do so, I shall by addition, place Louis Mann's autograph so far from the end that it will be nearer the middle.



Tim

By HELEN FELDER

CONSTANCE shrank away from the rail as the coastline of France came into sight. How she dreaded the thought of setting foot on European soil. Why, oh why, did they think that she could rest on the land where Tim had last been? Could they not see that it would be only torture to her, that she would never rest in Europe? They might know that she would be searching and longing for Tim wherever she went. She could never forget him.

Would that she had never consented to the kind doctor's suggestion of a trip abroad! Would that she might turn back even now! Her father *did not* know, the doctor *could not* know how much more distracted such a thing as this would make her; and she, poor weary girl, had not been able to make them understand. They thought they were helping her, but they did not realize what they were doing to her.

The tension arising from the wait for the docking of the boat increased with each passing minute. Constance felt that she would scream if she did not stop thinking. Something drew her back; something urged her forward. Hesitatingly she left the ship in the company of her father.

From the moment she reached the end of the gangplank, everything was changed. Her one emotion was of feverish anxiety. She must find Tim— she *must!*

Every face she saw was tantalizing. She scrutinized this one and that, telling herself that it was Tim's. But she was always disappointed. She peered into each shop, but Tim was not there. Where was he?

One day Constance saw a wounded soldier.

"Tim," she cried; but it was not Tim.

Then, another time, she witnessed a wedding in the cathedral. The groom was so strangely like Tim that Constance almost fainted. She might have saved herself the worry.

Every new disappointment so added to the tension in which she was living, that finally her father began to worry. Even then, he did not see the real trouble, thinking merely that city life was wearing out his daughter's strength. Accordingly, he took her to a little village in the Balkans.

Country life made the same impression on the girl's brain. It had the hidden illusiveness of the city with an added frenzied quietude of its own. The peasants were so unostentatious, so vaguely like Tim, that they puzzled her. She began to believe herself going mad; so she persuaded her father to leave the little village inn and start homeward.

On the day set for their departure Constance sat in her room, slowly drawing on her gloves and wondering what was left in life for her. It was all hopeless; and she had no one to confide in. She was glad she was going home; home did not distract her as this little inn did. She could not rest here. Queer feelings nearly ran her crazy; everything seemed to conspire against her peace of mind.

She was vaguely aware of a knock on the door. The maid admitted the porter to the inn. He had come for the trunks,

of course. Constance idly watched him, unconscious that she was doing any such thing.

The man had a queer look—but so had all these Balkans. Yet—there was something unusual, *something* about him that stirred dormant chords in her memory. He—what was it so vaguely familiar about this fellow? His head? No; it could not be. His broad shoulders? Perhaps; but many men had broad shoulders. His profile? Was that it? Constance wondered, until she saw him rub the palm of his hand over his cheek. Then she made a gurgling sound, and the man turned quickly to face her.

“Tim—!”

“Did milady wish anything?”

Constance pressed her hands to her temples. Could this be Tim? If not, who was he? It was plain that the man did not know her. But was this hulk of a human, bowing and scraping before her, was this the fine strength that she had known as Tim?

“My maid,” she gasped; and Marie rushed to her, beconing the man into the next room.

“Who is he?” Constance feverishly pulled at her maid’s skirt.

Only a poor man who moves baggage, milady. They say he has no name or, if he has one, he does not know it—a war victim, probably.”

The girl relaxed her grasp and waved the maid away. So it *was* Tim! She might have known. His eyes had grown mild and ignorant, his once-curly hair was straight, his broad shoulders were humped, and his features were drawn—but his hands—oh, she would know those hands anywhere! They would unconsciously run over his chin every few seconds when he was not using them. *His* hands were too fine to belong to any one but himself. They did not suit this strange new character, but they were his, and he was Tim. She knew it now.

What was to be done? Did she still love him enough to marry him as she had once promised? Should she try to awaken old memories in his mind, or should she leave him as he was? Constance could not believe that this was she, who was arguing

thus with herself. How could she doubt where her duty lay? Oh, how fickle she must be; but how she did shrink from that heavy, grinning, idiot of a creature! The Tim that she had loved was a finer Tim, not this characterless block of flesh. Her Tim had been worthy of all she could give him, and she had felt herself a part of him; but this man—ugh! Nothing was the same. Was she in honor bound to try to help him, to take him as he was? Constance wondered.

Then she laughed in relief. How absurd to think that he would want to marry her! Why he probably didn't even know what marriage was. Hysterical laughter rushed through the room, as Constance threw herself down upon the bed, trembling and weeping crazily. No, she didn't love him, and he didn't love her. Everything was different now—everything. Imagine his surprise if he were suddenly informed that he was engaged! Oh, it was too funny! Constance wiped her eyes—and wiped them again as they brimmed over with tears.

But who was that? Her father, calling to her to hurry. She had forgotten that the carriage was ready. She had forgotten a great many things lately.

“Hurry! Hurry!” she repeated over and over to herself, as she hastened down the stairs.

With something akin to relief, Constance climbed into the carriage and waited for her father to follow her. Her throat was dry, but she felt that a great weight had been taken from her. The—the *porter* (she could not call him Tim, for he was not *her* Tim) stood in the doorway, smiling childishly over a silver coin. Soon the carriage rumbled off and Constance, turning to look back, saw the man bow low. It was more than she could bear, and she turned her eyes away—

A Vagary of the Gulf

By CARLTON WILDER

WHEN HE AWOKE, Ned Carson, the fishing guide, sensed a portent in the ravishing beauty of the morning. Not that there was anything novel in the radiant canopy of sky today; nor in the strong, fresh, warm breeze, pungent with the salt; nor in the massive solemnity of the great clumsy white clouds, which drifted silently overhead, darkening the beach with their shadows. No, he had thrilled a thousand times before to the utter immensity of color above; to the stimulating smell of salt water; to the huge, bubbling masses of snowy cloud; to the Gulf, stretching out to eternity ahead of him, glassy green near at hand, shading to purple toward the limit of shoal water, then bright blue out beyond in the depths where the choppy waves broke into foam, sparkling white in the sun. And in the ominous thunder of breakers which had sung him to sleep every night since he was born, he could detect no change of tone, yet stepping out suddenly into the bright light, such a surge of emotion stirred in his chest from the magic charm which the country exercised over him that he felt as though it were all new and he had just been born into all its beauty. Somehow it came to him that this day was going to be different from any other day in his life.

Leisurely he strolled down the street that led from the Gulf across the island to the little land-locked bay which washed its eastern shore. The street was composed of finely ground sea-shells mixed with sand; his feet crunched pleasantly in the rather soft material. In a state of semi-curiosity he surveyed the houses he passed on this route every morning. They were the same houses—neat white cottages with gray, well weathered shingle roofs, perched up on short stilts in the white sand that drifted everywhere on the island and threatened to bury the habitations of man himself. They belonged to the fishing folk of the village. He was intimately acquainted with the occupants of every one; they were his friends and comrades, his people. He had been born among such people further up the coast

of parentage that was very doubtful. He had grown up among these ignorant, happy folk of the fishing hamlets—a little tow-headed boy at first, playing care-free games with the other children in the mellow Florida sunshine on the warm white sand of the Gulf beaches, venturing out early to try his boyish strength in the invincible surge of the green breakers, to master the terrible and mystifying sea which had fascinated him as long as he could remember. So strange it was, this mighty immensity of liquid, which was never calm but thundered day and night in dull, monotonously ferocious waves as its violence shattered the great waves, smothering foam on the smooth surface of the wet beach. Even in its calm moments there was something majestic about it, like an old war horse in repose; but when lashed into fury by the Gulf hurricane it roared and thundered until it seemed as if all the forces of hell had been let loose on the earth at one time.

But as he grew older he had learned to draw a living from it by the sweat of his steaming body, plundering the treasure of slim finny hordes that swam in its dark green depths. By the side of the simple people of the beaches, he had fought and temporarily mastered the fury of the sea; through his toil he had gained the right to live, and in the association with these people in the endless war with the common enemy he had found a certain measure of that self-satisfaction that comes only through the mutual sacrifice and mutual reward shared with one's kind.

Thus he reflected—the thoughts very vaguely in his mind, which was almost completely untutored and therefore more keen to enjoy sensations than to grasp their significance. In utter peace of his mood, however, he realized definitely as he gazed at these tiny houses with the hint of home in the neat white curtains that could be discerned faintly through the dingy windows, that his kinship with the race of kindly fisher folk was as dissoluble as the bond that held them all to the sea, an inscrutable thing that has lived in the blood of man for centuries on centuries. Yes, that was it, he decided suddenly—the sea, the sea—the charming, beautiful sea; the restless, furious sea; the sea who was ever young and radiant in her manifold moods, but who was ages old in reality and made one sense it too in her

moments of greatest majesty—the sea it was whom he and all these others, her sons, loved and revered and who drew them closely together in the necessity of fellowship she imposed, with whom they were happy and content in the utmost simplicity of material wealth and culture, without whom they would have died.

But it was entirely foreign to the nature of Ned Carson to remain long engaged in serious thought. As he trudged along in the sandy street he soon forgot the swift exultation which had filled his heart at the thought of the sea, its tremendous charm and significance; the sudden premonition, half-sad, of the terrible destiny awaiting the men who follow the moods of so fickle and fierce a mistress as the sea; and smiling again at the peace of the morning, he whistled a popular air which was already a part of the past on Broadway, but had after several years of burnishing zest for cheap vaudevilles found its way into the remote fishing village on the Florida west coast.

Last night he had heard the tune for the first time at one of the dances held in the village school house. His recollection pictures clearly the long low room with the unpainted pine floor, the benches cleared to one side, significant of the moment—all work abandoned for pleasure; the defunct orchestra with its squeaky fiddles and wheezing horns that reminded one of a horse with the “heaves”; the odor of cigarettes; the laughter of girls; the tall forms of clumsy fishermen, out of their element, like pelicans on land, trying to one-step; the gay dresses; the strong scent of cheap perfumes; gray eyes, dark in the dim light; soft glances flashed in the shadow; flaxen curls; a soft waist moving supple and strong beneath thin calico; pleasant words. He remembered it all very distinctly, not with any mad sense of exultation or longing, but rather with a comfortable feeling of pleasure.

Still happy, he heard his feet ring on the boards of the dock where his boat was moored, and found himself bending over the mooring cable and unconsciously observing his reflection in the smooth dark green water which placidly licked the barnacle-encrusted piles. He saw his face, tanned almost to a light chestnut with the suns of twenty-five years; his hair, very nearly

devoid of color from the bleaching agency of those semi-tropical rays, curling back in sharp contrast to the deep tan of his forehead; his straight, pleasing nose; his curving lips; the boyish dimple in his chin; and the eyes that shone pale, icy blue out of his swarthy face, burning with the determination of a man who has fought the forces of nature in the open for all his life and never flinched nor asked for quarter.

Suddenly he felt an involuntary shudder pass through his powerful frame; and he gripped the edge of the dock in the iron clench of both hands. There had appeared so abruptly as to savor of the supernatural another image beside his own on the glassy green water of the bay. He had never seen the image before; the startling effect it had produced on his senses—the sudden jab in his chest, the sensation of giddiness, as if he had indulged in a shot of whiskey—were inexplicable to him. Amazed, flushing with embarrassment under his tan, he sprang to his feet. The smile that met his downcast face caused him to blush the more. He frowned fiercely, however, as men do when they wish to hide their emotion or embarrassment.

The girl spoke in a silvery voice that was as cool and impersonal as water lapping the piles beneath the dock.

“My father will be out in a few minutes; he’s getting his tackle ready.”

Carson remained as if stricken dumb for a moment, his face stiffened, his eyes *umpr*ending. Then his mind appeared to function; he seemed to sense the meaning of the girl’s appearance here. He smiled boyishly, showing white teeth.

“So you’re Miss Byers?”

She nodded casually. She was more beautiful than anything he had ever seen before, he reflected. Her beauty stunned him, embarrassed him; he felt in an instant strongly aware of his uncouth appearance; his dirty gray flannel shirt, open at the throat; his khaki trousers stained in many places and smelling of fish and gasoline; his stiff, hugely proportioned, clumsy-looking shoes that reminded him of hoofs of a draught horse. He compared himself to her, as she walked with a long leisurely step to the edge of the dock and peered unconcernedly out of blue eyes at the shadowy water below. The vivacious cast of

her face, clearly modeled in the sunlight, framed in her dark brown head of hair with a cute little forelock brushing across the soft, shapely curve of her forehead, maddened him. Her costume, a white, girlishly tailored outing suit, topped off with a little, piquant, white hat fitting closely to her head, set off the dark flush of her features admirably. Her cheeks shone in the soft breeze that rippled across the island from the Gulf. Her skirt flapped tightly against her legs; he felt with almost painful keenness the youthful grace in their long flowing curves terminating in ankles shaped in silk and small, white, low-heeled outing oxfords.

She looked up at him and smiled as if by some subtle means aware of his scrutiny. He blushed again, then laughed and broke the silence.

“Are you going with us?”

“Yes,” she nodded affirmatively, again that delightful little nod.

He was in a dream. Her father appeared on the porch of the hotel; Ned began to make the launch ready for departure.

II

“Do you like it?” Her voice had a note of shyness in it. She had crept forward from the stern where her father was watching the troll line, to Carson at the wheel just back of the forward deck. The launch was cutting the long-seamed, glossy swells of the Gulf at a rapid rate; they were about twenty miles off shore.

“Like it?” he repeated, in his soft Southern accent, “it’s the only thing, positively the only thing.” He laughed. “It gets you somehow—the wind, the sky, the salt in the air,” and with a deep note of reverence, “the Gulf.”

“Yes, it is beautiful, I know; and I like it, too. But then, it is somehow terrible; it scares me, you know—so much power in the sea—so much mystery. It makes me uneasy when I am out in a boat on it. Doesn’t it affect you that way?”

The sharp prow of the launch cut a swell at the wrong angle and a deluge of spray showered Carson and the girl. She shrank back. He only smiled and shook his head to rid his eyes of the salty drops. After a moment he replied.

“No, miss. I ain’t ever been afraid of the sea. It just ain’t in my nature. I guess it’s because I’ve lived by it, right in it, you might say, all my life. When I was just a kid about four, say, I used to tumble about in the breakers; and that’s the way I learned to swim.”

He smiled at the recollection of a fat, brown, tow-headed little body rolling over and over, half-smothered in the blinding foam, taking in salt-water like a sieve, but getting up and fighting against the powerful outrush of the receding waves, game to the very end, when loving friends would rescue him and drag him up on the warm sand dripping wet and breathing in short, choking gasps like some peculiar aquatic animal—a queer bit of flotsam washed up by the breakers. He lit a cigarette, cupping his hands with the care and skill of an expert to shield the flickering flame from the strong damp breeze. How the sea was bound up with his life! Without its influence he felt he would have been a very different personality; the wanton charm of it, the mystery of it, the sheer invisible strength of it, had attracted him from the first. Having once felt the grip of the sea, he knew he could never leave it. Its music would haunt his dreams. He would pine away, longing for the cold, salt spray in his face, for the joy of breasting the sea’s inexorable currents with his own physical strength; for the delight of putting his mental agility against the blind strength of its brute ferocity; for the peace of its still water on summer nights; for its wild fury when the fall hurricanes swept it. To leave it would be intolerable. And yet—there was the other feeling—the feeling that he had experienced for the first time that morning the mad sensation of pain in his heart, the longing for something he did not quite understand, for a smile, for graceful limbs, for soft round lips, for sweet glances, and contentment to be found in blue eyes.

He looked at the girl beside him and sensed again the stunning exultation which had swept over him when he saw her features for the first time, reflected in the water beside his own that morning. He was completely in the grip of that emotion; it was stronger, more imperative even than his feeling for the sea. Her voice, her eyes, her lips, her hair, her body swaying negligently against the gunwale on his right, all seemed calling

him mutely but in tones that rank louder than the thunder of his boat's engine, louder than the roar of the breakers outside his cottage on stormy nights—calling him, telling him that she was his for the taking, that she must be his forever, to live with, to play with, to work with, to dream with, to die with—his forever and forever. Out of dreamy blue eyes he stared at her in low tones, bending close to her ear that she might hear him above the pulsating roar of the engine.

And she, Katherine Byers, who had followed her father to this remote section of Florida in search of relief from extreme boredom and had been still more bored by the apparent prosaism of the sleepy island village, suddenly found herself acutely interested in the strange young fishing guide with the handsome features and powerful physique, who could speak so eloquently in his simple tongue of the beauty of the sea he loved. She felt herself strangely fascinated. Too bad that her vacation ended tomorrow. She would have liked to have seen more of him, to have listened to his drawling voice. But it had all been arranged. She could not catch another boat leaving for the mainland within a week. And she must go—back to Broadway—to the gay lights flashing defiantly in the lurid night, the crowds that flowed incessantly, the roar and blare of traffic, everyone hurtling, hurrying, rushing, without time to think or even smile; or else, like her own "crowd," all bored, surfeited with the fulness of life that this wealth and culture had brought, tired of working, tired of playing, tired of golf, polo, tennis, yachting, of the arts, of the theatre, of passion, and the impulses of life itself—tired of everything. But they were beginning to be anxious about her—her friends, her fiance. He was about thirty, bald, wore tortoiseshimmed spectacles, and was tired like the rest of them. He had displayed sufficient energy, however, to write her a letter, portraying graphically his loneliness and pleading for her return; and she was going. She mentioned the fact casually to Carson.

He went pale beneath his tan, clenched his lips, and said nothing. The knowledge of her intention struck him with the suddenness of a rifle bullet. He was dazed. He felt as though the world that he had known so fresh and charming all about him had suddenly gone black as with a blight. He hardly cred-

ited her statement. It could not be true. He asked her again to make sure.

"Yes, I meant it," she told him. "I wasn't joking; why?"

He stared at her for a moment. Then without a word he threw out the clutch, shut off the engine, sprang with a powerful bound to the forward deck, and cast overboard the anchor. It spashed heavily, and as the great weight shot down into the depths the coiled rope writhed like a snake, paying out rapidly until bottom was reached.

Carson came aft. Curtly he addressed the girl's father.

"Here's as good a place as any."

Byers nodded mildly, and began busying himself with his fishing tackle; fishing was his one passion, and he trusted Carson thoroughly since the guide had never failed to show him a good day's sport in the many years Byers had employed him.

Katherine, somewhat disconcerted by Carson's reception of the knowledge that she was leaving on the morrow, had come aft and seated herself beside her father. Here she remained, taking no notice of the guide. When he offered to fix tackle for her to try her luck, she refused with a slight shake of the head. So he finally went forward to fish alone, his flaxen eyebrows knitted into a severe frown. She could see him now, perched on the forward deck, his massive shoulders bowed, staring with moody glances into the rolling waters, listlessly twisting his reel.

Father and daughter spoke little; they understood each other better through the medium of silence than some ever can through the most voluble communication.

Strangely enough, Byers felt no vibrating tugs on his line, which was indeed very unusual. What was the matter with the fish? After a few moments he swore under his breath. Finally he called forward to Carson and demanded to know the reason for this strange phenomenon. The guide only shook his head in an expression of complete futility. The launch rose and fell gently as the swells passed under her keel. Occasionally one broke against her side with a loud slap. End to end, back and forth she turned, drifting aimlessly on her anchor rope creating an illusion of gentle motion which was restful to the girl.

She leaned back on the cushion; her eyes narrowed drowsily; the salt air was making her sleepy. She raised her eyelids for a moment to stare at the young guide. How handsome he looked, his curly head leaning over the water intently, while his skilled fingers rapidly twisted the reel. She closed her eyes and gave herself completely to the lethargy of the moment.

Carson was reeling in mechanically. He had lost all concern for his calling. It was as if the whole world he had known before had suddenly grown dim to his senses because of the stunning blow he had received. Going tomorrow! Yes, that's what she had said. Going!—what a hideous word! The reel whined in his hands, then stopped with a sudden jerk; whatever it was down there was at the bait again. Slowly he dragged the nick-eled knob around and around; he felt as though a great weight were on the line somewhere down in the dim green depths, but he hardly paid any thought to the fact at all. Going! And he would never see her again! Never! Never see her with her little hat and the little lock of dark brown hair curling in innocent coquetry over her pretty forehead; with her blue eyes shimmering with tenderness; with the delightful expressions of her face, her childlike nods, the way she wrinkled her nose when she laughed. In that moment it appeared as though her conquest had been complete; she had won him away from the sea whose inscrutable spell over him had hitherto remained the dominant force in his life. But the sea, who could bide her time through all eternity, only caressed the boat with the same even swells,—silent, unmoved in the moment of defeat.

And Carson's mental faculties whirled around and around as a squirrel does in a revolving cage, repeating over and over the cause of his despair. Tomorrow she will be gone! Gone forever! What could be done? Nothing. Nothing.

As he thought he had become aware of a dark, grim shape beneath the placid, seamed surface of the swells; he felt himself being dragged from off the deck of the launch. The instinct of self-preservation instantly awoke in him; he made a terrible breath-taking effort of all his muscles to resist the force that was wrenching him to his death; but surprised in his reverie he was powerless, and so he plunged into the cold Gulf, his arms wildly

flailing. As he fell he caught a glimpse of a long, ghastly brown thing with hideous serrated teeth grinning at him, rising to meet him. He turned his head, clutched the edge of the deck just above by one fierce effort, then sought to drag himself upward for a farewell glimpse of the girl. As he put all his strength to the attempt it seemed as though in a few seconds he lived an eternity; his whole life on the desire to drag his eyes above the smooth gray rim towering just above his head. In that moment seconds seemed years and inches miles. His hair brushed the gunwale. He would reach it. Intoxicated by success as he was, a thousand visions of paradise floated into his mind; by his strength he had earned the right to the most wonderful being in the world. Then tremendously exalted when the blow struck him, he died happy.

A few moments later the shark elevated a long, jagged, menacing fin from the surface of the sea, breaking the swell in a swirl of darkish foam; then silent, terrible, like the sea that spawned him, he disappeared into the dim depths to sate his appetite—the cruel and beautiful sea, where wiles are inexhaustible.

And the sea rose and fell in the same placid, even swells, unmoved in her conquest as in her defeat. And in the small launch, exposed to the merciless blaze from above, a girl was crying her heart out for a man to whom she had probably spoken not more than a dozen words in her life.



Fatty

By GRAHAM TODD

HE WAS FUNNY, was Fatty. He moved to our neighborhood, and immediately he and I made excellent friends. We were a pair, we two, he tall and fat and I low and chunky; but this description is for Fatty.

He was often "picked on" just because he was so good-natured and full of fun. The boys could "fret" him out of anything that he possessed because he did not like to argue.

In features he was tall and fat, with a round face that curved at the corners of his mouth like "Dolly Dingles"; he had huge feet that "plunked" along when he walked in a manner similar to an elephant, tired after a hard day's work.

He loved to tell jokes and laughed heartily at each one that he told. He found great delight in imitating movie actors in the "pie-throwing" comedies, especially Lloyd Hamilton whom he imitated almost perfectly.

"Collie" was probably Fatty's best friend. He came to the household as a small puppy, and from the time he learned to walk he followed his fat friend everywhere. I have never seen a deeper bond between dog and master than between these two.

Fatty felt entirely at home while at our house and conducted himself in a like manner. I remember that once when he was walking down our stairs with a "plunk, plunk, plunk" of his bare feet, he landed on an upturned oil can which by his weight was driven entirely through his foot, protruding at the top. Tug as he did, he could not extract the can; but with my aid he finally withdrew the sharp point. He limped home with never a whimper, calling back over his shoulder that he'd be back after a while. He was back in less than two hours.

When asked if he would not stay for dinner, after the first timid "No, thank you," he invariably accepted; and we found it necessary when our meal was frugal not to ask him, for he was a tremendous eater.

We often rode our bicycles to Camp Hicone; and I always

had a good rest at the top of every hill, waiting for him to “puff up,” red of face and streaming with perspiration. He never went in swimming because on one occasion a swimming professor had nearly drowned him, causing him to be “off the water for life.”

A volume of books are not sufficient to hold the many happy incidents of our friendship, for there was some new plan for fun every day we were together. Though we are not now, and probably will never be as great friends as we once were, I think I shall never forget my friend, Fatty.



The Candle in the Window

By CECILE LINDAU

WAS I to give it up now? After all the weary years of vain searching, I hated to give up the chase which my detectives long before had given up; but it seemed ridiculous to continue longer. For years now I had been searching; but instead of being nearer my quest, each day seemed to take me farther adrift. The narrow side street seemed to be colder and drearier than Central Park, and the barren-looking apartments—if they may be called such—were indeed a contrast to my own luxurious one uptown. I drew my coat more closely around me, trying to shut out wind and rain. Try as I may, I could not keep back the tears; not tears of disappointment—they had ceased long before—but tears of loneliness and weariness. A stray dog brushed against my skirt, frightening me almost to insensibility. I wanted to stop to rest for a moment, but it was impossible to discern even a post unless one happened to walk against it accidentally.

Suddenly a flickering light caught my eye. It was in the window of the third floor of the building directly across the street. As I watched it more closely, I saw that it was a candle light, and that the wind through the broken pane pushed the

blaze from side to side. The blaze barely missed touching the ragged curtain, and each time seemed to get closer and closer. If a strong wind should come up—I dared not think of it! Impulsively I darted across the street and up the three flights of rickety stairs.

As I started to open the door I observed a calling card lying on the floor. Written in a most illegible hand were the words, "Please leave the candle in the window." On the other side was the name "Madam Petraski." As my foot touched the threshold of the room, I stopped. The place was so forbidding. The cold wind that taunted the miserable little flame was sole possessor. Aside from the trembling table which held the candle, there was nothing in the room but a bed, a broken chair, another table next to the bed, and the ragged curtains which draped the window. On the table by the bed was an empty glass, a knife, and half an orange. Cautiously, half-afraid, I started toward the candle. I was sorry it gave me an unpleasant feeling. Of course, the whole thing was absurd. Why hesitate to blow out the flame which could last only a short while at least, and while it lasted might do a great deal of harm. I had almost reached the candle when the door opened and I heard a pitifully thin voice scream, "Leave the——" I turned. The owner of the voice had fainted. I did not know what to do. In fact, most of my senses had left me and the sight of the unconscious woman seemed to have little effect on me. My one desire was to take the candle from the window. But even as I reasoned—or did not reason—the flickering blaze died out. I was much relieved at this. Somehow I felt that I had played a trick on fate. It would have been difficult to have taken the candle from the window while those unusual words were ringing fresh in my ears. I sometimes wonder what I would have done—removed the candle or let the building burn. At the time I was sure of myself, but—I wonder.

As I placed the bit of flesh and blood on the bed, I felt a pang of remorse. Here I had been throwing away money on theatres and jewelry while this poor creature——.

In a few seconds—hours they seemed to me—a tiny flush

began to rise in the woman's face, and she again breathed more naturally—as did I.

* * * *

“It's an uninteresting story, but if you like—” She shrugged her pitifully small shoulders. I could not understand her, this woman so different from me. Here I, a stranger, had dared to enter her room while she was out. Yet she had not even questioned me. As I implored her to tell me everything, she smiled—a forced smile, I thought—and began:

“It was many, oh, so many years ago, that it began. But here, if I am going to tell you all, I must begin at the beginning. I was born in a small Southern town and lived there until I was eighteen. My family was of moderate means; and from the time I was able to understand anything, my social position was instilled into my mind. My mother came from an old Virginia family. When I was five or six years old, my cousin, Elsie, only a few weeks my senior, came to live with us. We were always the best of friends, Elsie and I. Perhaps the fact that we were such opposite types accounted for the friendship. Elsie was a very lovable girl with light hair and blue eyes, while I was brunette and, well, anything but lovable. As we grew, this friendship grew, and soon we were inseparable companions.

“In spite of our dependence upon each other, Elsie and I decided to go to different colleges. Deep in our hearts we wanted to continue our schooling together, but neither would give up her college plans.

“Soon the time arrived for us to take our separate paths. Among our many vows and promises was one which both thought unnecessary, but which we nevertheless solemnly agreed upon. This was the promise that, if for any reason either of us was in need of the other, she would place a candle in the window. We were positive that somehow the other would see this candle. It seems ridiculous, doesn't it? (Here again the forced smile.) “But we were so sure—I guess we were mistaken.

“Well, after two years at college I eloped with an artist. We were very happy at first in our two tiny rooms, but soon the novelty wore off. Instead of buying food and clothing with the little money he got from his pictures, my husband bought

whiskey. I was wretched. Too proud to write to my family, even to Elsie, I would rather have starved than let them know of my condition. I had at least shelter, and with the bits of money had got from the few remaining jewels I managed to keep hidden. But this was not to last for long. My husband was killed in a drunken brawl, and I was forced to give up what I had learned to call home.

“I spent several nights with a friend, a dancer; but she, poor thing, had hardly enough room for herself, much less for me. Soon I found a room, a terrible—but, my dear, you can see for yourself; for I have not moved since then. It was the only place I could find where I did not have to pay immediately. Heaven only knows why I was allowed to stay here at all.

“I had no possible way to make a living except to do odd jobs—menial tasks; but these I did gladly, anything to make a few cents. It did not take very much of this sort of life to wear me completely out; and soon I became desperately ill. The woman who had the room next to mine was kind enough to get a doctor; and after many weary weeks I recovered. The doctor told me that I must not continue the work I had been doing; that if I did, he could not be responsible for the outcome. He added, however, that if I took care of myself I would probably live longer than he would. Jokingly, I took his hand in my own and in a most serious manner began to examine his palm. ‘I see by this line that you will live only a few months.’ The doctor laughed and suggested that I take up fortune-telling as a vocation. I followed his advice.

“At first I could hardly make a living, but after several years I became fairly well known as Madame Petraski, Palmist, and it is only recently that I have been in poor health and suffering from want of food. Perhaps you wonder why I did not move during my prosperity. You see, the place is well suited to fortune-telling. The atmosphere is perfect for a palmist—at least, my customers thought so. It was much more romantic for them to come to a dishevelled room on this street than to a more pretentious place up town. And my candle—” Here the poor creature’s voice dropped to a whisper. “But that doesn’t matter any more.” The tears were falling fast now. I fear that there

were tears on my own cheek. "Every night since my husband's death I have put a candle in the window hoping against hope that Elsie would see it and find me. How I have longed to have Elsie's arms about me and her soft cheek against my own! But after all these years—well, I guess it is just as well that the candle burned out."

* * * *

As I held my cousin closely to me, I was afraid to breathe, afraid that I might blow out the tiny spark of life in her body, even as the wind had blown out the candle's spark of life.



Chickens

By HELEN FELDER

WHAT an unsuspecting creature is that downy bit of fluff called a "biddy"! How trustfully it receives its daily food from the hands of its keeper! With what gratitude it perceives its enemies driven away by its master! Little does it know that such an act has a selfish motive behind it.

From the early stages of its life it learns to love the one who takes care of it. All the world seems more beautiful and bright when seen through the rosy haze of happiness. Thus reasons the biddie.

But it is not forever a chick. Wisdom and skepticism come with the renewed acts of kindness on the part of the keeper. Still, however, trust is not supplanted by doubt in the chicken's feelings until real proof of man's duplicity arrives in a final, quick stroke.

The master calls; the loving chicken runs in answer. The cruel axe is the only other witness to the terrible scene. Yet, perhaps the chicken does not begrudge the sacrifice of its life in return for the kindness of the keeper. Stranger things than that have happened in the annals of the world. But with the chicken's death, its trust dies; and trust is a gem. Yet the world heeds it not. History goes on, but the unsuspecting biddie has no place in its pages. It is forgotten.



PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

STOCKTON, *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast*

This book is very interesting and thrilling. It tells of the buccaneers and pirates who robbed the English, French, and Spanish merchant vessels while on their way to and from America while this nation was young. The pirates got on board ships, killed men, women and children with their knives or swords, took the things they wanted, and kept the ship for themselves or burned it. If you have heart failure or nightmare don't try to read this book. If you do read it, don't try to find another so interesting as it is.

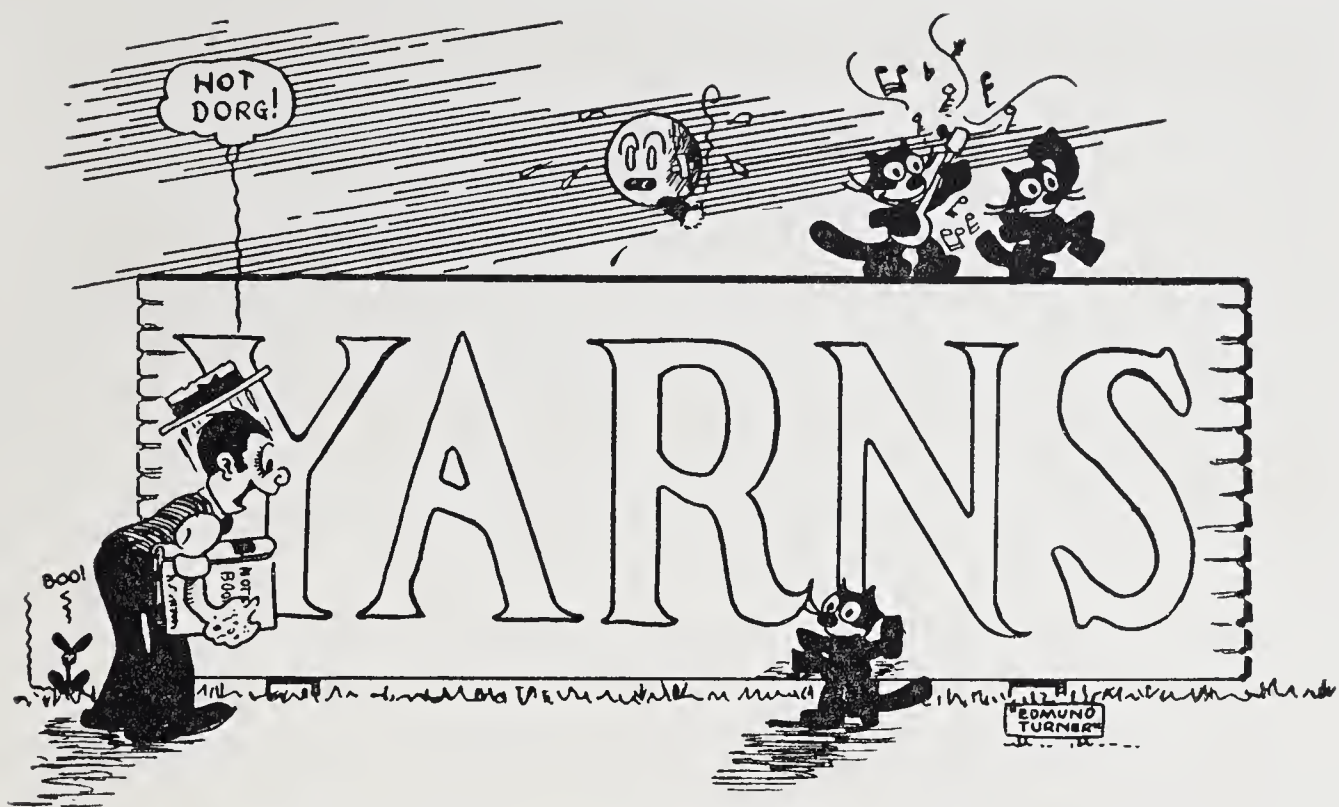
Jesse McGraw

RITTENHAUSE, *The Little Book of Modern Verse*

I read *The Little Book of Modern Verse*, by Rittenhouse. It is not a formal anthology as its name might imply, for nearly all anthologies stop short of this group of poets. Only those people who are in close touch with the trend of American literature know what the poets of today give to it.

The poems in *The Little Book of Modern Verse* are short and do not have a very deep meaning. They are songs of spring and love and birds. The one I liked best was "Daguerrentype" written by William Vaughn Moody. The one I thought was the prettiest was "The Rosary" by Robert Cameron Rogers.

Tallullah Matheny



Flowers That Bloom In The Spring Tra-La

By ELIZABETH UMBERGER

Beauty was at its highest. A late spring day was nearing its end. The setting sun with its bright iridescent glow seemed to caress the whole earth, so newly green, and to intoxicate his entire being. As he walked—all but ran down the boulevard—the birds cheered life with their most powerful outbursts of trills. He beamed on everything and everyone. They, in turn, smiled knowingly. It was as if he himself were a long way off from his body. The boy was drunk with joy. Once he interrupted his whistling solo long enough to acknowledge a comment from a passing friend; another time he spared a hand just to touch the brim of his new straw hat in recognition of old Miss Cummings. What? Could she possibly have decided to get a new bonnet for this season! It was in the air. One could see it, feel it, smell it. Oh, what's that poem of Browning's or Tennyson's: "The year's at the spring—ta-da-da-da." Then "God's in His Heaven, all's right with the world." What a poet—wonderful! Some day he would write and tell him so.

She had accepted him!



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by DOROTHY LEA

“I believe that you have started something in the Greensboro High School, and hope that it will continue and prosper.”—*Mr. Archer.*

“I enjoyed HOMESPUN very much. It is unique in its name and division of parts, neatly bound; and, best of all, the material in it is very creditable. May I wish for its continued success.”—*Miss Lillian Killingsworth.*

“Your beginning is even better than I anticipated.”—*Mr. L. H. Edwards, Asheville, N. C.*

“I wish to congratulate you on the little magazine entitled HOMESPUN. I am very anxious to keep all the copies.”—*Beatrice Williams.*

“Congratulations.”—*Christopher Morley, Roslyn Heights, New York.*

“The opening number of HOMESPUN is very good.”—*Hi-Life, Ashland, Kentucky.*



Resolutions

By HILDA SMITH

For this big problem of resolves
I've only two solutions:
Just keep your head the whole year through
And make no resolutions.

