HOMESPUN

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

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

Volume IV December · 1928 Number 2

Contents


"—Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

THE WEAVE

"Of Wondrous Things"

Louis Brooks

I stood alone with the stars
And bared my soul to the realities of life,
And I wept for a time,
Bitter tears coming up out of a well of despair,
Choking me with their grief.
I wept because I thought life futile.

The moon came out,
A dim distant glow in an army of stars,
And I no longer wept,
For a light had pierced my soul.
Suddenly I knew that there were things
Beyond all reach of futility,
Untouched by human finiteness,
Unaltered by human failing.
And I was glad,
Rejoicing in the wonders of life.

A Chemical Wonder

Elizabeth Boyst

Never before has the chemist played so large a part in the life of man as he does today. While scientific inventors have been busy perfecting the automobile, the aeroplane, and the radio, the chemist also has been busy. He has been working on and striving for those things which will aid the progress of the world. So great has been his success that the results of his experiments are used in practically every large manufacturing plant throughout the country.

In the past sixty or seventy years the chemist has obtained one remarkable result that can almost be placed on a level with anything else he has ever done. He has achieved that which by many is considered a miracle. He has invented a fiber, a new textile.

Almost from the beginning of time man has used silk, wool, cotton, and linen for clothing. He seemed content with these four textiles. No addition was made to their world until about four decades ago. Then man, through the chemist, invented a new fiber—one which surpasses all others in that it is the only textile that man invented which is spun and woven for human needs.

Years and years ago, about five thousand to be more exact, there lived in China a beautiful Chinese Empress, the Lady of Si-ling. Her husband was the famous Emperor, Huong-ti. One day when she was walking in the garden of the palace, she noticed on a mulberry leaf a small, pale green worm, which was very ugly. She did not scream, but went very close to it. There she could see that it seemed to be wrapping a tiny thread around itself, forming what we call a cocoon. Si-ling sent for the Emperor, and together they watched this worm. The tiny thread fascinated the Empress, so when the worm was completely covered, she carefully unwound this delicate covering and wove from it the first piece of silk ever made. From that time on the growing of silkworms has been one of the chief occupations of China. Even now, when the season for hatching the eggs comes, the Chinese have a feast for the Lady of Si-ling, their goddess of silk.

At that time the Chinese were the only people who knew how to make silk. They guarded their secret carefully. However, a time came when they had to share it with another country. A Chinese princess going to Persia carried in her very elaborate headdress the eggs of the silkworm and the seed of the mulberry tree. Gradually the secret spread westward from the Ganges Valley into the state of Central Asia. Two Persian monks carried the silkworm eggs to Constantinople in hollow canes. Then they were carried to Greece and to England and Spain. So about three thousand years after its discovery that which at one time was known to only two people, had become the knowledge of practically all of Europe and Asia.

Throughout all of these years the silkworm ate only one thing for its food—the cellulose from the oak and the mulberry leaves.

About sixty years ago a French chemist tried to duplicate the work of the silkworm. For the basis of his experiments he used the food of the worm—cellulose. This chemist did not succeed. He was not able to make the silk. By his own methods he could not reproduce the results of the silkworm. Neither did he find a substitute for silk. Instead he invented an entirely new textile.

So great has been the reception of this new fiber by man that in the half-century of its existence it ranks third among the textiles. However, it has one outstanding advantage over the other textiles, in that it is not dependent on anything which has a varying size or quality. Just as long as plant life continues there will be enough cellulose to stabilize the manufacture of this new textile.

This textile is not artificial silk. It is an entirely new fiber, and unlike cotton and linen, it is an animal fiber. Because of this it has been given an entirely new name. It has been given a name which will always identify it as a different fiber with qualities of its own—rayon. Probably the best way to learn how rayon is made is to start from the beginning with the tree and go through all the processes:

It is mid-winter in the Maine woods. The tall spruce trees tower to a height of forty or fifty feet. The soft snow lying deep on the ground forms a smooth contrast against the lower

branches of the evergreens. A dozen lumberjacks enter. That they are powerful men can easily be seen even though their real size is hidden beneath their heavy clothing. The quiet scene of a few minutes before becomes one of action. The noise of the saws cutting their way through the hearts of the giant trees, the talk of the men as they work, and the final crack of the trees followed by smothered thuds as they fall, break the stillness of the air. These men stay until they fell all the trees of proper size. Then they break camp, load the trees on huge sleds, and travel up to the river. Behind is left a large area throughout which the smaller evergreens remain alone to watch over the stumps—the grave-markers of the larger trees.

In the spring these logs, each having been cut to a length of about four feet, are floated down the river to a pulp mill. There the bark is removed from them and the knots are taken out by machinery. These skinned logs are cut into small cubical chips which are bruised by being passed between two heavy iron bars, forming the pulp.

The pulp is sent from the mill to the rayon factory. It is first cooked in a large boiler to remove the resin, gums, and foreign matters from the natural cellulose. This mass is thoroughly washed and bleached. It is then passed through several processes which form the alkali cellulose, the cellulose xanthate, and the cellulose solution. This last is a thick liquid which resembles molasses in color and consistency. The cellulose solution is spun into thread, and the threads are reeled into skeins. These in turn are prepared for the textile mills where they are woven into cloth. It is by this viscose method that the best rayon is now made.

Every day chemistry is accomplishing wonders. When man, through the chemist, can invent a fiber—the only one ever made by human hands—and when he can make it rank as an equal with those textiles which have been in use for thousands of years, then without doubt that man, the chemist, holds an important place in our life today.

Sir Percival—Knight Errant

Susan Gregory

Percival Granger was a regular he-man. He scorned anything the least bit effeminate. He seemed to think that to wash one's ears and hands and face, to be polite to one's elders, and to study was the height of that dreaded she-masculine state, sissiness.

When he came to school in the morning there was usually a huge scowl on his freckled face, which bespoke of cave-man qualities and actions. His flaming red hair seemed to have been given a lick and a promise (mostly a promise), and his shoes were *always* untied.

Now Percival had been afflicted from birth because of his name. Gosh! how he *did* hate his name! "Percival" sounded like it belonged to another Lord Fauntleroy, with curls and all those ruffles and things.

But most of all he hated girls. All they were were little old tattle-tales dressed up in a lot of ribbons and dresses. They were positively disgusting. A fellow could never get away from those darned little cuties. They hung around school all the time, giggling, and making eyes at that little mummy, Harold Thompson. He was another of Percival's pet abominations. What on earth anybody could see in *that* dude was beyond the masterful mind of our hero. He was just the kind to attract those silly little flappers, anyhow. The only decent girl in the whole school was "Tomboy" Taylor. Now *that* was a real girl. She liked to do things boys did, and she shared Percy's dislike of Harold.

"Tomboy" worshipped Percival, her knight errant. She loved his funny red hair and bashful grin and freckled face; and it must be admitted that Percival was secretly very much at the attentions of Miss Taylor, and returned, to some extent, the affections lavished on him. At least he returned them until the miracle happened, and then all else was wiped out of his mind.

Sally Turner gave a party and invited Percival to attend. Percival was forced to honor the merry-makers with his presence, because his mother was Sally's mother's best friend.

On his arrival at the party he slumped down in a big chair in the gay hall and prepared himself for the usual boredom which was customary on such occasions. Hardly had he sat down, though, before he was aware that he was not alone.

There before him stood a golden vision. She was a dream with hair that looked like sunshine. Her dress was a fairy creation of pink ruffles, and she smiled at her escort, Harold, with the reddest of lips, and the most sparkling of eyes.

Hardly had she passed, before it dawned on Percival that a perfectly divine angel had descended on the party. She was not a girl. She was an angel, and what an angel! If heaven were like that, he'd be a cherub, so that he could gain her presence, and he immediately began to regret all the wicked things he'd done in his sixteen short years.

He sat down to plan a mode of attack. He decided that first, maybe, he'd better get an introduction, so rising from his seat he rushed into the next room and grabbed Harold, chummily, by the arm. "I say, ole pal, introduce me to the girl friend, won't you?" (He tried to appear very nonchalant, but was literally quaking in his boots.)

Harold, with a very condescending air, drawled, "Miss Thurston, may I present Mr. Granger?"

"Howdi-do," stammered Percival with an awkward grin, and a peculiar feeling that his face was in a furnace.

"I'm *so* glad to meet you," gurgled Miss Thurston; "I'm really just thrilled to death."

Percival's heart took a dangerous leap, and the accelerator started pumping much, much faster than was good for its owner.

"Shall we go out on the porch?" asked the Miracle.

"L-let's do," was the reply.

Thrusting her arm into his, the two walked (on clouds, Percy thought) to the garden. There they found a bench and cozily sat down.

"Do you know," cooed the angel by his side, "I really believe it was by the hand of fate that I met you. The boy of my dreams has always had red hair and freckles, and I almost fainted tonight when I was introduced."

"Is it very beautiful?" asked Percy, irrelevantly.

"Is what very beautiful?"

"Oh, heaven, the golden streets and all. I've heard so much about it. I wondered if it was really as wonderful as they say."

"Heaven? But I've never been there."

"What? Oh, of course. Please pardon me, Miss—Miss Angel. I was thinking out loud," and our hero relapsed into a rather awkward silence.

"Oh, you do have the loveliest, most original thoughts, and please call me by my first name, Jacqueline. I know what let's do. Let's pretend that you're Sir Percival, King Arthur's favorite, and I'll be Elaine, the lily maid of Astolat."

"What—what did you say?" stammered our hero, scarcely believing his ears. "That I'm to be Percival?" and his despised name rose rapidly to the hundredth mark in his own estimation.

"Tell me, Percival, what do you play on the football team?"

"Me? Oh, I play quarter," answered the quarterback of the third string.

"Oh, lovely, I know you're wonderful. I can hardly wait to see the game Friday week, and see you star."

"Oh, no, I'm afraid you got me wrong. I play quarterback on the ——."

"Yes, I know. You said you did."

"But—but—"

"Say, Percy, how long are you going to keep Jacqueline out here in the cold?" interrupted a sneering voice, and looking up Percival beheld a green-eyed monster in the person of Mr. Harold Thompson.

"Come on, Jack. Let's go in," said Harold, and taking her masterfully by the arm, he escorted her into the house.

Percival, thus crudely brought back to life's ugly realities, shuddered, and dreamily returned home.

All night he tossed and turned as he thought of his lady love, but his dreams were just a wee bit dampened when he remembered that Elaine thought he was quarterback on the first team. Well, no need to worry. He had a whole week to explain about that, and with this procrastination he drifted off into the land of slumber,

in which were mixed angels, and pink dresses, and violet eyes, and green-eyed monsters, and knights and ladies of the days of yore.

The next morning at school a marked change was noted in Mr. Granger's appearance. He was actually clean, even behind the ears; his fingernails were manicured to a delicate pink, and his face was freshly powdered. A broad grin wreathed his good-natured face, and he seemed at peace with the world, and on mighty good terms with heaven.

All day his head was in the clouds, and he pictured himself waiting at an altar for a pink and white angel, who was floating down the aisle toward him.

The next week was the same, and poor "Tomboy" was at her wits' end, not knowing whether to slap her lost lover, or whether to call the insane asylum.

Friday, the great day, arrived, and Percival had still forgotten to tell his Elaine that he was on third string. The boys were dressing for the game. Percy was in rapturous ecstasies over his love. Harold came in and started dressing. He was quarterback on the first team.

Something fell from Harold's pocket, but he did not notice it. However, Percival saw a pink paper with a familiar writing on it, and picking it up, he very deliberately read it. "Darling," it began. Harold's interest rose sky-high.

Perusing it further, the contents were something like this:

"Darling:

I know you'll win the game for your Jacqueline. Is that funny little red-headed boy going to play?

Don't forget, dearest, that I love you.

YOUR JACK."

Percival had turned a peculiar greenish color, and suddenly felt forced to take a seat upon the floor.

Dazedly he completed his dressing. Dazedly he walked out on the field and dazedly took his seat on the bench. Then suddenly his mind cleared; he began to mutter, "Vixen—liar—deceiver—all girls are liars."

By this time his flaming red hair was shooting little fiery red darts through him. With clinched teeth and tight fists he swore valiantly, "I'll make her sorry. See if I don't. Just see."

Then the whistle blew. The game was on—first quarter, 0-0; second quarter the other side scored a touchdown; end of half 6-0 in favor of the other side.

In the third quarter Harold made a bad play and was put out of the game. The second substitute was sent in. He got hurt at the beginning of the fourth period, and Percival was called. As he went out on the field, he murmured, "Revenge or death!"

The score was still 6-0. It was their ball. They tried a pass. Suddenly the ball came right at our hero. He caught it and flew, literally flew. Every one who advanced to tackle him was beaten back. His red hair was serving its purpose. He was the Knight Percival, and he was fighting a green-eyed monster with two heads, one of which had golden hair and violet eyes.

The goal—the goal. There—he made it. A touchdown—and the extra point, too.

The game was over. He had won it. As he emerged victorious from the field he felt a light tap on his shoulder and turning, he found himself gazing into the most violet of violet eyes.

"That was wonderful," said a soft voice.

But Percival gave a short laugh and turned his back. Then he perceived a familiar boyish figure. Grabbing "Tomboy's" arm, he whispered, "I killed the green-eyed monster, and now, please kick me in the slats."

Butterflies
Are enchanted things,
Released from prison
Only to die.

Douglas Long

The Call of Autumn

Dixon Thacker

There's something in the autumn
That makes my poor heart ache
For the land I've left behind me—
Left for Bobbie's sake.

Now, France is my old homeland,
But Bobbie—love—now he
Comes from the state of Georgia—
Quite far from France, you see.
I met my Bobbie in the war.
I was a nurse; he was a "Yank."
I nursed the sick and dressed their wounds,
While he—my Bobbie—drove a tank.

"They" got him then, one day—the dogs,
Right in the leg—a shot.
For three long days he lived beyond,
And I sat by his cot.
At last he raised his swollen lids;
His eyes were shot with pain,
And in my own he saw the truth—
He'd never walk again.

And now I'm here in Georgia.
I'm Bobbie's wife, you know,
And I'm his "constant comforter,"
For—oh, I love him so! But—
There is something in the autumn
That makes me think of France,
That makes me long to touch her soil,
To see my home at Nantes.
How I would love to see "ma mère,"

And kiss her tiny nose,
To place within her wrinkled hand
This madly crimson rose.
I'd even like to see old Pierre
Who used to tease me so,
And by the river's edge, with him,
Watch ships that come and go.

"Oui, oui, mon cherè. I'm coming now.
Did I seem gone so long?
I only stopped to pick this rose
And hear the cricket's song.
You want a drink? Hand me the glass.
I'll get it for you, dear."

I wonder if he saw it there—
That hateful, telling tear.

The Work of Pasteur

Henry Weiland, Jr.

In a little city in France, in the year 1822, there was born a boy, Louis Pasteur by name, who was destined to become famous as a scientist. As a boy he possessed considerable talent for drawing, was exceedingly conscientious, and never guessed at conclusions. He displayed dogged persistence, clearness of thought, and keenness of vision that was essential in making him one of the world's foremost scientists. During his youth his father instilled into him a never-failing love of his country. He attended a school at Paris, and later entered Ecole Normale at Paris, where he determined to devote his life to science. His interest grew, and in his enthusiasm he cried out that the days were too short and the nights too long.

It was while at the Ecole Normale that Pasteur acquired a deep interest in crystals and their formation. He experimented with them and examined them very closely by use of the microscope. His friends discouraged him, but that same dauntless spirit that he displayed in youth still drove him on, until he had made one of the greatest discoveries ever made about crystals. When he had come to the conclusion of his experiment, he rushed out into the corridor, embraced the first passerby, and took him into his laboratory that he might explain his idea. For this discovery he obtained immediate recognition.

This famous scientist then started lecturing and teaching, from which, however, he was soon called to help his country. Wine, so much used in France, frequently "went bad." People did not know the cause, so they appealed to this young genius for aid. He investigated, and found that tiny organisms found in the air caused it. As a remedy for this trouble he prescribed a process that is still used. Later he was called upon to solve a similar problem for the beer-brewers. This he also did successfully.

From that task he was called to southern France, where the silkworms, the source of a good deal of French wealth, were suffering from a disease that threatened to ruin the industry. With his faithful microscope the scientist went to work. Before he had finished his task, however, he was stricken with partial paralysis, and lay for days at death's door. In what he thought would be his last words he expressed his regret at not being able to help his country more. He recovered, however, and after a long struggle found the cause of the silkworm disease and prescribed a remedy.

Then France became involved in the Franco-Prussian War. He tried to enlist, but was reminded that a paralytic could not perform the duties of a soldier. He therefore went to work on the study of micro-organisms, in an effort to determine the causes of diseases among man. "Perhaps," he said when he was partially successful, "I can save more lives than were lost in the Franco-Prussian War."

He went into the hospitals and enforced the sterilizing of the instruments and the use of sterilized bandages. Another scientist,

Lord Lister, had done somewhat the same work in England, but the French genius, with little or no knowledge of Lister, accomplished an even greater victory on the continent.

The diseases of cattle and fowl then attracted his attention. He went to work on this and accomplished wonders. The president of an agricultural society gave him forty-eight sheep, two goats, and ten cattle for demonstration purposes. Work was begun, and half of the animals lay dead on the ground, while the inoculated ones walked about with every evidence of perfect health. The disease was no longer feared.

The crowning achievement of Pasteur's whole life was accomplished in 1885. He produced at that time a vaccine which robbed hydrophobia, the disease caused by the bite of a mad dog, of all its terrors. Before he had tried his vaccine on any person, the mayor of a country town brought to him a boy who had recently been bitten. With the faith of one who knows his ground the scientist began administering the fluid. For days and nights he watched over the boy and at last brought him back to health.

In his later years he found the treatments for some of the world's most dreaded diseases. It was he who founded the practice of using antitoxins which are developed in the blood of animals for the cure of diseases. During the last seven years of his life he devoted his time to organizing the wonderful work in bacteriology. He died in 1895, and now the body of that greatest of all scientists, Louis Pasteur, lies in a crypt at the base of an institution built in his honor.

Jazz
Is an outlaw
Ruling the dancing world.

Ruth Jones

Thomas Paine

Clyde Norcom

To live a life stranger than fiction, to possess a disgusting personality, and at the same time to be influential, magnetic, and respected are factors that must certainly indicate a most unusual being. Such a person was Thomas Paine, the powerful Revolutionary patriot.

This interesting figure is pictured as one who was rarely ever sober, who scarcely ever took a bath, and who allowed his finger nails to grow like claws. Such statements by historians may, of course, be exaggerated. It seems that he would not have been welcomed to such society as he was if his habits had been as disgusting as pictured. However, those who loved freedom admired and respected him for his indomitable will and earnest soul, and forgot his untidy habits.

History has branded Paine as a traitor and an infidel of the blackest kind. But in spite of this he is revealed as possessing a soul that was touched by the needs of humanity. Even though he is represented as betraying trusts, he is accounted with putting the principles of the American Revolution into action. He, it is said, kindled the fire that burns today—patriotism.

Paine possessed a frank and independent spirit, which, no doubt, led to the ill-will against him. In his early days he was a government tax collector, but instead of collecting taxes, he thought about the philosophy of taxation and published some information concerning this which, of course, forthwith brought about his dismissal. The charge against him was that of smuggling, but his pamphlet on taxation was of course the real cause. His independent manner was again displayed when as a member of the French Assembly he voted against the death of the king and was thrown into prison.

It is said that only a working man can sympathize with the overtaxed and oppressed. Paine's early life acquainted him with all the conditions of under-privileged people, and therefore he was

able to make an earnest fight for American Independence. He was by birth an Englishman; yet in 1775 he was daring enough openly to advocate a speedy separation of the colonies.

Paine was, no doubt, skeptical in his religious views, but, regardless of that, it may be true that "God can write straight, even on a crooked line." His compiled letters, "The Crisis," certainly served to infuse courage into the sinking spirits of the soldiers in 1776.

Not only did Paine have the ability to express himself, but there was in him an importunate urge to write. Often he would be riding his old war-horse, "Button," and he would let her nibble grass while he scribbled down some idea on an old envelope. This urge is seen plainly in the Revolutionary patriot, for he really formed the pivot of influence in our fight for Independence.

The last thirteen years of Paine's life were spent in France incurring the wrath of Robespierre. There he was thrown into prison and barely escaped the guillotine. He was restored, however, after the downfall of Robespierre. Regardless of consequences he insisted upon having his freedom, and so he attacked Washington's reputation as a general and as president, and upon his return to the United States a year before his death was marked as a traitor.

England alone claims his birthplace, but three countries at his death disputed to honor his dust. He was, however, buried in New York, and a stone monument marked his resting-place. His body was removed nine years later to England. If it had not been for the fact that his coffin was found empty, his bones would now be in the Pantheon at Paris. France demanded him to be placed there with the illustrious who gave their lives for the cause of freedom. And it does seem altogether fitting and proper that this great champion of freedom should rest close by the graves of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Victor Hugo.

Time alone really marks a man for what he is, that is, by his contributions and accomplishments. Paine's life is filled with bold and daring events, and here and there a sad note enters in. Historians declare this patriot as a real human and today we recognize him as such.

Who?

Irvin Blackwood

Shadows everywhere. It seemed to the lanky, country schoolteacher that they must infest the whole earth, for in every direction shadows, gigantic and midget, seemed staring at him. He hurried on down the road, trying to escape the oppressed gloom. This, however, seemed impossible, for in every direction shadows were lined up as of a great army lying in wait for their foe.

Truly he was frightened, for there had been strange tales set adrift by they knew not whom, which said that lonely ghosts, horrible beyond description, were accustomed to wander along this portion of the road. He had to go on, for his cabin was only a half-mile's distance and this was the only way to reach it. So with bated breath and thumping heart he hurried along, fearing to glance either to the right or the left, but staring straight ahead, like a prisoner who has just received his death sentence.

He had gone, perhaps, a quarter of a mile when there came a whirring and flapping behind him and a dark shadow passed overhead. He gasped, quivered, screamed, and then broke into a run —or rather a gallop, for no human being could look on his ambling wobble and grace it with the name of running—which simply ate up the ground as a hungry boy devours ice cream; yet, in spite of his best efforts, the shadow continued to hover around him. At last, when it seemed that he must lose this race for life, he reached his cabin, where—gasping and sputtering for breath—he fell in the door and closed it with a bang.

Outside a little shadow perched serenely on a limb and gave vent to a long-drawn-out, "Who, who, who." Now, I ask you, kind reader, what could that have been?

Underwater Wonders

Elizabeth Leak

Who has not longed to see the mysteries and beauties of underwater life; to see how fish and turtles live and act in their native haunts? At Silver Springs, Florida, Nature has drawn aside the curtain and made visible these amazing wonders of marvelous foliage and flowers, shell and rock formations, all underwater in a land of their own.

Writers and great speakers from all over the world have tried to express in their language the wondrous beauties of it, but even they have failed to tell of the amazement one experiences at the sight of these underwater marvels.

A view from shore gives no conception of what is beneath the water, for nowhere in the world has Nature assembled such a display of sub-aquatic wonders as are visible through the glass-bottomed boats at Silver Springs.

Some one has said, "Silver Springs has caught the blue of Capri, the gold of the Orient, and the silver of the moonlight, and knitted them together under her crystal waters to enchant and draw us back."

"The Bridal Chamber" is eighty-one feet deep, and as the glass-bottomed boats glide over this world-famous spot, a guide relates the sad but enchanting legend of those two disappointed lovers, Claire Douglas and Bernice Maga. Here shells and crystals brought up by the water form a realistic bridal veil studded with pearls and gems.

"Turtle Meadow," another enchanting spot, is thirty feet beneath the surface. It is the home of seventeen varieties of turtles which are seen grazing on the underwater vegetation.

"Silver Springs" is the living panorama of a world unknown to those who have not seen beneath its surface.

In the Autumn

Mary Long Benbow

There is something in the autumn—
I can feel it in the air—
It is closing slowly 'round us—
It is creeping everywhere!

There is magic color in it,
As it tints each shiny leaf—
It is full of golden sunshine,
That can warm away our grief.

And the purple asters blooming,
Have transformed the garden wall—
They catch the autumn's breezes
And enchant the coming fall.

The birds are flying southward —
They are winging swiftly on—
They are screeching back their greetings
To this lovely autumn's dawn.

There is something in the autumn—
I can feel it in the air—
It is closing slowly 'round us—
It is creeping everywhere!

Shadows
Are ghostly watchmen,
Faithful and true.

Linwood Beaman

The Chemical Rainbow

Louise Cheek

Color has always been a dominant factor in human life. History records numerous associations with colors. We read that as a sign of love, Joseph's coat was made of many colors. The Roman noblemen wore a robe of purple as a sign of honor. Thus it is that color is used to represent distinction and to express human emotions. This expression of emotions is found in the use of clothing of humans to enhance their natural beauty.

In nature color abounds; it is present in the trees, the flowers, and in the sky. The time was when man sought colors from this source. However, in this day of science, chemistry has created colors, or dyes; in fact, has given man a very rainbow of colors.

The sources of early dyestuffs were small and limited. A mollusk found along the Tyre River gave the gorgeous purple of the Romans. To make even a small amount of dye, thousands of these small animals were required. It is for that reason that the dye was so precious. Another animal source of dyes was the "coccus cacti." These small bodies were found on the cactus native to Mexico and Central America. Cochineal was the name of the scarlet dye obtained thus.

Animals, however, were not the only source of color; vegetables also made their contribution. Indigo, native to India, made excellent blue dye. When the leaves of the new plant died, they turned blue, and the dye was extracted from them. The production of indigo was so important that England built up an extremely profitable trade. Even in American history, the value of this plant as an import is often mentioned. Clothing found in graves, in ancient Hindoo work, and in the tombs of Egypt show examples of the use of this dye even in those days.

Yellow, another primary color, was extracted by the Greeks from the yellow crocus. It was called saffron, a color mentioned frequently in Greek mythology. In the colonial days in our country, sweet apple bark and yellow wood supplied the yellow

color. When it was extracted from the yellow wood tree, it was known as fustic.

An extremely important vegetable dye was the madder root which yielded red, purple, and brown. This was cultivated extensively in France and found also in America. The juices of blackberries, huckleberries, peaches, and grapes were used to stain light fabrics. In the mountains of North Carolina and elsewhere the barks of different trees were converted into dyestuff through a process of boiling. Several recipes for such work were to be found among the thrifty folk. One instruction stated that the bark of blackjack when boiled with alum made an excellent green solution.

Despite their knowledge of the various dyes, these people did not know what really gave the color. Chemistry was formally called alchemy, which dealt largely with mysticism. Every phenomenon which the alchemist could not explain was attributed to the work of some spirit—usually an evil one. Gradually, however, there was a breaking down of this old order and the modern chemist made his appearance. It was the work of the creative branch of science which understood the natural production of dyes and was able to reproduce the same in the laboratory.

One day a young chemist was working in his laboratory in London. He was trying to make quinine; instead he got a black, sticky mass. When he attempted to wash the tube in alcohol, a brilliant purple solution was obtained. William Henry Perkins was the young man's name. As he was a chemist, he wanted to know the why of it. This purple solution became known as mauve, the first aniline dye. In this we have the beginning of the chemical rainbow. From the depths of the earth coal was obtained; this in turn made coal tar which was the black mass in his tube. Coal tar, through the process of destructive distillation, gives off ten substances known as benzene, toluene, phenol (common carbolic acid), napthalene (moth balls), cresol, xylene, phenanthracene, anthracene, methyl, and carbarzol. These have no color themselves and are known as aromatic, because of their peculiar odor. Since they are lacking in color it is necessary for a chemist to go a step further. He knows about molecules and how they hook up

to form different substances. For a long time scientists could not see how to connect the molecules so that a dye would result. Eventually, however, a German chemist, Kekulé, made a plan as to what the molecules would do. So, like an architect, the man visualized the molecular form of dyes, and gave to the world synthetic colors. Step by step coal, coal tar, benzene, "intermediaries," then mauve was produced.

The advantage of these synthetic dyestuffs lies in their variety and adaptability. Any tint or shade desired may be made. Different dyes may be applied to various fabrics.

Such work before the war was mainly in the hands of the Germans. It was necessary for Great Britain and America to import dyes from her. When the war was on, the two countries were forced to rely upon their own resources. This fact gave rise to the dye industry in America which is today a very essential trade.

So far has the chemist advanced in the creation of dye that now there is no natural dye which cannot be reproduced in the laboratory. The huge madder fields of France are gone; the Tyrian mollusk no longer gives the royal purple; and it is possible to make indigo from three of the crudes obtained from coal-tar. This last discovery has damaged greatly the indigo trade which has flourished for centuries.

Since it is possible for the chemist to convert coal into a beautiful clear blue, red, or yellow, one wonders if there is any limit at all to the power of science.

Butterflies—
Imprisoned spirits,
Seeking freedom.

Ruth Jones

What Then?

Kermit Mitchell

Life has its sad day and the rain
Comes and takes its toll of pain,
And leaves us afraid.

Then the sun, like a smile through tears,
Drives away the petty fears,
And we laugh.

At last, death, with its dark wings spread,
Leaves the body cold and dead.
We say, "What now?"

There is sunshine after the rain,
And laughter after pain;
Life after death?

Colors in the Weave

Petra—The Rose Rock City

Juanita Day

Hundreds of years ago in that historical region near Palestine there was a most unusual city. It was Petra, the rose rock city, situated about sixty miles directly south of the Dead Sea. Before the town was built, a clan of Arabs had wandered back and forth trading and robbing, and repeatedly passing through this section of the country. Later, they gave up such a nomadic existence and decided to build a city.

The site chosen was of exquisite loveliness. It seemed as if Mother Nature had emptied her pot of rose and spattered bits of other colors, too, particularly purple, to make this a spot of beauty rare. The valley, one mile long and about three-fourths that wide, was surrounded on all sides by the greyish hills common to that part of the country. The only entrance to the place was effected by a road leading down from a cliff. At the top, the road was broad, but as one followed down, one noticed a decided narrowing, until near the bottom, there was scarcely more than a path. As one approached the end of the steep path, it seemed as if the rocks, high and great, would close in and crush any traveler. Naturally, on account of these overhanging boulders and the resulting darkness, one had a foreboding sense of evil, until suddenly—there burst upon one's view a splendor of golden sunshine on rose and purple rocks. It compelled one to stop, spellbound, and gaze at this wonder of nature. The Arabians had chosen a situation where there could be absolute seclusion, which could easily be defended, and which was unusually beautiful.

And then, they built their homes out of rock, just cutting away the rock and often carving intricate designs. In addition to the houses there were temples, dedicated to various gods and goddesses; the most beautiful structure was the treasury, the temple dedicated to their supreme goddess, Isis. A large amphitheater was also built, and here all kinds of games, which had been learned from the Greeks, were played. Some of the tombs were of enormous size, and were skillfully designed.

The inhabitants of Petra were savage at heart, but they set themselves to the acquisition of culture. They mingled with many people outside of the rock city, but they never allowed traders from any foreign place to enter Petra. These Arabians were quick to learn, and as a result gained many civilizing forces. The king was truly a king there, and all deference was shown to the royal family.

These straight, tall men traded with the Bedouins on one side and the Jews on the other. At first their policy was one of dishonesty, but they soon learned that they could profit much more by being honest and hard. While the men were gaining wealth galore for the tribe, the women were managing the homes, in much the same way that women all through the ages have done. These Arabic women were beautiful; especially were their large dark eyes beautiful. The whole tribe was unusual, as is shown by the fact that even when they became very wealthy, they did not seem to be corrupted. The women always showed extreme loyalty to their men.

So, for many years, this city was a unit in itself, and the people prospered and were happy. Always the rose rock city has been a wonder, and somewhat of a mystery also.

A Human Parasite

Kermit Mitchell

A parasite is said to be an organism which draws its sustenance from some other living thing, and the organism upon which it depends is known as the host. To me, that definition seems a little narrow, for the organism upon which the parasite whom I am to describe depends happens to be a woman; therefore, the definition should be made to include hostess. But, no matter. Definition or no definition, this woman is nevertheless an object upon which a parasite preys.

This woman, who is about eighteen, has a husband whose age exceeds her own by perhaps a half dozen years, and who plays the part of the parasite. The two have been married for about two years, and during this time she has retained her job which, by the way, is a very hard one. It requires that she be on duty at seven o'clock in the morning, and that she work hard all day long. After she gets through at her job, though, the day is only half begun for her, for she must then go home to cook supper for her husband, wash dishes, clean house, and perform the numerous duties a woman finds necessary in order to keep her house straight.

And when Saturday comes around, it is the wife who pays the rent and buys the food and her clothes. It is not that her husband is lazy or unable to pay his bills; on the other hand, he is a hard worker and has established a small business which seems to be a moderate success; yet what he does with his money nobody knows.

His morals and ideals are not high, it is true; still he does nothing that is outstandingly wrong. He is honest enough, and if he drinks, he has failed to give an indication of it.

In disposition, he is usually very cross. If everything does not work as smoothly as it should—say supper is a minute late or the bread slightly overdone—he does not hesitate to show his feelings on the subject, and he can discuss his grievances at length. At other times, he remains silent for quite a while, answering questions only in monosyllables and sometimes not at all.

There is a question as to whether the plight of this couple is the fault of the man or the woman. In this modern age it is not unusual to see a woman working for her family or even working to help her husband along, but it still is the obvious duty of a man to support his wife. This man has violated that essential principle and has revised the rules of society to suit his own personal desires, whims, or ambitions; yet he is not wholly to blame. Part of the fault lies in the woman who allows her husband to become so negligent of his accepted responsibilities.

The developments in this case are interesting, and one grows to wonder if they will turn out to be a happy, contented married couple, or if they will spend their lives in the misery and pain of ignorance. After all, the cause of their trouble is ignorance, and their only hope lies in their seeing their mistake and remedying it.

Autumn Hues

Maenette Graff

Nothing is commonplace at this time of the year; everything is unusual, beautiful. Plain green trees do not bore one now with the same ordinary aspect. They are covered with glowing tints—orange, rusty-gold. Vigorous green grass has changed, too. It makes lawns and little hills look brown, with sunlight peeping through. The sun is a part of these; it no longer labors, burns; it merely looks down, well pleased at autumn. A difference is found in the sky; at times it is a set grey-blue color, yet more often a startlingly solid blue. Flowers have changed their delicate pastel tints for red, yellow, and a clear, clean white. All things stand forth brilliantly—it is autumn.

And the wind blows briskly through leaves and grasses, telling to those who listen and look that autumn is here—see, the world is made of wondrous things!

Shadows

Elizabeth Boyst

An uncanny stillness pervaded the small room. The last rays of the sun threw across the face of the only occupant dark shadows —shadows whose shapes resembled those of bars. Iron bars! Death bars! The face was ugly—in fact, hideous—the face of a thief, of a convict, one would say. Yet there was a tearful sadness in the eyes that suggested a deeper emotion than one would think such a person capable of feeling.

This occupant, seated on a cot, the only furniture in the room, was writing hurriedly. He was trying to finish before the light faded; yet he took the time to say all that he wanted to.

"You knew I hated you. I still hate you. Even though I'm going tonight, I'll continue to hate you. Do you laugh? Well, laugh while you can. You've wrecked my life—wrecked it absolutely. But then you meant to do that, didn't you? You were shrewd. Yes. I'll give you credit for that. You tried to put everything off on me, and in the eyes of the world you succeeded. But you made one slip. You didn't know that I knew. You thought that I'd suspect but that I wouldn't have any proof. Ralph Whitmore, I have enough proof to put you in this cell. I have enough proof to send you in my place to the gallows tonight. Do you shake? Do you tremble?

"But you need not worry. You are safe. And you have your wife to thank for it, too—her whom you've treated like a dog. She loves you. Why, I cannot see, but she does. And I love her. Do you understand what I mean? Do you see that I am doing this for her? I had her until you came along. You sneak! It's not for you. The world will never know. She hates me because she feels that I killed that man, and it was you—you! I am the killer, and you are the poor, grieved friend! Innocent!

"I will not write her. She would not believe me, anyway. It's just as well, for I can't hurt her now after I've restrained my feelings for so long. I just wanted you to know that when in the deep stillness of the night you cannot sleep, when you see a

sneering face looking at you, mocking you, that it is mine. It will follow you, and you won't be able to get rid of it. You will kill yourself. But no! Not that! It would hurt her—she loves you.

"No, Ralph Whitmore, I'll let you go free. I'll say nothing. I'll do nothing. But I'll wish tonight when they put the black cloth over my face and fasten the rope around my neck—."

An uncanny stillness pervaded the small room. The light of the moon threw dark shadows across the wall—shadows whose shapes resembled those of bars. Iron bars! Death bars! There was no one in the room. It was empty of all save a cot beside which lay several soiled sheets of paper. It was a death cell.

Friendship

Clyde Norcom

I think that I shall never find
A friend who's ever true and kind,
Some one who wants always to be
Just a pal to lonely me.

I've hunted north, and east, and west,
And no one seems to meet the test.
Perchance the trouble's all with me—
I'm not the friend I ought to be.

The Death of Lucifer

Louise Cheek

Lucifer seemed to be very fond of me; in fact, I feel that he liked my company too much. Night after night he would disturb my slumbers with his murmuring sounds, until at last I could stand no more. I knew that unless the pest were killed, my disposition would be completely ruined.

Fortunately I remembered a strange thing I had found sometime ago in a swamp. It was a very unusual plant, to be found only in damp, swampy lands. Lying close to the ground were the leaves; and rising from the ground were stems with odd leaves at the end. As if the leaf were made of two parts, it was spread open, thus giving an excellent view of the inside; a sticky fluid was discernable in the bottom; and three sensitive bristles or spikes were found between the two parts. Perhaps the most peculiar thing was the row of stiff projections around the sides of both halves. I noticed that when the leaf was shut, these same hairs interlocked. Later on I understood why.

It was this same plant, called the "Venus Fly-trap," that I brought home with me to be the death of the mosquito, Lucifer. The next time I entered the room I found the insect hovering above the trap-like leaf. Attracted by the odor of the sticky fluid, he flew into the leaf. Instantly the leaf began to close, and soon the bristles interlocked; inside was the mosquito. When again I noticed the plant, this leaf had opened and inside were the remains of the pest.

From this incident I learned the truth of this wonderful plant. It belongs to the insectivorous plant and is one of the most wonderful of them. When an insect is caught in the odd leaves, a digestive process begins and food is assimilated from the victim. It is the peculiar odor of the plant which first attracts the prey; and as soon as the trap closes, a fluid exudes which proves fatal.

In the swamp lands of the jungles there have been tales of monstrous plants capable of entrapping a man. However, the small "Venus Fly-trap" found in the eastern countries attracts only insects.

The Wind's Harp

Grace Hobbs

The wind's harp is silent.
Long ago unstrung
It ceased singing to me.
Its last song is sung
Till the finger of winter
With long, frosty glove
Touch again the cords
And waken the tale of love.

April long since
Has shaken the glittering
Dew from her hair.
And with dainty fingers
Opened the gate of summer time.
But breezes have blown them,
And now they are closed, locked,
And the key is lost.

Autumn has pierced
The sun's heart
With his silver sword
And reddened the sunset skies.
Leaves drop, trembling,
To the bosom of the earth
Like wounded birds
With songs unsung.

A clinging leaf rustles—
Listen!
There is a tremor through the clear air.

Is it the ripple of a silver brook
Or the swan song?—
It is the rebirth of melody—beauty—
The wind's harp is vibrant!
It is singing again
The song of yore.

Dancing Slippers

Lucille Ferree

A tear fell upon the worn silver slippers that were placed beside a trunk filled with antiques and souvenirs. In this tear were mingled memories of happiness and sadness. A finger traced down the spiked heel until it reached a small broken chip at the bottom. The possessor of the finger—a woman aged prematurely by hard work and worry—smiled as cheerfully as she was able as she remembered the circumstances which led to the breaking of the heel.

"Mabel, be careful or you will fall down the steps on those high heels. There—look out! I warned you!"

A curled ball of silver, reminding one of a grey kitten, started slipping down the steps. Before it had passed two or three, however, a gentleman suddenly ran up the steps and caught the little figure. A pair of more surprised than frightened clear, blue eyes gazed up into a pair of honest brown ones. That look was the beginning of an ardent courtship—with only a broken heel as resulting damage.

"And I still love him," a bent form sobbed, "even though he can't give me all I would like to have."

Then she glanced at the toe and tried to wipe off a huge dark smudge imprinted there. She began to laugh joyously.

"Oh, George, I'll never forget that night! I hated you for a few minutes!"

Her eyes began to take on a far-away expression. A spotlight shone on an entrance to a beautifully shadowed ballroom. Two figures—a girl in a flame-colored dress and silver slippers, and a boy in a tuxedo—suddenly appeared. Gracefully, smoothly, the two best dancers of the club dipped and glided to the strains of a Bohemian waltz.

"Steady, Mabel," whispered the boy to the girl, "the next step is the whirl."

Silver, flame, and black intermingled radiantly. There was a moment's hesitation, then the girl bent gracefully to the floor. If one had noticed her face closely, he would have seen a tear trickle slowly down the lovely face and a frown appear between the fine brows.

When the couple had withdrawn from the ballroom, a very excited girl heaped many insulting words upon a staring, surprised boy.

"I was never so mortified in all my life! I thought I would scream if you didn't take your foot off my toe! Oh, you make me so mad! Oh, it's sore!"

How she would like to star like that again, thought the woman sadly. Another tear fell on the silver slippers. This one was filled entirely with regret. Rudely, but with a tender lingering touch, she placed the dancing slippers back among her souvenirs of better times.

Masks
Are sinister things,
Guarding identity.

Douglas Long

'Tis Autumn Everywhere

Henry Weiland, Jr.

When the acorns 're a-fallin'
  An' the leaves 're turnin' red,
An' the birds 're flyin' southward,
  All a-singin' overhead,
'Tis autumn everywhere!

When the hickory nuts an' acorns
  Are a-fallin' all aroun',
An' the puckerin' green 'simmons
  Are a-squashin' on the groun',
'Tis autumn everywhere!

While the snakes an' frogs are hidin'
  In their holes down in the mud,
An' the early frosty mornin's
  Put a tingle in yer blood,
'Tis autumn everywhere!

When the 'possum eats the 'simmons,
  An' then hides up in a tree,
An' the squirrels are gatherin' acorns,
  Jes' as busy as a bee,
'Tis autumn everywhere!

Butterflies—
Brightly colored bits of joy.

Harvey Cavan

Antiques

Anna Wills

I don't like to go to grandma's,
'Cause I don't like antiques.
I can't sit down in any chair
Unless it always squeaks.

I think that it will fall apart
And spill me on the floor.
And then my grandma sure would say,
"Don't do that any more!"

A Queer Specimen

Lucy Crocker

He is an old man—past eighty—and yet his age has nothing to do with the way he acts, for he has always been peculiar. He lives in the ancestral home of his family, miles from any town, and lives to suit himself.

His chief love is an old horse which really gets more food than he himself does. He also is quite fond of his cats.

Some of his ways are very amusing. Once, one of his hens set in a buggy, and he walked everywhere he had to go for two weeks until the chickens were hatched. At night he blows out the light and then puts the cat out. Some one asked why he did this, and he replied that he wished to see if the cat had fire on its tail, as he didn't wish his house set on fire.

The vocabulary of this queer person consists of many large words. When he talks, he always explains the meaning of each

word regardless of his audience. He was once a justice of the peace, so he learned many court terms. These intersperse his speech. He likes to quote the marriage ceremony that he used.

This man lives largely in the past. His wife has been dead some fifteen years, but he never ceases to speak of his "dear wife." She really was cruel to him, but perhaps absence makes the heart grow fonder.

His favorite expression is: "The world is made up largely of fools and fanatics." And doubtless he does not realize that he belongs to the latter class.

Butterflies

Ruth McQuaige

Beautfully colored and intoxicated by the wonder of their marvelous colors, butterflies go through life chasing the happiness of today and caring nothing for tomorrow. Teasing the flowers for their honey, sipping only of the sweets of life, they flutter through their brief existence. Having no homing instinct, they migrate continually, following the warm, cheerful sunlight and the sweet-scented flowers. They themselves are "stemless flowers," floating in the atmosphere, adding brightness to the lives of all who see them.

Frivolous though the butterflies are, their utter loveliness reveals them as the work of a flawless hand. It has been said that a butterfly represents the soul of a worthy person, for both are perfect. In Roman pictures a butterfly on the lips of a person who had died signified that the soul was taking its flight from the body to heaven. Butterflies are assuredly wondrous things.

On Writing Poetry

Carmella Jerome

Here we sit! Nothing on our minds—absolutely nothing! No inspiration enters our dull brains—they are complete blanks. Occasionally one of us scribbles a few words.

"At last! Listen! Here's part of my poem! 'Rose Petals'."

Dramatically Virginia begins to recite:

"Rose petals—
Delicately pink,
Showering down on me—
What could be more lovely
Than their fragrance—their beauty!
I idly gaze at the clouds o'erhead.

"Oh, the dickens! How can I end it?"

"I know, just say, 'I feel as though I'll die, 'cause on my nose there sits a butterfly'."

"Don't be silly! I'm quite serious about this—let's see—'Rose petals'." Her voice mumbles on, saying over and over,

"Rose petals,
Delicately pink."

"Aw, I give up; I'm gonna write a theme. At least you don't have to make a rhyme in those. Anyhow, how could anybody write poetry with a simp like you hanging around?"

"You might make it blank verse. Then you wouldn't have to make it rhyme."

"It'd be blank all right if you wrote it. Really I hadn't thought of that—it could be blank verse. I'll declare—

"Rose petals,
Delicately pink—."

Hallowe'en Conspiracy

Robert Kelly

Act 1—Scene 1

The scene opens on the campus of Bradford College. It is a warm spring day and two boys are seated under the shade of a tremendous oak, studying their lessons (yes, they sometimes do). We shall call these boys Pete Gibby *and* Bill Simmons *for lack of better names. Call them anything you wish; it matters not to the plot. As the curtain rises, one of the boys throws his book at the other one. If the book happens to hit its mark, the victim must remember to curse softly so as not to shock the audience.*

Pete: *(Yawning)* Let's quit, Bill. It's too hot to study and we can get by with old Grumpy, anyway. Besides we've got to figure out something new to do this Hallowe'en.

Bill: *(Instantly becoming interested)* We sure have. Let's get up a good joke on one of our fellow students of another fraternity. Think of some one on whom we waste no love.

Rodney P. McPherson, *a handsome but studious-looking lad, enters from the right and swaggers by with an air of deep thought. He carries himself nobly and appears to be rather haughty.*

Bill: Hello, Rodney, dear. Why the meditation?

Rodney: Er—a—why, hello there, William. I was just thinking of that difficult problem we had in algebra today.

Master Rodney *leaves the stage at the left, accompanied by his air of aloofness.*

Pete: There it goes.

Bill: What?

Pete: Our unsuspecting victim. Now all we have to do is to think up a good joke to play on him.

Bill: *(After thinking a moment)* I'll call up the ugliest girl I can find and tell her that I am Roddy McPherson. I'll say that I met her at a dance last summer. She won't remember me, but I can say that I remember her well, and that I would like to take her to the freshman dance. She will probably accept, as she is not likely to be asked, anyway.

PETE: Yes, then it will be easy to work Roddy. We can get Grace Burnette to call him up and ask him if he will take a very pretty friend of hers to the dance. Then she can tell him the address of the girl that we call.

BILL: Fine, that will be some joke to play on the handsome Rodney.

At this point a very ugly girl enters from the left and walks rapidly down the street leading beside the tree. She exits at the right.

BILL: *(Whispering)* Pete! Pete! Look! There goes the very girl we're looking for. Did you ever see a homelier specimen?

PETE: *(Standing up and looking down the street at the girl)* She is turning in at that big white house with the beautiful lawn. She must live there because she is going in the side yard.

BILL: Wait here a minute until I go down there and ask that gardener who's working out in front of the house what's the name of the girl who lives there. I'll be back in just a second.

BILL *exits at the right and* PETE *begins whistling some college tune and picking up their books.* BILL *returns in a few seconds.*

BILL: I've found out all we need to know. The gardener said that Miss Sue Laurence was the only girl that lived there. Her address is 918 College Avenue.

PETE: Come on, let's make the wires hot and get everything fixed.

The curtain falls as they walk off excitedly.

SCENE 2

This scene takes place in the entrance hall at the freshman dance. Through some large French doors at the right can be heard the soft mumbling of the crowd on the dance floor. The noise is barely audible and sounds as if coming from a considerable distance.

Some music should be played on a victrola at intervals to carry out the effect of the orchestra. This noise continues all through the scene, but it should not be loud enough to interfere with the players. PETE GIBBY *and* BILL SIMMONS *are stationed there to see* RODDY *as he enters with the horrible "femme." They are seated comfortably on a large settee.*

BILL: Won't he feel crestfallen when he brings that girl in here.

PETE: I'll say he will. Grace Burnette told him that it was considered a privilege to take her friend to a dance. I understand he's been talking about what a good time he's going to have tonight.

Enter RODDY, *his face beaming with pleasure. On taking a second look we notice the reason for this burst of happiness, for on his arm is a very beautiful girl exquisitely attired in evening clothes. She is looking up at him as Juliet might have looked at her Romeo, and they do not even notice the two conspirators.*

THE GIRL: But I am sure there is some mistake, for I do not even know Grace Burnette. Besides I'm not visiting here; I live here.

RODDY: Oh, let's not even think of that. Let's have a good time. It was a lucky mistake anyway for me.

THE GIRL: Oh, Rodney.

They walk off absorbed in each other.

PETE: What a couple of fools we've turned out to be. Here we've got our friend Rodney going with the best-looking girl in the place and that is the very girl that we wanted to meet.

BILL: How did things get messed up, anyhow? Did he find out in some way?

PETE: Stay here a minute, and I'll try to find out.

Exit PETE.

BILL: *(He appears to think for a minute, then begins talking slowly to himself)* I can't understand what could have gone wrong. I'm sure that the address is right, and the girl that I called said that she was Sue Laurence. Roddy must have found out somehow, but I don't see how he could have unless some of those boys told him. Still I don't think they would have done that.

Re-enter PETE.

PETE: I've got it all straight now. That girl he is with is really Miss Sue Laurence.

BILL: Then who in the dickens is that girl we saw walk past the campus and enter the house?

PETE: I've just found that same girl in the kitchen helping serve the punch. She is the one who gave me the clue to our mistake.

BILL: Quick! Who is she?

PETE: The girl we saw enter the house was Kate, the Laurences' cook.

BILL *drops in a chair dejectedly as the curtain falls.*

AUTUMN

LOUISE CHEEK

Tumbling leaves told me you were here;
I followed you over the fading red path.
In the note of the cicada I heard your voice;
In the garden, beside the lake, in the forest I hunted you.
Curiously sweet was the honeysuckle.
In the wild aster I caught a glimpse of your eyes.
Imprisoned in the goldenrod was the warm gold of your hair.

Autunm, I looked so long,
But always you were just beyond.
If I could not hold you in my hand,
I have you in my heart.

WARP AND WOOF

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Beauty

To some men is given a sense of beauty so deep as to set them apart as great lovers and great interpreters of the beautiful. There is scarcely a finer tribute that may be paid a man than the statement that "he was ever a worshiper of beauty." Such men are idealists, and at the same time discoverers of beauty in the commonplace. They are rare souls, artists in the highest degree.

To have one's being charged with an idealism of beauty, and to be able to find beauty in many things, is to live gloriously, and to make life worth all its pain and struggle. In such a light men

become demigods, and reality, a splendid thing. Take away a knowedge of beauty and man is dust, and life a mire. Given beauty, men may say with Seeger that they ask no greater recompense than to live again "where beauty beckons."

Louis Brooks

A Substantial World

"Dreams, books are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

Books are not merely groups of words printed on paper. They form a world of their own—a world which is filled with beautiful thoughts—thoughts which cause one to forget his position in life and go into realms far away; a world filled with romance, with adventure; and a world filled with beauty.

The inhabitants of this world do not live on a low plane. They are raised to higher heights. Through the eyes of books they see things of which they have never before heard; they visit distant lands; they see strange people and queer sights. They become acquainted with the music in the souls of men. Their own souls are lifted up and they learn of those higher wonders of which the world is made.

Elizabeth Boyst

TANGLED THREADS

My Small Brother

Dixon Thacker

I am not at all original; I can think of nothing more interesting to talk about than my small brother. He's the only interesting member in our family, and to us he is a constant source of amusement. So won't you listen to me talk about "Teeny"—I mean Donald!—for a while?

Donald is at that age of bliss and that "I-don't-care" feeling—eight years. He is a lad of great pride—in what I don't know—and when he loves, he loves with all his small heart. In just that way he loves me—the little imp! For eight years I have been his nurse, his constant companion. When "they" cut his curls, I was the one who took him to the barber shop—oh, so willingly!—and then cried so hard afterwards. And I'm the one who refuses to call him Donald. That's the name mother gave him, but I call him "Teeny" and always will, even when he's playing fullback on the "State" team—he fully intends doing so!

"Teeny" is not a boy of orderly habits. What he does, he does when the spirit moves him. And yet yesterday he raked the leaves off the whole back yard—and then said boldly, "Mother, can I have a quarter"—no pennies or nickels for "Teeny"—"I've been a smart boy today!"

"Teeny" will not study. He simply does not care! If he is the dumbest person in his class, he doesn't worry. It only means that his name must go on the board, and who cares about a thing like that when he has such a marvelous name as Donald MacRae?

To his teacher and school friends he is Donald—they must not know his nickname—a boy with lots of friends and a bubbling sense of humor. To the family he is just plain "Teeny," a boy who tries to be cute—and who often is. Mother and I adore "Teeny." He is the center of all life, all originality, all knowledge. His little body, so hard, so muscular, never grows tired of play. His original jokes are delightful, but he doesn't know it. He is entirely unconscious of his great sense of humor. His knowledge—I must admit—is not worldly. He merely knows it all in his own opinion. No question must go by without his answer—such answers, yet original and well-thought-out.

Animals are "Teeny's" hobby. We had to keep two cats and two dogs for him once. The dogs are still with us, but the cats have long since departed. Their nine lives were short; two dogs were too much. At the death of both cats "Teeny" cried. "Teeny" seldom cries, for "Teeny" is a boy. That is his great achievement; that mere being a boy makes him bristle with pride. He has turned his small nose up at me more than once because I am a girl. But afterwards once his black eyes filled with tears of remorse and he said, "You can't help it, Dick, and girls *are* nice!"

The Attorney

Ruth Jones

How long ago had it been, she thought, as she gazed at this young man, since she had held him in her arms and rocked him to sleep? That mop of red hair, it was still so pretty. She had named him David. She had loved him so. One morning she awoke to realize that her husband was gone; she was alone in the world except for this boy; she must carry on. Some day he would be a great man. She thought the fates must be kind to him.

As she looked at him now, all the years of struggle and hardships seemed only a dream. Only yesterday she had passed his office door—David Lincoln, Attorney-at-Law. The letters seemed so clear and distinct. And last night all the leading papers had praised him, and, yes, his picture was there, too.

Now he was starting on his way to court to make a great fight, a fight in which every angle of the law would be brought in. The old solicitor and other strong men would be arrayed against him. They would exchange shots with their fireless weapons. She knew David had no fear. He had hurried off early. A few words with his client, a man behind those great barred doors, and he would be ready to fight.

Now she thought, as she dressed hastily, she would go right down to the court-room and hear this son of hers, the lawyer whom people came far and near to consult. This had been her ambition.

When she entered, the court-room seemed very crowded. There was a seat near the front, she was glad to see; now she could hear it all. But her son's case was not on yet, she learned; an old man's case had to be disposed of first. As she leaned forward she recognized the face. In a daze she heard the judge say something about counsel. Then she heard the voice of her own son reply as he rose to his feet, "Your Honor, I am his counsel." The voice was hard and cold, so unlike that of his usual note.

In a moment the battle was on. They talked fast! Above the roar was David's voice at intervals, "I object." Then they wrangled back and forth. She had heard this David speak so often of criminals in court, alone without counsel. She wondered if this haggard form had stirred the boy, or was he anxious to get it off so his other big trial would be on.

Then some one called the name, "David Lincoln." The old man leaned forward; something came into his face—an odd, peculiar look. The lines about his face seemed to draw tighter; in a flash it all came to him—this was his son. The child he had left so long ago was standing before him so powerful and erect with the law in his hands—the law—the thing he most feared. There seemed to come an appealing look into his face.

Then David was almost shouting, "Give the old man a chance; he is old, life has not been good to him. He should be sent to a home for the aged where his last days would be made comfortable, and—." She could remember no more of what they were saying. All of the past seemed to rise up before her. They had started out together; their lives had been divided; she had held on while he, well, he had failed. Then it was over.

They declared the old man free. He rose slowly to leave the crowded court-room, but turned and asked if he might have a word with his lawyer. As he looked into the face of his son, he spoke in a trembling voice, "Young man, you will never know what you have done for me today."

Then she saw a smile of satisfaction spread over the boy's face; all the harshness was gone. He gently slapped the old man on the back and replied, in a tone he always used in addressing an old man, "That's all right, didn't mind a bit; it's all in the day's work."

Open Spaces

W. B. Davis

I love best of all earth's places
The fields and hills of open spaces,
Where wood-folks live their lives away,
Where I would roam for many a day.

An open place among the hills
Is a fairy land of trees and rills.
An open space, a breath of air,
It seems as though God's home is there.

Sham

Louis Brooks

He smiles.
I have seen him often, and I have smiled, too;
I have smiled because I knew that this smile of his
Was only a sham,
And that back of it was a bitterness that he could not hide.
I do not know much about him,
But I know that when he laughs
It is only hollow mockery,
Because his soul never laughs.
I have seen him smile at the little children
And laugh with them,
And I too laughed, bitterly,
Because I knew of the bitterness in his laugh.
I see him often—
This man who smiles, but never smiles,
Who laughs, but never laughs.

Rose Petals

Ella Leens Latham

Mrs. Haynes was tired—tired of work, dishes, dusting, washing, endless tasks always waiting for her weary hands. Mrs. Haynes was tired, tired of boarders, of Irish stew, of chilly rooms, of old clothes. Mrs. Haynes was tired of life.

But today she hurried to finish her work. Then with eager feet she climbed the three flights of stairs to the third story of her boarding-house. How nice it would be if life had no boarders! Work—work—work—and boarders—that was her life.

Perhaps she could use that extra room. Of course it was only full of storage now, but it had its possibilities. Another boarder would mean another seven dollars a week. If she saved carefully, perhaps she could have a new dress or hat. It had been so long since she had had anything new—only boarders—boarders—even in her dreams.

Mrs. Haynes opened the door. Mercy, it was musty! There was a chair she could use in Miss Cooper's room. Perhaps that lamp there could be used. Of course the shade was worn, but one never expected the best in a boarding-house. Where had that chest come from? Suddenly she knew—that it was a relic of days that weren't boarding-house days.

In a moment she was down on her knees by the chest. The lid rose on its hesitating hinges. From the chest she lifted something soft and creamy. As it took form, it became a lace dress. How well she remembered the first time she wore it—there was a moon—a boy—crimson roses—and a fan. Where was the fan? Here—why it was faded and broken. Somehow she had thought it would always be new. Life was also like her fan, so disillusioning. From the folds of her dress she shook dried, ashen red rose petals. They were once bright, too—crimson—how well she remembered. Their color had set her soul glowing. But they too had faded, just like Mrs. Haynes herself. A salty tear fell on a withered rose petal, and Mrs. Haynes realized her cramped legs ached. Her hands were eager, eager to be at their tasks again.

Yes, she could use this room—seven dollars extra a week—a new hat—lace—fans—rose petals—. Mrs. Haynes was no longer tired.

Shadows—
Pleasant dreams,
Softly coming, softly going.

Leslie Lane

Illusion

Elizabeth Boyst

I sat alone beneath the sky,
Discouraged and cast down;
But when I raised my head on high
My soul lost all its frown.

I saw above a tiny light.
So full was it of love,
It made my heart once more feel bright
To see it there above.

I hitched my wagon to that star—
My hopes, my loves, my joy;
But while I followed from afar
I found 'twas just a toy.

Again I sit beneath the sky,
Tired wanderer, bent low.
And as I sit I wonder why
That star has lost its glow.

The Tarantella

Betty Ann Combs

Carlo played merrily along the path. It was autumn; the gorgeous maple trees flung their red branches over the lanes, overlapping and forming arbors of nature's beauty. Carlo ran excitedly, exclaiming over each new blossom he discovered. He spied a gorgeous, yellow thing a few feet away. He ran to it and recognized it as a rare thing of perfection, exquisitely molded. He cried out in his wonder, and bent to pick up the golden blossom.

As his hand came in contact with the flower, it touched also a huge, hairy thing—a thing with many legs and an evil-looking face—a thing which was most dreaded and feared by the Gypsy tribe, among which Carlo had lived all his eight years. This insidious, abominable creature was the tarantula.

Carlo felt a sudden shot of fire course through his hand, and he cried out in his terror. He had been bitten by the awful tarantula. He ran screaming to his young mother, not far off in a wagon of the caravan. When she heard his sobbing tale, her eyes glared, and her face grew pale. She said not a word but ran to the chief and talked with him in low, hurried whispers. Carlo's suffering did not cease, and he lay on the ground, screaming hysterically.

That night a huge fire was built; wood was piled on until the leaping flames seemed to touch the heavens. Carlo was taken to a spot near the fire and commanded to stay there. All of the Gypsies formed a wide circle around him. Then slowly, slowly they circled around, going faster and faster. Weird music sounded from the shadows; the frenzied people seemed possessed. The firelight threw flickering shadows on the twisting and writhing bodies of the dancers. The moon, with an eerie, uncanny look on its face, drifted in and out of white clouds. The whole scene was one of primitive superstition.

These ignorant people believed that their weird dance would save the life of Carlo. This dance is called the tarantella. The tarantella in music is always written in a minor key, which causes the weird effects. The next time you hear a tarantella you may recall the weird scene of the Gypsies dancing around the poor, little, tarantula-bitten Carlo.

PATTERNS

Three Boy Scouts in Africa—DOUGLAS, MARTIN, OLIVER

In many books Africa has been portrayed as a jungle sheltering all sorts of savage creatures. However, in *Three Boy Scouts in Africa,* by our own Dick Douglas, and his associates, David Martin and Douglas Oliver, a land quite different is revealed. The story of a summer spent in the heart of British East Africa with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson presents practically all one could expect of a Safari in Africa. The three boy adventurers found Africa not a jungled mass or a country of unintelligent natives, but a place with natural beauty, unhampered by civilization, and a shelter for animals of every description—a country that the three scouts loved at first sight.

The account of the African Safari is written in a delightfully pleasing manner. The freshness of youth is evident, and the amusing events encountered by the scouts make the book interesting and absorbing.

So often we allow ourselves to think of African natives as just black creatures without heart or feeling. However, in this story we find a true picture of the Eastern natives. At times they are amusing, often entertaining, but always they are sensitive and appreciative souls. The scout adventurers organized the native camp helpers into a real scout troop, and they found in each true scouts, even though they were black African creatures.

When a boy sees a million head of game, kills a lion, makes pictures of almost every native animal, and has a lion for a chauffeur, he is having real adventure. Such thrills are recorded in

Three Boy Scouts in Africa. The herds of buffalo, zebra, lion, leopard, cheetah, giraffe, and antelopes help constitute an African menagerie or, in fact, a "thousand menageries all rolled into one."

Clyde Norcom

The Swan Song—Galsworthy

Those who have read John Galsworthy's books, *The Forsyte Saga, The White Monkey,* and *The Silver Spoon,* will be delighted with the story, *The Swan Song,* which ends the really remarkable story of the Forsytes.

The Swan Song tells how Jan Forsyte came to England with his young American wife, Anne, after living in Paris and America for a good many years, to find that he still loved Fleur Mont, the heroine of his childish romance. Fleur is also married, and to a very worthy young man, Michael Mont, whom she does not love. Fleur's father, Soames Forsyte, is Jan's stepfather, but, complicated as it may seem, Fleur is of no relation to Jan.

Soames Forsyte suspects that Fleur and Jan are still in love, and does all in his power to prevent their seeing each other, but it is of no use. At length, however, after they have caused Fleur's husband and Jan's wife a great deal of unhappiness, they part.

This book is one of the best that I have ever read. It is interestingly written, and when the book closes with the tragic death of Soames Forsyte, one is extremely sorry that there are to be no more stories written about this very human family of Forsytes.

Mollie Harrison

RAVELINGS

PEPPERMINT

SUSAN GREGORY

IT was one o'clock on Christmas morning. All over the house there reigned such a stillness that a pin dropped on the bare floor would have produced to the startled listener a sound as of the thud of a pistol.

Little Johnny Mouse came out of his hole and sniffed and sniffed. He saw all the beautiful presents and the beautiful tree. There was something for everybody except him. There wasn't even a single little piece of peppermint for him.

Overcome by his sadness, he sat down in a corner and began to weep. He sobbed and sobbed as if his wee little heart would break.

Then he heard a footfall. He looked up, alarmed, and there before him he saw a jolly little man in a red coat and white fur.

The jolly man spoke, "Why, Johnny, what's the matter with you?"

Johnny answered him, "Everybody's got something except me. I haven't got anything, not even a peppermint."

And Santa Claus, for it was that angel of goodness, said, "Well, what would you rather have than anything else in the world?"

Just then Johnny spied a little walking stick, and his heart yearned for it. "Oh!" said he, "I want a little walking stick and all the peppermint candy I can hold."

So then Santa Claus drew out of his bag the most beautiful walking stick Johnny had ever seen. It was all red and white stripes, and it smelled—oh, how good it did smell! Johnny's little nose wrinkled up and his whiskers twitched as he smelt that

beautiful odor. It smelt like Santa Claus, and Christmas, and angels, and heaven, and everything beautiful he could think of.

Then Johnny sat down and he ate and ate and ate, 'til suddenly he felt a pin stick him in the stomach. He looked down; he didn't see any pin, but it felt like a giant hat-pin. Then it dawned on Johnny that probably he'd eaten too much, so he began to pray, and he said, "Dear God, if I die, let me go where I can smell peppermint and eat all I want to."

* * * * *

Johnny was walking along a beautiful red-and-white road with a red-and-white walking stick in his hand, and he smelt a smell that made his nose turn up and his whiskers twitch, and delightful shivers race up and down his spine. It was peppermint! He wandered on a little way, and he came to some little red-and-white houses and trees and flowers, and he sat down and cried, he was so happy. He was in peppermint heaven, but just then a little red-and-white man with a pitchfork ran up and stabbed him in the stomach. Then he made him eat another whole stick of peppermint, and every time he took a mouthful, the little man would stick him in the stomach again with his pitchfork, so then Johnny knew he wasn't in peppermint heaven, but in the peppermint bad place. All he could see was peppermint. O-o-o-h, how sick he was of it!

"Merry Christmas, everybody, merry Christmas," sang a happy voice, and Johnny suddenly awoke to find himself still lying on the floor where Santa had given him the cane. He looked all around. There was only the tip end of the cane left, but instead of eating it, Johnny only wiggled his tail disdainfully. He was cured of peppermint forever and ever.

Puppy Love

Isaac Gregory

We have all, no doubt, experienced that peculiar, queer sensation known as puppy love. To some it has seemed thrilling and enjoyable, while it so affected others that they hardly knew what they were doing until the bubble finally broke, enabling them to see light once more. There are evidences of this malady all around us.

I know one boy who had been on the honor roll for a solid year until cruel fate suddenly twisted his heart strings, rendering him helpless before the merest glance of "Her." He could do nothing but stare stupidly with open mouth at his enchantress. Consequently, he could no more grasp the intricacies of trigonometry or the idiomatic expressions of Virgil than he could accomplish the far-famed feat of jumping over the moon. To make things worse, he was so bashful that he could not muster up will power enough even to speak to his goddess for about three weeks.

When he was finally capable of the audacity of asking the wonderful one for a date, she snubbed him completely, being entirely unaware of his nearly frantic adoration. His devotion having been so completely annihilated, he was plunged into a suicidal sullenness that lasted until Dan Cupid again shot a bolt through his heart and into that of the next pretty girl he saw.

So it is seen that that mischief-maker, puppy love, can quickly be dissipated by a little discouragement, but it gathers and fixes closely its deadly venom, ready for the next victim. Puppy love is awful on the puppy, so pups beware.

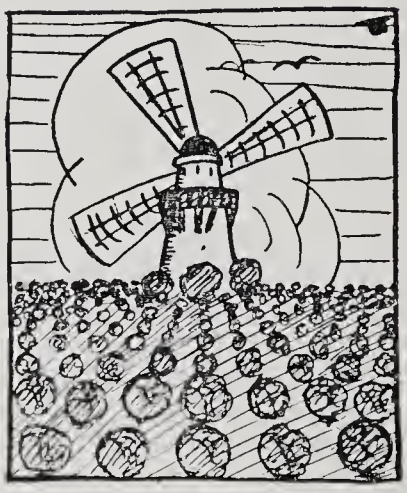
Masks—
The thin, fragile things
That cover in like manner life's joys and tragedies.

Harvey Cavan

Jazz

Anita Booker

I was strolling abroad—'twas very late—
On a peaceful night in June,
When I chanced to meet a ghostly form
That uttered a horrible tune—
A jumble of this and a rumble of that,
And a wail of something mixed in;
And I asked myself to no avail,
What could be the matter with him.
I finally boosted my courage to ask,
"Pray tell me, are you in pain?
Is anything wrong? Can I be of help?
You certainly do not sound sane."
"Oh, I am the spirit of Jazz," he cried,
Then surprisingly gave a grin.
"They tried their best to bury me,
But I simply would not give in.
So here I am, abroad in the land,
And here I mean to stay.
Three cheers for Jazz, the spirit of fun,
Hip! Hip! Hip! Hurray."



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by HAROLD CONE

THE editor feels that his own magazine, HOMESPUN, should not escape the criticism offered in these columns. In the family of magazines, HOMESPUN is only human; throughout its pages are found the same weaknesses and flaws that are found in all other publications.

One of the weakest features of HOMESPUN, no doubt, is the short story. The material submitted along this line is not only scarce—it altogether does not live up to the standard for short stories as found in most high school publications. Of course, there are few Poes or O. Henrys in the high schools, but there is no reason why school students should not be able to contribute better material for short stories. The best way is to study, or at least read, short stories acknowledged to be good. A good short story is one with an interesting, well-developed plot. It is most important to develop the plot thoroughly. To stop after the mere invention of a plot is to follow the footsteps of the majority of school students of whose material it can be said, "Good idea, but poorly organized."

There are many ways to develop the plot of a story. However, one thing should be true about all stories. Materials should be arranged in order to create what is known as rising action to a point known as the climax, at which point the action falls, resolving itself to the conclusion. The above statement is, of course, only one brief fact in a long discourse on story composition. One should be able to improve his work, however, by comparison with good short stories, and because of this, the editor sees no reason at this stage to go into detail on the subject of short story composition. In the future he hopes to comment upon good and bad

short stories from HOMESPUN as well as from other magazines. He hopes that this will be beneficial.

The Dragon, St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

The autumn number of *The Dragon* was full of interesting and well-written articles. The contributions of the art department, as well as those of the literary department, were most important in making this issue a fascinating one. Much talent is shown along both lines.

Perhaps we may be accused of wanting all publications patterned along the same plan as ours; it may be this fact which makes us feel that *The Dragon's* literary department is sufficiently developed to be broken into sub-departments. We also feel that there should be more poetry throughout the issue. We are led to believe from the few poems actually in the issue that the magazine is capable of printing many good ones. We shall look forward to future issues of *The Dragon* with pleasure.

The Critic, E. C. Glass High School, Lynchburg, Va.

We were delighted with the November number of *The Critic.* Originality is one of the important factors that make *The Critic* a magazine of such high standing. Your literary material is excellent. Your stories showed a great deal of imagination, a factor which is usually lacking in the literary departments of our exchanges. We wish that we were able to compile material of such quality in all of our issues. We entirely agree with the judges who gave you high honors in the various contests.

THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by LUCY CROCKER

THE AFRICAN NIGHT

DICK DOUGLAS

ON our first night in camp, down in northern Tanganyka, it seemed as though all the night animals of Africa had combined to give us an idea of the sounds of a real African night.

The setting for the show was wonderful. Almost on the equator as we were, the brilliant, tropical stars shone down upon us. The Southern Cross gleamed out of the heavens, while stars of other constellations were bits of molten metal, dripping out of a sky purple in its blackness. Plains stretched for miles in every direction, and scattered groups of trees became ghosts in the pale light.

A bunch of hyenas started the chorus. Always hungry, they were attracted to camp by meat hanging in the trees near the fire. The fire kept them away, but all night they howled and laughed. One of them would give a dismal, howling wail, sounding like a lost soul. Then the whole bunch would break into a fit of hideous laughter. It seemed as if all the maniacs in the world had broken loose and were laughing at the useless efforts of their keepers.

Hyrax or rock rabbits, living in the rocks just behind camp, screamed in a horrible manner which only a wounded horse can duplicate. A herd of wildebeeste not one hundred yards from our tents grunted and honked, combining their cries with the squeak of bush-buck down near the river.

The mysterious pounding of thousands of invisible hoofs, the shrill yapping of zebra, the ghostly "boom-boom" of the ostrich,

the rush and thunder of herds across the plain, all lent a weird enchantment to the night.

Twice during the night we heard the cough of a leopard up among the rocks behind camp. Once during a short silence among the wildebeeste and zebra, there was a shrill scream, a grunt, and a moan. One of the tragedies of the night had taken place. A leopard had broken the neck of a zebra. The moan had marked the beginning of his meal on the body of the still-living victim.

Once, all other noises were silenced by a sound that made my blood almost turn to water. Coming from down by the river, its rumbling thunder spoke of pre-historic monsters, fighting in their prison, sealed deep in the bowels of the earth by some upheaval of its surface in the dim ages of time. My mind told me that the sound came from the throat of a lion, but it was hard to believe the sound was made by anything natural.

Again there came rolling across the veldt that blood-chilling combination of roar and growl which, to ears unaccustomed to it, seems impossible to come from even the King of Beasts.

All the noises were mysterious in themselves, but united, they gave to me a feeling of the wonder, the magic of Africa.

Trivia

John Mebane

CONTEMPLATION

You ripped my heart into tiny threads. I am alone in the world. All day I have stared at the river.

But the water is cold.

AIR CASTLES

I lie awake at night and dream. I sleep in classrooms when my eyelids are heavier than droning voices. I ramble over the grounds with head and body severed. Were my air castles saleable, I would be fabulously rich, beyond the dreams of Crœsus.

DESIRE

I would like to be a poet and live in a back room on the third floor of an apartment house. I would let my hair grow out and part it in the middle and never wear a hat. I would never press my trousers or go to bed before twelve o'clock. I would write verses about the sky and bugles going by. I would like to be a poet and save money on razor blades.

PLEASURE

I could spend days in the Gallery of the Louvre. I never tire of staring at the *Mona Lisa* that hangs in my hall. Ryder's *Death on the Racetrack* enchants me. But I would rather watch the sun bathing in a drop of morning dew.

URGE

Mellifluous voices call me out of the silent mist of dreams. Silvery notes faintly strike my ears. I shall rise and follow, for day brings but cramped limbs and forgotten memories.

LIFE

This life must not be for me. In my long years of existence I have not yet had the chance to live.

EXPECTATION

I sit all day in a garret buck-a-week room. My desk is littered with strips of yellow copy paper. Through the small window faint beams of light seep in on clear days. My pen leaks and the yellow paper often blurs. Some day I shall write a poem.

WOUND

It was so easy to wound her heart. I knew others far prettier than she.

Today they are planting a white stone in a mound of soft earth.

It was so easy to wound her heart.

DEFINITION

Poetry, I think, is a blush reddening until it stains the soul with its profusion of color.