

Mirrain Laurel Todd

HOMESPUN

FANTASY



HOMESPUN

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"An Arabian Knight"



EDMUND
TURNER
T.C.



THE WEAVE

THE LIVING DREAM

HENRY BIGGS

Fancies,
Dreams,
Dim inexpressible imaginings,
Stars in the firmament of a lover's frenzied mind;
Or sweet, mute notes known to musicians—
When these have flown and ceased to whirl,
What use then for ambition,
Castles in Spain,
Music, poetry,
Hope, and
Love?

PLATO—THE DREAMER

LOUIS BROOKS

IT has been the nature of man from his beginning to dream. Sometimes these have been but impossible longings, futile hopes; at other times these fabulous worlds have been based on semi-real conditions. Almost always, however, they are the work of a visionary, which in the last analysis prove impractical. Sincere philosophers and teachers, false prophets, and pseudo-scientists have given to the world a multitude of theories, schemes, and creeds for the betterment of mankind, most of which have been but transient dreams making little impression on the mass of humanity. From out of this evanescent jumble of dreams, however, a few have come to the front, and due to some intrinsic worth, some practical foundation, or some quality of more than passing merit, have been impressed on the world, and endured. True, these have had a precarious duration. Unrealized dreams, yet potent with a hope of realization, they stand today; pleasant divergencies from the stark actuality of life. Perhaps they enjoy but a longer day than their more visionary co-dreams; perhaps they will fall tomorrow. Yet this is doubtful, for the human mind is ever credulous, ever ready to grasp at aught which bids fair to rise above the platitudes and banalities of existence, which speaks of a golden future. By experience this mind has grown more practical, less easily played upon, but it is still essentially the same, still eager for seemingly workable dreams.

Among these dreamers who have sought to inculcate a hope for better things and inaugurate new systems, or who have merely produced Utopian works for the contemplation of scholarly minds, may be mentioned Zoroaster, Aristotle, Plato, Buddha, Thomas More, Bacon, Rousseau, Karl Marx, Theodor Hertzka, and Ghandi. (H. G. Wells might also be mentioned, though it is doubtful if he takes his ideal worlds as seriously as many of his predecessors.) Outstanding among these is Plato, one whose vision has in some way gripped strongly the imagination of the world.

Plato, the dreamer, reflects in all his work the influence of Socrates, the teacher, to whom he was a devoted friend and disciple. To appreciate him fully one must consider the intellectual atmosphere of his time. It seems that even before the beginning of the fourth century B. C. there was a potent stirring; a deficiency was felt. Prior to Plato men had seen and sought to eradicate the deficiencies in ordinary education. A realization of the necessity of training men for civic life had already dawned.

Into this atmosphere came Plato, fresh from the teachings of Socrates. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* says in regard to this: "The germs of ethics, psychology, and logic found in the works of Socrates were idealized, and carried beyond their original scope by Plato. . . . Plato's philosophy, as embodied in his dialogues, has at once an intellectual and a mystical aspect; and both are dominated by a pervading ethical impulse."

He was convinced that truth and good exist, inseparably, and that virtue was dependent on knowledge. A passion for human improvement and a belief in the supremacy of the human mind pervade all of Plato's work, and form the basis of all his endeavors. He sought to create and inculcate a system of philosophy dominated by reason guiding will. Nowhere does this appear as a distinctly formulated system, however.

The tremendous influence of this thinker upon succeeding generations can only be fully realized when one considers that practically all systems of philosophy rest on Platonic principles. Jowett states, "The germs of all ideas, even of most Christian ideas, are to be found in Plato."

The crowning effort of this ancient philosopher was the "Republic." Here he visualizes an ideal state in which all men work in harmony, a state necessarily peopled by ideal men and women. Philosophers are to be rulers, and rulers philosophers, for, in the perfect culmination of human compatibility, the mass would fully appreciate the fact that philosophers, by virtue of their extensive study, are better fitted to rule than are other men. In the "Republic" he raises the question of justice, what it is, and how attained, and discusses the education of the "guardians." He provides for communism (for guardians only).

The great philosopher did not look upon his ideal state as a barren dream, but believed that sooner or later a state resembling his in all essentials would come into being. And until then he felt that mankind could not attain its highest possible development. However, in his most glorious dreams he never lost sight of the fact that there is a vast difference between an ideal realized and an ideal merely visualized. Moreover, he placed emphasis on principles rather than concrete details. The most important of these principles was political supremacy of mind.

Some fifteen centuries later an Englishman gave the world another work which set a new fashion in literature. This *Utopia* of Sir Thomas More's opened up the way for a new era of idealistic treatise.

Since More's time many have contributed works of an "Utopian" nature. Yet Plato still stands as one of the first and one of the world's dreamers, a man who visualized an ideal state, who believed that such would eventually be realized, but who never lost sight of the fact that the imaginative and the actual embodiment of an idea are not one and the same. He created a perfect land, peopled by men and women as perfect as humanly possible, because under the conditions of his state they had attained a maximum development. He gave mankind an ideal.

There have been attempts to create "Utopian" states, but thus far all have failed. Nevertheless, "Brook Farms" of a type will always be attempted, and man will eternally seek to realize the ambition of our great dreamers, ever strive to attain the ideal. For man is ever credulous, ever visionary.

A PIECE OF PAPER

IRENE McFADYEN

"Her fate is sealed. Her life will be ruined because of a piece of paper. There is writing on it, but I cannot read it. I see black water. It is fading away—gone."

The heavy droning tones of the speaker ceased. An excited shrill voice pierced the silence.

"Is there nothing more?"

"Nothing."

"John," the shrill voice persisted, "do you hear? She says our baby's life will be——"

"Come, Nell, what's a crystal ball in Sarah's life? Why did you insist upon coming here anyway?"

"But, John, that piece of paper—we must always watch for it—*always*."

"Nell, you wouldn't marry me on Friday, made me wear a rabbit's foot after we were married, and you want me to watch for a piece of paper on account of Sarah when she couldn't even read it if she had it. Forget your superstitions for once. Let's go home."

* * * * *

At seventeen Sarah Ware was starved—starved for life, romance, and freedom—freedom, above all, freedom from her mother's superstitions and watchfulness. Every superstition ever heard of had been told to her day after day. And her every move was watched by her mother. Since her father's death it had been worse than ever.

On the day of her seventeenth birthday, Sarah sat at her window staring out at the cold, wet streets.

"How I wish I could do something without mother's having to know all the details. To do something all by myself would be wonderful. Why can't I go to see people, and have them come here? Why? Is there something the matter with me?" she murmured thoughtfully.

At this point her thoughts were disturbed by a voice from another room.

"Run down and get the mail, Sarah," commanded the high, shrill voice. "And don't forget this is Friday, the thirteenth. Watch that you don't slip on the stairs."

"Oh, God!" muttered Sarah between her teeth. "How I hate this!"

About a year later, as she was walking home one day from the general store, Sarah passed a group of girls. They were laughing, chatting, happy. She sighed. They thought her queer. Everyone did. It was not her fault that her mother never permitted her to have friends. And she was always watched. Why? Was she queer? Was that why her mother guarded her so closely? Suddenly she was afraid. She began to walk faster. When she crossed the bridge over the river which ran near her home, she was running.

She reached her home, rushed in and called her mother. She was not there. But on the table there was a piece of paper. Sarah walked slowly to the table, picked up the paper, and read:

"Mrs. Balding was taken sick this morning and I must go look after her. Don't go anywhere."

"Don't go anywhere!" Sarah repeated. She began to laugh. Still laughing, she ran out of the house. When she stopped, she found herself on the bridge.

"I'm queer," she murmured dazedly. "How black the water is. She couldn't watch me through that black water. She thinks I'm crazy and watches me. I'll hide in the water."

As Mrs. Ware came home late that night she paused on the bridge.

"How black the water is," she exclaimed. "Like that in the horrible crystal. Thank heaven, I've watched Sarah and saved her from that piece of paper!"

MYTHOLOGY

DORIS HOGAN

IN early times myths played a most significant part in the lives of men. Those who invented myths were seeking, in their blind and groping way, for truth. Someone has said very aptly that the myth is "the voice of a people calling on God."

In primeval times parents would answer such questions as "Where does the rainbow start and end?" "What makes the sky so blue?" "Where does the sun go at night?" to the best of their ability. They would analyze the situation, and narrate the circumstances to their children, whether plausible or not. The ancient Greeks, for example, would tell their children that the sun was a golden-haired god, driving at an enormous speed a magnificent gleaming chariot across the heavens; the moon was his sister, a swift huntress armed with a bow and arrow. The Greeks also believed that one god was the most powerful of all. He could hurl thunderbolts, darken the face of the earth with a storm cloud, and send the rain to water the ground. All living objects seemed, to the primitive peoples, to have personality. All things and elements that man could not control were governed by a number of mighty powers, so they believed. Thus Greek myths originated.

In the same way all other primitive peoples formed a conception of supernatural beings, or gods, and invented stories about them which we call myths. Myths resemble fairy tales in that they tell of impossible things. Unlike fairy tales, however, they were not told for simple amusement, for myths are stories which were at one time believed to be true.

Each race has stamped its own character upon its mythology. The myths of the Greeks reflect their joy in life and love of beauty. The Norse mythology breathes a warlike spirit, and shows incidents concerning conflict with stern, rugged forces of nature. The mythologies of savages are almost absurd and unbelievably childish. They very often present their gods as beasts. That of the Hindus is full of mystery and awe of the predominating powers of nature.

The insect is regarded as the highest of supernatural beings by the Bushmen of Africa. The Zulus worship their ancestors, which appear before men in the form of snakes, and they believe that thunder is caused by the thunder-bird, and snow by the snow-bird. As men develop in civilization and culture, so do their ideas of God and nature develop.

Beliefs such as those held by savages and less educated classes may be seen today in the myths that spring up in connection with great men and events which appeal to our sense of the great and marvelous. We like such myths; they are passed on to succeeding generations.

To understand a single page of Milton's *Paradise Lost*; to fully appreciate the beauty of Shelly, Keats, or Byron, or Tennyson, or Browning, one must be familiar with all of the old myths. A person's education is certainly not complete without some knowledge of mythology. His appreciation of literature would be greatly hampered by a lack of that knowledge.

Mythology is a rich treasure-house of interesting tales. Because they appeal to both young and old, because they are good and beautiful, these stories are themselves worth our interest and study.



INDIAN LEGENDS

MARY BAILEY WILLIAMS

America, being such a young nation, has few distinct legends of her own. We read and hear those of our European forefathers, but those that come nearest to being our own are the Indian legends. They were originated by the North American Indians long before the white men came, for the purpose of explaining the things in nature.

The Red Men were an inquisitive people. They wanted to know the why of everything. Since they were not an intellectual race, they gave the simplest explanations possible of the things they saw in daily life. They wanted to know why the snow came in winter. We, of course, know the cause of this through science, but the Indians explained it by the following legend:

One time North visited in the south, and fell in love with South's daughter. The people in the south would not allow their cold visitor to stay very long because he brought the cold weather. Therefore, North married South's daughter, and took her to his home in the north. Soon, in the north, the ice began to melt, and the ice homes to trickle away, due to the presence of the warm queen. The people began to complain so vigorously that North finally had to take his bride back to her home. Every now and then, when he wants to see her, he visits the south, and brings with him cold and ice.

The Red Men were very close observers of nature, and for that reason, most of their legends explain something in nature. They believed that the trees had spirits, and that all of the animals were their friends. They shared the habits of their furry playmates and learned their names and all their secrets. It seemed that the chipmunk shared his secrets with the Indians, for until this day scientists do not know why he has black stripes instead of white ones down his back, but the Indian knew the why. This was the story they told:

Long ago, the animals were having a council by the campfire to decide whether they would have all the time day or night. All the animals talked at once; therefore no one could be heard except the bear, who in his deep bass voice called, "Always night! Always night!"

The Chipmunk, in his shrill squeaky voice, said, "You can talk all you like, but the day will come."

Finally when day did begin to break, the chipmunk said, "I told you——" but he was not allowed to finish because the bear started chasing him. The smaller animal slipped into a hole in a tree, but not before the bear had time to strike him, for as he disappeared, the bear raked his paw down the back of the tiny animal, and until

this day there are stripes on his back where the bear's claws hit him.

The Indians, also, told stories of why the moon is flecked, how the white way came to be, where the water lilies came from, and they also had stories concerning the Great Spirit who was their god.

These legends have been handed down from one generation to the next until they have come to us. The Indians of today, however, being in the cities, are very modern and like us in many respects. They have gone so far as to accept our religion. Thus they have lost the romance of the old type of Indians, and their legends and love for nature have declined with the years.



FULFILMENT

CARLTON WILDER

Imprisoned dreamer——that was you,
Enticed by things untried and new,
Life closed to you her curving skies,
You sought them with your eager eyes;
Within you yearnings, frenzied, sprang
And drove you wild; you groped and sang.

Time tore away the stalwart bars;
Your passion soared up to the stars.
Then deep you drank of golden days,
Your senses taut, your heart ablaze.
Free youth to you had dancing come;
Your lips were closed; you worshipped dumb.

THE FIRE SPIRIT

DOUGLAS CARTLAND

ACT I. THE PROPHECY

SETTING: *A large barren heath with short brown grass. In the middle in a hollow of ground is the FIRE SPIRIT. Around is the green forest. Men come in staggering under the weight of three old withered brown trees, the HEMLOCK, the PINE, and the OAK. They place the trees on the fire. Then they depart.*

HEMLOCK

(Sorrowfully)

Hail, Mighty Fire Spirit! We worship thee;
The Oak, the Pine, the Hemlock you devour.
Even though we've lived for years and years,
For thee we perish in an hour.

PINE

(Gloatingly)

But ere thy flaming tongues wrap 'round us,
We know even thou art not all great;
For when thy big mouth has devoured us
Thou shalt be conquered by the hand of fate.

OAK

(Gleefully)

When the drooping shades of night
Sink over hill and dale,
Thy great power is then but light,
And even thy strength doth fail.

PINE

(Warningly)

Remember, even though thou conquer us,
That thou shalt conquered be;
Thou may be able to stave off the wind,
But thou can never vanquish the sea.

HEMLOCK

(Joyfully)

Remember the God who controls us all—
We trees, thou spirit, and also men.
Even the sea bows down before him,
And remember, he conquers the wind.

(FIRE SPIRIT flares up.)

ALL

Our bones are crushed in thine embrace.
Fire Spirit, now we go;
But fear men who can bring thee to disgrace
And God, who can bring thee woe.

Curtain

ACT II. THE DEFIANCE

SETTING: *The same as Act I.*

FIRE SPIRIT

Aye, die, ye Hemlock, by my power,
And die, ye Oak and Pine;
Thou art no more because of me;
No fitter fate was thine.

(Laughingly)

My coals flare up and start over
When the sleep of night is done.
I never have the trouble of men,
But instead I have my fun.

(Begrudgingly)

'Tis true I am the slave of man
When I remain so small;

(Laughingly)

But, infuriated with rage, I can
Overcome and devour them all.

(Begrudgingly)

'Tis true the sea might conquer me,
But sheltered well am I;

And as for Him who rules above,
He cannot make me die.

(Wonderingly)

And yet these trees did say of me
That surely I would die.
But, ah! Who was their master?
Did you not see it was I?

(Lying down to sleep)

Men shall always build me high
For the heat which to them I give.
They do not care who rules the sky,
For they only want to live.

(Drowsily)

So shall I ever reign supreme
Through each hour of an age,
Even though the wind will howl and scream,
And the cold storms of winter rage.

Curtain

ACT III. THE FULFILMENT

SETTING: *The same as Act I and II. The FIRE SPIRIT has died down during the night. Morning has come.*

FIRE SPIRIT

(Raging in a loud voice)

Ah, those dastardly humans must build me up.
They'd better wait no longer,
For if they do I'll vow to burn
The whole world in my hunger.

(More angrily, flaring up)

Ah-ha! So they do no longer wait!
Now shall I, the spirit, rise
And, venting on them all my hate,
Send flames up to the skies.

Curtain, to indicate lapse of a few hours

Behold, some of them are already dead,
And see! The houses are down.

It seems that everyone has fled
And left behind a ruined town.
And now I pass into the wood,
For I am a forest fire.
There's no one can withstand my mood
Or even me in ire.

*Curtain, to indicate lapse of three days
(Happylike)*

Three days already I have been here,
But I am not faint with hunger,
For my path enclosing land so dear
Is getting wider and longer.

*It grows dark; a storm is heard in the distance, gradually nearing
(Wonderingly and astonished)*

Behold! There are clouds in the east!
See! There are clouds in the west!
But if the Almighty hopes to stay me,
He'll have to do His best.

(Filled with awe)

The skies seem to split open;
Never was heard such a noise.
But even above the din I hear
The dead old Hemlock's voice.

SPIRIT OF THE HEMLOCK

(From off-stage)

Great Fire Spirit, now you shall die!
(Thou felt the stab of pain?)
For God, the Heavenly One on high,
Shall conquer thee with rain.

It begins to rain; the flames grow smaller; the storm rages fiercely.

FIRE SPIRIT

Then come flashes of lightning;
The thunder begins to roar,
While, coming faster all the time,
The quenching rain does pour.

(Weakly falls)

God's rain comes from the east;
God's rain comes from the west.
Down I fall upon my knees,
Conquered, though I've done my best.

Flames are nearly out.

And there my flames flicker.
I raise my eyes above (*Lifts eyes heavenward*)
And lo! Now I look; I know
There is a God of love.

SPIRIT OF THE HEMLOCK

(From off-stage, consolingly)

The dead Hemlock smiles and cries:
'Tis blessed to forgive. Go, Fire Spirit,
And warm the race of man;
God says that you may live.

Curtain



FAIRIES

CATHERINE DUFFY

When the pale moon from the white clouds peep
And all the world is fast asleep,
I open my window to view the stars
As they twinkle and twinkle like tiny spars.
Soon sweet music comes forth from the breeze.
Visions of dancing fairies flit among the trees;
Their graceful bodies sway with the wind;
Their gay garments with all nature blend,
But when the dawn soft steals away,
They too with dawn must end their play.

A BEGINNING OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE

JOSEPH HENDRICKS

INSPIRED by the lack of folk-lore tales and characters, American research workers have delved into the short past of American history and brought to light tales and characters which put to shame all the European folk-lore ever told. This newly-discovered American folk-lore concerns only one character, but it will serve as a nucleus for other tales to be built upon.

Professor Charles F. Brown, head of the Wisconsin State Historical Museum, has gathered material on these tales for a book which is used as a text-book by the classes at the University of Wisconsin.

The chief character of the legend is Paul Bunyan, a mythical superman in the logging camps during American Colonial days, whose exploits have been so enlarged upon and exaggerated in the retelling in the dining halls of the logging camps that we now have what is known as a folk-lore tale.

The mythical hero, Paul Bunyan, was said to be seventeen feet tall. His lungs were so large that he called his men to dinner by shouting through a hollow tree. When he spoke the impact of his heavy voice broke the limbs from the trees. Bunyan did not use a regular axe to chop down trees, but used a large double-edged axe hung on a coil of rope which he swung round and round, mowing the trees down. He had a logging crew of supermen, called the "Seven Axemen." They ground their axes in a quick manner by rolling boulders down steep hillsides and running alongside of the boulders, sharpening their axes on the rolling stones. These mythical American lumbermen had great appetites. When pancakes were served, the assistant cooks fastened hams on their feet and skated on the stove to grease it. They ate so many prunes that seven men carried away the prune stones in wheelbarrows after each meal. The chipmunks that ate the prune pits got so big they killed all the wolves, and years after they were shot as tigers by the inhabitants.

Bunyan had a blue ox, Babe, who was "seven axe-handles between the eyes." This ox had the strength of nine horses and weighed five tons. The men dried their clothes on a line hung between the horns of this marvelous ox. When Paul Bunyan wanted to peel a log, he fastened the ox to a rope at one end of it and he took hold of the bark at the other end. Then as each of them tugged, the log came out as clean as a piston from a cylinder. One of Babe's mischievous tricks was to lag behind the logging crew and drink up the water in the river, leaving the logs in the water high and dry. Some of the lakes in Wisconsin and Minnesota are in holes made by his feet.

One day the straw boss saw some deer tracks on the bank of a stream. At night, when the deer came to drink, he removed the key-log from a pile of logs fifty feet high. These rolled down hill and killed two hundred of the deer. Thus there was enough venison to last the camp all winter. Bunyan tried to run three ten-hour shifts a day to cut more logs and to make more money. He installed the Aurora Borealis for this purpose, but the lights were not dependable and the plan was abandoned.

"The Seven Axemen of the Red River" they were called because they had a camp on Red River with the three hundred cooks. The whole State of North Dakota was cut from the one camp, and the husky seven chopped from dawn to dusk and walked to and from work. Their axes were so big that it took a week to sharpen them on a grindstone. Each man had three axes and two helpers to carry the spare axes to the river when they became too hot from chopping.

The winter of the deep snow everything was buried. Paul Bunyan had to dig down to find the tops of the tallest white pines. He had the snow dug away around the trees and lowered the choppers down to the bases of the trees. He hauled the trees to the surface of the snow by means of a chain to which Babe, mounted on snowshoes, was hitched. Big Ole was the blacksmith of the camp. He was the only man who could shoe Babe, the blue ox. Every time he made a new set of shoes for Babe, they had to open up another Minnesota iron mine. Once Ole carried a pair of these shoes a mile and sank knee deep into solid rock at every step.

Numerous fabulous animals haunted the woods about the logging camp. There was a bird which laid square eggs so that they would not roll from the nest. The upland trout built its nest in tall trees and was seldom cut. The side hill dodger had two short legs on the up-hill side. The pinnacle grouse had only one wing, and was able to fly only in one direction about the top of a conical hill. One of the camp dogs, Elmer, grew and grew to great size. He was able to outrun a moose and kill it with one shake of his jaws as a dog kills a rat. Sport, another great hunter, was known as the reversible dog. He was raised on bear milk. One night Paul Bunyan threw his axe at the dog by mistake and cut the animal in two. However, in his haste in sewing Sport together again he found that Sport's hind legs now pointed straight up. The dog learned how to run on one pair of legs for a while and then flop over without loss of speed and run on the other pair. Sport never grew tired and was always able to catch any animal he tried to.

Professor R. R. Fenska, of the New York State College of Forestry, and an authority on Paul Bunyan legends, says: "He is not only an all-American myth but as far as can be determined, the only myth or legend in this country. It is all-American because Paul's exploits are all accomplished on this continent and there is no counterpart in the Old World."

Professor Shepherd of the Department of English, Reed College, Portland, Oregon, has traced the Paul Bunyan legends back to Maine, and asserts: "Paul Bunyan was born in Maine. When three weeks old he rolled around so much in his sleep that he destroyed four square miles of standing timber. Then they built a floating cradle for him and anchored it off Eastport. When Paul rocked the cradle, it caused a seventy-five foot tide in the Bay of Fundy and washed away several villages. He couldn't be awakened, however, until the British Navy was called out and fired broadsides for hours. When Paul stepped out of his cradle, he swamped seven warships and the British government seized his cradle to build seven more. The tides in the Bay of Fundy haven't subsided yet."

Professor Turney of the Department of Records, University of Oregon, writes: "It is distinctly American; no other country could

possibly produce a literary type just like it; for it is, at least so I think, a symbolic expression of the forces of physical labor at work in the development of a great country. The symbolism is, of course, unconscious, but none the less accurate."



THE WRONG PEW

CHARLES ROOT

The door leading into the general office of the *Daily Clarion* swung open with a crash and "Old Man" Hadley burst into the room. That was back in my cub reporter days, and when the Old Man entered in such haste, trouble was usually afoot.

I shrank down in the swivel chair behind my desk, trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible. I was not the only man in the room who lived in dread of our burly managing editor. Every head was studiously averted and every hand made a pretense of being busy, fumbling with pens, rulers, or paperweights.

Something was up, I thought, cautiously peeping over the top of my desk. The Old Man stood upon the door-sill, face red and eyes screwed up into tiny points of flame, seemingly laboring under great anger or excitement; I didn't know which.

"Where the devil is Barnes?" he roared.

"He's out, sir," said the office-boy meekly.

"Confound him! He's never here when I want him. Marvin, are you busy?"

A dozen pairs of eyes centered upon me.

"N-no, sir," I stammered, "I'm not."

"Come with me." He led the way into his private office.

"Now, see here. Fail me on this and you're through, get me? Listen, here's our chance for a big scoop. The state asylum is on fire and the inmates are escaping. Get out there and cover it."

He shoved me through the door and slammed it after me. I grabbed my hat, and, running out into the street, quickly hailed a cab.

"Double fare, if you get me to the asylum in five minutes," I cried. From the look on his face, he judged it the best place for me. Inside the cab I took out my pad and looked to the ink in my pen. I had begun to relish the task. If I succeeded in getting ahead of the other papers, I was made; if I didn't—I refused to pursue this thought any further.

Already I could see the red glare in the sky. I punched the driver on the shoulder.

"Faster, man, faster." Already there were tears in his eyes from the force of the icy wind beating upon his face, but the car accelerated a little more. He considered that the sooner he was rid of me the better.

A very few moments later he landed me upon the outskirts of the crowd. I handed him the promised sum and quickly pushed my way to the front.

The immediate vicinity of the fire was the scene of great confusion. Men were running about with hands on one another in a long straight line, shouting loudly. These I took to be escaping lunatics, so I shrank back into the crowd, taking notes all the while.

When I looked up from my pad, to my great surprise I found that the long line of men had become a circle, on the inside of which I was a portion of the crowd, taking notes all the while. What were those crazy fools doing, I wondered?

I turned around to inquire the meaning of all this when I suddenly saw a curious thing—two apparently sane men were standing beside me, exchanging blows that would have felled an ox, giggling insanely all the while. But before I had time to wonder over this, I became conscious of peculiar sounds all around me. Some of the people were flinging insults at one another or carrying on all sorts of antics; others were standing stiffly, with blank looks on their idiotic faces.

Suddenly the terrible truth struck me; I was hemmed in with the lunatics, around whom a cordon of guards and private citizens had been formed! I had to escape from this mob, some of whom

might be dangerous, and quickly, too, for the whole mass of people had begun to move slowly toward a group of large buildings a few hundred feet distant, which composed the State Prison.

With great difficulty I made my way to the barrier and endeavored to break through, upon which I was roughly thrust back. In vain I tried to explain who I was and how I had gotten into this fix. I was only laughed at by some, humored by others, until I began to rave and rant like a genuine mad-man, all to no avail. When we arrived at the prison, I was given a cell like the rest. There were two other occupants of the cell, but they did not evince the slightest interest in me.

As soon as things had quieted down a bit, I called a guard in whispered tones, for fear of antagonizing my companions. I showed him my papers and identification card, but was again laughed at. He shuffled away, chuckling to himself. The irony of it!

I turned around to find one of the men regarding me intently. I pretended not to notice him and sat down on a stool in the corner. Pretty soon he ambled over to me, thrust his right hand into the breast of his coat, threw back his head, and declared, "I am Napoleon," then looked to me as if for recognition. Thinking I should humor him, I said, "Yes, I know you. I've often read about you."

He leaned toward me confidentially, and said, motioning to the other occupant, "He's crazy; don't mind him."

I nodded, not knowing what else to do, and tried to show that I was interested, whereupon he snatched off my hat, placed it on his own head and recited a nursery rhyme, in the same attitude in which he had declared himself Napoleon.

The deafening uproar, which had grown momentarily worse, had given me a severe headache; also I had begun to feel the effect of my cramped quarters. I was by this time in no condition to be seen anywhere. My hair was ruffled, my hat gone, coat torn, and tie knotted. Finally, I pulled out my only cigar and began to smoke.

Suddenly a hand reached through the bars at my side and snatched the cigar from my mouth. I turned to look into the huge, hairy face of a gorilla-like man in the next cell.

"Are you an idiot?" he said. "Don't smoke in the house." Then he placed the cigar in his own mouth and puffed vigorously. This was the last straw; I kicked the stool aside and squatted in the corner burying my face in my hands.

I remained in this position for the better part of an hour, when suddenly I heard my name called and looked up into the face of my wife! Standing beside her was the Old Man, chewing a remnant of a cigar.

"Dear," said my wife tenderly, "it's all right now. You can come with us."

A little later she explained to me: the guard had told the warden my story as a good joke and the warden, knowing Old Man Hadley, had telephoned him. He went by for my wife, and they had come to rescue me.

I sank into the cushioned seat of the Old Man's car with a groan. A little ghost of a laugh came from beside me.

"What are you laughing at?" I growled peevishly.

"George, dear," my wife's laughter rippled merrily, "you looked so funny sitting in that corner."



FANTASIES

CATHERINE DUFFY

If life were only made of dreams,
How pleasant things would be!
We'd never have to plan or scheme,
Just live in fantasy.
We'd throw away our troubles,
Our sorrows and despairs,
And float about in bubbles;
Thus live without our cares.

COLORS IN THE WEAVE

IMPRESSIONS

CHARLES ROOT, JR.

Over the meadow the scented flowers' scattered fragrance
And the clean, sweet smell of clover rise;
There the velvet carpet of grass is misted over
Where it fringes along the sparkling brook,
And the sun, peeping from behind the farthest hill,
Smiles down in tender gayety.
Who can deny, among such grace and beauty,
That over us a blessed Savior watches
Who shows himself in birds and rivulets and trees,
Watches gently and with the utmost care,
Yet sparing time to each of us,
Or so it seems to me——and yet
Over the ribboned road a peddler rattles,
Bouncing along in his antiquated wagon.
"Hello," says he, and "Zounds, it's hot, sirs,"
Never seeing the cooling brooklet,
Heeding not the whispering grasses,
Nor impressed by caressing sunshine,
He passes on——untouched.

THE GUITTOS' GHOST

MARION GEOGHEGAN

GUITTO had distractedly paced the room several times. Suddenly he stopped in front of his wife, shook his head, frowned, and said in a perplexed manner:

"Maria, I cannot tink what dees queer sounds may be. Over a week, now, dis way. Always de same, we hear dees funny noises. Never in de same place, either," he continued in his broken English, jerking his arms about to show his agitation, "in de chimney, under de table, in de walls, everywhere—even beside me. De children are scairt, and de neighbors iss afraid to come in de place. I cannot stand it any longer!" he ejaculated, flinging himself on a chair and covering his face with his hands.

Suddenly a low, dry moan pierced the room; so amazingly clear was it that the walls trembled with its vibration. The four children who were playing in the corner of the room dropped their playthings and ran trembling to their mother's side. Only the boy, *Giovani*, was not disturbed. He remained seated in his corner, whittling a piece of wood.

"Hush, Iana, 'tain't nothing," the mother's deep voice whispered to her youngest, as she tried to quiet the frightened children.

Another shrill wail, another, and still another penetrated the place. The children screamed and clung to the mother. The father jumped from his chair and looked under the table from where the sounds seemed to come. Much to his irritation he found nothing. The thing was exasperating—to hear, but not to see.

Was there not some cause for these sounds? What was it? He heard, everyone heard the noises. Sometimes they were quite near, even beside one, but they came from the clear air. Was it a ghost? Had their imaginations run away with them? Could they no longer believe their ears? It was beyond the reasoning of the *Guitto* family.

During the succeeding nights, the queer noises continued. Always the family hunted, never finding the source.

Guitto did not know what to do. He had no money, and he had lost his job. It was impossible for them to leave their room, as there was no place to go. Meanwhile matters grew tense in the Guitto family.

One night while they were at their evening meal, one of the queer groans rang out. It seemed to come from under the table. There was nothing there.

Then Giovanni decided to tell them his story.

"You scairt, yes?" he said, his black eyes dancing and a grin stretched from one corner of his face to the other. "It's me. I do the groanin'! I t'row my voice. Teacher says I am ventriloquist. See?" and he threw his voice to the far corners of the room, much to the astonishment of his family.



RAIN

IRENE McFADYEN

Rain,

 Glorious—

 Heavy—

 Driving—

The God of heaven is sending his wrath

Down upon this world.

People,

 Hundreds—

 Small—

 Unimportant—

Raise puny umbrellas between them and heaven

And go indifferently on.

TROT LIVED TO TELL THE TALE

ALMA NUSSMAN

TROT arose early in the morning, for she had not forgotten the old sea captain's promises. He was going to take her rowing, and she adored to hear him tell of his adventures. For fear he would not wake up in time, she made it her mission to call him.

He arose, and together they waited for sunrise. Trot was talking as usual, and Captain Bill was making a desperate attempt to answer her many questions.

"Why, Captain Bill, why hasn't anyone ever seen a mermaid and lived to tell the tale?"

"'Cause mermaids are fairies, and they aren't meant to be seen by us mortal folks."

"What if anyone happens to see them—what happens then?" asked Trot, more curious than ever.

"They give a smile and a wink and dive into the water."

"What if they can't swim—what do they do then?"

"Well, here's how it is. The mermaids live in the water. They are the most beautiful of creatures. They are half lady and half fish, with green, pink, and purple scales on them. Their beautiful smiles are mighty sweet and fetching, and their long, silky hair floats around them in the water. If anyone happens to see them, their beauty and their songs charm them like magic. Then the people dive into the sea after the beauties and usually drown. Since the mermaids have no hearts, they laugh and laugh to see the poor people drown. That is why no one lives to tell the tale."

"If they're fairies, their homes must be very pretty."

"Mebbe so, young one, but they are very damp, I imagine."

"Now, I want to see a mermaid worse than before," said little Trot.

"What——? And get drowned just to look at a fairy?"

"No, not exactly, but so I could live to tell the tale," she explained, as if she were dreaming.

By this time, the sun had risen and Captain Bill and Trot were going together toward the bluff. The air was soft and warm, and the sun was turning the waves into sparkling diamonds. This was their world.

Everything was ready for their sail. They started toward the Dead Man's Cave. Here the skeletons seemed to scare Trot, so they did not stop. They passed the Bumble Bee Cave, the Smuggler's Cave, and at a distance saw the Giant's Cave. This place seemed to attract Trot. Without much pleading, she succeeded in getting Captain Bill inside. The black archway seemed too small for a boat, but as you grew nearer, it became larger. The ocean had crept under the overhanging rock, and it seemed to be dressed in an azure gown decorated with sapphires.

On all the beautiful surroundings Trot gazed. She was astonished. Her eyes grew large as something tapped her on the shoulder. Captain Bill did not move, but he stared and trembled. This is what they saw:

Rising from the blue water was a fair face around which floated a mass of long, blonde hair. It was a sweet girlish face, with eyes of the same blue as the water and red lips whose dainty smile disclosed two rows of pearly teeth. The cheeks were plump and rosy, the brows gracefully arched, while the chin was rounded and had a pretty dimple in it.

"The beauti-ful-est in all the world!" murmured Captain Bill, in a voice of horror, "and no one has lived to tell the tale!"

There was a peal of merry laughter which echoed throughout the cavern. Just at Trot's side appeared a new face, even fairer than the other one. This beautiful girl had a wealth of lovely brown hair waving around her face. Her eyes smiled kindly into those of the child.

"Are you a mermaid, too?" asked Trot without fear.

"Yes, dear, we are all mermaids," answered the lovely blonde, coming nearer and rising till her slender white throat showed plainly.

"No, no, step back! Step back! Please! You will kill us," Trot screamed.

"Wait, dear, and let's see. We heard what you said yesterday

about seeing fairies. So here we are. We decided to grant your wish. We also heard the silly things the captain said about us this morning. That's why we are here," explained the mermaid. "Now you can tell all the other mortal folks about us."

And Trot lived to tell the tale.



DREAMS—AND DREAMS

HELEN SHUFORD

Mary was a drab, uninteresting person. Her face was just another face, and like the kind you glance at in a crowd—and forget. Her clothes were simple, so was her manner. But her soul was shining, her thoughts were of far-off things—blue sea waters, wind in the pines, silvery moonlight.

In her dreams Mary saw herself seated at a shining Steinway Baby Grand, playing with all her soul—bowing graciously at the long applause, smiling into a sea of upturned faces—coming back time and time again for encores.

Pat was a bright young thing. Her face caught your eye—you remembered it. Her clothes were stylish; she was always the life of the party. Her mind was filled with clothes, jazz, slang, and a good time.

But in her dreams Pat saw herself seated at a shining Steinway Baby Grand, playing with all her soul—bowing graciously at the long applause, smiling into a sea of upturned faces—coming back time and time again for encores.

Mary graduated from high school—went to New York, studied music—today she is the world's greatest woman pianist—her dreams have carried her far.

Pat—well, Pat is still—just Pat.

THE WITCH'S AID

FRANCES CARTLAND

PRINCESS JOY loved the young prince of a neighboring kingdom, but their fathers had been almost at war for a time, so marriage for them was impossible. They had played together as children; then some trouble arose between the two kings, and the prince and princess had been separated. Since then they had corresponded secretly, but had seen each other only once again. Now her father was arranging a marriage between her and the prince of a foreign kingdom. Tonight he was coming to make terms with the king.

So she slipped away from the castle and went to see Tanya, said to be the old witch of the village. Joy had been forbidden to go there, but she was determined to see if she could get any aid here. She had on a dress of one of her maids, so that she would not be conspicuous.

Coming to the door of the old house, she knocked, and it swung in silently. The girl entered boldly, but it was so dark that at first she could not see anything. Soon, however, she saw a low fire in one corner of the room. She started toward it until she came to a chair near it. Then the fire flared up brightly, and she saw the figure of an old woman sitting there. The stooped figure with the sharp face told her to be seated and not to talk, as she was working out a formula.

Joy sat on the edge of the worn chair, and surveyed the room. All the furniture, including two chairs, a table and a bed, was musty and seemingly about to fall to pieces. From the rafters all kinds of herbs were hung with gaudy ribbons. A few cooking utensils and dishes were on the mantle. A door with several panels broken out was half-open. On the floor were several ragged rugs. The Princess looked about for the skulls and such that the servants reported as being there, but saw none of them. Then her attention was riveted on the bed, for she was surprised to notice a bright new patch-work quilt on it.

"Ah," she heard with a start, "you like my quilt? All the rich young ladies who come here give me a piece of their dress. You are just a little bit too late to give me some of your dress, as I finished the spread last night."

Joy was surprised to hear the woman speaking in such a well-bred voice and using such correct speech. She started to speak, but Tanya spoke again.

"You are in trouble, are you not? Wait until I get my book, and then we will see."

She arose and going to the broken-paneled door, she reached inside and drew out a small book. She shuffled back to her chair, put on her glasses and began to turn the pages noisily. She soon came to the one she wanted and stopped.

"You and a young prince, Pat by name, played together as children," she said. "Then your fathers quarreled, and he was never allowed to play with you again. You two have been corresponding since, and want to marry, but tonight a prince is coming whom your father wants you to marry. So you have come to me to see if I can help you. Am I not right in all that I have said?"

"Oh, how did you know?" gasped Joy. "Can you really help me out, do you think?"

"Yes, I can help you—Here," taking a small fold of paper from between two leaves of the book, and giving it to the girl, "is some magic powder that you are to put in the wine, which will make everyone go to sleep. But you better take several, for there is to be a banquet to celebrate, is there not? You must pretend to be delighted to marry the prince, and get your father to let the servants drink the wine so that there will be no one to detain you. Knowing your trouble, I took the liberty of informing Prince Pat of it, and when all the members of the household are asleep, he will be waiting outside the front gate for you."

"How can I ever thank you?" exclaimed the girl. "If there is anything I can do for you, please let me know."

Saying this, she went back and slipped in the way she had gotten out. She dressed in her prettiest dress, and went down to the kitchen. It was a very rare thing for the princess to come here, so the servants all left as she came in. Usually when she came, it

was to taste the food, but this time she put all the powders in the large silver pitcher holding the wine. Then she went to the huge dining-room where people had already assembled to celebrate the engagement. When presented to the prince, she pretended to like him very much, although she hated him from the first.

The dinner was good, and by the time the toasts were to be drunk everyone was feeling pretty jolly, so funny toasts were drunk. When it was time for the engagement and coming marriage to be celebrated, Joy begged her father to let the servants come in and have some wine, too. Although it was not the custom, they were allowed to do it; then they went back to their work. It was noticeable that an effort was being made to seem as gay as before. But soon everyone was asleep except the princess.

She ran to her room swiftly and tied her jewels and a few clothes in a silk sheet. Then she hurried out to the gate, where Pat stood waiting beside his horse. He put her on, and got behind her. They rode for about two hours, but neither realized it, for they were talking over old times and the things that had happened since they had seen each other.

They came to a beautiful house which Pat said belonged to his aunt; there they were to get married. On going in Joy saw Tanya sitting before the fire.

"Tanya, what are you doing here?" she exclaimed.

"This is my aunt, Lady Gay. Please excuse her dress, but she will tell you why she looks like this," exclaimed Pat.

"My dear, I have posed as a good witch because I have always wanted to help people. Being a Lady, I was not supposed to mingle with the poor, or even give any help except money. So I bought an old house, and the poor came to me for aid. The rich came too. No one knows about me but you and Pat. When he told me of your plight I had to help you out. I told him to write you in one of his letters to come to see me.

"While masquerading, I have discovered a formula for sleeping powder. I had just perfected it when I gave it to you. I am so glad that it helped you, and hope that it will do so to many people in the future, though perhaps not in that way."

A MORNING FLIGHT

RUTH STINNETT

"Fetch my magic carpet, Ringh Singh; I crave a flight to other lands this morning. Make preparation against the weather, too, so we shall be comfortable the whole journey. Call me when all is ready. I will wait upon the Princess Azrath."

"Come, Sahib, the carpet is now ready and awaits your revered presence."

Up from the sultry hum of Calcutta's busy streets we rise, up to the cool ether and veer to the north for a glimpse of China.

"Note the many pagodas, shrines along every highway. Let us fly nearer for a better view. Chinese homes are beautiful to a degree I would not have believed and their gardens are wonderful! They tell me, too, my daughter, that the interiors of the homes of the well-to-do, the 'sash-wearers,' contain many objects of art. The Chinese are interesting people. Do you know their literature is so full of their age-old belief in Confucianism and their daily lives are rigidly regulated by many rules and customs? Their ideas of death, the going 'On High,' and the time and loving attention they give to the graves of their 'gone-on-high-ones' is worthy of more than a passing thought, but we must fly on.

"I'm frightened in this typhoon zone (you will never forget, Azrath, nor will I, the time we were caught in that howling gale—surely the very breath of the Chinese dragon was that!) So let us go eastward to the Flowery Kingdom, Ringh, and lose no time.

"Ah, there, my daughter, already the fragrance is wafted to us. Slower now and closer to earth for a better view of this garden spot. The houses are (look down at them!) small, like the little Japs themselves. And I want you to see the temples here. Aren't they strange and imposing? In the distance is the church of the Christians that the American described to us.

"Truly the little brown folk are lovers, indeed worshipers, of beauty, and they appear so contented and happy; very persevering, too, for even when a calamity overtakes them, when it seems that

the elements are battling against them, they rise with indomitable courage to combat the havoc wrought and to reconstruct their homes."

"My father, how I should like once in my life to feast my eyes upon the land that is made of flowers and sunshine!"

"Where is that, daughter?"

"The Cal-i-for-nia, father, that my American teacher tells me of."

"Ringh, the flight there, think you we could make it?"

"Sahib, your slightest wish is command to your servant, but treacherous are the winds across that wild waste of water."

"If such risk attends, then it must not be dared and we will haste homeward. Back, Ringh, to the spires and minarets of Calcutta. Has my little Azrath enjoyed this forenoon?"

"More deeply, my father, than words can tell you, and you have given me worlds of thought to delight me."



THE FAIRY FESTIVAL

MARTHA SYKES

Mr. Moon smiled jovially. He was happy that night. He sent his beams to every spot of the meadow, making it indeed an enchanted garden fit for fairies and elves. The woodland folk chirped and twittered the glad tidings to their mates; and even the blue bells nodded one to another, portraying the news.

Suddenly out from the shadows danced the loveliest, daintiest little creatures! Their gauzy wings fluttered in the moonlight. Their twinkling little feet skimmed over the dewy grass. So busy they were! Soon an excellent banquet table was spread in the middle of the green meadow. The fairy orchestra softly played alluring music, which floated across the hills. Then galloping hoofs were heard and a small, glittering chariot stopped before the tiny

creatures. The fairy queen, so dazzling in her jewels and queenly robes, alighted!

All were merry that magic night. They danced and sang. Funny, weird little dances they did around the fire! And close behind, their shadows played hide and seek between the tall blades of grass. Then they bore their queen triumphantly to her chariot. They fluttered and danced hither and thither. The first rays of dawn peeped above the forest. Before I could blink an eye, they were gone; and I sleepily crawled back into bed to dream over the fairy festival.



WHY THE POT OF GOLD WAS BURIED AT THE FOOT OF THE RAINBOW

CAMILLE ELLIS

The fairy queen's soldiers were returning to their homes after a long siege of war with their neighboring enemy, the king of the hobgoblins. They had with them a pot of the purest gold, which they were saving as a gift for their beautiful queen. It had come from the treasure house of the hobgoblin king, which they had rampaged. They had only to cross the rainbow bridge and the valley of stars and their gift could be stored safely in the castle of their queen.

"Look!" cried the sentinel, "the hobgoblins' friends, the elves, are coming!"

"Quick," exclaimed the captain, "we must hide the pot of gold. Dig a hole, men, at the foot of the rainbow bridge."

This was done and the men hardly had time to line up for battle before the elves were upon them. Swords flashed and the ground was plowed up by the stamping feet. The fairies put up a brave fight, but the elves had not gone through the other war and

were many more in number than the fairies. After a courageous fight, the last of the fairies was killed. No one was left to tell the story or to deliver the hidden gift. The elves, victorious, left the scene of battle.

The queen was worried about her soldiers, so one morning she went with some of her courtiers and ladies to look for them. They found the fairy soldiers where they had fought and died so valiantly. They were carried to their homes for honorable burial, but the pot of gold still remained. It is still guarded by the spirits of the fairy soldiers, and that is the reason no one has ever been able to get it.



FANCY

HENRY BIGGS, JR.

PAINTER OF PICTURES

It begins in low volleys of distant musketry. The low roar swells as the thundering drops crash in great rain sheets against the metallic roof. The machine guns sputter at the windows. Amid the driving din "the heavies" are heard, distinguishable because of their deep, regular growl, as they concentrate against the curved elbow of the gutter: the bang, bang, bang, incessantly sounding amid the pitter-patter of light arms. The surging rumble gradually lessens, and finally the sounds become indistinguishable. Save for the occasional snipes, hitting from under cover of the eaves, all is quiet.

* * * * *

THE COW BELL

Just quiet peace, a home, and what a home may mean, and an intellectual freedom, combined, comprise the nearest thing to heaven here on earth.

RED SUNSET

In rich red streams it flows, the warm life blood of a dying day.

* * * * *

A PALE MOON

When alone, the wanderer sees dear visions, imagines the dimpled face, the sparkling eyes, the coaxing smiles; and as the pale light falls across his face, words come hurriedly to his lips, endearing words that he might whisper—if she were there. It seems that the moon's very pallor stirs an indescribable loneliness, a loneliness of sweet suffering.

And under the same moon when she is with him its silvery beams hush him to silence; and the impulses of the heart find a tongue that is bound.

* * * * *

DARKNESS

Under Time's great black cloak are hidden all the illusions, all the misconception, all the horrors of the impossible. Beneath this sable mantle human courage is at its lowest ebb.



WARP AND WOOF

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"We are such stuff as dreams are made of"

INCREDIBLE though it may seem at first sight, modern man and his environment have alike been wrought out of dreams. It is only when one investigates the matter that the idea appears so startlingly reasonable that one wonders how it was possible to think otherwise. Centuries of struggle have gone into the making of us and the world of which we form a part and which forms a part of us. But what was back of these centuries of struggle but dreams—the fantastic visions in the minds of men which spurred them on to build? The philosopher moulded a semblance of law and reason out of primitive ideas. The poet wrought a rhythmical pattern of art out of primitive emotion. The scientist built layer on layer a structure of objective truth out of primitive nature-lore. The religious mystic sought golden horizons

beyond the range of primitive superstition. Their dreams were the foundation of civilization. The process went on for centuries.

So one can say that our lives are made out of dreams—the innumerable dreams of a past that stretches back into forgetfulness. Of course other elements enter into the composition of our lives; but dreams, one realizes, are the basic element, the foundation of all the world as we see it.

Such an idea necessarily gives birth to a multitude of questions. We are especially concerned with our own relationship to the whole world of dreams. One wonders what one's personal contribution to the eternal flux of dreams will be? Are one's own dreams going to crystallize in achievement? Are they going to survive? Or will they fail to carry across the final barrier? Perhaps they may form a basis upon which future dreams may raise other men to triumph. Or perhaps they will dissolve and leave no trace upon the changing earth. One does not know. The book is closed.

Carlton Wilder




The Fantasy Issue

The theme for this issue of HOMESPUN is particularly in keeping with the life and atmosphere that is ever present on every high school campus. Fancies, "day dreams," castles in Castile, as the poets say, are particularly the products of youthful imagination and untrampled optimistic vision. And any reflection of this "spirit of eternal youth" in literary form is a reflection of *prima facie* reactions of high school youth to life.

In middle age the pot no longer exists at the end of the rainbow; old age holds a multitude of regrets and fears; but youth in its vivacity sees life, romance, adventure, knightly idealism, and sparkling years of joy and happiness.

HOMESPUN, therefore, in presenting the "Fantasy" issue feels that it is thereby interpreting a very real characteristic of people—especially young people.

Henry Biggs, Jr.



TANGLED THREADS

HORIZON

ELVIE HOPE

Horizon!

Beautiful, far-sounded word,
That leaves behind a picture, broadly painted,
Of sunrise tints on distant mountain-tops;
Of a world made up of sand and brush and sky;
Of a stretch of sea, where it blends with a calm blue heaven,
And the salt-sea mist is the merging painter's brush;
A haven of rest, where weary, care-worn eyes
Find peace and solace in its limitless stretches.

Horizon!

You are the unattainable desires of man—
The oasis of his endless journey.
You are Hope—
The light that shines so bright, (and seems so near,
But grows more distant at every attempt to reach it),
That gives to some world-weary, saddened souls
The strength, each morn, to gain the goal of night—
There to rest, no nearer their ambitions.

DELUSION

MARGARET BAIN

WE all noticed the new boarder as he came down to supper the first night. Not that there was anything extraordinary about new boarders. There was not at Mrs. Kelly's. But this one was different. He took his place silently, without so much as glancing around—not even toward Connie Evans, who had curved her pretty lips in a special smile for him. It was all right for him not to notice the rest of us girls. But to ignore Connie Evans——.

After supper Mrs. Kelly introduced him to us as Mr. Melvin. Mrs. Kelly was a fat, jolly old soul—the kind of woman who tried to mother every one of us.

“Mr. Melvin,” she added after the introduction, “looks quite lost among all of you girls. Take him into the living-room and dance with him, Connie.” Mrs. Kelly had a knack for trying to fix up matches.

We found the two dancing friendly enough when we came into the living-room. We thought that Connie was coming into her own, for she was even making him smile.

“Law, I was glad I could dance,” Connie confessed to me afterwards in our room. “But I wanted to run and wipe off all my rouge and lipstick. His eyes—gee, but they're blue. They look clean through you.”

She had certainly fallen for the new boarder.

“Mary, he's wonderful. His eyes—Mary, don't let it out, but I believe he's a poet or some kind of an author. He almost confessed as much to me tonight. Well, he didn't tell me, but he mentioned love and marriage. He spoke so queerly about it. I know men; I can put ends together.”

After Mr. Melvin had been with us a month, we were pretty well satisfied with his acceptance of Connie. Not that he had accepted her outright—he must have just taken her as a matter

of course. He was always polite to her. And I guess he found it was useless to try to escape Connie.

As for Connie, we thought that she had simply become infatuated with him. Many a night after I had gone to bed, she sat at the window watching the stars. Many a night she sat up late reading a volume of Keats, of Byron, or Shelly. She even tried to make me read with her. But I told her I had no time for such nonsense. She was certainly a changed Connie. She had started taking a course in creative English at the night school. I didn't ever believe she was half so interested in Melvin as everybody thought. It was just that he had brought her something new—something worth while.

One night we came to supper and found Mr. Melvin's place empty. The first night that he was absent we did not think it strange. But when he didn't come for four nights, and Mrs. Kelly couldn't explain, we did come to think it was strange. Mrs. Kelly told us that he had received a letter Wednesday morning which seemed to disturb him. He had left in a great hurry that afternoon while she was away from home. He hadn't even paid his bill.

Strange to say, Connie was the only one of us who wasn't troubled.

"Mary, he won't come back," she told me. "I know it. I believe he's had some great trouble in his life—and he loves me too much to get me in it. But, Mary, isn't it wonderful to think that such sacrifices as we both made will be an inspiration to him in his later works?"

It was Sunday morning while I was looking through the papers that I came across this short article:

"No trace has yet been found of William Melvin, young employee of the First National Bank of Greenville, Maryland, who disappeared from his home about three months ago. Melvin is wanted for theft. The police traced the young man to New York, but his whereabouts have been lost."

I didn't show this article to Connie. She seemed so worried and lonely these days. She would never be like the old Connie—but she would be better off. I figured that a broken heart is easier to mend than broken ideals.

MISPLACED NEWS

ELIZABETH BOYST

SETTING

A group of boys and girls of the senior class are in the publication room of a small co-educational college in Virginia. On the end of a table is one of the most popular girls in the college. MARJORIE JACKSON sits in a chair which has just been turned away from the typewriter. BETH HAMMOND, the "angel" of the class, is occupying another chair. BOB ARLINGTON, president of the class, is leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets. HUNT CAYWOOD is looking over ALLEN's shoulder. As the curtain rises, all are greatly aroused over an article ALLEN is reading from the local news. ALLEN is beginning the last sentence.

ALLEN: "And having visited and attended other colleges, I have never found one whose students are so ridiculous."

BOB: (*Whistles, surprised*) That's putting it rather strong, I'd say!

JANE: Have you ever?

MARJORIE: Why, it's so absurd it's insulting!

HUNT: Say, Allen, who wrote that and was crazy enough to put it in the *News*, anyway?

BETH: Oh, I hope they weren't crazy.

JANE: Well, I'd rather have them crazy than saying this in their right mind.

MARJORIE: I should say!

BETH: Well, I don't think it sounded so bad.

BOB: Maybe not, but the meaning behind it is there, just the same. And they've written it with their finger pointing right at the Seniors. Sounds as if they think we ought to be angels.

JANE: Well, I don't suppose it would hurt to have a few more here like BETH.

ALLEN: (*Having been looking at the paper*) I'll say!

HUNT: What!

ALLEN: I've looked all through this article and I can't find the name of the writer anywhere!

JANE: Guess they knew better than put it where we could find it.

BETH: I wonder who wrote it!

MARJORIE: Who do you suppose it was, Bob?

BOB: Seems queer, but I can't think of anyone who would do such a thing.

HUNT: Couldn't have been Charles, could it? He's got a grudge against us, but I don't think he would write a thing like that. Do you?

BETH: Not hardly. Maybe——(*Interrupted by the hurried entrance of TOM BARNES.*)

TOM: (*With newspaper in hand and excited*) Say, folks, have you read the news?

BETH: Of course we have, Polky! Did you know that the war's over?

TOM: (*Good naturedly*) Is it really? Thanks heaps for the information.

JANE: (*Looking out of window*) There's Josephine Woolton coming across the campus.

BOB goes to window and looks out.

HUNT: Jane, I bet she wrote that about us!

ALL: What?

HUNT: Why, wouldn't she have done it?

MARJORIE: It'd be just like her.

BOB: (*Turning from window*) Oh, Joe wouldn't do anything like that.

ALLEN: You would take up for her, Bob. But just because she's your latest regular, is no sign that she's innocent of writing this.

BETH: I bet she did do it.

HUNT: See there, Bob. Even Beth agrees with us.

BOB: (*Looking over article*) Just the same, Joe didn't do it.

ALLEN: You seem pretty sure, Bob. The next thing we know you'll be telling us that you wrote it yourself.

JANE: She could have written it as well as not. You know, yourself, that she doesn't like us. She——

JOSEPHINE *appears in doorway. She seems to sense the situation but tries to conceal it. Her face is flushed with excitement. She halfway runs to BOB with her hand held out. He takes it in his, and looks wonderingly and admiringly at her. The others are puzzled.*

JOE: Congratulations, Bob!

BOB: (*Surprised*) What?

JOE: You won the election!

BOB: (*Slightly embarrassed*) Well, I'll——

HUNT: Good for you, old boy. Say, folks, doesn't it seem great to be the friend of the best all-round boy in college?

JOE and BOB *exchange glances and smile.*

ALLEN: It surely does. Well, Mr. Arlington,—for I suppose we'll have to call you that now,—will you let me have a swallow or two out of your cup, when you get it, before you pawn it?

BOB: Sure thing, old man. I'd say that as good a loser as you are, you should get one too. (*Goes over to him and puts arm around his shoulder.*)

JOE *sees the paper and gets it. The discussed article is marked and attracts her attention. She scans it and her face reddens slightly. Everyone is silent.*

JOE: Who wrote this? (*Hotly*)

Silence. She looks from one to the other. ALLEN feels that he should say something.

ALLEN: You see, Miss Woolton, all indications seem to point toward you.

JOE: To me?

ALLEN: Yes.

JOE: (*Looking from one to the other*) You mean that you think I wrote this?

HUNT: That's what we mean, Miss Woolton.

JOE: I don't see how you can think that. Why, I didn't know anything about it until just now.

JANE: You can't deny that you said we were different and that this school wasn't like others. And that is just what the paper says.

MARJORIE: I don't see why you ever did it.

BETH: Oh, she didn't. Did you, dear?

JOE: Don't "dear" me, please. I was just beginning to like you a little. You never smiled at me and it was awful hard. I would have given up long ago if it hadn't been for Bob. But I might as well have, for with you feeling as you do we can't ever hope to be friends. And I didn't write it.

HUNT: Are you real sure, Miss Woolston?

BOB: I say, boys, stop pestering Joe. I wrote that myself.

ALL: Bob!

JOE: You didn't, Bob.

BOB: I did.

BETH: Oh, you'll lose your cup.

(Voice from outside) Allen, someone here from the *News* to see you.

ALLEN: Thanks, Carl. I'll be there in a minute. *(To BOB)* This is hard to believe, but since you admit it I'll have to. Any of you want to go with me?

JANE: Yes, I guess we'd better.

Exeunt all but BETH, JOE, and BOB.

JOE: Bob, you didn't do it. You couldn't do it. *(Pause)* Why did you say it? They all believed you, and you can't prove otherwise. You didn't do it, did you, Bob?

No answer.

JOE: Answer me, Bob. Did you?

BOB: No, I didn't.

JOE: I knew it. But why did you say you did?

BOB: I did it, Joe, to keep them from thinking that you did.

JOE: Bob! You did that for me? But why?

(Running footsteps and excited voices heard from the hall) Bob!
Bob!

BOB: *(Jumping up)* What does this mean?

Enter ALLEN, HUNT, JANE and MARJORIE, followed by MR. BATEMAN.

JANE: (*Running to BOB*) It's not true, Bob, it's not true.

MARJORIE: You'll get to keep it.

HUNT: He told us everything!

ALLEN: I'll say you were a good sport, old man!

BOB: But wait a minute—what are you talking about? What do you mean?

JOE: (*Turning to him*) Mean? Can't you see, Bob, dear? They've found you aren't the one to accuse. Aren't you glad? My! you look funny.

BETH: Of course Bob didn't do it. I knew that before any of you.

BOB and JOE smile at her.

JOE: But who did then?

Everyone starts speaking at the same time.

MR. BATEMAN: Perhaps I can explain this to them. It's my duty, I'm sure.

ALLEN: Goodness me, I'd forgotten all about you. Mr. Bateman, this is Miss Woolton and Mr. Arlington. Mr. Bateman is from the *News*.

MR. BATEMAN: I'm glad to have the pleasure of knowing these two popular young students. Mr. Fulton sent me here to apologize for the error in the morning paper. It seems to have caused some misunderstanding for which I am indeed sorry. As it happens, that article was intended for the joke column (*Smiles*) but in some way it was misplaced. As editor, Mr. Fulton said he felt that he was to blame for it, and that any time he could do anything for you to let him know.

BOB: Of course we accept his apology. But it seems that in one way this accident has done some good. (*Smiles at JOE and then at the others.*)

MR. BATEMAN: I suppose since there's nothing to keep me here that I might as well go. Please don't forget the boss's offer. I'll see you soon. Good-bye.

JOE: Good-bye, Mr. Bateman. Come back again and see us.

HUNT goes out the door with MR. BATEMAN.

JANE: Oh, Joe, I'm so glad neither of you did it. And it was such a little thing to make a fuss about. Will you ever forgive us?

JOE: Of course I will, if (*Smiles*) you will let me be one of you.

BETH: Of course we will, dear. We're so glad to have you.

From outside is heard music from band and cheers from boys and girls.

ALLEN: Oh, I forgot about this! See you folks later. (*Grabs sweater from table and runs.*)

JANE: We'll have to go and help them cheer you too, Bob!

MARJORIE: Second the motion!

JANE: All in favor make their exit now.

Everyone leaves except JOE and BOB. BOB starts to take JOE in his arms, but she slips away and goes over to window. BOB follows her, and puts his arm around her. He waves to those below and the voice of the cheerleader is heard.

ALLEN: Now, fellows, fifteen rahs for the best all-round boy in school! Put it in now! Let's go——

“Rah! Rah! Rah-rah-rah!

Rah! Rah; Rah-rah-rah!

Rah! Rah; Rah-rah-rah!

Arlington! Arlington! Arlington!”

As the last of the cheer is heard, BOB turns from the window, and as he kisses JOE, the curtain falls.



CAMPING

WILLIAM TROXELL

A car, a road, a cool fall day,
An op'ning, a turn, a winding way,
A lake, a spring, and colorful trees,
A sound—a bird, and humming bees.
A string, a fly, and plenty of fish,
A cast, a ripple, a lightning swish!
A fire, a pan, a savory smell——!
A pipe, a story, and all is well.

AUTUMN MOODS

ELVIE HOPE

Lazy, drifting days; air so soft and mellow,
Leaves are drifting down, turning red and yellow.
Fleecy, scudding clouds, hazy blue and white—
Golden glow of a harvest moon at break of night.

The air is warm and fragrant, and vibrant with mystery,
And hushed by some great event into seeming ecstasy.
Proserpine's dressed for her bridegroom; the earth is bronze and
green,
With here and there a rift of gold, or orange, or red, between.

Then, suddenly, all is changed, and a sighing, mournful wind
Brings death to the cheery earth, and a cloud to the heart and
mind;
And the nights are cold and crisp and the pale-gold moon looks
down,
And the sullen, frozen stars look on, and sigh and frown.

There's a touch of frost in the air, and a film of ice on the river,
The pines begin to moan, and the oaks to rustle and shiver.
A gust of north wind whirls about, and whirling, weaves
Fantastic patterns with the dry, dead autumn leaves.

The earth seems just a void, then, a vacant way
Like the swift-descending twilight of a summer's day—
Blank and depressing and black, then shot with gold
And rose; the infinite brightness of treasured memories old.

So autumn is dark and drear, and the fair, green days are gone,
Yet the fragrance of flowers remains, and lingers on and on;
Till the first clear heralds of Winter's reign fall soft and light
And the earth is silently sleeping beneath its blanket of white.

THE PRETENDER

HARRY GUMP

IT seemed to him as if innumerable barriers and weights were striving to hold him down. There ever appeared to be a lock on his very heart. Struggle as he would, he could not, to his own satisfaction, express himself.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, he was gifted (or as he thought, cursed) with the power of convincing others that what he said was really his emotions or feelings. He could make a speech, but as the words unconsciously issued from his lips he realized that it was actually not his true sentiments. He could not reason and convince himself that it was, but he could convince others.

He marvelled and envied the power of expression of others. Many of his associates were able to explain some things as he would have wished to do. He had read the diary of one of the boys. It was filled with a lover's emotions, but there was one thing he had noticed—a simple little expression of one's sensation upon smoking a cigarette. He had read and re-read that simple little paragraph. It was delightful, just as he would have wished to express it. He could even imagine himself smoking as he read the diary over and over again. It was as true in reality as he could wish. He could not seem to find the same expression in his own words, however.

That very night, after reading the diary, he had gone home and attempted to write a little sketch. It was a failure. He tried to write a poem, and, after some time spent in working it over, he hesitatingly handed it to the teacher for inspection. She had—she had laughed at it.

That was the way his expressions or rather attempts at expression turned out—people laughed at them. He had never tried to write a poem since. At the risk of failing an important test he refused to write one. He was afraid. He was afraid the teacher would laugh at the effort he had made.

How he had wished to express those emotions that were surging to his very throat. If he could only write them down or even speak them! It was no use; he was afraid.

How often, while walking home late at night through the park, had those emotions, those sensations, seized upon him. The dewy fragrance of the grass that made his head dizzy with sensations, the dim light sending out its blurry rays to brighten the gravel path, all had made those emotions nearly uncontrollable. Somehow, they never came to the point of expression. He only felt them, knew they were there, and struggled to keep them down.

It was hard. He had hoped that there was something fine in him. He knew there was, but he never felt he could get across the facts that confirmed that opinion. He was afraid. He trembled at his own emotions.

He had sought out his friends. He had at times made a supreme effort to relate his own feelings. They had merely smiled; sometimes they laughed. Then he had gotten stubborn. They had greatly humiliated him and stubbornness was his only comfort for his wounded feelings. Then, indeed, had he covered up his emotions more than ever.

At night, for hours, he would make speeches to himself. He would try to think of what he might say the next day. The victrola across the way often broke in upon his thoughts. He had tried to go over them again. The lesson for the next day broke in upon this trend of thought. These imaginary speeches he had given up as something beyond his power.

The future? It seemed no better. He saw no friend to help him in his troubles. It was to be a job to keep these feelings down. He decided that this must be one of his life jobs. It would be hard; he dared not look to the end.

He would always be misunderstood. They had laughed at him—well, he would give them no more cause for laughter. He would be a pretender.

APOSTASY

(*An Episode*)

JEAN BARTO

LATIMER had broken faith. He had failed in the law of his fathers. "God! Was he, Henry Latimer, a weakling, that he had forsaken thus the traditions of a proud race? Had they become as women that they could no longer avenge wrong? Had he no moral courage? No convictions?" Thus bitterly he mused, as he leaned in the doorway, staring with unseeing eyes at the passing throngs. His face was set in grim lines, pained, terrible; his fingers tightening and relaxing convulsively on the automatic in his pocket.

A man, tall, with a faint golden beard, stepped out of a doorway across the street. Latimer started, half drawing the automatic, then fell back into his slouched position. He had been mistaken. It was not the man.

A face floated before his vision, a face handsome, with a faint golden beard, and deep, piercing, blue eyes. He passed a hand over his brow to shut out the memory, a memory of a countenance hated and reproachful. Then slowly Latimer turned and walked away.

With lagging step he climbed the stairs to his apartment, and entered. Switching on the light, he sat down by the table to "think it out," a thing he had already done for the hundredth time. And there, rent by conflict, he weighed the facts; sought to balance his own and this other man's soul in the scale of justice. Before him passed the stern, lofty face of the long dead Renfrew Latimer, a vision which ever haunted him.

Latimer looked into the ghostly eyes of his grandsire and read there justice—uncompromising and sure—justice based on a stern code of right, the primitive law of an unemotional man.

That was it. He, Henry, was soft, emotional, unfit to stand in the place of his august sires.

"Damn his sentimentalism! Why was he eternally haunted by it? Had he not been taught the right? What mattered it if this man, Vincent, had——?"

He broke off in his reflection and buried his face in his hands. But he could not keep back the thought of a hell he had once fallen into: a shell-hole terrible with a slimy muck; close overhead the screaming bullets; smoke, acrid fumes, suffocating, nauseous; a stabbing pain in his side; before him the grim spectre, death; a Hun coming down with a black leer on his powder-blackened face, from which one cheek was shot away; and in his hands a blood-stained bayonet. Death! God, it was hell! Then this man, Vincent, who in the encroaching gloom of eternal night, breathed hope and life, had crawled into the hole. The Boche passed from the grim drama, his bayonet driven in his own breast, and Vincent had lifted the dying Latimer and crawled away.

Latimer raised his head and his eyes met the ghostly ones of his august grandsire. They were unmoved. He pictured the lips opening, imagined him speaking grim, caustic words—accusing.

"What matter if this man once saved your life?" his judge seemed to mutter. "Look at the man now. Does the past rectify the present? This deed is inexpiable. Have you so forgotten the law of your fathers, the creed of your sires, that you can blind yourself to insult and infamy? Has not this man taken away your sister?" This last rang in Latimer's ears with a vindictive bitterness.

A moment later he was appalled at the silence of the room. Then like a ceaseless echo the words throbbed in his fevered brain—"Your sister, your sister."

"Who was this Vincent, anyway?" Latimer asked himself. A mere nobody, a derelict on the sea of life. A roving, restless fellow, laughing and fighting his way about the world; at times living nobly, at others falling into dens of iniquity. A man's-man, but for a woman—God, what a life, and for his sister. What a blot on the name of "Latimer." The secretive manner, the perfidious violation of all which should have grown up between Vincent and himself. A despicable treason on the part of the man who had once dragged him from the jaws of death and given him life.

Because he had brought Vincent into his house as an honored guest the man had seen fit to rob him. Was it not enough? For this old Renfrew Latimer would have meted out swift death; for this he, Henry, should——

Again he stopped, and with a bitter cry threw himself on the bed. He had followed them, burning with a passion to kill, desiring only to avenge the name of "Latimer." He had traced them here; even now they were somewhere in the city, possibly in the very street below. Twice he had seen them, twice drawn his gun, intent on meting out stern justice, and yet each time he had replaced the weapon without fulfilling his mission.

* * * * *

Night came on and he went down into the street. Presently he wandered into a cafe, and, sitting down, lit a cigarette. Outwardly calm, he idly studied the people about him, idly gazed at the door. The one thought whirled about in a frantic cycle in his fevered brain. "He had been untrue to the teachings of his fathers, the traditions of his race. Untrue! Untrue!"

On the one hand his adherence to the ancient law demanded death; on the other his inherent gratitude requested mercy.

Which should he obey? The stern face of his august sire passed before him, symbolic of uncompromising justice. Then after it came a vision of a yawning hell, a leering Hun, death—and Vincent.

And then they came in, the man, Vincent, and Latimer's sister. Unaware of the presence of the man who was to be their judge, they sat down at a table near the door.

A momentary shock had passed over Latimer, to be followed by a deathly calm. Swiftly all the facts flashed before him, absolute, unavoidable facts. The aristocratic, stern family; Vincent, the derelict; the law of justice, the law of gratitude—and his own undeniable apostasy to the creed of his fathers.

The scales of Fate moved before him. Suddenly he saw clearly. Slowly, calmly he rose, walked to the table near the door, and gazed without a word at the man and woman before him. He drew the automatic, balanced it in his hand a moment, then pressing it to his own temple, pulled the trigger.

EVERYSTUDENT

(Inspired by the study of EVERYMAN)

RUTH LEWIS

A sat on his royal report card and called D from the failure sheet.

"Go," he commanded, "and tell Everystudent that for a long time now he has not lived up to my standards and that the time has come for reckoning. On the Day of Examinations he will be summoned before me to give an account of himself."

D at this moment saw Everystudent dancing at a big party which was being given at Pleasure-Seekers Hotel. Immediately he called him from the floor and delivered A's message to him.

"But the Day of Examinations is tomorrow," gasped Everystudent. "I'm not prepared. I'm not ready. Can't you give me longer?"

"No, I can not. For five long months you have known that this was coming, and you have not prepared yourself. It is a thing that may come at any moment."

"But the teachers have always given me longer. If I am called to my account now, I won't be able to go to college. I, a senior, will be put back with the juniors."

"Well, in that case, if you will get someone to go with you on that day, I will let you have longer."

"I will go at once to my good friend, Cram-at-the-Last-Minute. I know he will help me out."

So he went to look for his friend, and when he had found him, he explained the situation that he was in.

"Cram, old fellow," he pleaded, "you have always helped me on daily tests and parallel reports, and I know, for the sake of our friendship, you will help me now."

"But why should I help you this time? I won't get any reward after this. You'll be leaving school, and where'll I come in? No, no, old fellow."

Every student turned away with despair, but he still had hope. He sought out his friends, Late Hours and Good Times, but they, too, refused. He went on and on to the various companions and acquaintances of his, asking the same thing of each of them; but they refused to help him—nor did they even offer consolation.

Finally, sick at heart, he had started back to *D* when suddenly he saw a bright torch gleaming. It was directly in front of him, and seemed to light a pathway. As he drew nearer he saw that the lighted way led to a beautiful, white-robed figure. She seemed familiar—he had heard of or seen her somewhere. He groped in his mind for her identity. Then with a cry of recognition and joy he ran forward.

“Knowledge,” he said hopefully, “I have been summoned to give an account of my self on the Day of Examinations. *D* has given me longer to get ready, provided I take someone with me. My friends have turned me down. Can’t you, won’t you help me?”

Knowledge turned a pitying smile on him.

“Yes,” she said, “I can go with you, but I alone cannot save you on that day. You must work out your own salvation by employing a device, a machine, which you have forgotten you have—a device for thinking. It is rusty from lack of use now, but if you will start using it again, it will soon work as well as ever.”

Every student then with renewed hope returned to *D*.

“I have found someone to go with me. She has shown me the way to pass this test and everything that I shall meet in life.”



ALL ABOARD!

On a brilliant autumn leaf,
Swirling, fluttering, in the breeze,
I'll hie me to that unknown realm
Of fantastic make-believe!

Winona Horry

A PLEA

CARLTON WILDER

Your glance caught mine today; your eyes
Stared into mine with brief surprise,
Then looked away. Perhaps you feared
That look of mine in some way jeered,
Time was when I would drop my glance,
Afraid to face your eyes' bright dance.
But times will change, you know, and I
Was younger then, still clumsy—shy.
Times change but yet the past returns:
Deep in the dust the old glow burns,
The old dream lives, the old thoughts sing,
And though time-healed, the old wounds sting.

Remember then, you goddess-girl,
Though gods have sought, you needn't curl
Your lip that way. My love a while
Was worthy of a goddess—smile;
I dreamed mad dreams; these lips were red
With wine from 'Lysian vineyards bled.
And though I reached with ignorant hands,
A-tremble with Love's bold demands,
Afire with hope, a-chill with fear,
At least I tried. Grant me a tear
If not a smile from those blue eyes;
A tear before the memory dies,
And youth escapes us, yearning free
Into the still eternity.



PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Chimneysmoke*

Mr. Morley's purpose in writing the collection of poems, *Chimneysmoke*, was to show the poetic side of the circle around the hearth-fire to make the everyday, matter-of-fact things interesting, living things. He has tried to show every phase of home life—the gloomy side, the sunny side, the tears, the laughs. In the last verse of the poem, "To the Little House," he expresses his purpose in these lines:

"Let these poor rhymes abide for proof
Joy dwells beneath a humble roof;
Heaven is not built of country seats
But little, quiet suburban streets!"

The first thing the author did to carry out his purpose was to give the book the name, *Chimneysmoke*. Step by step he has made his poems live up to the name, showing that a dwelling is "not just a house, but truly home." He considers nothing about the home too insignificant to write about, from Katie, the cook, up—or down—to his pipe.

One feels, as he reads, the warm glow from the fire casting its light upon the sweet, old grandmother, the brown-eyed wife, the proud father, and the baby, for whom the father felt "Love at First Sight." There is on the one hand a feeling of sympathy for the "Madonna of the Curb," while on the other hand there is quiet amusement in the "Elegy Written in a Country Coal-Bin," "Smells," and "Epitaph to a Proof-reader of the Encyclopedia

Britannica." In every one of the poems there is a heart interest, whether it appeals to the sense of humor or to a feeling of sympathy. It is a thoroughly readable collection of poems.

Ruth Lewis

GERALD W. JOHNSON, *Andrew Jackson, An Epic in Homespun*

Andrew Jackson lives today in the annals of American history as perhaps the greatest incarnation of the spirit of America known; he haunts our government yet. Many American institutions were originated by him or created through his influence, such as the "spoils system," the political parties as they function today, and the standard unscrupulous tricks of political life. While we attribute these things to human nature and accept them as inevitable, it was Jackson's administration that ushered them into popularity. Andrew Jackson, the man, has become legendary; traditions of him compose folklore of our country.

But in all tales and stories, both true and untrue, we can find no man with a more romantic, more active, more strenuous life than Andrew Jackson. Born in poverty, the son of an immigrant linen-draper, given no education in the way of schools, left an orphan, he fought his way in life against the greatest obstacles until he became the most powerful American of his time, known and respected by kings, loved and honored by his countrymen. Surely, there is something in the simple narration of his life as powerful and as majestic as the stories of the greatest heroes of the world. For sheer force of will, for greatness of determination, he stands unequalled in the history of America; no man met greater difficulties than he; no man overcame them better.

Gerald Johnson presents Jackson to us as the lawyer, the business man, the Indian fighter, the general, the lover, the gentleman, the man of the people. He relates the story so powerfully and so vividly that we live with Jackson throughout his thrilling career; we suffer with him; we fight with him; we are even prone to swear with him. Jackson simply carries us with him; the force of his personality that pervades the story wins us.

Johnson pays especial tribute to the story of Jackson's great love for his wife. He thinks there is nowhere a finer love story than that of Rachel and Andrew Jackson; it is worthy to be compared to the greatest. Jackson's love for his wife increased as the years went by. He lived with her for thirty-seven years until her death, and each year found him becoming more and more attached to her. He could never have done the things he did, we believe, without the inspiration and love of a great woman such as his wife was.

For those who love action we recommend this book unreservedly. It is crammed full of action; Jackson led such a strenuous life that to tell of his achievements a story must move swiftly. The book moves with a double pace; throughout it all, though, we are under the spell of Johnson's captivating style.

There is something about Gerald Johnson's style which reminds us of the culture which so traditionally belongs to the Old South. It moves with such grace and ease; it flows so symmetrically; it pauses so eloquently and moves on with such a fine balance. Vividness alone makes it unique; we see and feel with the author.

While we sincerely enjoy Mr. Johnson's style, there are one or two points we wish to criticise about "Andrew Jackson." In this book the author uses the phrase "at any rate" so many times that we become thoroughly irritated at the very mention of it. We believe that he could have chosen a better transitional phrase once in a while to relieve the monotony. His way of telling the substance of an event before he gets to it, then mentioning the fact that his comment is out of place, and finally going ahead and telling the event in great detail is not the best method we could hope for. We don't like the hint which spoils the "cream" of a good tale.

Andrew Jackson, An Epic in Homespun is a very fine book indeed. It deals with an interesting subject in a manner that is both enjoyable and instructive to the reader. It is a biography written in a way quite different from most biographies; instead of relating bare facts and chronological events, it presents a great character in a true light; it is of that class of books which tend to "humanize knowledge." This book shows the writer in a stride

that promises to produce greater things in the near future. Gerald Johnson is a masterful writer; he has not reached the zenith of his power yet.

J. D. McNairy

ETHELREDA LEWIS, *Trader Horn*

Trader Horn is a book that has stimulated a great deal of comment among the *literati* since its appearance last June. Apparently the excitement which it caused has not entirely died down, for one comes across references to it in reviewers' columns even yet. So eminent a figure as John Galsworthy has contributed a foreword to the book and characterizes it unequivocally as "a dish that will tickle the appetite of the most jaded."

The story of how it came into being is an interesting one. The author, peddling pots and pans, came one day to the home of Mrs. Ethelreda Lewis, the South African novelist. She surely must have guessed something significant in this old man with the wide-open eyes; yet she could never have guessed the extent and color of the memories stored behind them, or still less, the power of vivid expression that could unlock this treasure for the delight of the world. There was a spell about his words, however, when he referred to his past, that held her. She induced him to return and tell more of his experiences, and finally to write a narrative centered about an adventure of his on the Ivory Coast of West Africa, when a boy in his late teens.

The book consists of this narrative with the spelling, grammar, and punctuation retained as in the author's original manuscript. However, Mrs. Lewis has intercalated at the end of each chapter the choicest parts of the conversations which he had with her each time he brought an installment of the manuscript. The old trader's narrative makes thoroughly interesting reading; his style is vigorous, though quaint, and he relates many strange facts and describes many strange scenes vividly. He exhibits uncommon powers of observation. Necessarily, though, the product of his pen suffers by comparison with his sparkling flow of conversation.

He was hampered without realizing it by the conception of a reading audience to whom his story must be pleasing. Commenting upon his work he says, "Facts is what they want. Facts with a little bit of Old Times for sentiment." In another place he observes "if a book's to be sold in America, you must keep an eye on the novelties." Such ideas, it seems to me, keep him from recreating his past with all the brilliant colors in which his youthful eyes saw it, with all the enchantment that the strange, primeval country must have wrought on his youthful imagination.

In his oral speech, however, the personality of the man leaps into being intensely; and the things he saw and heard and scented and felt on an African river fifty years ago charm our senses. Thus he sums up the spell of the country: "Africa, Ma'am. Africa—as Nature meant her to be, the home of the black man and the quiet elephant. Never a sound, Ma'am, in a great landscape at noon—only the swish of elephants in grass. Lying still there in the water, too—and me the first white man (nay, I was a lad) to pry upon their happiness."

Hugh McCray

RACHEL CROTHERS, *Nice People*

In *Nice People*, Miss Crothers has succeeded in drawing an accurate picture of a certain kind of social life which has developed since the war. Like a great number of present-day dramatists, she has treated the problem of the younger pleasure-seeking set. In the heroine, Teddy Gloucester, we see a girl better than her background of which she is a part, but one who is willing to marry Scottie Welleur, a representative of it. In the end, however, she marries Billy Wade, a clean-cut young man who is a direct contrast to Welleur.

The play moves along easily without any hitches to detract from the interest. We are able to trace the development of the heroine of the drinking, dancing set of the first act, to the healthy, normal, outdoor girl of the last act. It is questionable whether or not she could have become so completely changed in so short

a time, even through the influence of the clean-cut hero. But we must give the dramatist the benefit of the doubt.

What makes *Nice People* significant to us is the fact that Miss Crothers has treated the theme of the younger set carefully and seriously, without downing the modern youth. And a play which treats such a theme less relentlessly and with more understanding is nearer truth and hence is better art.

Margaret Bain



RAVELINGS

A GHOST

ELIZABETH BETTS

“Good-night, me boy, now go to sleep,”
Said mother dear to John;
“There’s nuthin’ in this purty world
To do you any harm.”

She shet the door, cut off the light,
And went downstairs to dad——
A-sayin’ to herself these words,
“Me brave and bonny lad!”

But in his bed wee Johnnie lay,
Oh, terribly hot and skeered.
The moon sent rays to comfort him,
But that made things look weird!

Up in the air, before his eyes,
About five feet away,
A white thing moved and swayed a bit;
And John, he wished for day.

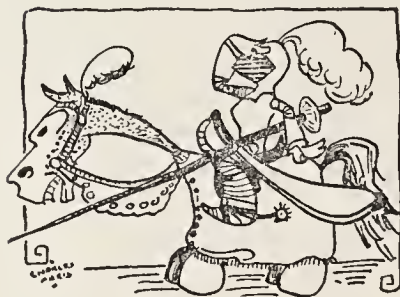
He tried to yell, but ’t wouldn’t do;
The “help” was just a whisper,
His hands were cold as blocks of ice—
Who was that spooky vis’ter?

“His finger’s pintin’ right at me,”
Thought John, “And, oh! his eyes—”
’Twas then he up and found his voice,
“Oh, mom! Oh, pop!” he cries.

Then up the steps his mother flew,
And busted in his room,
Turned on the light and grabbed the lad,
And pop brung in a broom!

“I seed a ghost,” the laddie said,
A-shiv’rin’ yet with fear,
“You two jes’ look—but I ain’t though;
I’ve already had my skeer!”

Both glanced around; then mom, she cried,
“Oh, Mike, do take a look!”
And pop, he stared and then he laughed,
“A white shirt on a hook!”



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by EUGENIA ISLER

I SPENT an hour of rare pleasure reading *The Gleam*, from St. Paul, Minnesota, and so much was I impressed with the attractiveness and genuine worth of the magazine that I feel moved to write of it. As a whole, it is an excellent publication; I can commend it unreservedly.

In spite of the fact that an old proverb warns us never to judge a book by its cover, it frequently happens that we are influenced a great deal by an attractive exterior. *The Gleam* has indeed a neat cover, carrying out the idea of the issue—"The Native Americans—The Indians." An Indian chief is shown crouched before his camp fire, shielding its gleam with his blanket as the smoke drifts into the background. This is a most pleasing design.

On a whole, the stories are more or less narrative tales of the strange adventures of Indians. With the exception of "The Justice of the Wild," they have weak endings, it seems to me. In "The Justice of Wild," two revengeful Indian chiefs trail and finally capture their fur-thief. They strangle him without mercy. "They took up the recaptured furs, and without a look behind, struck homeward, while, to right and left, with the quickness of light, there flittered grey, sinister, hungry shapes; overhead circled the grim winged messengers of death." I think this ending rather effective.

Besides the adventure tales, there are legends of the early settlements of Minnesota, and picturesque, descriptive sketches. These are samples:

"Surely, the gods must favor night. Do they not herald its approach with a message of gold?"

"And then—the gold fades away and night with its diamonds is there."

And is this not pretty?

"Indian Summer—one final taste of Heaven in part atonement for the rigors of winter."

In the exchange department I find a pleasant surprise. This section is uniquely developed in the form of a play called "The Trading Post." The characters are the different exchanges, but are given names of Indian chiefs who came to the trading post. The keeper of the trading post is Blackfoot (*The Gleam*). As the various chiefs come in and trade, Blackfoot comments and criticizes the contributions of each. The various chiefs are discussing the cold weather and its favorableness for their work. White Eagle (HOMESPUN), we are told, had reaped a great fortune. He discloses on entrance a cover design suited for the issue. He had with him several good poems, "Freedom," and "Something in the Air." His descriptions, "The Fountain of Youth," and "Blowing Rock," were noteworthy. Blackfoot rubbed his hands, saying, "Heap fine, heap good."—Night came on suddenly.—Blackfoot, sitting in his store, well satisfied with the day's business, yawned. Then he said, "Heap good day, good trade. Me tired. Me sleep now."

The entire magazine is well arranged and unusually good for a high school publication, it seems to me.



THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by MARGARET SOCKWELL

UTOPIAS

GRAHAM TODD, '27

IF I am to take for truth the fact that Adam was the first man, then it is my belief that Adam was the first Utopian. Our family Bible does not give me any definite proof of it, but surely, as all men see it, Adam must have seen the deplorable condition in the humanity of his time and he must have wished, as all men have wished, that he might be free from it in some beautiful place where peace and freedom from care predominated. But not being an authority, not intending to be, I shall give the facts as those who *really know* have given them to me!

Amos, a prophet of Biblical times, was the forerunner of Utopian thought, although those men whose minds are narrowed to the track of classical literature give Plato as the first man to write of his ideal city and his ideal man. Hosea, the follower and expander of Amos and his work, may be contrasted with Amos because of the views of the two concerning God. Hosea defines Him as *Love*, while Amos terms him *Justice*, a mere criminal prosecuting judge, bitter toward the faults of man and anxious for an excuse to condemn him.

Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Deutero-Isaiah are the followers-up of the two prophets already mentioned, all of them lamenting at the world's wickedness, and all wishing for an ideal spot where humanity might be free from sin and care. Their works are practically parallel in thought, although each had somewhat different ideas as to the carrying out of them.

In Greece, things were swiftly approaching Utopia, and that perfect existence seemed just around the corner. Plato, in his book, *The Republic*, portrays the first of a long line of ideal communities leading down to the present, the last being written quite recently by H. G. Wells.

In *The Republic*, Plato takes a character, Guardian, and carries him through many adventures, contrasting him to the man of that time. He bases his argument on his assertion that goodness and happiness are synonymous, and therefore if men will be good they will be happy. His Utopia is a place where all people must be good. The author of the *Story of the Utopias*, Lewis Mumford, says that a modern symphony orchestra comes nearest to representing Plato's "Republic," because everyone has his place, and everything, with practice, goes off in perfect harmony.

All men were not Guardians in *The Republic*. Only those sons of Guardian who proved their worth were permitted to bear this name; the rest were eliminated—entirely. This is somewhat the idea of the survival of the fittest.

The next Utopian writer of any importance was Sir Thomas More, who lived two thousand years later, at about the time of the colonization of America. He was stirred by the unrest and turmoil in his day to write his book, *Utopia*, now the generally accepted name for all such ventures. Utopia was situated on an island in the new world, or rather in North America. More uses his colony to show the defects in England. Utopia, as he portrays it, is the same kind of country as England, and Amaurot, his largest city, is pictured almost like London, but the life and ideals of the two countries and two cities are exactly opposite, More's creations being the better, more perfect of the two, and his ideas of the way England and London should be. Life on Utopia had as the basic interest agriculture, as had all the rest of the Utopias.

More gives us an Utopia already complete, and in working order, carrying on life and being carried through the real experiences of living, while Plato logically builds up his Republic, connecting at one end with reality and ending at the other with the perfect colony, built step by step, as he sees it built.

My idea of a comparison between Plato's and More's colonies would be: Where the Republic is a nightmare, Utopia is an impossible, unwanted dream.

Probably one hundred years after More's Utopia was published, a young German writer, Andraea, came forth with a new city-beautiful, calling it Christianopolis. This city, it appears, after a little reading, is strictly socialistic, scientific, symmetrical and extremely religious. The scheme is entirely socialistic; set ages for marriage are required; public store-houses, market-places and the like furnish necessities; and jobs are allotted without regard to ability.

There are a host of other writers and dreamers who expanded to some degree the writings of the above men, but little was added of especial interest until H. G. Wells, in his *Modern Utopia*, wrote a highly imaginative book which covered the world as a whole, and did not separate a small group from the earth's population or remove his colony to some planet. His is the closest connection between the dreamed-of Utopias, and the modern world.

Wells' work seems the most logical to me, although it is the most absurd to think of, because it is hardly conceivable that a World State could be formed. But his method of procedure, his dealing with the defective, the vicious, and his general, broad outlook and tolerance that lies half-way between individualism and socialism seem to me the best way to go about establishing the perfect existence.

There have been very few actual attempts to establish the perfect civilization, and all those ever tried have failed. Most notable among these trials, the "Brook Farm" movement stands out.

A group of American authors and humanists, believers in Transcendentalism, bought two hundred acres of land at West Roxbury, Massachusetts, and set up a little government, which at one time had seventy members, for the purpose of showing the world that common labor might be carried on and at the same time allow for intellectual work. Hawthorne and Emerson were among these men who had spent all their lives in exactly the opposite kind of labor from that which life on Brook Farm called for, and were therefore not fitted for farming, carpentering, and such work.

The farm was run on a socialistic scale. Everyone living there paid at first a fee which bought stock in the enterprise, and then, living simply and without any pomp or show, settled down to routine hours of labor, hours of writing, hours of pleasure, and hours for everything. The "farm" failed, because the people attending it were not the type for the kind of work necessary for life in such a so-called Utopia.

Some well-informed "wise-crack" of the time said, in speaking of the extreme socialism maintained in the colony, "Everything there was common except common sense." There is the failure of "Brook Farm" in a nutshell, although the burning of the main building and financial difficulties are given credit for its failure.

Utopian thought, in practice, has always been a failure; those schemes that were forwarded and never tried would have been failures as well. But Utopianism is not a failure, because evidences of its good effects are numerous. Think down the list. It has stimulated much thought in great minds; that alone makes it worth while. And it is still thought-provoking. It has set a goal for mankind, not in telling what the perfect existence is. Ideals, morals and civilization have followed it; as one grew, the others grew. Social progress has been furthered, and a great desire in all of sinful mankind has been stimulated for bigger, better, and higher things through Utopianism.

The family, after all, is the best illustration of an Utopia. Here things are done in common; individuals learn to share the good and bad alike; life is generally pleasant; things are settled through arbitration, and in general, things go off in somewhat true Utopian style.

And now, in a liberal sense, *is* Utopia a reality? Yes. The little dreams, and the big dreams, the ambitions, the ideals, and the hopes of mankind all contribute to each man's little cherished Utopia. These little things, plus love, another form of perfect life, make life bearable for all mankind, and on them are based man's reason for being here, and wanting to stay.

