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# HOMESPUN

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THE FOUR ELEMENTS  
WATER

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# HOMESPUN

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# THE WEAVE

## SEAFARER

RUTH HILL

We've been drifting here at anchor, waiting, waiting for the  
moment

When the salty winds would whisper, "Time to go!"

It's a call that must be answered; it's a call that must be heeded,

For our ship must be a-sailing when the ebb-tide starts to flow.

We'll be sailing to the tropics; we'll be trading with the natives;

We'll be rounding old Cape Horn on Christmas Day.

We'll be on to California, loading dirty hides and tallow;

Let us spread our sails! 'T is midnight; we'll meet morning on the  
way.

# RAIN

NANCY HUDSON

## CHARACTERS:

Coble—a lean, dark-eyed, light-haired man.

Black Gene—a swarthy Italian, smaller than Coble. Despite the sensitiveness of his high patrician forehead, there is an undeniable coarseness in his stubby fingers, and weak chin, and brutal forearms.

## SCENE

*The interior of a small rickety shack in the marshlands of Virginia. The room is bare of furniture, except for a make-shift cot and crude table on which rests a plenteous supply of canned foods. Reed grass has sprung up between occasional rotted boards in the floor. In the back center of the stage is a window of cracked glass with paper pasted across. A dim, eerie half-light seeps through its smoked translucence. Outside the rain beats, gray and dreary. It can be heard pounding in a morbid driving monotone on the tin roof.*

*Coble sprawls on the bench, one foot dangling off the end. Black Gene stands staring sullenly out of the window at the rain.*

COBLE: (*Figuring painfully on a tattered bit of paper and mumbling aloud*) March 1, 2; Tuesday was the third; Wednesday, fourth; Friday, fifth . . . That's twelve days we've been here! Twelve days, do you hear?

BLACK GENE: Twelve days. Twelve, and all of them rain . . .

COBLE: Thursday 5, Friday 6 . . . Say, today—today's Sunday! *They contemplate this irony in silence. Rain pounds on the roof. Finally Black Gene breaks the silence.*

BLACK GENE: (*Shivering a bit*) I deed not want to keel heem.

COBLE: (*Persuasively*) Naw, we didn't kill 'im, see? Naw, naw. We just tapped him on the head. We couldn't know he'd die, could we? We just tapped 'im. He died, and it was his own fault. That li'l tap we gave 'im couldn't kill nobody.

BLACK GENE: I deedn't hit vair hard. Just a leetle. (*The muscles in his forearm ripple and glisten.*)

COBLE: (*Encouragingly*) Sure you didn't. Why, that little tap couldn't have hurt nobody. Whin someone is gonna die and you tap 'em on the head and he dies because he was gonna die anyway, you didn't kill 'em, did you?

BLACK GENE: (*Half-convinced*) I—I guess mebbly not—

COBLE: (*Laughing in a hollow tone intended to be reassuring*) Thass right. Sure. Thass right!

*They are silent. Outside the rain raps—never increasing, never slowing, never changing. The room is filled with the sound of thousands of weary, eternal, staccato drums beating gray in the stillness of the marshland.*

BLACK GENE: (*Nervously*) I weesh eet would quit rainin'.

COBLE: Wot's a liddle rain? (*Laughs harshly*) Rain can't hurt you, huh?

BLACK GENE: (*Slowly*) I doan' know . . . Eet hurt me. Eet hurt me here. (*Grasps his head with his hands.*) Rain all day and all night. Rain all night and all day. Rain always and always the same . . . I theenk eet drive me craze sometime—thees rain.

COBLE: (*Harshly*) Rot! You got plenty of food, haven't you? Plenty of food and plenty of water—yeah, plenty of water. You got a place to sleep, an' you're free. What else do ya want? What does a li'l rain matter? (*Black Gene does not answer. The rain drives continuously against the roof, thudding and thudding on the tin. Yelling*) Come away from that window! What do you think you're trying to do, see if it's rainin'? Come away from there! (*Grumbling*) Don't see why ya have to stand there, anyway. No use standin' there. No sense remindin' us all th' time it's rainin'. Damn! Wot's a li'l rain? (*He opens a can and, dipping in and out his hand, proceeds to munch on a hunk of corned beef.*)

BLACK GENE: I'd rather be out there than in here. I doan' want to stay here; I'm goin'.

COBLE: (*Incredulously*) Yer nerts! You're safe in here. In a li'l while the gang will come by and pick us up. We got plenty of food, haven't we? An' nobody else'd ever find us here.

BLACK GENE: How long before thees gang com?

COBLE: Oh, a day or two. Mebbe three days, but what's the diff? We're safe.

BLACK GENE: I cannot stay one more hour here, one meenit, one secun; that rain—eet ees drivin' me crazee.

COBLE: Yeah? Well, listen. How long d'ya think ya'd last out there? An hour, mebbe. Mebbe less. If the quicksand didn' get ya', the cops would. They're combing the country for us. You know that.

BLACK GENE: (*Wildly*) Da cops doan' beat and beat down on th' roof. They doan' drive you crazy. I woan' stay here; I'm leavin'! (*He rushes toward the door and flings it open. Coble clutches him.*)

COBLE: No, ya don't! Gonna leave me, huh! Gonna set the bulls on my trail! Oh no, you aren't. You don't get the chance, see? (*He drags Black Gene, wildly scuffling, back into the room.*)

BLACK GENE: (*Screaming*) Lemme go! Lemme go! I woan' let anybody know you're here. Honest I woan'. Lemme go.

COBLE: Nix. You're staying here. You go out there and what? You're picked up by the cops, and 'en they come back and find me. Nothin' doin'. I'm lookin' out for myself, see?

BLACK GENE: (*Sullenly*) Thees place—eet drive me crazee.

COBLE: (*Yelling*) Well, go crazy, then! Go crazy an' stop talking about it, ya hear?

*Silence. The rain is a drum of madness on the roof top. Black Gene lies flat on the floor, covering his ears with his hands and moaning. Slowly his moans become rhythmic with the beat of the rain. Finally he rises up to his haunches and beats his hands together in time to the beating of the rain. His eyes shine fantastically.*

COBLE: (*Regarding him suspiciously*) What's a matter with you?

*Black Gene laughs harshly and beats louder with his hands.*

COBLE: Here, stop that! Stop it!

*Black Gene continues louder and adds weird piercing rhythmic cries.*



COBLE: (*Screaming*) Quit that! Quit it, I say! Have you lost your mind? (*He stops suddenly and looks keenly at the squatting figure before him. Softly, fearfully*) I believe—I believe he has . . .

*He backs away into one corner. Black Gene continues to beat and chant. Coble begins to perspire. The whole world is beating rhythmically, monotonously, maddeningly about him.*

COBLE: (*Whiningly*) Please stop it, please.

*The noise neither increases nor decreases.*

COBLE: (*Timidly*) Pl—e—e—ase . . . . .

*Rain from a hole in the roof lashes him in the face. He jumps away.*

COBLE: This gives me the creeps . . . . . Lissen, I never done nothin' to you . . . . Quit it, won't you? (*He is answered by an eternity of rainbeats.*)

COBLE: (*Shouting*) I can't stand this! Stop it! (*Beat, beat, beat, beat*)

*Coble stares at Black Gene's wild eyes, and his own eyes light up with an idea. He furtively kicks at a board in the floor. He pauses over the loose board a few seconds, then stealthily picks it up. He advances toward Black Gene, who does not move, and brings down the board with all his force on the insane one's head. Black Gene's body thuds against the floor as the rain beats, beats, beats.)*

COBLE: That'll settle you a while. Then whin ya get over that, there'll be another 'un. (*Mumbling*) Reckon I can't have that . . . . (*He kicks the inert figure, then stares at it with renewed interest. Leaning down, he feels the area of the heart.*)

COBLE: (*Slowly*) Dead! (*Beat, beat, beat, beat.*) (*Hysterically*) Dead! (*Beat, beat, beat, beat. He goes to the table and seizes a handful of bread. Beat, beat, beat, beat. He lifts it to his mouth. The rain pounds madly. With a quick motion he throws it through the window. He leans on the table and buries his head in his arms. Rain drums on and on. Rain seeps from the roof and beats, and beats, beats on his face, and his hands, and his body. Rain beats all around him. He is a single man in an eternity of*

*rain. He stands up, and screams, and dashes through the door. The sound of his footsteps mingles, and harmonizes, and becomes one with the beating of the rain.)*



## THE MISTS

HELEN CRUTCHFIELD

The mists are spirits of ladies  
Who have forgotten the way of life and the living;  
Women who had children who died.  
Through all the world they seek their babies,  
Longing for the touch of soft babies and chubby fists,  
Forgetting the last coldness of abandoned flesh.  
In vain they look to heaven for the blue of their babies' eyes;  
In vain they seek the dead among the living.  
Silent, ever hopeful,  
The mist ladies move so gently, so gracefully,  
Ever searching.  
They peer into tiny houses,  
Shielding cradles and broken toys;  
They wrap themselves around young mothers tenderly.  
They drift on, never lingering long  
Between heaven and earth,  
Wistful mist ladies, who, seeking the spirits of their dead  
babies,  
Wander forever.



# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## SEA-CALL

JOYCE HERITAGE

There's a wild wet wind upon my face.  
There's a longing in my heart.  
There's a sharp salt tang upon the air,  
And the land and I must part.

Oh, I must away to the deep dark gray,  
To the haven of the sea,  
For her curly sea-weed finger-tips  
Are beckoning to me.

I cannot stand the taint of land—  
Its smelly, smoky air.  
I must breathe deep of the sweet sea breeze  
And rid myself of care.

All day I wish, but cannot go;  
For something says to me,  
"Not yet, my friend—for know you not  
The sinister, tempting sea?"

"Oh, she is a cat with chameleon eyes  
And will ever draw you near."  
And I will ever hear that voice,  
Because my heart holds fear.

## THE "RAINDROP PRELUDE"

MARGARET KNIGHT

A dream of loved ones sorrowing for him led Chopin, a peer among musicians, to write one of his most beautiful compositions, "Prelude in D Flat," more commonly called the "Raindrop Prelude."

Banished by his physician to a Mediterranean island in the hope of improving to some extent his fast-failing health, Chopin lived the latter part of his life on this island with a small group of devoted friends.

Upon one occasion his companions visited a nearby island, leaving the composer alone in his temporary abode, the wing of a deserted convent. During their absence a terrific storm arose. So fierce was the gale that Chopin feared for the safety of his friends. His concern mounted with the tempest, and so shattered were his nerves that he was overcome and fell into a deep faint.

The absent ones returned at last and found Chopin lying upon the floor as if dead. Upon being revived, the composer told that he had been prey to a gruesome vision, of which the composition "Raindrop Prelude" is the musical portrayal.

He fancied that he lay dead upon the floor of the ocean. Near him a beautiful siren sat singing a song of exquisite and tender melody—a song of his own life, a life of love and sorrow. The enchantress' voice soothed him, caressed him, and he longed for rest. This could not be, for a force more powerful than the siren's song tormented him, tortured him, forced itself upon his consciousness. This force was the relentless, monotonous fall of great drops upon his heart. Each drop fell stronger, pressed deeper, clung closer than the one preceding; they seemed burdened with some great, sad, but fathomless significance. At last Chopin became aware of their meaning. They were the tears of his friends on earth whom he had loved and through death had lost. With this knowledge, vivid memory and poignant pain awoke simultaneously; his anguish grew to an overpowering intensity. The force of his

grief exhausted itself, and he sank into welcome oblivion, hearing until the last the song of the siren and feeling always the faint but regular fall of the tears of his friends upon his heart.

This dream held Chopin in its grip for several days. It preyed upon his mind, dominating his every thought. So aroused were his emotions that he turned to music as a means of expressing this intense feeling, composing the "Raindrop Prelude," or "Prelude in D Flat," a musical work which embodies the composer's dream.



## WIND AND WAVE

ELSTON FIFE

If I could feel again the wind  
    And hear once more the crashing wave,  
Or sink into the spill of foam,  
    I think my heart would then behave.

If I could memorize the feel  
    Of stinging surf against my face,  
Or, better, see the sea-lashed rocks  
    With water foaming into lace—

My heart, it longs for wind and wave,  
    My soul, it dies of too much me.  
O God! to be just once—just once,  
    A foaming wave upon the sea.

# PHANTOM SHIP

NANCY HUDSON

A tale is told by men of old  
Of a ship that sails at night,  
Whose deck is cold with phantoms bold,  
Whose hull is a ghostly white.

They say she sailed and sank 'neath a gale  
Many a year before,  
Yet now on her scale the dead men wail  
And journey forevermore.

Her tow'ring sheet weathered the sleet  
Of all the seven seas.  
'Mong crafts so fleet there were none that could beat  
Her swiftly trav'ling cross-trees.

Her spars reared high into the sky;  
Her bow was narrow and gliding;  
When she passed by, the waters nigh  
Rebelled in flagrant chiding.

Bird-like she soared through lake and fiord  
And never a reef could change her;  
Her rudder-board ever headed toward  
The open sea and danger.

The blight of death could not affright  
Nor fear of worlds to come;  
For when the gale's might swept into sight,  
She staunchly stood her doom.

Sweeping over and on the storm swung along,  
Scattering the wreck of the ship.

The bow fell at Hong-Kong, the keel at Rangong,  
And the spar at "Dunbar's Slip."

And yet, they say, when day gave way,  
And night stole in, so sooty,  
Each star-light bay—the places were fey—  
Gave up its naval booty.

And all together the boat did gather,  
Rose up in the white twilight  
As light as a feather—and far from shore heather  
It sailed into the night.

On the deck stood the dead, and at their head  
The slaughtered pilot steered.  
The helm was red with the blood he'd shed,  
And ghost gulls 'round him veered.

Into the night and the pale moonlight  
The phantom ship did glide,  
Herself as white—of ghostlier light  
Than ever man had spied.

In the dark hours while in the bowers  
Landsmen lie asleep,  
The ghost ship towers, like the wan lily flowers,  
Upon the crest of the deep.

And men do say in a hushed way  
That on the clearest night  
Far from the bay can be seen the sway  
Of the ghost ship in its flight.

## STORM AT SEA

QUENTIN DIXON

That fateful dawn the slow sun rose  
    To throw its hard bright ray  
On blank sea and blank sky till it  
    Burned out the breathless day.

Sunset had dropped a dim red line  
    Upon the ocean's face  
And glimmered in the west while night  
    Slow-blurred its last fine trace.

We all had gathered by the rail  
    And stared into the south,  
Where a purple blotch in the gath'ring gloom  
    Loomed low in the cyclone's mouth.

In an hour or so the first breeze whined  
    Through the rigging and bulged the sail;  
And now we were leaping forward  
    In the closing teeth of the gale.

We ran—we flew o'er the water,  
    Surging and crashing in foam.  
And now with a thundrous bellow  
    The cyclone had struck home.

Why tell of a night of madness—  
    Of distant shouts and cries—  
Of the crash, and the surge, and the lifting  
    Of towering waves 'gainst the skies?

Somewhere in my mind the white faces  
    Of men swallowed up by the deep—



One moment—a bubble bears witness  
To slow, frantic struggle—then sleep;

And men go down to the sea in ships  
To course the dim, mad foam;  
And some return, but more abide  
With the storm and the sky's black dome.



## WET EARTH

ELIZABETH CRAVEN

The fourth month of the year, as everyone knows, is that of showers. In the year 1926, I think it was, April was unusually wet, even for April. On the second Sunday, after a rainy Saturday, my father, after a morning of teasing and persuasion, finally consented to take my young friend Mary and me to visit my grandmother.

The country roads were very muddy and slick, but all went well until we turned into the straight orchard-bordered road which led to our destination. In turning the sharp curve, the wheels of the car slithered through the mud and gently into a shallow water-filled ditch. The wheels kept turning, but the car remained quite still.

Soon, realizing the situation and knowing the time it would take to change things, Mary and I decided to take off our shoes and socks and walk to the house.

I shall never forget the sensation of that lovely red mixture of earth and water as it came up between my toes and covered my white feet like tooth paste squeezed from a tube. It was cold and smooth, wet and crawling; it reminded me of the clay baths which fashionable ladies take to remain beautiful—I thought that they must feel like this.

The trees of the orchard seemed more beautiful as I looked at their soft green buds and pink blossoms under a storm-washed sky

when my feet were in the wet earth. I felt more real, more alive to the tangibility of nature. I was happy; I seized Mary's hand and ran—great drops of red Carolina mud flying behind—with the sheer animal joy of living.



## WINTER SEAS

LOUIE BROWN MICHAELS

The sky above the ocean  
Is dark and cold today;  
The waves that lash the jagged rock  
Foam with winter spray.

'Tis coming night and people  
In homes along the sands  
Have lighted up their candles;  
Have set them in their stands.

Their winter fires are burning,  
For driftwood fills the grate;  
A bowl of broth, a slice of bread  
Lies waiting at each plate.

The massive steamer's wreckage  
Suggests weird things to me—  
A pirate's voyage—alas! 'twill  
Soon be vanished out at sea!

O massive, rolling ocean,  
I watch you in the storm;  
You tear, you dash, you tarry not  
Until your anger's gone.

## FISHING

ANNE RICHMOND

Considering my recent experiences in the matter, I have undertaken to explain the art of sportive fishing. In the first place, it isn't an art at all; it's a gift. In order to be successful you must possess two main traits—a great patience and a small vocabulary. You must be one of those highly philosophic gentlemen who are willing to sit long hours in the sun smoking a pipe and meditating on the great problems of life. You should be able to awaken several times from a gentle slumber long enough to give that peculiar jerk of the pole that hooks a sucker, in case one should happen to be nibbling at your bait. Also, you should be able to add at least two inches to the size of a lost fish. Not much practice is required for this last, as it is a trait the average fisherman learns easily.

When you have started on a fishing trip, have crowded your boat from stern to bow with paraphernalia, have embarked and rowed a distance from shore, you find that you have forgotten to bring some essential article. It always happens. I honestly believe I would distrust as abnormal a man who, on a fishing trip, did not leave behind anything. You go back, get the missing object, and set out again. For a long time you row quietly; and when you finally arrive at the appointed place, your arms are stiff and sore. You put out your baited hooks, trust to providence for the fish, and settle down for a peaceful nap. A few bugs, mosquitoes, and such crawl on you for a comfortable noonday meal, and you slap at them, but, missing, try to continue your rest.

Occasionally your cork bobs, and you excitedly jerk the hook up, to see the fish just disappearing through the water. This vexes you and arouses your interest, and you quickly throw the hook back, sitting up and watching very carefully for another bite. The fruitless scrutiny soon becomes boring; so you prepare to sleep. Just as you are on the verge of dreamland, your cork consistently bobs under, and you jerk your pole, all a-quiver, and bring up—a turtle,

a perfectly worthless turtle, too small to eat. Disgusted, you pitch it back into the water and resume your fishing.

During the next few hours you catch eleven more such turtles, and, having put them all back, propel your boat onward. You stop beside a likely-looking clump of willows and drop in your hooks. During that hour you get enough nibbles to warrant your staying in that place, but you catch no fish. Finally, weary and blistered, you resolve to go home, but then you pull up a small perch. "Why," you exclaim to yourself, "there are fish here!" In enthusiastic view of the conquest, you decide to stay on another hour.

Then the real battle begins—after the catching of the first fish. From then on you watch your cork in rigid expectancy. At the end of the hour you catch one more fish, this one larger than the other. You must gather up your poles and return home; you have overstayed your time already. And if you are a good fisherman, if you are a real fisherman, a naturally born fisherman, then when you wearily plod the homeward way, you will gaze long at your two little fish and blissfully sigh, "How great it is to be a fisherman!" You see—it is a gift.



# WARP AND WOOF

## EDITORIAL STAFF

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## *Your Cup of Water*

We present to you water, water in its varied forms and colors, water in all its whimsy and practicality. We do not seek to exalt it, but to portray it; not to flatter it, but to display its muddy browns as proudly as ever we flaunted the emerald hues. There are waters in life that are bitter; we give you the full of their bitterness. There are waters that are black, and we do not hide their blackness. There are waters that are chokingly warm; we glory in their warmth. We seek to give you not only the pleasance and beauty

of our topic, but the whole of it—all of its power and weakness, its singing and mourning, its placidness and treachery. We attempt to give you a taste of water as it is—a drink not warranted to be elegant or delectable, but to be complete, a draught to be drunk to the dregs and swallowed, not with apathy, but with the greatest gusto.

*Nancy Hudson*



## *Youth's Plea for Peace*

When we realize that conferences being now held may directly determine the destiny of thousands of us, we, the youth of today, join in the cry for peace. Whatever decision is rendered by the Geneva delegates will affect, not them nor their immediate contemporaries, but us, the rising generation; thus we consider it our due right to voice the opinions we hold on this matter.

Youth desires universal peace; we harbor no illusions of the glory of war, the adventure and glamour of fighting. The aftermath of battle, with all its horror and devastation, has wrought upon us a fine repugnance for the wholesale slaughtering of our fellowmen. Youth cries for peace!

We have fine things to give the world—clean young bodies, alert, fresh minds, new ideas and ideals. Will they be killed before they can be of use to the world? Will all our new enthusiasms be dulled and our brains be blighted and wearied with the strain of wars to come?

Even now representatives are meeting to determine whether we shall in the future expend our energies on the betterment of the world, or whether we shall sacrifice ourselves in futile struggle against one another. To them, and to the prince of peace, in whose honor we celebrate this Yuletide season, we plead for the chance to live our lives free of the encumbrance of disastrous mortal combat; to them we plead for peace.

*Nancy Hudson*

# TANGLED THREADS

## MEMORABILIA

NANCY HUDSON

One thing stands alone in my memory—  
Inviolable, unchangeable—  
A foaming torrent of tempestuous water  
Hurling madly downward  
To great grim gray rocks;  
The triumphant thunderings of a river unleashed  
In all its glorious, primitive power;  
White spray flying,  
And rainbows shimmering through the mist—  
Niagara.  
Ah, glory of Nature!  
Even yet I am dwarfed, remembering;  
Even yet I tremble through my cloak of hypocrisies  
At the wild beauty of that which wears no veil  
To cringe and fawn for the favor of man.  
Awed and half ashamed,  
I pause and muse on the fate  
That made us both  
The handiwork of God.

# MY PRAYER

MARY LOUISE STONE

God of Eternity,  
I have not the skill  
To word this prayer of thanks.  
Long have I cried to Thee  
With wistful voice  
That unto me be given  
The fire of poets  
To weave my song of praise.  
'Twas all in vain—  
Such power was not for me.  
Tonight I come to make  
Another pensive plea,  
To ask that from a heavenly throne  
Thou wilt look down  
With compassion on this humble soul,  
And in thy wisdom know:  
The happy beating of my heart  
To see a tree's slim fingers  
Reach to clasp the sky;  
The ache that all but chokes my being  
When I hear sweet throbbing music;  
I pray that Thou may hear  
The song of strength that  
Trembles on my lips  
At the gleam of silver stars;  
And may thy keen, all-seeing eyes  
Grow tender at the tears  
That blur my own  
In the sacred beauty  
Of a reverent twilight—  
When goes the happy day,



And comes the soft, blue night.  
'Tis then my soul  
Shall wing its flight through space  
And cry out my song of thanks.  
God of Infinity,  
Still are these words too plain,  
And faltering this voice,  
To shape a lovely prayer,  
But thou shall see  
A beauty in its plainness,  
Knowing the fire that smolders there.



## A WINTER'S MORN

ELIZABETH BUHMANN

A muffled silence trembles in the air;  
It is the dawn—an icy winter's morn.  
Down through the leaden skies there sift,  
Like weary, white-haired, falling stars, small flakes  
Of nature's wool to comfort and adorn.  
A lovely sight—the former barren earth—  
White birds that fly, white ships that sail at sea,  
White flowers' graciousness, a frosted woodland trail,  
And trees that tower o'er a world that's white.

## THE LAST BATTLE

ROBERT ANDERSON

He was a valiant old warrior. Nine years had passed over his scarred and graying head. He had fought and conquered in many battles. In most of these battles friends had stood by to cheer him, and because he was young he had not missed them so much when they were absent.

Now his teeth were dull, his hard muscles were growing stiff with age, and his old fighting spirit was fading with the passing years. It was true that his courage grew with the passing years, but the driving power of his former spirit was missing.

That fatal day an alien brute had dared to penetrate his domain. He had dared to sniff the old warrior's favorite bone and to drink from his water pan.

This was too much. With a snarl gathering in his throat, the veteran rushed out to give battle. They reared high and snapped at each other with bared fangs and dripping jaws. The invader was young, and his youth began to tell against the old warrior. He was saved, however, by the appearance of his master, who put the invader to flight. Then the old warrior was commanded to stay where he was, and his master left him.

As soon as he was gone, the old warrior rushed after his enemy to meet him on equal terms as of old. He overtook him in a small open place in a little patch of woods. The younger dog turned and bared his fangs in a terrible grin. He knew what was coming, and he stood waiting and ready.

Once again they reared high and fought to set their teeth in yielding flesh and bone. The old warrior was a little tired after his chase to catch the younger dog, and at last his strength began to fade. He struggled mightily, but slowly he was beaten down. Blood was dripping from a wound in his head, and his muscles were weakening. Still he fought on. It was not in him to quit. Now, as ever before, he missed his human friends. He longed to

hear a familiar voice, but none broke through the haze which was gathering around him.

Suddenly a terrible pain shot through his back. Grinding teeth were cutting through the small of his back. The pain aroused him to a mighty effort, and he tore himself free. He staggered and all but fell.

The younger dog was on him with slashing teeth, and the old warrior met him half way. They met, and again teeth ground on bone. This time the old warrior's teeth clamped across the muzzle of his foe. His teeth were dull, but his powerful jaw muscles drove them through meat until they grated on the bone.

With a howl of mortal agony, his foe reared and rolled to free himself from those crushing jaws. He did not succeed at first, for the old dog held on with a strength born of despair. Slowly his hold was broken, but as his teeth slipped, they cut twin grooves in flesh and bone. Dazed and weak from the terrible wound, the younger dog staggered back as he tore himself loose. He stood panting a second, and then as he saw his foe advance once more to the attack, he turned and fled.

Slowly the victor left the field and started for the shelter of his home. He was very tired. He fell frequently, and each time he stayed down longer. At last he fell and failed to rise. It felt good to lie still there where the full glory of the setting sun shone upon him. His master would come and take him home by and by. Meanwhile, sleep.



The winds and the waves have washed my heart,  
Washed it until it has become a part  
Of the clean cool greatness of the sea.  
And wherever the salt winds blow,  
There my heart will thirsting go  
Forever and forever . . . . .

N. H.

## BESSIE BAINS, NURSE

ELIZABETH CRAVEN

Bessie Bains was nineteen, red-headed, and decidedly plump. She was the type of girl who resolved to reduce—tomorrow. Which means exactly this: she was good-natured, gossipy, and easy-going—extremely easy-going where she herself was concerned. Bessie was a student nurse in the sanatorium; she was not a brilliant pupil of science, but she was pleasant to have around a sick room.

Some of the nurses looked peaked lately, and the patients had noticed that Bessie's lips drooped at the corners and that her face was a little less rosy (usually it was almost red); they were sorry about the droop, because they really depended on Bessie to cheer them up in the mornings, as a sanatorium isn't the nicest place in which to spend one's days. When questioned, Bessie merely shook her head. This puzzled the patients; they welcomed the diversion from their ills and symptoms to the question of "Red," (frequently they called her this among themselves because it expressed her—red hair, red cheeks; and she would wear red dresses, insisting that they made her hair look auburn).

Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Wells, who had No. 19 on the second floor, discussed it pro and con. They finally came to the decision that she must be in love. To both of them this was the only thing which could cause serious trouble in a woman's life. Mrs. Giles was a frail little blonde who had spent her strength in trying to gratify the whims of her first three husbands. The prospective fourth sometimes called on her now—a bluff, protective man. Mrs. Wells had been married ten years, was rather tired of her Babbitt, so tired that the almost annual visits to the sanatorium were her pet indulgences to escape from family duties; in spite of this, she loved to make matches for the nurses. She had all the internes paired with white-capped young students, and if any one of them was especially attractive, she invited one of her numerous young relatives in to be introduced. Her smiling benign presence made

any young couple so self-conscious that any possible romance was dead before it was born.

Mrs. Giles and Mrs. Wells talked daily of Bessie and wondered who could be the recipient of her love, but she assured them that she was not in love, especially not with one of the young internes. Nevertheless, they daily considered each one, without results.

Young Mr. Davis in No. 15 also thought Bessie was in love. Of course he didn't spend much time considering the problem—he read, mostly, Bessie observed—but he did wonder who “he” was and realized that he would never have suspected Bessie to possess so romantic a nature that she would pine away if rejected. Once he looked at her with complete attention. She wasn't bad looking—just a bit plump. He wondered——

Bessie liked young Mr. Davis. She was sorry for him, sorry that such a smart, good-looking young man should be forced to spend two months in the hospital because of a careless driver; often she gave him special little attention—shaking out his crumpled pillows—raising the bed under his knees by the little mechanical gadget which still fascinated him after five long weeks. But now, somehow, he seemed unimportant. She gave him no more consideration than she gave ordinary No. 19. When Mr. Davis had first come, Bessie had been interested enough to remain on a diet for exactly two weeks and three days. She had lost two and one-half pounds and diminished one offensive curve. Bessie was not on a diet now; she ate all she could get, but the curves did not increase. In fact, Mr. Davis didn't know why, but she seemed more attractive the fifth week he was there, even with the sad expression on the round rosy face which was made for a broad grin. A man could hardly be expected to note the detail that she had lost ten pounds.

Bessie realized that she looked much better, but she could not get enthusiastic because she was so hungry. Yes, the secret of Bessie's sorrow was hunger. The little nurses and the virile young internes had lived on mush and milk, potatoes cooked in every style known to man, and apples for one month. No matter how empty a person felt about the middle, repetition had made all of these unappetizing.

The directors of the hospital had promised that this situation would last not more than two weeks; certainly they could raise the funds necessary to keep such a worthwhile organization as the sanatorium going; during this period of commercial depression they had perhaps done too much charity work; but if the employees would say nothing for a short while—would not frighten their few paying patients, the hospital would be able to continue its work; they would be fully remunerated in the end. They consented willingly, spiritedly.

But this continued still another month. Bessie lost another ten pounds and became more cheerful. Her very personality seemed to change; she was good-natured, but more poised, more assured. It was soon necessary that she buy clothes more suited to her trim new figure, and somehow blue predominated in the new wardrobe, meagre though it was. (Mr. Davis had once told her that he liked her in a blue uniform better than in white.)

Bessie was inordinately proud of the fact that she now was a perfect sixteen. Mary Rankin and Grace Wilson, her best friends, became weary of this new Bessie who talked of blue sixteens and black sixteens and who monopolized the one full-length mirror in the building.

Well, twenty-two and one-half pounds and new clothes can make a lot of difference in a girl. The afternoon Mr. Davis left, Bessie was standing (in her new black suit) at the top of the long steps which led to the circular gravel drive, waiting for the bus which was to take her to Belmont to have dinner with her mother. He came up to her rather dazedly and asked if he might give her a lift. On the long drive in to town he could not keep his eyes on the road where they belonged. He had to look at Bessie—who would have thought that the fat little nurse, as he had first termed her, could be this petite thing whose gardenia-white face was framed so adorably by the cocky black hat?

Just before he set her down at her corner, he asked hesitatingly, "Miss Bains; no, Bess, will you go for a ride with me next Sunday? I'll have to take things easy for quite a while." The end was quite irrelevant, but Bessie accepted with a slow but friendly smile.

For a moment after he had pulled away from the curb into the stream of traffic Bessie—no, Bess—stood gazing after the new fenders of the little blue roadster; she drew a happy sigh. It had worked like a charm; she was a little surprised; she, Bessie Bains—her strategy had worked perfectly. She turned, head high and lips upcurved, and disappeared into the revolving doors of the hotel.



## RETICENCE

ELIZABETH CRAVEN

Tears come to me when I can bear no more  
Of pain caused by the careless words of them  
I love; I am not moved, I can ignore  
A single heedless hurt, a sudden whim;  
But when the score is added, and you lay  
Your harsh and thoughtless words on these,  
I must cry out and let my tears betray  
What each has meant to me. Yet no one sees  
That through my mask these thrusts can penetrate.  
You say that even you are not allowed  
Beneath the shell—to be affectionate  
When I have need of it; but I am proud—  
I cannot bare to you my naked soul,  
And so alone must strive to make it whole.

## TWO EARLY AMERICAN POETS

ALMA TAYLOR

For one really to understand and appreciate American literature he must go back to the colonial times when it had its first distinctive beginnings. It is true that early colonists wrote very little—they were too busy fighting Indians, clearing the forests, and building new homes. However, they did keep some records and write letters and pamphlets to their friends in England.

Not only were the first colonists of New England too occupied to devote much time to developing the finer arts, but they condemned them. These pious Puritans actually abhorred drama, prohibited music, and did not permit poetry among their settlers, because they believed these arts the devices of the devil for entangling their souls in worldliness. In keeping with these strict rules, writers of this period did not express their true appreciation of the natural beauties around, nor did they venture to put their real emotions into verse. Thus it does not seem unreasonable that literature of this period should be devoid of the artistic beauty and structure that characterizes later American literature.

Among the earliest writers of the colonial times was Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, known as the first professed, if not professional poet. She was born at Northampton, England, in 1612 and there received a thorough education under the best literary influences of her day. At the age of sixteen she married Governor Bradstreet. Two years later she accompanied her husband to the Massachusetts Colony in America, which at the time was nothing more than a wilderness. Her heart rose, she said, at the change from an atmosphere of wealth and refinement to the hard, rough pioneer life among the Indians and wild animals. However, she remarked, "After I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it." In 1644 the Bradstreet family moved farther into the wilderness and established their home in the northern part of Andover, near the Merrimac River. It was here at the "Bradstreet Farm," amid all the hardships of the wilder-



ness, that Anne Bradstreet wrote most of her poems. However, the hard life together with ill health proved too much for her, and she died in 1672.

Mrs. Bradstreet's early poems were written on subjects associated with her English home, such as larks and nightingales, instead of thrushes and bobolinks that were around her. This was not so unusual, however, when one considers that most of her literary knowledge had come from English influences.

Her first collection of poems was published in London under the high-toned title, "The Tenth Muse lately sprung up in America," which was written in the conventional and exaggerated manner then in vogue in England. Although this work showed no observations of life in America, it contained some very serious and useful knowledge. "The Tenth Muse" aroused much admiration in America as well as in England. Cotton Mather even went so far as to say that it "would outlast the stateliest marble." At the time this was without a doubt the best literary achievement of her land and generation.

"The Four Monarchies," a rhyming chronicle of the medieval type, was perhaps Anne Bradstreet's next important accomplishment. This, however, was also written from foreign influence, being based on Raleigh's "History of the World."

"Contemplations," certainly her best poetic achievement, was a meditative, descriptive poem written in thirty-three, seven-line stanzas. It contains a most pleasing rhythm and paints a real picture of the beauty of nature as Anne Bradstreet saw it in America. These lines from the poem show her descriptive ability:

"Then on a stately oak I cast mine eye,  
Whose ruffling top the clouds seem'd to aspire."

Her letters to her husband are very sincere and heartfelt, although quite simple. "Observations," a most interesting portrayal of early colonial life, shows a mind of cleverness and depth.

Anne Bradstreet truly kept the fire of poetry flickering in the wilderness and no doubt gave the torch to her lineal descendents such as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, and Richard H.

Dana, who, in turn, have fanned it with their literary accomplishments. So lovely and pathetic is the woman herself, and so outstanding are her achievements in the light of her environment, that one finds it ungracious to speak harshly of her verse.

Another early American poet, who is perhaps still less known than Anne Bradstreet, is Phillis Wheatley, a negro slave born in Africa in 1753. At the age of eight she was brought to America on a slave ship. She was bought by John Wheatley, who bought her to train for a special servant for his wife. The home into which Phillis was taken was one of fashion and culture, and in this atmosphere her remarkable talents developed.

Mrs. Wheatley and her daughter were so interested in this slave girl's eagerness for knowledge that they began teaching her. Within sixteen months Phillis could read fluently the most difficult portions of the Bible. She also became quite familiar with the works of Vergil and Ovid, and Pope's translation of Homer became her favorite English classic.

At the early age of fourteen she made her first effort at poetry with the pathetic poem "On Being Brought From Africa to America":

"'Twas mercy brought me from a pagan land,  
Taught my benighted soul to understand  
That there's a God—that there's a Saviour too,  
Once I redemption neither sought nor knew."

Perhaps because of her unusual talent, Phillis was exempt from the harder tasks in the Wheatley home, and gradually this slave girl came to be regarded as a daughter and a companion. Often at some unusual event or death she was called upon to write a few lines for the occasion. Thus she was known as a kind of poet-laureate in the homes of Boston.

In 1770 the earliest publication appeared under the title of "A Poem, by Phillis, A Negro Girl, in Boston, On the Death of the Reverend George Whitfield." This poem also portrays a picture of slave life:

"I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate  
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat.  
What pangs excruciating must molest,  
What sorrows labor in my parents' breast."

Three years later Phillis' health began to fail, and she was sent to England, where she was given a most cordial welcome by leading members of society who had read her poetry. The same year she published her best-known collection of poems, "Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral." While in England, she won many admirers and friends, not only for her pleasant conversation, but also for her verses. This trip was certainly the highest point in her career.

She returned to America the same year, and after the death of Mrs. Wheatley, which broke up the old home, she married John Peters. Her husband did not provide for her, and the remainder of her life was made miserable by poverty and ill health.

At the time when Phillis Wheatley was most talked about she was regarded as a prodigy, appearing when she did at a time when the negro in literature and art was still unknown. From the first, however, there were those who scorned her poetry. For instance, Thomas Jefferson said it was beneath the dignity of criticism. Although it was ignored by some, its popularity increased at the time of the anti-slavery agitation, when anything showing unusual ability on the part of the negro was received eagerly.

Sixteen poems are left to represent the best that Phillis Wheatley wrote. Of these "On Imagination" and "Liberty and Peace" are considered the most outstanding. Of these two, "On Imagination," a highly emotional poem, is far the superior.

Although her verses are conventional and devoid of originality, one must remember that the accomplishments of this poor slave girl are really remarkable considering her humble history. Even as it is, she has made her mark, and her place in American literature as its first negro woman contributor, though not a large one, is secure.

We today, reading and enjoying the later American poetry with its artistic beauty and pleasing rhythm, should not forget these early poets, who, amid the struggle for life in a new country, gave

their time and energy to develop this art. Anne Bradstreet without a doubt merits reverent respect for her achievements, meager though they seem, and for her definite influence upon later outstanding poets. No less does the slave-girl, Phillis Wheatley, deserve praise not only for her poetic contributions to American literature, but also for the impression she made upon the culture of her own race. Americans should honor their pioneer poets as well as their early explorers, for both discovered and developed new worlds.



## ON A MOUNTAIN TOP

ELIZABETH CRAVEN

Oh, you great mountains of my state,  
How lovely you are there,  
And though I catch your roll and sweep,  
My heart is full of care.

You mountain top on which I stand  
And gaze on two long ranges,  
Last year—next year—you are the same—  
It's only love that changes.

## A BRAGGING BOY

JOHN KING

There was a boy who thought he was  
The smartest boy in town.  
He also thought he was so brave.  
His name was Bobby Brown.

He bragged and bragged from morn till night  
About himself so brave.  
His friends believed that he was right,  
But all he did was rave.

"Jack Dempsey is afraid of me,"  
Said little Bobby Brown.

"Why, I could lick that man so bad  
That he would have to frown."

"Babe Ruth has nothing on this boy,"  
Claimed Bob, the home-run dad.

"When stood beside the mighty Brown,  
The Babe is just a lad."

"Some day I'll be the President,"  
Quoth little Bobby Brown,

"And then you'll see how smart I am.  
Why, I will own this town."

One day his friends grew tired of this  
And asked for him to show  
To them the proof that he was brave,  
About which he did crow.

He said, "All right, I'll show you all,  
But first, what must I do?"

Why, I am braver than the man  
Who was the first that flew."

His friends conferred and did decide  
That he should stay one night  
All by himself in "Mystery Hut"  
Without a sign of fright.

Now "Mystery Hut," as most folks know,  
Is full of ghosts that scare  
The bravest men in all the land,  
And e'en a grizzly bear.

No man has ever stayed alone  
In "Mystery Hut" all night,  
So 'tis no wonder that our Bob  
Was very full of fright.

Said he, "No ghost will harm a boy  
Who is as brave as I.  
I am the bravest in the world;  
Another boy would cry."

"Why, I am not afraid to stay  
Alone in that old house.  
Why, I could kill a ghost as quick  
As I could kill a mouse."

That very night they made him stay  
Alone in that old place;  
And something was so very white,  
Which really was his face.

From then till now no one has known  
Just what became of Brown.  
They searched for him in every part,  
But he could not be found.

There are a lot of stories now  
Of what became of him,  
And all of them are sure to be  
So very dread and grim.

The story which is really true  
Relates that he was beat'n  
By ghosts, who lived in that old house,  
And by these ghosts was eat'n.

Now, if you are a bragging boy,  
You'd better watch with care.  
A ghost might take you off with him  
And leave just empty air.



## TEARS

MARY LOUISE STONE

Just a glimpse of grey skies  
To make the blue skies fairer,  
Just a veil of mists  
To make the dawn seem purer,  
Just a dash of silver rain  
To soothe our sun-burnt souls,  
For the dew must kiss the rose  
Before its heart unfolds.

## SHOYEB, BROTHER OF THE BIRDS

LANE BARNSDALE

Shoyeb was a broad-minded Hindoo and a lover of the finer things. He had lived for the world and had loved for the world to see him live. He was an educated man, not in the college way, but he read well and held both the tangible and intangible beauties to his heart. He had written things that recalled the glorious past to him, and he dreamed of things that made dazzling the future before him. In his childhood he had read of the *Fata Scribunda*\*, and secretly down in the deep channels of his heart he had believed in the existence of these immortals. He held in his soul a space for the day when he should mount the steps of the castle of *Morganna*\* and emerge with a new life. Once or twice he had confided these thoughts to his intimate friends, but they had made quite a joke of the matter. "He's nuts," they would say; "Yep, he's nuts."

Shoyeb worked with a party of collectors who were getting bird specimens for the American Museum of Natural History. Since the first sights of his childhood he had loved birds. They were the outlets for the cries of his soul. He admired his God through these feathered creatures.

At first he had been a hunter; but at last he had risen to the job of mounting, and he directed most of the mounting on board. His specimens always looked natural, because his fingers were enthusiastic over the work to which they were put. Though his work was excellent, the crew disliked him. They were disagreeable towards him because he was so queer. On the last voyage to Messina when he beheld the usual mirage, he had rushed forward and stood beside the rail, talking to space. However, he had seen more than space, more than a common mirage. There out in front of him he had seen a misty castle; and to his ears, as to the ears of

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\* The *Fata Scribunda* are the makers of destiny who live in the Castle of *Fata Morganna* (a faery), which stands in the clouds in the Straits of Messina near Sicily.



Elise in the tale of "The Eleven Wild Swans," came the sounds of the organ of the immortals. The sailors called it the slushing of the waves, but to Shoyeb they were notes made by the enchantress, Fata Morganna. He reached to touch the glistening spiral steps, but they moved on—for ages they had moved on to avoid the touch of a mortal hand. His soul begged him to grasp them and to cling tight—they slid, however; quickly they floated from his grasp. "It's a mirage," the sailors said; but no mirage was ever so constant.

On Tuesday of the third week of November two years later (this is the date, for even the Fata Scribunda have recorded it as his birth) Shoyeb came upon another expedition into the Straits of Messina in Sicily.

The sun streamed in through the cabin door, casting its rays upon Shoyeb's back as he worked away at cleaning the skins. He hated his work, because he hated to embalm his ideals of marvellousness, the representative of his God. But—one must live. These specimens were only for showing, and many species had become extinct because of human hunters. He wanted to be one of those specimens; he wanted to exchange his life for something rare, something different, something loved by mankind.

As he started cleaning the feathers of a rare female ibis, he wondered why he had not been such. Why did God not transplant his spirit into some such wonderful creature. Then he began his dreams again of Fata Morganna. "The castle is not far off," he muttered to himself, but stopped as one of the crew entered.

"How ya comin'?" asked Martin, a tall unshaven fellow.

"Fine—I finished two," he said.

"Don't 'speck you'll be able to see yer castle today——'s gittin' mighty cloudy."

"I hope ther ain't no storm," said Shoyeb.

"Mighty 'fraid there will be, an' this ol' tub ain't fer much longer!"

With this Martin, the newcomer, left the room; and Shoyeb went on with his work. Finally the light became so bad that he rose and went out on deck. Just as he stepped from the cabin, he heard the voice of Martin crying to the sailors. (Every one was

a sailor during a storm.) Instinctively he raised his eyes to see his castle, but instead there swirled in the grey gloom an enormous funnel-shaped cloud. Quickly large drops of rain began to fall upon the deck, and slowly one by one the waves rolled off into the hidden distance. Fata Morganna began playing a low rhapsody upon her magical organ. Shoyeb stopped, enchanted, to listen; but the yell of one of his comrades brought him to his senses, and he rushed off to the aid of the one who summoned him. Together they tugged at the ropes, while Morganna's rhapsody became faster and faster—swirling like the maelstrom as it gurgles downward. The sky was like night, and the boat rocked in motion with the music. Suddenly the heavens were torn open by a gigantic flare. The boat tumbled under the foaming greyness, and Morganna's rhapsody reached its peak as each went to his individual star.

\* \* \* \* \*

The funnel cloud faded into the sea, and the Fata Scribunda tinted the sky again with the peaceful blue. The light that came with the unveiling showed Shoyeb lying crushed upon a reef. His eyes were open and glassy, and his hair fell backward, intermingled with scum and bits of seaweed. He was dead, as we call all physical deaths dead.

Slowly as the sun spangled the western horizon, there came across the waters the tranquil music of two Novembers before. His eyes began moving, and a flickering satisfied smile crossed his face. Above him, just atop the reef stood the pearled castle of Fata Morganna. Shoyeb weakly rose to his feet and unsteadily clambered up to the rock. He reached out into the space above to feel the ever-elusive spiral stair, and his feeling was gratified. Happily he began ascending. At last he reached a door studded with sparkling megs; and here he met a fine, white-haired lady wearing a gown of pearls, whom he recognized as Fata Morganna. He could not speak to her or tell her his wish, because he was of the immortals. But she read it from his eyes and pointed to him the way to the Fata Scribunda, the makers of destiny.

When the sun had streaked again the eastern horizon, there flew from the fleeced castle a bird of magnificent coloring, which circled about the wreckage, calling in tones of anguish. And soon there arose to join in a mass of feathered beauties, the trophies of yesterday.



## A WANDERER'S SONG

MARY LOUISE STONE

There's a lovely path  
My soul shall take  
Some quiet day at dusk  
On a lane that winds  
Midst lacy trees  
That stoop to kiss a brook.

'Tis the happy path  
My heart will choose  
Through sunset's ebbing rays,  
Where thrushes trill,  
And pale stars gleam  
To light my falt'ring way.

There's a lovely road  
That I must tread  
Alone through gathering dusk,  
And sacred mists,  
The breath of God,  
Will call my soul to rest.

## BLACK AND WHITE

QUENTIN DIXON

I stood on the brink of Eternity  
And shuddered into the sheer  
Jagged pit  
That lay yawning in its cruel immensity;  
I stared, trembling,  
At the hard-faced moon  
As she walked the menacing deeps  
With stern, unsmiling frostiness,  
Shedding her cold, white light.  
I saw the hazy planets,  
Twinkling wisely  
In the depths of the clean, black sky.  
And it was all the same bleak tale  
Of another dazed poet  
Standing, with watery knees,  
Before the face of God—  
Afraid!



## FORGIVE ME

FRANCES FOUST

The mute strings of my heart are tautly drawn,  
For grief and sorrow passed my way today;  
Your friendship meant so much to me at dawn,  
Yet I have lost it in a single day.  
Could I have known my thoughtless deed would bring  
A blight upon your life I could not mend,

Inflicting in your heart a bitter sting—  
I forfeited my right to call you friend;  
I grieve that I have wounded deep your soul  
And caused you loss of faith in friendship true;  
I grieve that I have lost your love—ah, bitter dole!  
Dear friend, forgive the deed I did to you.  
O, Master Hand, draw 'cross my sad heartstrings  
Your healing bow, until my heart shall sing!



## WHAT BOOKS MEAN TO ME

*Prize-winning Essay in Book Week Contest*

MARGARET WAGNER

What do books mean to you? Just another pastime? Just two bindings filled with meaningless words which must be read? Just another ornament on which the dust may fall? Just far-away objects which belong to a world beyond your imagination? Or are they to you what they are to me?

I love them.

Books divide themselves, I think, into two distinct classes: one, the kind I borrow from the library, read once, no more; the other, the kind I want for my very own.

It is among these that I like to hunt and select one—one which fits my mood—and with it curl up in a cozy chair before a smoldering fire. It is among these faithful comrades only that I find an outlet for my feelings. When I am gay, I find one that is simple, full of wit and food for laughter; when I am sad I want one that will sympathize and comfort and understand; when I am lonely, I want one that will entertain and cheer me; when I am restless, I must read of foreign lands, unconquered fields, romance and love.

To me these books symbolize the greatest human feeling—friendship. Through them I may form life-long companions—companions

from out of the years of long ago, from out of the land of dreams and aspirations, from the realm of nowhere, from infinite futurity. And, like friends, old books are, after all, the best ones. It is they who have stood the test of time; it is they to whom I shall always go back—in the end.



# PATTERNS

## FROM THE BOOK SHELF

TOMLINSON: *Gallions Reach*

*Gallions Reach* is more the story of a man's soul than of his actual adventures. Each event is related as bearing not so much on his fate as the changes caused in his thinking. His reactions to situations and natural forces are indeed interesting.

Because of the author's knowledge and love of the sea, the descriptions of water which serve to create the atmosphere of part of the story are both grand and magnificent in their explicitness.

The hero of the story is James Colet, a worker in a London shipping office. One night he accidentally kills his employer, a heartless, avaricious old man; and, though not seeking an escape, he is carried by curious circumstances to an entirely different life surrounded by new types of people, who give him a new slant on living. He is transported from a sinking ship to the jungles where he accompanies an ethnologist on a search for tin.

On the ship he learns from the captain:

"We are apt to make too much of our importance, Colet, when we don't like things, or they don't like us. But, you know, the best we can do is to keep our own doorstep clean. We can always manage that."

In the jungle, fighting against disease and madness and finding happiness with a friend beside a camp fire, new emotions stir in Colet's inner self. He learns that a man must be an order in himself and must obey that order regardless of consequences. This realization eventually brings him back to London.

The characterization in this novel is most unusual, and each person is truly individual. The plot is developed in such an unassuming fashion that one is scarcely conscious of moving forward. In this way Mr. Tomlinson weaves his story describing the awakening of a man's thoughts and personality.

Helen Crutchfield

MARIE OF RUSSIA: *The Education of a Princess*

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia has given to the world an intensely interesting portrayal of the tragedy of the Romanovs and of the sorrows and triumphs in her own life in *The Education of a Princess*. Beginning with her infancy and ending with her flight from Russia, she attempts to give a clear picture of her struggles against her own weaknesses and shortcomings, which she blames on her inadequate education. From this book one also gets an insight into the lives of the other members of the royal family.

From her earliest childhood the Grand Duchess was handicapped by the lack of a mother's care and guidance. She was, however, devoted to her father, the Grand Duke Paul, and to her brother, Dimitri, who was only about two years her junior; and it is to the former's memory that she dedicates her book. While the Princess Marie was still a child, another tragedy crept into her life when her father was banished from Russia for marrying without the Czar's consent. So she and her brother were left to the care of their uncle, the Grand Duke Serge and his wife, Elizabeth. The feeling of the children toward the aunt and uncle could hardly be called love—rather one of awe and of fear. So it was with mingled emotions that they received the news of the assassination of their Uncle Serge some years later. Her early marriage was another cause of sorrow, for it was arranged entirely without her consent, as is the case with most royal marriages. She and her husband, the Swedish Prince, had a very brief married life, the marriage being soon annulled. Marie had one child, a son, by this first husband; but very little mention is made of him in the book. When the war came on, she found refuge in her strenuous duties as a Red Cross nurse. But as the war progressed and the tide of Bolshevism began



to rise, she found her whole life changing. She, who had always been treated with reverence and respect, found herself then the object of jeers and threats. Though her last recollections of Russia are of the tragic and bloody end of the royal family, including her own father, she harbors no bitterness toward her country; and it is her profound hope that some day she will be allowed to return to the land where her heart and thoughts belong.

The Grand Duchess Marie has an absorbing and thrilling story to tell; and, to my mind, she performs her task in a superb fashion. In *The Education of a Princess* she has given to us a story, written in beautiful style, which assuredly is well worth one's time.

*Maria Sellars*

**DARK:** *Twelve Royal Ladies*

Sidney Dark, the author of *Twelve Royal Ladies*, is an Englishman of the present time. His publishers in speaking of him say: "Mr. Dark is one of the most charmingly human and versatile of modern journalists. With his competent knowledge of history and his wide experience of life, he can reconstruct a period and put flesh on dry bones with truly amazing power and ease." And here they have concisely stated Mr. Dark's purpose in this collection of biographies. He takes twelve of the most maltreated ladies of royalty and makes them live again—and live gloriously. Their hopes, desires, and aims are presented to us through the medium of the author's glowing pen; and pulsating through each of the brief biographies is an explanation of the events of that particular period as they have affected the international developments leading up to our own times.

Some of the most enjoyable of these thumb-nail sketches are of these characters: Catherine de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, Josephine de Beauharnais, and Catherine the Great. Josephine is perhaps the most lovable of all the heroines. She is an affable, weak person, taking life as it comes and never having a thought for the future. But she is the guiding star of Napoleon's life, and as such she has been awarded her place in the niche of history. Mary Queen of Scots is the most tragic figure among the ladies. But while pitying

her one can not help criticizing her also. She sold her birthright for a mess of pottage. All of the sketches are saturated with the author's vivid personality; they are delightful interpretations of the actions of these ladies.

Mr. Dark does not cloud his work with any prejudice. His writings show unbiased opinions and clearness of thought, quite unusual to most biographers. He delights in the good deeds of his subjects; and over their sins, great or small, he drapes the mantle of charity and humor.

Mr. Dark should be commended for giving to the world of book-readers such new and absolutely captivating accounts of their favorite royal ladies.

Mary Lewis Rucker

MASEFIELD: *The Wanderer of Liverpool*

*The Wanderer of Liverpool* is the history of a ship. Masefield, the poet laureate of England, has woven about this ship several of his longer short poems. The poet has changed somewhat since his "Dauber" days. He still shifts his lines and feet at will, but in *The Wanderer* you feel the touch of a finished scholar rather than the music of the creator of *Sea Fever*.

*The Wanderer* is so filled with technical details and explanations that it is inclined to drag. The book contains some strong verse, but it is edged between so many pages of dull history concerning the ship that it loses something of its beauty.

The ship is symbolic of the life of a man. It is often not the fact that a person has lost in his fight for his goal that is important, but how he fought his way through his battle.

People who care only for the lyric poetry of Masefield will not like this book, but the Masefield enthusiasts will get an unusual slant on their favorite.

Miriam Robinson

# RAVELINGS

## A DISSERTATION ON SANTA CLAUS

QUENTIN DIXON

The terrible weight of a great responsibility has again fallen upon the patient good-natured shoulders of a certain venerable old gentleman. Santa Claus is the most famous of the famed. His great big red chest and lumpy little nose topping a bristling white fluff of a beard have gently elbowed the more substantial of heroes into the side shows. This is not strange; on the contrary, it is but a fitting tribute to the man with the biggest job in the world. Hoover had to drain his genius dry in order to give the inhabitants of a tiny spot called "Belgium" ham and eggs for a few meals, but Santa, well, he simply stuffs his chubby red hands deep down his pockets, wipes away a great big tear falling from his kindly eyes, and lumbers out into the cold to call his reindeer. Here is a man—with a bell thinking on the end of his red cap.

Many sophisticated children of our voice and tense persist in rejecting Santa as a myth, but the truth is, he is a very much-alive, robust old man with a tolerant sigh for those who do not believe he is. He still makes the Christmas run, and he can be seen coasting along the sky if the stars do not hide themselves modestly with cloud blankets. In that case, my good friend rides above the clouds where his reindeer can enjoy the twinkling mischief of the stars, for a reindeer has a great sense of humor and delights in laughing at the ridiculous way the stars have of squinting and peeping.

Santa has recently been exasperated by expeditions sent to the North Pole. Five years ago he had almost made up his mind to move to the South Pole, but Admiral Byrd's recent trip to that country has convinced Sir Claus (he was knighted by the king of Knutsunham) that there will some day be a real estate boom in the location he had contemplated for a workshop and residence.

It will be well to clear up one point right here: Santa Claus makes no pretensions so far as style is concerned. He still retains his reindeer and has never driven an automobile of any kind; and furthermore, he has no assistants. Any intelligent child may recognize as frauds those Santa Clauses that occur on every block, ringing silly little bells.

Some people have had the audacity to hang up socks instead of stockings. This is really a grave offence. I have observed Santa to be very indignant at such lamentable evidences of disrespect.

On the whole, Santa is essentially the same, although there may be a few loose bolts and creaking joints in the trusty old sled. There are some busybodies, however, who claim Santa has contracted gout, or that he is grumbling because of extra-large orders. All these brazen gossips should by all rights be fined heavily. Santa is the same old gentlemen whom our ancestors giggled over—and snuggled deeper under the covers at the approach thereof.

As for you, hang up your stocking and sit by the fire until the sandman spreads a drowsy film about you. Then creep into the cool friendliness of sheets and sleep just as hard as you can. Perhaps a fine old gentleman will come and have a long talk with you about kids, and toys, and how happy you were when you believed in him . . . and maybe someone will wake up much wiser than he was.

# THE CONJURE BALL

*(Old Testament Again)*

LANE BARKSDALE

King Solomon and Queen Sheba sat on the A. and Y. trestle, spitting now and then and watching the saliva become intermingled with the muddy brown water below. Their feet were dangling downward, making feet dangling upward on the surface of Buffalo, which flowed in swirls over a conglomeration of rags, rocks, and sticks.

Each of these royal personages allowed his eyes to rest, every now and then, upon a tall putty-gray structure, which stood near a walnut tree between the trestle and Sheba's home.

"Wal, whut is we gwine do? Y'all jest got tuh celebrate my buthday, 'cause'n I'se de queen; and de whole land's s'posed tuh rejoice ovah de queen's annyvers'y," declared Sheba.

"It seem like tuh me de on'y thang whut we can do is tuh hab de ride, and dat sho will be de mostest fun," said Solomon, allowing another drop of spit to go spiralling downward.

"But how is we gwine tuh hab it when dat ol' man Hoggit's a-keeping watch all night?"

"De bestest thang tuh do," said Solomon, "is tuh ast Zilpha all 'bout huh papa, an' how he keeps watch. We gotta find out what 'at 'air watch is whut he carries on his shoulder."

"Dat ol' Zilpha's too snooty, an' she's all time havin' spells an'——," remarked Sheba.

"What chall doin' up dere?" cried a weak voice from below.

"Lawdy——dat's Zilpha," continued Sheba. "Come on up, Zilpha; we is habin' de bestest time."

Soon the figure of the addressed Zilpha began making its appearance. She was a tall long-legged girl of about seventeen. Her complexion was somewhat similar to Sheba's in that it was yellowish.

Her hands dangled at her side, and her feet slid about in her shoes as she walked.

"Whut cha been doin'?" asked Sheba, as Zilpha sat down.

"Ain't been doin' nothin' lately. Had 'nother spell yestiddy," replied Zilpha in the deepest concern.

"How come you all time habin' 'em spells? I ain't niver had airy one."

"Hish yo mouf, child," began Zilpha in a low tone. "I been conjured, an' I'm gwine git sick on tenth of May of ev'y year. Sometimes I gits sick in 'tween times."

"Is dat why yo papa ca'ys dat satchel on his back?—so's you won't git conjured no mo'," demanded Solomon.

"Naw child, he ca'ys dat thang so dat he can repo't his wuk to his boss. See, he have tuh stick a pin in dat clock ev'y thuty min'its du'ing de night. An if'n he misses a single time—de boss man'll fiah him."

"Is dat thang a clock?" asked Sheba.

"Sho dat's a clock. Dat's a time clock. Inside hits got some li'l round papers whut has all de hours on dem. 'N ev'y thuty spaces has tuh be punched, don't mah papa'll git fiahed."

"How come he don't take out the paper and punch 'em all at one time?" asked Solomon.

"'Cause de boss man's de on'y one whut's got de key tuh open it wit," replied Zilpha.

"Don't he git no sleep a-tall?" asked Sheba.

"Sho, sho," said Zilpha snootily. "He's got uh 'la'm whut wakes him up ev'y thuty min'its so's he kin git up an' make his rounds."

"Lo—bee—lia, Lo—bee—lia," Mrs. Smith's voice came shrilly. "Lo—bee—lia, Lo——."

"Yo mam'y's callin' yu, Sheba," said Solomon.

"Wall, I gotta be goin'."

"Wait a minit. I'm goin' too," said Zilpha as she twisted the rolls of her stockings.

"I guess I'm gwine too," put in Solomon.

"You gwine he'p celebrate ma buthday, ain't cha, Zilpha?" demanded Sheba.

Sheba was furious; but being at her front door, she only grunted a "g'bye" and passed into the house.

\* \* \*

The following morning was the beginning of a great day for the Testamentians. It was not only the tenth of November, but also it was the twelfth anniversary of its queen, Sheba. Every heart was interested in giving the queen the biggest "blowout" that could be afforded a queen. Her highness, Jezabel, was just as interested and just as earnest in her work as was the ever-worshipping King Solomon. Every one, from apostle to queen, met near a tall putty-gray piece of machinery, which was standing near the trestle. The morning was spent in hulling walnuts, cracking hickory nuts, and playing various games. No one dared go up to the tall piece of machinery, for Zilpha had said that it belonged to Mr. Hamlin's construction company, and that he had "gone bust," and if anyone so much as touched the machine he was sure to be put in jail. This may have been the reason for their regarding it as quarantined, and it may not. Maybe daylight had something to do with the distance they kept. Daylight does many odd things.

That afternoon every one worked around home while their mamas and papas made ready their appearance for the meeting which was to be held at Mount Zion church at seven-thirty o'clock. Sheba refused to attend, because she wished to stay home and help Jezabel tend to her little sister, who had been christened Queen Esther. The males of the tribe remained apparently for the same reason.

Just after dark the parents began departing two by two. Following the parents came a group of young men, who also dispersed in sets of twos; but they took themselves into opposite directions. The entire village was empty except for Sheba and Jezabel. The latter was holding Queen Esther and trying to persuade her to go to sleep. However, Miss Esther would listen to no reason and

continued to bellow, first with one lung, then with the other, until finally Zilpha, who should have been at church, came along.

"Y'all don' no mo' know ha tuh tend to a baby dan nothin'," sneered Zilpha.

"Wall, if'n you thank you can do som'in' wit her, den do it," ordered Jezabel.

Zilpha took the baby into her arms; and after a bit of cooing, the youngest of the Testamentians was quieted. When Zilpha at last raised her eyes to look about, she found that she was alone.

\* \* \*

"Scawwww——hmmm! Scawww——hmmn!"

"Dat's him," said Solomon, as he heard the continuous snoring of the night watchman. Looking in the window, he saw the skinny figure of Zilpha's father lying back in a swivel chair with feet upon "Boss Peebles' " desk. The room was silent except for the irregular "Scawww——hmmn" and the ticking of the clock, which registered ten minutes past eight. Twenty more minutes, and the alarm would go off. It always went off on the half-hour. Suddenly, only the snoring could be heard. The clock had been drawn, by some magnetic force, from the room. Outside the footsteps began patting upon the ground, each pat becoming less audible. Again the room sounded with the ticking of the clock. **THE CLOCK HAD LOST ITS BELL GONG.**

\* \* \*

As Solomon came into the road, he saw lanterns hanging around the tall putty-gray gravel loader. This machine is made up of a chain of scoops which are somewhat like roller coasters. This scoop chain is drawn up into the air around an oval-shaped track, back to the ground, and around again by means of a gasoline motor. When Solomon arrived upon the scene, Saint Peter was pouring in the motor some gas from a ten-gallon can. On the ground near the can was lying the end of a filling station air tank tube, from which dripped gasoline.



"Whut chall doin' 'ere?—I gwine call my——." Zilpha said no more; instead she vanished into the darkness.

Slowly the engine of the gravel-loader began to chug along. Solomon was at the controls.

"I gwine be fust," said Sheba.

"Bid second," yelled Jezabel.

Sheba got into the first scoop. Slowly it began moving upward. She felt a thrill which tickled her to the bones as she rode majestically upward, ever upward. When she reached the top, Solomon stopped the machine in order that the queen might get down. For if she were to stay in the scoop (which had to revolve under the track before it reached the upper side again), she would be thrown into the barrel which is used to mix the gravel and the cement.

"Now it's my turn," said Jezabel, as she took her place. Up she rode into the night air, feeling the glory of the moonbeams as they trickled over her black tresses.

Next came Saint Peter's turn. Then it suddenly dawned upon them that five could ride at the same time. So Peter and Mark rushed for a seat. Acts was third; Jezabel was fourth; and Sheba came last, because the one taking the ground seat (the lowest seat) would get the longest ride. Creakily the scoops began moving upward.

"Ow! Who done— Oh, Lawdy——!" cried Solomon, as the gagged Zilpha sent him hurling over into the grass.

"Stop—I tell you—Oh—." Sheba could not finish, for Zilpha had pushed the gas feed wide open, sending the scoops rising upward at a rapid rate.

Half dazed, Solomon, hearing the commotion, rushed upon Zilpha, trying to push her over backwards. Instead of toppling backwards, Zilpha fell to the side, at the same time knocking loose the gear of the cement-mixer. By this time the scoops had already started under the track, and one by one they emptied their contents into the mixer, which rotated like a revolving barrel. Inside the mixer every one was chewing every one else's toes. Voices rang

forth in such volume that they were inaudible. No one was anyone. There was just a mass of blackness—wriggling, tumbling, screaming, and kicking about in the darkness.

\* \* \*

Sheba was up early Sunday morning working about the house. After breakfast she occupied herself with the task of making a spherically-shaped object. Just at this time Solomon came by.

"Whut cha doin,' Sheba?" he asked.

"I'se jest wukin'," she replied mysteriously, after which she continued the making of the spherical mass. In the meanwhile, contrary to Sunday custom, one or two cars began to park across the road at the dog pound office, where Zilpha's papa worked. Among the drivers Sheba noticed Mr. Circleberry, the owner of a certain nearby filling station.

After dinner there was a race of walking the railway track. Sheba was on her last turn when a loud masculine voice cried, "Hey, Lobelia, come here a minute."

It was Mr. Peebles, and Sheba made her way in his direction. A few words were exchanged. She then returned to her game; and Mr. Peebles went to Zilpha's home, where he took from under the front steps a ball-shaped mass.

A few moments later the track walkers in the continuation of their diversion came by Zilpha's home.

"Good Lawd—Whut's all dem yells?" demanded Solomon.

"Yes, whut is dem yells?" asked Acts.

"Must be dat conjure ball a castin' a spell," muttered Sheba.

"What conjure ball—dis ain't May," exclaimed Acts.

"De ball wit dat bell gong and dat air fillin' station hose in it," said Sheba, as she held her hands out to balance herself.

# THE ANGLER'S ART

FRANK CAUSEY

Fishing is one of the most enjoyable and versatile sports in the world. It provides amusement to every man in every position in life. Rich or poor, one can always fish and usually obtain pleasure from it. It can be expensive or cheap and still be most enjoyable. Whether one likes action or drowsiness, in fishing he will find either. This pastime is always different because of the large number of varieties of fish. There are many forms of fishing, but the most popular are: casting with fly or minnow, trolling with a lure, or just using an old cane pole from a shady creek bank. All forms are entertaining.

Possibly the most sportive of the different forms is fly casting. With a long bamboo or steel rod, a small reel, and an imitation fly, one travels to some rapid mountain stream. The angler wades into the stream and casts the fly into a likely-looking pool. The lure floats downstream, and suddenly a shimmering flash in the water seems to swallow it. This is the gamest fresh water fish, the rainbow trout. If one is skilled and lucky, he may catch a score of these plucky fish in a day, and oh, what fun he has doing it!

The bass, also a fresh water fish, appeals to some anglers more than the trout, because it abounds in all parts of the country and is more plentiful. Although the bass is not as game a fish as the trout, it takes some skill to land one. The fisherman procures a short rod and a fast reel. For bait an artificial minnow is used. From a small boat, about twenty feet from the bank of a lake or a river, one casts his lure into the shallows and slowly reels the line in. If the fish strikes at the bait and is hooked, the angler brings him to the boat carefully, because the fish has a tender mouth and the hook might break through. If one is an expert and has luck, he may land a dozen fish of this kind, ranging from one to ten pounds each.

If one is of a lazy nature, he may sit on some shady creek bank with a cane pole, a short line, and a worm on his hook. If he is not

too lazy, he may catch fifty perch. This form of fishing is more prevalent in the South than anywhere else, especially among the negroes.

Salt water fishing has many forms and hundreds of varieties of fish. Deep-sea fishing is one of the most common forms. One may catch a hundred-pound sea bass or a half-pound pin fish. The big game fish of the ocean—tarpon, sailfish, and swordfish—take more skill and perseverance to land than any other kind of fish.

Fishing may be expensive or cheap, luck or skill; but it is always any man's sport.



# THE SHUTTLE

*The Record*—John Marshall High School, Richmond, Virginia

It seems a shame to criticize  
    A magazine so fair,  
But don't you think that you might have  
    A drawing here and there?  
I think your essays and poems good,  
    Your stories—well, they'll do.  
I like the introduction of  
    Your authors, but for you  
To add the contents of the book  
    Would help your journal, too.

*The Taj*—Harrisonburg (Va.) High School

I think that your journal is good.  
Your poetry runs as it should;  
    But in book reviews  
    Students' full name I'd use,  
Not leave them to be understood.

*Cherry and White*—Williamsport (Pa.) High School

Your magazine is very good,  
    Your cover I enjoyed;  
But what relation has it to  
    The contents you've employed?

*Gazette*—Lynn Classical High School, Lynn, Massachusetts

I enjoyed the reading of Lynn's *Gazette*;  
There was an excess of humor, you bet,  
A little too much  
Of jokes that were such  
As to weaken the first impression we get.

Both skillfully and well it is composed,  
But if all the "ads" in the back reposed,  
'Twould be more balanced  
And display more talents—  
I hope that's what you've supposed.

*The Distaff*—Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.

The titles are well assembled  
And are very inviting, indeed;  
But with disappointment I trembled,  
When I found so little to read.



# THE WEAVER'S GUILD

## ON REALIZING A RIVAL

GRACE HOBBS

I am afraid.  
I am not lovely—  
Only my soul is that,  
And you made it so.  
Forget me if you do not care—  
For sweethearts may never be friends.  
Think of me as shadows  
In the moonlight,  
As a ripple on a lake,  
Or a far-off star laughing at its  
Reflection in life's deep pool,  
Let me be a dream to you  
If you no longer care,  
And I will pray for your happiness,  
And lose myself in dreams  
That once were strange reality,  
And forget the sage's bitterness who said,  
"Young love is born to die."

# THE RETURN\*

MANIE LEAKE PARSONS

The night was rather cold and lit by the white moon that sailed high above, now and then disappearing and forsaking the world to darkness. The black trees stretched their leafless arms to heaven, as if begging for the warmth and sunlight of the coming day to clothe them once more in their familiar green. Occasionally the stillness was pierced by the dismal howl of a dog, and then the thick silence settled back over the countryside. Not a creature was to be seen, the only mark of man being the narrow dirt road that wound away through the trees.

Suddenly a shadow appeared around a bend in the road, revealing itself as it drew nearer as the figure of a man—a man, and one who walked with a happy, care-free stride, as if quite unaware of the threatening stillness. Indeed, he was happy, and the stillness was welcome and blessed to his weary though eager mind.

Russia again, and spring! What memories of a joyous childhood this night, this countryside were bringing back to him! There was the plain over which he used to ride his pony so many years ago. Ah, what a prize that pony had been! None in the neighborhood could equal it. And so with the passing of each familiar scene, he went from one reminiscence to another, until a dim light appeared in the distance. His heart leaped up, and his mind returned to the present and the joy of reunion soon to be his. For, after twenty years of traveling and adventuring, he was returning to his boyhood home to see once more his father and mother, now quite old but still farming their little plot of land.

The man wondered if they would recognize him. He thought not, for he had changed a great deal in appearance, and certainly they were not expecting to see him, since he had purposely not written them of his coming. He would surprise them all right.

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\* Awarded second place in the O. Henry contest at the June commencement, 1931.



Then an idea came to him. Just to see if they would know him and to prolong his own private pleasure, he decided to be just a wayfarer and ask them to let him spend the night under their roof. They could not refuse, since theirs was the only house within miles, and there was no semblance of an inn nearer than Moscow.

By the time he had reached this decision, he was quite near the house. He gazed affectionately upon the old, ramshackle structure and with difficulty restrained himself from running up the pathway to the door. Finally he stood on the very door-step and rapped sharply, trying to keep from looking too joyous.

An old woman slowly opened the door and regarded the stranger with distrusting though kindly eyes.

"Good-evening, my good friend," the man said in Russian. "Would you be so kind as to grant a lost traveler a night's lodging in your home? There seems to be no inn about."

"No, there be no inn, and I guess you'd have to sleep out in the fields if we turned you away; so come on in. Ivan, here's a man wants to spend the night." The last remark she addressed to a bent old man sitting by the fire.

Swiftly the younger man entered and stood in the presence of his father and mother. No, they had not recognized him—had scarcely looked at him closely enough to do that.

"Guess it's all right," responded the old man to his wife's remark. "Come over and get warm, mister——"

"Kosnow," falsely supplied his son.

"Petrovich," replied the father.

And so he sat down by the crackling fire and began a conversation with the two old people, trying to find out as well as he could what their life had been since he left, their letters having been very few.

He found that with the increased taxes imposed on the peasants by the Czar and his tyrannical government, the man had found it more and more difficult even to make a living from his small farm, and the old couple had been in poverty-stricken oppression for ten years. Seeing the barren appearance of the room, the threadbare clothing of his parents, the man felt a wave of remorse that he had

not sent them more money and that more often. But he resolved to make up for all his years of neglect. Now that he was home again, they should have a new house; and no longer would they have to labor from day-break till night to squeeze a scant living from the old, worn-out earth.

Thus the two men talked, the son lending a sympathetic ear to his father's recital of trouble. Even after the woman said good night, the men lingered by the fire, finding a strange congeniality between them that was mysterious to the older but well understood by the younger.

Finally, when the fire had died down to a few embers, the son decided to pay for his night's lodging and then reveal himself to his father. He drew out his purse and extracted a bill, displaying many more of the crisp notes.

As the father took the bill, a strange gleam came into his eyes. Money! Oh, what he could do with it! How his burdens would be lifted! He would not have to send the letter to his son, asking for enough to pay his taxes and save his only property.

The dagger—lying there on the table where he had been cleaning it—Yes, that was it—the dagger!

The unsuspecting son started to speak, to tell at last his joyful secret. But before he could frame the words—a sharp pain in his back—fire pouring through, through, into his body! Then he felt his lungs swell; his throat gurgled; he choked and fell, with blood oozing from his mouth.

Swiftly the old man bent and put his hand into the pocket into which he had seen the purse disappear. There, he had it, and all that money would soon be his, in his own hands.

As he opened the pocketbook, something fell out—a passport. Might as well see who the man was, though it did not really matter. Yes, there was his picture, and by it his name—Ivan Petrovich! His son—lying there at his feet—his blood on the floor, on his dagger, on his hand. His son, come home after so many years.

The old man fell on his knees by his side, dazed, and buried his haggard, greying face in his hands. Home, a'fter all his years of waiting and longing!



