

# HOMESPUN

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FEBRUARY  
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DRAMATIC  
ISSUE



THE  
LUTE  
BY  
A. J. N.



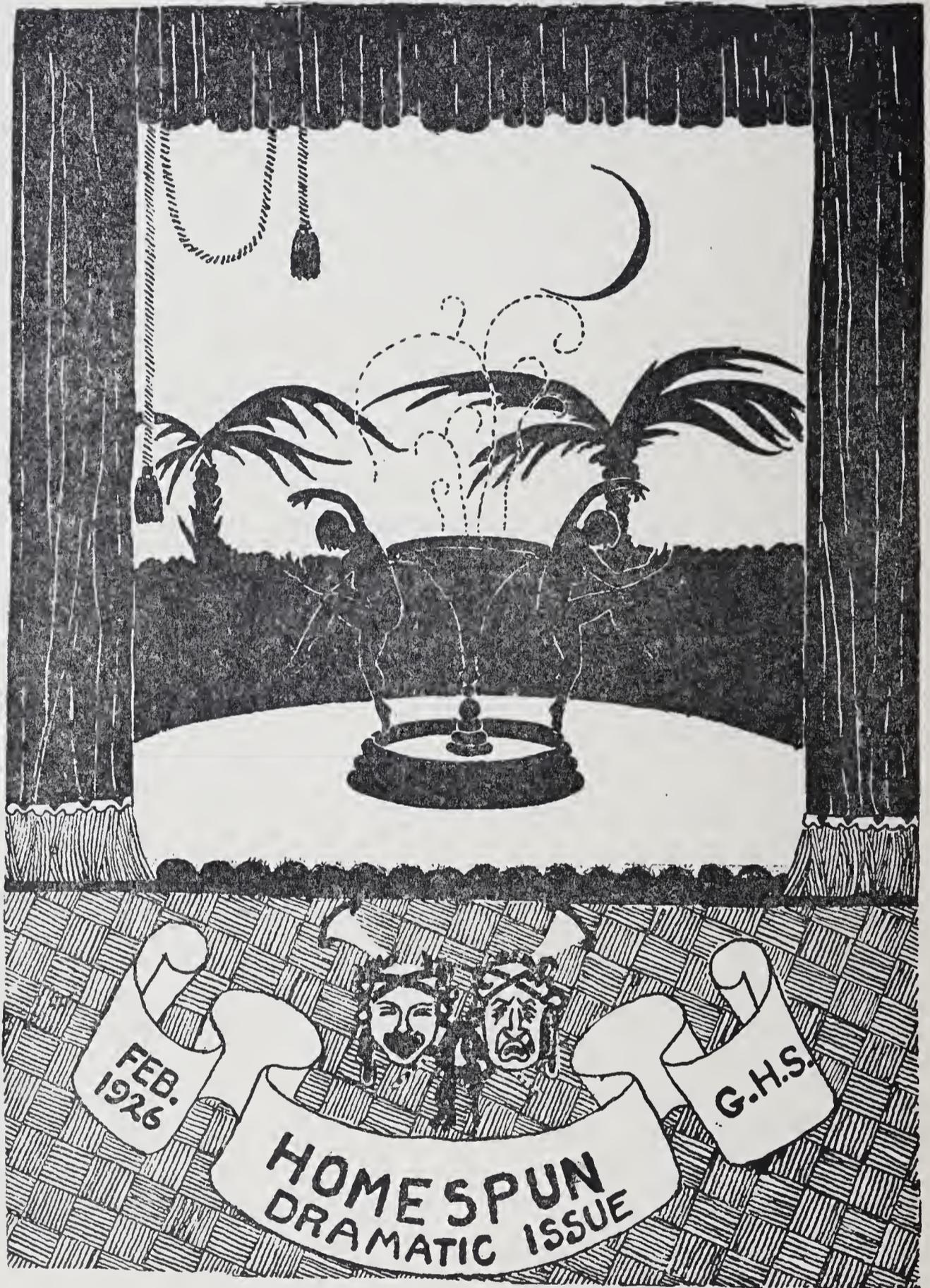
# HOMESPUN

Edited by HELEN FELDER    ORDEN GOODE, *Business Manager*

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1926

HOMESPUN  
DRAMATIC ISSUE

G.H.S.



# SILK THREADS

## Over the Footlights

*By ZAIDEE SMITH*

The pale, electric moon arose and threw  
Across the floor Corinthian prints  
Of the Temple of Love of canvas.  
The helping effects were blue  
On the features of the lovers.  
The one held a soft yellow rose,  
The other a guitar, soft toned;  
And he clasped her close  
And kissed  
Her painted lips. And they knew  
The whip o' will was a ventriloquist.  
"Beautiful love is stronger than death!"  
His whisper went up  
To the galleries and back again.  
"Forever, love."  
"Yes, forever."  
Down came the curtain,  
A lavender climax, leaving the whisper  
In the last balcony.

# Masks Off!

A Romantic Comedy in One Act

By RUTH HEATH

## CHARACTERS

PAMELA THORNE, *a young American heiress*

BOBBY THORNE, *her brother*

DORA LONG, *their American friend*

CHRIS, *a romantic young man*

COUNT KAROLYI

COUNTESS KAROLYI

JEAN, *niece of the Count and Countess*

LEINSLER, *cousin of the Count and Countess*

LIEUTENANT GALLARDO, *officer of Roumania*

## TIME

*The Present*

## PLACE

*Roumania*

## SETTING

*A spacious conservatory, romantic under the soft lights of lanterns with silhouetted shades. At R. C. are French windows, behind which is an elaborate garden scene. On the left are French doors which lead to the ballroom. There is little on the stage, only a white marble half-circle bench near the center and a statue fountain on the right. Palms serve as a background. Dance music is heard at intervals off stage from the ballroom. Masked couples passing to and fro can be seen through the French windows in the garden.*

*As the curtain rises the "Blue Danube Waltz" is heard off stage and a masked couple is waltzing. The music is soft*

and romantic. The couple is dancing very slowly and gracefully. Each of the figures seems intent upon the other.

Both are dressed in old French costumes. The girl is a blonde but her hair is completely covered by a wig, piled high. She wears a mask over her eyes and has a very bold beauty spot on her chin, a little to the left. The man is a brunette. His hair is not covered but he wears a mask. The masks are very narrow, concealing only the eyes.

The music dies away. The two stand poised for half a second, then slowly—and regretfully—he lets her go.

CHRIS

*(Softly)*

That waltz—it was divine!

PAMELA

I've always loved it.

CHRIS

*(Dreamily in a far-away voice)*

Sometimes I think it isn't that waltzes are made for people.

PAMELA

You mean—

CHRIS

That people are made for waltzes—especially if the two are in love.

PAMELA

*(Nods)*

Yes, I think so too. Even if the waltz isn't beautiful, love can make it so.

CHRIS

You speak as one who has found that wonderful thing.

PAMELA

*(She looks far away and speaks slowly)*

Perhaps I have—perhaps I haven't.

CHRIS

*(Playfully)*

Surely not one so young.

PAMELA

*(She goes to bench and sits)*

Oh, youth doesn't have anything to do with it. My mother loved and married when she was seventeen.

CHRIS

It must be wonderful to love—and be loved.

PAMELA

It was for them. Mother lives in her past now. Sometimes I pity her—nothing to look forward to in life, now that father's dead; but really she's fortunate. I would be very happy if I could marry the man I cared for.

CHRIS

*(Puzzled)*

I can't understand how you can talk so about love.

PAMELA

*(Rising)*

Don't try—it wouldn't get you anywhere; and you couldn't, if you tried. You must remember that I'm an American and you are not. It isn't strange that we cannot understand each other.

CHRIS

I think you are the most understanding person I've ever met.

PAMELA

Thanks. I'm glad you think so.

CHRIS

I have known you but three hours, but after all—three hours of happiness.

PAMELA

*(Perplexed. She raises her eyebrows slightly.)*

I'm afraid—I——don't understand.

CHRIS

*(Drawing nearer to her and speaking passionately)*

I mean that I think you're the most wonderful girl in all the world.

*Enters BOBBY at left with a fascinating little brunette dressed in a pierrette costume. He is a reckless-looking blonde—very*

young, about eighteen—with an air of the world and a rather self-satisfied look. Yet after one hears him talk, one realizes he is really very young and inexperienced. He is dressed as a prince of the fifth century. The two enter arm-in-arm talking very noisily. As they enter CHRIS retreats to above bench, but PAMELA remains where she is, turning her head slightly as they advance into the room.

DORA

I think it's the most thrilling thing that ever happened—  
imagine—

PAMELA

*(Advancing)*

Dora!

DORA

*(She breaks away from BOBBY and embraces PAMELA)*

Pamela, dear, I've been expecting to see you all evening. Bobby said you were here.

PAMELA

When did you get here, Dora? I didn't expect to see you in Roumania.

DORA

*(Dramatically)*

The dear, thoughtful parents haven't found a husband for the willful little Dora yet. *(Glancing wickedly at BOBBY who is nonchalantly lighting a cigarette)* They simply insist that I do not marry Bobby Thorne, for they consider him a very scatter-brained young man; but they need not worry; for I haven't the slightest intention in the world of marrying him.

BOBBY

*(Shrugging his shoulders as he walks to the statue. He speaks impudently.)*

Nobody asked you to.

DORA

If you thought you had half the chance, you'd propose to-night. As I was saying, Pamela, the dear parents haven't found me a duke or count yet; and Roumania appealed to them. They

would be wild with joy if they knew a prince was——oh, have you *heard*, Pamela?

PAMELA

What?

DORA

*(Enraptured that she is the first to tell)*

That the Crown Prince of Roumania is at the Masquerade Ball.

PAMELA

*(Extremely eager)*

Is he? *(Taken back by her sudden outburst)* I—a—I suppose you mean Prince Carol—

DORA

Isn't it the most romantic thing you ever heard of! I never dreamed—*(For the first time she notices CHRIS who is standing with his back toward them staring out of the French windows. She sees the awkward situation that PAMELA has evidently forgotten. She speaks brightly and cleverly.)* It seems, Pamela, that Bobby and I broke up a conversation between you and that——that French cavalier. *(CHRIS turns quickly and smiles.)*

PAMELA

*(Hurriedly)*

Pardon! But I really don't know his name since we have not unmasked. Dora, this is——Monsieur. Monsieur, you have already heard me call her Dora——Dora Long.

CHRIS

*(Advancing and bowing as he takes DORA's hand)*

Charmed!

DORA

*(Smiling adorably)*

I've always wanted to meet a French cavalier——How do you do, Monsieur?

PAMELA

And this is my brother. *(Both men nod and shake hands.)* It's awkward getting acquainted at a masquerade. I'm afraid——

DORA

Oh, we don't mind, do we? We can talk about the Prince—that's a subject we're all interested in. Do you believe in fairy stories, Mr. Frenchman?

CHRIS

Ever since my mother used to tell them to me.

DORA

It's almost a fairy story about the Prince running away to the ball.

CHRIS

*(Only faintly interested)*

Has he indeed? I really don't know much about him, as I came from Paris just today.

DORA

I think it's wonderful—and to think he is *here*—here, and why, I might have danced with him!

BOBBY

Dora, I took you to see the moonlight, not to gossip about something you know nothing of. Come on!

DORA

*(Indignantly)*

It isn't gossip—it's the truth.

BOBBY

All right! All right! Only for heaven's sake, come on!  
*(They both go out.)*

PAMELA

*(Dreamily)*

So he's here. He's here!

CHRIS

Just to whom are you referring?

PAMELA

*(With a start)*

I—a—*(Flushing confusedly)* I was—a—speaking of Prince Carol.

CHRIS

*(A little wistfully)*

Need we speak of him?

PAMELA  
(*A little coolly*)

Of course, if you'd rather not.

CHRIS  
(*Quickly*)

I want to talk about anything you want to—but I'd rather talk about you. (PAMELA goes to bench and sits; CHRIS follows her and stands at her left.) I want to talk about you.

PAMELA  
It seems strange to be talking to one I don't even know. To think that an American and a Frenchman should meet in Roumania! It shows that the world is so very small, doesn't it, Mr.—a. Oh, it's so boring not knowing one's name. My name is Pamela.

CHRIS  
Call me Chris. Christopher is too long.

PAMELA  
Thank you! You see how it was—and most likely we'll never see each other again.

CHRIS  
(*With alarm*)  
Shan't we?

PAMELA  
Who knows? I'm leaving for Venice to-morrow.

CHRIS  
I must see you again—I must—I must! (*He sits beside her on the bench and grasps one of her hands.*) Don't say it will be the end, Pamela—not when it has just begun. Oh, Pamela—I love you—I love you.

PAMELA  
(*Despairingly. She rises*)  
Chris!

CHRIS  
(*He rises also.*)  
Oh, don't look like that! Say that you love me, too!

PAMELA  
But I don't—I don't—

CHRIS

You mean—you mean—(*A deadly silence follows. CHRIS is seen trying to control himself. At last he speaks in a calm but slightly unsteady voice.*) I see—you love another.

PAMELA

(*Flushing and looking away*)

I'm—sorry. (*A pause*)

In America?

CHRIS

PAMELA

(*She is still looking away. She shakes her head, then turns impulsively.*)

I'm dreadfully sorry, Chris—if I led you to—to think anything.

CHRIS

(*Not looking at her, standing perfectly still*)

You didn't. Forgive me, Pamela.

PAMELA

There's nothing to forgive, but let's forget it and be friends.

CHRIS

(*Turning to her—questioning*)

There isn't the faintest hope for me?

PAMELA

I'm afraid not. I wish there were.

Why?

CHRIS

PAMELA

Because—because—well, he—the one I love—and I can't ever marry.

CHRIS

Can't! Well, if I can't marry you, I'll see that you are happy.

PAMELA

I'm afraid you can't help—it isn't a question of help—it's a question of love.

CHRIS

You mean, he doesn't love you?

PAMELA

*(Laughs mirthlessly)*

He doesn't know I even exist.

CHRIS

But I can't understand—

PAMELA

I have seen him only twice. I've never talked to him face to face—but I knew from the first—*(She turns to him)* I love him, Chris.

CHRIS

But that isn't preventing him from loving you some day.

PAMELA

Marriage wouldn't be possible *then*—*(Bitterly)* since I'm not a countess or anything.

CHRIS

Oh, I'm beginning to see now.

PAMELA

So you see, I couldn't help being thrilled to learn that he is here.

CHRIS

*(Muttering)*

The Prince! The Prince! Oh, I wish I had the alluring name of "Prince."

PAMELA

*(Softly)*

It wouldn't do any good.

CHRIS

*(Bitterly)*

Wouldn't it? *(He laughs mirthlessly.)*

PAMELA

I'm afraid you don't understand, Chris. It's the man I love—not the princely title. I'd give anything in the world if he were not of royal blood—then—perhaps—

CHRIS

Oh, I'm so sorry! I understand, but don't let this break the bond of friendship between us. Let's be friends. Let's go outdoors and forget all this. *(He takes her by the arm and they*

*advance down stage. As they go out, COUNT and COUNTESS KAROLYI with LEINSLER and JEAN enter from the dance hall. Both men are in evening dress with ribbons of honor across their white bosomed shirts. They are not masked. The count is a small man—about five feet—a man of about forty-five years of age, though age has not marked his features. The other is a distinguished-looking man of thirty-five.)*

*(The older woman is evidently a chaperon, as she is about forty-five and is not in costume. She wears an elaborate evening dress, exquisite jewels and carries a lorgnette. Her face is that of an aristocrat—haughty and rather harsh. Her hair, beginning to gray, is piled high on her head. JEAN is a young woman about twenty-five, and rather pretty in her quiet, not unusual manner. She is dressed in a Turkish costume and wears a black mask. They advance up stage. JEAN goes to fountain and examines it.)*

COUNTESS

*(Fanning herself furiously)*

I think it's perfectly disgraceful—a disgrace to the country!

COUNT

Oh, come, Marie, give the poor lad a chance to get away once in a while—

COUNTESS

But he has no business away. Where he belongs is at home. What will the other countries say? What will France say? "Oh, yes, the Crown Prince renounces the Roumanian throne and runs away for a frolic at a masquerade ball chaperoned by Count and Countess Karolyi." Don't worry about our names not being linked up in the affair—those French newspapers get *everything*.

LEINSLER

My dear Countess, don't take it all to heart. Carol will have his fun and come back.

COUNTESS

I'm not so sure. But after all this scandal—

COUNT

*(Meekly)*

And yet I can't help admiring him.

JEAN

(*Turning toward them*)

I think it's all perfectly charming.

COUNTESS

(*Almost in tears*)

I can't see how you can talk so when the *very throne* is tottering on its foundations.

COUNT

Let the throne totter. A republic will be better.

COUNTESS

He could have waited until we got used to his father's death—

LEINSLER

No, I disagree, Cousin Marie. If he *had* to do it, now was the time.

JEAN

Alexander, do you suppose he is in love?

LEINSLER

I can't say. Possibly he is. He only said in the letter, "Personal matters—and the general policy of the government." One big thing is that he believes in a republic.

JEAN

So do I. Not only for the people, but for the royal family itself. It isn't right to them—they're slaves. The nation is just like a great spoiled child that doesn't want to give up its bright toy. We're all selfish to expect it of our sovereigns. We forget they're human and have their own lives to live.

COUNT

I wish you could tell it to everybody just like that, Jean.

COUNTESS

How absurd! If anyone is so fortunate as to be born of royal blood it is certainly his duty to be king and serve his country. Country first of all—always.

LEINSLER

You're right about that, Cousin Marie. It's his duty as well as his pleasure. And as for Roumania being a republic—it is, except in name.

COUNT

Not with a king at its head. It isn't giving the royal family equal rights.

COUNTESS

Why, Ferdinand, you're actually a traitor to your country.

COUNT

*(Very gravely)*

No, not at all—only a modernist.

JEAN

I'm *so* interested, Alexander. Tell me exactly what was in the letter.

LEINSLER

*(Goes to bench and sits)*

I've gone over it so much. *(Wearily)*

COUNT

Personal matters. Believes in a republic.

LEINSLER

And he said he wasn't the type of fellow to rule a country—said he wasn't a politician.

COUNT

He said, too, that he didn't believe in the general policy of the government.

JEAN

Oh, I know now. I remember the affair about the aeroplanes.

COUNT

Yes, it was a sad affair.

JEAN

*(Looking off)*

I wonder if he did it all for a girl. I wonder if he was in love.

LEINSLER

*(Rising)*

For goodness sake, Jean, don't get so sentimental.

JEAN

It would be wonderful, I think.

COUNTESS

Wonderful! If the girl realizes what he's done, he'll have wrecked her life.

JEAN  
(*Softly*)

Not if she's the right sort of girl. She may understand, then their love would be more nearly perfect.

COUNT

I'm very much interested in your views of life, Jean.

JEAN  
(*Dreamily*)

I wonder—I wonder if I danced with him! (PAMELA and CHRIS enter from the garden; BOBBY and DORA enter from the ballroom.)

COUNT  
(*To PAMELA*)

Well, if it isn't my little American friend. How do you do, Miss Thorne?

COUNTESS

How stupid of you, Ferdinand, to give Miss Thorne away. No one else recognized her. I'm sure I never could have.

PAMELA

Oh, it's quite all right, Countess, lots of people have already guessed who I am.

COUNT  
(*Triumphantly*)

I'd know that mouth and those teeth anywhere—none other so perfect.

BOBBY

You people certainly must have had an interesting conversation. The Turkish lady here looks like she was making love to someone.

JEAN  
(*Starting*)

Did I? No, I was only dreaming.

BOBBY

Of the Prince?

JEAN

How did you know?

BOBBY

*(Like a man of the world)*

My dear girl, every woman here to-night is thrilled to death, thinking perhaps she has danced with the Prince.

DORA

Oh, did you see that man passing? *(All turn just in time to see figure disappear.)* Well, it's my opinion that's the Prince, and—*(Looking to see if all are noticing her)* I've danced with him.

JEAN

Do you really think it was he?

LEINSLER

*(Dryly)*

Perhaps a book agent. *(PAMELA laughs a little hysterically.)*

CHRIS

I think the beggar's upsetting everyone.

JEAN

It's wonderful! *(Music strikes up in the dance hall.)*

BOBBY

The music. Let's dance. *(They dance to faint music.)*

DORA goes to bench and sits. PAMELA AND CHRIS are beside each other near the statue. COUNTESS goes to bench and sits. The COUNT goes behind bench and remains standing. LEINSLER stands at right, smoking, and observes everyone, saying nothing. Two other couples come in from the garden and begin dancing. The French doors are closed. Nothing lags. All are talking while they move.

DORA

I think he did quite right about renouncing the throne; but of course I'm an American; and I naturally think so.

COUNTESS

You can't see *our* views, of course. As for me, I think it's perfectly disgusting!

JEAN

*(Over BOBBY's shoulder)*

I'm for the Prince, absolutely; and I'm a true Roumanian.  
*(CHRIS and PAMELA are talking together.)*

BOBBY

You think too much about him. Why can't you talk about me? I'm sure I'm just as interesting.

DORA

Let's get everybody's views. We'll start with the gentleman smoking—Mr.—er—*(Turns to Countess)*

COUNTESS

Leinsler.

DORA

A——Mr. Leinsler, what do you think of it all?

LEINSLER

*(Coolly)*

I think it's the duty of the Prince to serve his country.

DORA

*(Forgetting her motive—rising excitedly)*

Oh, I don't. I think—*(The French doors are suddenly thrown open and LIEUTENANT GALLARDO with four soldiers enters. They salute as they see the COUNT and COUNTESS and LEINSLER. As the doors open everyone stops what he is doing and turns to them.)*

COUNTESS

*(Hysterically)*

What—

COUNT

*(Quickly)*

Lieutenant Gallardo, what does this mean?

GALLARDO

*(He realizes he is speaking to a superior. He talks in an extremely polite voice. All the soldiers are dressed in effective uniforms with swords and boots.)*

Your pardon, Count, but the Premier's orders—

COUNT

What orders have you to break up a private party?

GALLARDO

You are acquainted with the fact that His Highness—

LEINSLER

Get to the point, Lieutenant!

GALLARDO

His Highness is at the Masquerade. And as the state is in grave condition on account of his renunciation, he must be found *at once!*

COUNT

You mean, the Premier has ordered you to find him?

GALLARDO

He ordered that I go in person and see everyone here unmasked.

LEINSLER

Oh, I see. Well, that will be carried out in a few minutes. Now all of you realize the seriousness of this situation, I advise you to act as quickly as you can so that the matter may be brought to a speedy close. (*A few "certainlys" are heard. Every mask with but one exception is pulled off. GALLARDO glances around with satisfaction until he sees CHRIS.*)

GALLARDO

(*Sarcastically*)

Oh, our French cavalier refuses to disclose his features. (*CHRIS moves to center of stage. All eyes are upon him. There is a pause. GALLARDO becomes angry.*) Well, what are you going to do?

CHRIS

Nothing, are you?

GALLARDO

If you don't take off that mask—

CHRIS

(*Icily*)

And if I refuse?

GALLARDO

You *won't* refuse—

CHRIS

*(Standing erect)*

*Indeed!* His Royal Highness, the Crown Prince of Roumania is in the habit of doing as he pleases. *(He pulls off his mask and stands like a Greek god. Everyone falls back, amazed.)*

LEINSLER

Carol!

GALLARDO

*(Dropping on his knees and bowing. He is greatly agitated.)*

A thousand pardons, Your Highness! I had no idea—

*Everyone bows low before him except DORA, BOBBY, and PAMELA; but he bids them rise with a majestic sweep of his hand. DORA approaches him, her face full of wonder. Timidly she touches him.*

DORA

*(Childishly)*

Are you an—honest-to-goodness Prince? *(Everyone begins talking at once.)*

COUNTESS

How we misunderstood you!

COUNT

Your Highness was well disguised.

LEINSLER

I hope Your Highness will make up for this childish folly.

JEAN

This is delightful!

GALLARDO

I can't apologize enough—

BOBBY

Ye gods!

DORA

Why, I shook hands with him!

*PAMELA has never moved from the spot and has said nothing. One hand is clutched at her breast, the other clinched at her side.*

*Her face is amazement mingled with bewilderment. She is undecided whether to rejoice or to be frightened. CAROL glances at her, then turns to the others. He puts up his hand; everyone becomes silent.*

CAROL

It isn't a mistake—any of it. After tonight I won't be His Highness any more. I have given up the throne never to reclaim it again. (*A cry goes through the crowd.*) As my last request as your Prince—will you give it to me? (*Looks pleadingly at them*) It's my last request. Won't you grant it? I want to have this night for my own—since it's my first one of the new freedom. Will you go now and not ask questions? (*All look at each other.*) As your Prince I ask it.

COUNT

*(After pause)*

Surely we can't deny him his last request!

CAROL

Will you go? (*Slowly, unwillingly, the odd couples go out into the garden with BOBBY and DORA following. The COUNT and COUNTESS with JEAN and LEINSLER and soldiers go out into the ball room. GALLARDO turns as he is about to close the doors.*)

GALLARDO

I hope—

CAROL

It's all right.

GALLARDO

What shall I tell the Premier?

CAROL

That he can see me at my apartments in two weeks after—after my honey-moon. (*GALLARDO looks surprised, then goes out, closing doors behind him. CAROL has his back to PAMELA. He stares after GALLARDO for a half second and then he slowly turns. Suddenly he rushes to her and takes both her hands. As he makes a movement toward her, she utters a little broken cry.*)  
Oh, my darling!

PAMELA

Chris! Chris! I can't take you away from your country.

CAROL

*(Softly)*

You can't help it now. It's done. Now you've got to spend all your life forgiving me for deceiving you. But I wanted to know, dear—you see, I saw you only twice; but I knew you were the only one in the wide, wide world; but I didn't know that you loved me—until—I had to find out.

PAMELA

Oh, I understand that—but—but—I don't know what to do!  
*(They both stop as strains of "The Blue Danube Waltz" are heard.)*

CAROL

*(Very, very softly)*

If you love me enough to face the world and the words of the multitudes everywhere; if you love me enough to be my wife—dance this waltz with me. *(She looks at him. He is very close. Then suddenly her body grows limp, he grasps her in his arms, and they begin dancing. Suddenly he bends and kisses her as the curtain falls.)*



# Rough-Shod

*A Tragedy in One Act*

By SARAH MENDENHALL

## CHARACTERS

MRS. GILES

MRS. LEE

MISS WARREN

MRS. REYNOLDS

BETTY REYNOLDS, *her daughter*

MR. REYNOLDS, *her husband*

## SCENE

*The living room of the REYNOLDS. The curtain rises upon Mrs. GILES, Mrs. LEE, Miss WARREN, and Mrs. REYNOLDS discussing problems of the book club. Mrs. GILES is daintily sipping tea, Mrs. LEE is gracefully eating a sandwich. Miss WARREN and Mrs. REYNOLDS are in conversation.*

MRS. REYNOLDS

Yes, her books always go to the heart of life. They reveal life as it is and not as some sheltered person pictures it.

MISS WARREN

"Warts and all," as mother says. I think she is terribly depressing, though.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Yes, she deals in the realities; and sometimes the real things *are* hard. I believe it is a good thing for us to see mirrored for us the hardships of others and learn from them that our own life is not so hard.

MISS WARREN

Have you read her "Lonely Road"?

MRS. REYNOLDS

I have read the first three hundred pages. I think it a remarkable picture of the lonely wife. Have you read it, Mrs. Lee?

MRS. LEE

No, I have not read a thing of Cora Price's. Mrs. Cobb read it when it came out in serial. She said she thought it at best a very depressing picture, a very exaggerated one.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Not at all, my dear. It is the universal story of the woman with an unsympathetic husband. It tears the heart strings to follow the lonely soul through her life journey.

MISS WARREN

Do you think there are really people as cruel as Harvey Peoples? Why, Mrs. Reynolds, he was a brute! He came home and beat his wife because she bought a thing or two to brighten up the home; denied the children even the necessities of life.

MRS. REYNOLDS

My dear, physical hurts are not nearly so cruel as the sting of misunderstanding. To me the tragedy of the life of dear Mrs. Peoples was that her husband did not understand her, didn't want to understand her. Yes, Cora Price understands the wretchedness of life along the lonely road. (*Smiling sweetly*) Well, we got off the subject, didn't we? Anyway, all of us should read at least one of Cora Price's books.

MRS. GILES

I don't think it would be a bad idea to include her in our spring program, say perhaps, plan a Tuesday program to include a review of her books.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Well, I am not an authority on literary values, so I cannot pass on her books. I do know that she understands the sore spots in the life about us. I would like to have the Club discuss one of her books. It would be interesting to note the reactions.

MRS. GILES

I think your enthusiasm is proof enough of the real value that lies in her volumes. I am putting her on the program. I wonder if it would be asking too much of you to write a review of her "Lonely Road" for the Sunday edition of the *News* for the week preceding the Cora Price meeting?

MRS. REYNOLDS

I should enjoy doing it.

MRS. GILES *puts her tea cup on the serving tray in front of her.*

MRS. LEE

Laura, there you go again piling work on Mrs. Reynolds.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Why, my dear, I don't mind it in the least; in fact, it will be a real pleasure. (*She rises and takes the tea cart out of the room.*) Excuse me while I take out the tea cart, won't you? I shall be right back. (*She goes out.*)

MRS. LEE

Isn't she the dearest woman? So cultured and refined and ever willing to do anything anyone asks her. (*MISS WARREN has turned her attention to a book on the table.*) I am afraid we do overwork her, though.

MRS. GILES

I don't know. I think she looks upon her work as a pleasure and not as a burden. That makes a difference, you know. And I believe she will get real pleasure out of writing the review.

MRS. LEE

She spoke feelingly about the novel. You know, Laura, I believe she is not the happy woman she seems to be. I felt that more when she was talking about Cora Price's book.

MISS WARREN

*(Eager to understand)*

What in the world do you mean?

MRS. LEE

Nothing, only—(*Listening for Mrs. REYNOLDS*) I'm afraid her own life is a bit lonely.

MRS. GILES

She does seem cheerful and gay; but I believe that you are right about there being unhappiness in her domestic life.

MISS WARREN

Well, I would never have suspected it.

*The telephone is heard to ring.* Mrs. REYNOLDS *sticks her head in at the door.*

MRS. REYNOLDS

Will you pardon me a moment longer? The phone has the habit of always ringing at the wrong time.

MRS. GILES

Do go right ahead. We are making ourselves perfectly at home.

MRS. REYNOLDS *disappears again.*

MRS. LEE

Yes, her husband is nothing short of a brute; my dear, the most uncultured creature in the world. Why, her neighbors say that he makes her life miserable. And my own observations make me fear him. I always have the strangest feeling when he is anywhere near me. I believe if he were to put his hands on me I would scream. He—well, he's just the poorest sort of an excuse for a husband and a father.

MISS WARREN

This is indeed a shock to me. Somehow I just cannot believe it is possible. A woman of her refinement—why, it seems that just the contact with such a personality day after day would have been a civilizing process. (*A car is heard on the outside. MISS WARREN, who is at the window, looks out.*) I wonder if that can be Mr. Reynolds.

MRS. GILES

*(Goes cautiously to the window)*

Yes, that's her husband. My dear, I do hope he does not come in here.

MISS WARREN

Mercy, that's not her husband. Why, he looks like a common laborer!

MRS. GILES

*(She has joined them at the window.)*

Yes, that's the head of this household.

MISS WARREN

Well, I just can't get over it. Funny, this world we are living in. How can such things be possible?

MRS. LEE

My Bob isn't an arrow-collar type himself; but he does take pride in his clothes and always tries to dress neatly.

MRS. GILES

*(Who also loves her husband)*

One thing I can say for Mr. Giles is that he is sympathetic—and after all, that is what is to be most desired in a husband.

MRS. LEE

I do wish Mrs. Reynolds would hurry back. *(She adjusts her hat.)* I detest that man. I never know how to act when he is around.

MISS WARREN

*(She hears MRS. REYNOLDS returning)*

Sh-h-h-h! Here she comes. *(MRS. REYNOLDS enters.)* Mrs. Reynolds, I was just saying to Mrs. Lee that I would be glad to help you with your article. I have plenty of time—no house to look after——

MRS. REYNOLDS

Not at all, my dear. Why, it is the very thing I want to do. *(She sits on the piano bench.)* It was Mrs. Curtis at the phone. She wants me to help her with the ticket sale for the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. Now, I know that you are all going.

MRS. GILES

I don't see how we can afford to miss it. I do hope that the house will be filled. It seems a pity that the people do not patronize the real musicians.

MRS. REYNOLDS

It is too bad; but it's all a matter of education. I believe that it is possible to train our young people to appreciate the beautiful things. You see, Woodlawn is just a young city. We must be patient. The time will come when we can have not only one big concert but five or six a year.

MRS. LEE

I understand that the patrons lost on the Spring Festival last year.

MRS. REYNOLDS

That's true. But the patrons expected to lose. It's encouraging to know that we have such wonderful citizens as they are, however. They are our prophets. It is just through such people as they are that our community will learn to appreciate good music.

MISS WARREN

What will the Orchestra play? Do you know?

MRS. REYNOLDS

I did have a program; but I have misplaced it. I do know they will play Dvorak's Largo from "The New World Symphony." I am looking forward to that with a great deal of pleasure.

MISS WARREN

I don't believe I know that.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Oh, I'm sure you know it. The theme runs something like this. (*She turns to the piano and plays a few bars.*) A beautiful thing—something in it of loneliness—a sense of the tragedy of the negro as it sings itself in his spirituals. (*She turns to them.*) You know, it is said that when the Largo was first played in Carnegie Hall, so moving was the performance, so touched to the heart was the great audience, that in the boxes filled with the women of fashion and all about the hall people sat with tears rolling down their cheeks. It is Dvorak's inspiration from the negro spirituals; deeper still it is a moving expression of that home-sickness of the soul all human beings feel. (*She turns again to the keyboard.*) Notice how the lyric opening suggests the words, "Goin' Home, Goin' Home."

MISS WARREN

You play beautifully, Mrs. Reynolds—with so much feeling and interpretation.

MRS. REYNOLDS

(*She speaks over her shoulder*)

Thank you, my dear. I find so little time to practice. But I do love the piano. It is such a comfort. It takes me out of the realm of the work-a-day world into an unearthly region. (*She*

*continues playing the Largo. Women are enjoying it. MR. REYNOLDS opens the door of the living-room, comes in smiling. He is unshaven and wears his hat on his head. The women exchange glances.)*

MR. REYNOLDS

*(He goes up to MRS. LEE)*

Why, how are you? *(He shakes her hand.)* This is Mrs. Giles, I believe. *(He hands his left hand to MRS. GILES.)* And who is this young lady? *(MISS WARREN shows that she is terribly embarrassed.)*

MRS. LEE

This is Miss Warren, Mr. Reynolds.

MISS WARREN

*(She extends her hand after he has offered his. She bows.)*

How are you, Mr. Reynolds?

MR. REYNOLDS

I'm *mighty* glad to meet you. *(He holds her hand over-long, shaking it up and down and patting the top of it with his left hand.)* I don't believe you have ever been here before.

MISS WARREN

No, Mr. Warren, this is my first visit. But it is such a pleasure to be here. We have been discussing problems of the book club.

MRS. REYNOLDS

*(She turns around on the piano bench.)*

Pardon me, dear. I didn't notice that you had come in. *(To the women)* I get so absorbed in fingers and notes I always lose my audience; and that is unpardonable.

MRS. GILES

Not at all. I think you play beautifully. I was just saying to Miss Warren——

MR. REYNOLDS

*(Interrupting)*

What? You don't mean that you care for that sort of thing. But Frances *will* insist on playing it.

MRS. REYNOLDS

*(Trying to laugh his rudeness off)*

You do like to tease, don't you?

MR. REYNOLDS

*(He ignores Mrs. REYNOLDS. He takes pipe from his pocket; as he does this a newspaper clipping falls to the floor. He picks it up.)*

I have just finished reading Merrill's article on evolution. It is a brilliant thing. Would you like to read it? *(He hands it to Mrs. GILES.)*

MRS. GILES

*(She refuses to take the clipping.)*

No, thank you, Mr. Reynolds, I really have no interest in Mr. Merrill's viewpoint.

MR. REYNOLDS

Why, Mrs. Giles, I am surprised at you. It's very narrow to close your eyes to the issues of the day. Mrs. Lee? *(He hands the article to Mrs. LEE.)*

MRS. LEE

No, Mr. Reynolds, I don't care to see anything about evolution. It really doesn't matter to me what the scientists are saying.

MR. REYNOLDS

Doesn't matter—doesn't matter—

MRS. REYNOLDS

*(She goes to her husband, she puts her hands softly on his arm and takes the clipping.)* Dear, no one is interested in the article. *(Trying to change the subject)* Have you had a good day at the office?

MR. REYNOLDS

Well, I think the most profitable thing your book club can do is to read something to stimulate your minds. What good do you ever do sitting around reading some old novels on sex and psychology?

MRS. GILES

*(She shows that she is bored. Miss WARREN tries to cover a yawn. Mrs. LEE rises as if to go, gathering up her pocket-book and handkerchief and adjusting her hat.)*

We are interested, Mr. Reynolds, in the new theories only in so far as they have found expression in the literary creations.

MR. REYNOLDS

*(Unable to see that he is a bore)*

But——(BETTY REYNOLDS enters. *She is an attractive girl of about eighteen. She wears a street dress with hat to match and carries under her arm several small bundles.*)

BETTY

*(She begins placing bundles on the end of the piano stool while she talks.)*

How are you, Mrs. Giles? Mrs. Lee? *(She goes to Miss WARREN.)* I was just admiring your new Chrysler as I came in. It's a beautiful thing. *(Mr. Reynolds takes seat in big chair and lights pipe.)*

MISS WARREN

I think it is very pretty, too. You must go with me some time for a long drive.

MRS. LEE

Betty, how pretty you look today!

BETTY

*(Blushing as she goes to her mother and removes the packages on the piano bench so as to make room to sit down.)*

Has mother been playing for you?

MISS WARREN

She played only a few measures. I wish she would play for us more.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Some day I will.

BETTY

*(She catches sight of smoke rising from behind the big chair. She recognizes it as coming from the pipe of her father.)*

Oh daddy, daddy! Why do you smoke that old pipe? Does it bother you, Mrs. Giles? Mrs. Lee?

MRS. GILES

*(Concealing her real feelings)*

Oh, no! Not a bit, dear.

MR. REYNOLDS

*(Wheeling around in his chair and speaking over his paper)*

I guess you've been galavantin' around town flirting with the boys again.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Now, dear, you know Betty is good about that sort of thing.

MISS WARREN

*(To BETTY who is taking off her coat and hat)*

That is a darling hat.

BETTY

Do you like it? I saw it in Meyer's window and just had to have it.

MR. REYNOLDS

She'll be wanting another one inside of a month.

MRS. REYNOLDS

He's such a tease. Really, he's not as bad as he pretends to be.

MR. REYNOLDS

*(He turns again from the newspaper he has just taken up.)*

Well, since you ladies don't care for Merrill's views, I guess you'll be interested in Bryan's, eh? *(He says this last very sarcastically.)*

BETTY

*(Embarrassed by her father)*

Oh, don't pay any attention to dad. He's head-over-heels in love with Darwin and Evolution today. Tomorrow he'll be championing someone else.

MRS. GILES

*(Rising)*

Don't bother, my dear. Men will have their hobbies.

MRS. LEE

*(Rising to go)*

I hate to break up this lovely party; but I must be going. We have dinner at six. Come to see me sometime soon, you and Betty.

MRS. REYNOLDS

I've been planning to come; but you know how it is—we keep putting things off.

MRS. GILES

I don't hold that against anyone. We live in such a whirl these days that we really have very little time for visiting. (*The women move toward the door. BETTY and MISS WARREN are chatting together.*) Sometimes I think we are not really living at all. (*MR. REYNOLDS has preceded the ladies and now stands opening the door insinuating a hasty departure. The ladies notice this but try to conceal it. MRS. REYNOLDS tries to conceal it also. BETTY shows resentment against her father's attitude.*)

MR. REYNOLDS

(*As the ladies go out*)

I'm sorry you ladies aren't interested in evolution.

ALL

Good-bye; good-bye.

MRS. REYNOLDS

(*To one of them*)

All right, I will; yes, I'll look after that, too. (*BETTY shuts the door, then goes to the big chair and sits there, her head in her hands.*)

MR. REYNOLDS

(*To MRS. REYNOLDS*)

Yes, if you thought half as much about your home as you do about outside things we'd be a lot better off.

MRS. REYNOLDS

(*In a soft, pleading voice*)

Harry, don't—don't——(*He does not let her finish but goes to the chair where BETTY is sitting.*)

MR. REYNOLDS

Betty, get out of that chair. You know that's where I always sit; if you don't, you ought to.

BETTY

*(As she rises, letting her temper get the better of her)*

If you *are* my father, I must say you are the rudest, most ill-natured man I have ever seen. You don't have any respect for anyone's feelings. It was a shame the way you treated mama's guests this afternoon. *(He is somewhat taken back by this sudden outburst. He takes his finger-nail file from his pocket and begins to clean his nails.)* See! See! There you go. Oh, you are so——

MR. REYNOLDS

*(He grabs her by the shoulders and shakes her.)*

Now, listen here, young lady, you think you're big enough to talk to me like that and get away with it? Well, you are not! *(Mrs. REYNOLDS has been sitting on the sofa. She is noticeably very much worried. Now she is nearly crying.)* Do you understand? *(He pushes her roughly into chair.)* You—you and your mother there *(Pointing to her)* think I'm not good enough for you, don't you? Well, I am!

MRS. REYNOLDS

*(Calm but with tears in her eyes)*

Harry, Harry, why must you—always, always be so cruel, so selfish? Dear, don't you see that you are unkind?

MR. REYNOLDS

Cruel? Selfish? Un——

MRS. REYNOLDS

I wonder if you really are so blind that you cannot see, so unattuned that you do not feel. Oh, I know that you don't understand, that you can never understand.

MR. REYNOLDS

*(In a frenzy)*

What do you mean? *(Throwing his paper on the floor.)* What——You and your high-strung daughter get on my nerves; these women who come around here—these clubs that take you away from home——

MRS. REYNOLDS  
(*Restraining him*)

Listen, dear, listen; for twenty years I have tolerated you. I have watched you drive rough-shod over the things that meant most in my life. I have listened in silence, without one word of murmur while you ridiculed my music, my art. I have seen you insult my friends in this very house, making fun of their religion, their work, their lives. Nerves? I have nerves no more. You have torn them to pieces. Sometimes I feel that if I don't get away from this place I shall lose my mind.

MR. REYNOLDS  
Well, why don't you get out?

MRS. REYNOLDS  
Because—well, because I have felt that you needed me, that you must have someone to stand by you and try to understand you. But I have stood it as long as I'm going to. If something doesn't happen soon, I'll go raving mad.

BETTY  
(*Going to her mother*)  
Mother, mother, don't talk like that. Be quiet now. Sit down and collect your nerves.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
Yes, Betty, I guess I've stood about all I can. (*To MR. REYNOLDS*) You've crushed, you've killed all the beauty of life for me. You are like a blight that——

MR. REYNOLDS  
What's that silly talk? (*He is looking over his newspaper again.*)

MRS. REYNOLDS  
(*Her arms around BETTY. She talks in a calm voice.*)  
Harry, wouldn't it be better for Betty and me to leave you? Wouldn't you be happier? Somehow our lives don't seem to fit together. We can never be happy living together in the same house. (*BETTY is crying bitterly.*)

MR. REYNOLDS

*(Sits obstinately, with his pipe in his mouth)*

Leave then if that's the way you feel about it. Pack your things and get out. As for Betty, she'll have to leave if she gives me any more of her back talk.

BETTY

*(Fighting hard)*

You don't think I'd let mother go away and me stay here with you. I'd starve before I'd do that (MR. REYNOLDS *throws down his paper on the chair and stalks out, leaving the two women in the room.*) Mother, what can we do? I am so tired of living under the same roof with him I don't know what to do. I am sick of his constant nagging, his mean, critical attitude that sometimes I believe I could go away and never want to look at his face again. I can't believe he is really my father sometimes—Mother, don't cry. Let's pack our things and leave. We can get a small apartment, just you and I, and I can find a job somewhere. Please, will you? He's ruining my life as well as yours.

MRS. REYNOLDS

I wonder, I wonder. *(With a far away stare in her eyes. She pats BETTY's head, trying to console her.)* There, there, Betty, stop crying now. I guess—I guess we couldn't do that after all. It would be cowardly to leave him; for no one would understand. No one would try to understand him. No one would take care of him. He would probably go hungry and cold. Betty, I guess we had better stay and do our best.

BETTY

*(She looks away and then turns to her mother who weeps silently.)*

You're right, mother dear; no one would look after him and no one, no one else in the world, would put up with what you have already endured. But I'll stay with you—and together we may be able to fight and keep our heads high.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
(*Tears in her eyes*)

I has been hard, Betty. It's going to be just as hard in the years to come. But we'll have to make the most of it for his sake.

MR. REYNOLDS  
(*He sticks his head in at the door.*)

Well, when do we have supper. Are you two women going to cry all day? I'm getting hungry. (MRS. REYNOLDS and BETTY rise. MRS. REYNOLDS dries her eyes and sighs deeply as the curtain falls.)



# Faces and Cards

By PHYLLIS PENN

## CHARACTERS

DICK ADAMS, *Pat's roommate, a college sheik*

PEGGY SPENCER

POLLY TAYLOR, *a dizzy blonde*

JACK SMITH

DONALD WHITE

## PROLOGUE

*A room in a college dormitory. A group of boys in the room, talking and smoking.*

TOM

Gad, Dick, this is a regular harem. How 'bout it boys—and everyone of them a peach!

DICK

*(Shaving)*

Well, rather. You don't think anyone in my position could afford to have it otherwise. I tell you these girls rate. You'd fall for everyone of them.

BOB.

Huh, not me; I'm too far gone now.

CHARLIE

Who on—that girl you had on the last house party? (*Bob nods*).

DICK

Well, you would pick out the ugliest one you could find, wouldn't you, ole boy? Now, why don't you glance around at these photos and pick you out a classy dame?

BOB

That's all right about her looks; she's a darn good little dancer, the best I've seen, and how I love a good dancer.

TOM

You're mighty right; she is a good dancer.

PAT

How long does this continue? A saint would fare better in Hades than a diligent student does with this bunch. (*Pat has had his eyes on his book from the beginning, but he has missed no part of the conversation.*)

DICK

How's my room-mate for a killjoy? (*They laugh and continue the conversation.*)

CHARLIE

Talk about women, that little Jane Ogden is the girl for me. I know some like her and some don't, but she's one good sport and I don't miss steppin' out to see her.

DICK

Now, I'm truly in love.

TOM

Ha! Ha! Dick's in love!

DICK

And why shouldn't I be—just look at her picture. (*Points to Peggy Spencer's picture.*)

CHARLIE

Say, have you seen that classy little maid that's just come to town?

BOB

Have I? Boys, how that woman is built!

PAT

Aw cut the "bull"! "Wine, women, and song" is truly your motto. You fall for every woman you see and then talk about nothing else. Quiet down now.

DICK

Listen to our woman-hater.

PAT

Well, I'm not a woman-hater. I like girls, but as for falling in love with every pretty face you see, that's another question.

*(Bell rings)*

BOB

Curses on that bell! Don't know 'bout the rest of you, but I've got to check a class.

OTHER STUDENTS

*(Except Dick and Pat)*

Same here!

DICK

Got a free period, maybe I'll finish shaving. And say, Tom, if you see a "rat" sticking around, send him up after my laundry.

BOB

I'll do that, Dick.

PAT

*(Waves boys out of room)*

See you later. I got to grind up on that law if I can get a little quiet. *(Shuts the door and takes his seat again.)*

DICK

*(Looks at a snapshot on mirror)*

Gee, ain't nature grand?

PAT

*(Glances toward Polly Taylor's picture)*

Judging by that little lady at your left, you're darn right it is.

DICK

Falling pretty hard for that picture, aren't you old boy? Bad idea, you never can tell from a picture.

PAT

Nonsense, when I fall in love it's not going to be any of this ridiculous "love at first sight" stuff. You've got to know a girl to love her; and I'm not going to fall for just a pretty face either. However, there's no danger of my ever falling.

DICK

That's all right old boy, one of these week-ends we'll fly up and see if you're immune to these charms of fair women. *(Doesn't wait for reply, goes on shaving, and directs his conversation to the picture at his right).* Say, Peggy Spencer, you

know you're going wrong. Why don't you stop it? What do I mean? Simply this, you'd better drop that man with the "divine eyes" while the dropping is good. Just because he looks at you so longingly and says "darling" so feelingly, you fancy he's in love with you and he's not at all. Every time he looks at you he sees \$185,000; every time he says sweet things, he feels himself getting closer to your cash. Why, your poor grandmother would turn over in her grave if she knew how near that scoundrel is to reaching his goal. Besides he's not the only man in the world just because he's got big eyes and brilliant curls.

Now darling, you just go right ahead with your music as your grandmother wanted you to. You have talent, sing like a nightingale and talk about knocking on a piano. (*Pat drops his book, gets his pipe, and listens to his room-mate*). You do just as I say, and you'll come out all right. (*Shakes his razor at the picture*). Me and your grandma have the right idea. Take advice from one who knows, and you'll amount to something by and by.

PAT

Say, Dick, I've given up trying to study, but how in the devil do you ever expect to get through shaving at this rate? Snap it up, I'd like to have a chance at it some time. You're not the only one that's got a class next period.

DICK

Have patience, my boy, have patience.

PAT

(*Shows signs of losing his temper*)

Patience be hanged! An angel would grow horns around you. (*Draws his feet up and in doing so tilts the chair too far and lands on the floor much to Dick's amusement.*)

PAT

Laugh, fool, laugh!

DICK

(*Controls his mirth*)

Polly, you say you're neglected? Well, we're through with

Peggy now; and, if my inconsiderate room-mate will be so kind as to hold his temper, we'll have a nice little chat.

PAT

Ye Gods, are you a raving maniac? Any fool that would talk to a picture——.

DICK

Aw dry up, who's doing this anyway? (*Pat takes his seat again but he cannot stay in a bad humor; he cannot help but see the funny side of the situation.*)

DICK

You beautiful little doll. It's a pity you're so fickle; just one love affair after another. Been engaged about fifteen times, haven't you old girl? Well, I guess you'll settle down some day.

PAT

(*Disgusted*)

So that's the kind of girl you like.

DICK

She's a (*knock at the door, Dick takes telegram, closes door, opens telegram, and reads.*) How's this for a wish coming true? "A dance next week and bring your roomie." Gosh, I'm happy. (*Starts Charlestoning.*) Pat, I bet you twenty-five bucks you'll be in love before you get back to school.

PAT

Darn if you don't take a lot for granted. Haven't said I was going yet.

DICK

Not going. Now, you're not going to be a blooming idiot and stick around school when you can get away.

PAT

No, I'm not going to be an idiot, but I get so sick of these blame week-end parties. Sit around and coo and pet in some dark corner. Mushing, drinking, dancing, riding, smoking, and so on—now if that's not a hell of a way to spend your time.

DICK

It's a darn good way to spend your time. Come on; I want you to meet the bunch.

PAT

No, I don't think I'll go. I've got a lot of work to do.

DICK

For heaven's sake, let your work go for once and let's have a little fun. I hope my next room-mate won't be a blame bookworm.

PAT

All right, old boy, just to please you, I'll go; and furthermore I'll take you up on your bet.

DICK

That's the spirit, Pat. Twenty-five dollars you'll owe me before we get back to school.

PAT

Good, when is the bet payable?

DICK

Now let's see. I'll give you a good chance, you don't have to pay me 'til I find the girl in your arms; and if you win, I'll pay you when we get back here.

PAT

Good enough. Wonder what I'll do with that twenty-five?

DICK

You needn't worry about what you're going to do with it. We'll see. (*Shake hands.*)

## CURTAIN

### SCENE I

*Sun parlor in a fashionable home. Punch bowl to one side.*

*(Peggy Spencer and Jack Smith enter. They take some punch. Music, laughter, and talking are heard off stage.)*

JACK

Peggy, this is an excellent time for you to teach me that step. Nobody around and we can have the floor to ourselves. Will you?

PEGGY

Sure. It's this way. (*Peggy starts the step off at full speed.*)

JACK

Aw, let's have the first lesson slow motion; you know I can't catch on when you do it at that rate.

PEGGY

Goodnight, Jack, I can't do it slow.

JACK

Yes you can; come on and try anyway.

PEGGY

Well, if you must learn. (*She demonstrates slowly this time.*) Now if you're not a quick pupil, I'm not going to teach you, hear?

JACK

Uh-huh. (*He begins doing the step slowly with her.*)

PEGGY

All right (*increases her speed*) snap into it! Now (*dance applauds from within*) you've got it. A little practice and you'll be perfect. (*Dick comes in. Looks back over his shoulder.*)

DICK

Well, he's done it, fallen for Polly Taylor. (*Peggy and Jack bring the lesson to a close.*)

PEGGY

You're not surprised, are you?

DICK

Yes—a little. I bet him he'd fall for somebody, but I confess I didn't really think he would, anyway not for Polly's type.

JACK

He looks like a woman-hater, the way he's chasing that dizzy blonde.

DICK

I know there are no two ways about it; he's simply dead in love with her. I can't take it all in.

PEGGY

Looks like Polly's indifference would squelch anybody, especially a man like Pat.

JACK

Sure does, but it seems to make him all the more attentive.

PEGGY

*(Looks toward the door)*

Here comes the smitten male with his lady love.

DICK

Righto, and Donald White with them. *(They exchange greetings.)*

POLLY

Hello everybody, isn't this the most heavenly dance? But my poor feet are so weary. *(Sighs)*

JACK

Well, I should think they would be, Polly. You've Charles-toned with every man on the floor.

POLLY

*(Laughs)*

Oh, no, not every one.

DICK

Then some poor fellow has missed a treat; you're the best I've ever seen.

POLLY

Dick, my boy, I'm afraid you've developed into quite a flatterer since I saw you last.

PEGGY

Don, I was so afraid you weren't going to get here for to-night.

DON.

Just couldn't miss it.

PAT

Pardon me, but Dick can I speak to you for a moment? *(Pat moves toward the punch bowl. Dick follows him.)*

PEGGY

It's not nice to tell secrets.

PAT

Please, just this once.

PEGGY

Well, just this once.

JACK

Mind if I smoke? No? Good. Say, I've heard some darn good jokes lately; how's this one? (*They continue to talk in low tones.*)

DICK

Ah, ha. Woman hater, you've met your "Waterloo" at last. Now this is too much, a man with a heart of stone.

PAT

Aw, cut the joking, Dick, this is no time for anything like that; I'm in a terrible fix and I want you to help me.

DICK

(*Gets serious*)

Count on me, old boy. What's your trouble?

PAT

(*Confidentially*)

I tell you, Dick, it's Polly. I'm so much in love with her I'm desperate. I've got to marry her; I can't live without her. Oh, it's terrible, and she doesn't give me a darn bit of encouragement. She's so cold and indifferent and——God, how I love her. (*Peggy, Polly, and Donald laugh at Jack's joke.*)

POLLY

Great, tell another, Jack.

JACK

Well, once——

DICK

Doesn't she ever warm up even a little bit?

PAT

Well, sometimes she seems to be interested in what I'm saying, and then she breaks right off into something a million miles off the subject. Or, I find her watching somebody at the other side of the room, or doing anything but listening to me. That's what I can't understand about her. She's so changeable. I just can't seem to get her number at all. Can't you help? I'll lose my mind if this keeps up much longer.

DICK

*(Pauses, seems to be thinking, knocks ashes from his cigarette.)*

No, Pat, I'm afraid I can't.

JACK

I've run out now. Say, Dick, you and Pat having a world's conference over there?

PEGGY

Hope you settle all the problems of the day.

DICK

We'll try to.

POLLY

There are just enough for a table of bridge, and I'm so tired of dancing. How 'bout it?

JACK, PEGGY, AND DON

Suits. *(Jack brings the table nearer the center of the room and they start the game. Now and then Polly steals a look at Pat as if she wished he would come and join them.)*

DICK

Pat, I'm afraid you're up against it. Polly has always been a puzzle.

PAT

Darn if you aren't encouraging. *(Pauses.)* I've got to find some way to interest her 'cause she's the only girl that can ever qualify for Mrs. Pat Harris.

DICK

Brace up. You'll find some way out of it, Pat, you always do. You're not the kind to quit without getting what you want.

PAT

Then I suppose I must fight this battle alone and if I fail —well heaven knows what will become of me.

DON

Gee, that was great, five no trumps! Polly, you're playing a corking good game tonight.

DICK

You're not going to fail if I'm any judge of men; and if I can't do anything else, at least I'll wish you luck. *(They shake hands and wander over to table.)*

PAT

Thank you, Dick.

PEGGY

Polly, your make. (*To Dick and Pat.*) Did you succeed in settling the problems of the world?

PAT

No. Not exactly. Who's winning?

DON

Oh, I don't know. Polly, you know the way you shuffle those cards reminds me of Betty Evans. Remember how she used to tell our fortunes?

POLLY

Do I? Wasn't she great? Don't you wish she were here to-night?

PEGGY

Sure do; I'm just in the humor to have my fortune told.

PAT

Are you? Well s'pose you let me tell it. I've done quite a bit of fortune telling myself. (*Dick looks at Pat bewildered, but is unnoticed by the four at the table. Pat catches his eye and winks.*)

PEGGY

Marvelous. I can hardly wait. Why didn't you tell us you could tell fortunes before?

PAT

Don't know. Just didn't think about it.

JACK

Wizard, take my seat.

PAT

Thanks. (*Peggy leans toward Pat and watches the cards closely as he tells her fortune. The others are very much interested.*) Peggy, you are a very talented girl; you sing like a nightingale and play marvelously on the piano. Your grandmother was greatly interested in your study of music; so she left you a fortune of \$185,000 hoping that you would continue to study.

PEGGY

He's wonderful, isn't he? Beats Betty even.

PAT

*(Continues)*

However, at present you are quite interested in a handsome man who is merely a fortune hunter. He makes ardent love to you and has almost persuaded you to marry him. You discover, though, that he is a scoundrel and simply after your money; so you drop him and continue to study music. You will graduate from the Boston Conservatory of Music with honors—you will have the opportunity of going into grand opera. However, a public career does not appeal to you; so you will not take advantage of this opportunity. You will marry a man who really loves you and be happy the rest of your life.

ALL

Very good, etc.

DICK

Jack, I didn't know what I had for a room-mate. You're plenty good, Pat.

PAT

Thanks *(modestly)* but really it's nothing.

PEGGY

Yes, it is; you've no idea how much it may affect my life.

JACK

This is all very good, but I can resist that music no longer. Come on Peggy. *(They go out.)*

DON

Guess I'll get a partner too—enjoyed the fortune telling and the game.

DICK

Think I'll do likewise. See you later.

PAT

Polly, do you want to dance?

POLLY

No, not unless you specially want to. I'm a little tired of dancing.

PAT

Good. So am I. Let's sit over here. (*Points to a sofa a little to one side.*)

POLLY

All right. (*They sit down and are silent for a moment.*)

PAT

You're awfully pretty, Polly—I like the way your hair is fixed.

POLLY

Do you?

PAT

Uh huh, it curls around your face and makes you look like a big wax doll—nothing could be prettier.

POLLY

(*Drops her head a little*)

I'm glad you think so.

PAT

(*Draws a little nearer to her*)

You've no idea how much I like you. I think you're wonderful.

POLLY

(*Hesitates*)

I'm glad you think so.

PAT

Polly, does it really make any difference to you what I think?

POLLY

Oh, yes indeed, because I like you too and I want you to think nice things about me only——

PAT

Only what?

POLLY

Only I'm afraid you'd change your mind when you know me better, and if you should learn anything about my past.

PAT

No, I wouldn't. Nothing could change my opinion of you.

POLLY

That's very kind of you. (*Pauses.*) Will you tell my fortune?

PAT

Yes, if you like. (*Makes no move.*)

POLLY

Shall we get the cards?

PAT

No, if you had just as soon—I believe I'd—rather read your palm. May I?

POLLY

Of course, if you'd rather.

PAT

(*Takes her little hand in his*)

You have such a dainty little hand; your future should be very good. Polly, you've been very fickle, I'm afraid. You've had just one love affair after another and broken—goodness, you've been engaged—let me see—one, two, three, four, five, six, oh, so many times. You haven't been very constant, have you, little girl? But you've grown rather tired of this kind of life; you think, however, that no one can really love you now because you've been so changeable before. Your idea is wrong, though. A tall brunette wants to come into your life (*POLLY listens attentively but does not look at PAT.*) He loves you and wants you more than anything else in the world. (*Pat begins to speak more feelingly.*) Even though he knows your past, he loves you and cannot live without you. This man does not think you love him, though, and it makes him very unhappy. He fears that you will never consent to marry him—(*his hand tightens on hers—they arise*).

POLLY

Oh, Pat, I do love you and—and you love me even though you know about my past? (*Hopefully.*)

PAT

Polly, I love you, and I want you, my darling. (POLLY comes into his arms. DICK enters as they kiss.)

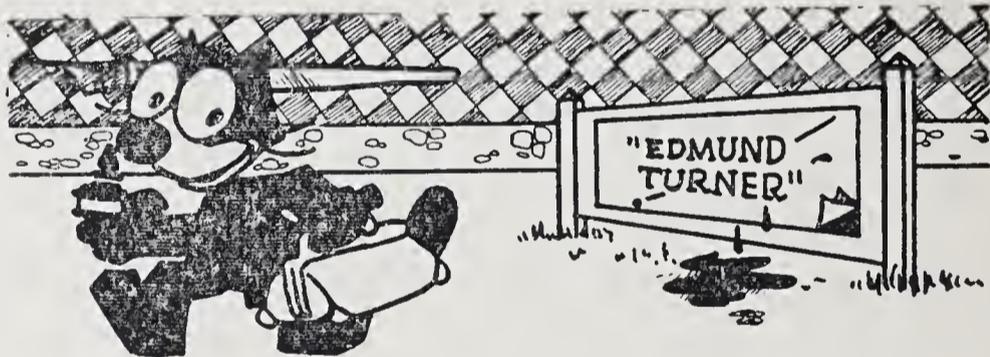
DICK

How 'bout paying up now, old boy?

PAT

Gladly, but check out, I want to be alone—with my future wife. (DICK exists.) Shall I finish the fortune? (POLLY nods.) So Polly will marry the brunette and, they will live happily the rest of their lives. (*Embrace again.*)

CURTAIN



# The History of the Carolina Playmakers

By J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

**I**N the seven short years in which the Carolina Playmakers have existed they have achieved a distinction and notoriety unparalleled in the history of drama. Their plays have been hailed from coast to coast as the true expression of the tradition, the legend, the ideal, and the very life of the people of North Carolina. They have created a native drama which carries back to the people the customs and traditions of by-gone days, and gives to them the life around them as it is found today, life with all its pathos and all its joy, and which carries with it a sublime hope of the future.

Most of the success of the Playmakers is due to the inspiring founder and director, Professor Frederick H. Koch. In answer to the question, where he got the playmaking idea, Professor Koch replied, "I scarcely know how to answer your question. It just seems to have been always a part of my nature, just my way of reaching out and expressing myself, you see. You'll find your way, too."

This idea which he planted in the students at Chapel Hill was the culmination of years of work, and labor, and thought. The Carolina Playmakers are the outgrowth of the Dakota Playmakers which Professor Koch founded at the University of North Dakota in 1905. There he first worked with the playmaking idea and first started on the road to the creation of a real American Theater. He taught his pupils to study the life around them, to see the beauty in it; and then to put their experiences and observations into the plays which they wrote. He worked with one ideal—to portray life as it is found today and to restore the past in lasting literature. Students working thus soon wrote plays, truthfully picturing the struggles of the western man on the snow-swept plains of Dakota. They were presented, carried out over the state to the people from which they sprang, and were given a cordial reception wherever they went.

In 1918, when Dr. Edwin Greenlaw of the University of North Carolina, offered Professor Koch a position, he quickly accepted, realizing the richness of North Carolina's tradition and the possibilities of her people's creating a native folk-drama. He started work in Dramatic Composition, English 31, with a small but enthusiastic group, all having one thing in common—interest. He taught them to see beauty, to see the dramatic in everyday life, and to write the things they saw.

Soon after the first performance of their own plays, they received invitations from other places in the state, which they accepted, and now the state tour is an annual trip, supplemented by many shorter ones on special occasions. They have gone as far north as Roanoke, as far south as Atlanta, and are now making preparation for a run on Broadway. Two books have been published. "Carolina Folk Plays," first and second series, by Henry Holt and Co., each contains five plays written by students at the University; numerous others of their plays have appeared in *Poet-Lore*, *The Drama*, *The Theatre Arts Magazine*, and other periodicals. They have produced thirty-eight of their own plays, dealing with many different scenes, themes, and characters; and have completed eight state tours, the first including only seven of the larger towns and the last taking in twenty-six towns and cities.

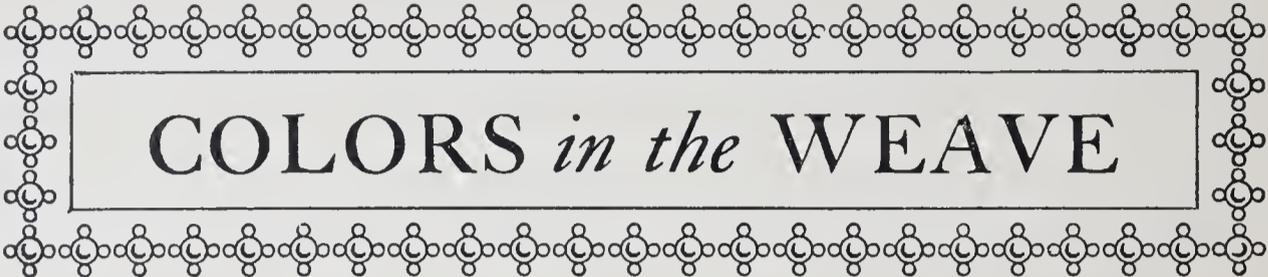
The Playmakers have as their aim: first, to promote and encourage dramatic art, especially by the production and publishing of plays; second, to serve as an experimental theatre for the development of plays representing the traditions and customs of the present-day life of the people; and third, to extend its influence in the establishment of native theatres in other communities.

Already the influence of the Playmakers has been felt to such an extent that the same sort of work is being carried on in five other states. One of their number, Mr. Hubert Heffner, author of "Dod Gast Ye Both" and an actor of distinction, has started the Playmakers at the University of Wyoming, and at the University of Arizona. The Playmakers have also been established in Pennsylvania and California.

Their work has been reviewed by all the leading magazines. Many critics have declared, "Here is something essentially American." They are recognized as producing something of lasting value and on their state tours are sought after by many towns.

The greatest goal toward which Professor Koch is striving is the establishment of an American Folk Theater. He believes Americans are hungry for real drama—that which comes out of their own soul, and own traditions. He hopes to see the day when every community will have its folk theater where plays of its own making are produced and the drama becomes thereby a part of the people's life. For this goal he and his friends work.





## COLORS *in the* WEAVE

### Dramatics in Greensboro High School

By MARY JANE WHARTON

THE beginning of dramatics in our high school, like that of any other organization of a group of people, is obscured by time. It is not known when the first Dramatic Club was started or when the first real play was given. However, it seems that it has been the custom for each graduating class to stage a play of some sort. For several years Miss Gressitt had charge of and coached these plays, of which "The Rivals" was the most spectacular.

During the two school terms of 1919-1920, 1920-1921, Miss Wilson, now Mrs. William York, taught a class in reading and expression, which met in the barn in the MacDuffy's back yard. This class staged three plays which, according to Mrs. York, were not finished products because of the inadequate auditorium and the inability to obtain use of the Grand Theatre. For these performances the fire escapes were used as dressing rooms. During those years several short plays were given in chapel by the Latin students and session rooms for the Parent-Teacher Association. The expression class, aided by the glee club and orchestra, gave several recitals, which, however, were only individual work and afforded no opportunity for team play.

To quote from the *Reflector* of 1922: "Realizing the need for dramatics in the High School, a Dramatic Club was organized for the extensive study of the drama, and real experience in play-making." The dramatic club of that year gave "The Captain of Plymouth," an operetta, coached by Miss Tyre and Miss Dorsett. Mildred Leak, Robert Irvin, and Neal Jones were the leading characters. This play was quite a credit to the

dramatic club; it was considered rather remarkable for a high school production.

In the spring of that same year "Katcha Koo" was presented at the Grand Theatre under the auspices of the senior class to make money for the annual. The leading parts were taken by talented people of the town, and the choruses and dances were given by high school students.

In 1923 the seniors gave "What Happened to Jones," a comedy, with Robert Irvin playing the leading role, and the Juniors, class of 1924, helping. The play was coached by Miss Beckwith and Miss Grogan. That year the Dramatic Club was under the direction of Miss Delores Richards, from Milwaukee, Miss Mercer, and Miss Wine.

In the spring of 1924, "The Gypsy Rover," an operetta, coached by Miss Cross, was given at the Grand Theatre. Moulton Avery and Josephine Thompson were the "leads."

In the fall of 1924 Mr. Robert Wunsch came to the High School as director of Dramatics. At the same time Miss Mary Wheeler joined the faculty and became assistant coach. In the fall of 1924 three one-act plays, "Food," "The Burglar," and "She Loves Me Not," were given in the High School auditorium. In the spring of the next year Troy Ziglar took the leading role in "Seventeen" and Virginia McClamrock played the title rôle in "Dulcy." Both plays were given at N. C. C. W. and were acclaimed great successes. "Peggy," starring Virginia McClamrock and Martha Broadhurst, was entered for the state contest; but unfortunately Winston carried off the prize with "Fixin's."

This session Mr. Wunsch organized a class in Dramatics. In this course the students are taught not only how to act but the mechanics of the stage, the different types of plays, and how to write their own dramas. The pantomimes have taught the members of the class to become at ease while talking and to get over their stage fright. Stage essentials in carriage and dress are taught. A great field has recently been opened for those who can write plays, for which the training received in the Dramatic Class is invaluable.

Already the Dramatic Club has given "Just Suppose." This play was a great success this year. Phyllis Penn and "Pete" Wyrick took the leading parts. On February the fourth the January seniors presented to an enthusiastic audience the comedy "Seven Chances." The class in Dramatics is now working on "The Charm School" and Paul Greene's "Last of the Lowries," for which they are making and painting their own scenery.



## Concerning Make-up

*By* RUTH ABBOTT

**M**AKE-UP is essential to the stage. An audience rarely realizes to what extent this is true until it has an opportunity to see the player on the stage without it. Without make-up the features of the face seem nearly indistinguishable, and queer shadows and high lights appear there producing a most hideous effect. For instance, the top of the forehead may be very light and shiny, the cheek-bones prominent, the cheek sunken, the nose and chin tipped with light, and the mouth a dark spot. All the natural coloring of the face is destroyed, giving even a highly colored face a pale sickly look and taking all the lustre from the eye. For these reasons a very handsome or pretty person may look positively ugly without make-up when on the lighted stage.

These are the results caused upon the natural face by the intense stage lighting. The duty of make-up is, therefore, to remove the unnatural shadows appearing from "spots" and "floods," and to replace the natural ones and the color, and to so emphasize the features that they may be seen from all parts of the theatre.

According to the character to be portrayed paint is applied to the face; this removes the unnatural shadows and lights. Then the natural shadows and coloring are painted in; in addition enough paint is used to give the face a correct appearance. For instance, the foot lights, which glare directly into the actor's

face, have a tendency to lighten the spot beneath the eyebrows. This is corrected by a shading of dark paint which restores the accustomed look. Also these "foots" throw such light under the chin that it and the neck look the same. Again, under the tip of the nose a light spot makes it appear to turn skyward. All these defects are altered by skilful use of make-up.

It is necessary that all features of the face be distinctly seen by the audience, and this is the important reason for strengthening them. The features are painted in, according to the part played, in such manner that the distinguishing feature of the character is brought out. This is done by means of "high lights," lines and shadows on the forehead and cheeks, lip rouge, and eyebrow pencil. These are the modern methods of make-up used on the up-to-date stage.

The use of cosmetics is not merely a modern custom. Painting the face in private life was practiced by savages, barbarians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. It is well known that the American Indians fashioned elaborate designs over their bodies with war paint. The Jews were most expert in the art at the time of Herod the Great. The Greeks and the Romans were also among the adept. Egyptian mummies show that the use of paint was also prevalent among that race. As far back as 6,000 B. C. they had slate palettes on which they ground up malachite to form a green color used to paint the eyelid. It is proved by painting on monuments that the women of that dark race used a wash of light paint in an effort to obtain fair skin. The queer elongated eye, characteristic of the Egyptian, is attributed to the painting of the eye with kohl. This was accomplished by moistening a small stick of wood, ivory, or silver in rose water, then dipping it into a powder made by burning aromatic resin and drawing it between the nearly closed eyelids. The ancient Egyptian women stained their hands and feet with henna, as did also the Babylonians and Chinese. All Japanese painted their faces, a married woman blackened her teeth, and girls still shave off the eyebrows and paint on fine slanting lines of black.

The paint used by all these ancients was not any fancy preparation, but was made from those materials found in nature.

The multitude of plants, barks of trees, and minerals furnished all requisites.

Coming down to later times, we find in English that make-up was practiced as far back as the fourteenth century, even before the regular stage was originated. At that time it is said that "the elderly beauties bathed in white wine to take out the wrinkles" and that Lord Shrewsbury complained of the costliness of his captive, Mary Queen of Scots, in the way of "white wine," face powders, and rouge. It is a conjecture that the first English actors adopted the vogue of make-up from the fashionable ladies. The Religious Mummers (1350) who presented Moralities and Mysteries did not paint their faces, however, for they wore masks.

Old comedies abound with references to oils, tinctures, quint-essences, perfumes and paint. Every character from the maid to the "belles and beaux" used artificial coloring.

So modern make-up has a rich background. Each generation has added its contribution until today it is spoken of as an art. And an art it is.



## Reminiscences of an Amateur Actress

By BETTY BROWN

**I**N nearly every play there comes to the players a period in which the glamor of clever lines and situations pales, and what was first great fun settles down to monotonous drill. This is true among the professional actors, and even more so among amateurs, unaccustomed to see past the details to a complete stage picture. Such a period came to the cast of "Just Suppose." Day after day of rehearsals had wearied flesh and mind; and, unable to see the goal for which the constant training was a preparation, the players became dull, indifferent, bored.

Then came the announcement: "Well, you people had better get down to business and put a little snap into your lines and

actions—just one more week, five more rehearsals. It's up to you."

The effect was miraculous. Manuscripts were pulled out again and given a place second to no other thing; and there arose in the land such cries as, "I wish I had begun working on this thing a month ago"; "I'll never learn all these lines by Friday"; "Mr. Wunsch, I was up until two o'clock last night learning my long speeches."

The night before the play arrived. The stage, set with the necessary props, was challenge enough; but for some reason or other there was a halt in the lines and actions. "Rotten; rehearsal rotten—couldn't have been any worse if you had tried," stormed the director. But there were kind words, too. "I'm glad it's this way, because now you can see how hard you are going to have to work to put this thing across. How about a rehearsal in the morning after a good night's sleep?" All agreed.

The make-up manager then had her say. "Be here at five-thirty tomorrow afternoon, Marvin and Clarence. John, you and Beverly and Betty come at six to the make-up room. Phyllis and Pete and Vernon, I guess I'll be ready for you about six forty-five; but you had better be here by six-thirty.

"Now, about the make-up I've put on you tonight. Go home and wash your faces with warm water and soap; then rinse them in water as hot as you can stand it. Cover your faces with cold cream when you've gotten all the make-up off."

The cast was next ordered to go home and "Sleep! Forget about the play and go to sleep." I went to bed before eleven as ordered; but there was no Sandman out my way. Somehow I could not get away from the "lines" that kept revolving in my head. I heard one strike, then two.

Morning finally came. Breakfast was a mere form; for between me and the grape-fruit came "lines" and "cues." The play was the all-absorbing thing.

The final rehearsal, scheduled for nine-thirty, was delayed by the tardy arrival of the players, each with a good excuse about

having had to assemble properties like shoes and fans and suits. The rehearsal was characterized by hard work. Pete Wyrick for once was serious and did his best to keep things quiet, so that he could embrace Phyllis gracefully.

“Well, that’s more like it,” sang the director. “Now before we leave just these few last words: Remember, no smoking back stage; no noises, no jarring of the scenery, no holes in shoe soles, trousers below shoe tops and skirts well below the knees, light supper with no milk—and try to get a little sleep this afternoon.” (Imagine being able to sleep five hours before the time to make a public performance!)

The afternoon hours fairly flew and stage-fright stuck closer than a brother.

At seven o’clock the cast was again together, this time trying to make adjustment to dressing rooms, make-up, and back stage fixtures. Now the time when you feel deserted by your friends and even your enemies is exactly one hour before eight—with Bill Roach swinging scenery and lights, Pete Wyrick rearranging stage flowers that need no rearranging, Miss Wheeler and Mr. Wunsch disagreeing about the correct position of the grandfather clock, Nape Lufty and Myra Wilkinson pulling ivy off the college walls and tacking it on the screen off left for the “garden scene,” Roy Smith hammering with the air of a veteran carpenter, P. B. Whittington and Clarence Phoenix manipulating monkey wrenches and screw drivers energetically, “Whiskey” Brewer and “Pug” Solomon fussing because they were termed negroes on the program, Mary Elizabeth King soothing them with her comforting words; then the autographing of programs, the greatest fun of all, getting Phil Shelton, Guy Hill, and Finley Atkinson to stop eating cheese sandwiches long enough to write their names on the “menu” as they called it.

“We simply must get to town,” cried one of the stage hands. “My face and hands need a bath, and I haven’t had as much as a canary bird demands since dinner.”

“Who wants to kiss me now?” yelled Pug Solomon, his face covered with the black burnt cork left from Beverley’s make-up.

“Don’t! Please don’t peep behind that curtain. It’s so amateurish,” yelled Mr. Wunsch.

“Now. Look who’s with us, our leadin’ lady lookin’ sweet enough to kiss.”

“All right—everybody off stage except Kingsley! All right—curtain.”

The magic word—curtain! My heart began immediately to beat in double-quick time. I was surprised to find that it went back to normal the minute I entered the stage, the living-room of my beautiful Virginia mansion. My first impulse was to see who was in the audience; but, remembering the advice of the director, I denied myself the satisfaction of that curiosity and knitted while I talked to my son.

When I made my first exit Napoleon Lufty was at the French window to help me get out of the way of the audience and the back-stage workers. I sat upon a high stool awaiting my next cue. The time fairly flew. In a second, it seemed, I was back on the stage trying to “live the lines” of a grandmother. Nervousness eventually subsided altogether and I was really unwilling to leave when the time came.

Act II succeeded Act I and “went across” better, fifty times better, than at any rehearsal. Lines were omitted, but the actors seemed to be able to adjust themselves quickly to this. Then came Act III. It went slowly. I knew that the director was in the wings trying to use mental telepathy to create more action, but without success. The audience made it hard for the lovers; it made them very self-conscious with its outbursts of laughter each time the hero was about to embrace Linda Lee. But the storm came—P. B. Whittington at the wind machine and Nape Lufty at the light switch—the romantic prince took his leave, the heroine was left to weep. Then down came the curtain and the play was over.

There was a dash to dressing-rooms to gather together pieces of clothing. By the time the actors got back to the stage a score or more of people were there to offer congratulations. “It was splendid,” a senior said to me and made me very happy. Someone

else said the same thing, then another. And all the while the stage hands were tearing down the living room of the Staffords.

Well, it's all over now but the newspaper clippings, an autographed program and the memories. I am quite sure I shall never forget the whole of it—the weeks of rehearsal and the fine friendships made, the lessons learned from being one of a team of players, and the climax of it all—the last night.

## The Leading Lady

*By* ELIZABETH UMBERGER

A manuscript with clever "lines,"  
A make-up box with rouge and cream,  
A made-to-order leading man  
With eye-lids like a poet's dream,  
A wardrobe filled with pretty frocks,  
With hat of every style and hue—  
It takes all these and then a coach  
To make a brilliant "star" for you.

# Excitement Back-Stage the Night of the Play

By ELIZABETH CREWS

**M**Y goodness, I can't fix my hair right, and it's almost time for my cue. Lend me that mirror, please. O, gracious, look at my nose. It looks like a peeled onion and I've just finished putting powder on it. I'm so excited I can't see straight, but it's loads of fun. Good gracious, they are calling me. All right, I'm coming.

"Jane, tell me the honest truth; do you think that I look all right? I feel like a nut. Gosh, but I hope the house is full; it's so much more exciting. Look, here comes Evelyn. I bet she wants to borrow something; she always does, you know.

"Oh, of course, Evelyn; I'll be glad to lend you my vanity. Oh, don't mention it, my dear.

"I'm so afraid I'll forget that dialogue in that second act. I never can remember that third line. Oh, I'm scared to death!

"And that love scene is the most thrilling thing that I've ever done. Gee, but it's exciting.

"I thought I would die, when we had to practice the same thing over about a million times; but the last night is worth all the work and worry that we have been through.

"Yeah, I'm comin'. Pray for me."



## Back-Stage Babble

By MYRA WILKINSON

**O**H, Gee! Am I late? I—oh, yes, I know—it's only six, but I came a little early to avoid the rush."

"My, but that's a stunning dress, Meg—do you wear that in the third act?"

"Did you call me, Mary? Oh, I beg your pardon—I knocked against the scenery."

"Oh, yes—I forgot—the program. Here—please sign mine. You haven't a pencil? Just a minute—May I have this a minute?—just one minute—Here, John—Thanks, Mary—Mary, come here—sign this. This one is mine. No, this one—I'm signing Meg's. Gee, mine looks like a junk pile, but isn't it cute?"

"Quarter to eight? Why John, it can't be—and it starts at eight—ooh—"

"Are there many out there, Mary? Full house?—Oh, I'm getting weak. No, I'm not a bit scared, even if I do look it."

"Whew! the make-up's hot! I'll look like a wreck if it doesn't hurry and start."

"Two minutes! Do I look all right? my face straight—am I right? Hurry, say something—I don't care if your mouth is full of pins—oh, excuse me—but I'm *so* nervous."

"Curtain! Ooooh! My heart's in my throat—what do I say first? Tell me somebody, quick! No, I can't look at the book; it will only mix it up—oh, well, I can't help it—maybe the lines will come to me—here goes!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ooooh! Catch me—my knees positively refuse to hold me. There, I'm feeling better. Gosh, but I'm thrilled to death! It's the *most* wonderful feeling in the world—I just adore it."

"Scared to go on again? I should say not—I can hardly wait!"



## Ten Years After

By MIRIAM BLOCK

**T**HIS life seems so uninteresting and dull. Perhaps I should be happy, but somehow I find it impossible to find the "silver lining." In a few minutes I will be upon the stage before a thousand different faces making, according to my director, my greatest success. My life seems so far away from the other world—the world of Real Life. Yes, high school days—that's the real, unaffected life. It's true happiness.

“That scene over again,” our director would say. “You are not putting yourself into this. You are acting too slowly. Mr. Johns is good, but George is rotten!”

Back again they go—one feeling rather proud, another a little hurt. They lag through the scene not much better than before.

“Folks, you just must get more life and movement into this. Now let’s do that scene once more. And David, wait until Elise offers you her hand before you shake it.”

They begin again, to be interrupted by the determined coach, “George, glare when he says that! *Glare!*” at which George shades his eyes and gazes as one viewing the horizon.

The girls, waiting for their act, are ardently, but noisily practicing the Charleston on one side of the stage.

“Please, girls, not so much noise. Get ready for your cue, Bohunkus; yes, you. Please try to re——”

“Miss Block, get ready for your cue; you make your entrance in about three minutes.”

My reverie was broken. I was no longer a member of the dramatics class of '26 but an unhappy actress of '36.



# H O M E S P U N

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## A Community Enterprise

A HIGH SCHOOL play is never the work of a few individuals; it is a community enterprise and is successful only in so far as the community coöperates with time, energy, and material things.

Even before the play is definitely cast a large number of people try out for the parts, and by doing so make it possible to get the very best available material. In the days of rehearsal that follow the casting many more people are called upon to give suggestions about costume, scenery and lights. The photographer is called in to make pictures for posters and newspaper advertising, parents are asked to lend their homes for night rehearsals, printers are given the job of preparing the tickets and programs, the newspapers are asked to aid in the advertising, a group is put to work on scenery, another group is assigned to assemble "props", and this small army of helpers, working sympathetically together, produce the play.

The Greensboro High School Dramatic Club has been very fortunate in having such friends as the Morrison-Neese Furniture Company and the Milton Electric Shop, for through their aid the settings for the plays have been very successful. It has been fortunate in having a Mr. W. R. Taylor and a Mr. Livers kind enough to help with scenery construction and to lend the N. C. C. W. Auditorium. It has been fortunate again in having a superintendent and principal interested to such a degree in the work it was doing as to put courses of study in the curriculum. It has been blessed with good faculty coaches, willing and enthusiastic student actors, and a corps of fine workers who are not eager for publicity, but work for the joy of seeing a thing well done.



## A High School Course in Dramatics

**P**REVIOUS to the current school year the Dramatic Club and its limited activities were the only expressions in Greensboro High School of the make-believe life of the stage. Last fall, however, dramatics took a sudden rise in importance among school activities. Under the supervision of Mr. W. R. Wunsch a class was organized and given a place in the school curriculum. This move was an innovation in high school life, not only in Greensboro but in the whole state, so was watched with great interest.

The class, though handicapped because of lack of a precedent, accomplished a great deal during the semester. Mr. Wunsch was, as he says, experimenting with his group, but his experiments were not without interesting results.

The course consisted of a general study of drama, stage mechanics, pantomime, and dramatic production. A weekly one-act play report was required of each pupil. In this work the most popular material was the Carolina Folk Plays, though reports on all kinds of one-act plays were accepted. On one day of each week the class studied pantomime and in this each pupil took part, learning something of the art of imitation. Stage mechanics were also studied in order for the pupils to get familiar with stage terms. During the semester each student was required to make a miniature stage and furnish it. As a climax to the term's work, in January one-act plays were written. Some of these appear in this issue of HOMESPUN. Ruth Heath's "Masks Off" was entered in the State Dramatic Contest and in it won a prize. This play will be presented in Chapel Hill on March 25th in competition for State Championship with the original one-act play written by a Winston-Salem student.

"The Charm School," a comedy in three acts, was presented on March 11th. The cast for this play is made up of members of the fall class in Dramatics.

There are in the High School now two classes in Dramatics. Dramatics II is composed of students who completed successfully the fall work and were willing to further experiment with Mr. Wunsch in outlining courses. This group is studying the longer play form, reading together well-known plays, and learning to paint scenery, direct plays, and do character work. Edmund Turner, one of the members of the class, is specializing in Theatre Art. Other members of the class are collecting clippings on costume, settings, color, programs, actors, theatres, and other allied subjects. They are gathering material for a study of the little theatre movement in America. They plan to write the Commencement play for the 1927 June graduating class.

Dramatics I has a membership of forty pupils. The work in this class is similar to that done by the fall class in Dramatics I.

*Bob Caveness*



## Dramatics and the Press

**T**HE PRESS has been one of the very best friends of the Greensboro High School Dramatic Club. High school paper, college sheet, and city dailies have given freely of their space to broadcast the plans of the organization and to comment with favor on its programs. They have judged motives as well as results, and have stirred thereby to greater work actors, coaches, and stage-men.

In the "Workshop" of the Club there have been assembled all the clippings that have appeared during the past two years. These serve as a history of dramatics in the Greensboro High School. These excerpts are somewhat flattering in places, but they mirror for the young dramatists their efforts.

The N. C. C. W. *Carolinian* wrote of "Seventeen": "It met with the entire approval of the audience. The comedy touches were given exactly the correct shades of interpretation and the cleverly devised settings were near approaches to a tremendous success."

*High Life* commented on the play as follows: "The cardinal sin of over-acting, most frequently met with in such performances, was avoided."

In the first annual tournament of the Carolina Dramatic Association the acting of Virginia McClamrock was characterized by the press as "brilliant."

The Greensboro *Daily News* declared "Dulcy," the play presented by the 1925 Seniors, as "a good job—one of the best amateur performances ever staged in the North Carolina College Auditorium. The young dramatists threw themselves into the play almost in the manner of veterans."

The press in commenting on "Just Suppose" said in part: "The production was well arranged, the costumes were in keeping with its fineness, and acting in parts rose to the level of real genius, and all reflected considerable progress of the dramatic association's ability."

"Seven Chances," presented by the 1926 mid-term graduates, was "well rendered." *High Life* declared it "achieved one of the greatest successes ever to be enjoyed by a high school play."

"The Last of the Lowries," presented by the Dramatic Club in the first preliminaries of the State Contest, lost to Reidsville and High Point; but the work of Margaret Ferguson as Cumba, the aged Croatan Mother, was declared to be "one of the finest pieces of emotional acting ever given by a high school actress."



## A Post-Holiday Letter

By VIRGINIA DOUGLAS

513 Third Avenue,  
Newark, N. J.  
January 6, 1926

DEAR SON:

If you remember, last week you wrote, and, after telling me of your holidays, said, "But January comes after Christmas." January does come after Christmas—a sad fact, but a true one. Perhaps, though, it's a good thing. The gaiety of Christmas must be followed by the gloom of January. There must be a morning after the night before. Everything can't be happiness; it wouldn't be right.

All nature needs a little healthy monotony such as January brings to make the world appreciate festivities when they do come. If feast followed feast, people would soon become over-filled. If happiness reigned always, there would be, I fear, no

means that too much Christmas dissipation would tend to dry the soul, just as too much sunshine would parch this earth of ours. happiness. This sounds like a paradox. Maybe it is. It simply A little rain, or dullness, is needed. This isn't a world in which we get something for nothing. Jollity must be paid for; so let us stop grumbling, settle our debts, and take what comes. If all were sunny and bright, my boy, in this life, would heaven be appreciated?

Affectionately,  
YOUR FATHER.





## *Threads of Many Colors*

### McKeithan's Record is Smashed

By GLENN HOLDER

**B**RYAN MCKEITHAN was a Scotchman with a soul. That statement may seem altogether unlikely if not pretty nearly impossible, but it's straight goods. As dour an old duffer as ever pulled signal cords for a Southern Railway throttle-pusher, he had the reputation of never having allowed a man to dead-beat a ride on his run. The biggest tightwad on the road, a stickler for duty, expecting every man on the line to put the good of the company before his own welfare, he was not overly popular with his fellow ticket-pushers.

Yet he was not without his good traits. Once when Pat O'Hara, one-time crack engineer who was ruined by too much booze, was called on the carpet for ramming his shifter into the observation car on the rear of the Limited as it stood in the station, Mac, thinking of Mrs. O'Hara and the four young O'Haras entirely dependent on the father's job, testified that the accident was unavoidable, although it was entirely the result of Pat's carelessness.

Mac had known that he was a spotter ever since he had gotten on the train at Greenville, this inconspicuous little blue-serge clad man in the third seat. That was all right; spotters held no terrors for him. Busied with his duties, he forgot all about the presence of the squealer.

Two long and two short shrieks of the whistle heralded their approach to a station. Silent Mac, as they called him, hurried to the vestibule and opened the doors.

Among the passengers who boarded his car was a big, raw-boned, shifty-eyed backwoodsman, who literally dove past Mc-

Keithan into the coach. "Queer lad, that. He'll bear watching," was the mental comment of Mac as the big engine snorted and puffed the train into motion.

When McKeithan came through the coach punching the pasteboard, the stranger had a red hat check stuck in the bill of his cap.

"Where did you get that check, buddy?" Mac inquired of him.

"Aw, yuh give it to me back at Thomasville when yuh took up my ticket," he truculently answered, glaring up at the conductor. There was a barely perceptible tremor in his voice. Mac glared back at him, and his eyes wavered and then turned away.

Without a word McKeithan grabbed hold of his coat collar and yanked him to his feet. He towered fully half a foot above the trainman. "That's a lie, laddie. Off you go at the next stop," Mac quietly said, shoving him down the aisle toward the door.

"Cap'n, please let me go on to Danville with you; I got to get there; must go as fast as this ole train can carry me, and I'm dead broke. Read this, cap'n," he gulped, shoving into his hand a telegram, wrinkled and torn as if wadded up unconsciously by the reader while under the stress of strong emotion. He tensely watched the conductor's stony, emotionless face as he read the telegram.

"Cap'n, will you let me stay on?" There was a half-sob in the big backwoodsman's voice. Mack stared again at the terse, black-typed words on the yellow slip of paper. "Mother dying. Come at once," they read. The telegram was no fake. Something of the hick's emotion gripped his feelings.

Mac looked up and saw the eyes of the spotter fixed on him like those of a cat watching a mouse. The vision of the spotless record of fifteen years' standing flashed before his eyes.

Squaring his shoulders, he breathed deeply, and shoved the hick down into a seat with a not unkind hand. "I'll let you know when we get to Danville," he promised. Staring defiantly into the eyes of the spotter, he strode on down the aisle.

## “Madonna of the Snow”

By CECILE LINDAU

**A**HOE is very beautiful in the winter time. The glassy creeks and snow-covered mountains are a constant source of delight to the mountaineers, but to strangers they only make the place seem more bleak and deserted. The mountains especially add to the prevailing feeling of unfriendliness, the feeling that outsiders are not wanted. Towering high into the sky, almost touching the very heavens, these lofty giants seem the very essence of solitude—of loneliness. Even the native, though he will help a stranger, laugh with him, talk to him, lodge him or feed him, gives the impression that the intruder is not welcomed and will never be allowed beyond the pale.

These native people are in a class by themselves. They have their own laws, unwritten laws; they have their own language, unspoken, unwritten,—which only they understand. They are unemotional, undemonstrative; one sometimes wonders if they have any real reeling.

This then is the story of two of these distant, reserved, cold-blooded mountaineers, these natives who live in a world all their own.

---

Tom Moody stopped whistling long enough to throw a cheery “howdy” at his acquaintances seated around the stove in the center of the post office. In return he received a few grunts and an occasional “howdy.” Tom walked to the stove, clapped Mr. Green, the old postmaster, on the back, lighted his pipe, and took his place among the “loungers.”

“How come ye to be so happy like, Tom?” Old Green opened the stove door and spat twice. The younger boys watched him admiringly—Green certainly was gifted.

Tom took his pipe from his mouth, blew a few rings into the air and began condescendingly: “Well, if ye must know, hit’s because I’m gonna git hooked up—leastwise me and May is.”

Tom replaced his pipe and continued to puff. "I don't know what's the matter with this pipe. Hit ain't been a drawin' so good here of late."

This startling information did not create much of a sensation, no more than did his first statement. Someone grumbled, "I thought as much"; another, "She'll make ye a good wife"; and still another, "Old man Craig'll give ye the white cottage"—and the matter was dropped.

"Ye ain't seen no bear-tracks on the west side of Grandfather, have ye, Bill?"

"Naw, but I'se just tellin' Alf here that my brother-in-law just come from over toward Linville, an' he says they've been a right many tracks on that side of the mountain."

"Yeh?" Tom was getting comfortable, and did not wish to exert himself to a more lengthy discussion. Evidently no one else did either, and there was complete silence.

After about an hour Tom left. He walked up the road thinking of where he'd be this time next year and wondering if May would make good apple pie. When "Uppie" passed him, Tom actually spoke cordially, a very unusual thing for him to do. As a rule he barely nodded to "Uppie," short for "this country is so uplifting," because "Uppie" was an outsider. He was not only an outsider; he was an artist, and Tom did not like "picture-painters." It was bad enough having them around in the summer, but in the winter their presence was inexcusable. "Uppie" was not really a bad sort; he was inoffensive, to say the least. In fact "Uppie" had one or two good ideas. For instance, he had said that May was beautiful—he was using her as a model for his "Madonna of the Snow." Tom had never thought of May as being Madonna-like, but he had always known that she was pretty and—yes, come to think of it, he could see her now holding a little baby in her arms and smiling that sweet smile of hers.

---

The bear-hunt was successful. Tom and his friends had shot a number of bears, and had brought home two cubs—un-

harmed. One of the cubs was for May. Tom patted the little ball of fur in his arms, and rubbed his hand over its sleek coat—just the color of May's hair, brown with just a tinge of red—as if the sun had kissed it.

It was a good thing that they had gone hunting when they did. Tom noticed that the snow was beginning to melt and fall from the trees. Before many weeks warm weather would be upon them. However, he had had a prosperous winter; on the last trip he had gotten more pelts than ever before.

May wasn't at home when he took the cub, but Mrs. Craig told Tom either to come in and wait or to return in about half an hour.

"May's gone over to Mrs. Bagley's to take her some preserves. You know, Mrs. Bagley ain't been well here of late, and she ain't put up no preserves nor nothin'. 'Course May thought of takin' the old lady some preserves—May always thinks of somethin' nice to do. She'll be back here 'fore long. Wanted to take that there pictur the artist feller painted of her to show Mrs. Bagley. I declare she did look right sweet; though if I'd been a-paintin' her, I wouldn't had her wear a black dress. 'Mr. High-f-lootin,' or 'Uppie' whatever you call him, said that hit suited her style of beauty, or some sich foolishness. Anybody oughta know that a girl like May should wear a red or yaller dress. Why doncha go on over to Mrs. Bagley's an' get May? I know she'll be right tickled to get the cub."

"Well, Mrs. Craig, I don't care if I do—I wanna see that pictur—I bet hit ain't as pretty as May is. I guess I'll leave the bear cub here, if hit's all the same to you."

Tom put the cub in the wood shed and started toward Mrs. Bagley's. It was too late for May to be coming home by herself, but May wouldn't ever have thought of that—she never thought of herself—only of others. May was so sweet, so good, but she was too easily influenced. She did too much what other people told her and not enough what she wanted to do herself. She reminded him of that girl in the play that the lady at the Shull's Mills Mission School had told him about—some name that began with an O—Opal, or Ophelius, or—Ophelia, that was it. Yes,

May was a lot like Ophelia—or whatever her name was. She reminded him of a lavender aster that sways back and forth, gently, when the wind blows. She was so sweet and lovable and—almost holy.

He tiptoed up on the porch of Mrs. Bagley's cabin, afraid that May and the old lady might not be surprised. He could see through the window that there was a lamp in the back room, but not in the front. In the parlor there was only a firelight, before which two figures were sitting. As he looked more closely Tom saw—not May and Mrs. Bagley, but May and the artist. There in the firelight Tom saw the man put his arms around her—kiss her. The fire was very low and seemed to intensify the picture all the more. And it seemed to Tom's fevered mind that the fire was May's soul—that it was slowly burning out—that his girl—yes, still his girl—had no soul.

Tom leaned his head against the wall, as if stunned, trying to believe it only a bad dream. Presently he stole softly to the road and staggered home.

---

As he slumped about the village perfecting his plan there was a strange look in Tom's eyes. He was like a different man from the Tom of two or three days before. The mountaineers were bewildered, but soon they learned that Tom did not care to discuss his "sickness" with them. May had said nothing to him—perhaps she had not even noticed the change. He wondered if she really cared for the man. It made no difference to him what May cared now; it seemed years since that had made any difference to him. He would go on and marry her; she was his woman; but marriage would not be what he had hoped, expected. May would still be his wife—shallow, unthinking person that she was. Yes, he would see the thing through.

He even felt a little sorry for May—she had been so lovable. Well, she would say (she and the mountaineers) that the artist had killed himself—probably because of disappointment and loneliness. And old man Green would remind them that "Him that feels of the sleet and snow, shall never again leave

old Ahoe." Some of the women would cry a little, and lament that the young fellow had taken his own life.

Tom performed the deed very neatly. It was just as he thought. Everyone was sorry that "Uppie" had killed himself.

---

Tom had almost forgiven May, so trusting and unsuspecting she was. He could hardly realize that she was gone—that she would never return to him. It seemed unfair—he would be so lonely without May, but she would be happy—happy with her artist lover. She had never said anything to Tom about "Uppie," but always there was a sad expression about her eyes, a plaintive look, as though she were searching for someone whom she could never find on earth—searching for "Uppie." And now she would find him—together they would be happy while he, Tom—still he would have May's portrait—the one "Uppie" had painted. Always he could look at that and dream of his beautiful sweetheart, so pale, so holy—his "Madonna of the Snow."



## Lizzy's Day Off

By WADE HOBBS

**P**A WAS feeling fine. Three months ago, to a day, he had bought a second-hand Ford, model uncertain, at public auction. The price he paid for it sounded more like the price of a tire, than it did the price of a car. The first thing he did, after dreaming he had been the "lucky" one in the bidding, was to take Lizzie around to an expert auto repair shop to have it looked over. That worthy mechanic, true to his profession, took two days (at two iron men per hour) to find that there was nothing wrong.

Two months passed. All three children, including Willie, the baby, claimed they could drive and had, in due time, showed their ability to steer Lizzie around town. Pa always went along at first until he was certain his beloved Lizzie was in safe hands.

Two weeks passed. The Ford, Pa, Ma, and the children had ridden all over the county inspecting the tiny hamlets and villages they didn't know existed. The only accidents were small. Pa had hit a tree once. Henry had run into another car of like make and condition. Ma claimed the medal, for she had "just" missed a train. Of these mishaps, no damage was done; so the expense of the car was only the amount paid out for gas and oil.

The first day of the third week in the third month began with promise of a hot mid-day sun. By seven a.m. the kids were out in the back yard playing. Henry had invented the game called "Who's Dog." Baby Willie played the dog's part; for, as Henry said, "He's the smallest and can't do anything else." The exciting part of the game was to give the "dog" a bath. This part was about to take place when Ma rushed out just in time to save the unlucky "dog" from being submerged in a tiny tidal wave. That changed their plans altogether. It was Susie who decided to wash the car which, by this time was covered with a reddish coat of dust.

Lizzie took her first bath with all the due ceremony. After two hours she stood out with a bright shiny coat once more. The rest of the remaining two weeks passed uneventfully. The Ford still held her gait—no expense or trouble.

As I said at first, Pa was feeling fine. Breakfast was over. After the dishes were washed and put away Ma suggested that they invite the Smiths over for lunch and a ride afterwards. Of course Pa agreed. The Smiths accepted. At ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Bill Smith arrived. Mr. Smith and Pa went out to inspect the garden while Mrs. Smith and Ma exchanged choice scandals. The three months had not passed without the Smiths' hearing of Pa's lucky buy, so the conversation was mostly wrapped around autos in general. They did not fail to give Lizzie credit for her loyal services—so far. Mr. Smith made an "expert examination" (he had never owned an auto) of the Ford and then congratulated Pa on his unusual bargain. After lunch was over and the house was fixed up a little, the two families piled into the car. Pa was to drive.

Mr. Smith sat at his side, smoking a large and conspicuous cigar. Mrs. Smith and Ma and the kids sat in the back.

Pa pressed the starter. But as everything will do—the radio never works when visitors are present—the baby genius forgets her lines when looking into strange faces—such things always happen—the Ford refused to start! When Pa pressed the starter, no grinding sound greeted him and the expectant visitors. Pa took his hat off and scratched his head. “Well, it never refused to start before.”

Pa climbed over Mr. Smith. He started cranking, but it was no use. The Ford would not start. The more he cranked, the “madder” he got. Then he started swearing. Ma and Mrs. Smith grabbed the children, stuck their fingers in their ears and headed for the house. Mr. Smith stuck around, hoping to learn some new swear words, I reckon. Well, with the ladies out of the way, Pa started cussing with an unusual amount of vigor. After an hour and a half, Pa had used all the swear words he knew and started over again.

Mr. Smith was having a huge time. He had suggested several things that might have been wrong and also told Pa some new words to use. But at five o’clock Mrs. Smith dragged her husband away from Pa’s company and took him home. Pa had looked over the engine from a hundred different positions, but couldn’t see anything wrong. He then called a mechanic.

After ten minutes alone with the car, that gentleman of the garage said, “Well, old timer—this is Lizzy’s day off. There isn’t a drop of gas in the tank.”

# The Question

By RUTH CURTIS

(*A Parody*)

To teach or not to teach——that is the question;  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The jeers and tortures of posterity  
Or free to be from such monotony  
And shun the public schools. To leave——to flee  
Away; and by the flight to say we end  
And so annul the destiny prepared  
For us and feared so long——'tis freedom sure  
From spectacles and books. To leave——to flee——  
To live! Perhaps to dance! Or else to toil!  
For in another world, what may not come  
When we have broken from the ancient yoke  
Of teaching youth. There're some indeed who say  
A teacher's life is noble and sublime;  
But they may wear the laurels gained that way.



# Virgil as a Nature Poet

By PAUL SCURLOCK

**P**UBLIUS VIRGILIUS MARO was born on a farm in a little hamlet called Andes, near Mantua, in Cisalpine Gaul, October 15, 70 B. C. Although his father was not very wealthy, he had a good education and saw to it that his son got one also. Virgil, as he is known, lived all his young childhood days on a farm. He learned to love the simple life of the farmer and always showed his preference for it. While he was in the country he studied the crops. Rotation of crops seemed to fascinate him. He learned how the seed sprouted; how to plant and harvest grain. All this careful study helped him in his works later, especially in the "Georgics" and the "Eclogues", which were written about the life on a farm.

He loved to study farm animals—horses and cows. The result of the study is his proficiency in describing the sacrifices to the Gods.

Although farm life with its crops and domestic animals were of great interest to Virgil, he loved the forest with its happy inhabitants—plants, animals, and insects. The district in which the young poet lived was a lumbering district. Virgil loved to watch the lumberjacks swing the axes, to listen to the ringing blows of the edge hitting the heart of the trees, and finally to hear the crash as another monarch was overcome by man. Probably this is the time in which Virgil learned so much about the trees. He shows his authority on the matter in his later work. In some of his creations Virgil mentions pine trees growing in Northern Italy. This has been disputed. Whether this is right or not, I don't know, but, as for me, I will take Virgil's word for it.

Virgil loved to watch the forest cleaned out, and the fields cleared away for green crops of food. Although he knew this had to be done, he was sorrowful when he watched the homes of birds destroyed, as the huge trees came down. He watched the

parent birds fly about, screaming as their eggs were broken, their young killed, and their homes wrecked forever. He wished somehow that there were some way of satisfying men without encroaching on the rights of earth's older inhabitants, the birds. He even wrote one of the "Eclogues" about this.

Virgil would often sit for hours watching bees or ants at work. They seemed fascinating in their busy work. All these simple observances and studies helped very much to beautify and add interest to his works.

It is supposed that Virgil lived on a river of some kind, or else that he traveled about a great deal. He shows his knowledge of water courses throughout his whole work. His descriptions of the three branch rivers of Hades and the Stygian lake are wonderful. His storms at sea show his knowledge of the ocean and its courses. When living at home on the farm Virgil probably lived very much in the open, hunting and fishing. In two or three places he has descriptions of hunts of deer and boar. He knew what they looked like and handled the hunts with skill.

Along with the rivers and streams should come the mountains. There are many good mountain scenes in the "Aeneid". He speaks of Olympus, the home of the Gods; of Nysa, the home of Bacchus. I like the expression of Virgil when he tries to show the mountains as forbidden giants: "dark and bristling".

To Virgil nature was a companion and not a thing to be afraid of or to overcome. His nature was almost human. He compares his characters in the "Aeneid" to nature very often when he wants to emphasize their character. He compares the ardent citizens of Carthage to a swarm of black ants, each person doing his part for the welfare of the whole. He compares the initial love of Dido to a stag pierced by a hunter from afar as he staggers madly through the city. Aeneas, when Anne begs him to turn from his duty of founding Rome and stay with Dido, is compared to an oak, whose roots are well bedded, against which winds and flood beat, but which remains firm. In the boat races at Sicily, Muisthuis runs his boat between two rocks. The bottom barely scrapes through and out into clear water

again. Virgil compares this to a bird, frightened from its home in a cave, as it dashes out of the cave barely missing the roof. All this shows how wide his knowledge was, and how well he understood his subjects.

Besides these traits of Virgil there is one trait which shows us what a student of nature he really was. He feared the power of nature. He must have had this fear or he could not have written the wonderful description of the storm at sea or the storm at Carthage, when Aeneas and Dido were married. At sea the waves rushed highly, ready to sink the ships; the lightning flashed, and the thunder roared. On land the very mountains seemed to echo the feeling of terror.

The last and most important virtue of Virgil is his sympathy with nature. To him nature is not like a human, but is human. When the Sibyl approaches Aeneas from the cave, the mountain quakes, the voices rush forth from the cave, the ground quivers, and the trees sway in an invisible breeze creaking as if all nature shared the dread of her approach. In all sad places of the "Aeneid" nature has shared sympathy with the human characters.

To my mind Virgil is the most important of all nature poets who have ever lived, regardless of time, race, color, or sex.



## The Lure of Brush and Pen

By EDMUND TURNER

**I** HAD RATHER work with pen and brush and card-board than with anything else that has come into my life; for it is with these things that I seem most able to express myself.

It was not always this way, however. This impulse to draw did not come in a night, but has grown as my body has grown, gradually. I remember the first attempts at sketching, a desire on my part to copy "Jiggs". It was weeks before my copy resembled even faintly the original of McManus. But

those attempts were the beginning of my present eagerness to create really worth-while things with my pen and brush.

I was in the third grade when I made my first attempts at original work. Snow scenes and trees were my subjects. In the fifth grade my horizon widened. My drawings were made to accompany the moving-picture plays written by Edward Davant and Kennett Blair; and when I left school that year I had six "Red Lion" tablets filled with cowboy pictures in serial form. The name given to the series was "Sure-Shot Bill". I sold all six of these tablets to a boy at Camp Hicone that summer for fifty cents. I regret now having done so, for they are the only record I made during that year under Miss Coit.

The following year I made a few health posters. They served their day, then were destroyed. The next year I was sent along with my classmates to Asheboro Street School. In the course of events Kennett Blair was elected to edit the small, two sheet, mimeographed paper, *The Junior High News*, and I was chosen to do the cartoons for the same publication. My efforts took form under the title, "Billy Baseball". I spent two or more semesters at Asheboro Street School, following the lines of least resistance—stealing time from books to work with my sketching pencil. All my drawings I gave away.

In 1923 I made my first sketch for *High Life* and achieved thereby a great ambition. In 1924 I made my first contribution to the *Reflector*. The following year I was elected to the places of art editor of the magazine and cartoonist for *High Life*, and have been busy ever since trying to fill the needs of these two publications.

My first cartoon for a newspaper was published a few weeks ago in the *Greensboro Daily News*. It was an announcement of the football game between the high school varsity and the faculty.

My latest love is following Mr. Wunsch around, and adjusting myself to his dramatic wants. I have built miniature stages for him, made posters for his plays, and now I am busy painting his scenery for "The Last of the Lowries," the state contest play.

There is something fascinating about this business of drawing. I don't know whether there is any money in it; I don't care about that so much. I do know it grips me so that I forget about bed time and meal time and class work as well. I want to learn all there is to learn about it. If I can find a way to do so, I am going with Mr. Wunsch to New York this summer to study.



## Fowler's Julius Caesar

*By* ZAIDEE SMITH

CAESAR's life was a steady progressing upward. His ancestry gave him a good start, as the majority of his family had distinguished themselves as great soldiers or statesmen, and he showed the fact that he had both family pride and personal ambitions. Five years after he donned the toga viriles he made an assertion of his youthful strength by not obeying Sulla's command to divorce Cornelia. From then on his initiative and powers are continually recognized in different ways, each a step higher than the one before it. I was very much interested in his varicolored life, the contrasts especially: captured by pirates at one time, and leading an expedition of exploration into Brittainia the next; fleeing from Sulla once, and at another time campaigning victoriously in Gaul.

I learned to know, not so much his accomplishments, as his life, his character, behavior, morals, and the operation of his wonderful mind. Judging by the way Fowler depicted Caesar's actions, I give him great credit for developing and maintaining a strong, virile, well controlled mind and a straight, clean morale in the face of a luxury-loving, self-indulgent, and degenerate time. Nothing has the effect on moral standards of today, political and social, that the examples of the great men who have constituted civilization have had. There is a fine distinction between the morals of the pagan Caesar and

those of the Christian that I cannot make, but I feel sure that there is a relation between my individual life, and Caesar's influence as I apply it to my own character.



## Abie's Irish Cabbage

By RUTH CURTIS

“**Y**ES, sir,” replied the manager, as the world turned upside down and wrong side out. “But you didn't mean to say the side was to be all windows, did you? I can't be seeing how the girls can stand all that glow, Mr. Carson. Does your father—”

“My father has nothing to do with it. He has given free rein, even deeded over the whole plant to me. Now, Mr.—er—”

“Kaughnessy. And if I do be saying it, sir, your father always considered me his right-hand man. He says to me, ‘Bill, there's nobody can manage—’”

“Yes, I know how father depends on you, and he told me to come to you first. Now, if you'll just step in here and look over these new models of machinery and give me your opinion of them—” They disappeared into the office.

The small town of Carsonville was agog. Wild rumors swept from washline to washline, newscarrriers even more efficient than city wires.

“Pish!” sputtered fat Mrs. Kaughnessy. “I know all about it. My husband—” She stopped for breath. “Well, it's old Abner Carson's son come up here to run the mill.” She lowered her voice to a whisper. “And Bill says he's crazy as a loon. The factory's going to have glass walls and new machinery, and he's going to plant flowers all around.”

And this was Abie Carson's welcome.

Abie was a rather obscure derivation of Abijah, shortened on his first day at college, when he was forced to reveal his given name after staunchly and steadfastly insisting on being enrolled as A. Carson. Tall, with slightly waving blond hair, his looks belied the name of Abie and he worked right into the heart of

all the factory girls, who unanimously agreed that he looked like the Prince of Wales—with improvements.

Scarcely had our hero begun his startling changes when, lo! almost too swiftly the whistle of a train announced the arrival of the heroine.

Miss Kitty Kaughnessy had finished her junior year at college and was returning to Carsonville for the vacation. Not at all abashed by no notice being taken of her arrival, she picked up her bag and started walking the short distance to her home. She was not at all surprised that the town folk did not recognize her, for a picture of herself, last year, flashed through her mind—a rather tall, thin (slender would be too flattering) flapper, with stiff bobbed hair. Last vacation she had returned with a pair of the highest heels ever seen in Carsonville and resolved to startle the natives. A smile twisted one side of her face as she glanced down at her flat-heeled, rather shabby walking shoes. Even her mother would have to look twice.

A few hours later Kitty was comfortably established in her mother's kitchen, listening to the whispered story of the new regime; whispered, because her father and the young Mr. Carson were in the adjoining room, discussing business matters. Her parents had not received the suggestion that they call her Katherine with much enthusiasm but she hoped for better success later.

“But, darlin’, your name is Kate,” remonstrated her mother.

“And we’ve always called you Kitty,” added her father.

“But, I’m not a child any longer,” she told them, “and I’m used to Katherine now.”

A week later found Katherine Kaughnessy with a job as personnel manager at the factory. Her idea, gained at college, seemed to coincide with the new owner's. Together they planned to put into practice the principles learned in their respective economics and sociology classes at school. Her special problem was the welfare of the girls, who were in a great majority at the mill. When they were absent, she discovered the cause: when dissatisfied, she moved them to another kind of work. Her duties rapidly multiplied as she found other ways to help them. Carson suggested that she plan to give the girls some social life after

work hours; they liked it, after their first suspicions had been allayed. And the two reformers became friends.

"Say, Abie," she hailed him early one morning, as he passed by her office before the starting whistle blew, "come in here a minute. That is, if you're not too busy." He looked rather surprised at the three solemn girls standing awkwardly before her desk.

"This is a committee," she explained, rather amusedly. "I told them they'd have to see you." He looked expectantly at the largest girl, but the little one spoke.

"It's about the windows, sir. If you don't mind, sir, we'll keep the old ones. Why, we'd be as blind as bats if we had to work in all that light for even a day."

Abie Carson looked rather helplessly at his assistant.

"I really have to go, now. Miss Kaughnessy will explain about the windows, and whatever she decides will be all right with me."

He fled.

That night the Carsonville Mill Girls Union met in the new recreation room at the factory and organized an efficient force with Miss Katherine Kaughnessy as leader. Their first official document was in the form of a petition to Mr. Abijah Carson, Carsonville Mill. The demands were simple and signed by the "boss," Katherine Kaughnessy, and every member of the union. They requested that he leave the windows the same size as before, but suggested a skylight.

"That girl has brains," said Abie, as he grinned at the terrifying epistle. "I guess I'll go over and get her to tell me about it." So he went, and the next night—and the next night after that.

Mrs. Kaughnessy was delighted, but rather awed at her daughter's importance. "They just talk about the factory and business matters," she announced. "Kitty's changed a lot, Mrs. Garrity." Mrs. Garrity was on the other side of the fence. "It's not for me to be saying, but when I was a girl, Mr. Kaughnessy called me his Irish rose, 'the prettiest rose as ever bloomed in Erin,' he would say. And Kitty sure takes after her mother.

You've said it yourself. She's a purty girl and don't care a snap how she looks."

"It's a shame," agreed the other. "And Mr. Carson's such a nice man, and coming to see her every night."

They would have been surprised to see the two objects of discussion at that time. Abie, perched on the girl's desk, was leaning toward her with an intent expression on his face. He began falteringly.

"We're great pals, aren't we, Kitty? Seem to get along so well, and have so much in common. I didn't know there were girls like you in the world, so sensible, so reasonable."

"Why, Abie." She was rather startled. But he went on.

"I can't bear to have you go back to college. I can't get along without you. Will you stay and be my——"

She rose, expectantly.

"Substitute. I want you to carry out the ideas that I have begun. You will absolutely be your own boss. You see, I'm going to Europe."

Kitty raised her eyebrows questioningly.

"Oh, I might as well tell you. It's to be a honeymoon. She is the sweetest girl in the world, and we're to be married next month. She doesn't know it yet, but we're going to Europe, if I have to turn cave man and drag her off by her curls. And her eyes are blue. Isn't that marvelous? Kitty, Kitty, why don't you stop me? Pull me back to earth. First, tell me. You'll stay, won't you?"

"Of course I wouldn't spoil your plans. And I do hope you'll be happy, Abie. I don't think I was made for romance. Mother says I'm like a vegetable—so sensible and common and unromantic. I'm just an every-day cabbage."

"But a mighty nice one, Kitty. And now I must be going. Shall I see you tonight?"

"Yes, I suppose there'll be lots of things to talk over before you leave. By the way, hadn't you better go see her tonight? A month is a short time to plan a wedding. I'll look after things, tomorrow."

"Will you? Kitty, you're a darling. I'll have to rush. Bye."

When he had gone, she swept back a loose piece of hair and dropped her chin in her hands.

"Of course, I don't mind. I won't let myself." But the little imp, called conscience, skipped out of her desk and pointed a finger at her,

"Yes, you do care, Kitty. Why, he sounded at first as if he were proposing to you. And then started raving about blue eyes. Why don't you laugh?"

Tired and sleepy Kitty listened to her mother's gossip, while she thought about Abie and the girl with blue eyes. "Go to bed, Kitty, darlin'," urged her mother. "Abie's been wearing you out, talking so late every night. I hope he stays at Boston and gives you a good rest for a few days. Is it business in Boston?"

"Blue eyes," Kitty mumbled sleepily.



## "Little Boy Blue"

*By* HELEN FELDER

A SOFT-FOOTED nurse came out of the room and closed the door.

"There's no chance for him, Dr. Rives?"

The physician shook his head.

"The wheel of the automobile passed over him squarely. There isn't a chance—internally bleeding to death, you know."

He turned to re-enter the room, but the nurse detained him.

"Leave her alone with him, doctor. This is her good-bye."

"Very well."

The two moved quietly away and disappeared in the silent depths of the hospital.

Inside the stern white room a young mother knelt beside the bed on which lay a tiny lad with golden curls. In her simple blue dress, stained with tears constantly dropping, Mary Lansing seemed only a child herself. Yet, the pain had contracted the muscles of her gentle face into the pitiful semblance of a brave

little twisted smile. She was telling her baby good-bye, just as she had bade his father farewell, and she must send him off with a smile. But—oh, if there were only no need to send him off!

The child's naturally soft breathing was growing fainter; and Mary closed her eyes tightly, but two tears squeezed out from under their lids and ran down the side of her nose.

"My poor little baby boy—my 'Little Boy Blue'," she murmured as she tenderly kissed the fluffy curls on the pillow. "Don't leave Mother, darling. You're all I have, since daddy went away."

The boy on the bed moved—then his fever-bloated lips began to murmur softly. Mary leaned over to catch the words.

"Muvver—Muvver—"

"Yes, darling?"

"Tell 'bout 'Boy Blue come blow his horn'. Bobbie wanta hear Boy Blue."

The young mother's throat contracted as she attempted to speak, but she started bravely.

"'Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn'—" here she stopped abruptly, unable to proceed.

"Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Bobbie wanta hear Boy Blue!" the demand was more insistent this time.

"Yes—yes, Bobbie dear. Mother's going to finish:

'The sheep are in the meadow and the cows are in the corn,  
Where is the little boy who looks after the sheep?

Under the haystack, fast asleep.' "

With the end of the little nursery jingle, Mary hesitated. Suddenly, Bobbie raised himself up in bed to stare at her with unseeing blue eyes, stretched wide. Soon he fell back, crying, "Boy Blue! Boy Blue! Muvver, tell——"

He stopped short and Mary gasped. Her boy was gone! Her three-year-old baby! Bending tenderly over the tiny lifeless body, she whispered, "Tell Daddy Bob that I'll soon be there, my son, and—and—don't forget me, Bobbie—my little Boy Blue."

Specialists finally gave up Mary Lansing's case as hopeless. Nothing permanent could be done to relieve the tension on her brain. She must simply be kept quiet and away from people as much as possible. But Mary refused to be a recluse, so the doctors merely shrugged their shoulders and let her alone.

Mary knew that if she did not mingle with people and try to forget, she would go mad. Bobbie—Little Boy Blue—Bobbie—she heard nothing but her boy's name as long as she remained quiet. She could not sleep unless she were utterly exhausted in body; and that meant that she must walk—walk—all day long.

Yet, strange to say, she got little comfort out of this. Whenever her steps lagged, they said to her, "Bob-bie—Boy-Blue—Bob-bie—pat-pat." If she quickened her pace, she only heard it faster than before. Her tired brain could think of nothing else but a face encircled by an aureole of curls—the face of a lad with roguishly laughing eyes; and Mary's own dull eyes quickened each time she thought of the big blue eyes that had teased so often for "a story." It seemed centuries to her since Bobbie had run to her knee that afternoon and had begged her to tell him "bout li'l Boy Blue." Oh, why had she consented? Some malignant fate must have been present that afternoon; else why should Bobbie have suddenly dashed across the street crying, "Sally wanta hear story too. Bobbie get Sally." And, oh, that little lifeless body, stilled by a too-swift motor car! Could she ever forget?

Everywhere, she thought of her lost baby—her son whom she had loved to dress in blue. Everywhere, the streets were filled with gay children, curly-haired like her own child and some of them even dressed in blue. Why couldn't they stop haunting her? It seemed that God would not give her rest.

At her first opportunity she went to buy her mourning clothes. White, she had determined them to be—white as her little dead boy's skin—white as the stone on his grave. But the clerk did not understand. She told Mary that she needed something to bring out her color—she was too faded.

“Blue—ah, that is the very thing!” she said. “Blue to match your eyes.”

But Mary did not hear any more. She had fainted.

This time, the doctors grew even more serious than ever and ordered everything relating to Bobbie Lansing, Jr., to be burned. Somehow, Mary found it out, and it nearly killed her. She didn't understand it. How could they be so cruel? Feverishly she wondered if there were any justice in the world. It did not seem so. Doctors were so cold and calculating. Why did they let Bobbie die?

The day that Bobbie's things were ordered destroyed, the frantic mother slipped into the basement and found only the ashes in the cold furnace. Crooning a soft little nursery rhyme, she poked about among the ashes until she came upon a charred button—once blue but now black from the flames. Suddenly a wild look came into her eyes. Her disordered thoughts made her seem to see Bobbie in her presence.

“Come here, Bobbie dear,” she whispered, holding out her arms. “Mother will tell you about Boy Blue. Do you know who is my little Boy Blue? It's you, little son—your daddy called you that, too. Yes, dear, mother will tell you the story.”

As suddenly as it had come, her madness went away, leaving her tearfully stroking a tiny button.

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Two months later, a sad-eyed woman went up and down the fashionable street, selling books to wealthy residents. At each home, she stopped and presented her wares. Few bought of her, but Mary did not care. She did not need money—she needed to wear out her body, perhaps thereby dulling the pain in her heart. So, when women gave her their scorn, she welcomed it as a relief from memories.

Many had been the doctors' warnings to her. They considered this work useless; but, as usual, Mary had her way.

Often, as a hostile door banged after her, she heard screams of childish laughter, emanating from the depths of the house. Each time this happened Mary felt that she would go mad, and

each time the doctors, seeing the result, shook their heads and whispered. Once they even went so far as to suggest that she try sanatorium treatment, but Mary flew into such a frenzied rage that it took hours to calm her; and they dared not try it again.

After that episode Mary was so wild-eyed and frowzy of appearance, that maids were afraid to open the doors to the mansions more than a few inches, and then only to refuse admittance. All this served to infuriate her tortured mind more and more, until one day the last shred of sanity was scraped away. It happened that a kind-hearted old lady admitted her into her home, and, taking pity on her, agreed to look at her wares. Mary was forced into giving a fleeting smile as she sat down wearily. This woman would be an easy prey to unscrupulous persons—but, oh, well, let her take care of herself.

“Are you sure that I can have prompt delivery on these?” her patron was asking.

“Quite certain, ma——”

Thump! Something overhead came down with a bang.

“Only my grandson playing,” said the lady. “What were you saying?”

“I said that——”

Bang! from upstairs.

“Sonny, come here!” called the old lady, annoyed.

Suddenly a little curly-haired lad in blue romped gleefully into the room. Mary stared at him stupidly. Why, how like Bobby he was! Was he Bobbie? No—no! It must be—it must not be. He in his little blue suit over which curls fell profusely.

“Little Boy Blue——” she wavered.

“Why, what a pretty thought!” exclaimed the old lady.

Mary screamed. Jumping up, she dashed out of the house. But when she reached the sidewalk, she turned and looked back. There was Bobbie’s ghost—beckoning from the doorway. Look, he was waving his arms at her!

Mary could no longer stand it. Something snapped in her brain and she plunged backwards into the street and between the wheels of an onrushing car.

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Today in a certain large hospital, deep in the heart of a big city, there lives a white-haired old lady, who, perhaps, does not even know where she is. It may be that she imagines herself in heaven with Bobbie, for she is always reciting "Little Boy Blue." The hospital odors and the "swish-swish" of stiffly starched aprons make no impression on her. At any rate, she must be kept quiet. The doctors prohibit her seeing even the blue of the sky.



## Brook Farm

By MARY LYON

IN order to understand the history of Brook Farm we must go back to Germany and learn something of the origin of "Transcendentalism." About 1832 several leading philosophers in Germany—Immanuel Kant, Schilling, Hegel, and some others—began teaching the thought that, as George Ripley expressed it, there is "an order of truths which transcends the sphere of external senses; that the truth of traditions does not depend on the tradition nor historical facts, but has an unerring witness in the soul." Part of this philosophy reached America directly through Edward Everett, George Ticknor, and some others who studied in German universities, but a greater part came by way of the writings of the English authors, Carlyle and Coleridge.

However, the birth of Transcendentalism in America can be placed either near the publication of Emerson's poem, "Nature," in 1836, or the appearance of the first number of the *Dial*, the magazine of the Transcendental Club, in July, 1840, or the formation of the Brook Farm Institute or Community near Boston in 1841.

In the year 1840 George Ripley, the founder of the Transcendental Club in America, resigned from the ministry and,

encouraged by a few members of the club, set out to form a community whose "object was to see whether the brain and hand could not be made to work advantageously together; whether the same individual might not be both a thinker and worker, and thus find for himself a simpler, freer, and happier life." He chose a farm near West Roxbury, Massachusetts, about nine miles from Boston, for location.

The land was covered with "wooded knolls and hills sinking down into a wide meadow that extended to the Charles River and bordered on it." The place was well-adapted to the winter sports, enjoyed by the inhabitants, such as coasting and skating. Through the meadow ran the lively brook from which Brook Farm got its name. The place was very picturesque, but was not well-suited for cultivation, as much of the land grew little but coarse grass, and the pastures were filled with innumerable rocks.

About the middle of April in 1841 Ripley, with his wife, sister, and some fifteen others, including Hawthorne, took possession of the farmhouse which, with a large barn, was already on the estate.

The first six months were spent in getting started, especially in the matter of the school of which Mrs. Ripley had almost entire charge. The school was an important feature, furnishing instruction in ancient and modern languages, history, mathematics, moral philosophy, music, and drawing. Pupils outside the community were received on the payment of a small fee.

The ideal of the association was to promote the reorganization of society under the "principles of coöperation." By their articles of association they agreed—"that the property of the community should be represented by shares of stock; that all members be provided with employment according to their abilities and tastes. They also provided for a uniform rate of compensation for all labor, for a maximum working day of ten hours, for the free support of people under ten years of age and over seventy."

The life at Brook Farm was very gay and happy. Everyone entered into the work with zeal. During the earlier years the men, whose number exceeded that of the women, helped with

the household labors greatly. We have to stretch our imaginations a great deal to think of George William Curtis' trimming lamps and Charles Dana's frying griddle cakes. Cupid, too, is said to have played havoc there, for no less than fourteen marriages have been attributed to friendships begun at Brook Farm.

During the year or so following its founding the community increased so steadily that the "Hive," the original farm-house, grew too small for the people, and work was begun on the "Eyrie." This new addition was located on a high rock which, in wet, snowy, or scorching weather, was almost inaccessible. It had no well, only a rain-water cistern, which made it necessary to carry water at times. There was no kitchen, so the inhabitants had to go to the "Hive" for meals. However, all these faults and inconveniences were seemingly overlooked and the life continued as happy as ever.

In 1844 the community came under the influence of Horace Greeley and Godwin and reorganized itself as a Fourieristic community under the name of the "Brook Farm Phalanx." By the Fourieristic method society was to be organized into phalanxes and the people were to be arranged according to occupations, capacities and attractions.

Fourierism was the probable cause of the failure of Brook Farm; but in 1847 when the woolen philanstorg, in which the association had invested all its means, burned to the ground just as it was completed, the inhabitants were forced to scatter. Thus closed the most successful and most interesting failure the world has ever known.

Perhaps it would be interesting to know that such persons as George Ripley and his wife Sophia Ripley, William E. Channing and nephew W. H. Channing, Margaret Fuller, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry D. Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. Dwight, Horace Greeley, Charles Dana and many others were connected with Brook Farm at some time. Probably most of its fame is due to the writings of these people, some of which are Hawthorne's "Blithedale Romance," Cadmon's "Brook Farm Memories," Russell's "Home Life of the Brook Farm Associa-

tion," Swift's "Brook Farm: Its Members, School, and Visitors," and Sear's "My Friends at Brook Farm."

Lindsay Swift touched the keynote of the whole enterprise when he said, "It is more than fifty years since the last dweller in that pleasant domain turned his reluctant steps away from its noble illusions and toward the stress of realities; but from no one of this gracious company has ever come the admission that Brook Farm was a failure."



## A Series of Articles About Virgil

By MARSHALL CAMPBELL

BENNETT

"Virgil's fame rests secure. While there have not been lacking critics who questioned his merits, he ranked as one of the world's great poets, and deservedly so. No ampler or finer recognition of his genius exists than the following tribute from the pen of another great poet, Lord Tennyson."

TO VIRGIL

*Written at the request of the Mantuans for the nineteenth century of  
Virgil's death*

Roman Virgil, thou that singest Ilion's loftly temples robed  
in fire,  
Ilion falling, Rome arising, wars, and filial faith, and Dido's  
pyre.

Landscape-lover, lord of language more than he that sang the  
Works and Days  
All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden  
phrase;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive  
and horse and herd;  
All the charm of all the Muses often flowering in a lonely  
word;

Poet of the happy Tityrus piping underneath his beechen  
bowers;

Poet of the poet-satyr whom the laughing shepherd bound with  
flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio glorying in the blissful years again to be,  
Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and care-  
less sea;

Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal mind;  
Thou majestic in thy sadness at the doubtful doom of human  
kind;

Light among the vanished ages; star that gildest yet this phan-  
tom shore;

Golden branch amid the shadows, kings and realms that pass  
to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer, fallen every purple Caesar's  
dome—

Tho' thine ocean-roll of rhythm sound forever of Imperial  
Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perished and the Rome of free-  
men holds her place,

I, from out the Northern Island sunder'd once from all the  
human race,

I salute thee, Mantovano, I that loved thee since my day began,  
Wielder of the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of  
man.

#### DRYDEN

John Dryden has dedicated his translation of the Aeneid to  
John, Lord, Marquis of Normandy, Earl of Mulgrave, etc.  
In making a sort of an apology for certain sections of it he gives  
the following:

“I am also bound to tell your Lordship, in my own defense, that, from the beginning of the “First Georgic” to the end of the last Aeneid, I found the difficulty of translation growing on me in every succeeding book: for Virgil, above all poets, had a stock, which I may call almost inexhaustible, of figurative, elegant, and sounding words. I, who inherit but a small portion of his genius, and write in a language so much inferior to the Latin, have found it very painful to vary phrases, when the same sense returns upon me. Even he himself, whether out of necessity or choice, has often expressed the same things in the same words and often repeated two or three whole verses which he had used before. Words are not easily coined as money; and yet we see that the credit, not only of banks but of exchequers, cracks, when little comes in and much goes out. Virgil called upon me in every line for some new word, and I paid so long, that I was almost bankrupt; so that the latter end must needs be more burdensome than the beginning or the middle; and consequently the “Twelfth Aeneid” cost me double the time of the “First” and “Second”. What had become of me, if Virgil had tax’d me with another book? I had certainly been reduced to pay the public in hammered money, for want of milled; that is, in some old words which I had used before; and the receivers must had been forced to have taken anything, where was so little to be had.”

#### BURKE

Burke—writing on Privation—makes the following statement:

“All general privations are great, because they are all terrible; Vacuity, Darkness, Solitude, and Silence. With what a fire of imagination, yet with what severity of judgment, has Virgil amassed all these circumstances, where he knows that all the images of a tremendous dignity ought to be united, at the mouth of hell! where, before he unlocks the secrets of the great deep, he seems to be seized with a religious horror, and to retire astonished at the boldness of his own designs:”

Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes!  
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late,  
Sit mihi fas audita loqui; sit numine vestro,  
Pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.  
Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte, per umbram,  
Perque domos Ditis vacuas, et inania regna.

COWLEY

Cowley in his essay of Agriculture also speaks very highly of Virgil. He introduces it by the following:

“The first wish of Virgil (as you will find anon by his verses) was to be a good philosopher, the second, a good husbandman; and God (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned heathens) dealt with him just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things else, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers and the best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both those faculties, the best poet. He made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer.

“O fortunatus nimium, et bona qui sua novit!

“To be a husbandman is but to retreat from the city, to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather, a retreat from the world, as it is man’s, into the world as it is God’s.”

HUGO

Evidently Hugo did not think as much of Virgil as some others. He was very critical of copying those who have lived and written before. His comment is this.

“With all his poetry Virgil is no more than the moon of Homer.”

LOCKE

John Locke said very little about Virgil but was straight to the point. In speaking of the Latin authors he declared Virgil, Tully, and Horace to be the most difficult and most sublime.

MONTAIGNE

Montaigne agreed with most of the others in his opinion of Virgil. Perhaps he was a little strong in his feeling toward Virgil but nevertheless he gave a good tribute to him.

“I have ever deemed that in Poesie, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace, do doubtless by far hold the first ranke; and especially Virgil in his Georgics, which I esteeme to be the most accomplished peace of work of Poesie.”

DRYDEN

*On Milton*

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next in Majesty; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the former two.

---

## Sea Shell, Sea Shell

Sea shell, sea shell,  
Sing me a song, oh please.  
Sing of the lockers of Davy Jones,  
Of what he did with the sailors' bones,  
Of his deep and dark and gloomy caves  
With his boundless wealth beneath the waves.

—*Ed Davant*

Sea shell, sea shell,  
Sing me a song, oh please:  
A song of waves and stormy days,  
Of your life in the deep blue sea,  
And how you came by many ways  
To this beautiful beach and me.

—*LeGrande Johnston*

Sea shell, sea shell,  
Sing me a song, oh please.  
Sing me a song of the waters blue,  
Of the dashing waves which sailors rue;  
Sing me a song of the fishes fine,  
Sing me a song of the ocean's brine.

—*Jessie Tate*

# A Modest Proposal

By JAMES LASSITER

*(With no apologies to Swift)*

## PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

JULIUS CAESAR, *Proconsul to Gaul*

ARIOVISTUS, *King of the Germans*

## SCENE

*The meeting place: the hill on the great plain.*

## ACT I, SCENE I

CAESAR and ARIOVISTUS approach the hill, each with ten men. The two leaders move up together while the soldiers of each stay behind their respective leader. CAESAR nods to ARIOVISTUS in a friendly manner while he reviews the German army with keen glances.

CAESAR

Ah, my friend Ariovistus, I am very glad that you have accepted my invitation to a conference. I also think that you will accept my demands.

By the way, we are having nice weather, don't you think, Ariovistus? It reminds me of the time when we were fighting the Haed——

ARIOVISTUS

Weather be hanged! Let's get down to brass tacks if you are going to. If not, we will leave each other.

CAESAR

Ah, I see, then, Ariovistus, that you do not desire a friendly chat.

ARIOVISTUS

Well, you can take it as that. What are your demands? I do not want any unless you can back them up.

CAESAR

Ah, a fast talker is usually a slow thinker, my friend.

ARIOVISTUS

I am an exception to that rule, then, learned Caesar. I do my thinking fast, talk fast and act fast, and it's nobody else's business.

CAESAR

Is that so?

ARIOVISTUS

It most assuredly is.

CAESAR

Well, maybe it is. It can start like that for all I care.

ARIOVISTUS

Caesar, your ambassadors said that you desired a conference. Do you? If you do, let's have one and not an argument over human nature. Let me hear your demands.

CAESAR

Ariovistus, I came to you for the sake of Gaul and its people. They have called on me to help them. Maybe you know why. I did not come in the hope of gaining any reward in money but a reward in friendship and gratitude from the Gallic people and you. You are a friend of the Roman people. Many times you have been called friend and brother by the Roman Senate, have you not?

ARIOVISTUS

I have.

CAESAR

The Gauls deserve the best and you know it. Then why do you oppress them with an iron hand?

You tax them highly. The yoke is too heavy for them to bear. Gaul is a fertile country, but a farmer can't live under such a burden of taxes as you are putting on them. It cannot last forever.

Countless thousands of Germans are daily crossing into Gaul devastating the cream of Europe's fertile valleys. It must stop. It cannot go on!

I ask you, would you allow a foreign king to come into your own native country and usurp the throne as you have the rights of these Gauls? No, you would not stand for it. Then why do you expect that I and the Gallic people are going to stand for it?

If this keeps up, you and your soldiers will soon spread and come to Rome. Then what will it be? War! If you do not accept the following demands the result will be the same.

Therefore I put before you the demand that the Gallic people have asked me to make, also demands that come from my heart, demands that can be forced by the Roman Army, the dearest men in the world to me. The first is that you stop oppressing Gaul with your haughty ruling. The second is that you quit taxing them. The third is that you withdraw your barbarous people back across the Rhine. I have spoken.

ARIOVISTUS

Ho, ho, Caesar. Ha, ha. That's a good one on you.

CAESAR

Why do you speak in such terms, Ariovistus? I mean business.

ARIOVISTUS

Caesar, someone has been spoofing you. I have done nothing of the kind. Don't you believe anything like that.

CAESAR

What have you to say then?

ARIOVISTUS

As I have said before, Caesar, someone has been telling you wrong. I do not tax the people heavily. I only tax the richer farmers. The poor class enjoys a free life. I must gain a livelihood for me and my court. How do you expect me to live without taxing the people, I ask you? Is it not my right to tax them? Would you not tax your people if you were a king? Surely you would.

You also mention something about my coming with my tribe of soldiers across the Rhine. The Gauls invited me to come over. Do you think that I would leave my kinsmen at home in Germany just to come over and rule Gaul? I do not profit by ruling them.

As to the German soldiers' coming with me, they were invited to come also because they are more cultured than the Gauls.

It is true that they have not slept under a roof for fourteen years. That makes them all the more powerful if not cultured. I have the strongest and bravest army in the world.

Why, Caesar, you are crazy if you think that I will accept your demands. You said a while ago that you have the whole Roman army with you. In fact you have not, because I have learned from messengers sent to me from the noble class of people in Rome that they want you out of the way. They want me to kill and annihilate your army.

CAESAR

I know that the noble class is against me because I stand for the common people.

ARIOVISTUS

If that is so, then why do you ask such things of me and my army? I will tell you what I will do, Caesar. If you will withdraw your forces from Gaul and quit pestering me, I will reward you with rich gifts and help you in battle.

CAESAR

Do you think that my honor would allow me to do that? You will accept my demands anyway, Ariovistus, or wish that you had.

ARIOVISTUS

You speak from an empty head, Caesar.

## SCENE II

*ARIOVISTUS' soldiers speak to each other and nod in the direction of CAESAR'S soldiers.*

GERMAN SOLDIER

See! See! The cavalry is not made up of Gauls but Romans of the tenth legion. On to 'em, let's chase the cowards away.

CAESAR

*(to his men)*

Do not fight them back, men. You know that you can beat them. They are nothing but cowards themselves.

*CAESAR and his men hastily withdraw.*

## Excerpts from Fall Examination Papers

“Tennyson had many influences in his life but the greatest was his friendship with Arthur Hallam. All the sadness and mellowness of his works are due to the softening influence of the death of this young Englishman. His love for Byron and his works and his love of water, whether a tempestuous storm-tossed sea or a calm, peaceful brook in a wooded dell, stirred all that was great and good in him. The influence of the sea may readily be seen in *Enoch Arden*; and the fact that, no matter how great a sorrow is, time will heal all and leave only a sad memory is revealed in the sorrow that came to Annie.”

“The style of ‘Atalanta’s Race’ is dainty and airy as befits a Greek subject, while the jolly, rollicking verse of ‘The Tramp Transfigured’ pictures ol’ Bill perfectly. The themes are much the same, that true happiness lies in one’s attitude toward life.”

“The diction of ‘Sohrab and Rustum’ is stately and wise like sage old Rustum. In the use of similes the poet gained a great effect of color, beauty, and depth of feeling.”

“The plot of *Silas Marner* reveals the story of a wrongly accused weaver who came to Raveloe to live in seclusion. The theme develops the result of the softening influence of a little child on the wounded, crushed soul of an old man.

“From *Silas Marner* we learn that our character is what we make it, that it is not predestined. We can make our life profitable and happy or worthless and unhappy. Our own happiness lies within our own grasp.

“We learn also from this story that at one time in our lives there comes a temptation to let go of all former principles and conventions and drop into a slipshod existence. Our task is with our own will-power and strength of character to hold fast to happiness.”

—Helen Shuford

“Elaine was meek, demure, tender and lovable. She was not a very strong character. She was not assertive, ill-tempered, high-

spirited or dictatorial. But Lynette was all of these. No one could tell her what to do. She was sarcastic, unappreciative, flighty and decidedly her own mistress. No two characters could be more unlike."

"The driver in *Travels With a Donkey* is a lovable, optimistic, nature-loving, beauty-seeking character. A true poet, he sees the wonderful sights on the trip. Easy-going and sweet-tempered, he is very patient with Modiste, the donkey, who is really trying at times. He is human and altogether natural."

"A composition should be correct, clear, coherent and smooth. By smoothness I mean the absence of those jolts which make the reader feel strangely uneasy. There is a certain way of going from one paragraph to another with such ease of word choice and transition that the composition is restful and easy to understand and enjoy."

—*Mildred Nash*

"'The Eve of St. Agnes' is filled with examples of Keats' mastery of color. The way Porphyro slips into the dark shadow, which seems almost engraved in the silvery moonbeams, and vanishes; the beauty of the light streaming through the different panes of glass on Madeline; the white rays as they played on the suitor's pallid face as he knelt by Madeline's side; the quivering lip, the steady, earnest eyes, revealed by a shaft of light, say all that can be said of Keats as a word painter."

"The outstanding literary characteristics of 'The Prisoner of Chillon' are: a strong even verse, conveying the idea of determination and power; some of the most depressing lines in literature, depicting the awful conditions of loneliness, characterized by Byron as 'a stagnant sea' and 'blind, bleak, boundless,' a veritable nothingness and a revelation of the forces of liberty, how the action of the human mind can tear away tangible bonds and become free."

—*Henry Biggs*

# A Royal Wedding

By MARGARET FERGUSON

“Dame Grammar” had a daughter fair  
    Called “Good Pronunciation,”  
And these two lived quite happily  
    In Palace “Education.”  
When maid became a debutante  
    The lads all came a-wooing;  
From far and near, from near and far,  
    Her hand they came a-suing.  
But she would not a lover choose  
    Until there came one day  
A handsome youth from “Culture Land”  
    So many miles away.  
His name bespoke his royalty—  
    Prince “Broad Vocabulary”—  
And such a winning youth was he  
    The maid said him she’d marry.  
So these two were in wedlock joined  
    One glorious summer day.  
They spent their happy honeymoon  
    A-sailing “Progress Bay.”  
When the honeymoon was past and gone  
    They went to “Culture Land,”  
And now in “Better Speech” they live—  
    A palace fair and grand.



# PATTERNS

## From the Book Shelf

HATCHER HUGHES' "*Hell-Bent Fer Heaven*"

**I**N his *Hell-Bent fer Heaven* Hatcher Hughes succeeds in portraying the life of the Carolina mountain folk in all its rugged emotional appeal and almost elemental simplicity.

In the character of Rufe Pryor he illustrates the effect that the fevered, hallelujah-shouting sort of religion, practiced widely among the less educated communities, sometimes has on an individual. It half-crazed Rufe so that he committed all sorts of crimes and really believed he was doing them at the instigation of God. Old David Hunt is a delightful character. Rufe continually tries to "save" him, but in reality the old man is a much better real Christian than Rufe is.

At a few places in the play the plot is a little obscure; but taken as a whole it is a marvel of soul-stirring drama. Perhaps it penetrates as it has never been done before, beneath the outward stoicism that is on the surface of the mountain people and reveals the depths of feeling that lie under a cover of reserve and self-preservation.

GLENN HOLDER



## Charmingly Deaf

By MARY JANE WHARTON

*Two deaf women on their way home from church are carrying on a conversation.*

FIRST WOMAN

Maggie, you know I don't like this "high-falutin'" kind of revival meetin's. Our old shoutin' camp meetin's were much better.

SECOND WOMAN

Yes, Betty, it certainly is time to set our hens.

FIRST WOMAN

Some how or another, I just can't get used to this kind of meetin'.

SECOND WOMAN

If you want fryin'-sized chickens by the first of June it's high time to set 'em.

FIRST WOMAN

Still some people say that this new-fangled method is the only way to hold a meetin'.

SECOND WOMAN

Yes, Mrs. Brown won't set her hens till the first of April.

FIRST WOMAN

But, Maggie, I can't understand how they enjoy these kinds. Now what fun we used to have, bringin' our tents——

SECOND WOMAN

Yes, I do love havin' the first fried chicken of the year. Mine, you know, has been the first for several years. How I can gloat over Mrs. Brown when we meet at the back fence, and I tell 'er casually we're havin' fried chicken for dinner. I wish you could see——

FIRST WOMAN

And shoutin's and cookin' over the camp fires.

SECOND WOMAN

My mouth waters now to think of that first Sunday in June.

FIRST WOMAN

I reckon, though, it's servin' the Lord just the same, no matter how we have our meetin'.

SECOND WOMAN

Yes, I guess I'll have to ask Mrs. Brown over. It won't do to make her mad.

---

## Virtuosos

By ELIZABETH UMBERGER

“WILL-EE! Will-ee!” a shrill voice was calling. “Willie, mamma wants you to go down to the second-hand-man's store t' get a tin clo'es boiler, 'n' she wants yuh t'hurry!” and Jane came into full view, eating as usual, with apple sauce all around to her ears and her clothes half off. She was the younger daughter (who never missed a trick) of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Baxter, and the pestering, bothersome, nerve-racking sister of William Sylvanus, Jr., a normal seventeen-year-old youth.

“What!” came the agonized groan from the boy. After the young messenger had repeated her errand, the infuriated addressee replied, “Well, I won't go. What do people think I am,

a servant or delivery wagon or somethin'? I won't go and you can tell Mother——”

Just then Mrs. Baxter heaved into view, and in a soft, penetrating whisper warned him, “Please, Willie! Not so loud! The girls will hear you.”

“That's a nice thing to ask me to do!” Willie fired back. “Do you think Joe Bullitt's mother would dare to——”

“Wait, dear,” interrupted his mother, “I just want to explain——”

“Explain!” burst Willie. “Explain! Ye gods!”

After numerous attempts at explanation, Mrs. Baxter finally induced her son to make the horrible journey.

When he returned, with the wash tub over his head, the top under his arm, and accompanied by his negro servant, Genesis, much to his disgust and humiliation, whom should he meet but his unnamed, baby-talk lady, who, in the meanwhile, had come, with her hostess and several others, to see Mrs. Baxter. Immediately upon realizing the situation, Willie dropped his burden and fled from the room. The noise evidently disturbed the young lady's little white dog, and the big one belonging to Genesis, for Jane came in excitedly with “The little white dog is fightin'!” The news was greeted by general excitement, and every one rushed out to stop the fight.

In reply to the lady's inquiry, “Where is that laundryman with the tin thing on his head?” Genesis said, “Why he—*he* ain't no laundry——”

“I know who it was,” Jane piped, “it was——” A silence ensued. Jane repeated, “It was——”

“All right, Cecile, that's your cue,” came a strange voice, “but that will do,” continued Mr. Wunsch. “You've done well for the first rehearsal. I shall expect you all here Thursday at 3:45, and every one know his part for the first act. Good-by.”

And so went the first rehearsal for the play, “Seventeen.”

# Live and Learn

## *A Dialogue*

By MIRIAM BLOCK

*Two ladies, strangers, get on the same street car.*

MRS. DELL

*(Seating herself by MRS. ROGERS)*

Good morning.

MRS. ROGERS

Oh, good morning. Fine day, isn't it? How are you?

MRS. DELL

Fine, thank you, but a bit tired. Mr. Dell and I stayed out a little later than usual last night. Went to the reception, you know.

MRS. ROGERS

Oh, dear, I do wish papa—you know I call my husband that—guess it's because I hear the children say it so much—Well, as I was saying, I wish papa cared more for things like that. He never takes me out. Sometimes I simply break down and cry and tell him it's because he is ashamed of me. But he comes up and kisses me so sweet-like, that I just have to forgive the dear boy. Now you would, wouldn't you?

MRS. DELL

Yes, I suppose so. But I——

MRS. ROGERS

Oh, I just thought of something I heard while waiting for the street-car. I often tell papa that one gets the choicest bits of news while waiting at our corner. I overheard Miss Jones talking about a certain married gentleman—I didn't get his name—who has been calling continually on some of the college girls. She said he even gets drunk and carries on something terrible.

MRS. DELL

It is terrible the way some of these married men neglect their wives and children for those painted-up dolls. But I suppose

they soon tire of it, and come back to the same old plain life again. Men are never satisfied. A matter of 'live and learn,' I suppose.

MRS. ROGERS

I'm rather glad papa is as quiet as he is. Then I am certain he is in no danger. (*Pause*) And to think of his poor little children—three of them, I think she said.

MRS. DELL

Three children did you say; and Miss Jones told you?

MRS. ROGERS

Yes, and she also said he——

MRS. DELL

I know who he is now. I recall Miss Jones' telling me the same thing. It's that good-for-nothing scoundrel, James Rogers, who lives on Porter Street!

MRS. ROGERS

My Lord, him! Just wait till I get home!

---

## The Devil and Ben Franklin

*A Skit in One Act*

By HAYWOOD GATHINGS

*This play is a parody on the scene between the Devil and Tom Walker as portrayed by Irving. It gives the author's idea as to what would have taken place, had the Devil met Franklin instead of Tom Walker.*

*The scene of this play is a dark spot in the forest. Several logs are lying nearby. Underbrush and small cedars are seen in the background. One large pine log is lying on the side of a path that runs zig-zagging through the forest.*

TIME

*About 1780*

CHARACTERS

BEN FRANKLIN, *dressed in short breeches, lace waistcoat, high lace collar, and a three-cornered hat.*

DEVIL, *dressed in garb half Indian and half like Franklin.*

FRANKLIN *in a thoughtful mood leisurely walks down the path. The DEVIL comes in from the side and seizes FRANKLIN by the arm.*

DEVIL

Sit down a minute, Ben; I have a good business proposition to make to you. Just by chance, the log we are sitting on is full of gold. I need a good usurer in Philadelphia to use this money, and I thought that you would make a good one since everybody in town trusts you. How about it?

FRANKLIN

Honesty is the best policy.

DEVIL

Oh, can that stuff! You wouldn't have to start in business right now. Just a little at a time, you know, until you get used to it.

FRANKLIN

Many a little makes a mickle.

DEVIL

Well, if you are afraid to go in the business by yourself, get Bill Jones, who lives near you, to help you. I'm sure that he would be willing to do anything to help me now; he always has. And since you two live near each other, you could always be together, and thus do better work.

FRANKLIN

Love your neighbor, but never dig up the hedge.

DEVIL

You're crazy, Ben; you wouldn't have to be a usurer all the rest of your life. I just wanted somebody to get the business started for me, and then after you had made a couple of fortunes you could retire.

FRANKLIN

It is easier to prevent bad habits than it is to break them.

*The DEVIL disappears.*

---

## With Her Flock

By RUTH HEATH

**N**ow, Henry, don't hold on to my skirts like you were never up town before——yes——Alice, if you'll only hush crying——You run over to the candy kitchen and get those lolly-pops for her, won't you, David?——There's a dear——Here, Henry, give me your hand——and, Alice, you take his other——Rachel, aren't you ashamed?——Now what do you suppose that woman thought of you for making such a horrid face at her?——Don't care?——Did you say you didn't care? Well, just wait till I get you home——Alice, didn't I tell you to hush?——David has gone to get you some candy——there he comes now——Rachel, if you make another face, I'll take you in a building right now and give you a good spanking——just wait till I get you home, young lady——Thank you, David, dear, give them to Alice——Now, Alice, aren't you going to be a sweet girl and give David and Henry some?——Why, Alice, what did mother tell you to do when?——well, well, that's a sweet girl——No, don't give Rachel any; she has been a very naughty girl——Henry, don't!——Oh, my dear, don't give that dog a bite of yours——David, tell Bozo to go home. We can't have him here with us in the show——Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Smith?——Yes, a lovely day, isn't it?——No, not shopping this time——taking the children to the show——yes, to "Peter Pan"——Well, good-bye——Here's the show, children, I'm sure you're

going to enjoy this——All right, David, Henry, Alice, and Rachel——all here——that will be forty cents not counting mine. David, hold my bundles so I can get my money——Be careful with this one——Where, here it is——come on, children——Four halves and a whole, please——Henry, didn't I tell you you couldn't bring Bozo with you?——David, I told you to——He wouldn't, the little——yes, four halves——What?——No, indeed, David isn't but eleven——David, be quiet——no, he isn't but——David, haven't I said never to speak unless you are spoken to——Yes, just eleven——Now, come in, children——David, take Henry's hand and leave that dog outside——All right, David, don't talk so loud——Henry——Yes, please, on the third row down; yes, this is quite nice——David, you sit beside Henry so you can read to him——now——Don't talk now, children, and enjoy the picture.

---

## Slang

### *A Skit*

By ENOCH ELLIOTT

*(Written for Better Speech Week)*

### CHARACTERS

SAM, BILL, POLICEMAN, and RAGGED NEGRO BOY

*The scene is a city drug-store corner, a favorite "hang-out" of high school boys. Two typical sheiks are standing on the curb, puffing on their cigarettes. A policeman is standing nearby, but the boys do not notice him. People are walking up and down the street.*

SAM

What say, Bill?

BILL

Can't say for laughing.

SAM

What you know?

BILL

Not a darn thing worth telling.

SAM

*(Looking around)*

Gosh, put your glimmers on that girl.

BILL

*(Turning around)*

Which one, fool?

SAM

Saint Patrick, ain't she——

BILL

*(Thumping away cigarette in great haste)*

Gee whiz, look at that red-headed Jane!

SAM

Oh, durn it, why don't that dumb-bell get out of the way so I can see? *(Thumps his cigarette away in disgust.)*

BILL

*(Turning back around)*

How in the dickens did you rate at the dance last night?

SAM

*(Having turned around)*

Boy, I sure was a shine; I asked a girl if her program was full and she said, "No, I ain't had but two glasses of punch." *(Both laugh very loudly while off down the street music is heard. They both look down street.)*

BILL

Listen at that nigger play that harp; durned if he ain't good.

SAM

Hey, Snowball, come here. *(A very ragged negro boy, wearing overalls, old straw hat, and worn-out shoes comes to them beating the harp in the palm of his left hand.)*

NEGRO

Yas, suh, what you wants? but my name ain't Snowball.

SAM

Well, Sunshine, play "On Top of the World With You."

NEGRO

My name ain't Sunshine neither, an' I can't play dat piece, but, Lordy, man, you sho' orter hear me play "I Cum from Alabama." Want to hear hit?

BILL

Sure, start off now, Abraham.

NEGRO

Don't call me dem names 'cause I don't like 'em; my name's John Henry Clay Wilkes Boothe Lincoln, Jr., and my old man's name is John Henry——

SAM

That's all right, Wilkes Boothe, go on and play.

*NEGRO plays for them and then takes off his hat and asks for money. SAM and BILL both tell him they haven't any, so the negro boy goes on down the street, playing the harmonica.*

SAM

About the dance last night—that girl was sure dumb; I wonder what she would have said if I had asked her to Charleston?

BILL

How in the deuce do I know?

SAM

Don't get on your ear about it.

BILL

You seem to be getting on your ear.

SAM

Well, it's my ear, ain't it?

BILL

I don't know, from the way that girl of yours talks it must belong to her.

SAM

Don't get so durn personal.

BILL

*(Taking out a cigarette and lighting it without offering SAM one.)*

SAM

Don't be so tight with your cigarettes. (BILL pulls out one and gives it to SAM.) Got a match?

BILL

Say, don't you want a lung to smoke it with; you ain't got nothin' but the habit. (*Harmonica music is heard off down the street as negro boy plays "Suzanna." Both boys listen until the piece is finished.*)

SAM

I swear but that boy can play.

BILL

(*Looking down other way*)

Crap, look at that stuck-up-Jane; she thinks she is the berries.

SAM

Durned if I don't hate a girl like that, always struttin' around like a turkey gobbler.

BILL

Hush, Fool, she'll hear you. (*A typical flapper struts by. They speak to her although neither one knows her.*)

SAM

Hello, Sugar.

BILL

What say, Kid? (*She glances at them and struts on down street. They both watch her out of sight, neither saying a word.*)

SAM

Let's go down to the music store and hear some hot music.

BILL

Can't do it; got to go home and do some work before the ol' man gets home, so I can get the car to-night for the dance.

SAM

Tell that to Aunt Lucy, you ain't never worked in your life.

BILL

Well how in the thunder do you know; you dumb ass.

SAM

So's your old man. (*Music is again heard off down the street. They both listen and the negro is playing, "Old Black Joe."*)

BILL

(*After the music had ceased*)

I wish I could blow one of them things.

SAM

You're too blamed lazy to blow your nose; and then talk about blowing a harp.

BILL

Durned if you ain't a hard worker, you bull shootin' wop.

SAM

Well, you are too dumb and lazy to even shoot bull. (*Negro boy comes back in with his hat off asking for money. He comes up to SAM and BILL and asks them for money.*)

NEGRO

Mister, is you all got a nickel for a pore nigger boy what ain't got nothin'?

SAM

I told you once we ain't got no money so make yourself scarce. (*Negro boy backs away a little. A policeman walks up to SAM and BILL.*)

POLICEMAN

Suppose you two come with me.

SAM and BILL

For what?

POLICEMAN

I'll see if I can't find something for you to do instead of standing on the street corner demonstrating your slang and talking about everyone who passes.

BILL

Shucks but he's dumb, Sam.

SAM

Hush, you fool.

POLICEMAN

I may be dumb, but I'm going to see who's the dumbest.

SAM

We ain't done nothing.

POLICEMAN

I'll see if you two can be taught how to use the English language.

BILL

But ain't this a free country; can't a guy have freedom of speech?

POLICEMAN

*(Leading them both away)*

Tell it to the Judge.

NEGRO

*(Having heard it all, he begins laughing, then stops all of a sudden and starts playing a very comical piece called, "Dancer's Delight"—Then he runs off down the street behind them yelling)*  
Tell hit to de Jedge.

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## Rivals

By MADDREY SOLOMON

### SCENE

*A fourth rate negro district. Two negroes meet. Only a small store and house can be seen. Both negroes are dressed "fit to kill." One is carrying a box of candy and the other a large bunch of flowers.*

FIRST NEGRO

Hello, Sam; whah's youse gwine this bright moonshiny night?

SECOND NEGRO

Why, hello Bo. I'se gwine ovah to see the fairest dark-skinned gal in all dis "Bull Pen." What's your destinashun with that air box of candy?

FIRST N.

I'se also bound to de house of my promised.

SECOND N.

So, you's in love, too, eh? Of all things, how did you evah find a gal, Midnight?

FIRST N.

Midnight! Say, whar you get dat stuff? You'se about a quarter to twelve yourself.

SECOND N.

I know, nigger, but I know what the ladies all like and dat ain't nothing else but, but the sweet scent of roses. See these flowers, (*holds them up*) dey are picked. I did it myself. What you think dey is so affectionate for?

FIRST N.

It's sweet spirits of sugar, son. See dese chocolates? (*Displays them.*)

SECOND N.

I see 'em. Say, Bo, whar does your gal live nohow?

FIRST N.

Why? Don't you know? Why she lives ovah on Lindsey, o' course.

SECOND N.

What's de number?

FIRST N.

Nine hundred and fawty-eight.

SECOND N.

Not Linda Brown?

FIRST N.

Dat's her. Ain't she a fine un?

SECOND N.

(*Starts walking off stage very slowly*)

I'll be seein' you; ta, ta.

FIRST N.

What's de hurry?

SECOND N.

(*Stops at L. C. I.*)

I'se gwine to 948 Lindsey, too. Linda's mah gal, too. (*Dashes off leaving FIRST NEGRO awe-struck.*)

FIRST N.

Dat's all right. Competition makes dis ole world go 'round. (*Looks at candy. Smile spreads over face.*) I go 'round with dis sugar and catch ole Sam and his flowers.

Ha! Ha! Haw! (*Exits*).

CURTAIN

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## Over the Card Table

By MATILDA ROBINSON

"Mrs. Johnson, it's your deal——Did you see Mrs. Davis' dress? It's the same one she had last year and the year before. It seems to me, she ought to be able to buy one new dress. My husband said Mr. Davis made a good salary and he knows because he's the treasurer of the company——Oh, please pardon me, is it really my bid?——All right, I'll bid two spades——no, I mean just one——O, partner, can't you raise me? Raise me if you have an honor and one more——Well, that wasn't talking across the board. I didn't tell her what I had——Well, you get it at two hearts——O, look at that hat——I bet she got it down there at that little Greek \$3.00 shop——I guess she thinks it's pretty. She told me she got it at Myers', but I know it's not the truth——O, please excuse me——What's trumps? Hearts? Well, there——My cook's first cousin is her maid and she told me something else about that same woman. I promised her I wouldn't tell, but I'll tell you after the game, if you'll promise not to tell anyone else. It's just awful——Oh, did she really? Well, I declare. You never can tell about people——Oh, partner, why didn't you trump that heart?——I believe we could have set them if you had——Oh, is that the trump? Well, please excuse me, but I was thinking that spades were trumps.——Oh, we take the last trick——You made four hearts and that's

game——Partner, we've got to get to work——Hand me the cards, please——It's my deal.

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## Central's Connection

By GERTRUDE HOBBS

Hello——Central? Give me 1190, please——No, not 1150——1190——Yes. Hello, Mary——Listen here——Guess what has happened. Mary and Jack were over here last night to play bridge——Jack Stone, you know, and they are engaged! Yessiree——engaged! It was supposed to be a secret, but they told me about it. Well, this morning who should call up but Mrs. Summers——Mary's mother?——Please hush till I finish telling you about it.

She asked me if I knew where Mary was, and of course I didn't, but guess what? She said she had found a note in Mary's room saying she and Jack were going to elope! Can you imagine it? Mrs. Summers hadn't seen Mary since she came over here and she thought maybe I was in the scheme, too, and she fussed and fussed. Finally, when I made her understand that I was as surprised as she was, why she kinda calmed down and apologized for her angry words. Isn't it the surprise of your life to hear that Mary Summers had "spunk" enough to elope?

What? Ain't this 1190? What? 1150 did you say? Well, I never——.



# Mary Jones Talks Over Phone to Nancy

By CYNTHIA VAUGHN

Hello—3289; yes, please. O hello—that Nancy? Well, Nancy, what do you say? Yes, I got back last night—Well, I'm crazy to see you too—Did I have a good time? Well, I should say I did; just the best ever and the boys I met—just loads of them and all perfectly darling—O yes, indeed; one especially—Marvelous looking, tall, black hair and big blue eyes, you know. He's a wonderful dancer—Did I go to a dance? I went to one every night. I never did have such a good time—O, his name is Bob—Yeah, coming to see me next week. I can't wait. You'll think he's darling. You remember Sarah Brown, don't you? Well, I met a cousin of hers that was awfully nice. He came to see me two or three times. He's cute, but not as cute as Bob. Jane said to give you her love—Yes, I think she's mighty nice—I didn't have much time to shop, but I did get a cute dress and hat. Green, you know; that's so good this year. It has a circular skirt—It's the shortest thing you've ever seen—I hope you'll like it.

I most forgot to tell you about that girl Louis was raving about. Well, my dear, she's a sight. I've never seen such a girl, not a bit pretty—Well, I don't think she's very popular. She just runs after the boys—Don't you hate that kind—They say she is always talking about the other girls—If there's anything I hate it is to talk about other girls, don't you? I never would—Yes, indeed I'll come over tonight and tell you more about it. I'll have to tell you about Ruth Green; just wait till you hear how she acted—Well, goodbye. See you later.



# THE SHUTTLE

*Edited by* DOROTHY LEA

## With Our Critics

“We wish to congratulate the staff of the HOMESPUN of Greensboro, N. C., on their excellent publication. It is the best literary magazine of its kind we have ever received.”

*Franklin High Broadcast, Franklin, Pa.*

“Dear Miss Felder:

“Mr. Page has just given me a copy of the O. Henry number of the HOMESPUN and I am writing to say how very much we like it. We were especially pleased with Carlton Wilder’s verse on O. Henry.

“With congratulations for your excellent magazine, I am,

“Sincerely yours,

“Doubleday, Page and Co.”

“My affectionate regards to your class in Dramatics, and good luck to you in all this interesting work you are doing.”

—Christopher Morley, Roslyn Heights, New York.

“Your magazine is the very best of its kind I have ever seen.”

—Archibald Henderson, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

“We have received two copies of your splendid magazine. It is the first one of its kind that we have ever seen. It certainly shows that you must have an excellent English department in your school.”

—*The Crimson and Gray*, Southbridge, Mass.

## Exchanges

Since our last issue we have received many exchanges and from them have gotten many valuable suggestions. We appreciate the friendliness of editors who make this pleasure possible.

In our next issue we plan to enlarge our Exchange Department, and review every magazine that comes to our desk—commenting in detail rather than generally, perhaps copying material we think of exceptional value.

In this issue we are limited to two pages, so we must make our comments brief. We acknowledge receipt of the following publications:

*The Dial*, Battleboro High School, Battleboro, Vermont—We think your magazine is well organized. The Exchange Department is especially good.

*The Gleam*, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.—We like your magazine and look forward to your next issue.

*The Hillbilly*, Asheville High School, Asheville, North Carolina.—“Who’s Who in A. H. S.” is a fine idea. Why not combine your jokes in one department?

*The Register*, Burlington High School, Burlington, Vermont.—The Literary Department of your magazine is fine!

*The Hi-Life*, Ashland, Kentucky.—Yours is a well-organized magazine. Why not put your ads in the back of the magazine? We believe it would give your magazine a neater appearance.

*Ravelins*, Oxford High School, Oxford, Mass.—We enjoyed your cartoons.

*The Crimson and Gray*, Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Mass.—We are glad to hear from you. Your editorials are excellent. Thanks for your kind review of our book.



