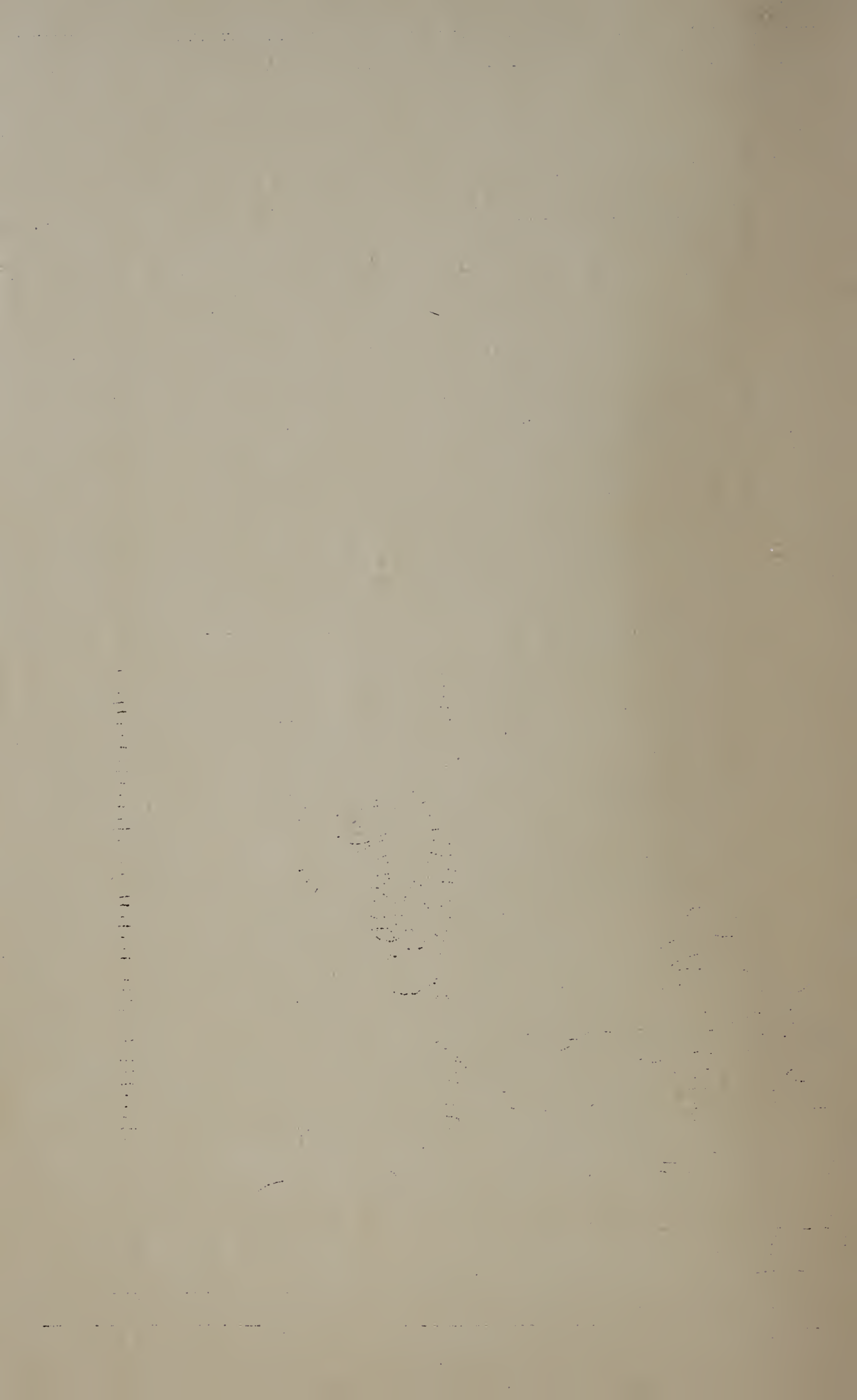


# HOMESPUN

NEW  
YEAR  
ISSUE



EDMUND  
TURNER



# HOMESPUN

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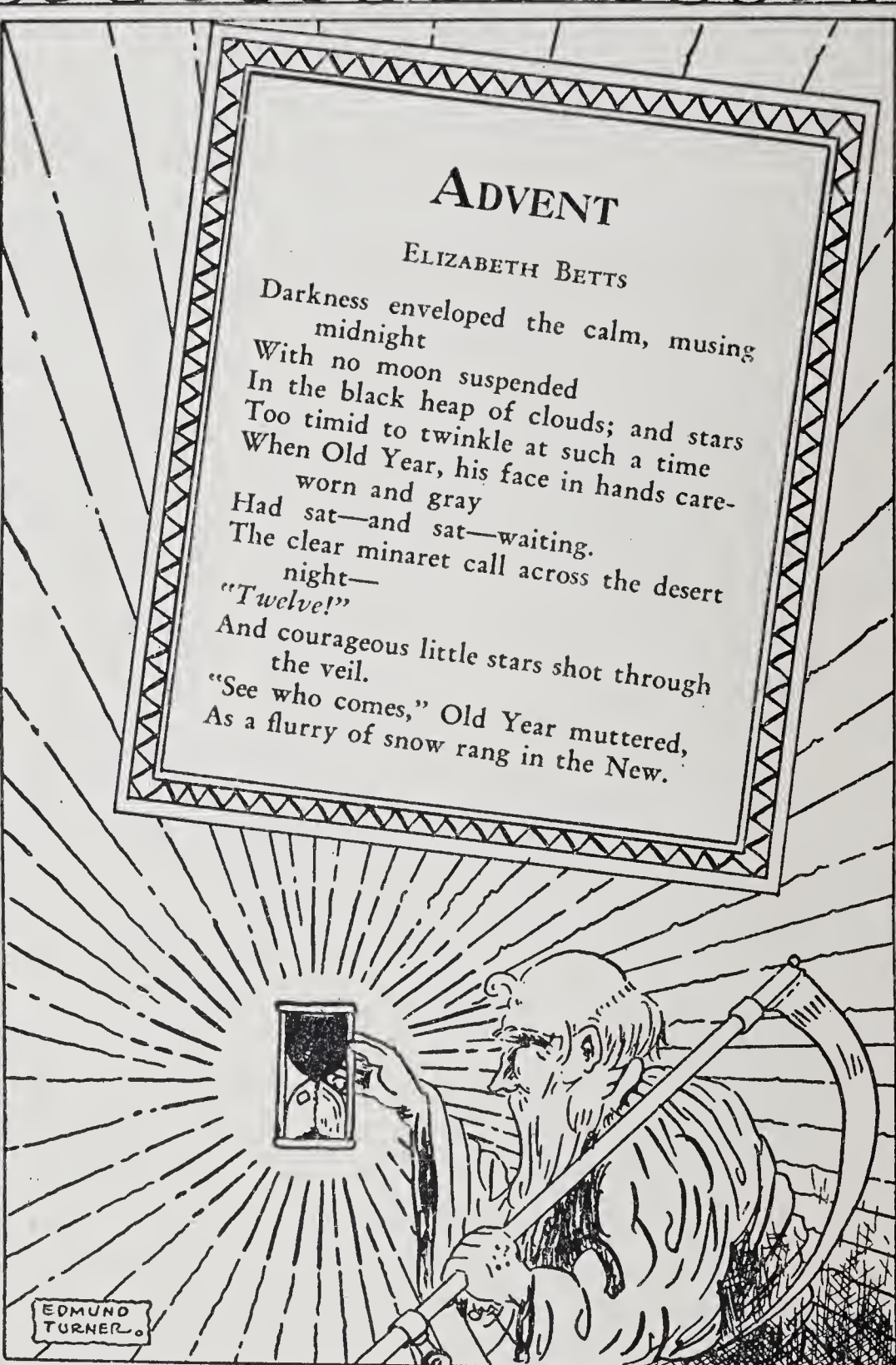
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# ADVENT

ELIZABETH BETTS

Darkness enveloped the calm, musing  
midnight  
With no moon suspended  
In the black heap of clouds; and stars  
Too timid to twinkle at such a time  
When Old Year, his face in hands care-  
worn and gray  
Had sat—and sat—waiting.  
The clear minaret call across the desert  
night—  
"Twelve!"  
And courageous little stars shot through  
the veil.  
"See who comes," Old Year muttered,  
As a flurry of snow rang in the New.



EDMUND  
TURNER.

# THE WEAVE

## THE HISTORY OF NEW YEAR'S DAY

MATILDA ROBINSON

NEW Year's Day, which has, through all the ages, been celebrated on the first day of the year, has not always been January the first. Long years ago, in the time of the ancient Egyptians, September the twenty-first, the autumnal equinox, was the beginning of the year. The Greeks, up until 432 B. C., with the Romans celebrated December the twenty-first. The Romans, under the rule of Cæsar, first adopted the present New Year's Day, January the first. In the early medieval ages, the Christians considered the twenty-fifth of March as the first day. At that time in England, it was the twenty-fifth of December. Later England set aside the twenty-fifth of March with the rest of Christendom. When, in 1582, the Gregorian calendar was established, designating January the first as New Year's Day, all the Catholic countries adopted it. In 1700, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden, and in 1751, England did the same thing.

Ever since the first of January has been accepted as New Year's, gifts have been exchanged at that time. The old Romans began it, bringing New Year's gifts, or *strenæ*, to the temples of the gods and exchanging them between one another.

Today this custom still survives, except that most countries place the date a week earlier, and present their gifts on Christmas Day instead of on New Year's. In France, even today, *le jour d'etrennes*, New Year's Day, is still the day for the exchange of presents.

Not only is New Year's Day celebrated for the beginning of the year, but, in the Eastern and Western Church, it has assumed

a sacred character as in connection with Christmas and as the anniversary of the Circumcision.

Through all lands, in the present time, there is a great deal of merriment and celebrating, and New Year's Day has won a place in the hearts and customs of all the people of the world.



## NEW YEAR CUSTOMS

EVELYN RIVES

**T**HERE are several customs and beliefs of other peoples on the subject of New Year's Day which are very interesting to us. They bring out queer superstitions of the old world.

In Scotland the last day of the year is a holiday. They call this day "Hogamanay." The derivation of the word is unknown and inexplicable. Hogamanay is known as the most popular of all the Daft Days, as the Christmas holidays are called. On this day the children of the poorer class beg at the doors of the richer people. They ask for a dole of oat-bread, and some beg for cheese. When they go to the doors to beg they say "Hogamanay," and they are given this food. The children are swathed in sheets which form a bag to carry the food in. It is a very comical sight on Hogamanay day to see the children walking along the streets with their sheets full of oat-bread and cheese.

There is a similar custom in Ireland. The Irish have round oaten bannocks which have holes in them like our doughnut. These are used for gift-cakes instead of the plain oat-bread of the Scotch. Some of the Irish throw a cake out the door on New Year's Eve, so hunger will not visit them the next year.

Up until the middle of the twentieth century there was a peculiar custom in the Isle of Man. Just before getting in bed on New Year's Eve, the housewife would smooth ashes on the kitchen floor. If there was anything in the ashes the next morning that

resembled a footprint pointing toward the door, the people knew there would be a death in the family some time during the next year. If, however, the heel of the footprint was toward the door, the family would surely be increased.

In England, no holiday is of much value if the flowing bowl is not used. On New Year's Eve the "wassail" bowl is filled with spiced ale, and everybody has to drink some. The poorer families take their bowl and beg for money to buy ale for it.

In some parts of England the old year is swept out. Men and boys dress to represent chimney-sweeps, and sweep the old year out and the new one in. In other parts of England it is burned out with huge bonfires. Sometimes the old year is rung out with muffled bells, which are unmuffled at twelve o'clock.

Two of the English customs which have been handed down to us are "Watch Night," named thus by the Methodists, and the ringing of the old year out and the new year in. Concerning the ringing out and in, Charles Lamb says:

"Of all sounds of all bells most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth. I begin to know the worth of that regretted time as when a person dies."

There is a peculiar custom which is observed by the folk of Derbyshire. There is a posset pot at the home of the person who is having a party or social affair. Into this pot is put the wedding ring of the hostess. Each unmarried person tries to catch the ring in his ladle of posset. The one who catches it will surely be married within a year.

In England, too, the doors of the houses are thrown open at twelve o'clock on New Year's Eve. The entire household cries "Welcome" to the New Year just as the clock strikes twelve. After this everyone looks with eagerness for the first human visitor. A woman visitor is supposed to bring bad luck; and a light-haired man is supposed to bring ill-favor. Large, dark-haired men, however, are welcomed at every door. In Lancashire dark-haired men go from house to house to bring good luck. They receive a gift of liquor or money from the host. It is unlucky for the visitor to enter a house empty-handed; so he usually carries cakes, cheese, or wine. As these visitors pass each other in the streets, they

exchange cakes and other dainties. It is also bad luck to take anything out of the house before anything is brought in. The saying is:

“Take out and take in,  
Bad luck is sure to begin;  
But take in and take out,  
Good luck will come about.”

In parts of England the Bible is consulted. It is opened at the breakfast table and the finger of some member of the family is placed at random on some chapter. The contents of this chapter foretell the fortune of the family for the coming year.

Many of these customs seem strange and amusing to us, but the people who have them, believe in them. They go through these performances, so we are told, in all seriousness and believe they work out right.



## A NEW YEAR WISH

PAULINE GALLOWAY

Of all the riches I would choose  
To last me till my days shall end,  
'Twould be the one I most could use—  
The friendship of a friend—

A friendship grown from frequent meetings,  
Common hopes, and aims of heart;  
A friendship sweetened by silent thinking  
Of each other when apart.



## WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR

DOROTHY MATLOCK

**I**N all Christian countries New Year's Day is celebrated on the first of January; but the first of January in the Gregorian calendar occurs twelve days earlier than in the Julian calendar.

In Scotland, those who wish to learn what fate or fortune the New Year has in store for them may find out by consulting the Bible on New Year's morning before breakfast. The Book is laid on the table and opened at random; the chapter at which the finger is placed is supposed to describe, in some way, the happiness or the misery of the person making the trial.

Another old superstition is that if a lamp or candle is taken out of the house on that day, some member of the family will die. To throw out dirty water, ashes, or anything, no matter how worthless, is supposed to bring ill luck the whole year.

Around Bromyard, as the hour of midnight strikes on the thirty-first of December, a rush is made to the nearest spring to snatch the "cream of the year," the first pitcherful of the new year, and with it prospects for the best of luck. The same excitement goes on at the same hour in the dwellings of South Scotland.

"Burning out the old year" is a custom that still survives in Lanarkshire. A quantity of fuel consisting of branches of trees, and rubbish of all kinds is collected and burned at the "cross." New Year's Day is then spent in visiting and feasting.

At one time in New York on New Year's Day, all the doors of the houses were opened to everybody; even strangers of respectable appearances were welcomed. But this custom became so noisy and unruly, causing so much embarrassment, that now it is almost abolished.

In China and Japan it is the universal rule that all debts must be paid and accounts settled with the ending of the old year. Japan has recently adopted the Gregorian calendar; therefore, their year begins when ours does. The Chinese, however, have their New Year not earlier than February the nineteenth. The holiday is legal for three days only, but it actually lasts longer. Many shops are closed for two weeks.

The Old World custom of sitting up on New Year's Eve to see the old year out and the new year in is now more general in the United States than anywhere else. We, perhaps, should be thankful that we do not have some of the foreign ceremonies and pranks.



## BENEATH THE SURFACE

MELENE BURROUGHS

SADIE crawled out of bed and hurriedly put on her clothes the morning after New Year's Day. She sat down to her breakfast of orange juice and said to herself, "I can't believe that at last I have saved enough to buy a fur coat, a real fur coat at that. I think of all the things that I have denied myself of; yet I had to be economical.

"Just think how the girls at the store will stare and wish they were in my shoes. Even my boy friend will boast to other boys of the stylish taste in dress that his girl has."

On the subway down town Sadie was careful to look at the coat of every lady passenger and to try to determine whether they were real or imitations.

Noon came and Sadie did not wait to partake of any luncheon, but hurried up to the third floor of the large department store in which she worked to see the coats.

"I wish to see some coats, please, some fur coats," Sadie said as a saleslady came toward her.

As she followed the clerk down the softly carpeted aisle, Sadie felt like a millionaire.

"I have a tan fur here," the clerk began; "the only thing that we have in stock." Sadie tried the coat on, strutted before the mirror like a proud peacock, wrapped it one way about her then another to get the full effect.

"That is a wonderful bargain. It is just a dream on you," the clerk said.

"I think it is beautiful," replied Sadie.

"One would think it were real fur; it is such a good imitation," went on the clerk.

"Imitation!" gasped Sadie.

Sadie heard the voice as one in a trance. She felt as if someone had thrown icy water into her face, as if she were just waking from a dream.

"Yes, imitation," the clerk answered. "But, my dear, it will pass for the real thing anywhere."

Sadie's pride was hurt. She had been fooled into thinking that she was getting a real fur coat. What would the girls all say? They would laugh. She turned to the clerk. "I don't know what to do," she said rather pathetically. "You see, I thought it was real——"

She was suddenly interrupted by the breezy entrance of one of the girls from her department. Sadie greeted her somewhat coldly, but her fellow-worker was all cordiality.

"So you're buying a fur coat, are you, Sadie? Oh, it's wonderful—so soft and fuzzy. That's the way with real fur."

"That's just it," said the clerk, smiling. "She can't decide because it isn't——"

"Send the coat out to 124 Kaplen Street, please," Sadie cut in abruptly; "I've changed my mind." She sighed with relief when the clerk disappeared with the coat. It had been a narrow escape. Not for the world would she have let Ann think she was looking at an imitation coat. Of course she had not known it, but then, Ann always told the story her own way. "Her own way" was the most dramatic way it could be told. In an hour the whole store would have thought that Sadie was looking at imitation fur coats. But it was done now. She had the coat, and no one knew whether it was real or not.

She smiled at Ann.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Adore it!" said Ann. "How can you afford a real fur coat, Sadie, for it's real, of course?"

Sadie made apologies and fled. Walking down the stairs she resolved to keep the let-down, disappointed feeling locked tightly in her own heart. She had a sudden desire to laugh, but when she did the laughter was very near to tears.

## NEW YEAR SUPERSTITIONS

BERNICE APPLE

THERE are a number of customs and superstitions connected with New Year that have come down to us from the old English and Scotch peoples. Some of the most interesting of these are the ones connected with the wassail bowl. Both in England and Scotland the wassail bowl was in prominence for several generations. The name "wassail" or "wassel" was derived from the Saxon expression, *Wass hael*, meaning "To your health." At the striking of twelve on New Year's Eve the family would gather around the bowl and drink, "A good health and a happy New Year." Then a general handshaking would take place and this was sometimes followed by a dance around the table.

After this merrymaking in the home, the elders of the family would sally forth with the wassail bowl and visit their friends. If a person entered a home first after midnight, a custom which was called "first-footing," empty-handed, bad luck would befall that home. It was believed, however, that "first-footing" brought good luck if the visitor had cakes, bread, cheese, and the wassail bowl.

Also, in some parts of England, a fair-complexioned person entering a home first after twelve o'clock was looked upon as a good omen, while a dark-complexioned person brought sickness, financial trouble, or commercial disaster.

There was in Scotland, too, a custom of "first-footing" without the "hot pint" or a wassail bowl. A youthful friend of a family would steal to the door and, if the first there, would obtain the privilege to kiss the person who came to the door, hoping that his sweetheart would arrive there first. A great joke to the family it was if the old maid aunt admitted him.

From these superstitions and customs have come our own. Watching the old year out and the new year in is now very prominent, but we see that it is not original in America. The idea that happiness comes to those who watch the new year in is still believed in some places but is gradually vanishing. The custom of the wassail bowl was handed down for years but was then put aside. Today families gather their friends and dine together.

Another custom which is perhaps most common in America is that of making resolutions. This practice today, however, does

not play so important a part as it once did. Now the breaking of resolutions is not so disastrous as it was believed years ago. The popular thought of such a custom is that a person profits by realizing that he perhaps needs "to turn over a new leaf."

Thus we see that the superstitions of New Year have not entirely vanished and that there are some very interesting customs in America as well as in England and Scotland.



## SNOW QUEEN

FLORENCE ARCHER

In the softness of the night  
All are sleeping snug and tight  
While a queen, a stately queen,  
From heaven comes.

No one sees; no one knows  
This stately Queen of Snows,  
Whence she comes or what she seeks.  
Thus she roams,

Spreading joy of whitest white,  
Leaving ravishing delight  
And for some dreaded pain  
That benumbs.

# COLORS IN THE WEAVE

## NEW YEAR GLIMPSES

RUTH HEATH

**N**EW YEAR! New Year! The bells were ringing. The cymbals were clashing. The old year was gone forever, and the new year was just beginning. The little group of gayly dressed people danced almost madly in and out amongst the colored confetti. The past was forgotten. Only the present and future were thought of. They were glad—glad that the old year was gone—glad that another year of youth was before them.

\* \* \* \*

“Another year gone by—a whole year.”

The speaker was alone. He was a poetical-looking person with large melancholy eyes, and there was a temperamental air about him.

“Yes, a year of worthlessness—worthless poems—worthless life. Tomorrow—but tomorrow is another day. Perhaps there won’t be a tomorrow.

“I wonder if Hernal ever received my last poems. Yes, he did. He must have. If he did, I should have heard from him. But then he didn’t want them, of course. That was it. Yes, he got them. Oh, what’s the use, anyway? I wasn’t meant to be a poet. Those poems were rotten, meaningless.”

He paced the floor restlessly. Somehow, the faint oncoming day made him more impatient. Suddenly he hesitated. There was a gleam of steel, a short intaking of breath, a gasp, then silence.

The man sat down and laughed, and as he laughed a stream of blood gushed from his mouth.

The next morning they found a little Roman dagger in his heart. He never knew that he was one of the world’s greatest

poets. He didn't live to find happiness which the new year would have brought him.

\* \* \* \*

"Another year——," said the white-haired lady contentedly as she folded her hands in her lap. She smiled, and her husband beside her smiled, too.

"Yes," he said, "there are not many more years on this earth for us, dear. But then, I am satisfied."

"There are the memories, David. One can live on memories when one's life has been happy. I do not hate to see the years slip by. It simply means a year marked off before eternity."

\* \* \* \*

"So this is New Year's Eve."

Mr. Horacio Perkins sat back in his office chair and glared at the calendar. Then suddenly the frown disappeared, and he smiled.

"This has been a grand old year for me," he said to his companion. "Just think, this time last year I didn't dream my luck would change so completely. Since Harlow went out of business, I've gotten all the trade—nice profits, good——"

The other man cut him short with a rather bitter laugh.

"Yes, for you," he said, "for you, but for me?"

Mr. Perkins twirled his watch-chain with impatience.

"Oh, come now, Stratter, look at the pleasant things that have happened to you, not the bad ones."

But Stratter was not listening. He was staring at the skyline from the office window.

"I am thinking," he said with his back still toward Perkins, "how happy I was a year ago." He turned around suddenly and smiled a crooked little smile. "I didn't know that a year from then my wife would be—be——" He could not finish.

Perkins got up and grasped one of his clenched hands.

"I'm sorry, Stratter," he said in a voice that was not altogether steady. "You *have* been unhappy since your wife has—gone. But still you've got the child, old man. Think what it would have been if *she* had got it."

"Yes," Stratter replied. "I am thinking of the baby. I am thinking of her growing up without a mother."

Perkins shook his head sadly.

"Yes, I know. But Margaret might come back someday."

Stratter looked at him curiously.

“You think so?” He laughed without mirth. “Not Margaret. She is happy with that—fellow in Florence, and I suppose I should be happy here with the baby, but——”

He smiled again and there was a depth of feeling in that smile.



## THE PRISONER'S NEW YEAR

MIRIAM BLOCK

Another New Year's Day dawned upon the world. Father Time turned one more page of his huge, worn book. He smiled rather whimsically as he looked down upon the inscribers of his book. In every place, large or small, men, women and children were making their yearly resolutions. As they did so, Father Time shook his head knowingly, and then wrote upon the pages what each one vowed. Well he knew that they were no sooner said than broken. A black line would mark them out in another day hence.

Mid his musings, Father Time's eye caught sight of a determined man, a man who was not going to break his own promises. He was a prisoner, an elderly one, who had spent the best part of his life behind the bars. The man sat thinking of his past. He remembered how in his youth he had hot-headedly shot a rival of his. It had proved fatal, and this—this for a mistake. There had not even been a pardon, so that he could start life anew. And now this was the twenty-fourth year. Next year, the twenty-fifth, he would be freed. He would show them; he would get even. Then—then—

Father Time looked back at his book. He would inscribe this man's name. He looked, but there was no more room on the page. He could wait. The prisoner's would be the first on the next leaf, not to be turned until another year.



# NEW YEAR IN JAPAN

GEORGE DONAVANT

In Japan the New Year celebration is the greatest one of the year. Preparation for this festival is started several months before. The houses are cleaned and highly decorated with pine and palm boughs. Palm and pine are used because they are ever green and people believe that they symbolize long life.

The streets are highly decorated also with gay lanterns, pines, and palms. The shops display their best goods in highly decorated fashions. At night the streets are thronged by every lady, rich and poor. The whole presents a brilliant scene under the many-lighted lanterns.

Some of the people sit up and watch the New Year in, but others go to bed early and get up early to pray at the rising of the sun. The day is celebrated by many festivals, and there is a feeling of friendship between everybody.



# TWELFTH NIGHT IN ITALY

NELL VOLTZ

In Italy on the twelfth night after Christmas, the children hang up their stockings, just as the children in America do on Christmas Eve. Instead of having a Santa Claus to bring toys, they have a fairy, La Befana, who is supposed to fill the stockings from tip to toe. For centuries this custom has prevailed in Italy. At this time, too, there are parties and get-togethers of all kinds. At these the people enjoy singing beautiful twelfth night carols.

The Italians believe in carrying on, to a certain extent, customs which their ancestors started. Perhaps that is why they contrive to celebrate twelfth night.

# TWELFTH NIGHT IN ENGLAND

ILA CLARK

January the fifth was formerly a festival time in England, the evening and night being set aside as a sort of preparation for successful crops during the coming year. The people named this celebration "Twelfth Night Eve," for it fell on the twelfth night after Christmas. Long before the time arrived, invitations were sent to friends and relatives; and no one refused an invitation to attend a "Twelfth Night Eve."

About six o'clock in the evening on Twelfth Night, the host, his guests, and his servants marched in single file to the largest wheat field on the premises. They halted on the highest spot of the field and formed a circle. Inside of this ring they built twelve small fires and one large one. Then the host started the fun by insisting that everyone drink toasts of hard cider to the success of the season's crops. They danced and shouted until the fires died down. From other fields floated echoes of their neighbors' revelry.

When the fires had burned low, the merry-makers returned to the house of their host. The hostess greeted them with smiles which suggested a hearty dinner in store for them. The reality did not contradict their expectations, for soon the maids served a meal which filled the delighted and hungry men.

From dinner they proceeded to the town square, each man taking an ox and a large cake with a hole in the center. They made a strange picture as they marched along in single file leading the oxen. The host opened the ceremony by passing strong ale freely among his guests, who drank strange toasts to the future of the oxen. On the right horn of each ox a cake was placed; then each animal in turn was tickled with a straw. If he threw the cake back over his body, he belonged to the mistress. If it went forward, he belonged to the master.

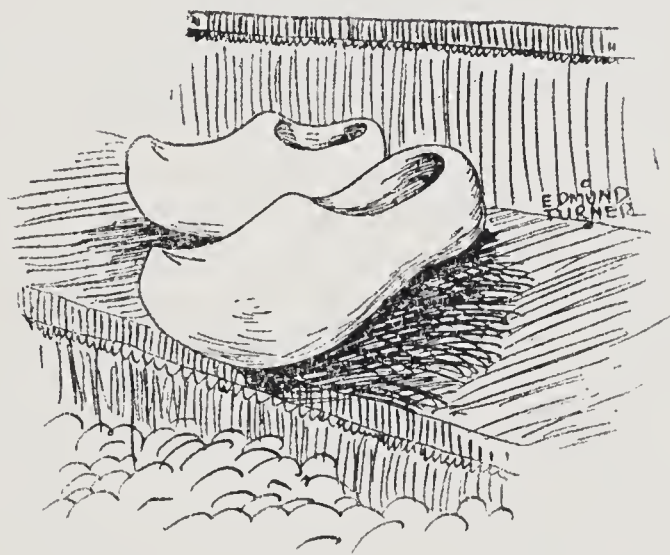
About midnight the gay crowd returned to the home of their host but found themselves locked outside. They pleaded and begged for entrance in vain. The women would not let them enter until they sang some beautiful songs. Merrymaking and drinking continued the remainder of the night. At sunrise the party broke up.

# NEW YEAR IN FRANCE

CATHERINE WHARTON

New Year's Day in France is the time for exchange of gifts between friends, old and young, rich and poor. It is a far more important occasion to the people of France than Christmas.

In past ages the festival lasted twelve days or about two weeks, and on the twelfth night after Christmas an interesting celebration was held. The king and queen had prepared a very large cake in which a bean had been hidden. The person who had the luck to cut the bean took the place of the king or queen for the remainder of the afternoon. Many games were played; many songs were sung. People from all parts of France were present to participate in this festival, undoubtedly the most enjoyable of the year.



# BIRTH AND DEATH

GRAHAM TODD

Blue-gray clouds hover closely—snugly—  
Veil-like.  
Press not sluggishly downward,  
But protect, soften.  
The fields lie dormant 'neath Nature's milk-white cover.  
The fir trees, silent green sentinels,  
Ever watchful, stand guard.  
Snow-birds add life to the scene, and remind us  
All is not sleeping.

On this peaceful scene  
The New Year is born.  
Here the Old Year dies.

Birth is sweet always—with all of life—  
And peaceful,  
But death, extinction, removal—  
How hard we mortals take it!

# WARP AND WOOF

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## *Consistency*

SO long have we been struggling under the illusion of beginning anew on a fresh, clean calendar every twelve months that a thought of New Year instantly brings the well known resolutions of like caption to our attention. Thus it happens year after year. Whether we make resolutions or not, regardless of our ability to keep them (or break them), notwithstanding our opinion as to their efficacy, at New Year's time we take our stock, often reveal glaring deficits, and confidentially administer the lash, within the period of an hour or so, for the mistakes, the failures, the omissions, and commissions of a year.

Our intent at this moment of rigid self-judgment and fixed determination is most admirable; our motive is that of the crusader

at arms. Another year. Another Christmas. Another resolution. Can the fault be bedded in inconsistency?

Our stock-taking is an annual stir of conscience, of will, of good intent. The management of our affairs during the other three hundred and sixty-four days, what of it? The daily success of the business of living makes the life successful, not the periodic sports of exasperated effort prodded on by hope. The solution is not found in annual resolutions. They can be made ridiculously unnecessary. The outcome hangs on self-willed daily conquests and persistent, relentless struggle. The breaking of a new day is another opportunity, and our clean sheet is the morning.

Henry Biggs

## *The Great Tomorrow*

*"What though you conquered yesterday?  
Death has not come to end your tale.  
New tasks confront you down the way,  
And are you not afraid to fail?  
The rose which blossoms once must bear  
New blooms tomorrow, just as fair."*

—EDGAR A. GUEST.

Another day! Another year! A cold, grey dawn, then fading into pink, then blue sky and clear, warm sunlight, sparkling in the winter air! Just another day begun—another day in which to live and love and learn and hope and die; and we might say, "What difference is there? This day is just like other days."

Yes, it is like other days, except—somehow there is a feeling of greater freedom, of newness, of burdens and sadness being lifted. And are they not? Is it not a day of newness and of reborn freedom?

Though the days before were marked with suffering, though theirs has been death and failure, sin, and sorrow, what matters it now? For it is time for a new beginning. If we were blessed, if we had won in love and life, and the tasks before us—what matters that? For are they not things of the past, and are there not new and greater things before us? There is a difference in this and other days? It is the *New Year*; the new awakening—the dawn of a great tomorrow!

Jack Coble

## *Milestones*

Another New Year's Day arrives, another milestone of human existence. Human beings, with their potent instinct for the absolute, the simple, place a greater emphasis on these boundary limits of years than on the years themselves. We do not seem to think of the year as an undivided part of the immense flux of time steadily and inexorably passing out of the grasp of our consciousness. But rather it is to us a gigantic reservoir of time full for three hundred and sixty-five days; then emptied and full again in a moment. We have no instinctive conception of the continuity of universal action.

On the other hand, New Year days fill a useful purpose. We need these milestones; there is no other way we can measure the passage of time, the progress of individual existence, the development of the age—that almost eternal span of the racial life. And here is a day on which we can conveniently discard the past—its sorrows, its mistakes, as meaningless, impotent, part of another age, another existence. Is this an illusion? Probably. And yet it furnishes that inestimable struggle upward to comparative ascendancy in spite of the repeated, crushing blows of the relentless forces in its environment.

It is New Year's Day; we must look forward. The past is ever lurking in the background to destroy us; and yet we have the consolation that it can never again hurt us in exactly the same way; we need never live over its tragedies. At the same time we have learned from it; we have learned strength, courage, wisdom, optimism. We can look forward now toward the future, the struggle of another year, with a zest, an intense eagerness, an invincible confidence in the ultimate beauty and meaning of life.

*Carlton Wilder*

# TANGLED THREADS

## THE WHITE ELEPHANT

FRANCES CARTLAND

“AUNT EMMA, what is this ivory elephant? I have never seen it before,” and Patsy Crist stopped rummaging in her mother’s jewel box as she came upon this tiny object. She was dressed in an old-fashioned costume with wide hooped skirts. A white wig covered her auburn hair. Her young, fresh face was smiling, and her blue eyes sparkled as she held the trinket to her aunt. She had been looking for some jewelry that belonged to her mother, who had died many years ago.

“This, my dear, is a sort of luck charm, with a story attached to it,” said the sweet-faced lady, “but I can not remember it now. The elephant has been in your mother’s family for many years.”

“Luck!” exclaimed the girl. “Oh!” and she smiled happily, “I am going to take it to the masquerade tonight. Maybe something lucky will happen to me. I wish,” she continued a bit sadly, “that it would bring Bob back. But I must hurry, for Dan will be here soon.”

She put the charm in her bodice and placed the silver jewel box in the drawer. Just then the bell rang, and her aunt went downstairs to receive Dan.

Patsy, left alone, adjusted her small black mask and put a beauty patch on her cheek. She threw a silk scarf over her head and turned out the light. On going down she found Dan dressed as a pirate, entertaining her aunt with his usual antics.

“Oh, dear lady,” he said, bending over her hand, “your humble servant awaits your commands.”

“Oh, hush, Dan; don’t be silly,” Patsy remarked laughingly. “Let’s go, for already it is ten o’clock. Good-bye, Auntie dearest.”



Do not wait up for me. I'm sure this gay pirate will not let anyone harm me."

"Good-bye, Auntie dearest," mimicked the young man. Then, a little more soberly, "I will take care of her. Shall we go, Patsy?"

The two young people went out the door, laughing like school children. Miss Emma looked after them smilingly and then went in the library to read.

When they arrived at the masquerade, they immediately entered the maze of dancers. Patsy danced with all kinds of masqueraders. Someway, that night her heart beat a little faster, as if something nice were going to happen. At one o'clock the lights suddenly changed from white to many colors. As their brilliance was softened, each person pelted his neighbor with rainbow confetti and paper streamers. The polished floor and gleaming mirrors reflected this riot of colors. Then the orchestra played the "Merry Widow Waltz," and Patsy found herself in the arms of a court gentleman dressed in the same period as she. She looked up into a pair of brown eyes shining through a black mask, and then dropped her own. Neither said a word as they danced. When the music ended, the cavalier spoke for the first time.

"Let us go out on the balcony," he said, as he offered her his arm.

She consented and they walked slowly out of the ball-room, on to the tiled floor, and over to the broad white railing. Here Patsy seated herself and leaned against a vine-covered post. The young man stood beside her, his hand resting on the rail. The silvery moon lighted the scene, and made each face gleam whitely—the girl's like a cameo against the dark vines.

Suddenly the man spoke. "May I tell you a story? Somehow you seem to understand."

Patsy nodded her consent, and as he started, she thought of Bob. She had met Bob when she was seventeen, and he was nineteen. From the first they had been good friends. Then the war came, and he had to go. Before he left, he promised to write as often as possible. At first his letters came as soon as could be expected, and then stopped altogether. Patsy still had hope that he was not dead, and would come back someday. Somehow this person reminded her of Bob.

"Long ago," said her partner, "one of my ancestors and a friend went to India. When they left, the ruler liked them so well that he gave them many costly things. Beside these, he gave each of them

an ivory elephant. These, he said, would be handed down for generations, in each family, bringing luck to those who had them. Four generations from then a boy and girl from each family would meet, and love, and marry.

"I met a girl four years ago and loved her. Then war came, and I went. I wrote her, until I was captured by the Germans. I came back to America, but I couldn't find my sweetheart. I have the white elephant that belongs to my family, but if I find her, and she does not have the other, I shall marry her anyway. Perhaps you know this girl. Her name is Patsy Crist."

Just then, hearing a small rustle, he looked down, and in the girl's pink palm lay a small ivory elephant. His brown hand went beside hers, and in it lay the mate. He heard a low laugh and looked up—into the smiling face of his Patsy.



## MAG

MARY LYNN CARLSON

Down in a certain tenement district there lived a woman called Mag. No one knew her other name and she had probably forgotten it herself. If her neighbors had stopped to think about it, they would have said that Mag was "bad." She certainly looked it. Her head was too small for her massive, angular body, and it gave her an uncanny look. Her eyes, deep-sunken in her hard, yellow face, were almost hidden by bushy black eyebrows. It was the custom of the mothers in the tenement to terrify their children into quiet by the threat, "Mag'll git ya, if you don't behave!"

One Christmas Eve Mag, with an old black garment on and her head wrapped in something dark, stood in front of a store brightly lighted and bustling with last-minute shoppers. Snow whirled about her, but it, too, seemed afraid and blew off immediately. She alone was still. The tenement children danced around on the sidewalk, partly because they were happy but mostly to keep warm. They grew bold. Even the figure of old Mag failed to terrify them. They dared each other to see who would go nearest

her. Nearer and nearer they would come, and then dash away in high glee. The dark figure made no move. One patched little fellow boasted, "I can touch her. I'm not afraid!"

"Oh ho, you can," the rest answered; "do it then."

The boy took a deep breath; then ran full speed to where old Mag stood, touched her as he passed, stumbled headlong over the curbing and fell into the street. People screamed, brakes ground, and a car came to a stop. From under its wheels they took the crumpled body—not of a child, but of a woman in black.

Word went around in the tenement, but no one seemed much interested, that old Mag had saved the life of a child—and sacrificed her own.



## WHICH I LOVE BEST?

TALLULAH MATHENY

Which I love best? It is not hard to tell.  
The rushing Titan river that slips and slides?  
The silver infant stream that gleams and hides?  
The snow-bright parent mountain, crag, and fell?

No, I love them all. But the wild sea,  
Shifting the shells along its wandering bay,  
Singing along in its strange, wild, echoing way,  
Is most serenely beautiful to me.

Down where the breakers smack the sounding dens,  
I hear the splash of the river in the cool spray.  
The blue sea floor of a glistening winter day  
Runs with the green rivulets of summer glens.

Booming up from the watery rafters come  
The tumultous mysteries of the melting crest.  
Oh, it is the brimming sea I love the best;  
The home of gypsy waters, the streamlets' tomb.

# THE ROYAL CRESCENT

RUTH HEATH

## PLACE

*The Luxemburg Kingdom*

## TIME

*Present*

### CHARACTERS:

CHARLES DARIOC, *the King of Luxemburg*

PEITRO KALENIN, *the King's closest friend*

STALIN, *Premier of Luxemburg*

ZINOVIEV, *one of the oldest and most respected subjects of Luxemburg*

ADRIENNE, *a beautiful young girl*

CATHERINE OF BRUSSELANIA

AMBASSADOR OF BRUSSELANIA

COUNT ANDRES

SERVANT OF CATHERINE

ALBERTO, *a servant*

SCENE—It is at night on the white marble piazza at the Royal Palace of Luxemburg. The piazza, oblong in shape, makes a balcony effect over the lake beyond it. The water ripples in the moonlight's path. The moon casts a pale blue light on the piazza. White columns and green plants are seen in the background. A marble bench with a deep, rich scarf draped artistically across it is at l. c. Upstage is a banquet table—half circle. At each place is a large cathedral candle which furnishes the light except for two brilliant lights back stage.

*(When the curtain rises seven men, in evening dress, are discovered sitting around the table. The banquet has apparently ended. ALBERTO is placing glasses filled with vivid-colored wine before them. Nothing is said until ALBERTO leaves the room).*

### STALIN

*(Rising and holding his wine glass)*

To His Majesty! *(He is a large, elderly, aristocratic man. His hair is beginning to turn grey). (All rise, except center man, and drink. His Majesty seems not even to hear the toast. He is looking*

away. He is a handsome man—very young and very graceful. His title fits him to perfection. After the toast the men set down the glasses and become very informal).

ZINOVIIEN

The wine is excellent, is it not, your Majesty?

CHARLES

*(Fingering his untouched wine. He laughs)*

Wonderful.

PEITRO

Your Highness, you can't be brooding over your coming marriage! Why, the fair Catherine—

STALIN

No, it isn't that, of course. Perhaps it is just because he cannot become accustomed to the fact that he *is* going to be married.

PEITRO

My dear Stalin, Charles was never meant to be single. He is far too handsome——

CHARLES

*(Warningly)*

Peitro!

ONE OF THE MEN

Begging your pardon, Your Highness, but—are you quite yourself tonight?

PEITRO

Are you feeling quite all right, Charles? Really, you are not playing your new role so very well, are you?

STALIN

*(Alarmed)*

You are not well, Your Majesty?

CHARLES

*(Rising)*

Oh, I'm quite all right. Don't bother about me, anymore. I fear that Peitro sometimes carries things too far.

PEITRO

My dear Charles——

ZINOVIIEN

*(Glancing at his watch)*

It is almost time for Her Majesty of Brusselania to come down. Shall we go in the reception room, Your Highness, and await her arrival?

CHARLES  
(*Absently*)

By all means—by all means.

ONE OF THE MEN

Permit me to say this, Your Highness. Before we go, I just want to say how very noble I think you are to do this thing. You cannot imagine what you have done for your country by agreeing to this engagement. With these two countries united we can—need I say it, Your Majesty? And may I offer my congratulations? I hope you and Catherine will be very, very happy.

CHARLES  
(*Gravely*)

Thank you.

PEITRO

With one so beautiful His Royal Highness could hardly—

CHARLES

Pietro!

STALIN

Shall we—a—?

CHARLES

Yes, yes. That is, you gentlemen go. I—I will join you presently.

STALIN

Your Majesty is not really ill?

ZINOVIEV

Perhaps we had better—

CHARLES  
(*Impatiently*)

Oh, I assure you I am all right. You see, I must—I must rest a little before I a—a—

STALIN

Yes, yes, I understand. Let us withdraw, gentlemen.

ZINOVIEV

We will see you then, Your Highness?

(*All bow off stage except PEITRO, who remains in the back of the piazza apparently absorbed in the scene before him. He is smoking.*)

CHARLES  
(*Not seeing PIETRO, walks about*)

Alberto!

*(Enter Alberto)*

ALBERTO

*(Bowling)*

Yes, Your Majesty.

CHARLES

Clear off the table immediately. *(ALBERTO begins to put glasses on the tray)*. Then take the table out.

*(Exit ALBERTO with glasses)*

PEITRO

*(Turning around suddenly)*

Charles, what is this all about?

CHARLES

*(Starting)*

You here?

PEITRO

What is it? Charles, something's worrying you.

CHARLES

*(Looking to left. Restlessly)*

Nothing. Nothing.

PEITRO

Oh, come, Charles. Haven't I known you long enough to know when something is troubling you? *(Turns suddenly.)* Is it because you don't—don't care for Catherine?

*(Enter ALBERTO with two other servants)*

CHARLES

I told you that there was nothing the matter, Peitro, now——

PEITRO

We've been friends a long time, Charles. We've been confidential. We've shared everything except the crown. Listen, Charles, any man could tell that something is wrong. Now, out with it! I swear it is between us two.

*(Exeunt servants with table)*

CHARLES

*(Walking to balcony)*

Oh——

PEITRO

*(Following him)*

Is it—Catherine?

CHARLES

*(Turning angrily)*

No! I wish you would leave me alone——

*(Enter ALBERTO and servants)*

PEITRO

*(Musing)*

She's pretty enough. You can't complain there——tall——  
majestic——

CHARLES

Oh——stop——please! A man's patience only lasts——

*(Exit servants with chairs)*

PEITRO

You're lucky and don't know it——think——

CHARLES

Yes, I've thought, and she's all right as far as that goes. And  
*(sighing)* I suppose we will get on very well——as well as I would  
with anyone I do not love.

*(Enter ALBERTO)*

CHARLES

That will be all until I ring, Alberto.

*(Exit ALBERTO)*

PEITRO

Oh, well, m'lad, I see it now. But let me tell you, Charles, love  
doesn't come to all of us. You'll probably never really fall in love.  
Take a pretty one when you can get her is my advice.

CHARLES

*(Pacing floor)*

You don't understand——you couldn't possibly. Now, Peitro, you  
had better go. Stalin may need you.

PEITRO

*(Lighting a cigarette. Coolly)*

Oh, I think not.

CHARLES

*(Pacing floor, exasperated)*

Peitro, am I going to have to——

PEITRO

Not at all. I'm going now. *(Turns to go)*.

CHARLES

*(Remorsefully)*

Peitro!



PEITRO  
(*Stopping*)

Yes?

CHARLES  
(*Going to him*)

Don't mind me, Peitro, but I——am a little upset tonight. And you wouldn't understand.

PEITRO  
(*Grasping his hands*)

Yes, I think I do, Charles. I'll see you in the reception room. (*Exit*). (*He scarcely goes out before a beautiful girl appears at the left. She is in native costume—a lovely, soft-colored dress*).

ADRIENNE  
(*Softly*)

Dennis!

CHARLES  
(*Turning quickly*)

Adrienne! (*Rushes to her, and takes both her hands*).

ADRIENNE

He—a servant—was very suspicious, but I managed to creep by.

CHARLES

Oh, my dear.

ADRIENNE

I'm glad you suggested meeting here—it's beautiful.

CHARLES

I had a hard time getting them out.

ADRIENNE

Getting them out?

CHARLES  
(*Confused*)

Yes—yes. You see, the—the king is a very stubborn person, Adrienne. He tried his best to stay, too.

ADRIENNE  
(*Breaking away*)

Oh, are you a friend of the king's?

CHARLES

Yes—a sort of friend.

ADRIENNE

I feel so sorry for him, don't you?

CHARLES

Sorry?

ADRIENNE

Yes. It must be terribly boring doing the things he *ought* to do, and marrying the person he *should* marry.

CHARLES

Yes, that's true. But let's not talk of him.

ADRIENNE

What a lovely piazza. Is this the royal palace?

CHARLES

Yes, do you like it?

ADRIENNE

Adore it. Isn't the moon gorgeous over the lake, Dennis?

CHARLES

*(Going to her)*

Not half so gorgeous as you.

ADRIENNE

It must be wonderful to have this piazza always.

CHARLES

He gets lonesome on it, sometimes.

ADRIENNE

The king? Yes, but he'll marry eventually—they always do.

CHARLES

Yes. *He* is going to be married very soon.

ADRIENNE

Is he? But I don't suppose it would be at all romantic—even here—with one he doesn't love.

CHARLES

It isn't.

ADRIENNE

Very likely he won't love her—just any princess or queen they pick out for him. *(Goes to bench)*.

CHARLES

*(Following her)*

You look wonderful tonight, Adrienne. You—— *(He stops abruptly as the faint strumming of a guitar is heard. Suddenly a man begins singing the throbbing words of "Kashmiri Song." They listen. It suddenly dies away into the stillness of the night)*.

CHARLES

*(Making a movement toward her)*

Adrienne!

ADRIENNE

*(Dreamily)*

"Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,  
Where are you now? Who lies beneath your spell?  
Whom——"

CHARLES

*(Jerking himself away from her, he strides to the other side of the room).* My God!

ADRIENNE

Wasn't it lovely, Dennis? Every chord is a heart-beat——

CHARLES

*(Going to her)*

I have something that I must tell you sometime, Adrienne—but not tonight—not tonight. Just this, darling: whatever happens, remember that I love you more than life itself.

ADRIENNE

As if I did not know that, Dennis. *(Swallowing).* Dennis——

CHARLES

*(Squaring up—looking away quickly)*

The moon is pretty, Adrienne.

ADRIENNE

*(Not looking. She sighs)*

Yes.

CHARLES

Don't, Adrienne!

ADRIENNE

I don't know what it is that is hurting you so, Dennis. I only know that I love you so much that—*(The man starts singing again, but he breaks off after a few strains of the second verse).*

CHARLES

*(Softly)*

Your hands are pale, Adrienne. My heart lies beneath their spell.

ADRIENNE

Pale——pale——isn't that an exquisite word——

CHARLES

I hear someone!

ADRIENNE

No!

CHARLES

*(Going to right)*

Yes! You must go, dear.

ADRIENNE

Yes. *(Hurrying to left)*. Good-by.

CHARLES

*(Clasping her hands)*

Good-by, dearest, remember what I told you. *(Exit ADRIENNE)*.

*(Enter STALIN. CHARLES is very disturbed)*.

STALIN

Did you rest well, Your Highness?

CHARLES

Yes. Quite well.

STALIN

Your Highness——

CHARLES

Yes?

STALIN

You see, Your Majesty, Catherine—a—

CHARLES

Yes?

STALIN

A—well, she seems very much upset about something. She requests—or shall I say demands—that she see you alone. Does it—

CHARLES

Why, yes, I suppose so. One usually sees one's betrothed alone, doesn't one?

STALIN

Yes, yes, of course, only I thought perhaps—

CHARLES

Well, never mind what you thought; tell Catherine to come in.

STALIN

Yes, Your Highness. *(Goes to right)*. *(Stops)*. Oh, pardon me, Your Majesty, but Monsieur le Comte arrived a few minutes ago.

CHARLES

Monsieur le Comte?

STALIN

Comte Andres of——

CHARLES  
Oh. Very well. (*Sbrugs*). (*Exit STALIN. CHARLES rings*).  
(*Enter ALBERTO*)

CHARLES  
You may serve wine for two, Alberto. (*ALBERTO bows and exits*).

(*Enter STALIN, CATHERINE, and her maid. CATHERINE is a tall, beautiful woman—exquisitely dressed in a white beaded evening dress*).

CATHERINE  
Charles! (*Offers her hand*).

CHARLES  
(*Bows slightly as he kisses her hand*)  
Catherine!

CATHERINE  
(*Abruptly to STALIN*)  
Monsieur, you said——

STALIN  
(*Bowing to her*)  
Adieu, Your Majesty. (*To CHARLES*). Your Highness.  
(*Exeunt woman and STALIN. Enter ALBERTO with drinks*).

CHARLES  
Set them on the bench, Alberto, and that will be all. (*Exit ALBERTO*).

(*A pause*)  
CATHERINE  
(*Turning to CHARLES. She smiles a bit cynically*)  
A lovely spot—for lovers.

CHARLES  
Yes.

CATHERINE  
It must be romantic when one is in love.

CHARLES  
(*Raising one eye-brow*)  
Yes?

CATHERINE  
(*Laughing without mirth*)  
Let us get to an understanding at once, Charles. We are not  
in love.

CHARLES

A pity.

CATHERINE

Yes, a pity——but one can't help it——

CHARLES

Really, you are frank, Catherine. One doesn't usually tell one's fiance that.

CATHERINE

Why pretend? Since we had nothing to do with it, and since we *are* engaged, don't you think we had better come to an understanding at once?

CHARLES

Pardon me, Your Highness, but you have a purpose, have you not?

CATHERINE

Exactly.

CHARLES

*(Lighting a cigarette)*

All right, Catherine. I'll listen.

CATHERINE

*(Going to him)*

Promise me that. Oh, promise me that.

CHARLES

Why, of course——

CATHERINE

But you don't understand, Charles. It's a very serious matter. Charles, give me your word that you will hear me out.

CHARLES

I swear it.

CATHERINE

*(Relieved. Crosses stage, then turns).* It's long. *(Pause).* Oh, haven't you guessed it—but of course you haven't—I am not Catherine.

CHARLES

*(Rushing to her)*

Not Catherine!

CATHERINE

No.

CHARLES

But I don't understand——You—I——you——

CATHERINE

Let me begin at the beginning.

CHARLES

But, my dear lady, this literally changes everything—we are not engaged any longer, if you are not Catherine.

CATHERINE

That is what I'm trying to keep from being broken—not because I could fool you into thinking I love you, for I do not—but—oh, will you listen to it all? You promised.

CHARLES

But this—this. We must go tell them. (*Starts to right*).

CATHERINE

(*Clinging to his arm*)

No! No! No! You must hear what I have to say first.

CHARLES

But this——

CATHERINE

You swore—you swore.

CHARLES

(*Calming down*)

But this changes everything—all relations.

CATHERINE

I know—but you promised on your word, that you would listen.

CHARLES

(*Reluctantly*)

All right, but it can't possibly change things after this——

CATHERINE

But you will listen?

CHARLES

(*Seating himself on the bench*)

Yes.

CATHERINE

Yes. Yes. Well, I will tell you who I am right at first. I am the real Catherine's half-sister. You see—oh, you have doubtless heard the story of the——queen, have you not? Nevertheless, I am going to tell it again, and this is the real truth, you understand?

CHARLES

Quite.

CATHERINE

As you know—Marie, the Queen of Brusselania secretly married a plebeian. That man was my father.

CHARLES

Oh.

CATHERINE

My mother died when I was born. I was five when he married Marie, Catherine's mother. You know, too, what an uproar it caused—that marriage. Marie was dethroned. She escaped with her husband and was never seen again.

CHARLES

Yes.

CATHERINE

They went to Italy, and there Catherine was born—my half sister, and the real heir to the Brusselian throne. Marie did not live long. She died a few years after Catherine came, and we three lived together in Italy. Father was determined Catherine would never have to suffer what Marie did; so he kept her well disguised. That is, he kept the birthmark on her shoulder well covered. Catherine was always so happy—always dancing. Oh——she is lovely—Catherine.

CHARLES

*(Jumping up)*

Then she is alive?

CATHERINE

*(Cautiously)*

Yes, but—(CHARLES *sits down again*).

CATHERINE

Meanwhile, affairs in Brusselania were rather bad. Marie's third cousin was a poor ruler. He died two years ago. So there Brusselania was, countries threatening war on every side of her—and no ruler. The people had long since forgiven Marie, and they wanted her back—or any heir she had left in the world. It was Count Andres that found Catherine.

CHARLES

Oh—so that is why you were so agitated? He will know that you are not Catherine.



CATHERINE

*(Nodding)*

He and you alone know it. You see, Catherine was dancing one evening—her shoulders were bare—(this was after father's death) and he saw her birth-mark and recognized it. He had been a personal friend of the royal family for years and knew the birth-mark that has run in Marie's family for generations. You can guess what followed. Andres wired that he was bringing Her Highness home. A royal party was to meet us in Venice. But at Venice, the tragedy happened.

CHARLES

She was hurt?

CATHERINE

No, no! We arrived in Venice several days before the royal party. Andres was suddenly called to Africa on account of the illness of his wife. That left us three whole days in Venice—alone. Catherine was wonderfully happy at first. Then we noticed a change. It happened, Charles, before I knew it. She had fallen in love with a man she could never marry, now that she was a queen.

CHARLES

*(Rising)*

Oh!

CATHERINE

You know yourself what a tragedy it would be if you fell in love with a—a commoner.

CHARLES

Yes—Oh—a pity—poor girl.

CATHERINE

It was—oh, horrible the way she suffered. I never knew who he was—but, how she loved him, Charles! Then he had to leave—she could not bear to tell him that she could not marry him. I—well—she finally became desperate and asked me to do a thing I—could not refuse. She actually begged me to take her place as queen, so she could marry him. She knew I was jealous of her all of the time—I had always loved pomp and ceremony, and she hated it. It didn't take long. An expert brander and I had a half circle on my shoulder as she. The rest was simple. I was taken for Catherine—she for me.

CHARLES

And what became of her?

CATHERINE

She is happy today. She left immediately in search of him—lost herself purposely in Europe. I heard from her the other day by a secret messenger. She has found him again—I know not where.

(A pause)

CHARLES

(Coming back to earth)

A—but my dear Catherine—I mean—er—

CATHERINE

Diana.

CHARLES

That cannot possibly affect *me!*

CATHERINE

But, Charles, let me finish. It has everything in the world to do with you. You alone can help me perfect my disguise.

CHARLES

My dear—you expect too much of one. Surely you don't expect——

CATHERINE

I do. I do.

CHARLES

Impossible. Impossible.

CATHERINE

You are mistaken. Charles, if you reveal me, what will you gain besides an annulment of the marriage only to have to marry another woman you do not love, then I——

CHARLES

That is true.

CATHERINE

Yes, it is true. Whereas if you remain silent, we shall marry. Then—two lives happy, Catherine and her lover—two lives unhappy, you and I. If we do not marry, you would not be happy, nor the one you marry, nor Catherine or her lover, nor I—for I could not be happy when Catherine was not. That makes five unhappy lives.

CHARLES

*(Pacing the floor)*

But I can not—I will not enter into any conspiracy. Loyalty to my country keeps me from that.

CATHERINE

But have you no loyalty to life itself—or happiness? After all, that is what really counts—happiness. What does loyalty matter when the happiness of a score of humans remains in the air until you choose to snap your selfish, royal finger, and dash them to the ground. Oh, Charles, you have never been in love—you can't understand——

CHARLES

*(Turning fiercely)*

How do you know I haven't? How do you know? God knows!

CATHERINE

*(Turns away)*

Forgive me—I didn't know.

*(A pause)*

CATHERINE

*(Turns to him)*

Charles, don't let Catherine's life be wrecked—as yours. You can save her. You alone can make her happy.

CHARLES

*(Staring at water)*

Yes——

CATHERINE

Don't you see, you wouldn't be any better off—*she* would. Oh, Charles, for the heart you have in you, in the memory of the unfortunate girl you love, do this thing.

*(A pause)*

CHARLES

*(Turns with tears in his eyes)*

I will. I will. *(Grasps her hand)*. God, help me!

CATHERINE

*(Sighing)*

Thank you. Thank you. *(Goes to other side of room)*. I—I can never thank you enough. You will never know——how much I really——

*(STALIN enters briskly)*

STALIN

*(Bowling)*

Pardon me, Your Majesty, but Monsieur le Comte is impatient.

CATHERINE

We will receive Monsieur, will we not, Charles?

CHARLES

Tell Monsieur that Catherine and I wish to see him alone. I will ring when the rest may come in.

STALIN

But, Your Majesty——

CHARLES

*(Haughtily)*

You forget you are addressing His Majesty.

STALIN

*(Bowling)*

Your pardon, Your Highness. *(Exit)*.

CATHERINE

You will——?

CHARLES

I will verify every word you say.

CATHERINE

Oh, thank you.

*(Enter ANDRES, a tall, well-dressed man. He has a tiny French moustache. CATHERINE—or rather DIANA—has her back turned).*

ANDRES

*(Bowling)*

Your Majesties.

CHARLES

*(Coldly)*

Monsieur.

ANDRES

*(Stroking his moustache)*

Catherine, it is a pleasure to see you again.

CATHERINE

*(Turning)*

Monsieur!

ANDRES

*(Astonished)*

Mademoiselle—you—it—*(Turning to CHARLES pathetically)*.  
She—she *isn't* Catherine.

CATHERINE

Sh—sh! (*Rushes to him*)

ANDRES

(*Quite overcome*)

But I don't understand. Catherine was petite—her hair was brown—

CATHERINE

Calm yourself, Monsieur. I am not Catherine—but to the world I am—and shall be!

ANDRES

But Mademoiselle—Monsieur—

CATHERINE

Be careful, Monsieur. Remember you have a family. I think perhaps you are not wanting to lose the fortune you received for Catherine's recovery. And one does not have to be around you long to know you would hate to lose that foolish head of yours.

ANDRES

But you are not Catherine, Mademoiselle.

CATHERINE

Any jury would condemn you for treachery to your country.

ANDRES

But what do you mean to do? You are not—

CATHERINE

I am. Now we can talk, Monsieur. We will be candid, shall we not? No, I am not Catherine. But the world is going to think so; yes, Charles?

CHARLES

Assuredly.

ANDRES

I refuse to listen to such a conspiracy—it's an outrage.

CATHERINE

As I was saying—you were not a wealthy man before you got this reward. Your family was more name than anything else. Now, listen. Do you want to lose the money—for surely if I am not Catherine, then the reward isn't yours.

ANDRES

But I will get Catherine—I will bring her back.

CATHERINE

How, may I ask? No one in all Europe knows where she is today. She is perfectly disguised. Even I do not know where she is.

ANDRES

But this is preposterous. You are an impostor.

CATHERINE

Oh, come, Monsieur. Let's stop acting—it's getting melodramatic. I don't think you object so. If you do, you have no reason for it. I'm not asking you to marry me. It is Charles that is going to do that. All I see is that you are getting a whole lot of money for doing something you haven't really done. (*Sbrugs*). But of course if you—

ANDRES

Mademoiselle, what are you going to do?

CATHERINE

Is not that obvious, Monsieur?

ANDRES

(*Agitated*)

Oh, I'll do anything you say.

CATHERINE

Are you sure?

ANDRES

Yes! Yes! Only, please——

CATHERINE

I have your word then. You may call the Premier, Charles, before Monsieur has a chance to change his mind.

(*CHARLES Rings*)

CATHERINE

Now, remember, Mon——

ANDRES

(*Walking nervously about*)

Yes. Yes. But the real Catherine—won't she?

CATHERINE

She is happy. She didn't want the throne, and I took it—but God knows how tired, how utterly tired I am of it!

(*Enter STALIN, ZINOVIEV, and AMBASSADOR, talking, all low*)

STALIN

All through? Monsieur le Comte seems terribly unnerved.

ANDRES

Not at all. Not at all. I always get excited over arguments. I—we—that is, we can't decide whether the queen will wear white or black velvet at the—the wedding.

ZINOVIIEN

*(Laughs)*

Indeed! I suggest white.

ANDRES

But don't you think black velvet with diamonds would add so much more dignity? *(Straightens collar)*.

*(CHARLES gets wine and offers it to CATHERINE)*

CATHERINE

*(Taking glass)*

Thank you.

CHARLES

Any you gentlemen have wine?

*(A series of No's are heard. CHARLES swallows it in a gulp. He and CATHERINE are standing together at right. The men all in a group)*.

AMBASSADOR

But white is so much more suitable for a wedding——

CATHERINE

*(Laughing)*

Really, you amuse me. You are talking like a group of women. I think, too, that the bride usually chooses her own gown. *(Sips wine daintily)*.

ANDRES

Of course, only——

CATHERINE

*(Laughing)*

I think I shall toast my much-discussed dress. *(Laughs)*. To my wedding gown of pearls——*(She stops suddenly, the glass on her lips, then it crashes to the floor)*.

*(ADRIENNE appears at left. She does not seem to see CATHERINE)*

ADRIENNE

I was hunting a bracelet I lost—I—Diana! *(Stops horrified)*.

ANDRES

Catherine! *(Makes a sweeping bow)*.

CHARLES

Adrienne! *(Rushes to her)*.

ADRIENNE

No! No! No!

AMBASSADOR

But I don't understand——

STALIN

What do you mean? (*Pointing to Diana*). That is Catherine.

ZINOVIEV

There can't be two Catherines——

AMBASSADOR

But I don't understand——

CATHERINE

(*Putting her arms around ADRIENNE*)

My dear, what a misfortune—I didn't know you were here——

ADRIENNE

Yes. This is he—Dennis—the one I met in Venice——

CHARLES

Then—then, you are Catherine—you are the one——

ADRIENNE

Oh, I didn't mean for it to turn out this way—I——

CHARLES

But I always thought you were a peasant—I never dreamed the story would coincide.

AMBASSADOR

But I don't see——

CATHERINE

I'm sorry, Adrienne—I'll leave immediately—now that you will be happy with—with Dennis.

ADRIENNE

But now I can't worry him—I——

STALIN

But how—what——

CHARLES

Adrienne, you are signed to marry King Charles of——

ADRIENNE

(*Shivering*)

Yes, oh, Dennis, I didn't mean—I, you see I thought I would never be recognized—or found. Dennis—I shall hate him.

CATHERINE

Oh, I think not, Adrienne. You'll like him.

AMBASSADOR

But I don't understand——



CHARLES

Cath—ah—Diana, will you explain to them—in the reception room?

CATHERINE

With pleasure.

STALIN

But——

CATHERINE

Come to the reception room, and I will explain.

CHARLES

Please withdraw, gentlemen. (*All bow and exit*). Yes, Your Majesty.

ADRIENNE

Wha—what did they mean?

CHARLES

Just what they said.

CATHERINE

Good-by, Adrienne; I will see you later about the arrangements——

ADRIENNE

Yes—all right.

(*Exit Catherine*)

CHARLES

Adrienne!

ADRIENNE

But I don't understand, Dennis—they called you——

CHARLES

Poor blundering royalists—both of us trying not to let the other one know——

ADRIENNE

But——

CHARLES

Adrienne, don't you see that it is I whom you are going to marry?

ADRIENNE

Then you are—Charles?

CHARLES

(*Bowing*)

None other.

ADRIENNE  
(Goes to him)

Then—then——

CHARLES  
(Taking her in his arms)

We will be married unless the very heavens collapse. (He kisses her).

(End)



## THE POTTERY SHOP

RUTH HEATH

There is a little pottery shop  
Half-hidden in the wood  
By trees and underbrush. On top  
Of a knoll in lonely mood.

Yes, there it is among the pines.  
Alone it waits and hears  
The wild whisperings of the winds,  
Of storms and secret fears.

Inside the shop a dark-eyed child  
Keeps vigil o'er the wares.  
Somehow, her eyes seemed sweet and mild,  
And weary of her cares.

But when I questioned her of this  
They fairly caught on fire.  
Then came a blur of tears—a mist  
On them. *She* did not tire.

She shook her head and stood erect.  
“Leave?” She laughed. “Never!”  
She spake simply without effect,  
And said, “I’ll stay forever!”

I did not understand, or see;  
So sought me out a lad  
Of Indian blood. It then was he  
Who told the tale. 'Twas mad!

He said that once—oh, years ago,  
Her Indian father sought  
To find the end of the rainbow  
Of which the myths had taught.

The years went by and every night  
Saw the pale candle-flame,  
And yet it never seemed to light  
His footsteps home again.

So does the girl with mystery eyes  
That dart around and dance,  
And smothered Indian passion dies  
In the darkness of her glance.

And she can stand up straight today,  
And laugh. "Leave? Never!"  
Her soul and body always say  
With fire, "I'll stay forever!"



## JANUS

BANKS SIMPSON

Janus, in Roman mythology, was the god for whom the first month of the year, January, was named. As the "spirit of opening," he was invoked at the beginning of all undertakings and therefore was naturally the god of the beginning of the day and also of the beginning of the year.

In ancient Rome, where the year began in March, the day was sacred to Janus, whose two faces were typical of the attitude of the people toward a day which gave cause for reflection on the past and thought for the future.

# FATHER RYAN AND HIS CONFEDERATE POEMS

HENRY BIGGS

**T**HE historian arrays in chronological order the facts of history; the poet is the master recorder of heart-throbs of his people. He is a sympathetic spirit who can fathom the veiled shadows of sublime suffering and discover the first cause for a tear; sensitive to joy, he discerns in the gurgling of a brook the laughter of a girl. The poet's vision ascends to the heights even as it plunges into the depths. God is his source; man's soul is his subject. Through poetry he reconciles the fact with the ideal.

It befalls some to sing verses of joy in lands filled with prosperity and peace; it was Abram Joseph Ryan's privilege to chant the hymns of a proud and conquered Southland, emaciated by privation and suffering, yet beautiful in her tri-colored cloak of heroes' blood, the pure whiteness of the love rendered by Southern womanhood, and the clear blue of hope which is ever with a people who dare to build anew 'mid the ashes of a ruined and wounded land. Father Ryan, like the true poet, feeling with his country the challenge of the hour, the surge of patriotic fervor for a noble cause, registered those impulses in verse that will never be forgotten. Henceforth, he became Dixie's poet-priest, the Southern bard of battle.

The date and place of Abram Ryan's birth are still matters of controversy. Authorities have variously assigned 1834, 1836, and 1840 as his date of birth; and, as far as biographical history relates, his birthplace was either Norfolk, Virginia, or Hagerstown, Maryland. There is also strong reason to believe that he was a native of Limerick, Ireland. However, none of these claims have been conclusively established and remain to date the butt of squabbles among biographers.

His parents were natives of Ireland, and the admirable traits of his people attained rare eminence in his character. Throughout his entire career his way was marked with tireless effort, fidelity to duty, and an enduring love of God and man.

These sterling characteristics were early manifested while a student of the Brothers of the Christian Schools in St. Louis, where he had lived since the age of seven; at once his thoughtful disposition, his scholarly instincts, and his deep spiritual nature foretold

for him a sainted and priestly life, which vocation he resolutely determined to follow. Therefore, incident to the completion of his preparatory training, he studied for the priesthood at the Ecclesiastical Seminary in Niagara, New York, from which place he was graduated with distinction and was duly ordained a priest.

Very little is known of the early work of the young missionary priest, and his life remains in semi-obscurity until the outbreak of the War between the States. At the moment he entered the Confederate Army as a chaplain he began the period of his life that makes his name immortal; as a Confederate chaplain he assumed that triple role of patriot-poet-priest. He smiled at danger and faced death with firm, frank eyes; a loving hand bound the wounds of suffering men. Both the wounded and the sick whispered feebly, "Ah! 'tis Father Ryan"—then in words hardly audible and with a faint smile—"a good man." When other men would not go, he went, and, in his going, scattered joy and courage along his path. This quiet priest was the embodiment of heroism, devotion, and love.

The soldiers loved him and honored him. He was a man—who revealed his goodness more through the medicine of work than that of words: for this they loved him. His presence awed them. Drunkenness and gambling ceased with his approach. His manner of dealing with the men was peculiarly his own. The story is told how that on one occasion he broke up a card game and stopped a deadly flow of cursing in a very simple and effective way. The game was at its height, and profanity punctuated every play when the tent-flaps opened, allowing the form of a man to be seen in the dim light. A sudden hush fell upon the group. A moment passed. Then a low voice spoke, "Boys, don't pray so loud." The figure vanished. Silent men quitted the tent, going in every direction; all was quiet. Every man there knew that whisper, and it put him to shame—the poet-priest had passed.

Through the war Father Ryan busied himself in the service of his country. From time to time as leisure intervals permitted he wrote verse, poetry, which came from an overflowing spirit. All of his verse contains a certain sort of spontaneity that sweeps the reader along; his style is both fluent and clear, though sometimes lacking in technique, which probably is due to hurried writing. His own criticism clearly reveals that he made no attempt at technical correctness; in speaking of his poems, he said, "They were just

written at random—off and on, here, there, anywhere—just as the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry.” What is lost in structure is gained in the beautiful sincerity of his works. The deep emotion behind his writing, the love for the leader and cause he served, is forcefully brought out in his well-known poem, “The Sword of Lee”; this is perhaps the most familiar poem:

“Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
Waved sword from stain so free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,  
Nor cause a chief like Lee.”

It was difficult for a man of such deep convictions to become reconciled to conditions precipitated by the surrender at Appomattox. Faced by the miseries of the reconstruction period, he often thought of what might have been the outcome, but then could never be. Out of that sad reverie sprang his immortal “Conquered Banner,” which opens with these lines:

“Furl it, fold it, let it rest—  
For there’s not a man to wave it  
And there’s not a sword to save it  
And there’s no one left to love it  
In the blood which heroes gave it,  
And its foes now scorn and brave it—  
Furl it—hide it—it is best.”

And closes with such noble sentiment:

“Furl that banner, softly, slowly!  
Treat it gently—it is holy—  
Touch it not; unfold it never,  
Let it droop there furled forever,  
For its people’s hopes are dead.”

After the war he spent much time in the interest of his conquered land, during which period he was stationed first at Nashville, then afterwards at Clarksville, Tennessee, and still later at

Augusta, Georgia, where he edited the *Banner of the South*, a paper which proved unsuccessful financially. From 1870 to 1883 he served as pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Alabama. In the intervening years which followed Lee's surrender and preceded his last pastorate he offered his life and service again to the Southland. This time it was to fight the terrible yellow fever scourge which was reaping such a harvest in Memphis and other Southern cities. The splendid way the people of the North answered the South's call for help inspired him to write:

“The Northland, strong in love, and great,  
Forgot the stormy days of strife;  
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate  
Or unforgiveness e'er were rife,  
Forgotten was each thought and hushed;  
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed.”

Father Ryan made many extended lecture tours in the interest of the wounded Confederate soldiers and the poverty-stricken victims of the war. While upon one of these tours he delivered an address before a Confederate Memorial Association in Wilmington, North Carolina. Following his address many ladies of the town went to the hotel and asked for his autograph. Not having an album, one lady requested that he write in her prayer-book. He quickly wrote these lines:

“My name is nothing,  
And my songs are less.  
The poet passes  
With his songs away—  
Echoes of earth  
And little worth.  
The priest's sweet masses  
And his fervent prayer,  
When all song passes,  
Live fore'er and e'er,  
And I will pray for thee.  
How much more strong than any song  
Is prayer which moves eternity!  
May God's grace

Shine o'er thy way  
And guide thy heart  
To heaven's eternal day!

—ABRAM J. RYAN."

Forced to take rest in a Franciscan monastery in Louisville, Kentucky, at the outset of a long lecture itinerary which he had planned, his tired body gradually became more fatigued. He met death as he had life—gently, calmly, and without fear; and his noble spirit passed on to its reward in the year 1886, leaving to mankind the rich heritage of a beautiful life.

His memory still lives and will live throughout the coming ages, cherished by the united nation; his poetry, written with the life blood of a lost cause, shall always inspire the souls of men who hold principle dearer than life. In his Confederate poetry he portrayed the idealism, the suffering, and the heroism of a struggling and vanquished people. For his works there needs be no apology; like him they are immortal!



## NEW YEAR'S EVE

MARGARET HIGH

It is New Year's Eve and all is very silent, calm, and peaceful. The sky is deep, clear, and blue, and it is studded with millions of tiny silver stars that wink and blink at the great mellow moon. The snow lies deep, and crisp, and smooth, while the wind whistles around the housetops.

I hear faint music in the distance, and I look up to the heavens and see the new year come in and the old year go out. A shriveled, wrinkled old man, with a long flowing beard, comes slowly treading across the sky. In his bony hand he carries a rusty, bent sickle and an hour-glass. Right behind Old Father Time comes a tiny golden-headed baby, toddling along trying to hurry the old man along.

"Happy New Year, everybody," the child shouts to the world as old Father Time disappears and he takes his place.



# PATTERNS

JOHN ERSKINE, *Galahad*

Stories of knighthood and chivalry usually picture heroes who lack a human side. No doubt these heroes possessed qualities that were human, but these are rarely ever shown. Most knighthood stories have the regular formula of one man representing all that is right and good and against him is a man just the opposite in character. In the inevitable clash the righteous one wins because he is righteous. Tales of Arthur's Round Table and his knights show the men as inhuman as the armor they wear and sometimes stronger than it.

Erskine has shown us the human side and the mortal virtues of the knights and ladies of Arthur's time in his book, "Galahad, Enough of His Life to Explain His Reputation." He delves into their hearts and shows the real soul and mind. He tells the facts, picturing the faults as well as the triumphs. He shows that it is not always the man with the most righteous cause who wins, but the one with the strongest arm. He strips the tales of their false romance and ideals, then shows the beauty in the bare truth left.

The story deals chiefly with Lancelot and Guinevere and their love, which wrecked Arthur's kingdom. It shows the vanity and selfishness of Guinevere and also the spirit of revenge in Lancelot. Their quarrels, and the consequences of them, are featured mostly. It also tells of Galahad from the time of his birth until he condemned his father, mother, and Guinevere, and then went in search of the Holy Grail. He is shown as just a rough little boy with many pranks and much fun at the serious expense of others. He grows up in a wild country and becomes strong in body, but filled with an ideal and a severe sense of justice. He goes to the court and gets under the influence of the queen, who sets out to make him a perfect man. She tries to show the foolishness of fighting

and inspires him to do real things, to settle a wild country as Arthur did but to build up a finer people. He becomes filled with the ideal, and, upon learning of the truth about his mother and father and about the love of Lancelot for Guinevere, he forsakes them and sets out alone. Here the story drops him and tells of Lancelot's love for the second Elaine. Finally, it ends with Lancelot's religious life.

Here is a story that will have a wide popular appeal as well as an historical and intellectual appeal. It is written in a most readable style, almost all of it being dialogue. The plot moves with a fine, even pace and holds one's interest from the first page to the last. The style is simple, direct, and straight to the point.

There is some fine sarcasm here as well as some interesting thought. Perhaps many of the observations of Guinevere are the thoughts of the author. At least, the construction of the whole suggests that. One of the most unusual opinions is that of Guinevere concerning love. She tells Galahad to avoid women, but to bend all his energy and work toward one ideal. She tells him that if he will put all the passion, love, and time that most men spend on women on a sincere and honest purpose, that he will achieve something worth while. When Guinevere says that women are to inspire men to do great deeds, Arthur asks her why they do not inspire each other.

Here is a real contribution to the literature of knighthood. It presents the whole case in a new light, and makes a valuable addition to our knowledge concerning that seemingly most adventurous and romantic time of the ages.

J. D. McNairy, Jr.

#### EDMOND ROSTAND, *Cyrano de Bergerac*

Edmond Rostand is a French writer of plays and poetry. His first play, a comedy in verse, was intensely popular. Three other plays followed in quick succession; then came his masterpiece, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, an heroic comedy in verse. Coquelin, the famous French comedian, first produced the play and played the title role. The play was quickly translated into English, German, Russian, and other languages; it was produced in many theaters all over Europe. In 1900 "Cyrano" was brought to America and presented by Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin.

*Cyrano de Bergerac* is a poor young Frenchman who is brave, gallant, and generous, but who possesses an enormous nose, which

somewhat spoils his looks. He is a poet beyond compare; his love verses are exquisite. He is a most romantic young man—until he sees the shadow of his profile on the garden wall. Cyrano stood for bravery; he loved to fight. But one does not fight because there is hope of winning! It is much finer to fight when there is no use!" he exclaims in his last fight of all. He battled against his ancient foes—Lies, Compromises, Prejudices, Base Expedients—to the last, and he carried his plume untouched into "God's House."

It seems to me that I found another "realm of gold" when I chanced upon *Cyrano*. I consider it an excellent play. The time is, of course, at least a century or more ago. The scene is laid in the romantic France of D'Artagnan and his *Three Musketeers*. All who have enjoyed Dumas's heroes will find them personified in *Cyrano*, except that he is the best of them all.

Mary Jane Wharton

#### H. G. WELLS, *The World of William Clissold*

The latest product of Wells's genius, a formidable-appearing work in two volumes aggregating nearly eight hundred pages, has stirred up considerable argument in the world of literary criticism. The work is entitled *The World of William Clissold*; and its distinguished author is at considerable pains to explain in a note before the title page that in no sense is its protagonist synonymous with Mr. H. G. Wells. Many reviewers are inclined, in spite of Mr. Wells's explanations, to class the book as autobiography, which is apparently just what Mr. Wells himself anticipated.

Even though Mr. Wells in his note before the title page implies that for such doubters the book is merely wasted reading, the present reviewer, himself somewhat of a skeptic on the question, is inclined to give the work a very high estimate as a literary production, irrespective of whether it is to be called fact or fiction. Novel or autobiography, it is certainly very skilfully wrought and to the student of life and human nature fascinating reading.

On account of its varied phases it presents a difficult task to the reviewer who would attempt to give an idea of its nature; it has been well-named *The World of William Clissold*. That is exactly what it is—the representation in prose of one man's world, or rather worlds: his world of thought, his world of action, his world of emotion, a very comprehensive and interesting picture. The method is very unusual; there is no narrative of ordinary chronological

sequence; his history together with his ideas is revealed by glimpses here and there until the development of the whole man is complete. The work seems the natural expression of a mind explaining itself; the departure from the customary technique of novels is a relief.

William Clissold is a retired business man of middle age with considerable scientific training and experience, an unusually idealistic turn of mind, and a comprehensive vision of a future world where men of creative type are the ruling factor. A great part of the book is occupied with detailed discussion of this vision of his; its application to the problems of religion, government, economics, sociology, psychology is carefully explained. One finds oneself, on the whole in sympathy with Clissold's aims, though in many cases one doubts the speedy solutions which he foresees.

The first part of the second volume is concerned with a brief account of the protagonist's sex experiences. Here the author strikes keenly the note of tragedy so often present in relations between the sexes in this rapidly changing world of ours. One is made to realize vividly the failure of our ancient customs and standards to deal with this problem, one of the most vital to our civilization. In the latter third of the volume, Clissold explains how his future state will solve this problem, showing relative values which love, marriage, mating are to hold in this ideal existence he has conceived. One is impressed by the sane toleration of his ideas.

Carlton Wilder

#### PAUL GREEN, *The Lonesome Road*

The negro of America has received little mention in literature other than in humorous allusions. He has been considered the day laborer, the brute to bear the dirty work. Yet the songs of these people—negro spirituals—are hailed as the only folk songs of America. People find something in them mingled with the history, tradition, and memory of America, especially of the South.

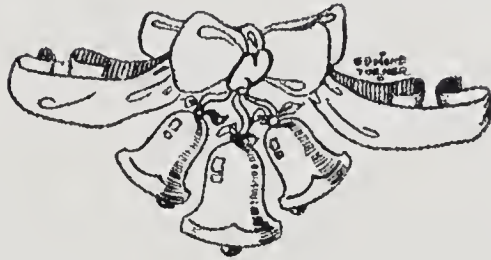
For the first time a man has delved into the nature of a negro and shown his true heart, his tragedy, and disappointments. Paul Green has studied the negro as a human and has interpreted the character and nature of the negro in his latest book, *The Lonesome Road*—a collection of six one-act plays designed for the negro theatre.

The plays deal chiefly with the tragedy of the mulatto who has ideals and tries to better the conditions of his race. The inev-

itable end is, of course, failure. Abraham McCranie and Goldie McAllister are powerfully drawn characters. They struggle together to establish a school, but in the end suffer defeat and Abraham is lynched by a mob. These two characters appear in two plays of the book.

Throughout the plays Mr. Green has distinctly drawn characters who remain true to their instincts to death. He writes with a style that is unmistakably that of a genius. He has an insight into human hearts that is powerful in his interpretations. He writes plays that will be remembered as pioncers in their field and as real literature, for they are genuine.

*J. D. McNairy, Jr.*



# RAVELINGS

## STRIKE ONE

MIRIAM BLOCK

ANNE: Wasn't that a perfectly grand talk Reverend Rhodes gave in chapel today? It surely did strike me hard.

MILDRED: Me, too, Anne. I felt so guilty. Honest, I had never realized before how really serious New Year's resolutions were. Why, they are even more important than promises!

ANNE: By the way that preacher put it, they are. I don't believe I could ever break another one again as long as I live.

MILDRED: I feel the very same way. And, by the way, Anne, we haven't made our resolutions yet. We usually do every New Year.

ANNE: Yes, and break them every new February. But this year let's be serious about this thing. What shall we resolve?

MILLY: Maybe it would be best not to make any. Then there would be none to break.

ANNE: But, Milly, *everyone* makes resolutions.

MILLY: Yes, I guess they do. I have an idea, Anne. You know we both flunked a subject this month, and it hurt mother terribly. I believe if we would stop having dates during the week, and study a little instead, we could be as smart as anybody.

ANNE: That is not such a bad idea. But, Milly, just think of it—no dates except during those short little old week-ends. It's hard to conceive of.

MILLY: Yep, it will be pretty hard at first, but think what it will mean to mother. She never wanted us to have dates on school nights, anyway.

ANNE: Well, I guess it's a go, isn't it? Shake on it.

*(There is a short pause)*

MILLY: You know, Anne, there's something that strikes me as being queer, and that is for both our steadies to be acting so indifferent. I'm scared to death Billy is mad about something.

ANNE: There must be something up between them. Neither one of them has asked us for a date in a whole week. I surely do hate it, too.

MILLY: Oh, well—such is life, I guess. Maybe we can live through it, but I doubt it.

*(The phone rings from without. Anne runs out for a moment to answer it, and then returns).*

ANNE: Oh, Milly, it was Pete. He said Bill was over there, and they wanted to come around tonight. He says that they aren't mad at all, and they have something real thrilling to tell us.

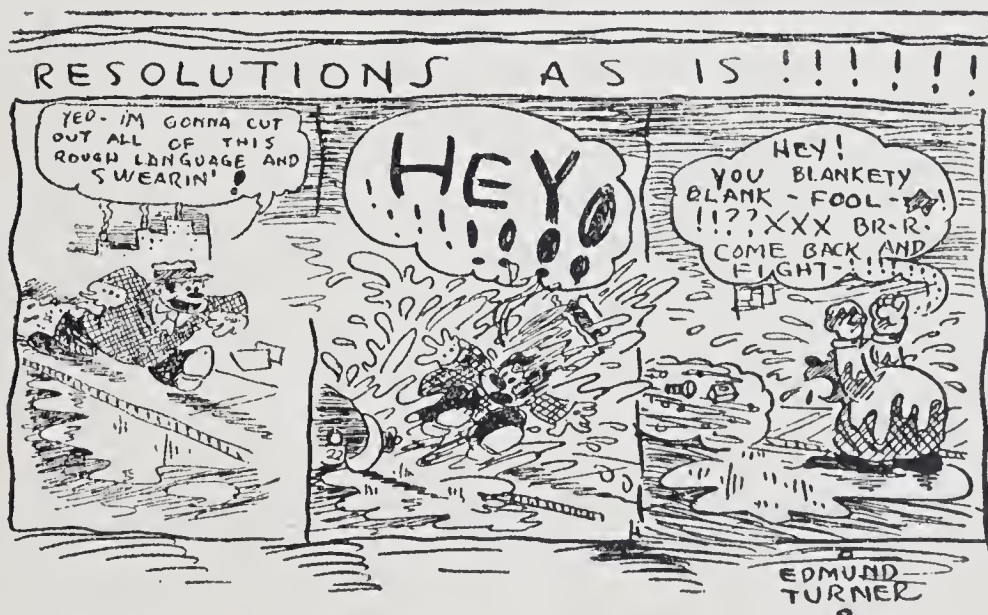
MILLY: But our resolutions——

ANNE: Oh, good-night, that wouldn't be breaking. We haven't anything but history to get, and we can do that in study period tomorrow.

MILLY: And they said they had something thrilling to tell us, too. We've just got to let them come.

ANNE: Sure. It's not a regular date, anyway.

MILLY: Hurry, they'll get tired of waiting. Tell 'em yes!





# THE SHUTTLE

*Edited by* RUTH ABBOTT

*Renocohi*, Reidsville, N. C.

To say merely that your magazine is an enjoyable one would not be sufficient. It is truly a publication of worth—of high literary quality and interest. However, we think your editorial department would be improved by longer and more substantial articles.

*The Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn.

It is indeed a pleasure to have you on our exchange list. Each of your issues reach, if not surpass, the high quality attained in the previous ones. Your frontispiece is especially effective in its simplicity, and your cover design, in its cleverness.

*The Deerfield Arrow*.

A publication of merit, the literary department is an exceptionally good one: "The Iron Cross" and "Fool Custard" are especially outstanding. However, the addition of a heavier type of material would be an improvement.

*The Weather Vane*.

Yours is a well-arranged publication, containing well written material. The sketch, "The Sleepy Hollow Schoolmaster," is unusually clever. But we suggest that you carry out one idea as a motif, as to drawings, poems and articles, throughout each issue of the magazine.

*The Nor'easter*.

Thanks for your favorable comment on HOMESPUN. We also think yours an enjoyable publication, but wonder why you slight short stories and poetry.



## THE PRAYER

The sunset pageantry that flamed the west,  
The delicate beauty of the evening star,  
The slightly tilted moon, a half-made flower  
That changed the clouds to mystic marble mansions,  
The washing of the wind waves in the trees,  
Breeze-billowed grass, gold-tinted by the moon,  
The mountains black against the starry sky,  
The stars themselves, sweet, friendly, helping lights,  
And all the sights and sounds and smells  
That thrill the hearts of beauty-seeking souls  
Thrilled my heart then and, as I heard,  
My soul burst into grateful prayer,  
"O, God be thanked, the country is my home!"

—*The Spotlight*, South Hadley Falls, Mass.



# THE WEAVER'S GUILD

*Edited by* MARY JANE WHARTON

## SIDELIGHTS ON BEING AN ALUMNUS

JOHN MEBANE

Exams—Senior play—kid day—teas—dances—all mingled into the past. They remain only as dull grey memories, yet living. I am an alumnus!

I utter this word proudly, yet with a bit of sadness. With the majestic surging billows of grey which sweep over the sky at dusk, there comes a sort of longing for the comrades and the sensations "back there." Never were friendships more true; never were burdensome cares lighter. There was an unmistakable pleasure in realizing just how important (whether important or not) one was.

Those four fleeting years endeared to me the traditions, and sweet memories of G. H. S. I made friends; I lost them. I made some successes! I made dismal failures. How much more did I enjoy the musical tinkle of rain on the roof than the monotonous droning of the teacher's voice. I knew more about the texture of girls' hair than about the wars of Louis XIV. And I learned why "Gentlemen prefer blondes," rather than why the colonies rose in revolt against their mother country. I accepted the advice of one who said, "Don't let your studies interfere with your education."

Those four years can never be recalled. They came and went with the swiftness of a hurricane. And, like the hurricanes, they left impressions never to be forgotten. The portals have closed. The question we often ask is "Have we completed a monument of lasting bronze, higher than the site of beings and pyramids, or are our names and deeds already beginning to be covered with corrupting dust?"

We have passed through these doors for the last time. We follow greener paths. We are alumni!



