

HOMESPUN

Travel Issue



EDMUND
TURNER

HOMESPUN

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THE WEAVE

SOMETHING IN THE AIR

RUTH HEATH

There's something in the air tonight,
The wind is soft and low,
It's whispering and beckoning—
My heart tells me to go.

The moon has turned aside to hide
His smile behind a cloud.
The beating of my heart becomes
Impatiently loud.

Coquettish stars are challenging,
And seem to point the way
Beyond the hills to the eastern sky—
The road to another day.

The echoes of a brook somewhere,
The ferns of magic weave
The actual smell of a dusty road,
The restlessness of leaves—

They all seem to be calling me,
And yet I linger on,
And though I cannot go with them
My yearning heart is gone!

THE PULITZER AWARDS

MATILDA ROBINSON

EVERY year, through Columbia University, there is a presentation of awards, the Pulitzer prizes, for the greatest accomplishment in each of many fields of literature in the United States. These prizes were established in 1911 by the will of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, the famous newspaper man, owner and editor of the *New York World*.

The awards are as follows: \$1,000 for the best novel of American manners and manhood; \$1,000 for the best biography of an American; \$1,000 for the best play of American life; \$2,000 for the best United States history; \$1,000 for the best newspaper report; \$500 for the best editorial; and \$500 for the best cartoon.

Probably the one award which has attracted more attention than any other is the novel award. In the terms of the contest this award is made to the book published in each year which "best presents the wholesome atmosphere of American life and the highest standards of American manners and manhood." Both obscure and eminent writers have received this prize, which is indeed a great boon to young authors to try their hands at writing.

In 1920 there was a great deal of controversy over the presentation. One committee chose unanimously *Main Street*, by Sinclair Lewis, while another chose the *Age of Innocence*, by Edith Wharton. Finally after much debating pro and con, the latter, Mrs. Wharton's novel, won out. Those critics against *Main Street* said that the reason they had opposed it was that it was greatly exaggerated and gave a picture of only a small percentage of Americans; they also contended that Broadway was the worst main street in America.

The winning novel, *Age of Innocence*, is certainly worthy of the honor which it received. It is a brilliant satire upon the life of New York back in the seventies. Throughout, the novel is characterized by excellent plot, character, and style. The characters are most life-like and every action and every conversation helps towards the development of the plot. The artificialities of the social people, their monotonous routine of social activities, the absolute absence

of true emotions, the cold hearts, and the hiding of real souls under the coat of appearances—all are well brought out in natural and logical fashion. The younger generation comes in the last few pages of the book, and the contrast between the two sets of people is very vivid and refreshing. This novel does truly display the manners of American people.

The next year, 1921, Booth Tarkington's novel, *Alice Adams*, was adjudged by the committees as the novel best conforming to the terms of the contest. This presents the many problems of the young girl of a very stupid family. She can make her way into the ranks of society, but always her family holds her back. She becomes engaged to a very promising and prominent young man, but when he knows her family, he breaks the engagement without a word of explanation. The novel does present the ideals and manners of American youth and pictures very plainly the social sets, young and old.

Quite different from any of the winners of previous years was the novel, *One of Ours*, by Willa Cather, which won in 1922. This might be considered a detailed character study. Miss Cather paints with her "subtle and flexible style" a word picture having as the central figure a young Iowa boy—called by some critics an American Hamlet—and around him the haunting prairie of the Middle West and the horribly vivid World War. Claud is a distinct individual with powerful personality, but even deeper can be seen a national character working itself out in the life of this young man.

Nothing can be said more concisely or more correctly than these words of Dorothy Canfield from her review of the book in *The New York Times*. She says of Miss Cather:

"The massive sincerity of her style makes the work of many of her able contemporaries seem like hard, bright, detailed photographs on high-gloss paper. And yet the book is full of the most enchanting details of secondary characters drawn with the utmost zest and color.

"Nowhere in any of her books has Miss Cather given us a more glowing portrayal of life on the fertile Western plains, of the very throb and pulse of life lived by the seasons and not by the clock.

"It is an amazingly rich book, rich as no other American author could write, many-peopled, complicated as life itself is complicated, but composed with a harmony and unity which only art can have."

Another story bringing out briefly the horrors of war, of the war between the states this time, is the 1923 winner, *The Able McLaughlins*, by Margaret Wilson. This is the story of the Scotch covenanters who settled in a pioneer community in Iowa. Wully McLaughlin goes to war, leaving behind him the girl he loves and returns later finding a great many complexities added to his life. The plot is rather complicated and unusually interesting. The description of the September fields in the little village amidst the prairies, and the vivid character studies are exceptionally fine. However, the one defect of the novel is that the incidents are not all connected, and there is a little lack of smoothness throughout the entire book.

Probably one of the most widely read and most discussed of all of the Pulitzer winners is *So Big*, by Edna Ferber, the 1924 winner. This book is centered principally around the life of two characters, a woman first and later her son. Salina is a girl, who in her youth is thrown out without a suitable education to earn her own living. She goes to a small community not far from Chicago where she settles down and later marries. Were it not for her vivid imagination and unconquerable spirits, she would have become one of the dull uninteresting women of the section. Her standards contrasted to those of others around her, the contrast of Chicago society and the drab life of these farmers, along with the exceedingly slight plot make a delightful novel—dramatic, clean and strong, clear-sighted, sympathetic, and thoroughly interesting. A very simple philosophy of life is given to Salina as she starts out to earn her living. "I want you to realize that this whole thing is just a grand adventure—Living. All mixed up. The more kinds of people you see and the more things you do, and the more things that happen to you the richer you are. Even if they're not pleasant things."

Again one of Sinclair Lewis' novels, *Arrowsmith*, came before the committees, this time winning the prize. Mr. Lewis' 1925 novel is a biting satire of the medical profession in general. The central figure, Arrowsmith, a medical student, is a very ignorant and self-satisfied man. He is strictly a type, with very little individuality. There are a great many other characters and all are well drawn and interesting.

However, Mr. Lewis for some reason refused to accept the prize, and so another novel, *Mannequin*, by Fannie Hurst, was chosen.

This book is rather a child of the imagination having very little realism in it. The story is that of a child who is stolen from home in infancy and reared in dangerous surroundings. The plot is generally considered much better than the working out of it. It is a very meritorious novel, though, and well deserves the award.

The Pulitzer prizes are very worth while and are a great benefit in many ways to the winners and to the country in general. Every year the people of the United States look forward with increasing interest to the announcement of the winner.



FREEDOM

GUY HOPE

Often I've wished I was free to roam,
Over the land or sea,
Where the waves beat up in billowy foam,
And there's no one near but me.

Often I've wished I was free to go,
Where man's foot never trod,
To where it's hot or there is snow,
On free, unconquered sod!

Why do these dreams come down to me,
In peaceful rest at home?
Though my body never can be free,
My fancy will always roam!

COTTON MATHER AND WITCHCRAFT IN NEW ENGLAND

JACK COBLE

MAGIC, astrology, and the black-art have dominated practically every period of history. From the earliest Biblical times up to the present day people have been superstitious, and certainly not the least of their superstitions has been the belief in witchcraft. This art, though not in practice at present, was until the latter part of the seventeenth century causing continual trouble. In the Bible, even, there appear accounts of devils infesting the bodies of animals and people, and witches and sorceresses are spoken of quite often.

Interpreting the Levitical law, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," literally, and not considering the fact that a witch of the Bible was one who practiced idolatry and was not like the witches they knew, the people of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England made very strict and unjust laws against such practices. In fact, it became a capital crime, and numbers of innocent people were put to death after unjust trials on spectral evidence alone.

It was during the seventeenth century that the Puritans left their old home, England, and came to their new one, America. They brought with them many new religious beliefs and modes of living, but, unfortunately, they retained the views of their mother country on witchcraft. For a while these sturdy settlers of Massachusetts and Connecticut were too much occupied with the making of their homes to think much of witches and devils. But all this was to come later on, and did come in 1646, about twenty-six years after the first settlement was made in New England.

Probably the most illustrious man of that time in New England was Cotton Mather. As the son of a minister and as a good Puritan minister himself, he naturally held strong sentiments against witchcraft. Through his wonderful sermons delivered in his church in Boston and his many writings, he managed to stir up quite a feeling against the witches of the time.

In every community there are always people who are not like the others—queer old men and women—timid girls and boys—cripples or morons. Naturally in a section where a belief in witchcraft is prevalent, if something should go wrong—say that there should be a siege of sickness, or an unnatural death—immediately the queer person of the community would be suspected of sorcery. Such was the case in New England.

The first case to be tried for witchcraft in America was that of a woman of Windsor, Connecticut, (name unknown) who was tried and executed at Hartford. Little is known of this case except that it was arraigned in March of 1646.

The next case appeared in Boston two years afterward and attracted no small interest. The charge was made against a Mrs. Margaret Jones, a married woman and a practicing physician. The speedy recoveries of her patients and her extremely quick temper caused her neighbors to suspect her. It was rumored that hers was a malign touch which would cause deafness or disease to the person touched if she so wished. Consequently she was ordered by Governor Winthrop to be watched and spied upon at certain times. As a result of their observations, the court found her to be in possession of an imp in the form of a child. The "witch marks," or red and blue spots which will not bleed when pricked, were also found on her body. On merely this ridiculous evidence the woman was condemned and hanged.

Another interesting and widely known case was that of the Goodwin children in 1688. They lived in north Boston with their father, Mr. John Goodwin, and were said to be bewitched by the mother of the laundress of the family. The woman was accused of bewitching the children and at certain times causing them to be taken with deafness or blindness or to have spasms and fits. Mr. Cotton Mather took an especial interest in this case and as a means of satisfying his curiosity, he organized a day of prayer and fasting to be held at the Goodwin home. That day the children were not "afflicted"; so it was supposed that the devils that inhabited their bodies had been driven away by the Godly spirit over the house. This seemed to be evidence enough to assure the court that there were evil spirits in the children and so the accused woman was examined and found guilty. She went to her death only after Cotton Mather had urged her and prayed fervently for her to

"break her covenant with hell." This she seemed unable to do; so the sentence was carried out on November 16, 1688.

During the period between 1646 and 1688 there were, in all, twelve people put to death for the crime of witchcraft. Of these eleven were women and one was a man. Among them was Anne Hibbins, a woman prominent in the social and higher life of Boston. They were practically all people of culture. Their executions met with the approval of Cotton Mather and the Boston ministers, as well as that of the Government. They felt that by promoting such things they were aiding Christianity against its most deadly enemy.

During the four years between 1688 and the Salem trouble, the people of Boston and New England began to realize that they had made a serious mistake in the executions of these twelve people. They saw the injustices of their trials in which the cases were made up of *spectral* evidence only. In other words, none of the cases had any evidence other than that the witnesses gave the court. It was realized that this was really no proof, as the witness might be as dishonest or more so than the accused. With this realization there came a sudden change in the attitudes of the Boston ministers and Cotton Mather. Whereas before they had been bold and cruel in the policy toward witchcraft, they now became cautious and lenient. They resolved to do all in their power to "clean up" the courts of New England and to rid them of these witchcraft atrocities.

The climax to the whole trouble came in the year 1692, when a siege of trials and executions broke out at Salem. Promoted by Mr. Parvis, a minister of Salem, and a fanatic on the subject of witchcraft and its punishment, about eight or ten younger girls of the village formed the habit of meeting at the parish house for "the practise of palmistry and arts of fortune telling and juggling." In the course of time they gained great skill in their practises and began to give performances in public. They learned to put themselves into such odd positions and to do such remarkable things that it soon became known that the children were diseased. Consequently a doctor was called in and it was stated that the girls were bewitched.

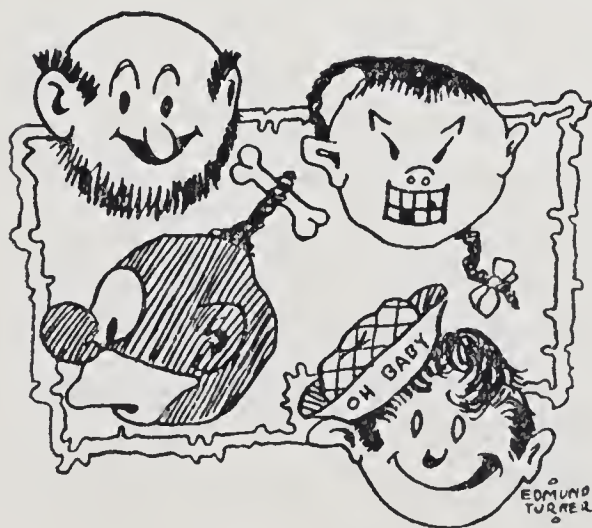
The girls, enjoying the novelty of being in the limelight, began to accuse different people in the village. These accusations resulted in trials and executions. After this the girls seemed really pos-

sessed, for they began accusing people right and left. They "cried out against" people in other parts of New England besides Salem, and soon the prisons were crowded and overflowing, and executions were taking place almost daily. The people in general became panicky, not knowing who would be "cried out against" next, and there was general pandemonium all over the section.

Seeing that conditions had become really serious, Cotton Mather sent the following advice to the judges, "There is need of very critical and exquisite caution, lest by too much credulity received on the devil's authority, there be a door open for a long train of miserable consequences and Satan get an advantage over us." This, however, was ignored by the judges, and the executions went on until May, 1693, at which time Mather again used his influence and Governor Phips was persuaded to order the folly to end and all prisoners to be set free.

During this horrible affair, nineteen persons were put to death and a great number were imprisoned. It was probably the worst tragedy in the history of early America. It did, however, cause a complete reaction in the belief of witchcraft—the people saw the folly of holding such ideas and the absurdity of them, and there has been no record of any other such trials in our history since.

So we have seen how Cotton Mather in his enthusiasm against witchcraft actually started the trouble, and in his realization of the injustices of the situation later exerted his power to stop what he had started. He was a man of strong convictions who believed in carrying out his views to the most of his ability as long as he considered them right, but the minute that they appeared wrong to him he did all he could to abate them.



GUIDES IN TRAVEL

PEARL JOHNSON

Like Kant, I have scarcely been beyond my own back yard and yet visited all lands, all peoples of the universe with whom any adventurer has come in contact.

Every book I have ever read has been a train or boat or rickshaw or litter that has faithfully transferred me from my actual surroundings into the great beyond of romance and discovery. What do I not owe to Homer, Cæsar, Omar, Polo, Dumas, Stevenson, Kipling, and the rest of that multitude of friends who have given me such delightful vacations in many lands? Their books are my guides, eager to show me, each through its different vista of life, not only the varied modes of existence of scattered humanity, but also its diverse modes of thoughts and feelings. As someone has said, in books are preserved forever the customs, sentiments, and reactions of our ancestors.

There is no more pleasant, instructive, or safer means of travel than that of books. Through this medium I wander whither I will with those who ride Parnassus wherever they go.



THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW

HILDA DAVIDSON

For many years a traveler, with his head lowered on his breast and his countenance noble, gentle, and sad, has slowly wandered over the earth from pole to pole—from ocean to ocean. Behind him on the sand he has left the print of his shoe—a cross.

A long time before into a little village of Jerusalem, Christ came, overwhelmed by insults, and bearing with great difficulty His cross. He begged to rest a moment on a stone bench in front of a shoemaker's shop. Christ's forehead was covered with sweat and His feet were bleeding; with touching sweetness He said to the shoemaker of Jerusalem, "I suffer."

In a brutal tone the shoemaker answered, "I suffer also, but no one comes to my aid. Onward! Onward!"

And Christ, answering, said: "It is thou who shalt go onward until the Day of Judgment. Onward! Onward, till the end of time!"

In vain, for ages the wandering Jew has sought to deserve forgiveness for his crime, exhausting his strength in turning hatred to love. The day of mercy has not yet arrived.

He pauses to do good to those of his generation, but always an invisible hand impels him on.

"Let me but complete my task," he cries.

"Onward!"

"One hour—one single hour of rest!"

"Onward!"

He must go on. Not until the end of time can the Wandering Jew rest.



"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

MARY LYNN CARLSON

One of the most famous travelers of all times was the "Flying Dutchman." There are several stories about him that have been handed down for generations. One of these formed the basis of one of Wagner's first operas.

Wagner's story goes that the "Flying Dutchman" was compelled to sail the seas without rest until he should find a maiden who would be faithful to him until death. He meets Senta, the daughter of a Norwegian captain, who is betrothed to Erik. She is a romantic and imaginative girl, and the story of the Dutchman fascinates her. She decides that she is the one destined to save him. Erik reproaches her for her faithlessness, and the stranger overhears; he fears that she would be untrue to him also and leaves. As he sails away, Senta rushes to the top of a cliff and dashes herself into the

sea. Immediately the phantom ship disappears, and the waters grow calm. Then slowly the two figures rise above the waters into heaven.

Even today there are stories current that the ship of the "Flying Dutchman" can be seen off the Cape of Good Hope in stormy weather. One of them has it that the ship can never enter port because of a murder that was committed on board; another, that the Dutchman swore with a profane oath that he would weather the Cape though he should beat there until the last day. He was taken at his word and still beats there, never reaching the point. Sometimes, they say, he hails ships and asks them to take messages to land for him.

The many legends are said to have originated in the sight of a ship reflected from the clouds.



THE CALL OF THE OCEAN

MARGARET HARDIN

The sound of the ocean
Just gives me a notion
That somehow I'm eager to go.
The lullaby motion
Like some soothing lotion
Now lazy, now choppy, now slow.

The whitecaps are heaping
The moon gently creeping
Shining on the silvery waves,
Its lone watch is keeping
And the stars are peeping
Into dark green water caves.



COLORS IN THE WEAWE

TRAVEL

IRENE MCFADYEN

A queer thing—this travel,
The urge to go—and go,
Never stopping, ever moving,
Rambling high and low.

A queer thing—this urge,
The urge to go—and go,
Pulsing, throbbing,
Living—ever so!

A queer thing—this pulse,
Like the heart it thuds,
Pulsing, throbbing—until
The great journey is done.

A queer thing—this life,
This one great trip—
Never stopping, ever moving,
Till caught in death's grip.

A queer thing—this death,
A soul crossing the wall,
Journeying onward, always upward,
'Tis the greatest trip of all.

LITTLE JOURNEYS IN THE SOUTHLAND

THROUGH THE "SMOKIES"

FRANCES COBLE

We were all busily engaged driving from the back-seat except when we became too frightened for mere words. The driver would swing around the curves with such excessive speed that I could just see myself splashing into that little mountain stream far below. Or when another car approached and he swerved to the inside of the road, I felt sure that he would knock off so much of the mountain that the rest of it would come tumbling about our heads. And just when I would settle down, with a sigh of relief, and begin remarking upon the beautiful scenery, I would see from the window a most uncomfortable-looking bed of rock many feet below with the car running precariously near the edge of the precipice, and the words would die away on my lips.

And maybe you don't think I was glad when we reached Cherokee Indian Reservation, although I didn't see any picturesquely dressed inhabitants; it was something to be on the ground once more. However, such pleasure did not last long, and just as soon as we had snatched a bite of food in a little two-by-four store, which comprised the entire up-town of the settlement, and walked around the school building it was time to start back.

I was enjoying myself immensely, examining my new Indian trinkets and baskets when the storm broke. Then my misery began again, and all of us were nervously peering through the isin-glass to see just how near we were to the edge of the road. There was not so much driving from the rear now, except for an occasional squealing admonition, since we could see out no better than the driver, for which I know he was duly thankful.

We were slipping and sliding along very nicely when the car came to an abrupt stop. All of us immediately fell upon the driver's neck, neither for the sake of revenge nor as a demonstration of affection, but because he would best check our flight through the windshield. As soon as we gained a more respectable position, we began to reprimand him strenuously. But the driver rudely hopped out of the car and told us to take a peek at the

road. I thrust my head out of the door and saw a huge obstruction in the road. It was something I had never seen before—a huge landslide which a group of men were industriously trying to remove. Even though it was still raining, all of us got out of the car and spent our time watching the digging process and becoming more acquainted with the occupants of several cars who had also been hindered.

I was having the best time wondering if we would be compelled to stay there for a week or so, and after being thrillingly rescued, our Floyd Collins escapade would be broadcasted throughout the country. I was just thinking about what I would say to the hordes of newspaper reporters when the driver bawled out "All aboard!"

I scrambled into the car again but not without grumbling and indignantly remarking upon the brute's loudness. With a lurch and a slide we were off again, and after a seemingly endless number of frightful experiences, it was really not long before we reached Junaluska.

RAMBLING THROUGH OLD CHARLESTON

MARY LYON LEAK

Historic old Charleston is full of interesting things to see. Everywhere one goes there is sure to be some place of interest to hold his attention. The people are proud of their wonderful background, and have carefully marked all historic spots. There are few houses in Charleston that are not connected with some historical event.

The really *old* houses of Charleston (those at least one hundred years old) are surrounded with high, thick walls, built to protect the residents from the Indians, and later from the English. Through the tall iron gates can be seen the well-kept gardens with picturesque fountains and trellises. The whole gives an effect of stability and aristocracy.

Going slowly down Broad Street one is attracted by a beautiful old home, four stories high, of a dull yellow stone. It has a well-kept appearance, and the hanging baskets of fern add to the beauty. Stopping for a minute to read the tablet, one notes that this is the old home of Governor Rutledge.

Now, let us turn the corner and go down Legare Street. This is certainly the oldest street in the world. There on the left is the famous "Sword Gate." Looking through the wrought-iron entrance, one sees a beautiful garden with banks of roses in bloom. Here is another gate so oddly designed. Those pineapples cresting each post mean "Welcome" to all.

A little farther on one is attracted by the quaintness of a winding street. Here on the right is the home of the Colonial Treasurer. Yes, and just opposite is the place we have been hunting. There, on that artistic, wrought-iron balcony, George Washington addressed the colonists. Charleston is truly a quaint old city, bespeaking Southern aristocracy.

THE MAGNOLIA GARDENS

IRENE MCFADYEN

During the magic spring months of March and April the Magnolia Gardens, an estate just outside Charleston, South Carolina, is a magnet which draws all tourists and lovers of nature. These gardens are like a paradise which has wandered down to earth. They would be a perfect setting for the dramatization of a fairy tale. The azaleas of every color from the palest pink to the most dazzling crimson centered around a pool of dreamy water, the grass and leaves of bright green in the blazing sun, the tall old oaks majestic in their plumage of gray moss, and the entire scene roofed by the clear blue of the sky present a contrast of colors so startling that it seems to be visionary.

The azaleas are unearthly in their beauty. There are masses of riotous color twelve or thirteen feet high, in which all idea of individual petals is swept away. The walks are overhung with them in long vistas in all directions. The affluence of colors is like an artist's dream of hues impossible to obtain on earth. It is useless to attempt to describe the effect of these gorgeous rich flowers. Upon leaving, one carries away a haunting vision of a profusion of colors blazing and glowing against the sky.

SPRING AT PINEHURST

ERNEST WYCHE

We passed them, mile after mile. The tireless monotony of pink tints and darker shades was only broken by the new green of budding twigs. The short-cropped trees bristling over the hills and valleys seemed to compensate the searcher for beauty. The peach orchards of the Sandhills were in bloom! As we drove along, each turn of the sandy, dusty road revealed nature at work, and in each spot we saw different beauty.

Here the settling dust had converted a grove of pines and cedars into a feeble green. But suddenly as we struck a paved road and entered the city limits of Pinehurst, the whole atmosphere seemed charged with life. The lawns were well matched in the shrubbery. Everywhere were the long leafed pines with their glossy needles. The road wound in and out between the dense groves. The sunshine country made me think of pictures of Japanese gardens.

OVER THE BOONE TRAIL

JOE MANN

A trip through Roaring Gap or over the Boone Trail is something to be long remembered. In fact, the northwestern part of this state is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful and interesting sections to be found anywhere.

The scenery in that section is especially beautiful at this time of the year. Everything is either beginning to turn a delicate green or to blossom into pastel tints. The new violets and trailing arbutus peek out from the leaves of winter. There you will find, too, the cucumber tree, the blooms of which look like small reproductions of the magnolia flower. There you will see the beautiful wildness of the mountains, which readily captivates one.

Besides the natural views, there are other things which attract the eye. The winding highways and the narrow by-roads add to the beauty of the woods. The typical mountain homes are very picturesque when viewed from the top of a hill. The small cabins with one side on the ground and the other jutting out into space make an interesting scene.

Now and then you will catch sight of an old mill with its huge wheel slowly turning. The leaking flume and the moss-covered wheel serve as reminiscences of an industry which a century ago was in accordance with the time.

Often you will pass a cheese factory which extends back into the side of a steep mountain or the white piles of kaolin or mica which mark the entrance to a mine. Practically every mineral in common use today may be found in that section of our state. The purest iron ore in the world along with the best grade of kaolin are there. So the Boone Trail offers the sight-seer untold pleasures.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

LILY McLEES

The Ponce de Leon Spring, near Deland, Florida, is an ideal place to have a picnic, or to spend a holiday. The spring itself, wherein bubbles the so-called Fountain of Youth, is cemented in, and there is a wide cement walk all around it, and board-walks over certain parts.

In the shallower part of the pool is a large wheel, to which steps from the bottom of the pool lead; when one lies on top of the wheel, it revolves and sends him shooting into the water. The water itself is crystal-clear, so that one can easily see the bottom, which is covered with tiny white shells. The water which comes up from the deep sulphur spring is ice-cold. At the deepest end of the pool is a tall diving tower, the plunge from which is thirty-one feet.

The hotel, overlooking the Fountain of Youth, is of tan stucco, built in the Spanish style. It is roofed with bright-colored tile, and shaded with awnings which match the umbrella-covered steel tables and folding chairs on the grounds. Behind the hotel is the bath-house, providing dressing-rooms for the many bathers.

The spring empties out into a small lake. There are canoes available here. Around the edges of the lake are water hyacinths, flowers of a pretty orchid color, greatly resembling our own hyacinths, except for the leaves. On one side of this lake is an old

mill, which adds to the picturesqueness of the place. On the other side is a small menagerie. The grounds are provided with picnic tables and benches, slippery slides, and burros, for the children to ride.

The landscape is lavish with palmettos, magnolias, hibiscus, and there are even several peacocks that strut around.

BLOWING ROCK

MATILDA ROBINSON

There is no place anywhere that is prettier than the western part of North Carolina. The huge mountains covered over with many-colored trees and flowers, the beautiful skies of morning, noon, or night with the brilliant sun or the mellow moon, and the many mountain streams and springs seem to be one beautiful picture painted by the hand of God.

One particular view which seems to outdo all others is the outlook from Blowing Rock. Standing on that massive structure of stone jutting out thousands of feet above the scenes below, one feels as though he is really on a magic carpet. Far away on the horizon there are other mountains jutting up and down in a zigzag line. Below there stretch acres and acres of green forests dotted here and there with fields, houses, or streams. In the very center there is a tiny house which looks like a doll house. There is usually, even in summer, a narrow line of smoke rising from the chimney. To one side flows one of the clear mountain streams, looking from above like a tiny silver chain wrapping itself around the trees and houses. Occasionally a little black caterpillar crawls from one hill and then into another. In a moment or so, after wondering about it, comes the realization that it is nothing but a train which has intruded on that lovely picture of nature.

I believe that I could sit on that rock and dream for hours without once growing tired. The simple, yet at the same time, complicated beauty of nature makes me catch my breath and marvel at the glory of this world. I believe that even though I may travel over the seven seas, I will never see any place more impressive or more glorifying than our own North Carolina.

TO MONTREAT

LUCY CROCKER

Journeying along the edge of the mountains of western North Carolina, one comes upon the beautiful little town of Montreat.

Montreat is the summer camping-ground of Southern Presbyterianism. From the moment one enters the rustic stone gate he is charmed with the beauty of the place. Everything has a look of quietness. God made the place beautiful, and man has not marred God's handiwork. Trees have been left to grow as they pleased and not as man pleased. Great clumps of rhododendron are apparent on every hand. The lake is a mirror of the picture around it.

To visit Montreat is to visit one of the most scenic spots in North Carolina.



THE ROAD

DUELLA WALKER

Somewhere there's a long, white road
That ends nowhere at all.
It leads from winter into spring,
From summer through the fall.

Somewhere the grass is fresh and green,
And gentle breezes blow.
Somewhere the wind is sharp and keen,
And the fields are white with snow.

THROUGH ROSE-COLORED GLASSES

MIRIAM BLOCK

I eagerly awaited the moment when I would arrive at my destination. Too, I was happy; for I was glad that after my extensive traveling and reading I was able to tell other people of what I had learned. This case, I thought, was going to be an interesting one. I was to entertain a little crippled child this afternoon by either reading or talking to him.

After quite a number of undesirable hindrances, I turned my car down a certain little rickety street, and stopped before the house. The mother greeted me at the door with two timid-looking children clinging to her skirt.

"Come right in. He's waited so anxiously to see you."

I entered the small age-worn house. Glancing about me, I found everything to be most immaculate. There I saw the lad sitting by the window, eager and starry-eyed. At first he stared at me, a bit frightened. But presently his lips formed into such a whimsical little smile that I felt all warm and funny inside.

"Mother says you're from the Social Welfare. I think it is so very kind of you to come to see me, because we live so far away. I don't have many visitors. You see," he said, laying a thin hand upon his legs, "I can't go out myself."

"Yes," I said, smiling—for one could not help smiling at Peter. "Shall I read to you, or shall we talk?"

"Please, let's just talk. You see, I read ever so much—nearly all day long."

"Fine. Then I'll tell you about my visit to California. First, I'll tell you about the part I *didn't* like, and that is the desert. The land was barren and ugly; the people were crude and ignorant. I—"

"But, Miss—Miss Welfare!" he added triumphantly, "it didn't look that way to me."

"You?"

"Oh, no ma'am, I haven't really and truly been there, but sometimes after I finish reading my book, I love to just look out of the window here. And, oh, the wonderful places I see and go to. Once I went to that desert in Cal—"

He stopped short, rather timidly, realizing how much he was talking. "Oh, pardon me, I didn't mean to interrupt."

"Yes, indeed. You tell me, because I'd much rather hear you."

He began again, thrilled to be able to talk to an earnest listener. "That desert you spoke of—I thought it was beautiful—silver sands and the wandering nomads. It's beautiful—the desert is beautiful, well, because God made it," he added, looking at me rather shyly.

"Yes, go on."

"And then I went farther down in California. It made me glad because it was so beautiful. There were so many bright-colored flowers and birds that it dazed my eyes. I saw people coming out of an enormous cathedral, and they smiled at me as they passed. Everyone was happy because they loved each other. Some of them even stopped and picked flowers with me, for they, too, liked them."

Little Peter's conversation was broken by the clamoring and babbling of the two smaller children. I hated to leave, for here from this humble little heart I had learned to see the world through rose-colored glasses. I had learned that all is beautiful if we see it so.



THE FARMER'S JOURNEY

ERNEST SCARBORO

There wander through the winding road
A farmer's wagon wheels.
They take him o'er the way,
To many open fields—
Down the hill to a rippling brook,
And up the hill to a bend,
He plods along, singing a song,
On his trip to the fields beyond.

INTERIM

CARLTON WILDER

These long, damp, gray spring days,
Oozing mist all over the landscape,
With heavy clouds flying low and fast,
And the clammy air that clings in the throat and nostrils.

They lure me, these days,
A respite for the enervating charm of springtime,
For the blazing mornings and painfully tender sky,
And soft, fragrant nights under a large, pale moon.

I follow their call,
Down the ooze-puddled, slippery roads,
Through the deep, dripping grass,
Through the shadowy woods,
A-reek with the clean, strong smells of bursting life,
On carpets of ancient, soggy leaves,
On and on, alone.
What a relief!

This world of dull gray hills and mist, ceilinged with low, sombre
skies,
It eases the ache that burning beauty gives,
Eases the strange restlessness of early-born passion,
Eases youth,
Eases life,
Absorbs all in its pleasant, gray dampness.

Tomorrow, it will burn again, life consuming life, the perennial fire.
Tomorrow, beauty will ache in my heart again.
Tomorrow, youth, love.
But today—ah, today, forgetfulness.

They lure me, these days.

IN A RAILWAY STATION

ANNE MCKINNEY

"Bobby, please won't you be quiet."

"But, Mom, I told you I wanted another chocolate soda."

"Bobby, hush. I've given you two sodas in the last fifteen minutes and you simply can't have another. Besides the train is due in a very few minutes. Just think, you'll see daddy in a little while."

"Aw! I don't wanna see daddy."

At this point Bobby started howling and, when he was warned not to wake the baby, he began to scream louder.

Why shouldn't I, an interested by-stander, have let this alone? But I didn't. When the baby began to howl—whether it was a selfish or helpful motive—I asked the mother if I couldn't take Bobby over and get him a soda.

"That's lovely of you, but, really, he shouldn't have another soda," answered the tired little mother, wistfully.

And I, influenced by those wistful eyes, asked if I could help with the children.

"I know I'm a sight and since you're so kind, I will let you hold baby and keep Bobby while I go and powder my face. Are you sure you won't mind?"

I replied that I didn't, but Bobby was of a different opinion. He had already decided that he wasn't going to mind, and as soon as his mother was out of sight he dashed out into the street.

And I started after him, never realizing what a funny sight we were, forgetting about the now laughing baby in my arms, not looking to see in what direction we were going or wondering what the friends of James C. Donald would think or do if they saw him chasing a kid down the street headlong, with a much besqueezed baby in his arms.

Finally I caught up with Bobby enough to tell him that if he didn't come back his mother would go off and leave him.

"Well, how can I stop when you're chasing me? I don't want to get spanked."

"Bless you, I won't spank you; I'll give you a soda."

If wishes were horses—I could have cheerfully spanked him till he yelled, but I smiled and I saw that Bobby with a doubtful look from the corner of his eye was slowing up.

I hailed a taxi and took the kids back to their mother, who was as glad to see them as I was to get rid of them.

Moral: “Don’t undertake anything you can’t handle.”



THE LURE OF A TRAIN WHISTLE

WINIFRED HYAMS

“Wee-oo,” goes the whistle as the train comes rumbling along. The chugging engine seems to call, “Come on.” Each wobbling car says, “Follow me. Why stay in one place when you can be going? Why worry about the troubles of life?”

Oh! the smothered feeling my heart has as it hears this message and sees the tempter leave a cloud of smoke behind. What a wonderful life it must be always to go, go, and go!



WHY?

MILDRED GOLDEN

Why should I go to the land of beyond,
When right here around me I see
The beauty that nature has given to us
Right there in the top of that tree.

A little bird has built her nest
Out on the end of a limb.
I wonder why she built it so high
Among the clouds so dim?

TRAVELING IN FANCY

JAMES STEWART

*"Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world
Round these
Our pastimes and happiness will grow."*

I often think of Wordsworth's words when I take down a book to read, and I find they are true to my way of thinking.

My greatest pleasure and happiness is traveling. As this takes much money I do not indulge in it very often except in fancy, which is the best substitute for the real thing.

My fancy is usually on the job, but sometimes it will not function with the usual activity. Then is the time I prove the saying that a book is your best friend. I go to the shelves, take down a book and, lo, I am transported by that master magician, fancy, to the utmost realms of the world!



TRAVELS WITH A PONY

GLENNA FARLOW

Mother and father had forbidden us to take the pony from the barn, because we were too little to ride. The day had been unusually long for brother and me, and consequently we decided to have a little fun.

"Oh, let's slip the pony out and take a ride," said brother.

"But what will mother say?" I questioned.

"Scarry cat! She won't even know it," was brother's reply.

Without more words, we ran toward the barn. In a few minutes brother had the pony out and the bridle on.

"Let's take a turn through the orchard first," said brother.

"You lead the pony and I'll ride," I answered.

All went well until we reached an apple tree. I was so happy to be riding that I could not see the limb, and, as brother was watching the house with one eye, he could not see it either. All at once I felt something strike me in the face. Then I felt myself sliding gradually down. I was moving so easily that I could not realize that I was leaving the horse's back. Brother pulled the pony right on as if nothing were happening. In a few seconds I hit the ground.

Just at that moment we heard mother's voice calling us. Brother rushed the pony to the stable, thinking that I was still on it. When he reached the door, he missed me. Mother's voice was still echoing. There must be an answer soon, I realized. Just as soon as the pony was in the stable, brother answered her.

"Were you calling us, Mother?"

I scrambled up and brushed myself once or twice.

"Mother, we were having the best time watching the birds build their nests," I said as I peered over my shoulder to see if any dust remained on my back.



THE MOUNTAINS OF PENNSYLVANIA

WAYNE K. HOPKINS

I do not think that there is any place more beautiful to travel in than the mountains of Pennsylvania in the fall of the year. I have made the trip a number of times and I know what I am talking about.

In the morning you feel as if you are ready to do anything. You start up the mountains and you climb for four or five hours. As you go up and up, the road which you have traversed can easily be seen stretching out behind you like a smooth white ribbon. You can see, too, the farm houses dotting the valleys below you, and you see a separate little stream for each valley. The different kinds of trees attract your notice also; their colored leaves laden with dew sparkle so that the whole seems to be a forest of many-

colored gems. The higher you go, the farther you can see, and after you reach the top, you can see for miles and miles. You are well repaid for your climb.

As you start down the other side, you can see the clouds below you in the valleys. The dew on the trees has dried now, and there is no sparkle, but it is a beautiful sight just the same. You look ahead and again see the road, lined with farm-houses that look inviting. It is truly delightful to climb the mountains of Pennsylvania in the fall of the year.



THROUGH A MINING SECTION

PHYLLIS PENN

A drive through the coal fields of West Virginia is by far the most interesting mountain trip I have ever taken; however, the beauty that one usually associates with mountain drives was entirely lacking. In this mining district it seemed that everything had been sacrificed for the sake of industry.

The first sign of our approach to the coal fields was the appearance of coal in the mountain-sides; then, around a few more curves and there was a mining settlement. It was a filthy, smoky place. The houses were mere shanties, for the most part dirtier and more dilapidated than average negro houses in our section of the country. There were rows and rows of these houses crowded together. Farther on, I saw the coke ovens which are said to make such a beautiful sight at night. In the business section of the settlement the streets were narrow and crowded; the signs on stores bore no familiar American names; the stores themselves were unlike American stores.

The inhabitants of the settlement impressed me even more than the general character of the place. Most of these people were laborers from southeastern Europe; there were also a few negroes. They were not American citizens living by American standards and speaking the English language. To see and hear this type of immigrant was something new to me; I had never fully realized that there were such people living under such circumstances.

As I left this settlement to go through many more of the same nature, I was told that up on a mountain side far above all this ugliness was a mansion noted for its beauty, its English gardens, its wealth, the home of the mine owner.



GYPSY BLOOD

HILDA DAVIDSON

Why stand ye there,
Oh, gypsy fair,
With eyes aglow
And head bent low?

See'st thou a land
Within thy span,
Which calls from high
To put things by,

And follow bold
The call of old
That lured thy kin
From town to glen?

Up and away!
The call today
Is challenge bold,
From blood of old.

TRAVELING WITH THE STARS

RUTH HEATH

They say there's a man in the moon. There is, for I know him. He is that big, kind fellow that helps me so much when I'm on earth; he's the one that leads the way when I'm traveling with the stars. It's nice to travel the open road, but it's nicer to travel where a cloud is the dust and a few stray stars are the stones on the way.

That star you see in the east takes you—can't you see the picture? It's moonlight—water—magnolias—guitars—romance. The red star beside it paints cherry blossoms and kimonos. That pale blue star brings to you the desert. A train of camels is crossing the sand dunes, and dark, interesting sheiks are plodding their way before them. That little twinkling star there points to wind-mills, to yellow-haired people in wooden shoes. That gorgeous one in the west shows the bright lights of a cabaret, and there is a chateau in the distance. The scene changes again. Here are blue skies, gondolas—Venice. The bright star takes you there.

So each star has its little particular scene, and there are millions of stars, you know.



LANDS OF ENCHANTMENT

HENRY BIGGS

"Last evening I curled up before the fire at home and began to dream.—No, I am not normally of a poetic frame of mind, and my dreams are confined to the prosaic illusions of indigestion after an over-hearty meal—surely, I'll excuse you. It was natural for you to think me in love. Lovers always think so. For them love is everywhere. They see love in the monthly bills.—Certainly, I was not injured.—Well, the flames lulled me into the sweet realm of half wakefulness, half-intoxicated slumber; and I saw in the coals a wonderful coastland with vast lagoons and bays, on whose shim-

mering surface sail ships skimmed like great white swans. All was so peaceful that I could have lived forever drinking in the ever-growing charm of this quiet scene. But dreams are short, too short, my friend. The overshadowing hills dipping their feet into the dark blue of a sleeping sea, I fear, are lost to me forever."



A TRIP WITH AENEAS

ERNEST SCARBORO

It was a warm, spring morning in April. Our Latin class had just assembled, and we were preparing for our daily lesson. How I did hate to read Virgil on a day like this, but there was no way out of it. I thought of Aeneas sailing along on beautiful water under a blue sky, and I in a dark, gloomy class-room—the contrast was sickening.

"Now, Ernest, you may read the first sentence." It was the teacher's voice.

"Aeneas and his crew sailed out of the harbor with a favorable wind and made their way to sunny Italy—" I began in a sleepy voice.

Now that my day's work was over, I relaxed on one side of my seat. I could hear someone reading "the men obeyed the orders and jumped aboard the ship——." I, too, got on with Aeneas and started on a journey.

"What beautiful mountains we are passing, and just look at that castle. I wonder what is on that island in the distance. I never saw such a queer-looking man. The people certainly do live in strange-looking homes. Isn't this a cool breeze? What? Oh, yes, we will be there soon," were the thoughts which passed through my mind.

"Ernest, Ernest, it's time for you to go to the cafeteria," shouted Mary Jane.

"Where?" I answered in a wandering voice.

"Where you are supposed to, foolish."

GO WEST!

DOUGLAS CARTLAND

When the sun is hot
And the days are long,
When you hear not,
The robin's song,
Nor catch a glimpse of a feathered nest,
Go west, young man, go west.

Where the trail is red,
With the blood of men,
There you may settle,
And try to win.
Turn your face west, oh! west,
There's the land that you love best.

Oh! the pioneer lads led the way,
Fighting through thick and thin,
And the old oaks whisper, bending down,
"You will win, you will win, you will win."
Fly to the land of the eagle's crest,
Go west, young man, go west.



WARP AND WOOF

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The Relation of Travel to Modern Life

THE world is daily becoming more and more civilized. Existence has changed from a simple problem of self-preservation and race-preservation by instructive physical means to an intensely complicated problem in which thousands of interwoven factors may combine to save or destroy an individual. One's personal life, today, is not dependent alone upon one's own qualities or desires, but the qualities and desires of millions of other beings. The life of one's group, or community, similarly, is not self-dependent either; its destiny is hopelessly interwoven with that of the other communities which make up the civilized world.

The work of mankind, the vital process which keeps the race and civilization functioning, is not performed entirely by any one individual. A world-wide sharing of function, a world-wide specialization has become a rule. Under such conditions life in any

one of the particular spheres in which one is practically forced to confine one's self becomes very narrow, very limited. One gets little first-hand contact with the world as a whole, with life as a whole as our fathers were compelled to live it in order to survive. And so people rarely are able to think in terms that transcend the limitations of their own environment.

There is where travel in all its phases must enter the scheme of things if we are to have that breadth of outlook and that understanding co-operation which are essential to the salvation of mankind. Only through travel in some form, whether experienced at first hand or second hand, can this new and broader mode of thought be acquired. Anything that would encourage an interest in travel is, on this account, amply justified; it is this aim to which the present issue of HOMESPUN is devoted.

Carlton Wilder

A Real Measure of Kindness

It is only at rare intervals that we have the privilege to render our heartfelt appreciation for anything so wholly kind and worthy of true citizenship as the interest Mr. Paul Lindley has always shown in Greensboro High School and its many activities; especially have we reference to his recent efforts in the interest of sending representatives of HOMESPUN to the Southern Interscholastic Press Association, which met at Lexington, Virginia, on the twenty-second of April.

This marks the first year HOMESPUN has contested in the Southern group. All contestants were required to send delegates before the magazine files could be entered. This expense HOMESPUN was unable either individually or collectively to shoulder. It was at this point that Mr. Lindley came to the rescue, offering his services and the assistance of the Chamber of Commerce.

We know of nothing more conducive of enthusiastic application among high school students than for them to understand that prominent business men are interested in their work, that a busy citizen like Mr. Lindley takes enough time to see that delegates are sent to Washington and Lee. HOMESPUN staff wishes to express, in its humble way, its appreciation of this truly generous spirit. We hope that we may continue to prove worthy of such confidences.

Henry Biggs

TANGLED THREADS

A SILENT PRAYER

PAULINE GALLOWAY

I love to sit by the open road
And watch the passers-by
When the evening sun seeks its abode
And the shadows cross the sky.

I see the rich and poor the same,
Walking on their way.
I see the strong, the weak, the lame
Going home at the close of day.

I hear the happy negro's song
As to his hut he turns;
I see the Chinaman stroll along
Counting the dollars he earns.

I rise and turn my steps toward home,
And I see along the way
The tracks of a busy day that's done
Imprinted in the clay.

And as I look upon that road
I raise a silent prayer:
"May my heart be a plastic mold
And tracks be printed there.

"The tracks of those who pass every day,
Stranger or whate'er they be;
May they be as the prints in the clay
And be a part of me."

LABELS ON LUGGAGE

ELVIE HOPE

Rome, Paris, London, Monte Carlo, Venice, Naples, Vienna, Madrid, Tunis—

I wonder what secrets are hidden in those gaudy red and yellow labels, some so torn and faded as to be almost illegible now? What have you seen, little shabby black bag, since the first yellow label, "New York," was pasted on your shiny and spotless leather? What would you tell us, if you could talk? Of the cherry blossoms covering the foothills of picturesque Fujiyama? Of the coolies, quaint old-world Chinamen carrying American tourists in ancient rickshaws through twentieth-century streets?

Or would you tell us of London, with its fogs and its Tower; of Westminster Abbey, whose tall gray towers, piercing the gray sky, whisper of the secrets of unfathomable ages—a history in itself?

Of Rome, mistress of the world, of its catacombs and Forum and wonderful old cathedrals? Of Athens and Damascus—Jerusalem and Jericho, dream cities of a thousand poets, whose thoughts wander to you as have ever the thoughts of poets for a thousand ages past, for a thousand ages to come?

Of Shanghai, Singapore, Vladivostok, St. Petersburg, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires? Of Venice, with its age-old Doges Palace; its covak and gondolas and its silver balconies; of its gondoliers with their low, melodious chanting, and its romance?

Of Constantinople, that ancient impenetrable city of mystery beyond the straits of Dardanelle? Would you tell of Algiers and its white-turbaned sheiks; of its century-old towers and winding stairs; of the blue, blue waters of the Mediterranean gently lapping the white sands of Africa?

Or of the quaint provinces and towns of southern France with their narrow streets and gothic archways?

As you lie there, little traveler, are you thinking of your wonderful journey? Or do your thoughts wander to the big city—New York, the melting pot, the maelstrom of the universe; that tiny island, bought for twenty-four dollars, whose every street con-

tains just a bit of all the wonders of the world? And are you glad to get back—back to the dearest country of all? Are you sorry for the showy labels—the representatives of all the countries and the wonders most of us can only dream of? Dream of—and never hope to see? I wonder!



THE SOUTHBOUND TRAIN

MARY LEET UNDERWOOD

A small log hut nestled comfortably among the tall pines on a hill at the foot of which was assembled a mining camp. Two men, much toughened and darkened by their outdoor work, sat in crude chairs before a bright, fitful fire. A solemn silence had prevailed all evening, the only noise being the creaking of the beams overhead as the wind blew, but now the older of the men arose. As he stood between the fire and his younger companion, he cast a gigantic shadow upon the opposite wall, which flared with an unsteady movement as he spoke.

"Bill, we've cleaned out a rich vein in this country, haven't we? We're living a peaceful, wholesome life here, but yet, I'm not satisfied. Something seems to draw me, to call me farther on! Bill, it's something I just can't explain, but every time I hear the shrill whistle of that southbound train I just have to turn a deaf ear on the sound to keep myself from leaving this camp. As I said, we both have a large share of gold and, Bill, I think I'll have to go. I don't want to pull you away from your work, yet I don't want to leave you alone. Would you consider taking this fellow, David Dodd, into your partnership? He's an ambitious boy, and he's honorable, too. Somehow, he's taken a fancy to you, and I think you would get along wonderfully well with him."

The two men talked and planned until the fire died away and the soft rays of the morning sun penetrated through the shadows. Finally all arrangements were made, and the older man stole quietly through the well known woods and waited for that southbound train.

PERPLEXITY

CARLTON WILDER

Where are you going?
Where am I going?
No one knows.
It's all the dark secret of fate, destiny.

We were born under the same sky,
Stared, fascinated, at the same blinking stars,
Startled by the same colors and the magic sounds and smells of the
 spring days.
And still we never knew each other,
Never guessed each other's existence.
And when we met it was not different from any other meeting.
I did not know you,
You did not know me.
Off and on for years we saw each other;
Then one night in June,
Fragrant, exhilarating night,
I suddenly realized you were you,
All electric with beauty under the shadows.

Since then your laugh is always the magic laughter of that night,
And your eyes express intoxicating memories at every flicker of their
 brightness,
Whole volumes of poetry that will never be written,
Note after note of music that will never be sung.
Inarticulate feelings, all will die with my memory.
Destiny will tear us apart as it brought us together.

Where are you going?
Where am I going?
No one knows—
It's all the dark secret of fate, destiny.

CAP'N MART

MABEL UZZELL

The up-country sportsman jumped from the little skiff onto the old shackly dock. Before him he saw a little fishing village almost entirely cut off from the world. Bleak, grey shanties, nearly all alike, straggled down the coastline. With a sense of nausea he thought of his trip down. The jarring and swaying of the local and then of the boat that had brought him across the sound had sickened him. The damp salt air plastered his clothes close to his sun-burned skin. The barnacles of the wharf scraped through his thin canvas shoes. He shuddered as he beheld this drab little community—this little community with no pleasures, no diversions, and no interest except the way of the tides and the price of fish scrap.

A voice from behind him interrupted his thoughts. "No, I ain't been offen the coast for fifty year."

It was "Cap'n Mart," the old fisherman, who was showing the stranger the mysteries of seine-fishing.

The sportsman made no answer. The two walked on in silence. Presently he turned and said, "Captain, why do you live down here? We've all heard the story of your inheritance. Why don't you travel a little? Have a little home some place if you wish. But you know the coast now; let's see the rest of the state."

According to the creed of the coast, "Cap'n Mart" showed no emotion. Yet there was a tremble in his voice when he turned and answered, "Stranger, you hain't acquainted with this place. Has you ever seen the sun a-risin' about the spring of the year? You hain't never seen the little 'flounder lanterns' a-skippin' offen across the bay. You hain't never seen the winds a-twistin' the baby oak trees. If I wuz to go off I'd never see the mornin' glories climbing o'er the well 'fore the sun is up. I likes to see the haze hangin' o'er the sound. Has you ever seen the 'myrtles' a-huggin' near the shanties? Strange, I'd never get to hear the boats a-passin' in the night. And has you ever tasted a 'Bogue Sound water melin'—them's the sweetest that's growed? And the winds and tides er all the time a-prancin' 'round and playin' tricks; they

kinder keep a fellow guessin'. No, it hain't dull. And, stranger," the old man smiled, "have you ever seen er 'Ocracoke square dance'? And you know I'd miss the seasons—and the seasons on the coast—No, stranger, I don't guess I kin be travelin'. Wean folks down here—wean don't never git to know our own front yard."

The old man waved his hand; the ocean stretched before him. "No, I won't be travelin'. Home's a-plenty when a-body's livin' on the coast."



"OUR GANG" *en Voyage*

JOSEPHINE LYLES

Mrs. Hirschiemer and her children boarded the train in New York to go to San Francisco. As long as dear papa could be seen, they waved and said good-bye to him. However, Mother Hirschiemer soon discovered that one of her flock was missing.

"Mercy! Here, Rosa, line up the children and help me count them. One is not here!"

"Well, ma, there's Ruby, Harold, Abie, Arnold, Louis, and here I am! Oh! it's Ikey, the baby!"

"Heavens! Ikey, Ikey, where in the world are you? Stop the train! Gracious! Rosa, you and Abie do something besides stand there and wring your hands!"

At this moment in came the conductor carrying the missing Ikey by the seat of his bright red rompers. The baby was thoroughly enjoying the situation, for he was laughing and cooing, and when put into his mother's arms, he burst into tears. While Mrs. Hirschiemer was occupied in trying to quiet little Ikey, the fun began for the other children.

A perfect specimen of a flapper had gone into the adjoining car, and when Abie saw her pocketbook lying in the seat, he proceeded to pick it up and open it. He ran to his brothers, whispering something to them, and then between them they carried a large suit-case to the drawing-room.

Gracious! Such piercing yells and whoops. Then down the aisle there came running a tribe of the wildest Indians ever seen within civilization. They had red paint smeared from ear to ear, white powder over the available spaces, and long black lines under the eyes. These children had certainly played havoc with the contents of the pocketbook. However, the young girl had a very nice disposition, and was not angry with the mischievous boys at all, but the other passengers, composed mostly of old people, were greatly annoyed, and only the conductor succeeded in quieting them.

Nevertheless, the young ruffians, as soon as the man left, marched forth to perform another prank. Harold had kept a small piece of lip-stick, the same fateful one from the flapper's hand-bag, and with this he, seeing a bald head leaning against the back of a seat, proceeded to draw a frightful face upon the bare spot. Had not the old gentleman been sleeping soundly, he would have surely felt their scratching and whipped them. This stunt afforded fun for not only the youngsters, but their fellow-passengers as well. Mrs. Hirschiemer came to the rescue before the old man awoke, and gave each child a hard slap on his face.

That night the fun really began,—for the youngsters. They greatly enjoyed watching the porter make down the berths, and stared with open mouths each time he pulled down the apparatus and made a bed up in the air. They were a bit shy of the uppers, but readily seized the lowers.

Time soon came to go to bed, and when Mrs. Hirschiemer heard cries, partly from anger, and partly from injury, she investigated and found Ruby and Louis having a fight. Each wanted to sleep in the clothes hammock; no doubt each thought it was the proper place to sleep.

About one o'clock everyone settled down; first, mother Hirschiemer had promptly spanked Arnold and Rosy for performing trapeze acts on the brass rods which held the rings to which the curtains were attached.

"Say! That was fine! This Hal Roach Gang Comedy will be a scream; it sure is a howling success. Hey, we get off here for our next scene." So said the movie director the following morning; and here we leave Mrs. Hirschiemer and her seven children to their fate.

THE SEA HORSE

VIRGINIA DOUGLAS

They said Cap'n Chase had been shipwrecked on his way to Florida, had lived in a remnant of his boat that had been washed on shore, until finally he had moved into what became known as Cap'n Chase's Shack, a place where he sold fishermen's supplies.

One day I had walked down to the inlet where some of the oddest shells were found—usually by others than myself—and happened to meet the cast-away. Together we picked up beautiful little shells, delicate things, and found a conch to put them in.

Cap'n Chase could do more, though, than hunt shells with little girls. Back at his shack, he showed me a seahorse. Until then, I had thought of them as fictitious sea monsters, but that was no monster. It was simply a little, dead, shell-like thing about six inches long, much like all pictures of sea horses. I have never seen one since, and I probably never shall, but I shall look, because I want a sea horse for my own.



THE OPEN ROAD

MARTHA TALMAN

I stood at the little gate at the far end of the yard, my dog by my side, and gazed long and thoughtfully at the wide, sandy road. I longed to sling open the gate and follow the curves until I found out where and what they led to. The grass across the way seemed to urge me on as it swayed to and fro in the breeze. Even the dog looked up at me with his big brown eyes that seemed to understand and plead. Still something made me linger.

I turned and looked at the house and saw the cat peaceably sleeping in the warm sunshine. My glance caught the unfinished flower garden, which I had been working on so faithfully. As I gazed at the house and its surroundings, I turned again to my flowers and began to work. But all this time my heart was yearning to follow the dusty road.

STOCK EXCHANGED

JOSEPH HENDRICKS

"Curses on that youngster!" I mused bitterly, while sitting in one of the comfortable chairs at the club. My jealous rage, long smoldering, now flamed up at this last insult.

The cause of my unhappiness was this. Crawford, one of my young business acquaintances, had won my fiancée away right under my nose. That was bad enough, but now he comes and 'phones me, asking me to give him a tip on the stock market. To buy a love nest for her, I thought angrily.

I had not told him what stock to buy on the instant, as I had enough to do to control my temper while speaking to him.

Suddenly a devilish plan came into my mind. I reached for the 'phone and called Crawford's number. He heartily thanked me when I advised the purchase of a certain reputable stock. I grinned maliciously as I put down the receiver, knowing that Crawford would invest every penny he had.

In a few days that stock began to drop, point by point. It began to fall like a comet in the next few days. Brokers began calling for more margin, and suspense prevailed everywhere in the stock exchange room. Sitting in my seat at the exchange, I grinned wider and wider every time the stock lost a point. In fact, I laughed aloud when I saw Crawford, with a tense and haggard face, watching the ticker reel off his doom, financially speaking.

But just as the bottom was falling out from under that stock, it steadied. Then, by some strange freak, it began climbing rapidly. My amusement gave way to surprise, then absolute chagrin and rage. I almost raved when the stock reached a new high level, where it remained for good.

However, in a few days I was able to see the funny side of the situation when Crawford invited me to be the first guest in his new love nest.

SKETCHES

ELVIE HOPE

A WALK THROUGH AUTUMN WOODS

The tang of frost in the air—the vague, pungent smell of smoke—wisps of clouds drifting lazily over a bright blue sky—crimson and gold, brown and orange, vermilion and green and dull amber mingling in a kaleidoscope of colors—a tiny birch tree mirrored like a slender, pale-gold dryad in the film of ice that covers the once-tinkling brook—a saucy squirrel scampering across a soft carpet of pine needles—gentle rustlings in the trees—swaying pines, whispering of the great mysterious Sleep that is coming——

A SLEIGH-RIDE IN DECEMBER

The frosting breath of the horses as they gallop, snorting over the frozen ruts—an icy wind swirling little piles of snow, and whipping color into glowing cheeks—snow glistening over the fields like a million tiny diamonds—bare, leafless trees, like forsaken sentinels holding up barren arms against a cold, gray-white sky—tiny icicles clinging to brown eaves—a white, white covering making strangers of the most familiar objects—a gay meeting with another party—joyous shouts—laughter like the tinkling of little silver bells—one last call, then silence—then snow cutting and stinging, but covering anew the frozen and muddy sleigh-ruts—and cold—cold——

SPRING IN THE WOODS

A tinkling brook, bubbling and tumbling over the pebbles in its eagerness to reach the lake—shy trees, bending over the water to admire their newly-opened leaves—purple violets, blooming in riotous confusion—red-brown dogwood trees, whose creamy-white, heart-shaped petals are tinted with red——clover in the grass——tiny, golden crocuses, peeping shyly from under their cover of dead leaves——a warm, fresh smell to the newly awakened earth——Spring——like a tiny babe, opening its wide blue eyes to the wonders of the world——Life——

JUNE

Tiny moonbeams dancing across a silver lake—a warm, mysterious fragrance in the velvet air—a luminous radiance resting softly on the rippling water—soft, big-petaled water-lilies opening their silver hearts to the night—a canoe gliding softly through the ripples—seeming to float rather than to sail.



COMPENSATION

GRAHAM TODD

Luck had been with us. Rides had come in an even flow of delightful pick-ups during all of our trip. Miles had passed on behind us in a rapid way that made us wonder if this "bumming rides" wasn't a violation of the law of compensation. Here we were getting miles and miles over the country in a leisurely, easy way and paying nothing more than if we were standing still. Eating was our only expense, and even that was often paid for by a kind "lifter."

Early in the afternoon of our last day "on the road," toward home, we were put out at a little town, and not having far to go, did not make any haste in eating dinner or in getting back on the highway.

At three o'clock we did, however, go on to the road and take a seat on a bridge, hoping to jump immediately down and into some inviting seat of a car. But four o'clock came, then five. Spitting into the creek became much less fun, and we found its joys so diminished that we stopped altogether that we might put all our attention on our vigil, our watch of the road.

Six o'clock. Nearly seven.

And finally, as we jumped into a car bound all the way for *home*, we knew that that old law of compensation was *right*. We had paid.

CANOEING

RUTH ABBOTT

Why is it that the picture of someone gliding down a stream in a canoe, or even a phrase such as "in my birch canoe" fills each of us with the desire to be that someone. A rather mysterious longing overcomes us, and we, too, are soon seeking that secluded lake—guarded by tall pine and birch trees, fringed with long grasses—where we find last summer's canoe with one oar broken.

One vigorous push-off from the shore and several deep strokes of the paddle send our light craft far out over the smooth water. Now follow more swift strokes of the paddle as we skirt the shore and then venture down the often explored outlet. The exercise has sent a ready glow into our cheeks and a feeling of exuberance through our whole being. But now comes our time to drift, to rest the oar and lie with our face to the sky—just drifting, languidly, carelessly, smoothly, with scarce a ripple in the water. Yes, we delight in every moment spent so.

There is something in the entire process that appeals to every one of us; perhaps it is because it involves so many different feelings. The first splash of the water seems to call for energy, and the rhythmic dipping of the paddles fascinates us. One experiences a happy independence as he propels his canoe deftly over the water. An air of freedom is there, and the thrill as the boat tips, the fresh breeze in one's hair, or dash of sparkling spray, heightens this feeling.

Yet, although we enjoy this attitude of independence and energy, it is perhaps the drifting that brings the greatest delight. There is no other action of which I know, unless it is rocking in a hammock, that so encourages day-dreaming. The smooth, steady flow of the water beneath, carrying the canoe outward, produces a most soothing effect. Even the clouds above seem carefree; they float, you float. A soft wind sends tiny ripples through the water; even the wooded shore is possessed of a serene silence. There seems nothing to keep you from lapsing into a most blissful oblivion. And to this attitude our minds respond quite readily.

So, after all, we must call canoeing something much greater than a sport. We like it because it combines so many of the sensations which we like to experience, and such little trouble is involved in producing them.



THE PIRATE

DUELLA WALKER

I want to be a pirate
And sail upon the sea,
And wear a sword, so no one dare
Say "do" and "don't" to me.

I want to take a hundred men
And step upon the shore,
To meet a hundred thousand there,
And "have them in their gore."

I want to find a cave of gold,
And, after fighting hard,
With "might and main set sail again"
And hide it in our yard.

I want to have a great big ship,
And sail before the breeze,
Till everyone shall say I am
The terror of the seas!

AUTOMOBILE MANNERS

WYLIE McGLAMERY

Very few people seem to realize that there is any such thing as automobile manners, or at least very few ever exhibit such manners. Usually when a person gets into an automobile, he thinks only of getting to a certain place as easily and as quickly as possible. The man in the other car is hardly given a thought.

Even men who have the very best manners everywhere else forget them almost completely, once they are behind the steering-wheel of an automobile. The rule holds almost without an exception. And yet if the other fellow does not show them proper consideration, or if he causes them some little delay or inconvenience, they become very angry.

Not only does this apply to men, but also to women drivers as well. It makes very little difference whether it is a man or a woman driving the other car; we are in a hurry, so he or she, as the case may be, must wait until we get by, even if it means slamming on their brakes or running off the road to keep from hitting us.

But these things ought not to be. Many times serious accidents are caused by both drivers refusing to give way to each other. I see no reason why we should not show the same courtesy and consideration to persons driving automobiles as we would show to them elsewhere. We should stop and reason more. Perhaps the other fellow is in as much of a hurry as we are. Then is it not the polite thing for us to slow up and let him go ahead, instead of saying, "Oh, let him look out for himself; I must go ahead"?

On the other hand, if a driver is courteous to us and we do not get the opportunity to return his courtesy, then why could not we pass it on to the next fellow we meet? Let us hope that some-day automobile manners may be looked upon in the same light as table manners.

PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

ELINOR WYLIE, *The Orphan Angel*

On the eighteenth of July, 1822, the American ship, "Witch of the West," was leaving Leghorn Harbor. They were in a great hurry, for David Butternut, one of the sailors, would be in danger if they stayed near Leghorn. He had, in self-defense, killed Jasper Cross, a fellow-sailor. A little way out a human being was seen floating in the sea. David rescued this being and brought him before the captain. When the captain saw him he exclaimed, "It's Jasper's attendant angel." The rescued man looked just like Jasper. The stranger, when he heard Daniel's story, consented to take Jasper's place; and thus save David. He told David his name, which David understood to be Shiloh. The stranger did not correct him. The two became great friends; and when they landed in America, they started out together to find Jasper's sister. The rest of the story deals with their adventures on the way.

The story is disappointing as far as a plot is concerned; there is no plot. Throughout the whole book you constantly expect a climax; but the end of the book finds you no nearer a climax than when you first started.

Elinor Wylie has, though, succeeded in the real purpose of her book—to picture Shelley on American soil. Shiloh is her conception of that famous English poet. The book is delightfully written; and Shelley, excellently described. Every incident brings out or emphasizes one of his characteristics. The companions she chooses for him show his character; David especially, for he is a man with whom every one sympathizes and loves. He is a man who dislikes the conventions of life, but who is anxious to do the right thing

always. He is a thinker, and above all, a lover of nature. It is plain that Elinor Wylie is a great admirer of Shelley. The book is worth reading, not for the plot, but because it is so well written.

Cynthia Vaughn

E. E. SLOSSON, *Creative Chemistry*

The mind function of the average reader generally registers a sigh when a non-fiction book along very explicit lines is mentioned as a possible thought stimulator, or "Too deep," they say. Someone else will add, "A book suitable for students interested in science and the fruits of scientific research. I find it uninteresting." Quite as often one will hear the comment, so expressive and easy to say: "Too dry. Good book, but too dry." Such has been the fate of many a worthy book which possessed between its outer covers valuable knowledge, but lacked one thing, the quality to engender and hold the reader's demanding interest. For this reason innumerable volumes have been condemned to enjoy only a taste of glory in the realm of strained-eyed scholars, a monotonous existence for a book that craves the thrill of boundless popularity.

This, be it understood, is the general case, a condition made more conspicuous by a few rare exceptions, in which distinguished class Mr. Slosson's "scientific romance" on chemistry ranks among the most fascinating. This volume, which came from the press bearing the title, *Creative Chemistry*, has truly a remarkable literary personality that blends scientific fact and wit so naturally in a clear, virile, sweeping style of expression that neither the one nor the other seems over-emphasized.

Mr. Slosson holds up chemistry as a land of promise and adventure, as the chapters pass, one by one—here a gripping story of nitrate explosives and then an Anderson fairy tale of silk worms and their wonderful benefactor, chemistry, that made possible imitation silk from wood pulp cellulose—the long chemical formulas that have long struck fear in many hearts vanish and the true spirit of the science is revealed.

One sees the field of chemistry offering unlimited possibilities. Chemistry has its struggles, its victories, its rewards, its disappointments. Its struggles have involved nations, struggles for the pos-

session of nitrates, the perfection of manufactured and crude rubber, the monopoly of the dye industry. It has its victories and rewards, the fixation of nitrogen from the air and the coal-tar products. The many failures lead on to ultimate success in the battle chemistry is waging against disease, suffering, waste, and national impoverishment in any field of industry and commerce.

Yet Edwin Slosson cannot be accused of exaggeration. What he says is plainly said. There is no oratorical gesture to his pen. His force of statement lies in the great truths of the subject which he eagerly seeks to express that everyone might snatch one knowing glance at least into the laboratory test-tube of the chemist.

Henry E. Biggs

WILLIAM BEEBE, *Jungle Peace*

The book, *Jungle Peace*, by William Beebe, is an account of the author's travels in British Guinea and the establishment of a tropical research station there for the New York Zoological Society. Beebe delights in the peace of the jungle, especially to be desired after strenuous months of flying over the devastated fields of no-man's-land. The serene joy of being able to appreciate nature as exhibited in a jungle is passed on to the reader in such a way as to make him envious that he cannot be there to share in the pleasure.

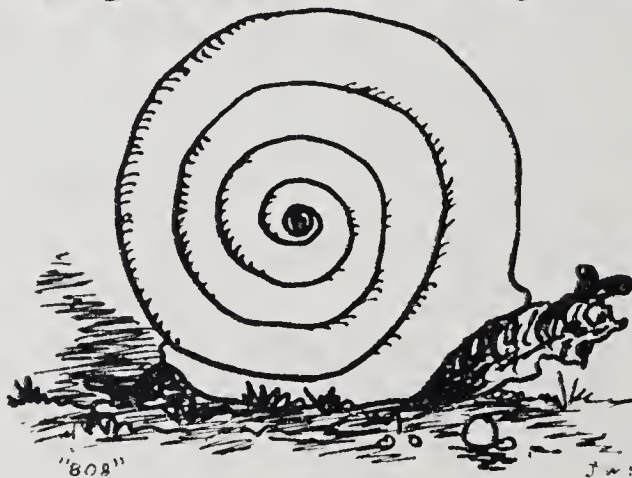
The introductory chapters describe what is seen "sailing southward through the lovely islands where the fronds of the palms thresh endlessly as the warm trade blows." The author describes hoatzines, strange birds of another age, birds which must have been common millions of years ago, creatures which resembled in some respects strange extinct reptiles. Intimate study of specimens of jungle life was carried on in a wilderness laboratory which contained jaguars, tapirs, deer, peccaries, howling monkeys, vampires, agoutis, jagourondis, otters, sloths, armadillos, and hundreds of insects, birds, and small jungle citizens. The large laboratory was stocked with hundreds of jars, vials, insectaries and vivaria, microscopes, guns, cameras, maps, and necessary equipment. Here he entertained Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and his wife to the delight of both his visitors.

The style of the book, moreover, is one that commands the attention of the reader to the extent that he feels that he cannot miss a sentence or a word for fear that he is losing something, which,

though unimportant, is a thought different from the ordinary ones, a thought expressed as only Beebe can. The South American jungle with its dense growth and thousands of species of birds, animals, and insects, provides a topic which when well written up will demand the attention of everyone. Yet no matter how many times you have been to the jungle or read about it, there is that something on every page, in every thought, that no one has been able to express just as Beebe has done. The destruction done by army ants, the peculiar habits of tiny organisms are so well pictured that everyone, scientist or layman, can get a real enjoyment from it. Few can observe as keenly as Beebe, and certainly few, it seems to me, can describe in such a unique way as he.

Ernest Wyche

"SPEED DEMON"



RAVELINGS

STUDYING HUMAN NATURE

HELEN SHUFORD

For a long time I had a scheme in the back of my cranium, which I hoped to carry out. It was this—I desired to ride in a day-coach and be a student of human nature. I intended to study my fellow travelers with very critical eyes.

So, consequently, at the first opportunity I gathered up my various bags, magazines, and other necessary equipment and prepared for the long-awaited trip. With a gay heart and much enthusiasm, I found a seat, settled myself comfortably, and began to scrutinize the incoming passengers.

To my inexperienced eyes they seemed a good selection for study, and I was delighted. There was an old sunburned farmer; several old ladies; a bashful young fellow and his girl; a trim, young lady; a mother with her fine young cherubs.

These cherubs and their guardian sat down opposite me, across the aisle. But the overflow was too great, and three of them decided to honor me with their company. So, reluctantly, I moved my bags, magazines, and umbrella; happily I settled myself for the first observations.

The bashful young fellow and his girl, I mused, were probably bride and groom; they had all the ear-marks. The old ladies I knew to be impossible gossips. The trim, young lady had a sad face, and I wondered what sorrow had blighted her youth. The sunburned old farmer—here my eyes fell on the darlings—they had opened my bags, punched holes in my umbrella—torn up my magazines—eaten all my candy!

Gone was my desire to be a student of human nature; in disgust I called a porter and stalked angrily back to the Pullman to *enjoy* the rest of my trip.

FUN IN A FLIVVER FROM FLORIDA

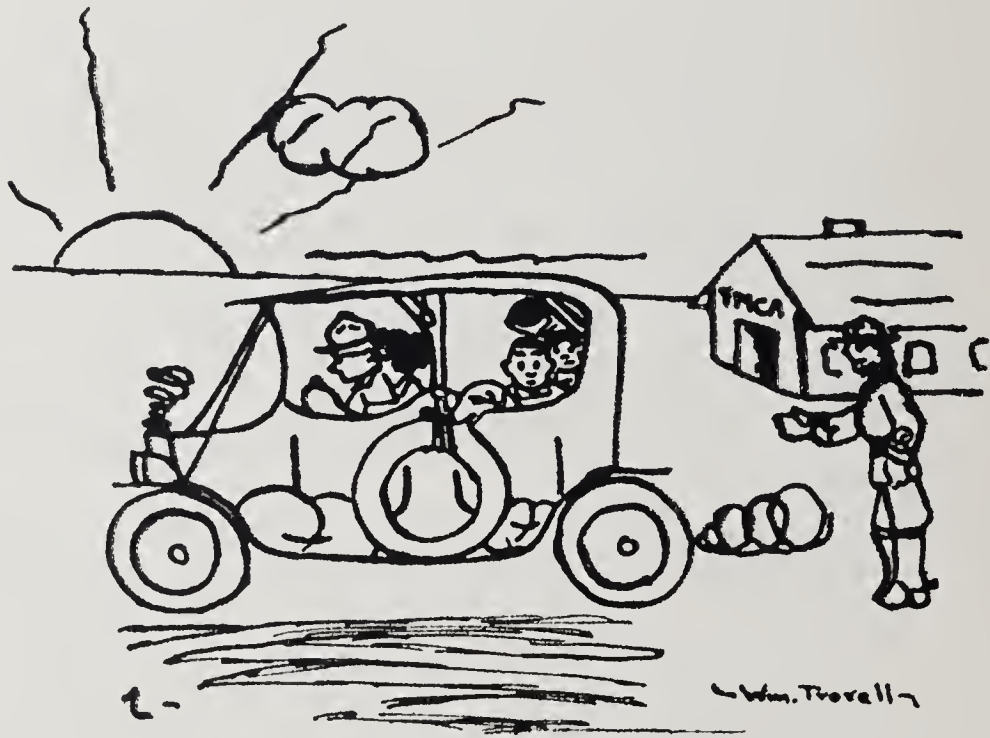
or

TWELVE STATES IN NINE DAYS

WILLIAM TROXELL

"You'll never make it in that tin can!" said the sergeant to the cheerful family before him. Indeed, it did seem doubtful, for there was a family consisting of three small children, their parents, and a full-grown collie pup, in the ricketiest tin Lizzie you ever saw.

Thus we started in August, 1919, from Fort Barancas, Florida, to New York, in a 1912 model Ford. We were pretty well crowded in the seat, for all the baggage was there, and Bobbie, the dog, was always in the way: Mother had entrusted her best and only hat to us, but at the end of fifteen minutes you could hardly have recognized it. Once we found Bobbie sitting on it, and the next time it was mixed up with the fruit.



There is a saying that the first day is the hardest, and it certainly was for us. The road we were on, or at least trying to stay on, was the type of road known as corduroy. I don't believe we stayed on the seat for more than a moment at a time that day.

About mid-morning, as we were bumping along, a brand new Ford passed us, going "like sixty." I think we all sighed with envy. After a while Mother asked, "How can they stand going that fast on such a road?"

"That's easy," answered Daddy; "they go so fast they fly over the bumps." Later in the same afternoon we saw the same Ford, which had passed us so boldly, suddenly leave the road, and plunge into a ditch, with a broken axle. (I believe we were all more content with our old car after that.)

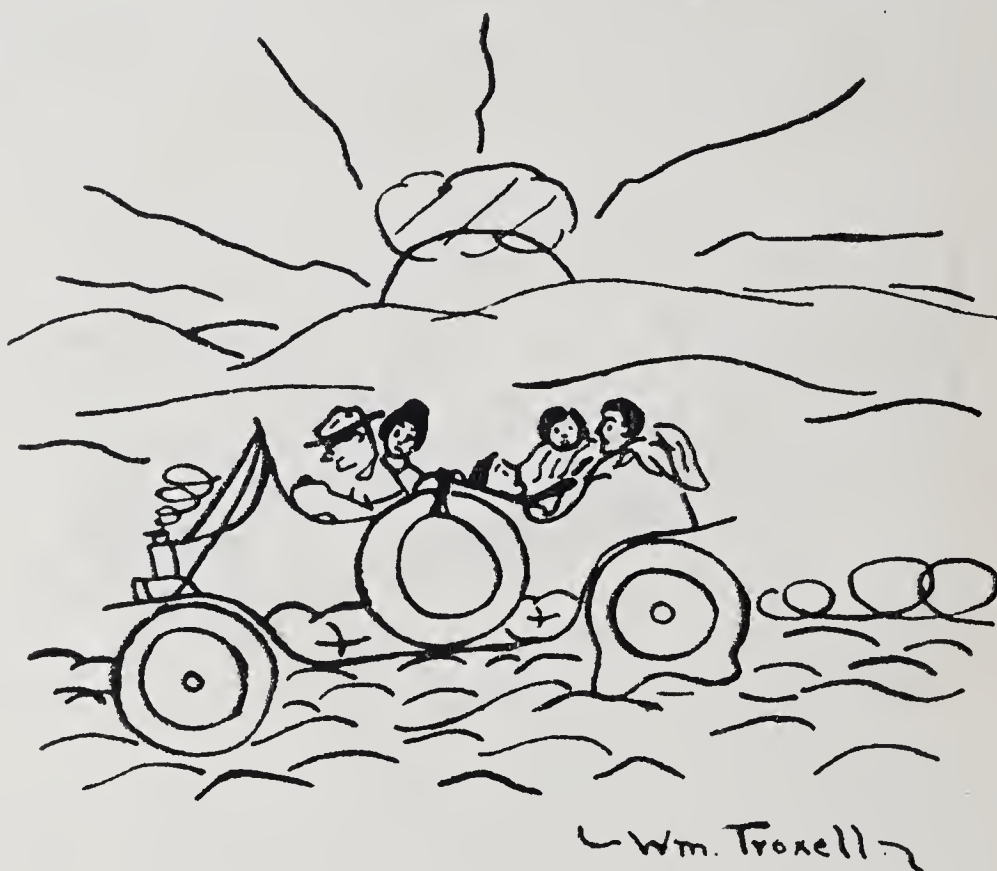
We spent that night in Andalusia, Alabama. Upon asking a by-stander where we could eat, he looked thoughtful, carefully hit the nearest telephone post with a stream of tobacco juice, wiped off his mouth, and slowly drawled—"You might try Dennis's 'Calf' around the corner." That day we made only seventy-eight miles (and perhaps a like distance up and down.)



The next day we got up bright and early as we wished to go farther than we had the day before. The roads were now somewhat better, so this we were able to do. As daddy was interested in our learning geography first hand, he had us observe the first step in making turpentine. It was a strange sight for us, as all through Alabama we saw pine trees with little buckets attached, and all through Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina, we saw cotton and tobacco growing, and it, too, was interesting to see; also, the little negro cabins attached to these farms—one especially caught our attention, as it was on the Virginia-North Carolina line.

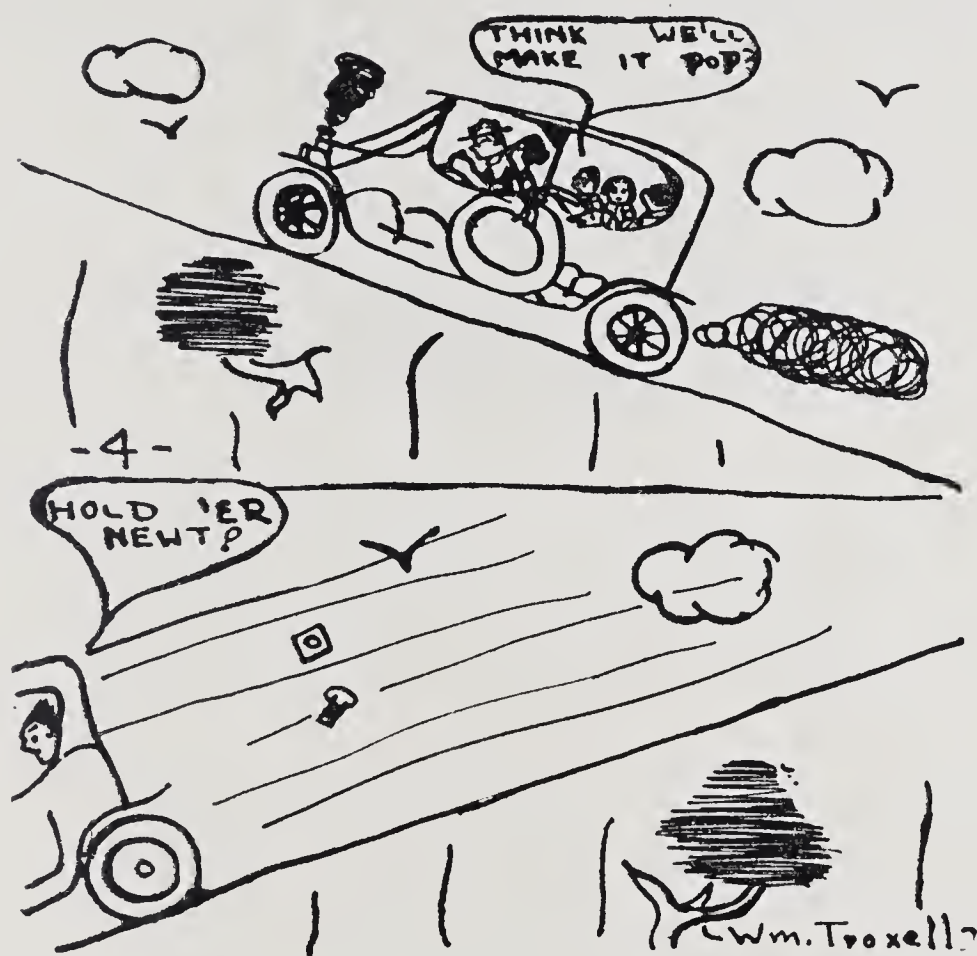
A rather striking incident happened on our way to Rocky Mount, Virginia, which I shall never forget. We were traveling on those

cow paths which Virginians at that time called roads. They were worse than the road we had encountered on our first day. The highway was so narrow, and had such cavernous ruts that we would have been at a loss had a car come from the opposite direction. Every once in a while we would have to ford deep creeks, and often times there was real danger. The road wound around a mountain like great gorges, and the "rocky road to Dublin" had nothing on this. We must have hit an extra big bump, for suddenly the top flew back from its moorings on the windshield, suffocating us on the back seat, until three little heads ripped through. We looked at each other in amazement—and Daddy kept on going.



After that we arrived in Roanoke, on a flat tire with eight holes in it. We had actually traveled at least twenty miles without knowing we had a puncture. As we entered the Roanoke market place, an old countryman stepped up to our car and asked what we had to sell. Well, we laughed at that, but thinking of it, we must have made a funny picture, with our hats all awry, and our dirty hands and faces, with luggage all around us, and a suspicious dog looking out at new, strange sights.

The next day we crossed the Potomac River and struck the highest grades east of the Rocky Mountains. It is not to be wondered that we burned our brakes out, as many motorists do on these mountains. We stopped in Cumberland, Maryland, at my grandparents' home for several days to break the long trip.



We then turned our car's radiator toward New York, and when night overtook us, we were lost on a beautiful boulevard in Philadelphia. Seeing a New York sign, we followed it, only to come back to the same sign an hour later, after having made a complete circle. We soon got on the right road, however, and resumed our journey, driving the entire night.

New York's sky-line never looked so inviting as it did to us that morning. We entered the metropolis tired and dusty but proverbially happy.

To me at that time that was one of the most wonderful things that could possibly be done. We made the trip from Florida to New York in nine days of actual travel, in an open Ford, and had lots of fun doing it.



(Wm. Troxell)



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by RUTH ABBOTT

HAPPINESS

Away, and away, how the wind blows free!
Higher, and higher, the wind of the sea!
I fly, and I sail, and the wind to me
Is a playfellow born to rush and to be
Always happy.

Away, and away, how the clouds sail by!
Higher, and higher, the clouds of the sky!
I sail, and I fly, and the clouds and I
Are racing and sailing, not needing to try
To be happy.

But I always must drop to the ground again,
Lower, and lower, to the ground and men.
I hide, and sink to a branch, and then
I see my small nest and my sweet Jenny Wren,
And I'm happy.

—ROSE BEST, '29

Black and Gold, Winston, N. C.

SONNET

Just as one day is like a diamond—clear
And radiant, sparkling with a thousand lights;
And then the air is filled with darkness drear,
Drab greyness, sifting through the days and nights—
Just as today the ocean takes its due
From azure skies of deep transparence;
Tomorrow this same sea has lost its blue
And faded into leaden vacancy—
Just as the mountain now is patterned by
Great alternating bands of green and gilt,
Then as thick clouds assemble in the sky
The color disappears, the gold spots wilt—
So, Love, my heart when I was by your side
Beat fast; but on the day you left, it died.

—J. S. DENISON, '28

The Dragon, Newport, R. I.

FRIENDSHIP

The sacred trust of friendship's own,
That God doth grant to man to hold,
Far richer than the precious stone,
Far nobler than the lust for gold,
Should be bowed down to and esteemed
And revered, as a gift divine.
For lost, it cannot be redeemed—
But found, 'twill challenge endless time.
Look to your friends, then, and be true,
Though doubting worlds may deem you wrong.
Cling to old friendships, welcome new,
Give freely of your love and song
To worthy souls, and you will find
Reward in love flung back to you.

—RUTH Barnes, '27

Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Edited by MARY JANE WHARTON

A BRILLIANT SISTER

(Humble apologies to Lamb)

CECILE LINDAU

A brilliant sister—"is the most irrevelant thing in nature," a thorn in your side,—a fly in your ointment,—“a preposterous shadow,” lengthening in the hour of your low grades,—a constant reminder of your weaknesses,—a frog in your chamber,—a mote in your eye,—the hail in the harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

She eternally criticisizeth your low marks. She never faileth to remind you that she and your brothers were “real students.” She impresseth upon you the fact that you are the black sheep of the family. She always knoweth the whole poem of which you can quote but part. She even remembereth the exact birthday of the novelist whom you know lived sometime during the nineteenth century. She promptly telleth you the quickest way to complete the geometric problem which you know perfectly well how to finish. She endeth the Latin quotation which you have begun. She correcteth your French translation, giving you the Spanish translation as well.

I can think of only one evil worse than a brilliant sister close at hand—that is a brilliant sister far away. Your Aunt S—unceasingly tells you what your sister would have done in such situations. Your brothers untimely remind you of what “Sister said.” Your Aunt M—wishes “Ruth were home to see if this speech I am to give at the Woman’s Club is all right.” Your Cousin C—“will never forget what a clever—a really precocious

child your sister was." Your Uncle J—— wonders if "your sister has read this excellent discussion on *The Structure of an Atom*, by Archibald Henderson." Your mother is delighted that you made ninety on your history test, but "your sister averaged ninety-seven during her whole four years in college."



OLD ORCHARDS

HELEN FELDER

If ever I am a grandmother, I shall have an orchard. I am convinced of that. All grandmothers should have orchards for their grandchildren to enjoy. Let me describe the kind I mean.

The orchard should be old; that is the first requisite. All orchards of the very best variety are old—several generations old. Moreover, the trees (apple, pear, peach, pecan, and plum) must (preferably) have been the source of great temptation to father when he was a little boy.

Another feature of the orchard should be the belligerent bees—swarms of them, threatening all who rout them from their juicy resting-place in the heart of some luscious peach. Then the hens—grandma's lost hens that have run away to hide and "set," when they weren't intended to "set"—assuredly, the hens, too, must be there. At night, "lightning bugs" are flitting about, making a darkness out of dusk by the contrast of their lanterns against the background.

The old orchard should have a romantic background, if possible. What could be more exciting to children than playing in the orchard in which father courted mother by moonlight? Now that I think of it, I believe I'll ask dad to buy an orchard now. I've decided not to wait until I'm old.

