
HOMESPUN



THE FOUR ELEMENTS
AIR

HOMESPUN

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Contents

FRONTISPIECE

THE WEAVE

- Fractured Fantasies (*Verse*).....Joyce Heritage
The Conquest of the Air.....Dick Cann
South Wind and the Pine Tree (*Verse*)....Charles Sharpe
Winds of Destiny (*Verse*).....Charles Edwards

COLORS IN THE WEAVE

- To the Night Wind (*Verse*).....Edythe Latham
An All-round Model Airplane.....Herbert Montgomery
A Shoemaker's Dream (*Verse*).....Blackwell Jordan
Suffocation.....Paul Lindley
Fog (*Verse*).....Eloise Taylor
Birds of North Carolina.....Edward Benbow, Jr.
The Story of the Winds (*Verse*).....Mary Leigh Scales
Winds of Destiny.....Charles Benbow
Dust o' the Moon (*Verse*).....Louis Brown Michaels
Let's Fly.....Grace Martin
Balloons for Sale (*Verse*).....John Ademy
The First Practical Airship.....Harry Myers
Visions (*Verse*).....Ruth Hill
O Fair Urania (*Verse*).....Martha Burnside
The Wind Whispers.....Anna Samet
Night Wind (*Verse*).....Joyce Heritage

WARP AND WOOF.....Hudson, O'Brien, King

TANGLED THREADS

- Sonnet (*Verse*).....Maria Sellars
King Tonight.....Quentin Dixon
Fortune.....A. C. Bonkemeyer
Nature (*Verse*).....Kathleen Crowe
Lancelot at the Gates of Heaven (*Verse*)...Quentin Dixon
Just the Average.....Hardy Root
The Eleventh Hour.....Josephine Albright
Dreams (*Verse*).....Mary Louise Stone
Jewels.....Margaret Wagner
Just Me (*Verse*).....Louis Brown Michaels
The Price Upon My Head (*Verse*)....Mary Lewis Rucker
Bell's Last Run.....Charles Sharpe
Dwarfed (*Verse*).....Rebecca Price
Cobwebs (*Verse*).....Grace Smith

PATTERNS.....Rosemary Kuhn, Elizabeth Craven

RAVELINGS.....Dixon, Kuykendall, Henson, Scales

THE SHUTTLE

THE WEAVER'S GUILD.....Harrison, Penn



THE WEAVE

FRACTURED FANTASIES

JOYCE HERITAGE

When I was young
And easily swayed by
Winds of caprice,
I lived a life of dreams.
Always I blew my shining bubbles,
Filled them full of fancy's breath—
Glistening globules of my dreams.
Lightly I kissed each fragile form
And, laughing, sent them riding to the moon
On wings of imagery—
Saw them fade into the heavens,
Frail frigates of my whimsy.
But as I older grew,
My nebulous bubbles burst,
Shattered into a thousand tiny particles
By a steel shaft of reason—
A good metal, cold and true—
And, as each dream was broken,
It breathed a tiny sigh
Like the wind whispering to the autumn leaves,
Low and hauntingly hurt—
Remembering fractured fantasies.

THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

DICK CANN

MANY of the greatest scientists have spent years of their lives attempting to learn to fly. In spite of their combined efforts, however, the air remained unconquered by man until during the nineteenth century, two Americans appeared upon the scene and combined the discoveries of earlier scientists with their own native ability to produce the first flying machine. These two, the Wright brothers, were typical Americans. They had quick minds, keen ambition, and boundless energy.

Wilbur Wright was born near New Castle, Indiana, on the sixteenth of April, 1867. His younger brother was born four years later after the family had moved to Dayton, Ohio. The two boys worried their father to a great extent, because they disliked school. Nevertheless, they showed a taste for history and science and were noted for their interest in mechanics.

Once, when they were still boys, their father brought them a helicopter. The brothers examined it carefully and put it through many experiments. They attempted to make a larger one but were unsuccessful. This experience, however, helped cause their later interest in flying.

When Orville was only seventeen, he started a printing house with a home made press. He was soon publishing a paper with his elder brother as editor. However, they soon lost interest in printing and decided to start a bicycle shop. They gathered a large trade, and it was not long before they had a good business.

In 1896 the death of the German aviator, Tilienthal, was announced by the papers, and as a consequence the eyes of the two Wrights were turned to aviation. With characteristic American energy, they began reading every piece of material they could find on the subject of aviation. They made many experiments at home with kites and gliders. Finally, after having devoured all of the reading available concerning aviation, and having made all the experiments they could possibly make at Dayton, they decided to go some place where they could make more extensive experiments.

As a result they prepared to depart for Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. During the summer of 1900 they arrived at their destination and learned much from the experiments they conducted. Although they often glided over three hundred feet, in the eyes of the two brothers the trip was a failure.

The next year they returned and continued their experiments. It was at this time that they placed rudders on the gliders and thereby really advanced one-half of the way of conquering the air. However, when they returned to Dayton in 1901, they were disgusted and determined never to try again.

Nevertheless, their minds soon changed. In 1902 they once more returned to Kitty Hawk. This time they made the most successful flights that they had ever made. In fact, the flights were so successful, that they decided to make a plane with a motor in it which they intended to try in 1903.

When they returned in September, 1903, they had a plane with a twelve-horse power motor. They were confronted with every difficulty imaginable before they were ready for their first trial. The weather was the greatest obstacle. They waited for weeks before December the seventeenth, 1903, when finally a fair day appeared. On this immortal date there were on top of Kill Devil Hill, besides the two Wrights, Messrs. John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, A. D. Elhebridge, W. C. Brinkley, and John Ward, ready to witness the flight of the first heavier-than-air machine at exactly ten-thirty o'clock. After running the motor for a few minutes, Orville Wright lay down on the bottom plane and released the wire that held the plane to the ground. Slowly but surely the plane rose by its own power, and, facing a twenty-seven mile wind, rose in the air about fifteen feet. The flight covered only a little over a hundred feet and lasted only twelve seconds, but the air had been conquered.

THE SOUTH WIND AND THE PINE TREE

CHARLES SHARPE

In the cold and frozen North Land,
Towering o'er the drifted snow fields,
Rose the monarch of the forest,
Rose the King of all the north woods—
King of oak and beech and poplar,
King of hickory, elm, and birch wood;
Rose and towered to the heavens
High above its fellow tree-tops;
Stood there swaying in the breezes—
One straight span from Earth to Heaven—
Dark against the cold sky regions.
Up and outward reached this pine tree,
Reached with gnarled and sinewy branches,
Reached and probed among the heavens,
Searched amid celestial splendors,
Learned the secrets of the sky land.
Deep beneath the snowy carpet,
Nature nursed this massive structure—
Gave it food and grasped it firmly,
Braced its strength against the storm winds.
Here the rabbits frisked and frolicked,
Made their little tracks at midnight,
Wondered at its size and splendor.
Up among the lower branches
Sheltered from the bitter winter,
Crooned and twittered doves and sparrows.
Worshipped this, their god and shelter,
Sang its praises to the forest,
Praised it ever with their voices.

Now this pine tree loved the South wind,
Loved its warm and soft caresses,
Loved its smoothly gliding motion,

Loved its kindness and its fragrance,
Loved its wisdom and its knowledge.
And it loved to hear and listen
To its tales of awe and wonder—
Tales of mysteries astounding
Carried over dancing oceans,
Carried from the Southern countries.
But once it brought a tale of sadness
To this friend of all the wood folk;
And it made it sigh with sorrow,
Drop in grief the strong, proud branches,
Bend in tears its tallest top boughs,
Sway in fear its trunk of sinews.
The woodman's ax had reached that forest,
The track of man was in that country—
Marks that meant entire destruction,
Marred the fields, and devastated
Nature's virgin fields and forests,
Stately woods and rolling mountains,
All the beauty of the North Land.
Then little wood folk bowed in sorrow,
Prayed their god for their deliverance
From this sad and cruel hardship.
Then the wolf pack ceased its hunting,
Quit the warm and luring deer track,
Reared back on their stiffened haunches,
Pointed noses to the sky line,
And gave one cry of dread defiance.
All who heard the South wind's message
Stirred to boiling all their hatred.
Tails they lashed, and fur they bristled,
Bared their claws and fangs protruded
In one movement of defiance
To the threat of this disaster
By the ax of man they hated,
By the hand they all detested.

Louder grew the South wind's message
As day by day it reached the pine tree
While it mourned its doomed kingdom.
Bade it hold its crest uplifted
As in happier days of glory.
From its trunk life blood was gushing,
In its side sharp steel was ploughing.
Larger grew the gaping hollow,
Deeper sank the axe's imprints—
Deeper into vital tendons
Till at last it struck the middle
And the noble heart divided.
Then the silvan monarch quivered,
With each jarring blow vibrating.
For a moment tense it hovered,
Seemed to clutch and grasp for foot hold,
Gave a creaking groan of anguish
Then one moment proudly lifting
Every branch erect and steady;
Then with slow and even motion
Slightly bowed its great crest forward,
Catches unsteadily its balance,
Then with quicker jerky motion
Started falling, stately falling,
Now with faster, swifter motion;
Now a humming, rushing motion;
Now a screaming, crashing motion,
Cut an arc across the sky line,
Nearer comes the ring of axes—
Cruel, cutting, biting axes
In their work of devastation.
Comes the sound of screaming saw-mills
Eating through the groaning timbers—
Timbers that had stood so nobly
Mid the fastness of the forest—
Tearing vital parts asunder,

Making of them slabs and lumber.
Where sacred stillness reigned so deeply,
Noise unhallowed rent the silence—
Ring of steel on toughened sinews,
Hum of steel in stalwart timbers,
Crashing of the falling bodies
Victims of wholesale destruction.
While in awe and trembling wonder,
With frightened eyes and quivering nostrils,
Little wood folk ran in terror,
Sought the darkness of the thickets,
Tried to leave the sight behind them,
Tried to hide from death and suffering.

The South wind's voice so grave and tender,
Bade the pine farewell forever,
Said farewell in wavering whispers,
Bade it bear its branches proudly
As it waited impending death blows,
Hurled its body, face first, downward
And with a crash like unto thunder
Dived into the brush beneath it.
Earth and stones were jarred to fragments,
Hills and valleys rang with echoes
As the pine top met the earth land
Hurled from skies so far above it.
There it lay, the forest's glory
Pride and power of all the North land,
Strength and wisdom of its kingdom,
Lay there from its life roots parted—
Lay there prostrate, crushed and broken.

The South wind's sigh with grief is laden
As again it seeks its lover—
Seeks in vain for that proud structure
Cruelly snatched from its position—
Body broken, Kingdom stolen—

Ruins of once a glorious existence,
Symbols of a passing era.
Finds but stumps and rotting brush wood
Where stalwart trees once braved the blizzards,
Finds but death and desolation
Where the wood folk once held feasting,
Finds the noble pine departed,
Hauled as logs and smooth sawn pieces
On the flat-boats down the rivers
By the hands of thoughtless vandals—
Thieves of rustic life and beauty,
Robbers of the North Land's splendor.


Even now while passing over
That sad spot of desolation
The South wind moans a sigh of sorrow—
Sorrow for a long-lost lover,
For the pride of field and forest,
For the friend of beast and bird folk,
For annihilated people,
For the passing of a kingdom.



WINDS OF DESTINY

CHARLES EDWARDS

Winds—
Controlling powers,
Blowing humanity anywhere at will,
Pushing men to fortune, good and ill,
Taking and giving years both bright and sad,
Leaving joy and chaos in their wake—
Superior genii—
Fate.



COLORS IN THE WEAWE

TO THE NIGHT WIND

EDYTHE LATHAM

O thou whose song was deeply sobbed tonight,
In elegy forlorn, unmuted, and untamed,
Across a vast and darkened arc of space,
My soul in mad coercion cries to hold
Vibrations throbbing, hurting, and so strong
That trees' slim naked arms but serve to play
A requiem, too glorious to hear!
O night wind, from the hollow tomb of time
I shall remember deathless music heard
When first I knew your lonely, sleepless course!

AN ALL-ROUND MODEL AIRPLANE

HERBERT MONTGOMERY

(Drawings by Walter Illman)

THERE are two main classes of model airplanes, the flying and the non-flying scale models. The class of the flying model is subdivided into the *flying stitch* and *the fuselage type*. I shall describe the flying stitch, a kind which is also divided into two classes. The first of these two is the model designed especially for stunting, fast-climbing, and the like; while the second is the endurance model, the type that floats about and tries to defy gravity as long as possible.

The model described in this article embodies the characteristics of both classes. With a strong motor, the machine may be made to do loops and other such stunts. On the other hand, with a duration motor and with the landing gear detached, excellent endurance may be attained.

In constructing an all-purpose ship the following materials are necessary:

- One 1-16 in. by 4 in. by 12 1-2 in. sheet balsa
- Two 1-8 in. by 1-4 in. by 10 in. balsa motor stitch
- One 3-8 in. by 3-4 in. by 5 in. balsa propeller blank
- One 1-4 in. by 1-8 in. by 7 in. bamboo
- One sheet Japanese tissue
- Two 1-32 in. by 3-4 in. fibre wheels
- Two small bronze washers
- Ten inches of .016 piano wire
- One small thrust bearing
- One 1-8 in. by 30 motor 22 in. long
- One .045 square motor 22 in. long
- Ambroid
- Banana oil

One may secure all of these from any reliable model airplane supply house at very little expense.

As to the tools that are needed for such work, the following suggestions may be made. A good sharp knife or a razor-blade, an assortment of sandpaper, a metal-edged ruler, and a pair of round

nosed pliers are the only tools really needed. Any boy more than likely has these in his possession.

Let us start with the fuselage. This is the piece of balsa that carries all the strain of the round-up motor. It has the propeller on one end and the tail assembly on the other. It is made by sanding down one of the 1-8 in. by 1-4 in. motor sticks. At one end of the fuselage a thrust bearing is ambroided on the 1-8 in. side of the stick, and this end is shaped to match the general shape of the bearing, as shown in the drawing (Fig. IV). On this same side of the fuselage at the other end the rear hook is ambroided. The drawing shows how the end of the hook is embedded into the fuselage stick.

The landing gear should be set up next. A 6 1-2 in. piece of piano wire is bent in the middle so as to fit the fuselage snugly. At each end of this wire a 3-64 in. loop is formed; through this the landing gear axle is passed later on. This piece of wire is now bent into shape as shown in the drawing in Fig. VI. Now the landing gear is ambroided in place 1 1-4 in. from the front end of the fuselage; it is very important that the ends (legs) of the landing gear be at right angles with the motor-stick. The ends of the landing gear are now bent 3 in. apart. A 3 in. bamboo axle, 1-32 in. in diameter, is made by splitting off a strip from the 1-4 in. by 1-8 in. by 7 in. bamboo piece and sanding it to a circular shape. To one end of this axle is ambroided a fibre wheel. As soon as the ambroid is dry, the axle is passed through the two loops and the other wheel ambroided in position. The landing gear is now adjusted so that it will run freely.

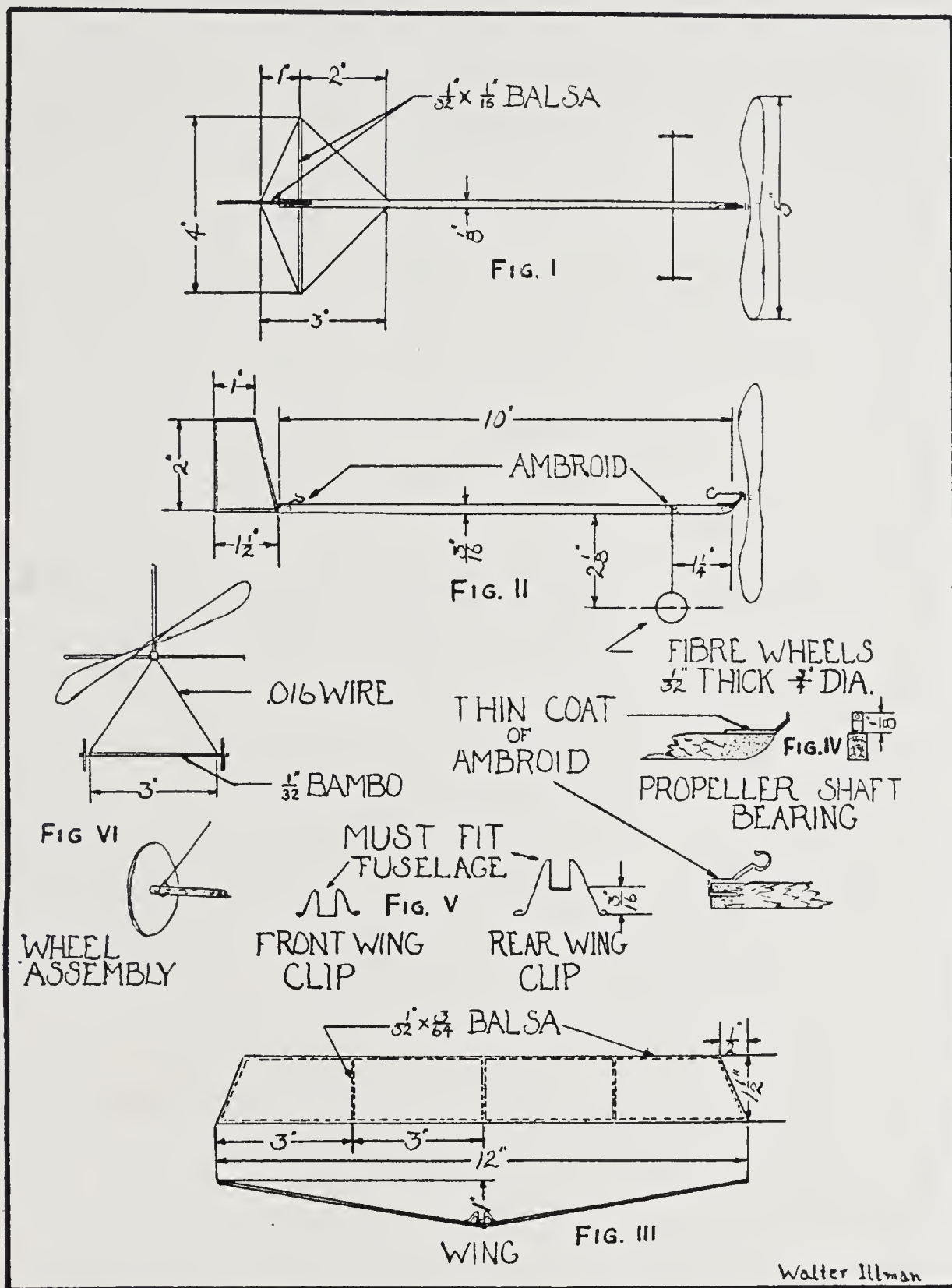
The fuselage is now ready for its tail assembly. At 1-2 in. from the end of the fuselage to which the rear hook is fastened a 1-16 in. by 1-32 in. groove must be cut on the under side. In this a 1-16 in. by 1-32 in. or 4 in. balsa spar is ambroided, at right angles with the motor stick. When one is cutting balsa, the width of the spar is marked off on each end of a piece of flat balsa. These two points are connected with a metal-edged ruler. The cut is made by passing a knife along the metal-edged ruler. The rudder frame is constructed from 1 in., 1 1-2 in., 2 in., the fourth side being cut to fit pieces of balsa 1-16 in. by 1-32 in. in cross section. After

the glue has dried, banana oil is applied to the frame by means of a very small camel hair brush. Japanese tissue is now stretched tight over the rudder-frame, and as soon as the oil has dried thoroughly, all the paper is cut away from the outside edges of the frame. A light sand-papering of the member will reduce the drag greatly. The stabilizer has no frame, but is only a piece of paper cut as shown in the drawings. It is attached in the same manner as the rudder covering.

To the beginner, making the propeller is the toughest thing he has to do in constructing an all-round airplane. But as a matter of fact, if he follows instructions, the propeller is made with no difficulty whatever. First, the block must be sanded and diagonals drawn on both faces. A needle is now passed through in such a manner as to convert the two intersections of the diagonals. This is the exact center of the block. All the balsa is cut away from outside these diagonals, and about 3-10 in. is left at the hule (the needle hole). The blank is now held in the left hand, and all the balsa on the right hand corner is cut away until the surface makes a diagonal at the end of the block. The blank is turned around, and the same process is repeated. These newly-made surfaces are then made slightly concave by the use of sandpaper. Now the left underneath corners of the blank are cut away to within 1-8 in. of the concave surface. The blades of the propeller are now shaped to match the concaveture; that is the blades are made into troughs. The propeller is now given its final sanding and balanced on a needle through the hub. The hub is cut down to 1-16 in. and the blades are sanded until they are translucent. The propeller shaft should be about 3-4 in. long, with a round hook on one end and the rest straight. The straight end is passed through the hole in the propeller, bent into the shape of an "A", and pushed back into the wood of the hub. It is a good idea to use plenty of glue on this job; the strain is great at this point.

The wing comes next. A full-sized drawing should be made on cardboard. The spars and ribs are cut to fit the drawing. It should be noticed that the ribs are cemented in between the spars and do not overlap. A thin piece of wax-paper is placed over the drawing so as to keep the glue from sticking. Then all the points are

ambroided, and the frame placed under weights. When the ambroid is dry, a cut is made half-way through each spar at the exact middle. A 2 in. book is placed under one end of the wing, and a



light pamphlet is laid on the other which is lying flat on the drawing. Apply ambroid at the two cuts and leave the frame unmolested until it has dried. The wing now looks like a flat V; this is called a

dihedral. The Japanese tissue is applied in the same manner as to the tail surfaces. It is best to start at the center rib and work toward the end ribs. About 1-8 in. on either side of the center of the frame scrape away a very small amount of paper on the spars and cement the wing clips in place, the larger one in the back. These clips were made from .016 piano wire, according to the drawings (Fig. V). When bending piano wire, one should take all right-angle bends carefully and avoid bending or adjusting a joint too much.

Two bronze washers are now put on the propeller shaft and slipped into place. These washers are invaluable, because they reduce friction to a minimum. The power plant of 1-8 by 30 rubber is put into place by tying the ends of the long strand of rubber and hooking it to the rear hook and the hook at the end of the propeller shaft. The wing is now put on by carefully pushing the wing clips into the motor stick. The model is assembled.

With the model in the left hand, spin the propeller in a clockwise movement until the rubber motor has quite a few double knots on it. The model is held shoulder-high and launched with an absolutely run-down motor. If the model takes an easy glide to the ground, the wing is set correctly. If it noses down too sharply, the wing must be set forward. If it points its nose heavenward and settles back on its tail, the wing must be pushed back. Experiment will show the correct setting. The propeller is now wound until double knots appear on the rubber motor. The model is launched as in the trial glides, and off it will fly describing circles around its maker's head.

The model must be broken of the habit of making a circular course. The left wing tip is taken between the first finger and the thumb of the left hand, and the warm breath is blown on the spars. This will cause the left wing tip to be turned up a trifle. This is called "wash-in." The same thing is done to the right wing, but it is turned down to the right instead of up. This is called "wash-out." Now the model will fly a straight course. If it does not, the wash-in and wash-out should be increased.

The model is an excellent loop-maker. The loop is accomplished by setting the wing up near the landing gear and winding the

1-8 by 30 motor up rather tight. (The motor stick cannot stand too much, remember.) When the model is launched, it will zoom up and make a beautiful loop that would make Captain Hawks blush. Many other stunts may be performed by this little ship.

Considering its size, this ship is an excellent endurance model also. With the landing gear detached and by the use of a .045 square rubber motor, the model does itself credit. It will not take off to any great degree of satisfaction.

I have experimented with both types, and I am of the opinion that having that little inanimate bird floating around over my head is a greater thrill than doing a daring loop or the like.



A SHOEMAKER'S DREAM

BLACKWELL JORDAN

To dream a dream,
To build a castle,
To reach a star,
To bathe the soul
In the silver of moons—
So would I light my years.
How queer and droll
To be sitting here
A mender of shoes.
Within each shoe
Is tucked a dream.
There are left to me now—
Just a few.

SUFFOCATION

PAUL LINDLEY

An inert mass of steel lies submerged twenty fathoms under the oily waves of the North Sea.

Five fear-stricken men survey their bleak iron prison. In the after compartment illuminated by a dim light each man realizes the truth. There is no hope for them. It is only a matter of hours before the air will be exhausted. The trickle of water coming through the wrenched iron sides adds to the gloominess of the tragedy. Foul air makes the light flicker, and the parting words of the comrades can be heard in a mumble. Their lives flash before them; several think of loved ones and home; the others of patriotism and are glad that they can die with honor for their fatherland. A prayer breaks the monotonous panting of the men and steady trickle of water. The light flickers out, and the heavy waves roll the iron coffin from side to side. A gasp is heard, and one gallant seaman's soul joins those buried in the port of missing seafarers. The others, too, pass out silently—suffocated.



FOG

ELOISE TAYLOR

That dense ethereal mist, the fog, like death
Creeps o'er the hills and vales, the farms and towns.
It covers noiselessly the earth and sky
With airy whiteness, like a cloud of smoke.
No light can penetrate its density.
Its cooling breath refreshes Mother Nature.
The ugly, man-made things lie hidden in its veil;
It slowly steals away and leaves
As mysteriously as it came.

BIRDS OF NORTH CAROLINA

EDWARD BENBOW, JR.

We who live in North Carolina have a most excellent and most unusual opportunity for studying or appreciating bird life in that there are at least two hundred species of our feathered friends that nest among the trees, shrubs, and grass of our state. Of course all of them are not songsters, but, even if they cannot blend their voices with those of other winged creatures, they do their best toward making our life in the state happier and more joyful.

In the marshes and along small creek banks, if we have the patience and desire for knowledge of bird life, we may peer through the summer leaves and catch glimpses of rare warblers, sky tanagers, and even sometimes very rare and very beautifully painted finches. Perhaps the best way to study or become acquainted with several of the birds of our state which have the most pleasing colors and songs is to walk quietly through a peach or apple orchard, during full bloom, and note the songs, markings, and nests of the bluebirds, tanagers, robins, wrens, and cardinals. A great deal may be learned about the lives and habits of birds by walking into an open field, silently, of course, and noting the nests and songs of the different species of sparrows; listening carefully to the song of the field-lark; understanding how the mother partridge feeds and protects her brood; catching a glimpse of a many-colored sparrow hawk as he swoops from one of his lazy circles above the pine-tops and grasps some hapless creature, probably a field mouse, before he can escape those horny talons; and watching a coal-black crow pull a grain or two from an ear of fresh green corn.

Night, also, is a time of study for lovers of birds, for we may see a large shadow swoop from a lonely, dead, and hollow oak and recognize it to be either a great horned owl or possibly a hoot-owl. We might even stand around a barn and hear the blood-curdling scream of the tiny screech owl. Also, while returning from one of those night trips, and if that Carolina moon is shining bright and silvery, we might hear the most beautiful of bird songs float-

ing to our receptive ears from a young mocking-bird perched upon the top-most branch of a full blossomed magnolia tree.

Most of those birds are the shyest of our North State friends; however, how could we get along without the shrill cry of the sassy blue-jay, the soft trill of the wood-thrush or robin, the low whistle of the cardinal or wood pee-wee, or even the droning of our beloved ruby-throated humming bird as he buzzes in and out among the dew-covered morning glories.

I have an idea that if we would do more to help the birds by building houses, feeders, and baths, we could feel prouder of and more friendly toward those small bits of life that help to make our lives in this state more worthwhile.

Here's to the birds of the "Old North State";
To the land where the warblers and finches mate;
To the note of the robin,
And the whistle of the wren,
And to that feathered gift from God to men.



THE STORY OF THE WINDS

MARY LEIGH SCALES

When first great Jove began to reign o'er earth,
The raging winds controlled both shore and sea
And made them desolate. But Jupiter
Did shut in caves sharp northern Boreas,
Warm Eurus, Notus, even Zephyr mild.
He placed as guard and king, one Aeolus,
Who lived at ease and feasted all the day.
The youths, as servants held in check, he freed
At will to stir up storms in Neptune's realm
When bribed by god or goddess. Zephyr mild
Was sent abroad to fill the sails of ships.
Notus, Eurus, and Boreas were bound
And cramped in leather bags and given to

Ulysses' care. But when the sacks were burst,
The fuming blasts a tempest made.
Again he shut them up. But Juno ask'd
For their release Aeneas to destroy.
Thus always has it been with winds now bound,
Now free, to take the tidings 'round to man.



WINDS OF DESTINY

CHARLES BENBOW

The day was cold, bitterly cold, and the thermometer registered twenty below. A lone figure trudged blindly across the barren snow-covered wastes. The figure was that of a man, and he was carrying a bundle of sticks slung on his back.

He stopped and carefully laid the sticks on the hard crust of snow. He fumbled in his pockets for the match—he had only one—and brought it forth. That match was very important, for it probably meant life or death to its owner. The man was well aware of that fact and arranged the faggots for the reception of the flame. He struck the match on the buckle on his mitten, and, shielding the tiny flame, thrust it under the pile of firewood. The flame caught for one precious moment, but the wind whipped it up and bore it away, laughing all the while.

The man would have cried, but he was not offered the consolation of tears, for they froze as soon as they were formed. He lay down and put his arms over his head. Might as well sleep for a minute. Wouldn't stay long. Funny, but he felt warmer than he had since he left his cabin. Sleep soon enfolded his tired body and kept it peaceful, but the soul traveled unencumbered to the hand of God.

A solitary figure crept slowly toward the little shed at the back of the cabin. In that cabin was a happy family—a man, his wife, and their three children.

Outside the cabin lurked a jealous man. He approached the shed and noiselessly entered. He reached in his pocket for some matches, but found he had only one. Well, that was enough. He pulled a piece of fuse from another pocket and attached it to a cumbersome bundle. That bundle contained enough dynamite to blow the shed and cabin off the map.

He nervously struck the match and applied it to the fuse. The flame caught for a moment, but the wind whipped it up and bore it away, laughing all the while.

A noise was heard coming from the inside of the cabin, and the would-be murderer melted into the night.



DUST O' THE MOON

LOUIS BROWN MICHAELS

How often I've wished on a cold, clear night
When the wind was bending each tree,
And the whole big world was a liquid ball
Throwing its colors to me,
That once I could ride in a carmine boat
Up to the silvery moon;
And get me a cup of the magic fire
Dipped out with a golden spoon;
And I'd tint the sky with a Spanish hue—
And dust the clouds all away.
I'd arrange the stars in a pattern fair;
I'd paint them bright as day;
And then I would bid them all adieu!
And in the boat I'd glide
Back to the jonquil bed in my yard
And survey my work with pride.
Then I'd sprinkle the feathery moonbeams down
Upon my darkened stair,
And always when I came or went,
I'd find the moon-dust there.

LET'S FLY

GRACE MARTIN

Many, many years ago a man and his son were thrown into a prison. It was just a high wall around an open space; and as these two sat there, they looked up. A swallow soared over; and the boy said in a sarcastic manner, "Let's fly out of here!" Two weeks later, after much work and thought, two figures rose above the prison wall with a pair of huge bird-like wings strapped on their backs.

About the seventeenth century a man named Bernier, of Sable, France, was watching the flying squirrels. He, with his wife who was also watching them, seemed to sail with the squirrels. "Let's fly up away from this troubled world," she said. Later Bernier invented a pair of wings that would carry one for a little way.

About 1890 two small brothers, named Wright, had become tired of playing soldier and sailor. They lay down on the ground and unconsciously watched the leaves fall from the treetops. "I tell you; let's fly and be soldiers of the air!" cried one. They held fast to this desire and years later made the first successful air flight.

In January of 1932 Mr. Rivers came home from work and told his wife he had to go to South America. He wanted her to go, but it was a long hard trip. "Let's fly!" she suggested, and so they did.



Wind—

A soothing and calming spirit—

A frolicking, mischievous elf—

A powerful giant devouring the countryside—

A mysterious, haunting ghost.

Evelyn Sharp

BALLOONS FOR SALE

JOHN ADEMY

Balloons—

Shining bubbles floating in mid-air,
Red—green—blue,
Blending with the dull yellow
Of the circus tents.
Over our heads
A stray bubble rides the summer breeze.

Balloons—

A bunch of imitations of fresh flowers
Glittering like the red poppies
Of the wasted fields
After a spring shower—
Like the sails of a schooner
They sway with the breeze.

Balloons—

Children's loud halloos about the streets.
The parade is coming!
Discordant voices in the distance bray.
Vivid clash of colors—
Silhouetted rainbows in the sky.
Balloons for sale!

THE FIRST PRACTICAL AIRSHIP

HARRY MYERS

The year was 1863; the month, June. The Civil War was at its height. In America the railroad and telegraphy were in their infancy; in fact, they were scarcely over twenty years old. Flying was still a dream. The Wright brothers were not yet born.

Yet in that year an American inventor designed, built, and successfully piloted a dirigible. One will seek in vain in the annals of aviation for the name of this pioneer. By some fate, history does not record the marvelous feat of this man. But he lives in dusty official documents, yellowed newspapers, and long-forgotten letters in public and private files.

Dr. Solomon Andrews was the first man to steer a course through the air in the United States. He controlled his motorless, cigar-shaped gas bag by flying it with or against the wind. It had a capacity of 26,000 cubic feet and was inflated with hydrogen.

Hoping to shorten the war, Dr. Andrews presented his idea and plans of the dirigible to President Lincoln. After much delay he was asked to appear before a commission, headed by Professor Joseph Henry. Then the war was nearly over, and there was no need for a reconnoitering machine.

Braced by the approval of so able a man as Joseph Henry, he set about organizing a company with the purpose of establishing an air transport line between New York and Philadelphia. Thirty-one men of substance and standing took shares in the enterprise.

In December, 1865, the company started in business. It began by building a new "aereon", with a capacity of 60,000 cubic feet. The ship was ready in May, 1866. With three passengers Andrews flew it from the hundred-foot lot at Greer and Houston Streets, New York, to Astoria, Long Island. This was her last flight, for when the future looked brightest and success most certain, a bank failure swept away the company's funds. With this the company wound up its affairs.

Having demonstrated his principles, it was for someone else,

Dr. Andrews felt, to develop and perfect them. But no one had caught the vision; and when he died a few years later, his work was already forgotten.



VISIONS

RUTH HILL

My house will be a little house;
I'll know each friendly thing that's there.
I'll touch each surface lovingly—
The shining pewter, polished wood.
My windows I'll fling open wide
In summer time to catch the sun,
There will be flowers in a bowl—
Some marigolds or fragrant pinks.
I'll put fresh covers on my chairs
And ask the wandering breezes in.
In winter I shall build a fire
To cast quiet shadows on the walls
And throw its light upon my books
That fill the wide shelves opposite;
And when my hurried day is done,
I'll seat myself to rest and look
Upon the lovely things I own.

O FAIR URANIA

MARTHA BURNSIDES

O fair Urania, muse of the stars,
From the vast height of Mount Parnassus,
Look kindly on me for tonight alone,
And then, if need be, and thou would'st choose,
Cast thy favor no more on me, a mortal.
For tonight I go alone past mountains
Where the cold air kisses the peaked tips
And over fields caressed by faintest mists
To an ethereal realm fashioned of dreams.
Thy stars alone can guide me safely there;
Thy crescent orb alone can take me where
I must be tonight in an airy sphere.
I care not what brings the morn—
I only ask,
O fair Urania, muse of the stars,
From the vast height of Mount Parnassus,
Look kindly on me for tonight—alone.



THE WIND WHISPERS

ANNA SAMET

Why does the wind keep whispering—whispering to everyone he sees? Sh—sh—it's my secret, wind; don't tell—don't whisper it to a soul. Me? I'll keep mum as a stone—no one will know but just us two. Sh—sh—not so loud! Stop, don't you know that all can hear? Keep my secret, wind; stop whispering—or everyone will know. Stop whispering—stop whispering—wind—don't tell, only whisper it in my ear—no one else must know. Stop whispering—stop whispering. Well, if you must tell, so will I! I did it! Yes, I did it!

You, wind, were in it, too! For you, wind, so softly blowing, made him long to take a walk, so we went! Yes, we went—and you, wind, kept whispering to me, telling me to do it! You're in it, too! It's your fault for you kept whispering, whispering—until the first thing I knew you were softly blowing him as he swung beneath a tree—I did it! I know I did it, but you're in it, too.

Wind, stop whispering—so stop whispering—whispering—or else some one may hear. What's that? It's the sheriff! You told him, wind; you told him! They're coming for me—I guess I might as well tell—for if I don't, you will. I did it! I did it! Now will you stop, O wind! I didn't do it! Don't listen to the wind! It's just the devil whispering, telling what he's done——

Oh, what's the use denying? The wind will surely tell. I did it! Now hang me—but stop the wind from whispering—Stop whispering, wind—I've told—so stop whispering—whispering—wind!



NIGHT WIND

JOYCE HERITAGE

Night wind
Goes brooding by,
A woman clothed in black—
Mysterious, alone,
Fleeing to a rendezvous
With a dead lover—
Whispering ceaselessly
Little low hurt sounds
From bleeding lips—
Tragic words of memory—
She strides over all the night,
Her garments rustling weirdly—
Ever she seeks,
Her being choked with haunting sobs—
Night wind
Goes brooding by.

WARP AND WOOF

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Challenge

MAN in his struggles for mastery over the world has passed many stages, has accomplished many deeds and overcome many obstacles. There are two particularly splendid things he has done, each making a definite stage in his development: the utilization of fire and the harnessing of water. The subjection of each of these was an epoch in civilization, an era in progress. The benefits derived therefrom grow more manifold with the years; each day finds them in some new use.

Now we are exploiting an undeveloped field, the air. It confronts us with all the problems and dangers that came to our ancestors in untamed fire and unleashed waters; it is as exciting and has many possibilities as ever the wild waves presented to primitive mariners; it flaunts at us the adventure and romance and glory found in the challenge of a new world.

We are men, and there is before us an elemental defiance. We are men, and we accept the challenge. As Prometheus snatched the blazing brands, as the Vikings put out to sea, so we take to the air. Perhaps from our explorations in this field there will come as many and as great wonders as the other fields have yielded. Perhaps the gains will be greater—and the cost greater; human lives have already been lost by the score in its exploitation; even the loss of life is not too great a price to pay for the development of civilization.

Already we have minimized the dangers of the air. We have gone far; there is far to go. There are in the air possibilities of which we have not dared to dream. Our advancement until now may seem to our descendants to be only a primitive stage in the face of the progress that is to follow. Romance and adventure and daring are not dead; they remain and are embodied as great as ever before (if not greater) in the unexplored vastness of the ether. Harkening to their call, strengthening our wings, flaunting our courage, we take to the air!

Nancy Hudson



Air

At first thought "air" seems to be a dull subject. But a second thought reveals its vital importance to all things that live upon the earth.

Air is the father and mother of life. From the moment that the newly-born wails thinly until he departs with a more lusty wail, he is subjected to innumerable effects, all of which emanate from air. His body is keyed to life in a certain stratum of the great

blanket of atmosphere which surrounds him, its temperature and humidity. If some cosmic change were to alter its composition even slightly, the result would be interesting—if anyone survived to consider it. Consideration of life's dependency upon air leads one to pay more respect to Kipling's "God of Things as They Are."

Air is a great influence for beauty. Is it not that element which transports those beautiful odors which play an important, if subconscious, influence upon our moods? It covers the ugly, glaring things with a haze of beauty.

Only recently has air been considered as a substance. For a great many centuries it was thought to be an intangible but very necessary thing through which birds had a miraculous faculty for transporting themselves. Despite the evidences of power which its movements have always given—the destruction of giant trees, the mighty waves which it raises on the seas, and innumerable other instances—it remained for modern man to utilize this power as a counter-active to gravity and to view the earth from an angle at which his reverend ancestors saw it only in nightmares.

Air—a most absorbing subject, if one approach it with an inquiring mind.

Kenneth O'Brien



George Washington

When you look at a picture of George Washington, you can see in his face the whole story of his life and the full measure of the man that he was. You can see in his face the wise man who presided over the group of learned and patriotic men who thought out the Constitution of our country. You can see the far-sighted man who was unanimously elected our first President and who started our government on its growth into the greatness of today. You can see in his face the courage of the great general who led our struggling young nation through a victorious war with England, the strongest country in the world at that time.

Most of us, when we look at Washington's face, are willing to think of him as a cold, stern-featured man—a man of practically no emotions. In reality, though, he was a lovable, kind-hearted person, a man who was kind even to his own enemies. He was a man of intense emotions—a man who wept and laughed often.

His personality, his dignified bearing and thoughtful consideration, not only endeared him to his friends, but commanded the admiration and respect of his opponents and avowed enemies and even his false friends. He was always remarkable for his firmness and directness, yet at all times courteous and in every sense of the word, a true gentleman.

In his private life as a plain citizen, George Washington was a paragon of honesty, truth, justice, and charity. He attended every civic duty with the same careful attention that he gave to those of his military life and of his career as a statesman, even to riding ten miles to the polling town to vote in the election because he believed it his duty to do so. Of the many tributes to his character which came alike from friends and enemies, the words of Thomas Jefferson seem most fitting:

“His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible of any I have ever known, no motives of interest or consanguinity or friendship or hatred being able to bias his decision. He was indeed in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man.”

Such a man was our first President, whose bi-centennial we are celebrating this year.

Howard King





TANGLED THREADS

SONNET

MARIA SELLARS

The chord is struck full long and rich with melody.
For one brief moment breathless silence grips
The spell-bound throng. Then from the singer's lips
The song bursts forth like a joyous bird set free.
Clear as a bell, majestic as the sea,
Its pure, untainted tones float on the air.
It stirs emotions with its music rare.
To wells of hidden thought it is the key.
My eyes with tear-drops fill; I know not why.
I feel no sadness—just a nameless thing
That haunts my soul whene'er that song I hear
Soar out into the night on silv'ry wing.
I would to God the thoughts that in me lie
Could find expression in a voice so clear.

KING TONIGHT

QUENTIN DIXON

SCENE: *The throne room of the King. The walls are draped in sober curtains; the room is filled with a deep mellow gloom save where a few quiet-colored rays stream through a large, stately window blended of many-colored glasses. The throne is bathed in a soft splendor; the room is empty.*

Enter JESTER. He is a tall man whose festal attire fits awkwardly. He is a sadly dishevelled fool. In one hand he holds his cap and bells. His clothes are striped and bold, but his face is long, and his eyes are burning like deep pools of light.

Alone! My lord, the king, come see me now;
Come look upon your jester of the day.
I feel my harrassed wit is not quite hard
Enough to plan new antics for a man
I hate. And would he not hate me should I
Poke orders for more jests into his face
Grown old and sick with coaxing dismal laughs
Out of a hearty, red-faced wall of air.
A wall of air—a thousand spangled moons
To dance about one love-sick buttercup—

He falls on his knees at the foot of the throne.

O, ye who wrote my part and set a soul
Of somber tint into this madcap bosom,
My part in this great play of yours is a misfit,
As sad misfit as are these glaring rags
I wear in shame. I think that I was meant
For kingdoms and not jests. A poor fool I,
Who must covet thus the part of his king.

The JESTER has been staring wistfully at the throne. The softest lights are playing on his face; for a moment he is transfigured, and his face is lit with something approaching the divine. He suddenly draws himself erect and strides to the great window facing the throne. He stands bathed in the solemn light, then slowly swings

the ponderous window open. The room is flooded with a faint silver. The JESTER draws himself up proudly and squares his shoulders dramatically. He turns and approaches the throne.

Avaunt, your majesty, an' 't is a shame
You cannot see your jester crowned and seated
High on the flush of your own regal seat.
La! La! and none will know but the moon, and I,
The jester—the jester—no!
I am king tonight—tomorrow—
There is no morrow. So spake my dagger;
And truer steel ne'er tasted flesh or blood.

He flings the cap and bells viciously to the floor and jerks from the wall a velvet curtain which he flings over the bedraggled clown-suit. Very solemnly he turns and strides with pathetic bravado up to the throne and seats himself. Proudly:

Now am I king indeed. Ho, come, my fool,
And let me hear the sweetness of your laugh,
For things of state weigh heavily, and you
Have nothing but to laugh, and laugh, and laugh,
My pretty fool. Come, play the donkey now—
A frolic for your king. Come, come, my jester,
It is not meet a fool should wear so sad an air.

A sound of approaching footsteps along the marble corridor. The figure upon the throne starts. There is a glint of steel and a quick gasp. The would-be king laughs wildly, deliriously, until his cries grow shorter, and he can only gasp for breath. The great throne looms about him as if to swallow the wan, lank ghost. The voice, faintly now:

Your majesty's fool has found another king, my lord.
I grow weary.

FORTUNE

A. C. BONKEMEYER

The gray-haired old man stood bare-headed in the dense wet fog, his red lantern slowly moving from side to side. A startled driver, seeing its light, applied the brakes to his machine and slid to a standstill. At the same time a great locomotive thundered across the highway, barely missing the unsuspecting motorist. The old watchman cast a fleeting glance at the disappearing train and returned to his shack. "Next comes 36 at 5:43," he mumbled, as he again picked up the cheap magazine and continued his reading.

At precisely forty-two minutes after five o'clock he again laid aside his magazine, secured his lantern, and approached the grade crossing. Not a car was in sight. He waved cheerfully to the engineer as he sped by and again returned to his reading.

Day in and day out his life was apparently one sad, lonely existence. Each morning he arose at six, went to his station, and there he remained until six in the evening. He never missed a day, and he could recite with meticulous exactness the schedule of every train on the line. "I hain't niver miss'd one yit," he would often remark to persons who questioned him on the subject.

One day the inevitable happened. He received an imposing envelope containing a letter written in bold type:

"Hans Kauffman,

"Congratulations. It is a rule of this company that all watchmen shall be retired at the age of sixty-five years; but in view of the long and faithful service which you have rendered, we are going to allow your present salary to continue as long as you may live. You will be relieved immediately.

"Yours truly,

"R. B. BROWN, Traffic Mgr."

Hans read the letter several times and stood staring out into space. Tears rushed to his eyes, and he could scarcely refrain from sobbing aloud. He tried in vain to console himself, murmuring half aloud, "You ungrateful fool, you're unhappy," but his thoughts

were of a very different nature. Formerly he had had only his job to keep him alive, only his wants to afford him interest in life; deprived of it he would be miserable.

He trudged, half buried in thought, down the tracks towards his miserable dwelling. Suddenly a ringing became apparent in his ears; he rubbed them and walked on in silence, how far no one knows. Possibly it was the whistle of the approaching train that he heard.

The next day his body was picked up on the tracks, bruised and mangled. At the head of his grave was placed a small monument whereon was inscribed:

“Others he saved; himself he could not save!”



NATURE

KATHLEEN CROWE

O Nature! I cry shame upon your name.
Do you not know that I have work to do,
Tasks to perform? I have not time for you.
Why do you lure me? Come, what is your game?
Great God! have mercy on this humble soul
That fain would do thy will; but lo! it must
Bow down to this rogue, Nature, when it would'st
Fight vainly for a long-sought earthly goal.
I wish that I could pass the linnet by,
Or shun the charm of this enchantress dear.
Alas! I fear I'm weaker than the rest
Who climb ambition's ladder to the sky;
For they find gold and empty fame to rear.
Still I'm content; I think I find the best!

LANCELOT AT THE GATES OF HEAVEN

QUENTIN DIXON

Wit you well, old man,
E'en though thy saintly beard
Were whiter than the snows of earth,
It license gives thee not
To scorn the name of Lancelot,
Knight of the Table Round.
And had my withered arm the steel of yore,
By my teeth, a good bright blade could back the way
Through all thine host, and all the devils of Hell.
I am old and broken,
And here I come for rest.
An' if rest thou wouldst not have me gain—
To ease these sore old bones in peace
There yet burns in the veins of Lancelot
Enough of the old rash fire,
To give battle, to fight to the last gasp,
Till the embers fade and darken.
I was made for battle.
I was made to swell
To the clear quick note of the trumpet.
I was born to laugh and kill.
Therefore, stand aside
And let an old knight pass—
Or feel that last hot flame
Of the old dead courage. So to die
Is life again!

JUST THE AVERAGE

HARDY ROOT

If I hadn't gotten tired of being a great man, Alex Smith would still be just an average person. It all happened this way: I decided one day that being president of the biggest concern in Chicago was not what it was cracked up to be. A fellow gets tired of being interviewed all day long and seeing his picture in every newspaper. It gets nerve-wracking and monotonous. Yes, I got sick of it all—so sick of it in fact that I packed my trunks and headed for New York without saying anything to anybody. Well, for two months I enjoyed the life of a free man. I roomed at the Y. M. C. A. and ate my meals at a Greek cafe. People didn't point their fingers at me and say, "There goes Henry DeLacy, the big shot." And, too, I wasn't pestered by news reporters. All in all, I was having the time of my life.

One night I was in my room enjoying a good detective novel when someone knocked at my door.

"Come in," I said, believing it to be the porter. The door slowly opened, and standing in the threshold was an embarrassed-looking man.

"Pardon me," he said, "may I come in?"

"Surely," I told him, offering him a chair. He sat down awkwardly and gazed about the room. "What can I do for you?" I inquired, eyeing him quizzically.

"Oh," he said, "I may seem a bit foolish; but, to tell the truth, I'm lonesome. I've been in New York six months and don't know a soul. I room right next to you and thought maybe you wouldn't mind having some company."

"Why of course not," I said with a smile. "John Johnson is my name," I told him, offering my hand. (I had changed my name, of course).

"Alex Smith is mine," he said, grasping my outstretched hand.

Well, that is how I got acquainted with Alex Smith. Every night thereafter either I would go to his room or he would come to mine. We grew very fond of each other, and I enjoyed his company very much.

One night Alex was in a very talkative mood. I was half startled and half amused by what he told me.

"John," he began, "has it ever occurred to you to wonder why I'm in New York?"

"Why no," I said, "it has never crossed by mind."

"Well," he said, "I'm going to tell you; but first you must promise not to laugh because it really isn't funny to me." I promised. "All my life," he began, "I have been just an ordinary person. I've never done anything spectacular—in fact, up until a few months ago I had never thought of doing spectacular things. When I went to school I never made exceptionally high grades, nor were they exceedingly low. I was never a very popular student, nor was I disliked. The bench was as far as I ever got on the football team. You see what I mean? All my life I've been just an average person. Six months ago I was fifty years old. It was then that I realized how my life had been spent—it was then that I decided to do something great and raise myself above the level of the average man. Well, I came to New York to become famous. Six months have passed, and here I am—the same old Alex Smith." I gazed at him a long while before I spoke. Then:

"You know, Alex," I said, "I believe fate has brought us together."

"I don't understand," he said with a puzzled look.

"Well," I told him, "to make a long story short, my philosophy is just the opposite of yours. I'm going to tell you something that will probably startle you, but first you must promise not to mention it to a soul." He promised.

"I'm Henry DeLacy," I told him.

"What!" he exclaimed, almost falling from his chair. "Not the missing man from Chicago?"

"Exactly," I told him.

"But how—why——"

"Well," I said, "I'm here for exactly the opposite reason you are—I ran away because I was tired of being Henry DeLacy, king of Chicago's stock market. I wanted to be a human being—I wanted to live like other people, so I came to New York to do it—and here I am."

"Do you mean to tell me that you got tired of being great, and that you ran away from it?"

"Exactly," I told him, "oh it may sound wonderful—this being a great man. But just try it once. You'll soon wish you were just plain old Alex Smith again—I know, I've been great—and it was terrible. Now I'm just plain John Johnson—and I love it."

"This is too much for me," he said with a sigh, "I think I'll take a walk and try to comprehend things."

"Everything does seem a bit queer, doesn't it?" I mused. "Oh, by the way," I said, "would you mind taking my watch by the jeweler's? I broke the crystal this morning."

"I'll be glad to, *Henry*," he said with a smile. I gave him the watch, and he departed.

The next morning I was awakened by the *Herald* being shoved under my door. I picked it up, and the first thing that I saw struck me dumb. It was this:

HENRY DELACY KILLED BY TRAIN

Henry DeLacy, missing broker from Chicago, was killed when struck by a train late last night. His body was badly mangled and the only means of identification was his watch——

Well Alex Smith at least died a great man; and from now on I'm Alex Smith, the average man.



THE ELEVENTH HOUR

JOSEPHINE ALBRIGHT

In the second pew in a country church sat a withered and wrinkled old lady. The minister had just finished making the customary announcements and was reading his text. The old lady's eyes seemed to be glued to the face of the minister, and a casual observer might have commented upon the absorbed interest she showed. The truth of the matter was that she was not conscious of a word that was being said.

Mrs. Prentiss had been a pillar in the Friendship Church for thirty years. She organized the Ladies' Aid Society and for nine years had been its respected treasurer. She took great pride in always having correct reports at each meeting and in being able to meet promptly any charitable obligation. The preacher had just announced that there would be a call meeting of the Society immediately after the morning service. Mrs. Prentiss knew why. The Watson home had recently been burned, and the Aid Society had resolved to furnish winter clothing for the two small children. She would be called upon to write a check and give it to the committee who would buy the clothes.

As the sermon slowly progressed, the thought kept hammering in the old lady's mind, "Why, oh why did I give in? Why did Sylvia's first invitation to a big party have to come when it did?" Sylvia, Mrs. Prentiss' orphaned granddaughter, had wanted to attend the party so much that her grandmother lent her six dollars of the Aid money with which to buy slippers. She would have taken her own money to give to Sylvia, but her monthly check was late, and Sylvia wanted to buy her slippers on Saturday afternoon. Sylvia was to pay back the money Wednesday, two days before the regular meeting of the Aid Society; so the old lady quite willingly let the adored grandchild have the necessary money. Now in less than an hour she would be called upon to write a check, and there wasn't enough money in the bank to cover it. "How shall I ever explain" kept drumming away in her brain. The idea of lying never occurred to her who had always been so truthful.

The minister was pronouncing the benediction. The bewildered old lady thought of ignoring the announcement and of hurrying home, but one of the members of the Aid Society began discussing the Watson difficulty with her as soon as the benediction was over.

In five more minutes she found herself in an anteroom and the members were seating themselves. As the president was taking her chair, the back door opened, and a slender girl slipped by her. Mrs. Prentiss, sitting at the back, gave a start as the girl slipped a piece of paper in her hand and whispered, "Thanks just the same, granny darlin', but the bank closed before I got to town. I had just as good a time, though, in my old slippers. Coming over tonight to tell you about it."

DREAMS

MARY LOUISE STONE

Dreams are the rosy garments of desire
Spun from the tangled webs of fancy.

Dreams are the misty clouds of spiraling smoke
That climb ascending to the heavens.

Dreams are the hidden fires of man's spirit
Kindled by the spark of ambition.

Dreams are the songs of beauty
Measured from the music of a soul.

Silver flights of fancy
Flashing in the night.
Whirring wings of beauty
Singing in their flight.



JEWELS

MARGARET WAGNER

Sometime, when you are passing through the sleepy little town of Bath, take a right turn at the central hitching post and stop just three doors down. There you will find a quaint, foreign-looking shop. It is a jeweler's store—the only one in town.

And, if you go inside, you'll find a quaint, foreign-looking man, and you'll love him. He's a Hebrew and was once, you imagine, very tall and handsome. However, he is now just a shriveled, gnarled old man with stringy-gray hair, and miserly, gleaming eyes, and slender, sensitive fingers. It is those fingers you love that so fascinate you.

He will show you his prizes—those jewels that are food, life to him. “A-h-h,” he will say, “thees one—thees emerald—eet once belonged to royalty.” And the fingers will hover over it, touching it here and there where it captures the lamp’s dim ray, making you yourself feel its depth, its passion. Then the old Jew will bring out the diamonds, on a black velvet cushion, and those same fingers will fondle them, and you too will feel, by seeing those tapering fingers, the coldness and majesty of the gems. He will not forget to show you the pearl—all the while those fingers caressing it and giving to you its glowing warmth.

You will buy something—one always buys from him and will reluctantly leave behind a quaint foreign-looking man, his fingers gloating over a bit of silver you have given him in return for a jewel.



JUST ME

LOUIS BROWN MICHAELS

I'll change my place with the wind for a day,
And I'll rush through the silver sky;
And I'll brush the trees against the moon,
And I'll dash where the sea-hawks fly.

Oh, I'll sing to the waves of a tranquil sea,
That laps a forgotten shore;
I'll dash it up on the jagged rocks
To return it to the sea once more.

I'll rage with the driving, biting rain
That rings with metallic beat!
And I'll blow the darkened giant trees
That line a country street.

Then I'll turn me back, worn out with the race,
And I'll kiss the tumultuous sea,
And with a half-sigh of regret—
Be glad to be—just me!

THE PRICE UPON MY HEAD

MARY LEWIS RUCKER

I heard Life hoarsely cry at me
And in awful accents say,
"For every joy you have in life
The price you'll have to pay."
But I gayly laughed—
And went along my way.

Then Death left her sepulchre
And told me—murmuring slow—
"Be wary, for you will reap
Exactly what you sow,
And the price upon your head
Will mark you as you go."
But what care I, for all my joys
Are closely bound to God—
The starlit fields of heaven,
The earthy-smelling sod,
The flowers and the buds
Bursting from their pod.

And Life or Death can't frighten me
Or fill my soul with dread.
For when I die, God will redeem
The price upon my head.

BELL'S LAST RUN

CHARLES SHARPE

The new moon was just dropping silently from sight behind a dark row of trees, leaving behind it a cloudless sky filled with brightly twinkling stars. It was seven o'clock on one of those beautiful cool nights of late October; and Joe Davis was sitting on the door step of his little mountain shack, talking softly to the big black bitch whose massive head and muzzle lay in his lap. Her soft, intelligent, animal eyes were focused on the motion of his lips as he drew thoughtfully on his burnt briar pipe and talked softly to her!

Old Bell had seen fourteen hunting seasons come and go, and during eight years of her life had had the distinction of being known by the surrounding neighborhood as the best coon dog on Slate Mountain. She had gotten old now, and three winters had passed since she had made the river valley ring with her musical baying; nevertheless, Joe still had all confidence and pride in his dog, and this was the night that Joe hoped to see it justified.

Down at the post office that morning Tom Stubbins was bragging that his four-year-old English blooded Walker would have a coon treed before any other hound could warm the trail. This put Joe to thinking, and his thinking caused him to lay a ten-dollar bill on the bench. The bet was called, and this was the night for the try-out.

Joe heard Tom's Ford coming down the bumpy mountain road; and, giving old Bell one last pat on her wrinkled head, he rose from his seat on the step, stuck his pipe in his pocket, and walked out to greet the hunters. They lit their lanterns and, with a glance at their flash-lights, set out after the large, black Slate Mountain coon. Bell and the Walker sniffed noses, gave a joyful whine, and bounded out of sight into the woods.

After about twenty minutes of hunting, Tom's Walker struck. It was a cold trail, and he soon quit altogether; but Joe Davis's heart skipped a beat as he jerked his pipe from his mouth and raised his hand for silence.

About a half mile down the creek old Bell had struck it hot and was giving tongue with might and main to the winding trail. All burst into a run, trying to keep in hearing of the baying, while Joe was thrilled to the bone to hear his beloved dog run as she did five years before. The Walker soon caught up with Bell and often would leave her way behind until the wise old coon would work a trick with his trail which slowed him down. Then Bell would come up wheezing and panting and straighten out the track. This kept up for five hours, and Mister Coon was ten or more miles from where he started; but, at last, the tired hunters and panting dogs stood around a beech tree on the river bank, looking up at a pair of gleaming eyes fully four inches apart.

One wise old hunter, realizing that the dogs were too far spent for the fight, wanted the coon left where he was; but Tom climbed the tree and made the coon jump. Straight for the water he went and faced the swimming dogs. For fifteen minutes that old coon kept those dogs ducked as fast as they could approach.

Old Bell was tender because of her age and three years of inactivity, her hide was torn and bloody, and she was breathing with great difficulty; yet she forced herself on with apparently as much vigor as the four-year-old. Suddenly they all struck out swimming down the river, with the hunters running along the bank trying to keep up. They got behind at a place where the river ran through a thicket, and while working around the thicket, heard the sounds of the fight within. Any one of them would have given his last cent to see that fight.

When they finally worked their way to the spot, the sight of two dying forms on the bank greeted them. The long claws of the coon had dug deep into Bell's abdomen before her rotting teeth could find their way to the throat. Her jaws were set like a vice in the thirty-five pound coon as she looked softly at her master from her bloodshot eyes and wagged her tail in greeting to him for the last time.

But where was Tom's dog? He was never found, but one old hunter, as he looked thoughtfully into the deep black water, wisely remarked that few hounds were a match for a thirty-five pound coon in water.

DWARFED

REBECCA PRICE

I think the sky was made
For a tall girl
Bearing an armful of pussy-willows
And green cat-tails
From the swamp.

The frisky clouds
Are the souls of little white kittens
Who died
And went to Paradise.

Mayhaps the infant moon
Is a crochet needle
Drawing the snowy floss
Through ivory gimlets.

An intimate tulip
Whispers that the whole
Is an eye of God,
The people and the trees
Only the fringe of his lashes.



COBWEBS

Light, airy, silver threads of nothingness,
Beautiful, glittering gauze, swinging in the sunlight—
But how disastrous
You are to the fly that enters,
For he never returns!

Grace Smith

PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

BESIER—*The Barretts of Wimpole Street*

A book which will do much to establish the author's reputation and gain the sympathy and admiration of the reading public for the works of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning is *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, a play by Rudolph Besier. The idyllic romance of the impetuous Robert and the invalid Elizabeth is one of the purest and sweetest in literature. Mr. Besier has succeeded admirably in his vivid portrayals of the two poets, Edward Moulton-Barrett, and the other characters who lived at 50 Wimpole Street, London.

When the play opens, we see Elizabeth, the oldest child in the Barrett family, who has been an invalid for many years and is waiting only for her release from life, at her introduction to Robert Browning. Through her love for him she regains health and strength; and the doctors agree that if she might spend the winter in Italy, she would completely recover. The distorted love of her father, who had estranged all his nine children by his overbearing tyranny, prevents her going. One of her sisters, Henrietta, has fallen in love and wishes to get married. Edward Moulton-Barrett, the father, has forbidden any of them to get married and makes Henrietta swear on the Bible that she will never see her sweetheart again. Elizabeth elopes that very night with Robert Browning. She leaves notes behind for all the members of the family. When her father reads his note, he orders that her beloved little dog, Flush, be taken away and killed; but Henrietta spoils his spiteful revenge by telling him that Elizabeth took the dog with her.

Mr. Besier not only arouses one's interest in the life-like characters of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, but also inspires one with the desire to read more of the excellent poetry of these two, and gives one a better understanding of the personalities revealed in that poetry.

Rosemary Kuhn



SHERWOOD ANDERSON—*Dark Laughter*

Bruce Dudley, the main character in Sherwood Anderson's *Dark Laughter*, left a job on a Chicago newspaper to drift down the Mississippi and later into a factory in his boyhood hometown of Old Harbor, Ohio, in search of a thing he felt; but what it was, he could not have said in so many words. It troubled him, made him want to write poetry, made him wonder about the true potency of life. He could not, like the crowds around him, be content with mere existence because the something he felt also made him think. He thought that perhaps if he became an expert with his hands in his job of painting wheels, some of the methods of acquiring such adroitness might be imparted to his mind.

Mr. Anderson seems to be telling, in part, the story of his own struggle. He was born in a small Ohio town where he had little schooling but worked his way up to a responsible position in a factory there. One day while in the middle of a letter he was writing he suddenly got up and left his office, never to return. He went to Chicago, where he strove with great sincerity to solve the puzzle of human beings, especially those in the United States, their queer actions and the motives behind them.

The style of Mr. Anderson is artistic but not easy; his sentences are often but fragments, sometimes incoherent fragments; but he succeeds in presenting all his characters in a manner which makes them seem real and deserving the reader's sympathy.

Elizabeth Craven

RAVELINGS

THE PUTTING ON OF AIRS

QUENTIN DIXON

Gentlemen of portly mien are said to put on airs
And bask within the glory of their humbled neighbors' stares;

But I, for one, am loath to part from scientific fact.
'T would be absurd, you'd say, to think of air as packed,

Or tied in trim neat bundles to attract the shopper's eye—
Say, could you grab the north wind as it went blustering by?

I've heard a thousand liars spin the tallest kind of tales;
I have pondered long on minnows that had swollen into whales.

No, none can say that I am one e'er to disdain the art
Of telling strapping stories, for it lies close to my heart;

But logic must imbue the lovely fabric of the fib,
And plausibility exist to grease and render glib

The tongue of any reprobate who glories in the lie;
And so, at last, you must confess that, hard as you may try,

That even though we granted you pink elephants in pairs,
No nincompoop could quite conceive of mortals wearing airs.

A HAIR-CUT

HARRY KUYKENDALL

The midsummer sun was stinging hot as I started out for the barber shop, or torture chamber (which happened to be one of my nicknames for it). I had been given final instructions to get a hair-cut, in spite of everything I could do in the way of protests.

As I entered the shop, the long rows of chairs stood quite deserted, rearing their stocky nickel-plated, leather-stuffed forms upward from the floor of polished tile. Across from these, huge mirrors reflected their images; and beside this stood perspiring barbers, suffering unbearably in the heat. Reluctantly I picked the nearest chair and fell in a heap in its waiting arms of nickel-plate and leather.

My peace was disturbed, however, as the barber picked up a pair of murderous-looking shears and proceeded to wield these in the fantastic motion around my head. I immediately twitched and squirmed in my seat and made such terrible faces that my barber clipped more than he intended, including a piece of my ear, which event instantly produced a mournful wail from me. At that the villain inquired if he had touched me up a little. He fetched a piece of alum and rubbed it on the wound, which made me feel worse than ever.

As the hair fell from the shears, it began to stick to my face, and more than one moustache fell obligingly down my neck, causing a terrible itching sensation. On top of this the barber dug ten active fingers into the helpless scalp before him and did his best to displace it, almost succeeding. I was then shaken, buffeted, and rocked to and fro so much that people seemed to stand on their heads; and I saw staggering dizzy pictures before me.

The torture stopped suddenly; and my clenched, weeping eyes began to see again, while the barber applied cooling lotions (which made me smell like a colored housemaid's ideal). These lotions were so cooling that I decided I would not have to take my revenge on such a vile and thoughtless person as the barber that had made such a thorough attempt to wring my neck.

With no great satisfaction I paid the barber and departed from the shop, being met instantly by the unbearable rays of the sun at its hottest. Beads of perspiration ran down my face and mingled with hair, causing a very uncomfortable feeling—one reason why people are so irritable at certain times.



A BURNING LOVE

QUENTIN DIXON

Wist ye, love, 't is a bitter goblet
To drain—and heave a soblet;

Yea, better men than I have gazed
At a cupid's bow, and, gaping, praised

The pimples on their ladies' noses,
And drowned themselves in a bed of roses

That stung with thorns—and a vanity case
Made wounds that soap may not erase.

For thanksgiving there is one fact left
If I of happiness must be bereft.

The wounds that decked my aching brow
Are nothing more than white scars now,

And I'm content to bear the fray
And get a wound 'most every day—

Yes, I will bear my tortures slow,
If I may dodge a mortal blow.

THE DENTIST

HARRY KUYKENDALL

"Ever had a tooth filled before?"

"No, doctor."

"Then it's an entirely new sensation. Don't worry, though. It won't hurt.

The doctor then took some sharp-looking instruments and probed around in my mouth, causing much pain where he hit the gums.

"Doctor, er-ah-I think I'd better—"

"There, there, now. It won't hurt. I'll have you fixed up in a jiffy. Just sit right down."

"But, doctor—"

"Never you mind, little man. Why, it doesn't hurt a bit. Nothing to be afraid of. Sit down."

"But, doctor, that isn't—"

"Sit down! It won't hurt. Sit down."

The doctor pattered about mysteriously. What was he doing? I heard him giving orders to the nurse in a buzzing tone.

"Now here we are."

Were we? I didn't know, myself. One can never tell, especially when life is hanging by a thread—or so I thought it was. He reappeared on the scene with a little mirror which he stuck down my throat until I could hardly get my breath and felt as though I were choking to death. Finally it was withdrawn, and I breathed freely; but, alas—

"Just a little wider—that's fine"; and the mirror went farther back into my mouth.

I recovered a few minutes later on, feeling my head being bored off. Something was slowly but steadily eating its way up my tooth into the jaw. Horrors! What would come next?

"You're getting along fine, my young fellow. Why, one grown man jerked so when I did this that he had a sore jaw for six months."

I groaned. I would do well to get out of this place alive.

Suddenly the doctor changed his tactics. A pricking sensation stole up my jaw. Not so bad but—

“Right still here. You never can tell what’ll happen if you twist.”

A terrible poke numbed my jaw, and I felt myself slipping, and I hadn’t made my will. Then I was revived by a squirting spray of warm water, which refreshed my mouth.

With a “There, that’s all,” I stumbled from the room, the nurse following me. As I slipped through the door, I heard her say “Next.”



THE FIRST LEAF

(Which has to do with a boy)

QUENTIN DIXON

I saw him once before
As he whooped by the door;
And again,
With feverish hop and bound
That would make your head swim 'round,
Here he came.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the penning of this rhyme,
When a child,
That dynamite was mild
And sweetly reconciled—
By this child.

But now he runs the streets
And he yells at all he meets—
Freckled face!
And he shakes his burning head—
(Or must I call it red?)
Puerile grace!

His Aunt Buttercup has said,
(Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago)
That he had a flat pug face
That would institute a chase
To and fro.

I know it's very rank
For me to want to spank
The little brat;
But my windows are all smashed
And my nerves are quite behashed—
What of that?

And if I should chance to be
For one blissful moment free
As his dad,
The acts I'd perpetrate
On the place where he doth sate—
Oh, so sad!

HOT AIR

CLARENCE HENSON

Parachutes from now on appeal to me as snakes appeal to a city flapper. You will agree that I have reasons when I tell you about my first parachute jump, which I made last summer. I might add that I made two jumps in one, my first and my last.

My brother is an aviator, and during the last two years I have been going up once, sometimes twice, a week. Owing to my frequent rides I have gradually overcome my fear of airplanes and now feel as much at home in one as I do in any car going at a high rate of speed. As I became more and more accustomed to a plane, I kept insisting that my brother let me fly one alone. He at last promised me that if I would make a parachute jump from the height of five thousand feet, he would let me fly the small monoplane he owns.

After several hours of lecturing on what to do and what not to do, I was bundled up in the outfit of a parachute-jumper and carried (I was too scared to walk) to the cockpit of the plane. We at last reached the required height, and I prepared my soul to meet its Maker in case anything happened to me.

With much shaking and quaking I at last succeeded in throwing one leg over the edge of the seat, and my fate hung in the balance, or I should say in my balance. I made one effort to throw myself out of the plane but did not succeed. I then looked over my shoulder at my brother, and I saw he was grinning at me. The next instant I found out why, because he rocked the plane and I simply fell out.

When I felt myself falling, I did two things at once: I prayed and I pulled the jerk cord. When nothing happened in the next one-fifth of a second, I had given myself up for lost because it was the longest instant that I have ever experienced. Then suddenly I was brought back to my senses by a sudden jerk, and I found myself dangling on a few ropes beneath a silken cloud.

The next five minutes seemed the longest that I have ever gone through in all my life. It surely is thrilling to be hanging

away up in the air with nothing to keep you from falling except a piece of cheese cloth, or so it seemed to me. As I neared the ground, my heart settled back down where it belonged and felt as though it would be possible to open my mouth without losing it—my heart, I mean.

I had received the impression that I would land as light as a feather, but when I landed it made the wrong kind of an impression on me. I landed, and it seemed to me that I was grounded in the same second because I fell flat on my face and was dragged half a block before the 'chute settled to the ground.

When my brother got to me, I was holding a handkerchief to my nose, cursing all pilots in general, and swearing by all the saints in heaven that I would never again go higher than the attic.



DENIZENS OF THE AIR

ARCHIBALD SCALES

Denizens of the air! To everyone these words bring some vivid picture. To the would-be pilot perhaps they bring throbbing motors, flying steadily through the night, or perhaps the scream of a falling plane and the rattle of machine guns, scarcely heard above the roar of the straining engine. To the bird lover, they probably suggest the stately eagle, soaring to his high home or the silent-winged owl, as he glides swiftly through the darkness. To the romantic dreamer, they afford visions of winged fairies or possibly of fiery-breathed dragons splitting the heavens in their flight. But to my unromantic mind these words bring only the remembrance of the aggravating buzz and poisonous prick of our great American insect, the mosquito.



THE SHUTTLE

Teddy Bear—Theodore Roosevelt High School, Wyandotte, Mich.

Your title, I think, is quite clever;
Your woodcuts are interesting, too.
But it seems to me there's a lack
Of serious things; and if you
Would include some short stories, essays,
And of serious poems a few,
Your journal would greatly improve;
At least, that's from my point of view.

Blue and White—Virgennes High School, Virgennes, Vt.

I like your French department and
I like your pictures, too,
For they are very good, although
There are but one or two.

I like most of your poetry.
I also like your news;
And as for things I don't like, why,
There's not much left to choose!

The Clarion—Arlington High School, Arlington (Boston, Mass.)

One criticism I would make,
For "choppiness" is your mistake.
"Your Diarist" is very clever.
Your magazine shows good endeavor.

The Peanut—Marlboro High School, Milk River, Mass.

I think your magazine is best
In journalistic line,
But when you turn to literature,
It isn't quite so fine.

Spaulding Sentinel—Barre, Vt.

Your magazine contains, I see
Of pages thirty-six;
On half of these (eighteen, that is)
I notice that you fix
Advertisements; so don't you think
That this is quite a waste of ink?





THE WEAVER'S GUILD

DREAMS OF A WRITER

MOLLIE HARRISON

I am the lord and master; at my command
A thousand thoughts spring into being and wait
My smallest wish. Words throughout the land
Are governed by me and trust me with their fate;
I guide them through the darkest labyrinths to
The light they crave and twine them into chains
Of narrative or verse to pass for you
Your tiresome hours beset with sullen rains
Or torpid heat or dulling cold. I find
The tales that please you most and change them so
You think them new; my art is ever kind
To you and gives you what you want. I know
Your every mood and whim ah, I am he
Alone who to your dreams can fit a key.

FRIDAY'S CHILD*

WINIFRED PENN

The bank clock struck five decided, metallic beats. A tired clerk looked up, a pretty stenographer sighed a sigh of gratitude, a harassed teller settled in his seat for more work, the president lit another cigar and resumed his meditation on the coming visit of the bank examiners. There was excitement in the air—suppressed hysteria.

“Aren't you going home, Victor?” asked the stenographer, glancing at the teller still busy with his accounts.

“Not just yet,” he smiled sadly, “Merry Christmas! Hope Santa is good to you.”

“Thanks, Vic, old dear, same to you!” So saying, the stenographer departed with the first of the tired crowd that filed out of the swinging doors into the street, made beautiful by the softly falling snow.

“Aren't you leaving now, Victor?” asked the clerk.

“Not just yet,” sighed the teller. “Merry Christmas, though, old boy; you deserve it!”

“Thanks! Same to you, Vic! See you after the holidays,” said the clerk, following the stragglers through the swinging door out into the street made a fairyland by the bells, the horns, the happy voices of the Christmas Eve shoppers.

The president puffed and puffed on the cigar—wondering.

The bank clock struck six decided, loud beats. A frantic teller dropped his head upon his arms and sobbed on his neat books.

“It can't be done! It can't be done! My God, have mercy!” He straightened up, put on his coat and hat, and taking one last look at the familiar little cage, left.

Out into the streets—the merry, merry Christmas streets—he walked—and walked—. The jingling of the Salvation Army bells, and laughing happy voices, the scream of horns, the

* Awarded first place in the short-story contest at the January commencement.

glare of lights, the bustle of the crowd, the caress of the softly falling snow were lost.

"Two thousand dollars! Lost—gone—why did I? Oh, God! How could I have taken it? And it's gone—all gone; my salary is gone; my bonus is gone; my respect is gone; future gone—all is gone! God, my mind must have been gone, too! Two days to raise two thousand dollars, three hours work on my books, and I'd be fixed. Impossible! There is no one to whom I can go—there isn't one soul in all this damned city that would let me have it!"

The glow of Christmas lights sparkled and cast delightful shadows on the newly-fallen snow.

"Merry Christmas, buddie, cheer up! It ain't that bad."

"Thanks, stranger," Victor mumbled, shoving his hands deeply into his empty pockets.

"Merry Christmas," he thought. "Merry Christmas—a year ago I was with Linda, and we were trimming a tree for the little niggahs in the alley. Linda—strong and courageous—fine! I'll lose her too, now—Christmas with mother in the kitchen busy with dinner, Dad reading his paper, our toys scattered about! How will they stand it?—I must do something—something! No use running—they'd catch me. If only there were a Santa Claus to put \$2,000 in my hand—if I would find it—if it would only drop out of the sky!" He laughed a trifle incoherently at his improbable ideas and stopped before a Salvation Army worker.

"Salvation," he mused, "well, I guess I need a little."

"Make someone else happy for Christmas, sir," said a kind voice at his side.

"Sorry, lady, but I'm broke," he mumbled and moved on. "Well, I have sent Linda her ring—Oh, God, she'll think I got it with the money, but I didn't—I didn't!"

Something caught his eye. It was the glitter of a coin in the snow. He stooped to pick it up—finding a five dollar gold piece.

"Gee, this is my lucky day! It's an old one, too! Well—shall I spend it, save it, give it away, or throw it away? It doesn't matter. 'Make someone else happy for Christmas, sir!' Yes, that's what I'll do. Some cigars for the clerk, and some candy for the stenog."

He entered one of the brilliant stores. "Wonder what the clerk smokes?" he thought aloud.

"Tampas?" suggested the shopkeeper.

"O. K. and a \$2.50 box of Whitman's too. Well, that leaves me fifty cents—I feel rich!" he said, pitching the gold piece on the counter. The man grabbed it eagerly, looked at it hastily, and dropped it into his pocket.

Victor took his packages and with a lighter step started toward the bank. "I'll leave the packages at the bank," he thought. "They'll enjoy a late Christmas gift on Monday—Monday—the bank examiners! Oh, God, for \$2,000!"

Behind he left excitement. The storekeeper scrutinized the coin. "Bill! Bill!" he shouted, "bring me my coin book; I believe I've got her, boy, heh! heh!—I believe I got her. I have! Merry Christmas, boy, Merry Christmas! I knew it the minute I saw it. Son, see this five-dollar gold piece—see the date 1822? Well, if you ever get one, don't buy no cigars and candy with it, because, my boy, that little old coin is worth exactly \$2,500! Your papa is rich!"

As Victor placed the gifts on the desk of the clerk and the stenographer, the bank clock struck seven loud, metallic beats; the president lit another cigar and resumed his meditating on the coming visit of the bank examiners; Victor filed out of the swinging doors and was lost amid the softly falling snow.

