

# HOMESPUN



EDMUND  
TURNER

## SPRING NUMBER



# HOMESPUN

Edited by HELEN FELDER

ROBERT WILSON, *Bus. Mgr.*

A Monthly Literary Magazine Published by the Students of  
the Central High School at Greensboro, North Carolina

1926

## Contents

COVER DESIGN.....Edmund Turner

FRONTISPIECE.....Edmund Turner

### THE WEAVE

Rebirth (*Verse*).....Zaidee Smith  
Pastels .....Shuford-Smith-Uzzell-Harrington  
Three Poems (*Verse*).....Zaidee Smith  
In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy.....Charles Root  
The Lure of Spring (*Verse*).....Mary Tilley  
Rainy Weather.....Carlton Wilder  
April Rain (*Verse*).....Elea Harrelson

### WARP AND WOOF

Spring.....Elizabeth Rockwell  
Proverbs.....Dick Burroughs

### THREADS OF MANY COLORS

Enemies of Books.....James Clements  
The Masterpiece of French Literature.....Ben Kendrick  
Father's Sayings.....Edna Carlson  
Epic Poetry.....Frances H. Johnson  
Small Talk.....Margaret Hardin  
Under Soft Lights.....Sarah Ferguson  
Caesar and Ariovistus.....Henry Biggs  
Night—A Translation (*Verse*).....Margaret Ferguson

### SKEINS OF YARN

Ambrose.....Weldon Beacham  
Traps.....Helen Felder

### YARNS

Father Tells a Joke.....Ruth Heath  
The Gentle Art of Shopping.....John Brown  
Ain't Mothers Funny?.....Myra Wilkinson  
The Rat Hole.....Henry S. Goodwin

### THE SHUTTLE





# THE WEAVE

## Rebirth

*By ZAIDEE SMITH*

Time's eternal Youth, the Spring  
Returns; and all the earth  
Seeps out in pensive air: days sing  
Of scented dells, saplings' rebirth,  
Green, silent hills at dawn,  
The purple-silver shoot of some tall tree  
Against the western sun  
(The sky's a sea  
Of rosy dreams wherein  
Fair sails move ever toward the sun.)  
Chilled meadows and the cows therein  
Fade out when day is done.  
Another day, yet happier the ground  
With warm, bright tulips weeps.  
In tumultuous, rich, warbling sound,  
Spring pours her secret-keeps.  
To sing the dirge of Frost, I take my pen—  
Yet he, again, sometime will minstrels numb.  
Will Frost have locked my fingers, then,  
When Spring is come?

# Pastels

## A MIRACLE

**I**T was Easter morning and the church was filled to overflowing with smart, well-dressed people; so that when the old shabbily-dressed blind man entered the vestibule, an usher took him by the hand and led him to a seat in the very back of the church. For what difference could it possibly make where a blind man sat?

After the prayer and the offering a Sabbath hush stole over the people. The air was heavy with the sweetness of the lilies at the chancel. All this the blind man felt and loved; and it touched tender chords in his life.

The preacher began his sermon. He spoke of the crucifixion and of the significance of Easter. He spoke of the faith that all men must have.

“Faith,” thought the blind man, “faith—for twenty long years I’ve believed and hoped and prayed that I might see; and for twenty long year I’ve been in darkness: no light, no sun, no anything, just perpetual darkness.”

And then through the stained glass window of the crucifixion streamed a ray of sunlight. Gently it crept along the pew, turning the silver of the blind man’s hair to gold, softly falling across his eyes.

Then, suddenly the blind man saw, saw the lilies, the people, the crucifixion; and the joy of Easter echoed in his heart. For the blind man believed.

HELEN SHUFORD

---

## A LESSON

In the early spring I found her, coaxed her out of her dark, dank surroundings, and took her to a place of happy, clean atmosphere and uplifting beauty. I removed her doubtful companions, made her free to enjoy life, gave her everything she wanted, and fondled her with a mother’s care. If she could

flourish so radiantly in the backwoods, what could she be in the city?

I watched for the glorification. But my beautiful mountain child began to fade, to shrink, as it were, from the city lights. Day by day she grew more wistful and woe-begone. Her little head drooped lower and lower. She was no longer my pride, but my worry and anxiety. Finally, her little heart was struck with a quick fever and she left me.

Through this sorrow and disappointment I learned that the bright hot sun, city smoke, and overmuch attention are not good for the child of the hills. I shall never again try to take the trailing arbutus out of the protection of its decaying oak leaves and black earth.

ZAIDEE SMITH

---

### SPRING ON THE COAST

Down near the Straits of Cone Sound, just two miles from the post office of Glouster, North Carolina, and a good boat run from Harker's Island, is an old homestead known as Salt Air.

The dwelling is a frame building, once painted white, but now turned a melancholy gray by the strong salt sea breezes. Two old chimneys creep up its weather-beaten sides; and trees, deformed and bent by the winds, cast queer shadows along its rotting verandas. The shutters, closed to keep out the wintry blasts, rattle and furnish mocking melodies for a stranger to the coast.

Amidst this setting I nursed a broken leg for three months of the winter of 1920. During the long winter days and nights my spirit was no brighter than my temporary home. My thoughts were like the thick and oppressive fogs, and my words were often like the cutting wind. My useless leg was as hateful as the never-thawing ice that covered the walks and porches. I fitted perfectly into my surroundings.

For weeks I hoarded my troubles until one morning I listened. I heard the chirping of a robin and looked up to see the delightful colors of a coastal sunrise. Involuntarily I leaned

toward the horizon, my lazy leg moved with unaccustomed easiness, and my spirit reached its zenith.

That morning my wheel-chair and I were taken out-of-doors. I looked back to behold a thing of beauty; for in front of me was the old family homestead, Salt Air. It had been tinted by nature a soft shade of gray and its verandas had taken on the dignity and sweetness of age. The friendly red chimneys sent forth puffs of airy smoke, and the soft breezes made the dark-stained shutters blink happily.

My mother laughed, and our hearts swelled with the new found buds, for spring had tapped the coast of North Carolina.

MABEL UZZELL

---

### SPRING POETS

When one wanders out in the early morning, alone, with rolling lawns of the softest green blending now and then into the darkest, one is in the initial stages of becoming a spring poet. The bright yellow daffodils standing in clusters here and there, reflecting the beams of the early morning sun, in no way retard this unnatural poetical feeling; in fact, they and the dewy violets only seem to enhance it to a more joyous pitch. I know of one person who will stand for hours on the greensward, looking happily at the long, dark green shadows caused by his legs, watching dreamily the high, blue and white sky, gazing sentimentally at the golden daffodils, listening delightedly to the birds and gentle morning breezes—but wondering only when breakfast will be done. He is no spring poet; he only gives the impression of being one—in other words, he fools you into keeping away from him when he is really quite safe to talk to.

There is one type of spring poet who is really dangerous. He will endeavor vainly to rhyme impossible words, then beg you to listen to them for hours at a time, until you gently but firmly remind him of the time of day and leave him with dignity after the cruel remark that you are going to read Keats.

Spring evidently has a different effect on everybody, but it always reminds me sorrowfully that *next* winter will be here before very long.

HAZEL HARRINGTON



# Three Poems

By ZAIDEE SMITH

## TO THE JONQUIL

A beauteous bit of loveliness  
'Neath March's darksome sky;  
A glowing bit of happiness  
For some lone child to spy;  
A bit of May's bright sunniness  
Foretold amid the grass;  
Joy-giving flower that boldly springs  
Ere March's wind doth pass;  
Spirit sweet, if thou be that,  
Thy graceful stem shall stoop;  
Too soon thy short-lived petals bright  
In slumber deep will droop.

Oh, would that I could shed abroad  
In mankind's short-lived bower  
The joy that thou has shed abroad,  
My little jonquil flower!

## APRIL

One blazing day 'neath golden sunny showers;  
Another day with rain and dew-drenched flowers,  
Hanging, dripping, from latticed wall;  
Tender oak leaves moving meekly in the breeze;  
Maple flowers drooping, high in the trees;  
All in silent perpetuity move.  
Above the high-steeped tower swings  
The lone bird. Sunfire, flashing, gleams on his wings,  
As, circling, now darting, he hangs.

Man maketh wondrous inventions; but all  
Are simple and like the waxen doll—  
An imitation of God's omnipotent hand.

## MUSIC, ROSES, NIGHT . . . .

They call. On breaths  
Of sweetest melody they call;  
And all my brain  
Would leave the world withal  
And run to where  
They sit and spin my dreams.

They lure; from banks  
Of liquid full-flushed roses lure  
My heart a-sky.  
Ah, roses, heaven-pure,  
Your thorn is sharp  
That cuts my passioned heart.

Heaven. . . . . Love's here  
In feather form amid the grass  
And breath in trees.  
The silent moon will pass  
As I would bound,  
Path-free, across the sky.

---

## The Lure of the Spring

By MARY TILLEY

You may talk of the beautiful trees and the flowers,  
And the grass that grows green in the spring;  
But to me the best sign of Dame Nature's rebirth  
Is baseball. Now baseball's the thing!

You'll never catch *me* with a mouthful of praise  
For birds that on apple boughs sing.  
When spring rolls around, the out-of-doors calls  
To wide fields, for baseball's the thing!

*You* may watch the seeds sprout, the soft buds unfold,  
*You* may sing of the birds on the wing;  
But give *me* a mit, a ball, and a bat.  
'Tis springtime and baseball's the thing!

# In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy---

By CHARLES ROOT

AL slowly drew himself to a sitting posture upon the edge of his bed and stretched his long arms luxuriously.

"Oh, gee, it's surely good to be living these days," and he exhaled with the pure delight a balmy spring morning instills in one. He proceeded with his dressing in the slow, leisurely manner peculiar to those who are content with themselves and the world in general.

Then a sudden thought struck him, and with a bound he cleared the space between himself and the telephone, flopped into the chair beside it, and lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Mayfair 2006," he said; then "Hello, Dot. Yeh, it's me. Al, you know. Uh huh. Well, what are you doing tonight? You're not? Say then, how about the club? Yeah, there's a whopper of a dance on tonight. Like to go? Well then, let's do. Yep, I'll be around about eight. Awright, goodbye."

"Dot's a good old sport—always ready for fun. But, lessee—there's a hot time gonna be staged at Luke's tomorrow night. I wonder——"

Click! "Hello, Central; gimme 2692. Yep, right the first time!" After a short interval, "Hello, is May there? Oh, hello, May, didn't recognize your voice. You have? I'll declare, that's too bad. But say, how'd you like me for a side kick over at Luke's tomorrow night? You would? Well then, you can just bet your sweet little self I'll be around for you. Yeah, 'bout nine bells. Sure. Well, so long."

"Ah, that's over," Al grinned to himself. "Boy, I'm in for some sweet time now!"

He reached into the wardrobe for his clothing and gazed with distinctly hostile eyes at an object hanging there. "Ma! Oh Ma," his voice rang out through the whole house. "Be sure to send this gray suit to the cleaners. It looks like dogs have been chewing it. It sure looks like somebody'd watch out for things

around this house. You know I'm too busy. Well, all right, just be sure," and Al proceeded to grease his hair.

---

## Rainy Weather

*By* CARLTON WILDER

**W**ITH a slight shudder he stepped outside and set off into the chilly downpour. It was a gray world, with gray houses fronting a gray street, and a gray rain pouring down steadily, now rushing from the sky in great streams that flooded the street temporarily, now straining out into a fine mist that spattered sharply into people's faces as they felt their way along the slippery sidewalk. Yet the rain never stopped; in some form it came always. He was tired of it; stifled by day after day of weather just like this. He had stepped carelessly into a puddle of water on the sidewalk; and he could feel it now, slopping about in his rubbers with a bubbling and gurgling sound that annoyed him intensely. It felt cold, too. He would probably have a sore throat because of this; he could visualize already the horrible, scraped, raw feeling back of his tonsils.

His house loomed up; it was the grayest house in a gray block. He entered, after kicking his waterlogged rubbers off on the front porch with much difficulty and not a little profanity. "Now to be comfortable!" he said. He removed his shoes, stuffed his feet into soft, fur-rimmed slippers and seated himself by the sitting-room fire, hot and glowing and pleasant.

He picked up a book from among those scattered on the table shiftlessly and tried to read. But he could not read. The dripping from the eaves bothered him, tantalized him, turned him into a maniac with its monotony.

He hurled the book across the room. Oh, the weather, the wet, drippy, evil weather—how he hated it, hated it, hated it! If it were only a live thing that he could kill! Staring through the window he saw the same inevitable world of mist-obscured grayness. If he could just tear that intangible veil of depression

to bits so that the warm sun could blaze through and dry the sodden world! But the weather only smiled back at him a sort of sarcastic, inscrutable smile—a pitying smile at the poor wretch crouched in the chair, cursing the intangible horror that haunted him—the monotony of the wet. He was its slave; the conquest had been complete.

---

## April Rain

*By* ELEA HARRELSON

The sound most sweet on window pane  
Is music of an April rain,  
For in it is the sweet refrain,  
“I bring May flowers to fields again;  
I chase from hills the frost and snow  
And coax the crocuses to grow;  
I patter through the tallest trees  
And seek the bosom of the seas;  
I play with sunbeams passing by  
And build a rainbow in the sky.”

# H O M E S P U N

PUBLISHED *by the* CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, GREENSBORO, N. C.

---

Volume I.

MAY, 1926

Number 5

---

## THE STAFF

HELEN FELDER, *Editor-in-Chief*

CARLTON WILDER, *Assistant Editor-in-Chief*

MARY JANE WHARTON, *Assignment Editor*

EDMUND TURNER, *Art Editor*

### *Managing Editors*

ZAIDEE SMITH, *Poetry*

GLENN HOLDER, *Short-story*

BEN KENDRICK, *Exchange*

RANDOLPH BARKER, *Humor*

### *Typing Editors*

ELIZABETH ROCKWELL

FANNIE ROCKWELL

### *Faculty Advisers*

#### *Directors*

A. T. ROWE, JR.

W. R. WUNSCH

#### *Assistants*

LAURA SUMNER

LAURA TILLET

---

ROBERT WILSON, *Business Manager*

---

## Spring

I HAVE observed that dissatisfaction is a trait in human nature. People are continually wishing for that which they do not have; then when they get the coveted treasure in their grasp, they no longer cherish it.

This is true in my own life except at one season of the year—Spring. When the winter's snow has gone and the sun has coaxed patches of green from the ugly brown earth as if in answer to its warm smile, then I am content to revel in the beauties of nature forever.

At this time of the year, I am possessed with an urgent desire to be doing something; to live, to work, to love, to laugh, to seek

out the beautiful in everything, and to bring beauty and sunshine into the lives of others. The spirit of early childhood days when I gathered bright yellow flowers from the hillsides has me in its grip, and I am carried along by a tide of joyful, carefree happiness. "Blue Mondays" become things of the past. No longer are they things to be dreaded, but rather just another day in which to enjoy the sunshine and flowers. My heart seems to be bursting with gratitude for the mere joy and privilege of living midst all the glorious gifts of God. No storm, however fierce, can dull my desire to answer the call of nature in song and play and service.

Just as youth, the Springtime of life, is the happiest period of our lives, and childhood memories the dearest, so the Spring of the year is the happiest time of all the year.

ELIZABETH ROCKWELL



Now HOMESPUN is, we must admit,  
Quite young to stand the glare  
Of spot-lights. So we beg of you  
To exercise great care.

'Tis said too much of flattery  
May make a young child vain—  
Instead of helping it to grow  
May warp its heart and brain.

Let's keep the "wonder-child" unspoiled;  
And maybe we shall see  
It grow into a master man  
From infant prodigy.

# Proverbs

*By* DICK BURROUGHS

Tell an event as the first man, not as the hundredth.

Society is the result of good manners, well-balanced home life, and a clean heart.

A man's feelings are his one vital spot: hurt a man's feelings and you have hurt his all.

Life without friends is like the earth without sunshine.

The more you hear,  
The less you babble,  
Removes you from  
The vulgar rabble.

Don't follow the large bear track; he may be too old to eat.

The everlasting talker has nothing to say when the right time comes.

The man who tries is next to the perfect man.

The soft chair may be so comfortable that you may go to sleep and miss something good.

A dime in a poor man's pocket is worth a dollar in a rich man's pocket.

I have observed that those who gossip are the ones who have nothing else to do.

An old man is like a five hundred dollar bill—hard to change.

One's conscience can never be made clear after it has been muddied.

A scout is like a sharp jack-knife—always handy.

The tomorrow of a borrower is like the yesterday of a murderer.

Judge not a man by the goals he makes, but by the way he makes them.

Criticize no one but yourself, then be not too lenient.





## *Threads of Many Colors*

### Enemies of Books

By JAMES CLEMENTS

**T**OM FREELAND settled himself in the depths of his favorite chair, lit his pipe and prepared to enjoy an evening reading the latest novel of his favorite author. Holding the book as a miser would his gold, he settled himself more deeply in his chair and began to blow smoke rings. As the smoke curled upward above him the fatigue of a hard day's work passed from his bones and muscles.

He had just opened the book, however, when his wife entered the room. "Tom, dear," she began, "let's go to the show. Irene La Bar is on in 'Daughters of Society'. They say she plays her rôle splendidly."

"Plays *with* a roll, you mean, a bank roll big enough to choke an ox. It's not good for a poor man's wife like you to see a woman spend so much money," rejoined her husband playfully.

"Oh, come on, Tom; be a sport," she teased, puckering up her mouth and frowning. "That's a dear," she added as he arose to comply with her wish.

The next evening it was the same story. Tom had hardly settled down to his reading when his wife came to announce sweetly, "I forgot to tell you, dearest, but Peggy phoned and invited us to come over and play bridge. I promised her she could count on us. Now don't frown like that but go on and change your clothes like a good boy."

"Go play a measly little game of bridge when I am reading about a regular hum-dinger poker game? Well I guess not!"

He complied with her wishes, however, and ascended the stairs like a martyr, mechanically took out his tuxedo, and came

down a few minutes later looking like a second Lord Chesterfield and Beau Brummel combined. His wife, pleased with her victory, rewarded the vanquished with a sweet smile.

The next evening his wife greeted him with a kiss. In the next moment she was saying, "Oh, Tommy dear, for being such a good boy I am going to stay home this evening and let you rest and smoke that horrid old pipe of yours."

"Good," he replied.

He hurried through the meal, eager to get to his book and enjoy the freedom of the evening. He even denied himself the second cup of delicious coffee.

"Dear, what's the need of your hurrying so?"

He did not answer, but left the table and began to search for the volume of his favorite author. It was not on the table where he had left it. It was not on the desk where the maid usually put it. He searched in vain under and above everything.

"Alice!" he shouted. "Oh, I say, Alice, where in the dickens is that book I was reading?"

"What book, dear?" came the sweet reply.

"'Sons of the Old West'," he shouted back.

"'Sons of the Old West'?"

"Yes. What did you do with it?"

"Why, dear, Bobby Foster was over today. He said he had heard it was a good book, so I told him I was sure you wouldn't mind if he borrowed it. He said he would bring it back next week."

"Would bring it back next week? Would bring it back next *week*? I know Bobby Foster. He probably meant next year," stormed Tom, biting down on the stem of his old pipe. "Just think, I used to read a lot of sentimental stuff and believed it. All this stuff about married life is bunk."

"Why, dear, I think you're horrid," began Alice, her eyes filling with tears.

"Now, for goodness sake, cut out that sob stuff. I was going to say before you began that miniature flood that there are men and women like you who care for nothing except gadding about

and having a good time. You go to shows and dances and parties and stay until morning. And where, pray tell me, does it get you? I used to read a lot of bunk by these sentimental writers about how happy a married man is in his home. What appealed to me especially were those stories of how a husband after supper smoked his pipe and *read* in peace and comfort in an atmosphere of love. Atmosphere of love? Humbug, tommyrot!"

And so on, far into the night.

---

## The Masterpiece of French Literature

By BEN KENDRICK

THE book which stands highest in the estimation of the average Frenchman is *Les Misérables*, by Victor Hugo. This book is undoubtedly a masterpiece. Brander Matthews says, "Hugo, like Shakespeare, creates characters for the ages," and the statement is especially true in regard to this famous volume. Indeed, if all the great poets and literary geniuses of modern times were to be ranked in order of their ability, only Shakespeare himself would be placed ahead of Hugo.

One finds the tale of Bishop Bienvenu in primary readers; Cosette is studied in elementary French; and even in college *Les Misérables* is studied as a literary work of the first rank. In fact, all through school from the kindergarten to the college, attention is given to the works of Hugo, and especially to *Les Misérables*.

Hugo himself, the author of this famous volume, had a life which covered a long span of years. From his birth in 1802 until his death in 1885, Hugo saw a succession of governments—the Empire under Napoleon, the kingdoms of Louis XVIII, Charles X, and Louis Philippe, the republic under Napoleon III, the monarchy under the same ruler, and finally the present-day third republic, under which Hugo died.

This was the century in which the industrial revolution was creating large cities, changing the peasant into the mill-hand, changing the rich into poor and the poor into rich, ending the miserable existences in the slums of the cities. During the span of Hugo's life France changed from a backward pastoral country into a modern industrialized nation.

Victor Marie Hugo, born in 1802 when these changes were just beginning, was the youngest son of General J. L. S. Hugo, a distinguished soldier in Napoleon's service. During his boyhood he was extremely royalistic and Catholic in sentiment, and his first work was an eloquent proclamation of his faith in these principles. His life was marked by his admittance into the French Academy, the establishment of his reputation as an author and his exile from France by Napoleon III. When he was sixty years old his masterpiece, *Les Misérables*, was published. He died peacefully at home at the age of eighty-three.

His most famous work, *Les Misérables*, is in many places taken from his own life. The story of the book is very interesting, and even in the parts where he gets into a philosophical discussion, his reasoning and thoughts are of a noble nature. The following is a brief résumé of the plot of the book:

Jean Valjean, an ex-convict, nineteen years in the galleys, is seeking lodging in a little town. No one will give him the slightest sort of shelter. Finally, in desperation, he knocks at the bishop's door. The bishop not only gives him lodging but gives him the best bed, serves him with the best silver, and treats him as an intimate acquaintance. During the night Valjean steals the silver and makes his get-away. The next morning when the bishop is confronted with his erstwhile guest in the custody of the police, he excuses the crime by saying that the silver was a present of his to the convict. This act of kindness completely changes the character of Valjean. From being a criminal he becomes almost a saint.

As he is a very intelligent man, he soon becomes mayor of a small town and amasses a large fortune. His attention is directed to a poor woman whose child is in a neighboring town

under the care of an innkeeper's family, Thénardier. Jean Valjean promises the woman on her death bed to look after the child.

At this time the police, under an over-conscientious deputy named Javert, take up the trail of Jean Valjean for a small offense committed after his release from the galleys. Valjean adopts the little girl named Cosette and flees to a convent where he secures employment as gardener.

Cosette grows up and falls in love with a man named Marius. He is a nice enough chap who has been disinherited by his grandfather because their political views do not agree. There is a political blockade in which Valjean rescues Marius from certain death. Cosette and Marius marry, but they do not appreciate the wonderful character of Jean Valjean until he is on his death bed.

All in all, the book is the life story of Jean Valjean. He is the central figure throughout the story, and the book ends when he dies. He is not taken directly from life, but is rather a composite of many characters. If any of Hugo's characters are to live throughout the ages, it certainly is Jean Valjean; for although there are few with such a noble nature around us, it is such as they that keep and advance civilization and prevent us from falling back to barbarism.

Hugo's heroine, Cosette, is a type of girl that is comparatively rare nowadays, although his picture of this certain type is a true one. Her lover, Marius, is modeled much after the way Hugo himself was at that age. As far as Javert is concerned, one might wish that all police officers were as conscientious as he.

When all of these characters and countless others, each representing a true type, are all put together in one volume and the technique of the writer is practically faultless, and, added to this, an excellent plot is supplied, you have true literature. But even this is not all that Hugo has in his famous epic. Interspersed among the events of the plot are some wonderful descriptions and philosophical ideas which have no superior. His description of the Battle of Waterloo is so vivid, accurate, and unbiased that

it is the envy of all historians. He describes the filth of the sewers of Paris so accurately and realistically that the force of public opinion aroused by his book alone caused their condition to be improved. Every one of his descriptions is of some object about which he had made a study and which he executed with characteristic accuracy. Indeed from whatever viewpoint one regards the book he finds that it leads the field.

A book such as this will always be famous. It, as well as its characters, is destined to last through the ages and it never will sink into oblivion. It has been a guidepost for scholars, historians, philosophers, and authors, as well as being a book well worth the reading for the average man.

---

## Father's Saying's

By EDNA CARLSON

FATHER is a man of very few words; in fact, there are whole days when he says hardly a sentence, for he is more of a thinker than a talker. Sometimes, however, there are days when talks continually. This is especially true when he meets a man who has just returned from Sweden.

He does have one saying which he seems to think very good, for he applies it whenever the occasion arises. This saying is, "*Tieg er Liede*," meaning in his native Swedish, "Suffer in silence." Father has a so-called joke that he tells with it. This is the "joke": One day a man was walking down the street in Stockholm. He was a philosopher and had been reading up in this subject. He saw a man lying in the gutter crying for help. The philosopher said to him, "*Tieg er liede*." There is not much humor in this for me, but father says, "Oh, what a meaning!"

He has another joke that runs something like this: One time a preacher, who was very fond of playing poker and had played the whole night before, asked for a silent prayer in church. During the prayer he fell asleep. He awoke and slammed his hand on the table saying, "Spades are trumps!" The whole congre-

gation sat up and took notice. The old man, realizing what he had said, quickly added, "That's what the sinner says."

Now father has all the best traits of all the fathers bound up in one. He is understanding, trusting, and sympathetic. He is exceedingly careful when he speaks of other people. One would think his motto was "Few words are best."

---

## Epic Poetry

By FRANCES H. JOHNSON

**T**HE epic, which has been regarded through the ages as the highest form of poetry, is a poem of length and completeness, of dignity in style and form, and recounts the achievements of some hero. This type of literature is produced when some poet or school of poets collects the legends, stories, and histories of a nation, and then forms them into a whole by polishing, reshaping, and adding to them individual passages. In a strict sense, an epic is a summary of an entire civilization.

There are certain outstanding characteristics of an epic poem which should be noted. First, an epic must have a hero. The hero is generally regarded as the founder of the nation. The plot of the poem deals with the existence of this hero, and is constructed in such a fashion that it dignifies his great services to his people. His life is shown to have been governed by supernatural forces. Second, the epic poem should deal with war. It must show the struggle and strife of living. In the stirring events of war one can see more clearly the life of the people. Their likes and dislikes, their patriotism, the rise and fall of their kingdoms, and their aims and ideals are revealed. Third, as a rule, there must be some historical background for a great epic. For instance, *The Song of Roland*, the French epic, grew up around Charlemagne and his knights. It is necessary that an epic poem be written with an historical foundation, because epic poems are concerned with reflections on social affairs or the origin of a people. Finally, epic poetry is written in an elevated and

stately manner. Frequently the episodes of which the poem is composed are heroic stories that sprang up among the people, and were handed down through the generations. These episodes were at first ballads, gestic, and sagas; poets took these legends as raw materials, and converted them into beautiful verse. Homer, who is placed as the foremost writer of the world, was an epic poet. This gives ample proof of its dignified and stately manner.

The history of epic poetry is of ancient origin. The word itself is derived from the Greek *epos* which means a story. It is to Greece, therefore, that we turn for the beginnings of the most elaborate form of narrative poetry. Their poetry was not confined to stirring warlike narratives alone, but it celebrated the mysteries of religion as well. Homer was the first great poet, and to him are attributed the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, and the *Margites*. The first two have been preserved, and they represent the form of the ancient epic. But Homer, a blind man and an inhabitant of Chios, was not the only epic writer in Greece. Pausander of Rhodes wrote *Heracleia* in the seventh century, the fragments of which remain. The other epic writers who appear to be worthy of mention are Antimachus of Colophon who wrote a *Thebais*; Choeribus, of Samos; and Anyte, an epic poetess, who was called the female Homer. During the fifth and sixth centuries we are able to link the names of Xenophanes, Parmenides, and Empedocles as leaders of a distinct school of philosophical epic.

As civilization advanced from Greece to Rome, so did epic poetry begin to be cultivated in Italy. A Greek exile translated the *Odyssey* into Latin during the first Punic War. Then came the earliest original epic of Rome, *Bellum Punicum*. A little later Ennius wrote an historical epic, the *Annales*, which was the foremost Latin poem until the appearance of the *Aeneid*. *Annales* was written in 172 B.C., and it remained the unique and satisfying achievement for one hundred and forty-two years. Virgil began to write the most famous of Roman epics in the year 30 B.C. When he died, nine years later, he desired that a part of it be burned as it required three years to complete it; but, since



it seemed to the ancient world a priceless work of art, it was preserved. In the next generation Lucian wrote the *Pharsalia*, which was one of the principal Latin epics. Near the end of the fourth century Claudian produced several elaborate epics, of which the *Rape of Proserpine* was the most remarkable. In his poetry there is found a link between the Silver Age in Rome and the Italian Renaissance. The ancient history of epic poetry closed with Claudian.

The study of epic poetry in medieval times is next in order. The poetry of this period has been divided into three schools: the Teutonic, the Icelandic, and the French. Teutonic poetry is concerned chiefly with legends founded on the history of Germany. Theodoric was the particular hero of these legends. The most important group, however, dealt with English themes, and *Beowulf*, *Waldere*, and *The Lady of Maldon* were outstanding. *Beowulf* is the only one which exists in complete form, and it is a fine example of native epic poetry. The Icelandic epics seemed to be shorter than the Teutonic poems; they were written about the warlike adventures of the North. The surviving epical elements of Icelandic composition are found complete in *The Elder Edda*. The French epics were written later than the other two groups; the literature of civilized Europe may be said to begin with them. There appeared a great increase of simplicity and an awakening of action in them. *Roland* is the French epic. It is easy and enjoyable in comparison with the Teutonic epics. Professor Ker in his analysis of its merits states: "There is something lyrical in *Roland*, but the poem is not governed by lyrical principles; it requires the deliberation and freedom of epic; it must have room to move in before it can come up to the height of its argument. The abruptness of its periods is not really an interruption of its even flight; it is abruptness of detail, like a broken sea with a larger wave moving under it; it does not impair or disguise the grandeur of the movement as a whole."

This paper is lastly concerned about the great epics of the world. Epic poetry tends to fall naturally into two classes: first, the popular or national epic, which is termed the epic of growth

and the folk-epic; second, the literary or artificial epic, which is also called the individual or artificial epic. To merit the title of national epic the poem must be built up about some theme which is of national thought and interest. Among the distinguished popular epics of literature are the following: the *Iliad*, the Greek epic; *Nibelungenlied*, the German epic; *Beowulf*, the Anglo-Saxon; *Poem of the Cid*, the Spanish; and *Roland*, the French. The art epic is the entire work of an individual; yet it carries out the same design of finished style which the national epic possesses. The following art epics may be mentioned: the *Odyssey*, the Greek epic, written by Homer; the *Aeneid*, the Roman epic, written by Virgil; *Jerusalem Delivered*, Italian, by Tasso; *Paradise Lost*, the English epic, by Milton; *Messias*, the German epic, by Klopstock; *Divine Comedy*, Italian, by Dante, and *Hiawatha*, the American epic, written by Longfellow.

The purpose of this paper has been to assemble the few facts which have been written about epic poetry, and to discuss them in a threefold manner: first, to give the general characteristics of an epic; second, to write a detailed history of it; and third, to mention the great epics of the world.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY

1. *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 1910. Eleventh Edition, Volume 9. Pages 681-682.
2. Clarence G. Child, 1904, Houghton Mifflin Company. *Introduction to "Beowulf"*, pages 3-23.
3. James M. Garnett, 1900, Ginn and Company, *Introduction to "Beowulf,"* pages 21-29.
4. Greenlaw-Elson-Keck, 1922, Scott, Foresman and Company. *Literature and Life, Book One*. Legend and History, page 212; pages 215-218.

# Under Soft Lights

By SARAH FERGUSON

**W**HY, hello, Jimmy! What are you doing here?—Course I'm glad to see you!—Sure! Have only one no-break, though.—Oh, goodie! No, I wasn't hinting. I was just telling you.—Well, here's Tom. See you later. Hi, Tom—No, let's dance. Don't you just love dreamy waltzes? I do. I can just imagine more romantic things that might—Oh, dear! *Do* look at Marjorie. Her dress is entirely too short. You know, they say that she—What? You don't like to talk when you dance? Well, don't you bother. I'll just talk to you.—Oh, yes, as I was saying—there, the music's stopped, so I guess we'll have to, too—Well, so long.

Oh, Frank, you're a hero to bring me this punch.—There are Dot and Bill, the gold-dust twins. Let's go see them.—Why, Dot, I thought you weren't going to get a new dress.—Well, it surely is stunning.—Oh, do you really? Thank you. Mother gave it to be for my birthday.—Come, Frank, don't slip out to smoke. Let's dance.—What? Oh, surely I like Jimmy; but don't you think it's silly to be in love with any special one? The ones I like never happen to like me.—What? Oh, you do, Frank? I'm so glad.—Thank you.

Hello, Earle!—Yes, it's fine; but I do wish they'd get a little pep.—Oh, do bend your head a little. Look! There goes Jimmy with Frances. Let's follow them.—No, stupid, but I am tired. Bye-bye, Earle.

What? Why, Jack! The idea of you saying such a gallant thing!—Thank you.—Oh, I'm watching the door.—Well, I won't tell you!—Well, just try to guess. I'll bet you wouldn't find the right one in a thousand years—Jimmy? Goodness, no!—What?—Oh, thank you; I'm always dropping things.—There they come back. I wonder where they've been.—Who? Why, Jimmy and Frances, of course!

Ah, this is the last no-break, isn't it?—Oh, Jimmy! You're looking for me, aren't you?—No, let's go sit in the swing and

look at the moon—What? You never look at the moon? Why Jimmy—Listen, they're playing "Remember"—Jimmy

Jimmy, do you remember at camp last summer? You were really nice to me then—Jimmy, do you remember the night in the canoe you said—Oh, DON'T you remember what you said?

Why, Jimmy, do you really mean it?—Oh, Jimmy, you make me so happy. Have you been thinking about me all this time—honest and truly?—Look, Jimmy, look at the moon. Isn't it beautiful? Don't you think it's more beautiful than it has ever been before? Jimmy, I'm glad you love me!

---

## Night

(*Aeneid*, Book IV, ll. 522-528)

Night comes and weary ones enjoy sweet sleep.  
Peace fills the forest glades and on the savage deep  
Is calm. The stars are turned in midst of flight;  
The fields are hushed; the world is still. 'Tis night.

The bright birds and the beasts that dwell around  
The limpid lake or thorny meadow's crown  
In peaceful dreams are soothed by Night from care.  
The heart is free from pain, for peace is there.

*Translated by* MARGARET FERGUSON



# SKEINS OF YARN

## Ambrose

*By* WELDON BEACHAM

**A**MBROSE Fenimore Johnston was a good chauffeur. Chauffering as an occupation was ideal for Amby, for in order to uphold his position in the colored sections of Greensboro, he needed a nice car and the short working hours demanded by his boss. That his hours were irregular was no drawback for Amby, for that meant more in-between-time to use the car in his wandering about.

In fact Amby was well satisfied with himself and his job; and not without reason, for he was known as a good bootlegger in Warnersville; in Yaller Egypt he was famous for manipulating the galloping dominoes; in Bull Pen he was a good sport and a pool shark; and in the social section, East Washington, he was a snappy dresser and wiggled a wicked walker on the dance floor.

But Amby was an ardent subject of the realm ruled over by King Black Cat and Queen Horse Shoe. When King Black Cat said don't, he wouldn't have trusted himself to whip his little brother shooting pool. But just let Queen Horse Shoe say do, and Amby would have trusted himself to beat Jim Jeeta, the Bull Pen Champ, with any stakes Mr. Jeeta could name.

On a certain Saturday morning the King seemed to be asleep and Queen Horse Shoe was ruling with a generous hand. First, Mr. Jackson, Amby's boss, called for his car early.

"Johnston," said Mr. Jackson, "Mr. Brown and I are going down to Pinehurst and stay till Monday night. Take us down to the station and then you can be off until Tuesday morning."

“Awright, Mista Jackson. An’ what you want me to do with yo’ car?”

“Well now, I don’t know exactly. If you’ll take good care of it, and promise to put it in the garage at night and not let it stay out in the weather, why I guess you can use it. But now, listen, Johnston, don’t wear it out before Tuesday. You know what I mean.”

“Yassah. I’ll take good care o’ it, Mista Jackson.”

With Mr. Jackson and Mr. Brown on an early train to Pinehurst, Amby headed for Ashe Street and Daniel Hampden’s store. He proudly parked his Big Six Sedan exactly in front of a waterplug and drifted in to pass half an hour with Hampden.

“Say Hamp, what’s up fer t’night. I ain’t gotta work. Let’s have a good time.”

“What’s eatin’ yuh, Amby? Dis is Sat’d’y and I does my bigges’ groc’ry biz’ness on Sat’d’y.”

The store being empty except for themselves Amby replied, “Yas—yuh does a big groc’ry biz’ness—groc’ry nothin’. Yuh done got a run o’ whiskey in here. Yuh can’t fool me, Hamp.”

“Naw, Amby, I ain’t got dat whiskey yet, but a man down Randleman said I could git fifteen gallons today. But I ain’t got no way to go after it. I burnt out a bearin’ in my Fo’d las’ week and de feller down at de garage said it’d be Monday ’fore he could fix it.”

“Boy, boy! Ain’t dat luck, Hamp? Here I is with a Big Six Sedan an’ a man at Randleman with fifteen gallons o’ prohibition luxury.”

Amby took a “lef’-hind” rabbit’s foot out of his vest pocket.

“Yuh ole rabbit foot, you, who says I ain’t got good luck today? Say Hamp, I’ll be ’round ’bout four o’clock and go after dat whiskey fo’ yuh.”

“Awright, Amby, an’ don’t ferget dat rabbit’s foot cause you’ll sure need your good luck. I heard de cops ’ve been watchin’ us niggahs perty close.”

Amby next went visiting out towards Bull Pen. None of his gang was stirring so he went back to Mr. Jackson’s house.

Having nothing to do and plenty of time to do it in he decided to clean up the car. When he took the cushion out of the driver's seat something fell to the ground.

After picking it up he exclaimed to himself—

“Whoopee-doodle! Lady Luck am sure directin' traffic for me today. Here's dat lucky horse-shoe watch fob what I lost last Thursday.”

Amby's next job was draining the crankcase of the Big Six. The oil in it was not so terribly bad but it was best to play safe and put in eight new quarts of extra heavy.

He then sat down on an old oil keg and lit a cigaret. With white smoke drifting away from his mouth and nose he began thinking of his proposed whiskey trip for that afternoon. Could he make it all right—would the cops trail him—if they did, could he leave them? Sure he could; he had his rabbit's foot and he had found his horse-shoe watch charm. But just to make sure of his prevailing good luck, he would try his hand at the galloping dominoes and green table marbles.

About one-thirty Amby stopped his Big Six in front of Dave Latta's Hash House in Yaller Egypt. As usual the pay day crap game was just starting.

Amby joined the game. Each time before he “Forded” the dice he held his rabbit's foot in his hand for a second.

Queen Horse Shoe was seemingly the belle of the occasion, for only once did Amby shake, rattle, and roll with bad luck to himself.

Having won enough to make a goodly bulge in his pocket and to convince him of his prevailing luck Amby escorted his Big Six to a new parking place near Rosy Bradshaw's Pool Room. While Amby was parking Rosy noticed a black cat run across in front of the door. Amby was the next person to enter thru that door.

“Say, Amby!” exclaimed Rosy as Amby came in, “a black cat just crossed the door, didn't you see it?”

“Naw, Rosy, quit dat tryin' to skeer me. I ain't seen no black cat today.”

"Yas sirree!" said Rosy. "I sure did see a black cat cross your path. You is gwine to have some bad luck."

"Aw gwan, Rosy, I ain't gwine have no bad luck today, I knows. Just to show you, I'll beat you three times straight shoot-in' pool. Come on."

As Amby was taking his cue from the rack, Rosy pitched him the chalk with—"You better chalk dat cue good. You're gona need all de breaks to beat me."

Amby took his rabbit's foot out of his pocket and rubbed his cue with it instead of the chalk.

"This here rabbit's foot is all I need, Rosy. I uses it. When I'm shooting crap I lets my dice associate with it. When I'm shootin' pool I chalks my cue wid it. Yas, boy. I uses it."

"Yas—uh-huh, you uses it all right. I suppose when you're playin' poker you puts it in your sleeve. Dat's where all your luck come from—huh?"

"Dat's all right 'bout my poker playin', Rosy. I'se just natur'ly lucky when I got my rabbit's foot."

"You needn't be braggin', Amby Johnston. Dat black cat what crossed your path is gonna cook your goose 'fore dis day's over."

In spite of Rosy's predictions Amby cooked Rosy's goose shooting pool. He just simply mopped up.

At four o'clock Amby was again talking with Hampden about the whiskey deal. Hampden was giving him final directions.

"Go down de long hill, take de last road to de lef' 'fore de bridge, go up dat hill and turn to lef' at de bottom on de other side. It's de fi'th house on de right. Ask for Mr. Crane. Tell 'im dat Hampden sent you. And go careful on de way back. Dem cops'll sure be watchin' close. Remember dey nabbed Joe Smith las' week for drivin' fast an' den foun' eight gallons in his car."

"Sure Hamp, I'll watch 'em, besides I done put my rabbit's foot where it'll make me a good driver. Boy, I've had good luck all day an' I intends to keep it. So long, see you 'bout six o'clock with a load of whiskey."



Amby then departed for Randleman to get his load of liquid trouble. He passed everything on the road that was not going over forty. He held forty as his limit so he would not attract undue attention of possible cops. The Big Six purred along as smoothly as if it had no motive power of its own but rolled continuously down hill as if propelled by a powerful force of gravity.

County Policeman James Connor, at exactly 4 o'clock by his Ingersoll, stepped on the starter pedal of his Harley-Davidson 74. One kick at the pedal showed him it was in gear.

"Darn that kid brother of mine," he said. "He is always messing with my new motorcycle. He don't care whether I'm a cop or not." A few more kicks showed that something else was wrong. "Yes, and the gas is off." Another kick, and another—"Put-SSSput—SSSput—SSSput-SS-Sp" silence. Then an explosion from Mr. Connor—a very bitter stream of "cuss-words." A spark plug wire was loose. His brother had evidently climbed to the seat of the motorcycle, using the spark plug wire for a stirrup.

Consequently it was a very much irritated policeman who crossed Greensboro's City Limit about one minute after Amby Johnston did so; and they were both heading the same way.

About four miles out Connor came up close enough behind Amby to see that Amby was crowding the speed limit a little bit. Amby was doing 37 per, so he figured the Cop wouldn't say anything about the two miles over the limit. But he didn't know the cop.

Cop Connor pulled up beside Amby and flagged.

"Sa-ay, don'tcha know what the speed limit is, you nigger?"

"Yassuh, yassuh, boss, it's thutty-five."

"Well, whatta you mean by going faster than that?"

"But, boss, I wasn't doin' only thutty-seven, you ain't gwine say nothin' about just two miles extra are you?"

"I am saying something, ain't I? Thirty-seven miles an hour is breaking the speed law of this state."

"Aw, come on boss, don't pull me dis time, besides there won't nobody else on de road, hardly."

“All right, go on, you nigger. But if I ever catch you doing as much as thirty-seven again I’m gona pull you, get that?” With that Cop Connor went on ahead and left Amby to do as he pleased, so long as he stayed behind.

James Connor was a man of his word, even if his word was given when he was so annoyed with a little brother that he took out on a negro driver. So, therefore, when Connor started back to Greensboro later in the evening and caught sight of a Big Six Sedan heading for Greensboro and doing a little over the speed limit he set out to catch up with it.

And when Amby saw a motorcycle cop chasing him, he feared for his load of whiskey and stepped on the gas.

So they had a merry little race.

The thoughts that occupied the officer’s mind were something like this—

“Golly, that nigger can drive—watch that rock there—whew—just missed it—and that Big Six will sure travel too—Lord—that nigger had a close shave then—huh—he sure is driving crazy now—wonder what’s the matter with him. He drives like his accelerator is broken and the throttle is just shaking around loose and he’s afraid to stop—Gosh, he must have St. Vitus dance in his right foot from the way he handles the accelerator—he took that curve faster than he did the last straight stretch—Oh well, I’ll catch him or wreck him before we get to Greensboro, cause he can’t leave me even with a Big Six. Darn, he’ll never make this curve and bridge as fast as he’s going—gosh-a-mighty—ain’t he got any brakes at all? Why don’t he use ’em?”

Crash! The Big Six sideswiped the bridge and left the road.

After the glancing blow that threw him off the road Amby’s mind registered nothing until he became vaguely aware of a pair of handcuffs on his wrists and saw officer Connor looking over the car and the load of whiskey. He was saying—“Car not hurt much; that’s strange. And nigger, you ain’t neither ’cept where your head hit the side of the car.”

Amby received two Sunday afternoon visitors in his little six-by-six-by-eight cell. They were Daniel Hampden and Roosevelt Bradshaw.

Rosy proceeded to kid Amby.

“Amby, didn’t I tell you dat black cat was gonna give you bad luck?”

“Oh shut up, Rosy.” This from Dan. “Say Amby, what for you got your right shoe off and your other’n on.”

“Well, my right foot itches. Dat’s why.”

“Huh, guess maybe it was itching yest’day when you done that crazy drivin’ coming back with that load of whiskey.”

“You’re mighty right it was itchin’ yest’day.”

Here Rosy broke in again, “Say, Amby, how come your right foot gits a itchin’ spell so sudden like?”

Amby reached down under his hard bunk and found his shoe just where he had dropped it the night before when he had first limped into the cell. He reached his hand into the shoe and drew forth a ruffled-looking rabbit’s foot. Holding it up he began.

“Dis here is what caused my foot to itch. And my foot itchin’ made me drive crazy. Must have been when I was loadin’ dat whiskey, but anyway, dat rabbit’s foot got turned over in my shoe and when I started back the claws on it raised Cain with my foot. I just couldn’t drive right and I just had to leave dat cop. I was in one hell-of-a-fix.”

“Amby, what in heck was dat rabbit’s foot doing in your shoe?”

“Oh, I thought if rubbin’ my dice on it made me throw ’em lucky, and rubbin’ my cue with it made me shoot pool better, den puttin’ it in de shoe I worked the gas pedal with would make me drive better and faster.”

---

## Traps

By HELEN FELDER

A roaring filled Natalie’s brain, a hissing that seared her whole body with the pain of it. Where was she? The darkness was so thick that it seemed to be closing in and crushing her. It was drawing closer—black, impenetrable darkness. She screamed and

put forth all her might to hold it away. Then a light burst upon her.

"She's coming around fine," whispered the doctor as she opened her eyes.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the man at his side.

Where had she heard that voice before? Natalie wondered. Everything about her was in a thick haze. But there—it was lessening perceptibly—she could almost see now those two figures by the bedside—who—

"Dirk," she whispered suddenly.

"Yes, darling, I'm right here."

"There, there, my dear," said the doctor. "You'll be all right. Just lie back there"—patting the pillows—"Ah, that's the way, fine!"

Natalie closed her eyes again, wearied by the mere exertion of speaking, and drifted off into a restful sleep.

"You'd better go now, Dirk," said the doctor.

As soon as she could sit up they told her. She was so calm about it that they thought she did not realize; so they repeated. But she merely smiled that queer little smile again—a smile so pathetic, so twisted, that it tore their hearts.

"Dirk, is it true?" she begged pitifully.

The man merely nodded.

Natalie pressed her hand to her mouth. Dirk sprang forward instantly.

"Don't cry, darling—oh, anything but that."

"I'm not crying!" Natalie flung her head back proudly.

"Natalie, dear, just think of all you have to anticipate, you and Dirk." A curious light illumined her sister Laura's eyes as she spoke. But Natalie did not see. "As soon as you're better you'll be married and planning your little home that is to be."

"I know." A silence fell upon them. Then she spoke again—this time to her mother.

"Won't you all please go now?"

Once outside the closed door, Laura gave vent to her pent-up feelings.

"She can't realize, mother—she can't! Just think of it—never to walk again. Oh, what an outlook—and what a pity that the accident should have occurred just now. Oh, Dirk, why didn't she cry, instead of just sitting there so pale and calm, not speaking a word, but breaking her own heart and ours?"

But they did not know that inside the hospital room Natalie's slight figure was wracked with the dry, horrible sobs of a woman's agony.

\* \* \*

"Oh, here you are, Natalie. Laura said I'd find you here."

Natalie looked up to find Dirk entering the summer-house.

"Did you see the architect, dear?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes. He thinks he can fix it up just as you want it." Dirk dropped down at her side and began fanning himself.

"It will be of brick—our little house?"

"Yes—of brick."

"With—"

"With everything you wanted," he cut her short. "Whew! but it's hot, isn't it?"

Natalie's face fell.

"Yes—but, Dirk, when will it be ready?"

"About a month after—after our wedding." His hesitation was barely noticeable.

"Oh, Dirk!" Natalie could not keep back a sigh of pleasure.

"Yes, dear?"

"Aren't you happy? Just think what it will mean—a home of our own—a little brick bungalow with ivy climbing all over it—and a little garden nearby. It's marvelous!"

The man was silent. Natalie glanced down at him, wondering.

"What are you looking at, dear?" she asked softly. Dirk started. "What? Oh—er—nothing."

Natalie followed his gaze down the long lawn. From the farther end a single figure was approaching. It was Laura.

Natalie wheeled her rolling chair up to the mirror and paused. What an unfriendly vision met her! The girl who gazed at her there could not be herself. Why, this girl was hideous; So

twisted, so pale and thin—she had such deep-set eyes that she looked to be some other girl's ghost. Her cheeks were like leather-skin stretched lightly over high, protruding bones. This was not herself.

Why, Natalie was a pretty girl—this was some stranger who was peering at her from the mirror's depths. People had said that Natalie had wonderful lips and eyes; but this girl of the mirror had an ugly scar disfiguring her mouth and her eyes were of a blue, long faded.

But did it matter whether she was pretty? Wasn't it the soul that really counted? Natalie sighed. The exterior should not matter—but it *did* matter. If one had an ugly body, a crippled shell like hers—somehow the world did not glance further. The soul was trapped—trapped. Yes, bodies were cruel traps for the inner self.

Natalie lay back in her rolling chair and put her hand over her eyes. It was of no use, this trying to convince herself that she was still her old self—the fresh Natalie of other days. She was not—nothing could change that. Since that awful automobile crash she had tried to believe that nothing was changed; but, oh, why make believe any longer? She was fooling no one—not even herself.

The girl propelled herself to the dressing table and picked up a kodak snap-shot lying there. It was a picture of Laura and Dirk sitting on a wall—and laughing. They looked happy. They always seemed to look happy when they were together. Well, she couldn't blame them. Dirk was a dear—and—and Laura was a beautiful girl.

Oh, why was her lot so hard? Natalie felt that it was unfair. She couldn't blame Dirk for not loving her—she knew that he loved Laura—she had known it all along, but she had fiercely told herself that she would make him happy. She had tried, but she couldn't do it—she could not saddle him with a miserable, unlovely cripple whom he did not love. Her way lay clear before her—but, oh, it was so hard! There was only one way to release Dirk. He would never go, knowing that she

loved him. He must be made to believe she did not care. Natalie turned her chair to the window to look out. A solitary figure was pacing the lawn—poor Laura! She did not know what was in store for her. Natalie turned away as a man approached. She must go down to Dirk.

\* \* \*

“Natalie, Dirk and I are going to have the sweetest little home. You ought to see the plans!”

Laura bounced joyously into the room and flung herself down at her sister’s feet, Natalie caught her breath and looked up.

“And there’s to be a darling little garden, too,” went on the younger girl.

Natalie put a hand to her throat.

“What kind of a house is it?”

“Brick. Dirk has had the architect draw up the plans already. Isn’t it exciting?”

“Yes, quite.”

Laura looked up suspiciously at her sister’s tone.

“Nat,” she asked slowly, “are you sure you don’t love him?”

“Of course, foolish child,” responded the elder girl. “Now you’ll excuse me, won’t you, dear? I have some letters to write.”

Laura jumped up hastily. “How unthoughtful of me! Of course I’ll go!”

After the door closed behind her Natalie sat silent for a few moments. Laura in her dream house. . . . Natalie wheeled over to her trunk, took out a worn old violin—and played—and played—





Mike: What are those holes in that fence for?

Ike: Those are knot holes.

Mike: But I know better. They are holes.

Teacher: Emmett, what is the shape of the world?

Emmett: Round.

Teacher: What makes you think so?

Emmett: Oh well, it's square then; I don't want to start an argument.

### BUT WHERE'S THE HORSE?

Last Saturday afternoon at a summer resort in Africa, a lion which was walking along a seashore happened to meet a whale. "You've got to take your hat off to me. I'm the king of the jungles."

"That's nothing," replied the big fish, "I'm the prince of whales."

### PLAYING SAFE

Willie: Do you play on the piano?

Billy: Now, not when Maw's around. She'd be afraid I'd fall off.—*Exchange.*



## CORRECT

Teacher: Correct this sentence: "Before any damage could be done, the fire was put out by the Greensboro Fire Department."

Frosh: The fire was put out before any damage could be done by the Greensboro Fire Department.

Said a bald headed man to a waitress bold:

"See here, young woman, my cocoa's cold;"

She scornfully answered: "I can't help that;

If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat."

The next day the teacher received the following excuse:

"Please excuse Johnny for being absent by falling in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige his mother."

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance."

"What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills and down hills, through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?"

There was silence. Finally Tommy, whose father was an automobile dealer, spoke up. "Please, Miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

A schoolgirl complexion may make a man rave;

A peachbloom cheek may tempt a knave;

A gold-glint marcel a love-path may pave;

But a man would go far for a permanent shave.

Teacher: "Now children, how old would a person be who was born in 1889?"

Pupils (in chorus): "Man or woman?"

Here lie the remains of a radio fan,

Now mourned by his many relations;

He went to a powder mill, smoking his pipe,

And was picked up by twenty-one stations.

"How's business selling houses?"

"Well, I can't real estate."

I met my girl in a revolving door and I've been going around with her ever since.

"What do you charge to treat cats?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars what?"

"Ten dollars purr."

Any critic: "Did you get the suggestions I sent in for improving the *Homespun*."

Lankes: "Yes. Did you meet the janitor as you came in? Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

Angry Parent: "Young man, I'll teach you to make love to my daughter."

Young Man: "I wish you would, I'm not making much headway."

Although your head is a foot long, you don't use it as a rule.

---

## Father Tells a Joke

By RUTH HEATH

John (At the supper table): Oh—Mary, I heard a new one at the office today.

Mary (A little absently): Yes, dear.

John: It was about—

Mary: Just a moment, dear, or my bread will burn—Now, John, what was it you were saying?

John: (Annoyed) About—about —

Mary: The traveling salesman, dear?

John: (Greatly annoyed) No, no—of course not. About a little boy who—

Mary: Junior! Don't try to eat that fork! And don't make so much noise while your father's speaking. What were you saying? Oh, yes, about the little boy—By the way, John, did you bring the evening paper?

John: No! Yes—that is, I mean—Oh, no, I forgot it. Anyway the boy was crying, and a man came up. “Well”, says he—

Mary: What did I tell you! Did you *ever* bring home an evening paper? I know you forgot the samples for Fanny’s dress too!

John: Samples? Samples? Oh, O, yes, samples, For Fanny? No, no, I didn’t forget. And the man says: “What are you crying for, little boy?” And the boy—The butter? Junior, please pass Mother the butter. And—

Mary: I didn’t ask for the butter, I asked for the sugar. John, did you purposely evade Mrs. Brant today? She called me up to tell me our bridge club met tonight at the Jones’—Said she meant to tell you while she was up the street, but somehow she missed you.

John: You know I detest that woman, Mary. Now can’t you let a fella tell a joke? As I was saying, the man came up to the little boy and asked him why he was crying. And the little boy said because his mother—

Mary: (Wearily) Yes, dear.

John: —— had drowned his kittens.

Mary: Is that all? Well, John, the club begins at eight, and it’s seven-thirty now, you’d better hurry—

John: No—I haven’t finished yet. The boy—

Mary: John, is your silk shirt clean?

John: ——said——oh, hang it all, I don’t know——said—a

Mary: Well, you’d better know. Hurry and dress. The Brants are coming by in their car. I dressed before supper, so I’ll be clearing off the table.

John: (Talking as he goes out) And the boy said he was mad because his mother had promised to let him do it. Ha! Ha! Isn’t that a good one, Mary?

Mary: (Mirthlessly) Ha! Ha! (to herself). Now, isn’t that just like a man. He’s told that joke six times at least!

John: (Off stage) Oh—Mary, is my silk shirt clean?

# The Gentle Art of Shopping

By JOHN BROWN

Yes, madam, that is the fifteen cents per yard ribbon——No, ma'am, we do not sell less than a third of a yard——You only want a sixth? Well, I am not allowed to sell so small an amount——If you wish to see the manager, straight back, first door, left. You don't guess you will see him to-day? All right, ma'am——Yes'm, a third of a yard is five cents. No'm, it isn't three cents——You wish to see that two-tone white and blue? It is seventy-five cents per yard.——Smith Brothers sell the same at thirty-five cents? I am sure it is a different quality——You say it is made by the same firm? No, you are mistaken, madam, for we are exclusive agents for this.——I know, there is no doubt but that it *looked* alike——One-half a yard would be thirty-eight cents——No, ma'am, we can't give you the one-half cent——No, I really don't know why the government doesn't make half-cent pieces——Now, you wish to see some one-inch-wide red ribbon?——Yes'm, I think it would be perfectly lovely with a green dress——You wish black instead? All right, ma'am, a yard and a half is thirty cents—it's twenty cents per yard——No, ma'am, we can't sell six yards for a dollar. Just a yard and a half of this?——One-third of a yard of the fifteen cent material?——Thirty-five cents, please——Just a moment, please, and I will have your change——Here it is, madam. Madam! Lizzie, tell that lady at the perfume counter that I have her change, please——It was perfectly all right, ma'am——thirty-five, forty, fifty—I thank—no, ma'am, you didn't give me a dollar. Thank you; call again.

# Ain't Mothers Funny?

By MYRA WILKINSON

Mother—Jean, it's 12 o'clock, where have you been?

Jean—Mother, I—

Mother—Jean what's that on your head? Jean, you've been in a terrible wreck! Oh, my child, come here.

Jean—Really, Mother, I—

Mother—My little girl, let Mother see. What hit you, Jean? Tell me.

Jean—I—

Mother—This reckless driving! Who was driving your car—that terrible Edwards boy?

Jean—No, Mother, listen—

Mother—Here, darling, drink this coffee. You're all excited. I know you're awfully nervous. Oh, to think how near to death you were!

Jean—Death?

Mother—Yes, darling, young people never know how near they are to death.

Jean—But Mother, you don't—

Mother—There, there dear. Here, let Mother help you with that dress. How many were in the car?

Jean—The car?

Mother—Yes, dear, your car, not the one that hit you. Now you're all fixed comfy—tell Mother all about it.

Jean—Mother, if you—

Mother—I just knew something terrible was going to happen when I let you go with Sue—

Jean—Mother, let me explain, I can't—

Mother—There, dear, I know it's hard.

Jean—Please, Mother, I can't make—

Mother—That's all right, dear, you can tell me in the morning.

Jean—Please, Mother, I can't make you understand—

Mother—I know, dear—

Jean—Mother, please let me talk—I haven't been in a wreck!

Mother—Not been in a wreck?

Jean—No, I just scratched my face when I was crawling through the hedge. John had locked the gate.

Mother—Jean, aren't you ashamed to frighten your Mother so—Why didn't you tell me?

Jean—I tried, but you—

Mother—That will do—go right upstairs—

Jean—But, Mother—

Mother—Jean, go upstairs this minute.

---

## The Rat Hole

By HENRY S. GOODWIN

Plup! A stream of tobacco juice shot toward a small hole in the floor and missed by a fraction of an inch. “Goldern, me eyesight is failin' me, Hank, that thar's th' third time this mornin' that I missed. They wuz one time when I had good lookers but,” he shrugged, “I'm gettin' old now!”

“Nup, Sam, you ain't gittin' old! Me an' you's jest gittin' a-goin' good. It warn't so long since we usta fight, yu know; tough we couldn' to' been pals then instid uv tryin' to fight agin each other!”

“Yeah, yu' right thar'. We'd of made a fine pair uv soljers, wouldn't we? Say, did I ever tell yu' 'bout sum'n what happened while I wuz fightin' fer the South? You 'uz tryin' tu help the No'th win then, you wuz. Well, lemme tell yu' this'n.”

“One day me an' Bill Saunders wuz put on picket dooty.” He pulled himself off the pickle barrel long enough to punch up the fast dying fire in the little old broken down stove, and empty

his jaws of the tobacco juice within. Settling back again on the top of the barrel, he continued his narrative, "Well, Bill wuz tu go on watch 'bout eight an' then he would wake me up at twelve an' I 'ud do up tu four chimes. Then some guy 'd take my place whilst I hit th' hay. Evar thing went along a'right an' I wuz out pac'n up 'n down through th' trees long 'bout one u'clock 'n not havin' nothin' else tu do I began ter think. You know how 'tiz when ye is off lak thet all alone, 'specially when yu'r' at war. Well, th' mo' I think the mo' homesick I got 'til I almost felt lak I never would git home. I was walkin' long in a kinda thoughtful way when all at once I see a man in front uv me. It wuz all moon-light that night and in some spots where the moon could shine through the leaves of the trees, it wuz bright as day almost. I forgot to tell ye, thet our camp warn't mor'n half-a-mile from th' camp uv th' north'ners. Well, anyway, I couldn't see this here man whut warn't mor'n fifteen yards from me good 'nough ter tell who he wuz so I raizes my rifle an' kinda stoops down behind a coupla bushes. So then I waits until I can see him good 'cause I didn't want tu kill me own man. I waits an' watches an' listens an' d'rec'ly I hears him say samp'in but I warn't close 'nough tu understan' what it wuz. Whoever he wuz he acted kinda restless. He ud walk a piece an' then he ud kinda stan' still a minit an' talk to his self. That's as how he got closer an' closer to me 'til' he warn't more nor five yard from me. He began tu mumble roun' sum mo' now, an' he says, 'Lizabeth——'Lizabeth, I luv you!' Nen after a minit he says, 'Bother'—sorter solemn like and quiet—'I'll be back to see yu soon. Take care u——'Lizabeth.'

"Yu know, 'at kindo got nex' tu me and I lowered my rifle. It kinda reminded me uv my mother—she's gone now—and' how I wanted tu git home. Guess she 'uz waitin' fer me tu come home, too!

"The nex' minit at guy walked intu one o' them patches uf moonlight which I been tellin' you about an' I see him plain as daylight. He wuz a union soljer! You ud 'spec me tu shoot 'im, but I couldn't do it. I tried, but when I remembers whut

he done said 'bout his mother 'an' 'Lizabeth somebody I jus' couldn't shoot; so I let's 'im git away.

A moment of silence followed the story; then Sam again pulled himself off the pickle barrel in preparation for a shot at the hole in the floor.

"I say, Sam, I know thet guy whut yu saw in them woods. Warn't thet near Sims Hill in Virginy?"

"Yep, thars whar it wuz, Hank. How you know who thet guy wuz?"

"Well, I know cuz——It wuz me!"

Sam took a mighty and successful heave at the rat hole and then settled back on the barrel with a thump. The top gave way an' the old man tumbled into the brine and dill-pickles, "Well, I'll be golderned!" he muttered.





# THE SHUTTLE

*Edited by* DOROTHY LEA

## With Our Critics

“*Homespun* is our only exchange that is entirely literary. The consistency of the name of your magazine and the titles of your departments are clever.”—*High School Panorama*.

“*Homespun* is the very personification of originality. From cover to cover it is conspicuous for its cleverly written and well arranged articles. The very name suggests the quality of the paper.” . . . *The W. H. S. Cycle*.

“*Homespun* is a very unique publication. You certainly have some rising authors.”—*The Dial*, Brattleboro, Vt.

“*Homespun* is a remarkably distinctive paper.”—*The Arrow*.

“Congratulations! Your book is marvelous. How *do* you do it? Mercyon Staff,” St. Mary’s High School, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.







