

HOWIE SPUN

ROMANCE OF THE SEA!!



EDMUND
TURNER

HOMESPUN

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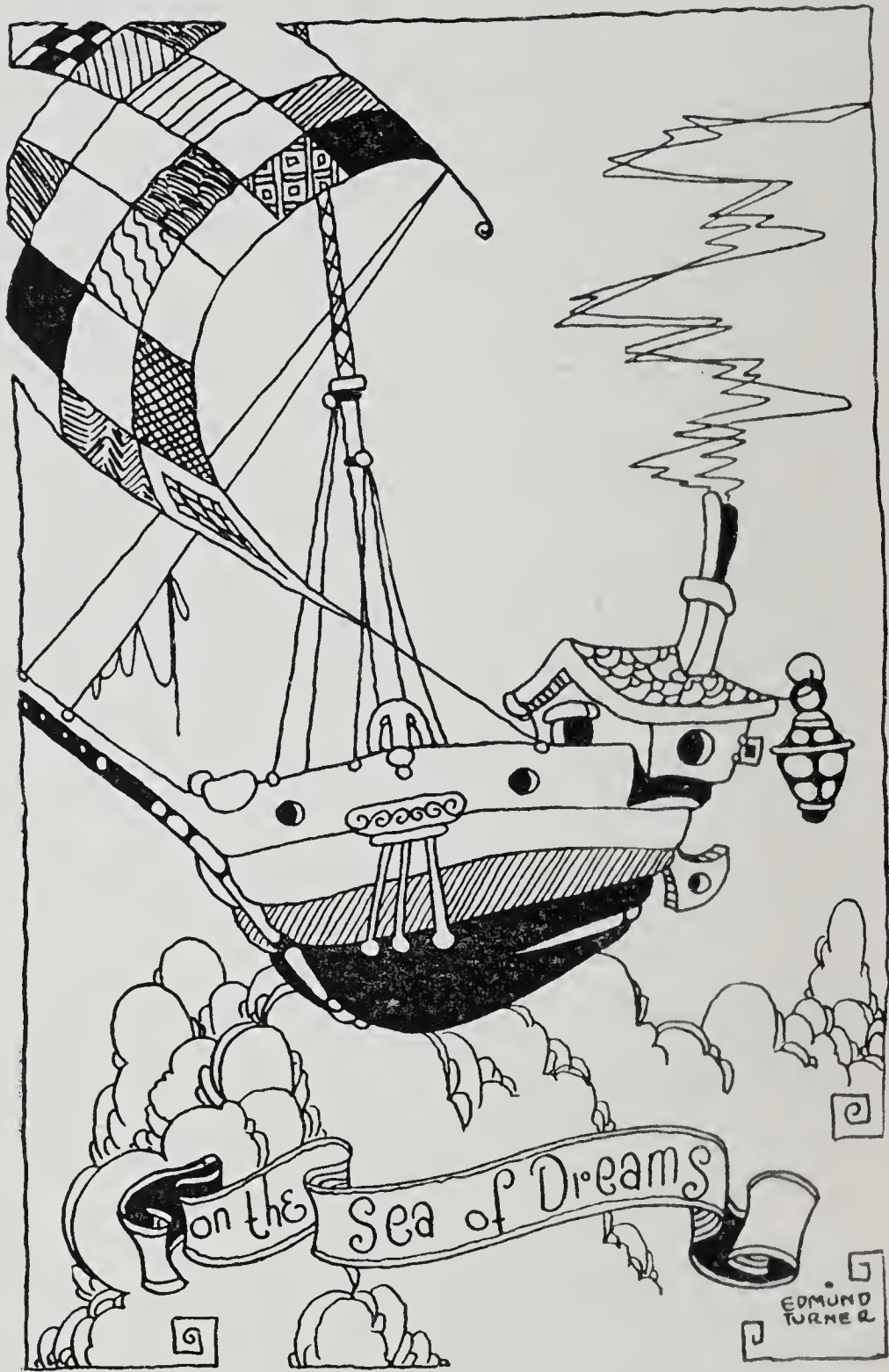
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THE WEAVE

SPRAY

MARGARET KERNODLE

Gleeful billows
Rise—sink—send their
Joyous messages into shore—
Sunshine mingled sweetly
With the dancing rain.

Angry tide
Rushes toward the land
Snatching—hurling—darting—
Cutting bits of icy wind
And misty rain.

Huge waves
March landward—soldiers
Of the deep—sending countless
Spies ahead to explore the
Unknown grounds.

DEFEAT

(*A Life Study*)

LOUIS BROOKS

THE call of the sea, the eternal challenge of life forces, surged in his being, filling him with poignant desire. The soft lap of little waves, the mighty thunder of great breakers, the wash of water against a ship's side reverberated in his ears, beat against his brain, setting it on fire, and starting it in a mad whirl. He had never actually heard these sounds, never seen the tall ships go out to slip below the world's horizon, never watched freighters loading and unloading, nor seen the smoke billows coming up from the heart of great liners. Yet the thought of them awoke strange emotions in him which reached to the depths of his soul and lay there flaming fitfully. It had always been thus, but just now this smouldering fire was fanned to high flame.

Restlessly he paced back and forth from the fireplace to the bed, from the bed to the fireplace. Tall and spare, his figure denoted one who had worn himself out with struggle. On his face was no sign of victory, but rather the dull despair of one whom life has crushed. Hope seemed barren in him. No longer did those potentialities of success, which had marked him earlier in his existence, evidence themselves—nothing now but bitter defeat.

There was, however, in this face of despair one gleam of solace, one faint expression which pointed that the man was groping for some vaguely-felt consolation. Back of the deadened pain showing in his eyes was a dim light of hope struggling to force its way through. Anxiously he watched the clock; anxiously he strode back and forth.

Presently he ceased his restless march, and putting on a worn coat, passed through the door and down the rickety stair to the street. Shortly he reached the soot-blackened depot and boarded an eastbound train.

Life had beaten down this man, repulsed his every advance, mocked his efforts to succeed, and jested with him in defeat. Nor

had it blessed him with a nature so constituted as to laugh in the face of failure and always come back into the fray. Each defeat, rather than strengthening his determination to succeed, had crushed his ambition and his will to continue the fight. He felt that it was an uneven contest, in which he was predestined to lose. Life hated him, he believed; after a time he himself came to hate life. He wondered why a jesting fate had tossed him into the arena, without armor or skill, and forced him to battle with a monster, a monster which gloated over its prey and reveled in the misery of the creature who lay helpless before it. Such was his philosophy, such his attitude toward life.

For fifty years he had failed, consistently, inevitably. There were few lines of work he had not attempted, none in which he had succeeded. Brotherhood and altruism—he cursed their very names, forgetting in his defeat the fact that it might have been far greater, had it not been for some helping hand. It was only just that, having brought him here without his consent, the world should care for him. He blasphemed justice along with brotherhood and altruism. Life had blacklisted him.

Though he hated the sea of life, he felt a strange longing for the sea of water. He had never beheld it, but he had read of the splendor of the ocean—a lonely, desolate expanse of water, terrible in its force, but somehow comforting to him. He felt that in its mysterious depths he could find consolation, if not hope; solace, if not success. He longed to travel its high ways, to live with it as a titanic force great enough to overpower the littleness of the life that crushed him. He dreamed of its blue vistas, its grim, mountainous waves, its smoke-wreathed vessels, with their strange, heterogeneous cargoes. In them, and them alone, might he escape the irony of fate.

He got the job—not what he had hoped for—but good enough. One could hardly expect to rise above cattle tender on his first trip. Ah, this was the life! If he had only taken to the sea as a boy! In the joy of life ahead he soon forgot the days of old, soon forgot the platitudes and hollow mockeries of life. On the sea he could find a brotherhood with a force greater than that which had held him in its monstrous clutch.

Ten weeks he passed thus. Ten weeks in which for the first time in his life labor was requited with joy—weeks in which he roamed over the sea, testing its varying moods, harmonizing his being with the forces which stirred the deep waters beneath him, feeling that in it he had found a comrade, one who would help him on until at last he might even be able to overcome the things which had heretofore beaten him down. Hope, and a little ambition, began to kindle within him. After all, he might amount to something—with the sea to encourage him.

Ten weeks of joy—then disaster. The vessel struck a reef, battered out its life in a futile attempt to escape, broke up, and went down, piece by piece. He stood on the deck which would soon pass forever below the waves, knowing that he, too, would pass into the depths. For a time he was stunned, unable to realize the exact situation. Then his mind cleared, and a feeling of resentment came over him. He had been cheated; life had beaten him after all. Then he thought of the fact that it was not alone his old destiny, but that his new-found comrade was pulling him down as well. He felt a sudden bitter revulsion at the monstrous truth. The sea was destroying him.

It had taken him to its bosom, buoyed him up, inspired him with new hope, and now it cast him aside, hurled him down to his death. It, like all else in life, was a tigerish fiend delighting in torturing those who came within its clutches. It was no more his ally than the forces he had left behind. It, too, was in league with a jesting fate. And now it, too, was jesting with him in failure, and ruin.

He cursed the sea as it dragged him down to his final defeat.



THE PILOT

Brave,
Bold, daring,
A sturdy form,
Looming large against the sky,
Gazing into the inky blackness.

Harold Nicholson

MOODS

LOUIS BROOKS

The sea—

Grim, implacable; a thundering monster,
Roaring onward over ships and men—
Sweeping all before it; submerging, destroying.

The sea—

A cool blue-green vista of tranquil beauty,
Filled with multitudinous little waves;
Soothing and delighting; a haven of calm forgetfulness.

The sea—

Surging and splendid, a half-broken steed,
Playfully tossing little boats about, a playground
For sportive man, rejoicing in his joy.

Life—

Stern, relentless; a fierce necessity,
Rushing ever forward, grinding down,
Crushing hope and belief, breaking and breaking again.

Life—

A vast panorama of quiet deeds and noble thought,
Crowded with calm pleasures,
Satisfying and inspiring; a divine gift.

Life—

Vibrant and alluring, reverberating a cosmic joy;
Gaily challenging youth to the race;
Laughing and rejoicing with the romanticist.

The sea of water, and the sea of life.

Feeling like moods; reflecting like joys and like despairs.
Enigmatic forces which in the infinity of time
Shall weld together, and together go down
Into the void whence they sprang.

JOSEPH CONRAD

CARLTON WILDER

MY experience as a reader of Joseph Conrad, it seems to me, was my introduction to literature. I had tasted literature sporadically before that, it is true; but I must confess that I had little liking for it as a child. There were three important epochs in the development of my reading taste during those early years: the first, the epoch of animal stories; the second, that of cheap "juveniles;" the third, that of cheap fiction of the "blood and thunder" type. It will be seen from this that whatever I may have become in later years, congenitally I was decidedly not a highbrow.

I heard of Conrad first when I was about ten years old. At that time I saw a copy of one of his novels somewhere; I think it was *The Shadow Line*. At any rate, I gathered the impression at that time that Conrad was a writer of thrilling adventure stories, and nothing more. It seems strange that I should have got this idea, when nothing could be further from the truth; but it is probable it came to me as a result of reading the advertising blurbs that are found on the paper jackets of books. I was so captured by some of these accounts of his books that I resolved to become acquainted with them as soon as possible. Light adventure stories seemed to me then about the highest type of writing imaginable. But circumstances never gave me the opportunity to read Conrad at that time; and I soon forgot that early impression of him in the bewildering rush of events.

It was not until after Conrad's death that I really began to read him. I was about fifteen when he died. I remember reading some of the newspaper accounts of his death, and in particular one bit of editorial comment. The gist of this was that there was something about Conrad's style which gave one the impression of a vast reserve of feeling, a vast reserve of thought, which lay behind the feeling and the thought that he expressed. This idea struck me keenly, especially since it bore out my own impression. A few months previously I had tried to read some of Conrad and

failed utterly, because I could not penetrate to the meaning of the things he said, especially the things he said about people. Now, after reading the editorial, I came to the conclusion that I could not understand him because so much of his meaning lay behind the actual words. His language, simple enough for the most part, was employed, nevertheless, to express ideas of the most delicate subtlety. It took effort to understand him—the leap of the imagination, that I had not learned to exercise as yet. But I was ambitious then, and resolved I would learn to enjoy Conrad.

There must have been, from the very first, some quality about his writing which drew me on. Before I could fully comprehend his psychological studies or his general comments on life, the atmosphere of his stories caught me. They had an exotic, mysterious quality which fascinated a boy just beginning to awake to the meaning of life. My delight grew as I continued to read him. Finally it developed into a passion. Every word that he wrote seemed to have a tinge of that peculiar charm about it. It was something that had never happened to me before. It seemed inexplicable then; even more so now, when I have lost that early romantic enthusiasm for life. And yet, even now just a shadow of the mood returns when I think about those days.

The Rover was probably the first of Conrad's books that seemed perfectly clear to me. The hero of the story, the white-haired old pirate who gave his life that a pair of young lovers might have their happiness, seemed to me an unforgettable figure. Happiness, too, was something which I took for granted in those days; but even admitting that the romantic justification of his death would not hold water, the old sea rover was nevertheless a striking and powerful character. He had the genuine smack of the sea about him. And in his courageous simplicity, no doubt he was authentic—a representative of an earlier age, which was essentially more active than critical. The description of his death is a particularly vivid piece of writing. I can see yet the old man crumpling slowly onto the deck of his tiny vessel, staring upward with fierce eyes at the sky, feeling it all fade out—the sky, the dancing sea, the echoes of the firing, the smell of smoke. It was quite a fitting end for such a romantic life.

Not long after this I read *Lord Jim*. As I delved deeper and deeper into Conrad, his psychology became more and more clear to me. A new world of ideas was being opened up to my mind: the maze of sensations that made up life appeared to me in a new light—the light of that glamorous atmosphere in which Conrad develops his psychology. Jim was a particularly interesting study to me, because I felt that our characters held much in common. During his boyhood he had developed a romantic ideal of life, doubtless from reading stories of adventure, and when he went out into the world to make his ideal come true, he found that he could not measure up. In the crucial moment he was lacking. In one place Conrad says that the chief trouble with Jim was that he had an over-developed imagination. He had too much self-consciousness to make a perfect man of action. In the end, however, he triumphed in a measure over the weakness that had shadowed his life. His death was, of course, a glorious defiance of that weakness.

As is the case with the rest of Conrad's characters, I can never think of Jim as anything but a real person. I have a memory of him just as I have a memory of people that I have known in real life. I can visualize him now, as pictured in that opening paragraph of the book—a tall, heavy, blond fellow, who came toward one with his head and shoulders slightly bowed in a way that suggested a bull charging. He must have seemed a real personality to Conrad, too. Conrad speaks in his foreword to the book of having seen the original of Jim walking down a street in some town in England. The sight of that powerful young fellow with that indefinable troubled look on his face, as if he were "under a cloud," made a profound impression on Conrad. This was the origin of *Lord Jim*.

As nearly as I can remember, the next work of Conrad's I read was that group of short stories in the volume, *Youth*. The first of these, "Youth," is not really a short story; it is a sketch done in glowing colors. It is an expression of the universal glamor of youth and is considered quite a literary masterpiece, I understand. In this volume, though, I think my favorite was "Heart of Darkness." This is the account of an expedition up the Congo, based on an actual experience in Conrad's life. It is told through the

words of that strange philosopher, Marlow, whom Conrad used in a number of his books as a means of giving the reader a more intimate impression of the things he had to tell. "Heart of Darkness" has an uncanny mood all its own.

Sometime during the Christmas holidays I brought home from the library the book that was to make the greatest impression on me of all. It was *Nostromo*, a volume of about eight or nine hundred pages. Conrad himself said it was the "largest canvas" on which he had ever worked. Personally I think it was the greatest. Throughout the book his language is of superb quality. Stroke upon stroke he builds the atmosphere, then he reveals the characters, tells us reams of detail about them, and finally comes to the thread of the story itself. All the time one's interest has been accumulating—slowly at first, then a little more rapidly, then more rapidly until it has become a torrent raging for outlet. I read the book through in two days. I would have accomplished the task in one, except that my mind could not stand such a large dose of thought. As it was, I read until my eyes swam, and my head felt as if it were gorged with words.

I had never read a book before that which created such a convincing illusion of reality. In his foreword Conrad remarks rather whimsically that when he started to write the book he bade his wife and children good-bye and embarked for a prolonged sojourn in the republic of Sulaco. About two years later he returned to find, like Gulliver, his children considerably grown during his absence. Evidently he lost himself completely in the writing of this book. And what a task it must have been—this creation of a South American republic, with all the details of its history and the personal histories of several score people connected with it, out of thin air, so to speak. Its basis was a mere thread of a story Conrad had heard during his seafaring days—a story of a man who had stolen a boatload of silver in a tiny South American republic during a revolution. On this slender basis he wove the whole tale, covering two or three generations. Of course, the characters were almost all of them based on people he had actually met; but nevertheless there was a whole world of invention in the work, because no man could possibly know so many details

about the lives of so many different people as Conrad tells in *Nostramo*. And as to the result, I can only testify from my own experience that in reading the book I felt myself detached bodily from realities of existence and spent two whole days in the republic of Sulaco, from which I returned, rubbing my eyes, a little astonished at the strangeness of the familiar world.

I cannot go further without saying something of the characters in *Nostramo* and the atmosphere in which they moved. Certain of them are particularly clear in my mind.

For instance, there was Charles Gould, owner of the Sulaco silver mine, of an English family removed for three generations to South America. A tall, sun-burned man, he preserved the quiet, aristocratic manner of an Englishman in that utterly barbarous country where he had spent his life. His one great passion was his silver mine. As time went on, that one passion absorbed all the other interests in his life—even his love for his wife.

She was a tragic figure, and in addition a thoroughly lovable one. She was one of these frail little women who give their whole lives in kindness to others. All the Europeans in Sulaco were drawn irresistibly to her home. One of the most faithful of her friends was Dr. Monygham, whose whole outlook on life had been turned bitter by an experience in his youth which caused him to lose faith in himself. During one of the many revolutions that had occurred in the country he had taken some slight part, was captured, and under torture betrayed his comrades. The experience had left him a warped man.

Of all the characters the one that made possibly the deepest impression on me was Martin Decoud, a young Parisian journalist. His presence in Sulaco during the revolution with which the story chiefly deals was due to love rather than patriotism. Antonia Avellanos, daughter of one of the staunch patriots of the old school in Sulaco, was the lady of his choice. For her he took an interest in the revolution, helped get a boatload of silver out of Sulaco, when it became certain that the opposing faction would take the town. Left alone to guard the silver on a barren island in the Golfo Placido, he went insane from the solitude, and committed

suicide. In his description of those last few days of Decoud's life, Conrad does one of his very finest pieces of writing.

And then there was Nostromo himself, after whom the book was named, who went with Decoud that night when they took the silver out, who left Decoud alone on the island and later returned to find him gone, who conceived the colossal idea of stealing the silver as a revenge for the way the foreigners had slighted him. He was a picturesque fellow and a naive egotist—this Capataz de Cargadores. He was a Mediterranean sailor who had drifted into Sulaco in search of adventure and become a great power among the lower classes of the place. He liked to think of himself, too, as indispensable to the upper classes—the mine interests especially. He was a handsome, dark man who loved picturesque costumes—lurid sashes and jangling ornaments—and a devil with the women. While one may well doubt whether he deserved to have the book named after him, certainly he is one of its most interesting figures.

The following spring I read two more of Conrad's books which I would like to mention. These were the first two he ever wrote: *Almayer's Folly* and *An Outcast of the Islands*. The chief thing about them that attracted me was their tropical atmosphere. In reading these books one truly feels the spell of the jungles, smells their fetid, breathless air, sees their blinding profusion of color, hears their abysmal murmuring. One senses here luxuriant growth and also rank decay. *Almayer's Folly* and *An Outcast of the Islands* both show how the tropical atmosphere, like a decay, eats into the souls of white men.

That spring I read a number of other books by Conrad which space does not permit me to discuss. *Chance*, *The Shadow Line*, *The Secret Agent*, and others whose names I have forgotten were among these. I liked them all, but none as well as those I had read the preceding fall and particularly *Nostromo*.

In about the space of a year now I had read practically all of Conrad's important works. No other writer had ever affected me in the way he had; possibly no other I have read since has affected me so strongly. Reading Conrad, to me, was a literary awakening, as I have said; in a year all traces of my taste for superficial fiction were swept aside. I had a new conception of the power of words,

as well as a new conception of life, derived from him. It seemed almost like a miracle. And now I would like to sum up my impressions in a word or two.

Conrad is usually thought of as a writer of the sea; but to me that does not seem the most important element in his writings. A certain love of the sea is there, of course, and even more strongly the love of ships; but yet the love of people, of all the hidden springs of personality, is a force that is more dominant yet. Conrad is truly preoccupied with people. He develops the psychology of his characters with exhaustive thoroughness. But even more important than that, it seems, is the glamorous quality with which he invests life. He is essentially a realist; he records the most minute details of sensation accurately. And yet to him there is a glamor connected with life, a fascinating, intangible quality which he cannot leave out. Life may appear melancholy; the melancholy spirit, indeed, pervades the greater part of his writings; and yet it can never fail to appear beautiful. This conception of romance, new to me—the idea of romance as something connected with all life rather separate from it, part of a dream world—alone would have made the reading of Joseph Conrad valuable to me.



THE CALL OF THE SEA

ELVIE HOPE

The sea is calling, calling,
In accents that I know;
Its song is low, entreating,
And I know that I must go.

I'm sick to death of noise,
Of dirty, crowded towns;
I'm tired of idle chatter,
And wearied man-made clowns.

The air is hot, oppressive,
And the city hems me in;
I long for fresh sea breezes
Relief from crowds and din.

And oh! I'm longing, longing
For the sea-green, salty foam;
For nights that glow with guiding stars;
For the place that is my home;

For churning sea and screaming wind
That rents the sails asunder;
For fog, and rain, and salt sea mists
And days of storm and thunder.

Oh! I want the feeling
Of salt-spray in my eyes;
Want to see the white sails blowing,
And hear the sea gulls' cries.

My ship is waiting, waiting
Out there at the harbor's mouth,
With her wet, white sails a-flapping
In the brisk wind from the south.

Oh, I must hurry, hurry,
For the tide is going out.
They're pulling up the anchor,
And swinging her about.

The sea is calling, calling,
In accents that I know;
Its song is low, entreating,
And I know that I must go.

THE "GOOD WILL" LANDS

DICK DOUGLAS

BEN was miserable. Unaccustomed as he was to the rough labor aboard the pirate ship and to the physical discomforts that accompany sea travel, the added fact that he had missed seeing his sister made him all but ready to jump overboard. As he lay upon the hard bunk in the forecastle, he reviewed the events of the past week.

He, Ben Taylor, had been in the employment of the Johnson tobacco shipping establishment of Wilmington, North Carolina. Ten weeks ago he had arrived in Wilmington from England on the ship *Good Will*. Mr. Johnson had chanced upon the young boy, picking his way among the unfamiliar scenes along the docks, and he was immediately attracted to the lonely youngster. He had given Ben a position in his packing-house and from then had taken a kindly interest in him.

Four days later the *Good Will* had sailed for England. With it had gone a letter to Ben's younger sister, Virginia, telling her to leave for the colony on the next voyage of the *Good Will*. For eight weeks he had worked hard and diligently, happy in the expectation that he would soon have Virginia with him in this wonderful new land. Then one day, only a week before the expected arrival of the ship that bore his sister, something had happened which put an end to all his hopes and plans.

On that evening, as he was passing along the docks on his way home from the packing-house, he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and a kind voice said, "Give me a hand, my lad." He turned and saw a large, heavy-set man standing beside a barrel on the wharf. The sailor pointed to the barrel, then to a peaceful-looking brig moored alongside. Ben wondered why the man did not have the crew take that barrel aboard, for he seemed a man of authority. Nevertheless, as the sailor grasped one end of the barrel, he picked up the other, and they started aboard. No sooner had Ben set foot on the deck than he felt something strike him from behind. A

blinding shock, a knife seemingly run the length of his spine, then came blackness.

Some time later, he knew not how long, he awoke with a splitting headache. For a moment he did not know where he was. Then he became conscious of the same rolling feeling he had experienced on the voyage from England. He was somewhere on the sea!

From then on his life aboard ship was a nightmare. The second day out, the full realization of his position dawned sickeningly upon him. The ship was manned by pirates, and it was commanded by none other than Bart Smood, lieutenant of Edward Teach, otherwise known as "Blackbeard." It was on the second day that the brig, hoisting the black flag, ran down and captured a bark out of Charleston. The scenes that followed made Ben shudder even now as he lay in his bunk and thought of it.

Suddenly he was disturbed by the mate, who, with a string of oaths, walked through the forecastle shouting, "All hands on deck!" Ben climbed wearily from his bunk. A knot in the small of his back and a bruised jaw reminded him that it was best to obey the mate's orders at once. As he came out upon the deck, he saw the cause of the commotion. A few miles distant to the starboard rode a small bark. In the pale grey light preceding the dawn, he was unable to distinguish the nationality of the vessel.

Smood soon appeared on deck, ordering all the sail the pirate ship could carry, and as they leaped ahead toward the bark, those aboard the former could discern a similar move on the part of their victim. For an hour the chase continued. Then the sun arose from the horizon with surprising suddenness, and its light flooded the scene.

As the outlines of the bark became more distinct, Ben was struck by certain familiar points of her. Then he suddenly felt faint. A groan escaped his lips, "The *Good Will!* My sister!"

"Aye, 'tis the *Good Will*, and a good prize she be," answered a buccaneer behind him, polishing his cutlass.

As the race continued, the distance between the two ships narrowed. Ben, hoping against hope, saw that there could be but one outcome. Then, with an exclamation, he remembered the powder barrels in the hold of the pirate ship. He ran for the

after hatch, pulling a lucifer match from his pocket as he ran.

The hatch was open, and he breathed a prayer for that. Springing down the hatch, he snatched the head of one of the barrels. As he stooped to the floor to strike the match, he heard a sound behind him. He whirled and saw the second mate, standing with drawn cutlass. Ben retreated to the side of the ship. The mate's cutlass described an arc of silver. Ben, raising his arm to ward off the blow, felt a burning pain in his right shoulder. The cutlass, sharpened to a razor edge, bit to the bone and, carrying off a great hunk of flesh, continued its swing to the side of the ship, where it stuck, quivering in the oaken timbers. Unable to extract it from its position, the mate resorted to his pistol. Before he could draw it from his belt, however, Ben had floored him with a marlinspike he had found upon the floor. Almost dead with the pain of his wound, Ben grasped the pistol which had fallen from the mate's hand, thrust it into the nearest barrel and fired.

Virginia Taylor stood upon the deck of the *Good Will*, watching with staring eyes the approaching brig. All at once the brig seemed to leap into the air; then there was nothing there, only the falling of a few pieces of wood to the sea. For a moment she looked at the spot the ship had occupied. Then she slipped to her knees and prayed, thankful that she was still alive and that she would soon be with her brother in Wilmington.



NEPTUNE'S SECRETS

WINONA HORRY

Dainty shells
Of every color, shape, and hue
Scattered over the shining sands,
Each one a thing of beauty—
Each one a work of art—
Each a jewel in Neptune's crown—
Each a secret of his soul!



COLORS IN THE WEAVE

THE SEA

A MIGHTY MONSTER

REBECCA HEATH

The sea is a mighty monster
With claws and talons spread,
That reach for their prey to the shoreward
And back to their ocean bed.

It is cruel, but again it is gentle—
Enemy and friend to man.
It sinks their ships, but carries them to
A far-off, foreign land.

It is dyed by nature's colors,
Fanned by wind and breeze;
It catches and carries the western sun
To its bed in the shadowy seas.

DEFIANT

REBEKAH LOWE

The dull sound of the waters brought a feeling of everlasting monotony. The waves crept mysteriously up to the shore, broke with a crash, and returned to meet another bound for the same destination. Swiftly, madly, and stealthily came these silent daughters of the sea. They rose, fell, collided, and, on reaching the shore, bounded forth as an angry dragon—furiously spitting at his enemy. But these vague pillows of the deep reached the shore, only to turn and creep back in silence and contempt. Perhaps this was the last—no, another had met the recently broken companion, and behind him the misty form of a second—and still a third.

A light shone in the distance—sparkling gems, visible every few seconds. An emerald—a ruby—a diamond seemed to appear from the old lighthouse which formed a halo above the ocean. In its gleam I saw revealed—only for a second's time—the weary travelers of the sea—a ship, a boat, a wave, a sparkle—all children of Father Neptune. The tower—forever reaching, standing, and looking to men, to ships, and to God—seemed the only stable object in this scene of confusion.



AT EVENTIDE

MARY BYRD

Tons of water were roaring, tearing, and washing over giant boulders along the seashore. Huge waves crashed against the unconquerable cliffs, and clouds of spray ascended high into the air. It was eventide; the sun slowly faded into the west; then came the blue twilight, dusk—dark. Masts of old fishing schooners stood in black silhouette against the evening sky. Casting its gleams across the sea, the distant lighthouse stood—a lone sentinel—watching over the deep.

FICKLE

MIRIAM TODD

To me there is no one pastime more interesting than that of watching the ocean in its various moods. Sometimes it is so still that the reflections of buildings nearby show plainly in its depths. When it is stormy, the ocean is high, and there are whitecaps on the wavelets; when in this mood, often the water suddenly runs up on the beach.

On bright sunny mornings, it almost blinds one to look at the ocean when the sun is shining on it. At evening the sunset tints the sky with many rainbow colors—pink, blue, orange, green, purple, and gold. These colors seem to melt into the sea as the sun sinks below the dim horizon. On moonlight nights this big mass of water is very beautiful. Sometimes it sheds a path of silver light across the waters. What could be more beautiful!



IN ITS FURY

PAUL RAMBO

The ship swayed, tossed about by the furious wind and mighty sea; then steadied herself momentarily as though planning her next plunge. The waves rolled over the masts and washed the deck. The sails flapped roughly, beaten about by wind. Here, one was ripped to threads, while another, torn loose from her mast, dropped unto the sea. All efforts to right the ship and control its actions were useless, and the great wind, loaded with sheets of rain, seemed aware of this as it appeared to strengthen, its sudden gusts wreaking havoc among the ship's masts.

A FAIRY REGION

MAUDE HOBBS

There is a strange magic charm about the sea as we look upon its blue-grey surface, which is sometimes a dead calm, and at other times a mass of confusion. Yet, we wonder what we would think if it were possible for us to see what the tropical divers see. J. W. Buel, in his book, *Land and Sea*, repeats Schleiden, a tropical diver, who said: "We dive into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, and it opens to us the most wondrous enchantment, reminding us of fairy tales in childhood's dreams."

The tropical ocean beds are perhaps more wonderful than all other ocean beds. They are covered by thickets, bearing living flowers whose colors and beauty surpass, by far, the most vivid imagination. Thousands of strange forms and tints of sea-urchins cover the clear sandy bottom. Coral branches are covered by leaf-like flustras and escharus; limpets tinted yellow, green, and purple-striped, cling like monstrous insects upon the trunks of the corals. The humming-birds of the ocean play around the blossoms of coral shrubs. They are fish-like and sparkling with red or blue metallic glitter or silvery lustre. Through this charming world float the delicate milk-white or bluish jelly-fishes; and the silver land-fish shoots, snake-like, through the thickets. The picture grows more vivid as the cuttle-fish, decked in rainbow colors, appears and disappears in a most fantastic way. The play of lights and shadows with every curling surface of the ocean is startling.

As night draws on, this wonderful picture does not fade as dreams fade, but it is lighted up with a new splendor. Millions of microscopic medusas dance like glow-worms through the gleam. "The sea-feather, which by daylight is vermillion-colored, waves in a green phosphorescent light." Many of the things which were dull-colored by day are now radiant in the most wonderful play of light. "To complete the wonders of the enchanted night, the silver disc, six feet across, of the moon-fish, moves, slightly luminous, among the clouds of little sparkling stars."

The most beautiful landscapes could not unfold half so much beauty as this garden, composed not of plants, but exclusively of animals. All that is uncommon and beautiful among fish is crowded into the warm crystal waters of the tropical ocean. Some of these delicate, bright-colored animals rest in the pure sands. Others cling like parasites to the rough cliffs, when they can find no other home, or on the first comers. All this seems like a dream but it is strangely real.



WAVES

ELLA MAE BARBOUR

A row of white-capped servant girls,
Sweeping and brushing the sand,
Smoothing out the wrinkles on the beach,
The waves!

Bowing and bending to the land,
A never-ceasing line of waiters,
Calling and beckoning to us,
The waves!



FOG

JACK KLEEMEIER

Fog,
Rolling, billowing;
Reaching with clutching hands,
Pulling all into its damp depths—
Fog.

SAILS

ROBERT BALLARD

Never is the beauty of a vessel more solemn than when with all sails set she lies motionless upon the deep. The darkness of night makes a mystery of her vague outline upon the water as she leans to the silent swell of the sea. Masts, yards, and the network of the rigging take, in the gloom, an appearance of exquisite grace. Shadows magnify their heights; the stars shining over the bow look like small white fires.

The influence on the mind of that immense gloom and the great expanse of dark water, ever rolling in its sleep, is like that of solemn music. To be alone on the deep on a night of star-light tranquillity, with never a cloud to mar the beauty of the sky, with never a break to intercept your gaze into the farthest distance, is to realize something of the magnitude of eternity.



SHORE LIGHTS

THERON BROWN

A delightful moon, a perfect night,
A little boat and the shore alight,
The sparkling sky, the murmuring tide,
And the splash of the spray as we take our ride.

If a storm should come and wake the deep,
What matter, we shall ride and sleep.
The lights along the dark, still shore
Will watch with the stars, should the breakers roar.

SEA THOUGHTS

LEON WELLS

The charge of the sea is on. It comes sweeping, hurling, and dashing upon the shore, only to be recalled to its home. After it has again resumed its naturalness, it comes again and again as if to defy any one to control its mighty power.

High into the air it sways and twists, rolls and declines. Upon looking far out into the deep blue creature, we can think of how serene it might be, but we are again reminded of its terrific force by a sudden thundering, rushing, gushing sound.

Could any one pass a sight so touching? We are able in that sea to detect our lives. Into the blissful calmness comes unexpected turmoil. A ship is turned far from the course it wishes to pursue. Some by energetic strides of progress are able to become again ships of the mapped course; some will never try to fall in line, but will wander—forever.



A TRAMP STEAMER

LEONARD FAULCONER

A black spot on the green water of the mighty Atlantic Ocean was seen wallowing along like some great sea monster, its lashing tail leaving a wide wake at the rear as it went along.

Black smoke belched out of its funnels, which looked like the spout of a gigantic whale. Now and then it would be hidden by a giant wave, only to appear at a nearer distance, like a dolphin sporting among the waves.

As it draws near our ship, one can see the sailors on it going about their tasks like so many ants. A look through the captain's glass gives us a good view of the crew—Italians, with a cargo of freight on their tramp vessel.

When they pass us we can hear them singing strange songs, and as the songs die out in the distance one wonders where they are bound, and if they will reach their destination.

A CONQUEROR

IRVIN BLACKWOOD

As the night came on, the fury of the storm increased tenfold. The little ship tossed and pitched like some midget acrobat, who, while safe and sure in his usual surroundings, is struck with terror when placed in the middle of some vast, surging audience. Such was the predicament of the little vessel, for she was trapped in one of the worst storms the old salts had witnessed in many a year. Often the very weight of the torrent seemed sufficient to bear her to the bottom of the sea, where hundreds and thousands of her sister ships lay, but through it all she bore up mightily, carrying her cargo like some faithful old horse, who, while he realizes that his strength is overtaxed, refuses to complain.

Throughout the night the men on her labored and cursed with might and main. Hundreds of times she pitched so low that it seemed only by a miracle that she was able to rise again, but time after time she managed to struggle up, like some brave man who refuses to be downed in the face of overwhelming odds.

At last dawn rose in the east, to send the black darkness scurrying away, carrying with it the storm, and leaving the ocean quiet and peaceful as the gentle wind blew over.

As the sun rose, slow and stately, from his slumbers in the east, sending his beams flashing across the waters, he was greeted by the sight of a puny little ship sailing gracefully over the deep. She was tattered and torn from the great battles, but there was a certain dignity and calmness about her as becomes—a conqueror of the sea.



THE WAVES

The waves are lions that come roaring in, but then, as if afraid, they slink back again.

Randolph Freeman

THE CHALLENGE OF THE SEA

VIRGINIA MCKINNEY

As far back as Malcolm Greyna could remember, the old lighthouse had been his home. There had always been the splashing of waves, sometimes kind, gentle, but more often angry, angry, whipping ones, against the shore. The sound had been a part of his life, and now he was planning to leave it.

Yet, he was eager to leave. He wanted variety. An old psychology book, that had been left by some travelers, had stated that a blonde person was never content with doing one thing. They believed "variety is the spice of life," and he knew that it was true in his case. He wanted the quiet of the Southern farm, and the bustle of the Northern city, and the excitement of the Western town, that he had read and heard about. But should he go? Was it his duty to stay? There were people to take his place—but he was undecided.

He would lie awake at night listening to the waves. When they were rough, he was filled with unrest, a desire to go out into the world. But when they were gentle, he wanted to stay and live his life among the people he knew, the powerful sea and the strong lighthouse that he'd known from childhood. He loved them all, and could not decide for himself.

How did one decide these things? Was there nothing to influence him one way or the other? A chance happening? A toss of a coin?

He had almost decided upon the coin, when a better plan presented itself. For days he thought of it. Was it being fair to himself? Was it what he wanted? *Could he depend on chance to give him what he wanted?*

Just to satisfy himself, he took down the dusty old dictionary to look up the word "chance." He found, "the happening of events; fortune." As his eyes wandered further down the definition, he saw that which made him gasp for breath. It might have been printed as an answer to the question he asked himself day

and night. Under the word "opportunity" was the example, "a chance to escape."

It was decided. If the next ship that anchored in the vicinity was green—he would go!

* * *

The parlor of the old lighthouse was buzzing with the chatter of visitors. They were all talking—of the trip—of the dinner that was being cooked—of the relics in the old room—of the rough sea that had compelled them to stop at this quaint place.

But there were three people who were not discussing these things. Their conversation was made up of questions.

"Who was the young man that met us at the shore last night?"

"Why did he ask if our ship was green?"

"And did you see the expression of utter happiness on his face when we told him it was white?"



HARBOR TOWNS

GLADYS HOLDER

A great mass of squalid lodging-houses for sailors—innumerable taverns overrun with dirty loiterers of both sexes—a great many uncouth faces along the quays—ear-ringed Syrians—shy, mysterious, dark maidens darting here and there—shouting, half-naked stevedores—low overhanging underbrush—a foul, stifling atmosphere—a port of southern Italy.

Government buildings befitting the harbor town of the Mistress of the World—one lofty marble-crowned building after another—many luxurious dwellings, often erected upon elaborate jetties projecting far out into the sapphire sea—magnificent yachts painted in gay colors, darting in and out—these bowered in gracefully sloping hills which seem to stretch forever onward—an American port in an American harbor town.

WARP AND WOOF

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The Charm of the Sea

THE sea has charmed our race for ages and ages. It has a lure about it that has proved irresistible to the men who have been brought into contact with it. It appeals to a certain quality of restlessness in men; it is an answer to their eternal prayer for escape. All human passions are absorbed in the passionless motion of its depths. When our primitive ancestors first looked upon the sparkling waves, they must have felt in the midst of their fear and wonder that potent attraction which would finally lead them to venture their lives upon those uncharted surfaces. And the sea has never lost its early charm; it has remained the same through centuries of human life—always a little baffling, always a little terrible, and always strangely beautiful.

The old-time sea life of sailing vessels and nut-brown sailors with tattooed chests is passing away very rapidly. The romance that was associated with that life must become a memory. But the invincible romantic charm of the sea remains. It is just as apparent from the bridge of an ocean liner driving ahead to the even rhythm of its propellers as from a schooner with full canvas fluttering above it. Look into the long green swells seamed with fine ripples, holding untold secrets beneath their placid surfaces. Look at the elusive horizon with smoke trailing in its haze. Smell the salty fragrance of a port town, and watch the sea-gulls circling wildly when schools of fish are running in the spring. Nothing about the sea really changes; all is ageless and will be so when man is a memory.

Carlton Wilder



A Tribute

With this issue of HOMESPUN, the guiding touch of Carlton Wilder, editor-in-chief, and Henry Biggs, assistant editor, as well as the excellent work of J. D. McNairy in the Book Review Department, will for the last time reflect itself in the pages of this magazine. When Helen Felder ceased her work as head of the young publication, the difficult duty of carrying on the unexpectedly high standard which had been created fell to Wilder and Biggs. It was for them to inspire the staff and the contributors to a high literary level, to see that only the best appeared in the publication, and to mold its policy in so far as regarded editorial and general motif. This they have done so well that the task devolving upon the future editor of HOMESPUN is indeed difficult.

The names of Carlton Wilder, Henry Biggs, and J. D. McNairy will go down among the makers of HOMESPUN as outstanding; theirs was the ability, theirs the zest which led ever onward and upward.

Louis Brooks

TANGLED THREADS

EMOTIONS

JAMES STEWART

FRENZY

Frenzy
Gripping the heart,
Befuddling the brain,
Destroys the power to do—
Deadly fiend!

DESPAIR

Despair
Stalks out of the darkness,
Crushes the last vestige of hope,
Causes the eternal damnation of men—
Fiendish monster!

ECSTASY

Ecstasy
Dances always lightly
Before the workers of the brain
And lifts up to cast down—
The giddy sprite!

FARMS

J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

SCENE

Home of a middle class farmer in Guilford County

TIME

Present; an afternoon of early September

The scene of the play is laid in the kitchen of the home of a middle class farmer. It is the room wherein most of the members of the family spend their time when not at work. It is by far the most used room. It is furnished very plainly. A stove, a table, several chairs, and a cupboard make up the entire furniture. It is neither rich nor shoddy; the room is not extra neat nor ill kept. There is the atmosphere about it which suggests the need of doing things because they must be done. The walls are white but specked by flies. There is a door leading in at the left and one out at the right. Both of the doors open in the kitchen, but they reveal porches on either side.

As the curtain rises, MARY and JANE are in the kitchen. They have just finished cleaning the room. JANE holds a broom in her hand, while MARY has a dish cloth. They are both in their teens; JANE is younger than MARY, about two years. They are simply dressed and have their hair rolled up in curlers; they do it as a matter of course, although their curly hair never serves them to any great advantage, as they seldom go out or attend social gatherings; they never have beaux or even gentlemen callers; their whole time is consumed in doing the housework and attending school.

MARY: Well, I am glad that is done. Maybe we will have some time to read this afternoon.

JANE: Yes, I would like to finish *David Copperfield*.

MARY: I believe I will read that new volume of Kipling's poems which I borrowed from the library yesterday; they say there are some interesting things in it.

There is the sound of a car coming from right. A machine rolls up and the horn is sounded. It is rather loud, as though someone were impatient.

JANE: Papa has come. Where are those bills? (*She sees the letters and paper lying in the chair, picks them up, and places them on the table*). He will be asking for these, so we might as well have the worst of it over now.

MARY: Yes, I guess he will have to rave as usual about the bills. He doesn't seem to think that we should ever have anything.

The sound of feet on the porch outside is heard. The door swings open and their father enters. He is a man of about fifty years, a little grey about the temples, medium-sized; his face bears the stamp of hard work. There is something in its hardness which suggests incomprehension; he is quick-tempered and high-strung. He is dressed in khaki trousers, old leggings, heavy shoes, blue shirt, and an old overcoat. Milk has been spilled on his knees and has run down the side of his leggings and dried. Tobacco juice is dried on his chin as it streamed out of his mouth. He is still chewing as he speaks.

PA: What's the news?

JANE: Why, nothing.

PA: Any mail?

MARY: Only the paper and some bills. Here they are. (*She points to the letters lying on the table. He goes forward and picks them up.*)

PA: (*Glancing at the first one*) Uh, hell, what's this for? Fifty dollars, shoes, dresses, cloth, and, by God, a sport coat for sixteen dollars. What do you all mean by this? You know I haven't got any money and then make bills in my name. Whadda you want to do, ruin me and my credit?

MARY: (*Rather excitedly*) Well, papa, we just had to have those things; we haven't had a thing to wear for a year. I had to have some clothes to go back to school.

PA: Yeh, haven't I wore the same suit for the last fifteen years? I don't ever get anything new.

During this he has moved away from the chair where the letters are. JANE goes over and picks up a piece of paper.

JANE: Here is a bill for a hundred dollars for the fertilizer that you put under that corn that didn't make anything. And there's another from the Farmer's Store for fifty dollars for feed.

MARY: You spend so much on the crops and never make anything and buy so much feed for all the stock, it seems that we might have a little money for clothes once in a while.

PA: Now I'll tend to my business about the crops. If y'all tried to run things we'd all be in the poor house by Friday night. But I'm getting d——d tired of all this working, and then you spending it on sport suits. If you had to work for it, you'd be more careful about how you throw it away. Guess I've farmed for over forty years and I know how it ought to be done. (*He goes out left.*)

MARY: It does make me so mad to see all the money going to waste on this old farm I don't know what to do. Every cent that's made is spent for feed and fertilizer and then when we want something he raves about it. I'm tired and disgusted with it all.

JANE: We ought to think about what some other people have. Look at the Archers; I sure would hate to have to work in the fields like they do. And remember, Papa's getting sort of old.

MARY: Yeh, he's been old ever since I remember; he's always been like this; never wanting us to have anything. As long as we work ourselves to death on this darned old farm, he's happy, but when we want something, that's all wrong.

JANE: I wonder how Jim's getting along hauling that corn. He'd better hustle; don't he'll get cussed out sure enough.

MARY: This cussing and snorting is getting on my nerves. That's all there is day and night.

A door slams outside and they both turn to right as Jim enters dragging a broken bridle after him. He is dressed in overalls and a coat which is rather the worse for wear. He is a boy of about sixteen years; he is tall, with black hair. His face is serious and seems to suggest sincerity behind his purpose. He is rather handsome for a boy of his surroundings. He walks with a certain manner that is not like the regular gait of a day laborer. Ambition is expressed in his face; there is a certain rather disgusted or perhaps

disappointed look on his face. He walks with his chin up as though defying the world, as though things no longer mattered to him. He has a reckless, careless manner that seems to be the despair of the moment.

JANE: What are you stopping for?

JIM: I broke this bridle and can't work. I always get hold of things just as they are ready to break, and I get the blame for it.

MARY: How many loads of corn have you hauled?

JIM: Three.

MARY: Pa said you ought to have hauled over five by now. He'll be getting after you about it.

JIM: Let him cuss, then. I'm tired of the whole darned mess; I'm sick of all the mud and mules. Why, these darned old slow mules would run any man crazy. If he thinks he can do better, then why don't he do it? He runs around here and cusses about what I do and never does anything himself. I can't help it 'cause things happen as they do. Can't nobody do anything with all this darned old worn-out stuff I have to work with.

MARY: Ain't no use to rave about it; fussing won't do any good.

JANE: Jim, you should be ashamed of yourself. You know papa does work. He's getting sort of old.

JIM: I don't see why he doesn't sell this old farm and leave it. God knows he doesn't like to work it any better than anybody else.

JANE: But what would he do if he did sell it?

JIM: Oh, hell, I don't know. Anything to get away from this place. I'll shout for joy when I leave here. Just two more years, and, if it doesn't kill me, I'll be through. I'll never come back to this place any more, either.

JANE: I think I'll go read some.

MARY: Yes, I believe I will get my book, too.

JANE goes out left. MARY picks up book and starts reading. JIM is trying to fix the bridle. He is now sitting on the floor working on a stone bench before him.

JIM: Oh, this d——d thing, I can't get it fixed.

MARY: I'm ashamed of you, Jim. I thought you were a nice boy and didn't swear.

JIM: This darned stuff would make anybody cuss. You know William Lyons Phelps says there are two things a man can't do without cursing, and farming is one of them.

MARY: You ought to try to do better; don't do just like your father and all the rest. You'll never get anywhere that way. I have had high hopes for you. I thought that some day you might be something great.

JIM: I done lost all my ambition; if I exist any longer, I think I will be doing well. If I ever get away from this farm alive, I will be lucky.

MARY: Yes, Jim, you have worked under great handicaps; but hard things make real men.

JIM: To go through hard things is the making of a character, but to have something eternally hanging onto you ruins any man. I have never been able to do anything I wanted to do. Always this old farm; the farm had to be looked after, and I had to work. Every time I have wanted to do something extra in school or have thought of writing, there has been the farm to hold me back. I haven't had the opportunities of other boys. I've never had a chance to go out for athletics.

MARY: Athletics don't amount to much anyway.

JIM: But I haven't had time to do my regular work well. I never could work on the paper or the magazine like a lot of the other boys; I know I could do just as well as they can, if I only had the chance. I couldn't even go out for the debate and I wanted to so much. Yes, I hate it, I hate it, I despise the old place. It has been a millstone hanging around my neck all my life. If I could only throw it off; but I can't; I'm helpless.

MARY: But think of the opportunities you have had to go to school. I never even had a chance at a decent school until I got in high school. Now my work is awfully hard for me at college.

JIM: You, too, have been a victim of the place. I don't see why papa won't sell the darned old thing. I'd sell it at any price. He thinks he'll get something big for it. Probably be like the time he was offered two seventy-five for that wheat and wanted three and then had to sell it for one and a quarter. I'd rather not have any money left me and have a chance than to spend all my

life working for the old farm and then have it and ignorance. If I had freedom such as others boys have, I wouldn't care what else I had.

MARY: Don't you remember when we used to read so much poetry and how you learned it and believed that you would be great some day? Have you forgotten your early ideals? I thought then that you might amount to something some day.

JIM: Who could think of poetry wading around here knee-deep in mud and a-waiting on cows and mules? Bernard Shaw was right when he made Cain tell Adam that while Eve and he were working around there in the Garden of Eden they were only nurses for the animals. That's it, a-nursing animals; ain't that a fine way to learn poetry and be great? I'd about as soon dig ditches as have to work around here like I do.

MARY: Maybe when you get away to college, it will be different.

JIM: I've about given up all hope of getting there now. It's so far away it seems impossible. But even if I do get there, I doubt if I will ever get away from what this farm has made me. Even then the influences of this life will have so molded my innate being that I will not be able to change it.

MARY: Oh yes, Jim, you're young yet.

JIM: Yes, I'm young perhaps in years; I'm not so old as we count time; but, Lord, I feel old. I feel like I've been here on this farm for eternity. It seems centuries ago since I was a little boy walking around unable to do anything. But that was the time I was happy. Don't you remember how I used to cry to be allowed to work? I thought it would be something wonderful then to get out in the fields. But, God, how it's all different. What wouldn't I give to get away from this place!

MARY: Life hardly seems worth while to me sometimes. With nothing but work; never any pleasure; never any joy; never even a kind word spoken.

JIM: It would be bearable if papa wasn't so cussed cold-natured and hard-hearted. If he could share in my hopes and believe in me, I might do something. I might do lots of work and look forward with some hope. But I can't. He thinks I'm only a darned fool; that I'm lazy and try to get out of all the work I can;

he is broken and despondent; he no longer finds hope in life; he doesn't care what becomes of his children. He doesn't understand why we want to be educated. He's an old fossil, anyway.

MARY: You know, Jim, I feel sorry for papa in some ways. I know he has denied us many things which I feel we have the right to have, but he's been disappointed in life. Since mamma died he hasn't wanted to live any more. You know how despondent he has been.

JIM: Yes, I guess he has suffered much. But I don't see why he has stayed on this old farm. What does he keep messing with it for? It ain't bringing him in anything. I believe it has almost run him crazy. You know, Mary, that he must have had some ambition when he was young. Surely he wanted to learn and live finer and better. But something seems to have drained his ambition. Something has sucked the life out of him. It's the farm; the cold, hard, heartless farm. No man could work on it long, struggling to earn a miserable pittance on it and keep any finer qualities of life. It knows no culture; it permits no leisure; it allows no rest; it's one eternal job that's gotta be looked after. It saps the very life blood out of one's body. Working from sun-up to sunset under the broiling sun is enough to ruin saints; always with the knowledge that this is permanent—to toil all your days for a bare existence. It's made him grow old; it's made him hard; he can't see anything but work. If we can't work, we needn't be around.

MARY: I was just going to read some poetry by Kipling. I do enjoy his poems so. Don't you want me to read you some?

JIM: Yes, I would like for you to.

MARY *takes a chair and sits near where JIM is still working on the bridle. She opens the book and begins to read from Kipling's poetry. Footsteps are heard from the left and PA enters.*

PA: (*Addressing MARY*) Say, whatin'ell you doing down here bothering Jim? How d'yu expect him to work with you a-setting around talking to him. No wonder he ain't no count; you always putting fool ideas in his head. (*MARY frowns, looks disgusted, and walks out.*) Whadda you broke now?

JIM: This old bridle gave way, and I had to fix it.

PA: You're the darnedest hand to break things of anybody I ever saw. You're worse than any nigger I ever had.

JIM: I couldn't help it cause the old rotten stuff broke.

PA: How much corn you hauled today?

JIM: Three loads. The stander broke this morning and the first load fell off.

PA: There you go, a-breaking up everything. Mighty funny that thing had to break this morning; I hauled with it for two weeks and it never broke. You always got some excuse for not doing anything. You've got the least sense of anybody I ever saw. So much of this d——n book larning done ruint you. You may have book sense, but you ain't got no practical sense. Any fool could haul a little corn and not break the whole wagon. You musta loaded it heavy.

JIM: Only had on two shocks.

PA: That's mighty darn little. Seems like you mighta held it on yourself. Whadda you think you was a-setting up there for? Too darn lazy to lift a hand to keep the load from falling off. Every time I leave home you don't get anything done. It never fails. As soon as I get away, you start to breaking up everything and never do any work. I could have toted more corn up this morning than you hauled. Where'd you leave them mules?

JIM: Standing out there in the road.

PA: Yes, by God, I guess they've run away and tore up the rest now. *(He goes to the door and looks out.)* Yes, there they are down there at the haystack. *(He speaks loud and angrily)* How many times must I tell you not to leave those mules standing? *(He is heard running on the porch as he shouts at the animals.)*

JIM: Oh, hell, I've got used to it, anyway. If he doesn't cuss about one thing he will about another.

MARY and JANE have been attracted by the loud talking, and return, entering through the door at the left. They look rather nervous, as excitement always causes a flush on the cheeks.

JANE: I told you you'd be a-stirring him up. Seems like you would know him by now and try not to do things that will make him mad; it doesn't do a bit of good.

JIM: (*Rather infuriated*) I can't help it 'cause all this darned stuff broke. It ain't my fault that nothing we've got is any count. (*The sound of a loud step on the porch is heard as PA returns from tying up the mules. Fresh tobacco juice is running down his chin; he is breathing hard and fast from exertion.*)

PA: You get out of here and tend to those mules. I'm tired of you sitting around here all the time. Get out of here before I knock you over with a stick. (*JIM gathers up the now almost mended bridle and starts out. The same look of disgust comes over his face; he doesn't seem to care much what happens; he appears not to notice the reproaches of his father as he walks out with a shrug of his shoulders.*) A man had better be in hell than worried and deviled to death with a pack of young'uns.

MARY: Jim's been doing his best today. He can't help it because things break with him.

PA: The lazy scoundrel doesn't try to help anything. I'm tired of worrying with him and all his fool notions. School has ruined him; he ain't no count and never will be.

MARY: I don't see why you don't sell this old farm and quit worrying about all this.

PA: You all are too anxious to get me to sell my home. You can't get me to give up my place after I've worked all these years for it. If you all don't want to work you can just starve and the place will stay here and grow up. Everybody knows how my business ought to be run. You're always telling me all about it; I guess I will have my way sometimes.

MARY: You don't work all the land. Why don't you sell some of that on the other side of the creek?

PA: I like room. I don't want people to get too close to me. I've got boys now to work the place; why should I sell it when the time has come for me to quit work? What's the use of having children if you aren't going to make them work?

MARY: Jim's a-wanting to go off to school next year and I thought—

PA: The hell he does; I wonder how he's going to get there. I guess I never had no education and he ain't no better than I was to work. What little you all've got done ruined you. Puttin' all

this nonsense and book larnin' in your head is just a-making you lazy. I guess I'll not work any more. And if those boys don't get to doing more work when I'm gone, I'm going to beat the hell out of them.

MARY is angry now; she turns a disgusted look toward her father. JANE has the expression which suggests taking things as they are without questioning. Her look denotes nothing decided; she just is. MARY'S eyes follow her father as he goes out at left. She then turns and looks toward the right.

MARY: The farm, the farm, it must be worked. (*The sound of a slamming door is audible from the left. The clatter of wagon wheels from the right sounds as the curtain falls.*)



A CITY STREET

REBECCA HEATH

A bustling, noisy city street,
With windows all aglow and light;
A thousand hurrying people's feet;
The rich and poor together meet,
And fade into the night.

It goes its cold, indifferent way,
Yet throbbing with the joy and strife
That lives within it day by day,
Unmindful that sometime it may
Give up its glowing life.

And when day changes into night,
Its people hurry through the street,
And swarm like moths do to a light,
To giddy recreation bright
With time's fast-flying feet.

'Tis just a city, yet I know
With all its smoke and noise and dust
That in the hurrying to and fro,
There does a kindly spirit sow—
A god of love and just.

APRIL

DOUGLAS CARTLAND

A toss of your gleaming curls of gold
In sunshine or in rain
Brings fresh showers to the thirsting flowers,
And bids them bud again.
April, April, fair and sweet,
Beneath your airy treading feet
The pansies wake, the poppies rise,
The brook reflects cerulean skies;
After sunshine comes your rain;
You laugh at joy and weep with pain.
Then tripping softly o'er the lea,
You plant in every heart
A smile so gay, a winsome way,
Romantic springtime's dart.



MISDIRECTED TRUST

LEON WELLS

The night swept across, and I smiled.
And the dawn appeared, and I smiled.
And again and again came the wretchedness and misery of night-
fall, and still I smiled and had faith.
Now the years weigh heavily upon me. My life is becoming the
right hand of miscellaneous grievances and mistrust, of
pure hate and jealousy.
And I look into the countenance of my life vested in another and
fail to see what I want.
And my strength, physical, mental, is hampered.

A TOWN BY THE SEA

ELLA LEENS LATHAM

I went down to a town by the sea,
Where the waves toss high and dance with glee.
The town was salty, the houses grey;
The ships were old from the wind and spray.
The waves ran up to the silvery sands,
And the sea made a gateway to other lands.
The sea gulls laughed and screamed at me,
When I went down to the town by the sea.

The air was fresh with a salty tang,
And the sailors laughed and talked and sang.
The waves—a silvery splashing on the shore,
Whispering tales from the ocean's floor.
The sandcrabs scuttled 'cross the sandy beach
Always too far for my fingers to reach.
In my mind's treasure house I gathered these,
All from the town by the sighing seas.

The place was enchanted—I know it was so—
It was just like a story book of long time ago,
For many years after when again I came back,
The town had vanished, even every grey shack.
I hunted and hunted and hunted in vain.
But the town comes back in the misty rain,
All grey and salty as it used to be,
When I went down to the town by the sea.

CONVICT STRIPES

GRACE CURTIS

"Ting-ling! Ting-ling!"

A young man of about twenty-two years of age mechanically picked up the telephone.

"Well?" he said in a sour voice. He had evidently gotten up on the wrong side of the bed that morning.

"Oh, is that you, Dick?" asked a pleasant feminine voice.

Immediately Dick's expression changed, and a big smile spread over his face.

"Yes, Judy," he answered eagerly.

"I'm giving a masquerade dance next Wednesday. You'll come, won't you? And think up some original costume. All right, I'll see you then. Bye-bye."

Mr. Richard Trent, wealthy Wall Street broker, sighed. He was tired of going to parties—parties—almost every night. But he rather relished the thought of attending Judy Stanford's masquerade. She was a very attractive girl, one of the season's debutantes, and Dick had liked her ever since they had met. Yes, he'd go for Judy's sake; and what's more, he'd have the cleverest and most original costume there.

Dick was an ambitious man with a great deal of determination. When he said he'd do a thing, he did it no matter what happened. That was how he had climbed the ladder of success while yet a young man, achieving fame and social position as well.

Dick Trent was handsome, too. He had curly brown hair that just *wouldn't* stay in place, and deep brown eyes. His face was boyish and frank. He was very popular and considered a "good catch" by many ambitious mothers who wanted their debutante daughters to marry well.

But Dick cared nothing for these girls. To only one of them did he pay the least bit of attention—Judith Stanford. She infatuated him with her loveliness. Judy didn't drink, and she didn't smoke. She was different from the other girls, and yet immensely

popular. She was a pleasant change from the loud, brazen girls whom Dick despised so.

* * *

As Dick started out for Judy's house on Wednesday night (walking on account of the short distance), he felt very proud of himself. He was thinking of his costume. A convict! Certainly no one would ever recognize him in that outfit. He thought the idea very original, for he had never before seen a masquerader dressed as a convict. And Judy would be proud of him, too!

His thoughts were suddenly broken in upon by a shrill police whistle. A policeman grabbed his arm and held him until, in a few seconds, three other policemen had joined their fellow officer.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Dick in a surprised tone.

"Don't be funny, boy," came back the reply of the first cop. "We're taking you back where you came from. You might have known you'd be taken up if you didn't take off those stripes."

"Say, fellows," said Dick, "I'm no convict. I'm going to a masquerade tonight. My costume is original, to say the least, eh, what?"

"Don't try to pull that stuff on us," spoke up another. "That's old. At any rate, we'll let you tell it to the judge in the morning. Come along, now. We've got no time to waste here."

At first, Dick protested violently and struggled to free himself from the tight clutch of these men. Finally, realizing that he was overpowered, he gave up and permitted himself to be led to the police court. When he got there, he could call one of his friends to come and identify him, and everything would be all right, he thought.

Having arrived at the jail, Dick was thrown into a dark cell.

"But I want to call my friends and have them identify me. I'm Richard Trent, the Wall Street broker. I can't stay in jail tonight." Dick looked up at the policeman with a pleading look in his eyes.

"Gosh, are you insane, too?" burst out the cop. "Yes, yes; of course you're Richard Trent—of course you're the millionaire Trent. Ha! Ha! And I'm John D. Rockefeller," he said as he hurried off, chuckling.

What a fix Dick was in! Never again would he be so original as to select such a costume. And the stripes went around instead of up and down, signifying the worst type of criminal. He would have to spend this night in jail, of that he was sure. No one believed his story—they thought he was insane, too. And they wouldn't even let him telephone his friends. This was the last straw. He sat down in the corner and held his head in his hands. How wretched he was!

Then Dick began thinking of the masquerade—wondering what they were doing. Judy was probably in some other man's arms swaying to the rhythm of the music. Suddenly he realized that he was jealous—jealous of this imaginary person. He realized, too, that he loved Judith Stanford. How he longed to be with her now, see her toss those light brown curls, and look into those adorable eyes—deep pools of light! He wondered if she was thinking of him, or if she cared for him. Perhaps she wouldn't even miss him.

In the meantime, Judith *was* thinking of Dick. It was true that she was dancing with another man (Art Seymour, to be exact), but she was wondering where Dick was. He had promised to come and she wanted him. Art was one of Dick's intimate friends, so Judy said:

"Art, Dick promised to come tonight and he isn't here yet. How about calling up and seeing if he's at home. That's a good boy," she said as he hastened to do her bidding. "I'll be waiting right here," she called.

In a few minutes he returned with the news that Dick had left home at nine o'clock dressed in masquerade attire, headed for the party.

"Oh, maybe something has happened to him," cried Judy. "Perhaps he was kidnapped."

"Don't be alarmed, Judy," said Art sympathetically. "He's probably gone to one of his clubs, expecting to drop in here later. I'll call some of them and see."

"To a club in a masquerade costume?" asked Judy, bewildered. "Impossible!"

Art didn't answer, for he was busy telephoning. Besides, he didn't think that Dick was at a club, either, but he wanted to console Judy.

Art phoned to about six clubs, all to no avail. That night he left Judy in a confused state, promising to call early in the morning and tell her if Dick had come.

The next morning the phone on Judy's bedside table rang early. She was wide awake and had been awaiting this call for hours.

"Judy," came Art's voice, "have you read this morning's paper? If not, read it. It explains better than I can, but Dick hasn't been seen. He didn't come home last night. We've got detectives on the job. I'll call again if anything turns up. Good-bye."

Judy hung up the receiver, dazed. She rang her bell impatiently and a neat French maid appeared.

"Suzanne, bring me the morning paper and *hurry*," she commanded.

When Suzanne returned, Judy grabbed the paper out of her hand. The headlines stared her in the face:

"MILLIONAIRE WALL STREET
BROKER DISAPPEARED"

She read on further of the disappearance of Mr. Richard Trent the evening before. His servant had seen him as he left his home at nine o'clock; he had not been seen since.

The papers had made quite a story out of Dick's disappearance. Art was doing his best to find him. On his way uptown, he had to traverse the same streets over which Dick had walked the night before. He happened to know one of the cops along the way who stopped him to tell of his adventure.

"Well, I caught a convict last night," said the policeman. "He was strolling along here sporting his stripes like it was a tuxedo. And the funny part about it was that he tried to get out of it by telling us he was a-going to a masquerade. Of all the poor excuses, that's the worst I've ever heard. We hustled him off to jail. He was off his nut, too, I think. Thought he was this millionaire, Richard Trent. Ha! Ha!" laughed the cop. Suddenly his laughter stopped and he looked in amazement down the street. Art was running for all he was worth toward the police station.

He rushed madly in the door. "Is Richard Trent in here?" he asked, panting for breath.

"Well," replied the clerk, "there's a fellow here who *thinks* that's his name, but he's only a convict. Like to see him?"

Art followed the clerk eagerly down a dark hallway to the door of a small cell, which the clerk unlocked. Dick looked up.

"Art!" he exclaimed. "I never have been so glad to see anybody in all my life!"

"Dick, old boy, I'd never have found you had it not been for the cop who took you up. He was telling it as the funniest joke he'd heard lately." Art burst out in laughter. "At any rate, Dick, it's a new experience for you."

"What are you laughing at?" asked Dick in a grouchy tone. "This isn't funny. Let's hurry and get out of here. Tell them who I am; they wouldn't believe *me*."

Art turned to the clerk. "Really, you know," he said, "this is Richard Trent, the millionaire. If you don't believe me," he went on, "surely you would take a lady's word for it. Do you know Judith Stanford?" (Dick's heart skipped a beat.) "She's a debutante, you know, and she could identify him."

The clerk agreed to this. Art was already at the phone calling Judy's number.

"Hello, Judy. This is Art," he said. "Come down to the jail as fast as you can. I've found Dick. Hurry!" he said as he hung up.

It was only a few minutes before Judy dashed into the police station—and to Dick.

"Oh, Dick," she cried, "I thought maybe you'd been kidnapped or in a terrible accident or something. I didn't sleep a wink last night." Tears of joy trickled down her face as Dick held her in his arms.

"A-hem!" coughed the clerk. "Miss Stanford, can you identify this young man?"

"Of course; he's Dick; in other words, Richard Trent, Wall Street broker and a millionaire to boot."

Dick was all smiles now.

"Mr. Clerk," he said, "allow me to introduce to you my fiancée, Miss Judith Stanford."

RUINS OF AN OLD FARMHOUSE

HAL JUSTICE *and* DORIS DONALDSON

The sun was beaming down upon the old house when I first saw it. There it stood far back from the road, dark and bleak, against the sunlit horizon. The glass in the windows was broken out in places, and dark shadows emerged from the skeleton frames. The stone steps were standing immovable, while the small, tender grass strove to find a crevice between the rock where it could peep cautiously out upon the bright world. After years of service, the light paint had darkened and was rapidly cracking under the effects of sun and rain. Above, the chimney was crumbling in decay, while occasionally a bit of falling rock would plunge from its lofty perch to the ground. Birds flew in and out of the still house, and the noon hush was broken now and then by the chirp of a swallow. I stood under the wistaria vine that hovered over the porch like angels' wings, and thought what a beautiful old place it must have been in its time. Although no one seemed to have lived there for a decade, yet an atmosphere of refinement and culture still lingered.

* * *

I stood under the wistaria vine thinking of the romance and beauty which sometimes envelops aged ruins. Was it the wistaria vine which was responsible? On one side of the house there were the remains of an old-fashioned garden. The paling of the fence that surrounded it was broken in places, and the weeds had grown up until the pretty flowers were choked out. As I stood meditating upon the scene, the moon arose and cast a soft glow over the house and garden, making it look like an old, haunted castle. The pale, crescent light had transformed the dilapidated scene into fairyland, and all the day's blot of ugliness was now illumined by night's charitable rays. I stood in silence before the magic spell, for some charm held me rooted to the spot. The ruined, broken house was beautiful by moonlight.

A SPRING SHOWER

REBECCA HEATH

The stage was set; the stagehand old
Let down the curtain gray,
A shimmering sheet of silver rain
That hid the players gay.

The orchestra played between the scenes,
A softly pattering tune,
And shifting clouds gave notice that
The curtain would rise soon.

I stood with bated breath and watched
The curtain fade away,
And then I gasped; no lovelier scene
Was ever on display.

The transformation was complete;
Instead of parched and dry,
The trembling trees shook jewels from
Their limbs, and looked on high.

Bedecked with diamonds and with pearls,
The flowers turned to the sky,
With modest pride the freshened world
Held shining heads up high.

The pantomime of life anew
Began on nature's stage,
And throbbed with young and pulsing spring
Till crumbled by winter's age.



PATTERNS

THE APPEAL OF THE CLASSICS

J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

READING appeals to each of us for different reasons; some read to learn; some to acquire a mastery of words; others to secure technical knowledge; and some for pleasure. Whatever be our motive in reading, enjoyment enters into our selections of books; we choose them with a view to enjoying reading them. We often do not select the ponderous classics because we think we will not enjoy them; most of the time we are ignorant of the contents of the classics and do not know the real pleasure which they hold in store for us if we will only search it out.

Few of us stop to consider why a book is considered a classic or why it has the reputation of being a masterpiece. We usually consider any book of that reputation as a dry, uninteresting, out-of-date dissertation upon a subject that we have no interest in. We fail to realize that a masterpiece is such because it deals with a universal subject in a way that will be fresh and illuminating to all generations of readers. Yet it is not so much the subject that is treated, as the manner in which it is treated, that makes a masterpiece. Any one with an acquaintance with the English language can tell simple facts or relate simple incidents; any one can allow his imagination to go on a flight and tell many and varied things; all of us are acquainted with the life about us; all of us feel emotions which are subjects for poetry; but it is not every one who can tell of the achievements of science in the way that Thomas Huxley told of them; it is not every one who can tell of ordinary

incidents with the charm of Mark Twain; none of us can capture the fairy land of imagination in the way that Hans Christian Anderson could; we cannot write of the life around us with the power which fills the works of Thomas Hardy; we cannot put our feelings into words with the same beauty of those of Keats and Shelley. The subjects that Victor Hugo wrote of are treated in many of the modern magazines; but these discussions lack the insight, the expression, the force of personality that make Hugo stand out as the author of the greatest novel ever written. The simple story of many of Shakespeare's plays is sensational enough for a modern newspaper to play up in all its sordid detail. Under the mastery of Shakespeare's pen the characters are lifted above the realm of ordinary affairs. We become engrossed in the philosophy of life the characters voice with such eloquence. Shakespeare speaks for all times and all peoples; he is as fascinating today as ever; he has portrayed life in all its phases with a freshness that is ever new; he is the master of masters.

When we read great books we become intimately acquainted with the personalities of the writers; we see things as they see them, understand things as they do, and think as they think. Our lives are enriched by contact with a superior personality. While we may admire the perfect workmanship of the book, while we may thrill at the tone of the language, we always remember that back of every great book there is an infinitely greater personality—the writer. When the curtain is let down on the last act, when the story winds up in the final scene, he still remains, greater than any of his characters. Not only are we broadened by an association with a great personality, but we also acquire a knowledge of our language by constant association with the masters who use it.

The classics will enrich our lives, help us to feel more keenly, and give us a culture and refinement that nothing else can. We will associate with the great personalities of literature and acquire much from them. Above all we shall enjoy reading the classics for the joy of reading. They will bring to us always a freshness in their viewpoint, a vitality in their expression, and a vigor in their language. We shall enjoy them immensely, if we will only read them.

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH—*Vicar of Wakefield*

The poor Vicar of Wakefield has as many troubles as Job. He loses all, but, like Job, he is doubly repaid for the testing. There is a perfect picture of peaceful and contented domestic life pictured in Goldsmith's excellent novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*.

The story seems to me far-fetched. One does not love the book, however, for its plot, but rather for the character of the simple Vicar himself. He has a perfect sense of humor. His wife has high aspirations for their daughters, but he is better satisfied to have them simple ladies.

There are other qualities in this delightful *Vicar of Wakefield* than merely idyllic tenderness, and pathos, and sly humor. There is a firm presentation of the crimes and brutalities of the world. The pure light that shines within that domestic circle is all the brighter because of the black outer ring that is here and there indicated rather than described.

Margaret Sockwell

BULWER-LYTTON—*The Last Days of Pompeii*

"The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" are portrayed in a very calm and penetrating manner by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, in *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Mr. Lytton does not leave a stone unturned in showing the complete disaster—social and political—which overtook Roman life. The characters and scenes of this story are, I am told, in a great measure suggested by the peculiarities of the buildings which are still to be seen at Pompeii.

The tale begins a few days before the fatal eruption of the volcano Vesuvius, and terminates with that event. Nydia, the blind girl, is a touching and beautiful creation, showing the hardships and sorrows of a slave. Lome and Glaucus are excellent types of Grecians who hated the Roman rule very bitterly.

The book, full of knowledge of the times, is a charming novel. The many minute and interesting descriptions of the customs of the period, particularly those of the gladiatorial combats, appealed to me very much.

Mary Quill Omobundro

JANE AUSTEN—*Pride and Prejudice*

Pride and Prejudice, by Jane Austen, is a story that vividly and impressively describes life in England in the eighteenth century. The author is very successful in her descriptive comparisons of the noble and middle classes of people. She has written an interesting and thoroughly enjoyable book; the gentle humor is particularly pleasing.

The scene of this novel is laid in the country around London in the eighteenth century. The story deals with an English family by the name of Bennett, which is neither of the noble nor of the middle class. There are five daughters, all of whom Mrs. Bennett is anxious to get married; the story, however, principally deals with matrimonial manœuvres of the eldest, Jane and Elizabeth. Their exploits, adventures, and love affairs are indeed interesting, and portrayed in a realistic fashion.

Near the Bennetts moves a family by the name of Bingley, composed of two sisters and a brother. Their mutually dear friend, Mr. Darcy, comes with them. Mr. Bingley soon falls in love with Jane Bennett. Later in the story, Mr. Darcy finds himself in love with Elizabeth, who hates him on account of an incident which took place at their first meeting. The highest point of interest comes when the reader is held in suspense as to the outcome of the two love affairs.

The Bennet family connections and also some incidents that occur in the home are very amusing; many ridiculous happenings take place in the story. Any one caring for romance and good descriptions of all English life will find such in this book.

Margaret Sockwell

PAUL GREEN—*Wide Fields*

The keen observation, the deep insight into life, and an understanding of the country folk that has shown up in all of Paul Green's works, are present in this collection of stories and sketches by the noted North Carolinian. The whole collection is held together by a unity of setting. All the scenes are laid in the Little Bethel neighborhood in the eastern part of this state.

The majority of the stories show the inevitable tragedy of the tenant farmer. There are humorous sketches of the town characters and interesting anecdotes, but the greater number of the stories show deep tragedy in the lives of the inhabitants of a country district. The author captures in a realistic way the superstitions of the people, the folklore and traditions of the surrounding country, and the religion of the neighborhood. There is local color in all the stories; the dialect that the characters speak adds much to the realism of the stern stories of immovable fate. One is reminded somewhat of Hardy in the inevitableness of things. There seems always to be a sad outcome. But the author is not allowing his imagination to carry him off; he writes of a life that he knows and understands from experience.

In "The Humble Ones" there is the tragedy of the influence of the soil upon a man's life. A young couple start out with bright prospects for a successful future at farming. Unhappiness comes to them in the death of their two children; then the wife almost loses her mind. She regains her happiness, however, in the joy of her next two children; but her husband is so worn and broken by worry and hardship that he dies at the age of thirty-two, leaving her alone with little property and a hard life before her.

"The Woods Colt" is the best written story in the book, according to the opinion of this writer, and in a way the most tragic. The unfortunate life of an illegitimate child, his struggles for an education, and his inability to adapt himself to the world around him constitute a pathetic and a realistic story; his mother is possessed of a pride that is unconquerable. The story ends with the death of the child and a recital of the hardships of the mother.

A village revivalist, a kind-hearted doctor, a disgusting drunkard, the emptiness of the life of the mill workers, the village good

woman, the happy fiddlers, the youthful lovers of a corn-shucking—all these are presented in a vivid manner in the stories.

The last part of the book contains a sketch of each person who made up the Little Bethel neighborhood. This is done in a manner somewhat similar to that of "The Spoon River Anthology." Mr. Green gives the true facts about the life of each of the characters in his stories and also of the other people who make up the community. While it is not done in poetry, some of the characters are sketched with a power that almost equals Mr. Masters'. In a single line the author lays bare the life of a person. Of one character he says, "His tombstone is the largest in the churchyard." The doctor is pictured in these words: "Of the ancient trinity—hell, hanging, and calomel—his faith was in the last."

Wide Fields is a book that breathes forth the hard life of the simple country people. It remains true to the facts; in them the author sees an inevitable fate. Here, we can say, is something genuine; here is a writer who gets beneath the surface of things; here is a man who can write with power and insight.

J. D. McNairy, Jr.



RAVELINGS

ON BREAKING IN NEW SHOES

JAMES STEWART

TO many minds, the breaking in of new shoes is an unpleasant task to be avoided whenever possible. To others, the task is rather a pleasure. If the question be viewed from a neutral standpoint, however, we can easily account for this diversity of opinion.

What could be more embarrassing to even the most brazen of us than, during the short pause between the hymn and the minister's sermon, while stalking majestically down the aisle, to have a remarkably well-developed squeak in the right shoe (or left—it makes no great difference) suddenly proclaim itself? This one little incident alone is enough to spoil any one's temper and cause him to condemn new shoes.

On the other hand, what is more to be desired than to be envied by all one's friends and, particularly, rivals? There is nothing more capable of producing the desired result than the newest of shoes. The chest swells and the face beams. The worm has turned, and the harrassing incident of yesterday is completely effaced by the triumph of today.

Again, from the negative standpoint, we have risible and certainly sensitive reminders of a day spent in walking the rocky and fiery streets of Hades. The optimistically inclined, though, never consider the past torture, but the present and immediate future comfort of an old pair of house slippers instead. To his mind the one comfort would not be so comfortable except in direct contrast to the other.

Another point yet we must consider before definitely forming our opinion. This is the restraint on our personal liberty. Who would not walk an extra block to avoid a mud puddle, refrain from kicking the neighbor's dog, or pick up his feet to keep the shoes in the pink of condition? That man, woman, or child, is not born.

Thus, after due deliberation and careful consideration of the points in question, we finally come to the conclusion that it all depends upon the temperature and the one who is wearing the shoes as to whether it is a joy or a duty.



A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART

CARMEN PATTERSON

"Sailing, sailing over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow
Ere Jack comes home again!"

A sailor and a maiden stood looking out to sea. He was telling her good-bye.

"I'll come back," he whispered softly in her ear.

"I've heard that sailors have sweethearts in every port," she said, smiling a little sadly.

"I love you, though. I'll come back!" With these words, he hurried to his ship, waving his hand to the girl on shore.

Days and months passed. The ship anchored in many ports thronged with pretty lasses. (Oh, a life on the sea is a happy one!)

One day, the sailor, while gazing out to sea, thought of a fair-haired maiden who was waiting for him. "I'm tired of playing around," he mused aloud. "After all, one true sweetheart is worth a hundred others. I'm going back," he said emphatically.

All preparations were made. The sailor boy was ready to sail—but alas! He had forgotten in which port he had left her.



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by EUGENIA ISLER

We "see oursel's as ithers see us"

Station B. H. S., Bristol, Vt.

Your paper is most interesting as a literary magazine. You hold a niche in our hall of fame.

The High School Review, Wilkinsburg High School, Pa.

We envy you your Dixieland with its delightful March climate, so well described in "Dixie" by Sarah Ferguson.

The High School Record, Camden, N. J.

Your playlet, "Southern Charm and the Yankee," was well written; the characters, Lorraine Brown and her sweetheart, Lieutenant Richard Waring, were well developed.

Academy Life, Glen Falls Academy, Glen Falls, N. Y.

There are a few things in this world, for instance, Rolls-Royce cars, the quality of which never varies nor is to be questioned, and which are universally accepted as embodying those fine qualities which place them second to none in their field. They are the pride of craftsmen in their field. They are the pride of craftsmen and owner alike and have become almost an institution. Such is our feeling toward your paper. And so it is each time we receive the latest HOMESPUN. We feel a stir of pride, an honest pride, because we are just as proud of your paper as we are sure you must be. We consider ourselves fortunate, indeed, to be numbered among your regular exchanges. We expect nothing but the best from the HOMESPUN, and have as yet not been disappointed. If I may, I would like to refer briefly to your latest number, entitled "The

Travel Issue." One of the finest bits of material, and the one we feel we must comment on first of all, is the poem entitled "Interim." A beautiful thought has been beautifully expressed by using just the right word or words to convey best the picture. Then, too, the large collection of stories and essays are unquestionably fine. It seems very difficult to say which is best. Perhaps if we must make a choice we will mention the essay, "Cotton Mather and Witchcraft in New England," "The Pulitzer Awards," the editorials from the section entitled "Warp and Woof," namely, "The Relation of Travel to Modern Life" and "A Real Measure of Kindness," and perhaps the poem, "Travel." We wish to congratulate you upon your latest number and extend to you our best wishes for your future success.

The Wissabickon, Roxborough High School, Roxborough, Pa.

We are always pleased to receive a new exchange and you have a standing invitation to come every month. Here's hoping we hear from you very soon. Your magazine is beautifully written and seems to be an entirely literary one. Your articles, stories, and essays are about the best on our exchange list. They are extremely well thought out and are of a much more mature standard than most high school literature. Your plots are certainly marvels and the author of "There Is Music" is to be congratulated on a fine piece of work. Your frontispiece is in accordance with such a fine magazine and your entire paper is artistically arranged.

The Dolphin, Far Rockaway High School, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

The HOMESPUN typifies to us the highest achievement in the field of high school publications. Your magazine must make every exchange editor feel as it has this one, like offering a sincere tribute. The root of your excellence, we think, lies in originality—originality of conception and execution. We rate you ninety-seven per cent simply because we are reminded, "Nothing is so good that it cannot be better."

THE WEAVERS' GUILD

Edited by MARGARET SOCKWELL

FATE

G. H. STRATFORD

JOE THOMPSON and I had often spent several minutes at a time watching the excavation for the new subway. In fact, we had watched the men at work so many times now that we had almost come to know them by sight. One big fellow with broad, heavy-set shoulders, from which protruded a bull-like neck and a freckle-bespattered face with a shock of curly red hair to match, had attracted our interest from the first, and several times before we had given him our sole attention.

The big fellow always worked on with a sort of rhythmic grace, plying his pick or shovel to the tune of some outlandish song—I don't believe I had ever seen him without some tune on his lips. He worked usually on the far side of the big ditch-like excavation, but on this particular day as I watched him, he was working almost below the sidewalk.

On that morning—one which I will always look back on with a little shame, and one which I have since regarded with a feeling somewhat akin to that of a murderer—Joe and I were, as was then our habit, watching the men at work and making various comments about the different ones. I do not remember the exact words of our conversation, but I do remember parts of it. I believe it went something like this, however—

“Joe,” I said, “here we are doing nothing, and look at those poor devils slaving their lives away for almost nothing. I'll bet there isn't a one of them that gets over twenty-five dollars a week,

and yet they stick themselves down in that kind of place to make a living.”

I think my sentimental turn of mind surprised my friend, for several minutes passed before he made any attempt to reply.

“We have money, though,” Joe finally replied thoughtfully. “We can’t see it, I know; but when one comes to think of it, what have they to do with it? They can’t wait around looking for a job that is a little better, because their money comes by the number of hours they work. Most of them have a wife and children to support, and every cent counts with them. I understand it’s usually a hand-to-mouth proposition, too.”

“Yes;” that was all I could say for a moment. In all our discussions I don’t believe we had ever before gotten away from the light, jovial type of remark, and I was not unhappily surprised to find that my leisurely companion had some real depth of human understanding in him, too—I was conceited enough to think that sympathies were of an understanding nature.

“Speaking of those fellows being paid by the hour reminds me that I asked the foreman of the gang who our ‘human ox’ was. They call him ‘Iron Man’ McCarthy.”

“Well, he certainly seems to be rightly named. I’ve never seen him stop any longer than just enough to wipe the perspiration from his face.”

“I know that,” I told him; “but wait until I tell you where he got the nickname—he has been working in this hell-hole for three weeks now—and besides the regular ten hours that he is supposed to work, he has worked at least four hours extra each day! How’s that?”

“You don’t say!” he exclaimed. Joe looked at the broad back of the man with a sort of renewed interest. “That fellow must love his work; or else he surely needs the money. And here we are with all the money we need—regular loafers,” he finished up jokingly.

I glanced at my watch.

“We may be loafers now, but we won’t be long,” I laughed. “Come on, now; I’ll match you to see who pays the taxi fare from here to the office.”

"It's only eight blocks; let's walk it for a change," my companion suggested, but his hand was already in his pocket in search of a coin. As he drew out the change, a loose five-dollar bill slipped from his grasp and was immediately blown over into the subway by a slight breeze. We watched it settle down on the ever-growing pile of dirt beside our big friend McCarthy.

"Let it go," Joe said half contemptuously. "We can get as many of those as we need; besides, that old fellow will probably get it, and he needs it worse than we do. Here comes a taxi now—we'll have to hurry. Taxi!" The cab drew up to the curb.

"Well, I'll tell the old fellow to look for it, anyway," I suggested hurriedly, and tried to call to him. A string of passing "L" cars prevented McCarthy from hearing me, however, and I leaped into the waiting cab without attempting to call a second time. As our cab started off, we glanced back just in time to see the big red-headed laborer unwittingly cover up the five dollars with a shovelful of dirt.

The following day, the two of us met at our usual place above the excavation, but despite all our glances over the "big ditch," we failed to locate the fellow known as "Iron Man." Out of curiosity, we went to the foreman and asked him where the big fellow was.

"Oh," he replied, "he'll be back on the job in a day or two, I guess. One of the men told me this morning that when McCarthy went home last night, he found one of his kids sick with the colic. McCarthy didn't have the money to get medicine; and after he had borrowed enough money and bought the medicine, the kid had died."

Joe and I looked at each other in silence. I have often wondered if he, too, in recalling the incident of the five-dollar bill, had a vision of a big red-headed man covering up a little baby—stark and cold—with a shovelful of dirt!

“LA GONDOLIERA”—*Liszt*

MARGARET HIGH

Liszt has given very many beautiful and dainty contributions to piano literature. They are not all original, but have clever arrangements or settings of old Venetian boat-songs.

This melody, “La Gondoliera,” has been in existence many years, and it may be heard by anyone who visits Venice; it is sung by the gondolier in time to the swing of his dextrously-handled single oar. The meaning of “La Gondoliera” is “The blonde maid in a gondola.”

It is a distinctly Italian melody and it is simple, tender, and sweet—a lyric of beautiful type and a typical product of the sunny-tempered, warm-hearted children of the south. It contains no hint of the Venice of mystery, of secret cruelty that one hears of in connection with Venice. It breathes only of Venice the fair, in her moon-lit beauty.

The piece suggests many beautiful things to the listener—soft ripples stealing up the long, winding canals and creeping fearfully beneath the Bridge of Sighs; the silvery moonlight gleaming; the dip and sway of the graceful gondola as it glides on its silent way along those water-streets, between rows of stately buildings, every carved stone of which is alive with history or with some romantic legend. These are just some of the lovely thoughts of one as she listens.

The whole piece rises and falls just as the boatman’s oar, with soft crescendos and minor runs. It seems to me one of Liszt’s most perfect creations, because each note suggests a dreamy, lovely picture and one lives in the composition.





