
HOMESPUN



THE FOUR ELEMENTS
EARTH

HOMESPUN

A LITERARY MAGAZINE PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE
SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL, GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 23, 1926, at the
Post Office at Greensboro, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879

VOLUME VII MAY . 1932 NUMBER 4

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THE WEAVE

TO EARTH

EDYTHE LATHAM

O Earth, thou great mother of all loveliness!
Is there not some gift that I might make thee?
Some tribute born of silent praise
For all the beauty thou hast breathed into me?

I shall make one little prayer to Him above
That should I die—perhaps before the next pale, sunless dawn—
My still young breathless body might but serve
So to enrich thy yielding soil

That one small passion-flower might spring
From that place—when comes the first
Sweet-scented rain of spring!

THE POETS LOOK AT EARTH

NANCY HUDSON

IN the hearts of some beings there have been set songs and the will to sing and the necessity of singing. When their melody has overflowed and been caught on paper, men have called it poetry and have rejoiced in its spontaneity. Perhaps this spontaneity is greatest when the poets sing of earth, for there is inherent in them an earthiness, an hereditary love of the earth, cultivated and nourished by close communion with nature. Compelled by this inborn desire, they, the least and best men of all times and nations, have looked at the earth and sung of it with love and hate, sung with joy and sorrow, sung with passion and remorse, but have sung, of necessity sung.

The earth has been generally portrayed by poets, and is usually considered, as a mother, homey and comfortable. She has been represented in this capacity so much that it is now the representative trite, as are many fitting things, through over-use. However, before the metaphor was outworn, perhaps in its first usage, we find an old Christian chant personifying the earth as the mother, originated during the entrance of Christianity into England. Traces of the fading paganism can be detected in its application, although the lines themselves are devoid of any signs of pantheism. The chant consisting of these words:

“Hail to thee, Earth, of all men the mother.
Be goodly thy growth in God’s embrace,
Filled with food as a favor to men.”

was recited by the ancient farmers in a superstitious ceremony.

Wordsworth gives us a delicately lovely bit of poetry, picturing the earth as a woman, with yearnings of her own, attempting to comfort mankind, her foster-child, in “Ode on Intimations of Immortality.”

“Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind
And, even with something of a mother’s mind
And no unworthy aim,

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known
And that imperial palace whence he came."

It is natural that the poets should sing of the beauty of the world; its harmonious colors and glories are a constant inspiration. Affected by these, Walt Whitman, the "grand gray poet of America," in "I Am He That Walks," a characteristically egotistical poem, describes the earth with the following chosen adjectives:

" O voluptuous, cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of the departed sunset earth of the
 mountains, misty-topt,
Earth of the vitreous pour of the fullmoon, just
 tinged with blue;
Earth of shine and dark, mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds, brighter and
 clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping, elbow'd, earth-rich, apple-blossom'd earth!"

W. B. Rands, a children's poet, further demonstrates that all types of poets worship the earth in a poem whose loveliness is by no means limited to the appreciation of children. In the "Child's World" he yields to this effervescent enthusiasm:

"Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed."

Wordsworth, besides describing earth's beauties, pays it a splendid tribute in "Tintern Abbey." Here the world is seen as a serene and powerful influence in a man's life, uplifting his thoughts and purifying his moral being.

" am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all that mighty world
Of eye and ear—both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,

The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

John Keats devoted his life to beauty; it was his whole being and existence, and when he died at the age of twenty-six, he left a volume of poetry, the rare loveliness of which still enthralls mankind. In one of the best of these poems, "Endymion," this disciple of beauty expresses, with typical individuality, the slow and certain tightening about us of beauty, the bond which binds us to the world:

" on every morrow are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
Made for our own searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season "

Sometimes man is seized with a vibrant, buoyant, ecstatic, overwhelming burst of love for the earth and its splendour. Edna St. Vincent Millay has caught the exuberant spirit of such a feeling in "God's World," wherein she cries exultantly:

"O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, world, I cannot get thee close enough!"

The *Bible* is filled with poetry. Even when its words are in the most prosaic form, the lyricism and music of unrestrained poetry fairly clamors from them. There are two passages in David's Psalms 33 and 104, respectively, that tell of the fineness of the earth in words abounding in simple grace and piety:

"The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."

"The earth is full of Thy riches!"

From "Ecclesiastes" comes this rolling and stately assurance of the stability of earth amid the transiency of life:

"One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh;
but the earth abideth forever."

The literal, as well as the figurative heritage of the earth is found in Psalms 25 by David, one of the most eloquent of poets:

"What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him shall he
teach in the way that he shall choose.
His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit
the earth."

In this verse from "Earth" John Hall Wheelock expresses in an appealing manner what so many poets have tried to tell, the relation of man to earth, her expression through him, her all inclusiveness:

"Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the dark and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth.
All we say and all we sing
Is but the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs;
If we sorrow or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice."

The above selection, while undoubtedly a pretty piece of work, may not quite be considered great; but it clearly expresses the idea most of the earth poetry centers around, the theme of man's being merely the spokesman of the earth, her instrument.

There is a delicate lyricism expressing perfect trust in God and content with the world in this delightful song from "Pippa Passes," by Browning:

"The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;

God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

When William Cullen Bryant was seventeen, he wrote his masterpiece and one of the greatest poems in American literature, "Thanatopsis," which reveals an extraordinary insight in nature. This majestic excerpt expresses the sympathy of the earth and her fitness to all of the emotions of man:

" For his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

In the same poem we find this austere and graceful comparison of the earth to an indiscriminate and venerable tomb for mankind:

" The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun . . . the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man."

Edna St. Vincent Millay presents several different views of the earth in "Renascence," one of her best poems. This is a glad earth, gay and playful:

" soon the shower will be done,
And then the broad face of the sun
Will laugh above the rain-soaked earth
Until the world with answering mirth
Shakes joyously, and each round drop
Rolls, twinkling, from its grass-blade top."

There is a striking comparison of the earth with the heart of God:

"God, I can push the grass apart
And lay my finger on Thy heart!"

And there is this thought-provoking statement of the width of the earth:

“The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide.”

Children often feel more deeply than grown people and know an awful reverie and wonder at nature that is infinitely superior to matured sophistication. Hilda Conklin, while not a child, yet has caught the child's delicious naivete in these fanciful lines from “Water”:

“The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms”

Alfred Noyes, noted English poet, has written many famous poems, loved both for their lyricism and their thoughts. Among his works is a series of books entitled *The Torchbearers*, one volume of which is called “The Book of Earth,” naming the earth a “rock-leaved book” and presenting the two-fold idea that man is the key to all he seeks and that the power of discovery is an increasing wonder.

“ Man is himself
The key to all he seeks.
He is not exiled from this majesty,
But is himself a part of it. To know
Himself, and read the Book of Earth aright,
Flooding it as his ancient poets, once,
Illumed old legends with their inborn fire,
Were to discover music that out-soars
His plodding thought, and all his fabled, too,
A song of truth that deepens, not destroys
The ethereal realm of wonder; and still lures
The spirit of man on more adventurous quests
Into the wildest miracle of all,
The miracle of reality, which he shares.”

William Drummond writes of the earth as a book, also, but he entitles his poem “The Book of the World” and expresses the idea that man might find unlimited power in reading this open world book, but that his limited intelligence and blindness to the earth's wonders fails to grasp the contents, finding only a childish pleasure in its pictures and colored vellum.

"Of this fair volume which we World do name,
 If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
 Of him who it corrects, and did it frame,
 We clear might read the art and wisdom rare;
 Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
 His providence extending everywhere,
 His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
 In every page, no, period of the same.
 But silly we, like foolish children, rest
 Well pleased with colored vellum, leaves of gold,
 Fair dangling ribbons, leaving what is best,
 On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold;
 Or, if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
 It is some picture on the margin wrought."

Hitherto we have seen man's views of the earth entire. Just as passionately may a man love one spot of earth, feeling for it an all-consuming fire of patriotism. Rupert Brooks, English poet of note, expresses such a feeling in his simply and charmingly written poem, "The Soldier":

"If I should die, think only this of me;
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to moan,
 A body of England's breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.
 And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace under an English heaven."

In "New Englander" Frederick Prokosch cries his love for New England just as vehemently, albeit entirely differently, as Mr. Brooks:

". O certainly
 These hills speak far more clearly through still snow
 Of forest-thin silver than through indigo;
 These skies were made for cold austerity.
 I love the candid cleansing paleness thrown

On landscaped pearl-eyed with the morning dew,
And these dark hemlocks, and the relentless blue
Above, and each gray pasture-fencing stone
I love these hills, this meadow, and this sky
As stiffly starched and as strait-laced as I."

Lawrence Lee, a contemporary writer, in "To a Native State" declares a splendid allegiance to the Southland. This noble and stately excerpt from the poem may be fitly applied to all the earth:

"Man can not tell what roots hold him to earth
That bore him like a blossom from the loam;
He only knows that he was hers from birth
And that her fields, however dark, are home."

Much of the deep-set beauty of the earth is beyond the frail comprehension of man. Wordsworth recognizes this human incomprehensibility of the earth's wonders and cries from his soul a longing to know better things in his sonnet, "The World Is Too Much With Us."

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

Christina Rossetti presents yet another idea of earth in her poem, "The World," describing the treacherous, changing world, ugly and sordid.

"By day she woos me, soft, exceeding fair,
But all night as the moon so changeth she,
Loathsome and fowl with hideous leprosy
And subtle serpents gliding in her hair.
By day she woos me to the outer air,

Ripe fruits, sweet flowers, and full satiety:
But through the night, a beast she grins at me,
A very monster void of love and prayer.
By day she stands a lie: by night she stands
In all the naked horror of the truth
With pushing horns and clawed and clutching hands.
Is this a friend indeed, that I should sell
My soul to her, give her my life and youth,
Till my feet, cloven too, take hold on hell?"

This poem presents an amazingly different idea, but it is in *us* to wonder if perhaps, for all her protest, the author did not, as *we* all do, "Sell my soul to her, give her my life and youth"

The all-encompassing Shakespeare refers with striking aptness to the earth in "As You Like It" where he has the banished Duke in the forest of Arden draw his philosophy from earth;

" tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything . . . "

"Sermons in stones" . . . There is in each white stone, each leaping river, each barren clod of soil, and in the earth entire, an indescribable pulsing something that enters the human heart and brings forth melody. Keats felt it when he wrote:

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

Keats was right; the poetry of earth is never dead while the souls of men live, for the soul must ever see in a rock a symbol and in a tree perfection, constantly changing and tinting those objects about it until they are ablaze with poetry.

"The poetry of earth is never dead."

The earth has been and will be the same throughout eternity; she changes not. But men change, and they must ever find in her new traits and moods to suit their changing. No two men think alike nor see any object alike. In their various powers of conception lies the greatness of the earth. Therefore is she, however exploited, an undeveloped field for fertile imaginations. Therefore shall there live throughout posterity singers of earth songs.

O WORLD!

JOYCE HERITAGE

O world, I cannot lift my head
To face thy gaze
While my frail hands
Remain empty—useless!
They bear no offering in
Their alabaster cup.
The gold of genius,
The glowing gift that stands supreme;
The silver of fancy,
The gossamer first breath of talent;
The steel of reason,
Cool and calculating—clean;
The iron of character,
Impregnable, impenetrable;
I bear not these.
Instead—a lump of earth.
Of this am I made—no more
Am I able to give,
And shame cries out.
But, softly, as I gaze
Upon my blackening sod,
I breathe a wish.
Grant me but this one desire, world—
That by wings' time
And by the swift hot pace of earth life
This clay will change into a coal—
To flame—a torch
Against a midnight sky—
One glorious glow!
And that those few who beauty seek
On the still panorama of the night
Will watch—and say,
“How beautiful!”

AN EARTH CHILD

JOYCE HERITAGE

I am an earth-child
Bound fast by ties of clay.
I do not stand supreme
Above my fellowmen,
Nor carry in my torch
The flame of folly—
That fire that sends
Imagination ever-scaling;
Nor do I say great things
To sway a crowd of wonderers
Or bring a tear to lonely eyes.
I do not care to be aloof.
Rather I would be of the great earth guild,
Of those who love her every mood;
The soft sound of wind in trees,
The smell of pine warmed by the sun,
The faint cares of springtime breeze,
The glory of a single star at dusk,
Or the moon in pagan loneliness,
The playfulness of ants in red-clay hills.
Grant me but these, O life,
And, as a parting gift,
A gold sunrise—a twilight blue,
And I will be content.

COLORS IN THE WEAWE

EARTH-BORN

NANCY HUDSON

Black dirt is in my veins,
And in my heart the murmurings
Of many deep crevasses and dank dark woods.
My soul is filled with rich loam,
And a love of it, and a hate of it,
And a long, lingering call of it
That'll never go away.
And I am made up of great gray cliffs in the moonlight,
And white seas in the twilight,
And swaying fields in the heat of day.
There is in the mind of me
The roar of falling boulders
And the pound of rapids;
In the mind of me the creeping of the worm,
And the leaping of the lion,
And the upward swing of the lark—
The call of all the earth's creatures,
And the inimitable lure of earth herself.
For she is a part of me
As I am a piece of her,
A clump of dark sod torn from her side,
Earthy, unescapably bound
To burn with the glory of her triumphs
And sing abroad her wonders.

OUR NATIVE WILD FLOWERS

LANE BARKSDALE

NAR back into the dark spaces of time, when God chiseled the caverns and basins of our land, his head was filled with tiny poems, little thoughts that ranged from fragile beauty to the sturdiness of his supreme will. And God wrote his poetry, but not as other poets write or ever shall write. Instead, he took this tiny earth into his hands and molded it into a furrowed ball. When his fingers touched the place where North Carolina lay, the clay he felt was soft and pliable; so he molded the three great regions which we have today. It was upon the ridges of this little plot that he patterned bits of his poetry and placed it to live forever as flora.

* * * *

North Carolina is very fortunate in being one of the few states that contain the three geographic regions: the coastal region, the Piedmont, which is the section in which Greensboro is situated, and the mountainous section of western North Carolina. It is because of this that this state contains such a large variety of flora.

Among the most beautiful of all wild flowers are the orchids. These plants have a family background that places them among the highest of all flowers in social ranking. They are aristocrats and are the best of their sort. About them is an atmosphere of such charm that any visitor is held spellbound. There are over three thousand members of this noble family living in the various points of the world, and of these three thousand, sixty-eight make their homes in chosen habitats throughout the United States. Twenty-nine of the sixty-eight have found homes in our own state. Some have made their dwelling-places in the thickets of our mountains, where only the birds, the wood-folk, and laboring insects can come to admire their beauty. Others have situated themselves in bogs of gay-colored sphagnum moss, where they dip their roots into the soothing ooze of the cool slime. Still others have come boldly into the open, where thoughtless people pick them for their momentary beauty.

The following are short descriptions, which might be helpful to one in identifying some of these plants:

PINK LADY'S SLIPPER

The pink lady's slipper is undoubtedly one of the most beautiful of all North American orchids. The inflated, slipper-shaped pouch, which we call the flower, is of the most delicately veined magenta pink.

This and other of the *Cypripediums* (as they are called botanically) are quickly becoming extinct, due to the fact that there is a sale for their roots. Men, women, and children are steadily depleting America's very limited supply of lady's slippers, by tearing up the roots and selling them for a few cents. It is thought that these roots aid in the curing of nervous diseases.

There are a number of other lady's slippers, far more beautiful than the pink ones, but due to man's selfish nature they are all almost gone.

SHOWY ORCHID

The showy orchid is something that every one should see before forming any sort of opinion about spring. It is a plant that produces the most delicately fragrant flowers to be found. The little blossoms are arranged about on one square green stem. Their purple hoods attract the insects, and the dainty, fresh, white lips act as a landing place for them. The leaves of this plant deserve almost as much admiration as the flowers. They are two in number as in the lady's slipper, and their green color cannot be surpassed by any of the finest silks.

Orchids, however, are not the only lovely wild flowers. There reigns between late March and early April a queen of indescribable beauty. She is the dog-tooth violet. The word violet, however, is a misnomer, for this flower is one of the stateliest of the lilies. The dog-tooth violet, or the yellow adder's tongue, is a low-growing swamp plant. It has two thick basal leaves, which are mottled with green and brown, and appear to be covered with a filmy blue haze. The flower is bell shaped, golden, and contains six petals of alternating shades.

THE BLOODROOT

Growing on hillsides in somewhat the same locality as that of the dog-tooth violet are the bloodroots. The bloodroot is one of those flowers that runs a store, which contains no stock. Even though it has no nectar, the insects are attracted by its neat, white petals. Thus it is that in looking for the absent nectar, they carry the pollen from one plant to another. Mr. Bloodroot is somewhat of an independent merchant, so he closes his store every day at noon and opens it with the rising of the sun. The roots, leaves, and stems of this plant contain a reddish liquid used by the Indians as war paint.

HEPATICA

No wild flower account would be complete without the mentioning of the hepatica, or liverwort. The flowers of the liverwort range from white to deep lavender and are born separate stems of silken floss. The leaves are tri-lobed, resembling a shamrock.

SWEET-SCENTED TRILLIUM

The trillium gets its name from the Latin for three, for it has three leaves, three petals, and its interior organs are arranged in threes, or multiples of threes. The stem as a rule is from four to six inches high. The stemless leaves are arranged in a triangular shape and hold in their center three maroon-purple petals, which against the sunlight make one marvelous spectacle. The flower has a peculiar odor that reminds one of apples.

THE JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

In story books we read of children and the Jack-in-the-Pulpits. That, however, is a thing of the past, for the Jack no longer lingers where snatching children can pick its madder-purple blossoms. It has confined itself to hidden woodlands, where seekers of it may go and look and leave the flower untouched, yet feel a genuine reward in having had the opportunity of beholding it in its streaked glory. The pulpit is a purple streaked scape, which envelopes the stately spadix, at the base of which are the plant's true flowers.

THE WILD COLUMBINE

In late spring there swings in the current of May's breezes the columbine, a cup of nature's exquisiteness, luring the bee to come

and drink his fill. This handsome red, five-spurred flower resembles very much the caps of the jolly jesters described in romantic tales of queens and kings. One cannot see all of the beauty that the columbine holds for that inward eye without once viewing the interior of the flower. Just inside his cap is the most unusual lining of yellow petal-like scallops, which greets the wandering moths and butterflies and acts as a welcoming sign to the passers-by. This stately flower was a candidate in the last race for the national flower, but unfortunately did not win.

There are other species of columbines, including the blue and white varieties.

These are simply a few of God's loveliest poems; there are others just as beautiful in the Old North State.



EARTH

HILLARD CLEIN

From you,
Earth,
Comes all that's evil—
Beast and man.
From you,
Earth,
Comes all that's good—
Beast and man.
To you,
Earth,
They return—
Dust,
As from you they came.

“OH WORLD, YOU’RE BEAUTIFULLY DRESSED!”

ERMA LEE GRAVES

You’ve never a worry
As to what you shall wear;
The four yearly seasons
Relieve you of care.

The frills of the grasses,
The ribbons of streams
Are brought you in plenty
In answer to dreams.

In the cold winter-time
When to parties you go,
Old Winter provides you
A costume of snow.

In fall the bright colors
Of leaves on the trees
Make striking apparel
Your fancy to please.

In spring at your wedding
Your green grassy gown
Is covered with flowers
From heaven sent down.

Oh, if seasons provided
Our wardrobe, we’d find
A mountain of worry
Rolled off of our mind.

There'd be happy husbands—
No more would they fight—
And the whole married world
Would be cloudless and bright.



ENDLESS CAVERNS

HARRY KUYKENDALL

Long, long ago, in the valley of Virginia, a little boy played with his dog.

Suddenly they saw a rabbit dart from some bushes, and they gave chase to it; but the rabbit disappeared in a pile of rocks. The little boy was determined to get this rabbit, so he began to pull the rocks out of their places; and to his astonishment he saw a cave. He ran as fast as he could to a little village and brought a group of interested men back with him. Supplying themselves with lanterns, they entered the cave cautiously. The insides of the cave had a cool, clammy feeling; and this cool feeling was sharpened by the appearance of huge stalactites and stalagmites which resembled icicles. This seemed very strange to some of the men, and some even ventured to say that it was the devil's den.

Continuing the explorations, they came upon a great hole in the floor. Looking down some fifty feet they saw a great underground stream on its way to the ocean, trickling over crystallized stone and giving a distinct gurgling sound. After two hours of exploring these caverns, they still had not come to the end; and many beautiful things had been found in the way of shapes and forms. Some of the crystals took on the form of a chandelier or precious jewels, and just hundreds of different shapes. Among the most interesting things found by these men were the figures of a bride and bridegroom. Each was complete in everything, including the long white robe worn for the marriage. Then, too, there was a diamond

wedding ring which shone on the bride's finger; and the couple seemed to be walking arm in arm. All this had been caused by the underground streams that coursed through the cave.

Many more figures like these were discovered. However, after many years of exploration, no one has found the end of this cave; and so it has been given the name of Endless Caverns.



DIG

REBECCA PRICE

Give me my blue steel spade,
And let me go worry the turf and the angle-worms,
Spoonng under pale reticences
And paler winter thoughts.



WARP AND WOOF

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The All-Encompassing

WE bid farewell to HOMESPUN with earth the last of all elements and the greatest; with earth, the mother of all men and their foundation. We have striven to uphold old standards and to create new ones. Now we leave the striving to those who follow after us. How better can we say them goodbye and wish them good luck than with earth? Is she not the nourisher of seeds and beginnings as well as the tomb of the aged and finished? Is she not in herself more encouraging than any words we could utter? Her clean, cool cliffs are an inspiration to better things. The

relentless pounding of high waterfalls is an irresistible cry for constant strivings upward and outward. There are

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

All nature is an adviser and a helper far beyond our feeble powers; she is an inspiration whose genius is perfect and complete within itself. There is nothing we can add. Earth is a magnificent gesture for the departing and a supreme welcome to the oncoming. It is not in us to detract from its splendid stateliness with human interferences. Therefore we sing our farewell in the deep black loam of autumn, rolling majestic before the winter snows; we bid welcome to those our successors in the rich brown ground of spring, budding forth with new plants and fresh ferns; we salute our readers with the ample and all-encompassing—earth.

N. H.



Earth, the Woman

There is nothing in the world so wise as a wise woman. Seers and sages bow down before her; kings kneel at her feet; and scholars make humble obeisance to her. Hers is the command of man, and, therefore, of his domain. By conquering the king she rules the kingdom—and knows the greatest power it is possible to know. Being truly wise, she gains her every wish, no matter how extravagant it may be, but gains it with such cunning subtlety, such artful cajolery, that man is persuaded the favor is his own, the gain his more than hers. Just so did Cleopatra turn men's lives to perform her whims; so, in lesser form does every woman today direct her husband's mind by arguing the usefulness to him of an ornament she desires for herself. There is a splendid presence of tact and delicacy in these women; whether they be princesses or peasants; whether they seek the sun, or a kingdom, or a thimble, each is a complete and accomplished artist. Such would I have my earth—an artist of men, gently and tactfully driving them to culti-

vate her fields and beautify her plains, a superb strategist, an amiable wise woman.

Poets have called the earth a mother. Perhaps she is best known and best suited in this capacity, but the earth is also many things: She is a child, flaunting gay colors and bright toys. She is a sulky and heartless maiden, pouting great caverns and dangerous crevases and shuddering death-dealing earthquakes. She is a dancer, fiery and flaming. She is a comfortable matron, lazily sunning herself on the rocks. All of these she is and more; all of these she is, compounded and complete, in one wise woman. For the cleverest woman knows also to be a child; the cleverest woman must have a fascinating hint of cruelty; she must have the calm maturity of the aftermath of many turbulent emotions. Such is and such has been the earth since the beginning of time to the end of time. She is the model for all women; she is the foundation for all life; she is the wisest woman.

N. H.



The Earth at Spring

There is no other loveliness in all the world like that found in the awakening earth at springtime. Its resuscitating freshness sweeps over the senses with a life-giving sweetness, the heavenly reward of those who have forged their way through the bleak winter season. Time and care fade and melt away before its joyousness, and all thoughts turn to love:

“In the spring a young man’s fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

Spring is a season of eternal youth, done in soft pastels and Paradise scents; a season tenderly happy, not gay. Spring is the essence of love and beauty, of delicate, fragile things. Spring is indefinable in the earth and on the earth and of the earth; it is the slow, glad smile of earth after a winter’s frowning. All light colors and pleasant scents come forth, strangely mingling and harmonizing into the loveliness of laughter. Roses and poppies blush, dawn-

tinted, and the virgin lily quivers with morning dew. The gladness of living bursts from every green leaf and tender sprout, and the apple and pear and peach trees blossom in harmony with heaven. Each newly-sprung weed and tinted wild flower cries aloud in ecstasy to God. There is nothing so lovely as the earth awakening!

Harriet Monroe has caught a snatch of the beauty of spring in her poem, "White":

"Purple mountains—oh, purple and blue—
Rippling under the sky,
And against them, nearer and brighter,
The many-colored trees,
With tasseled boughs uplifted,
And flowery young leaves.
And before me, trailing down the slope,
The dogwood, like a snow-nymph,
Leads the filmy-robed Spring."

Spring, being a mood of the earth, pulses in all of earth's creatures. Her animals are light-footed and gambol in the forests. Her birds sing sweetest and with joyous light-heartedness. Her human creatures are filled with a love of living, and into their bones there permeates the dulcet sweetness of spring, drugging their senses from troubles and sorrow.

Robert Browning has given us this little breath of melody which sings the beauty of the world at spring and catches the feeling of spring itself:

"The year's at the spring;
The day's at the morn.
Morning's at seven.
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

N. H.



TANGLED THREADS

POWER

A. C. BONKEMEYER

Vast trees that stretch into the sky,
Great works of God that dwell so high
Above all others,
Think not your lives the plan defy;
For when you fall, and creak, and die,
You kill your brothers.

Now men there are who seem to wield
A magic power and never yield
Unto temptation;
But when these men give up the field,
They take with them the hope and yield
Of half a nation.

BROKEN SWORD

QUENTIN DIXON

SCENE I: *A field lying in the hot sun interspersed by fettered lines of slaves chanting the slave-song.*

TIME: 50 B. C.

PLACE: Egypt.

FIRST SLAVE: How now, your majesty, why so glum? Your pride was strong enough before you earned your stripes last night. You brought it on yourself, you fool. A king in chains is a fool indeed. *(Pause)* A week you've been a slave, and you fume and fret no longer at your guards. You'll snivel and grovel as we have always done ere another day has gone, I think. You sneered at me for my submission. Here comes the guard; dig!

KING: *(Silent, pushes his spade wearily into the earth. Something strikes the spade with a metallic click. The KING stops dully.)* Another rock—I think this earth is made of iron.

He attempts to unearth the object, stops, glances quickly over his shoulder. The guard has passed. Slowly, reverently, he raises a sword halfway from the earth. It is strongly bright and untarnished. The curved back straightened, a proud light springs into his eyes.

KING: *(Turning to the slave)* Poor beast, a moment ago you said the king in me was dead. You were wrong. I can feel the blood of my ancestors pounding in my veins. I have not worn a crown for nothing. I could die a thousand deaths with this—*(he caresses the blade lovingly)* with this in my sword hand.

SLAVE: Your Majesty.

SCENE II: *The slave quarters. A smoky light is sputtering in a far corner of the long dingy prison-shed, casting fantastic shades, throwing livid reflections upon the spectral group gathered about a figure whose hand displays a flickering length of steel.*

KING: *(Scornfully)* And will no one follow me. Then are you cowards and fat sleepy dogs, all. Creatures not deserving the name "Men"—but—but slaves—Can nothing stir you? Are you dead to

one stain of honor, of pride. (*Sneering*) I can lead you to freedom—meat—drink, beauty—all you may have. All that *I* desire lies in the groin of his majesty, the King, and (*softly*) my pretty steel may find that out. What say you? Who will follow me?

FIRST SLAVE: (*Grunting*) The night is cold, and our beds are warm.

SECOND SLAVE: Aye, and you may be sure the guard would be too much for our little strength. Besides, of late we have been treated no worse than usual.

THIRD SLAVE: Let us go to bed. The day has been hard. Tomorrow the sun will be very hot, and we will need our strength.

ALL: Yes, yes, to bed!

KING: (*Coldly*) I have seen the naked truth, and I am sick. O, thou gods of my ancestors, witness my glorious, foolish death. Adieu, my gallant bed-lice!—to the Palace!

Exits

SCENE III: *Throne room: shouts and general confusion outside.*

Enter suddenly the insurgent King, panting and tense, a high color in his cheeks.

KING: (*Brandishing the sword*): Make way, swine, way! *Aside!* (*Strides magnificently to the foot of the throne, holding his sword in readiness.*) And now, thou stuffed impostor, king of bastard lineage, barbarian, shepherd of a realm of slaves, imbecile, tyrant! Taste the vengeance of a king you failed to kill!

He strikes at a courtier who has advanced with drawn sword between the two kings. The courtier's blade clashes with the king's; the latter's shivers into fragments.

KING: (*Dazed*) My sword! The gods are displeased. (*Furiously*) Kill me! Kill me!

SECOND KING: Back to the slave-quarters with him and see that he gets no more such dangerous toys to play with.

KING: (*Muttering, led out*) My sword.

SCENE IV: *A month later. The same field. Slaves toiling—a steady, doleful chant rising and falling. The sun is setting.*

FIRST SLAVE: Where is our king?

SECOND SLAVE: (*Pointing*) Over there.

FIRST SLAVE: Hello, your majesty, 't is time we feed our empty bellies and get us to bed.

KING: (*Dully*) Eat? Yes, and sleep. The day has been tiring. (*Squinting blankly around*) The guard is not near. Look, I have stolen a crust, a beautiful, moldy crust of bread, and they do not know.

He laughs foolishly, wildly, and as he trudges off the stage, the echoes surge back into the steady chant of the slave-song.

Curtain



DUST

ELIZABETH CRAVEN

It's only this I ask of you
In payment for my love:
That when I'm dead you shall not place
My body in the cold embrace
Of earth; let flames devour
And winds spread wide
This thing that now is I.
I do not want my body cast
In soggy earth—the wild north blast
Must be my wings; the soft south breeze,
My love; the eastern gale
Will set me free; the west will give
The flight I seek.

I ask this now:
That I may come to you on wings of wind;
So fling my ashes—make amends—
Secure my freedom when life ends.

MARK ANTONY'S DAUGHTERS

REBECCA PRICE

IN an ancient German family, recently removed to North Carolina through the kindly recommendation of the pious Bishop Spagenbergen, there exists a tradition carefully preserved from the vicissitudes of time and fortune by each of the dull posterity of the original Helderemann, that at one time a vagrant kinsman forgot his pure-blooded Teuton ancestry and became desperately attached to a youthful votaress of Ra-Amon during the period of Egypt's decadency. So enamoured was this blond Gastien with his dark-skinned mistress, asserts the aged legend, that only official discovery of her virginal transgression and consequent confinement in a secluded cell induced the amorous German to part with his beautiful companion and return with his infant darkling to the land on the Rhine.

Generations of rosy-cheeked lassies all but ostracised the Nile strain from the sober, conservative stock, and their once tainted probity again flaunted an unassailable banner to garrulous Vaterland gossips. Perhaps the latter portion of the sixteenth century was the occasion of the first dusky deviation that banned the Helderemanns forever from normal procreation. At least from that time forth no hundred years passed without the appearance of a slender, swarthy-browed child with Oriental proclivities.

* * * *

"My name is Essie,
Glad it is not Bessie,"

chanted a sing-song maid weaving her little body to and fro like a sallow shuttle whirring its way to the inevitable finish. Lithe limbs, satiny as the glistening sand carpets undulating, rippling under tenebrous stars; and ah, her dusky ears are tuned to the soft slut-slut of goat-skin shoes; dark, surely, but has not blackness absorbed all the tawny violet of the sun?

"Shut up that everlastin' mumblin' and a-mutterin'; or, weak as I am, I'll git me a stick of stove-wood an' frail yuh within an inch

of your life. Why a body'd go crazy pert-soon with nothin' but your idiotic jabberin' to listen to," and Granny Helder mann settles herself back in the one household rocker with an affectation of righteous indignation and horror as she delivers her concluding anathema.

"Yes, m'm," assents the hand-maid of Potiphar's mistress: and her mendicant eyes sink into a battered musical instrument reposing in a quagmire of loneliness amidst the fretwork of a seldom-speaking organ.

"Don't touch that thing," cries the decrepit granny as the scraggy yellow palms crawl out to pluck the rebab from decay and dustiness. "Honey, you're a funny girl, ain'tcha? Huh? I say, you're a sort of strange little chicken for a honest German, don't you think?"

Essie sways a trifle closer to the organ. "Why can't I feel it?" she queries, staring at the veiled women, wondrous towers, captive fountains, fruits, beasts, warriors, kings, and cabalistic designs stenciled round the antiquated border.

Grandma Helder mann coughs, fidgets the spotless edge of a tidy into a wrinkled horn; then she looks at the crumbling instrument lying on the polished pride of the parlor. "Go play a piece," her sapless gesture suggests; "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," her tongue falters coaxingly.

"Ra-Amon, omnipotent and all-powerful," mumbles the darling of heresy, slinging the rain-shriveled ribbon about her neck.

"Listen to me," says the old woman, unutterable cunning spilling from her pair of brimming vessels; "you ain't the only Helder mann girl who's been queer and brown as an Ind'an, an' had spooky notions in her head 'bout that rebab thing. Lift it down an' play't if it'll give you any satisfaction; and while you twang, I'll talk some words that'll hush yer fuss an' noise.

"It was a evenin' pretty much like this'n when her father, an' mother, and all the rest o' the youngins were stayin' in a tent over at the camp-ground. Some awful powerful preachin' was goin' on; but well, I never did keer especially about sleepin' on sheets with nothin' under 'em but straw; an' Alda, she was comin' home that night tuh keep me comp'ny.

“They found out after it was done done that a bunch of young folks paradin’ had seen her talkin’ to a dark-complexioned man with bushy eyebrows an’ big white teeth; and her mother told her, ‘Now, Alda, you go straight to the tabernacle an’ listen good to the preacher, an’ don’t be stoppin’ to fool aroun’ with them rough-necks loafin’ about the spring-house. Just stick yer head in the air and make like you ain’t a-payin’ no attention to ’em. Now, you be sure an’ mind me, now.’

“That’s what her mother said to her afore she started on the path to brimstone an’ destruction that always begins with a girl’s takin’ up with a strange man she don’t know nothin’ about. Nobody could tell Miss Priss nothin’, though. She wus precisely like you—thought she knowed it all without ever haffin’ to learn from older folks with experience.

“Well, when it was time for preachin’ to be out, Alda come prancin’ over big as you please, but gigglin’ a little oftener than usual. ’Twant long, though, until she got to actin’ sober, and begun lookin’ at the fire-dogs—the brass ones from the Old Country that Bishop Spagenbergen presented to your great-grandfather when he was converted. Funny thing, far back as I remember most o’ the Helder mann men folks have died off er stayed single, an’ left it up to the women to carry on. Your surname’s Forney, y’know, not Helder mann.

“What was I telling? Oh, yes, where she was lookin’ at the fire-dogs. In a minute her eyes begun to wander aroun’ like a crazy person, an’ she cuddled an’ fondled that’n with the snake pitcher on it like it wus somp’n that orta be hugged. Didn’t think so much about it right then, because I’d seen her behavin’ silly before; but when she begin cetchin’ sparks that went flyin’ up the chimney, an’ ackin’ generally like a ravin’ maniac, I got kinda jumpy an’ was wishin’ her mother er some of the neighbors would drop in an’ help me with the chap.

“It sure was a relief to your old granny when somebody came knockin’ on the door, so I hollered, ‘Come in if your nose is clean,’ an’ he stepped over the door-sill. No, it wan’t yuh father, and it wan’t old Mr. Setzer they thought committed suicide while he was huntin’ the Flooby. It was a foreigner with a broad nose that was

always quiverin' an' jerkin' an' eyes quick as lightnin'. Oh, yeh, I near forgot to tell about his pack. You've seen a peddler's pack, haven't yuh? Well, peddlers don't come around much these days; tain't like when I was young. Mother used to invite 'em in, an' get to fryin' up chickens, an' fat-back, an' makin' pies an' cakes that ud melt in yer mouth. What's the matter with you? Did you say somethin'?"

"An' his pack, grandma," marvels the diminutive prophetess, "his pack had yellow petticoats, an' white shirt-waists, an' colored hat-pins, red striped table-cloths, lace bed-spreads with pillow shams to match, finger rings, an' bracelets, an' locketts, and breast pins oh, there's something else that's under his arm, an' it's makin' funny cluckin' noises. What is it, grandma?"

"O, good Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon thy people."

"Looks sort of like corn-cob fiddle, 'cept it's bigger rehab uh huh, rehab from the far East."

"Not my brother,
Not my sister,
But it's me, O Lord,
Standin' in the need of prayer,"

quavers the frightened old woman; but the chant issuing from the doors of Oriental temples flows on: "By an' by Granny Helder-mann is like a hidden shadow and Brown Joseph talks to his girl.

"'I am man from Syria,' he says, 'and these eyes have seen the Temple of Solomon. Come with me, and we will together worship the Sun God and lavish gifts upon him.'

"'I am afraid, O my love, for your eyes glitter like the crystals in your pack. But tell me, are the women of the East shackled to their men?'

"'Ay, with the cords that bind the eyes of a bird to a reptile.'"

"O the rehab! it is stealing into her, slipping like the breath of a wet moon on the neck of her amorous trees."

"It's me, it's me,
It's me, O Lo-ord,
Standin' in the need of prayer,"

moans the terrified woman. "Yeh, an' in the mornin' we found that derved rebab smashed agin' a tree. Gypsy blood in a German girl ain't right."

Essie keeps twanging on a gentle accompaniment to the far off overtures of a bewitched father.



BETRAYED

LOUIE BROWN MICHAELS

The nervous winds that bent the trees
Were soft and cool today.
They had a salty ocean smell
And trembled at their play.

'Twas odd the way they searched my yard
With disappointed sigh;
And, after passing through the flowers,
Again turned to the sky.

And I was certain while they played,
I heard some voices near.
I hurried to the garden slope
To face them without fear.

But just the winds were dancing there,
And a silly daffodil
Was smiling from behind her leaves.
She's laughing at me still!

I wondered at the winds that day,
And still I shall declare
That people whispered by my door
Who really were not there.

DELIRIUM

QUENTIN DIXON

IT was evening. A plow-boy, his figure cut in a vivid steel, stood upon the crest of a hill.

He must have been about seventeen years of age, for there was a fresh young bitterness in his face, and his back was not yet bowed by toil. One might wonder why he has stopped there to watch the last of the sun go down. Perhaps he had in him the material of that race who remark casually upon the beauty of the "scenery" from a fast-moving train. He was certainly no poet. Farms cannot subsist on poetry. Farmers must raise vegetables for the poets to eat. And the poets are men who live in cities under roofs.

Obviously, no thought of immortality or the beauty of nature had crossed his young frame. He turned and went slowly, doggedly down the hill. Night had lowered, while the crickets, with lazy zest, again took up the sleepy strains of their unfinished symphony.

As the figure descended, it seemed to the soul lagging behind it that there was nothing but earth—looming up in the north and east and the south and west—endless hills and great armies of rusty plows sweeping across the sky.

The boy, who had worked all day, plodding over acre after weary acre, panting in the heat of an unforgiving sun, was very tired. Dazedly he wondered, as he trudged homeward, why he had spent the last of his strength climbing an ordinary hill and staring blankly at a perfectly ordinary sunset. There was something so queer in the thought that he burst suddenly into a series of weak, foolish laughs. Then the black night and the earth swirled madly overhead, and he was steeped in a sweet, cool silence.

* * *

When he turned over and rose to his feet, the feeling of fatigue was gone. He pondered lightly upon the extraordinary strength of his limbs, the facility of motion. Every nerve tingled with an overpowering desire to grasp some unseen enemy and grind him into the earth. He wheeled about, uttering a shrill, harsh cry; and the sun came up—a tiny, round sun, but it seemed to burn through his

clothes, while his body was suffocated with a heavy sweat. Slowly, very slowly, a terrible thought forced its way into the boy's brain. He was standing at the bottom of a gigantic furrow of earth that stretched far out into the distance, ever narrowing. And directly overhead, the sun, the little round sun, was burning fiercely, illuminating the immense gorge with a paralyzing heat. He began walking toward the sun which grew larger and larger, hotter and hotter. He felt his soul shriveling into a cinder.

The farmer found his son stretched unconscious across the path leading to the cabin. When the doctor arrived, he found a boy whose body was racked by a burning fever, and whose distant eyes roamed about the ramshackle room his father called home.

For days he lay throttled by the relentless fever; long nights he tossed in a stifling, uncomfortable bed, until the sickness raised its veil to leave him exhausted and pale. Soon he had gained enough strength to walk and loll about the house. His father's calloused hands had long ministered tenderly to the wants of sickness. One morning he laid them upon his son's shoulder and said kindly, "We'll plow today, son."

The boy looked up at his father and smiled. "Yes, Dad," he said. And then father and son went forth into the fields, and the hot sun rose to brush the cool of the morning away. It burned down from the sky all day upon a boy plodding, weary league after league, over the hot fertile ground as it rolled away to right and left. The earth closed round his feet and overwhelmed him with its vastness. It rose on all sides, eternally. And everywhere was earth, and great rusty ploughshares; and the boy was happy, for a dream was over all his work, and he was filled with the sweetness of God.



TO A STATISTICIAN

REBECCA PRICE

If you fathom the depth of a rain-drop,
Do not go bemoaning the littleness of Heaven.

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NOTES

THE REVENGE OF SAND

HERBERT MONTGOMERY

The sand
Lies on the beach
Forlorn.
We crush it
Beneath our heels.
Then—
The wind
Dashes forth
Lashing our faces
With whips of—
Common sand.

*And again
The sand
Lies on the beach
Forlorn.*



AFTER WEAVE

REBECCA PRICE

Coming to the end of the loom
No marvel she stops the pattern.

Strange only that her hand
Should go weaving slowly on,
Palaces of ultra violet,
Roadways of hope—
Such sun-made things.

JEZABEL TAKES THE THRONE

(*Old Testament Comes to Life Again*)

LANE BARKSDALE

IS A DAMN FAIL

SHEBA and some of her dearest admirers led the procession, while Jezabel and St. Peter remained in deep discussion in the rear.

"Guess what Mrs. Daltun dun made fuh ma dis week's pay," demanded Jezabel.

"Don' know," declared St. Peter. "What is it?"

"She dun made me a red dress and a red petticoat jes' lak de one whut I give Sheba fuh huh royul robes," said Jezabel.

"But'n you ain' got no right to be wa'in' no royul robes, caus'n you ain' de queen; you is jes' Jezabel," said the Saint.

Jezabel immediately informed her protector that she had no intentions of wearing her newly-acquired gown before her majesty, the color-crazed Sheba. Instead, she intended to save this magnificent ensemble for some state occasion.

The party was now in front of the alley-way, which separated two of the city's main streets. Such an alley-way was not the place for little children, especially not for such bothersome little children.

"I don' b'lieve dis is gwine tuh be safe," remarked Hebrews. "Whut if de jaintor wuz to see us?"

"Oh hish yo mouf; dere ain' no jaintor in May, caus'n you knows good an' well 't is too hot fuh to hab a fiah; 'n' anyway if dere wuz a janituh I knows him—he's Aunt Cindy's husband, an' he wouldn'n' tell on us—caus'n I might tell 'bout de time he stole Mr. Circleberry's tiah patch." This was Sheba's speech; these were the words of the queen.

Inspired by such a flimsy bit of encouragement, Hebrews raised the window of the coal chute and situated himself in a downward position, just as one does when preparing to slide down a sliding-board.

Suddenly the din of the streets was lost to the devil-daring Hebrews, and before him lay an unknown distance of pitch darkness. The chute was very bumpy, and to the horror of this Pales-

tinian namesake there rang through the darkness a series of bumpity-bump-bumps. In addition to this Hebrews had become decidedly irritated, due to the fact that he was being continuously perforated by the thousands of tiny grains of coal, which he was forced to pass over. The darkness, too, was doing its best to make this venture a horrible one. It rushed behind him, thus making the entrance further away, and it rushed away from in front of him, bringing him closer and closer to what might result in a fatal ending. At last he reached the end of the twenty-five-foot slide, which had seemed to ramble for miles and miles into the darkness.

The beginning of a daring venture is never pleasant; yet it is far more pleasant than the ending. Such was the case with this bold gentleman, for no sooner had he reached the end of the coal chute, than he fell into a pile of the roughest and most disagreeable coal that he had ever come in contact with. The coal in turn took a disliking to its visitor and bore him down in the joggiest sort of fashion. This was not all. The bewildered Hebrews was plighted further by the rattling noise made by the coal as it rolled to the cement base of the bin.

No sooner had the victim reached the floor, than there was another avalanche of coal. Then some one gasped, "Is you dere, Hebrews?"

"Yes, I'se heah," said Hebrews. "Who dat nohow?"

"It's Sheba," softly whispered the queen.

"Wheahs Jezabel?" asked the first to descend. It was the agreement that Jezabel was to be second to descend.

"She's dun said dat she ain' gwine tuh come, an' I sho is gwine tuh get evin wid huh fo dat—she dun two-timed me; dat's whut she is dun." There was a tinge of genuine viciousness in her tone, almost a threat.

Suddenly there was another clattering of coals, and the entire army arrived, each asking the other what to do next.

Far off in the distance a tiny light was visible, and to this the queen led her Testamentians. On past the furnace, stumbling over shovels and bumping against pokers, they at last arrived before the lighted aperture.

Alas, though they stood before a door, there was little chance of passing through it; for blocking the passage was a long table covered with show-card colors, India ink, brushes, and what not. These things were the property of Mr. Turner Edmunds, whom we shall call an artist.

While the others were peeking about, Solomon crept under the table and finally found himself in a well-lighted room. Once his eyes had become accustomed to the light, he began to look about him. He stood in the center of a magnificent chamber—to him it was a veritable heaven. Quietude reigned within the room, and Solomon could hear only his own breathing. The table, under which he had crawled, now appeared to be a large drawing-board, and scattered thereon were a number of sketchings upon beaver board.

“Whut’s in dere?” came Jezabel’s voice from the furnace room. This young lady had decided to come upon this daring adventure, since it appeared to be a safe one.

“Tain’ nothin’ ’cept de prettiest room as I most ever saw,” declared Solomon.

Then one by one the tribe came crawling under the table. Sheba was first to spy the passage through which they were to go next. It was a door in the far side of the room. Sheba knew this was the way, because one of the boys at school had told her in the minutest detail the manner in which one goes about entering this place of entertainment. The door opened at the foot of a stair, of which Sheba had been previously directed to take great care in ascending. And so it was that this body of little “burheads” would climb up a few steps, halt, back backwards, then proceed. When they had reached the middle of the stair, they received a shock that was to last forever. The little group had very quietly reached the aforementioned spot when they heard some one say in the most cultured sort of voice: “They are coming up the stairs, Willoughby. I tell you they are coming up the stairs.”

The entire group was frozen with terror; no thought of moving one way or the other entered into their minds. However, when a more masculine voice cried in one of those hoarse, dramatic whis-

pers, "We'll feed 'em to the lions, Theresa: we'll feed 'em right away. Hancock, bring the"

That was enough, and with supernatural power they, by leaps and bounds, made their way to the furnace-room door. But they were stopped by Sheba, who stood before the opening with a look of defiance.

"Whut chall gwy'in' fo?" whispered their queen. "Dat won't nuthin' but de vitaphone whut chall heard a talkin'."

"You is jes' a big ol' fool if'n you thinks dat I's gwine tuh stay heah an' get eat up. I don' keah whe'ah 't is uh bitumphone or uh lion; I'se leabin' heah an' I's goin' right now," declared Hebrews, and he went.

Sheba argued as best she could with the others, but only four of them were willing.

Thus while the others were scrambling up the coal chute, Sheba, Solomon, Jezabel, and Saint Peter slowly retraced their steps up the stairs. Again when they had come midway, they heard a strange whispering voice say, "As they reach the door their throats."

"And I shall have their heads," said a second voice.

This was enough to stir any Christian spirit; so losing his God-given permanent, Saint Peter lit out for the coal hole. The result was that it took fifteen minutes' worth of hard persuasion to convince the Saint that the vitaphone had no intention of cutting people's throats, and especially colored people's throats.

At last the four of them reached the top of the stairs, and five minutes later they were seated in the front section of the theatre. Each was watching with great admiration the blood-curdling cinema bearing the title, "The Green Hand of Lucifer."

Solomon gasped, Sheba gulped, and Jezabel gapped her mouth at the wonders performed by the actors. Now they were able to see the owners of the voices that had sent part of them scurrying homeward.

An hour had passed since their arrival, and at least they were seeing the picture that they had dreamed about. On the screen before them was being shown one of those marvelous technicolor pictures about deep-sea diving.

Just as the heroic diver was putting on his suit, Jezabel felt something tickle the back of her neck. She quickly moved her head. Again she felt the tickling; this time it was near her ear. She was so absorbed in the picture; and having always been used to unconsciously fanning fles, she just unthinkably slapped at the vicinity from which the tickling agent came. This slap unfortunately came in close contact with a hat and that hat came in closer contact with the floor. The owner of the hat instantly grabbed Jezabel by her hair—the hair was greasy—so much so that the lady took a closer observation, saw that she was sitting behind a little negro, then rushed for the usher. Jezabel needed no warning, and she gave no warning. Without telling Sheba that she was leaving, she made a bee-line under the seats for the door. Leg after leg she bumped into her zigzagged coarse. Headlong she went down stairs, but alas when she came to the artist's room she found Mr. Edmunds at work, and he seemed to be in no jolly mood. Jezabel thought for one moment, then made one grand dive through the artist's legs and before she realized it, she was up in the coal chute. There was no noise in the other room. Mr. Edmunds was apparently not interested enough to follow, so Jezabel sat down in the chute to rest.

Meanwhile Sheba had not noticed the absence of Jezabel, and when the usher suddenly flashed the light in her face, she was struck with terror. Instinctively she too ran under the seats and was closely followed by Saint Peter. Solomon, however, took to the exit and after running down one flight of the fire escape, he lost himself in the mob of home-goers.

Somehow Saint Peter gained on Sheba, and he luckily reached the stair first, and by a series of jumps came running through the legs of the astonished and wrathful artist. Sheba followed closely with the usher in pursuit. The carpeted floor made little noise of her approach. In the meantime Mr. Edmunds had crept under the table to take a peek into the furnace room, and just as he was returning to his job, Sheba dived under the table. Simultaneously with the dive, a bottle of India ink took the liberty of turning over, and its black contents reached the edge of the table just in time to make a nice handsome splotch upon Sheba's red dress.

As Sheba scrambled into the chute, Jezabel heard Mr. Edmunds say to the breathless usher, "We'll be able to recognize her by that ink splotch—it'll never come off."

Jezabel was not the only one to hear this; Sheba also caught the words, and they gave her an idea.

However, neither of them knew that **THIS WOULD GET TO THE POLICE.**

* * * *

"Lawdy, ain't dis gwine be jes' lots uf fun?" asked Sheba.

"Naw, tain' gwine be no fun tuh git put in jail," declared Saint Mark.

"Who gwine put somebody in jail, nohow?" demanded Sheba.

"Dat sign say 'No Trespassing,' don' it?" asked Jezabel. Her mother had told her that a thousand times. Everybody knew that it was against the law to fish in the city reservoir, and it was certainly against two laws to go boat-riding, or to go deep-sea diving.

"Sho it say 'No Trespassin'," said Sheba, "but we ain't trespassin'. We've jes' passing ovah de lake."

Jezabel had made her decision; she was not going to get her new red dress all wet. This was only the third time she had worn it, and each time Sheba had become lime-colored with envy. There was little reason for this because the dress that Sheba wore was identical with that of Jezabel's. It had been made by the same hands and the main and almost the only difference between the two was that Sheba's did have an awful black splotch upon it.

Sheba didn't want Jezabel's company particularly, and so she and Solomon set sail in the "Ark." Saint Mark was given specific instructions to meet the cruising couple around the curve where the cat fish hooks were set. Saint Mark took to his course, and Solomon pushed the boat off. The sun was just coming up, and the ripples caught the beams as they were sifted through the willows. When they had gone a short distance from the shore, Sheba bade Solomon dive for mussels—mussels often contain pearls, you know.

Solomon was all poised for the dive when he was frozen by the yell of the watchman, who was standing on a little knoll about a hundred yards across the lake. Instantly the two paddled from the

shore; and when they had landed, they took to their feet—leaving the “ark” to drift.

When Saint Mark came in about six-thirty o’clock, he told Sheba that he had heard Mr. Simmons, the watchman, say that he would be able to recognize her by her black-splotched dress.

“Ump,” grunted Sheba, “don’ you tell nobody about dat.” Something told Sheba that she was going to get even with Jezabel for the way she had acted on the day of the movie. She then rushed home and changed her clothes. Next she took the discarded dress to Jezabel. “I wunts you to hab dis, Jezabel, caus’n I’s gwine get me a new blue dress fuh mah royul robes.” These words said, Sheba left.

Jezabel thought up what she termed a good idea. She realized fully why Sheba had given her the dress—that tell-tale ink splotch was enough to make anybody kind-hearted.

She suddenly lit out of the house, only to return five minutes later with a bottle of washable black ink. As soon as her mother had gone off to work, Jezabel took Sheba’s dress and placed it besides her own upon the floor. She then proceeded to copy the spotch as best she could upon her dress. This task finished, she laid her own dress aside and set herself to work putting Sheba’s in a bag.

All at once she stood still. There was painted in her mind the picture of a piece of blue pleating. Then she wondered why she should protect Sheba by hiding the dress as she had planned. “Naw suh,” she wasn’t going to do any such thing. Instead, she procured from under her bed a piece of blue cloth which when sewed up would be just about the dimensions of the skirt of Sheba’s cast-off garment.

* * *

“Un good tu’n deserbes ’nuther, Sheba. Since you is gwine hab blue fo yo’ royul cullus, I thought mayby I’d fix this lil’ dress fuh you,” declared Jezabel as she handed Sheba the done-over dress. The ink splotch was no longer visible, for it was covered by blue pleating, or in other words the ink splotch was upon the inner lining of the newly-made dress.

"Dis looks lak mah ol' dress made ovah," declared Sheba, though she was not at all reluctant about receiving it.

"Tain' yo' dress," said Jezabel sweetly. "See, heah's yo dress whut I is got on." And to Sheba's surprise Jezabel showed the famous splotch to her. (This splotch, however, had been intentionally placed in its position.)

While Sheba was displaying her new gown to her subjects, Jezabel went home to do the required chores. The poor child had not more than gotten to the door when a tall white man confronted her, and in five minutes she was whizzing up Elm Street.

* * *

Jezabel sat back in the hard yellow oak chair sobbing profusely.

"Have Mr. Edmunds and Mr. Simmons arrived?" asked the tall, rather kindly-looking gentleman, with whom Jezabel had been forced to ride away.

"Mr. Simmons is here," replied the other Juvenile Court Officer.

"Well, tell him to come on in," said Jezabel's abductor whom we shall call Mr. Jones.

Soon Mr. Simmons, a fat blustering man, entered. "Yeah, that's the nigger; that's the gal that I caught this mornin'. She was a-fishing in the city reservoir," declared the watchman.

"No—suh—it—it won't me—twuz Sheba. Dat's who twuz," said Jezabel jerkily.

"Yes suh, Mr. Jones, that's the very spot that I seen on her dress when she hopped out o' that there barrel that she was using for a boat."

At this moment Mr. Edmunds, the advertising artist for the Alhambra Theatre, came into the room.

"Yes, that's the kid," declared Edmunds. "She's the one."

"Yep, she was out fishing on the city reservoir this morning," announced Mr. Simmons.

"No—suh—'twarn't me," cried Jezabel.

"How do you account for that splotch on your dress if you didn't get it when you ran under the table in my workroom last evening."

"I—I put dat theah mahsef."

"Now listen, Kid—what would you be putting a spot like that on a nice red dress like that for," asked the artist.

"Caus'n Sheba's got one on her dress, and when de queen haves one on her dress—well most ev'ybody wunts tuh hab a dress jes' lak de queen."

"Has she got a spot on her dress," asked the artist.

"Who is the queen? Where does she live?" asked Mr. Jones.

"Sheba's de queen—Lobel'a Smith's huh r'al name, 'n' she lives next do' tuh me."

"What do you call her the queen for?" asked Mr. Edmunds.

"Cause she is owah queen."

Mr. Edmunds went out of the room for a moment and soon returned with some warm water and soap. To his surprise, the ink was washable. "You must be tellin' the truth, or at least part of the truth," said Edmunds. "Now stand over here where your dress can dry."

"Come to think of it, I don't believe that gal is as tall as the one I saw this morning," said Mr. Simmons.

At this Mr. Jones whispered something to Jezabel. An agreement followed, and Jezabel was ushered into the closet.

A few moments later the office door was opened, and in walked Sheba, or better, in walked a man pushing Sheba. She was crying, and when she saw Mr. Edmunds she gulped considerably, but when she saw the watchman she was crystalized with fear.

They questioned her somewhat in the same manner that they had questioned Jezabel. Mr. Edmunds took a pair of scissors and clipped away the blue skirt. Then there shone in plain view the tell-tale splotch. It proved to be unwashable, even as the queen's past record.

* * *

Five days had passed since the day of the deep-sea diving. The tale of Sheba was becoming a tale of the past. Some said she had been sent to the reform school; some said she was in jail; and there were some who didn't know. But there was one thing that everyone knew: JEZABEL HAD TAKEN THE THRONE.

RHODES, THE RETRIEVER

HERBERT MONTGOMERY

JOHN RHODES closed his paper. He had just read the statement of his bank and satisfied himself that he was cashier of the best bank in town. He had also, according to his custom, studied the stock returns. John Rhodes studied the columns longer than usual that morning.

"If I had ten thousand now," he mused, "I'd be a millionaire in two weeks. That Universal Automotive stock has been gaining two to eight points a day."

John Rhodes was a man of action; he would try anything that he could justify by the most flimsy reasoning. Nevertheless, he usually put things through.

After breakfast he and his cane walked to the bank. He greeted everyone with a cheery smile when he walked into his office and seemed to be a very popular young man. But his smile faded into a straight line slightly drooping at the ends. For there on his desk he saw a dreaded blue envelope, used by the board of directors. No executive committee meeting today—this was Wednesday. The meetings were held on Friday. Had John been too free with his loans? He couldn't help that. He had a heart that could not turn down those worthy men who needed the bank's support.

All these thoughts rushed through his brain in a confused progression as he ripped open the envelope, prepared for the worst. The letter read:

"Special meeting of the Executive Committee today at 3:00 P.M.

"(Signed) Jackson Myers, President."

John sighed with relief, but a strange feeling came over him. Why was the executive committee meeting today? It was more than he could understand. True the state examiners were expected in two weeks, but they were always behind schedule.

He was snapped out of his reverie by the jolly voice of his secretary: "She didn't affect you that way, did she, Mr. Rhodes?" Then a moment's pause. "Is there any dictation?"

"Oh, no—er—yes, yes, sit down." He proceeded to dictate a letter, and soon he was clicking in his usual style.

It was not until that afternoon at 2:55 that he returned to his thoughts as he sat by a wide expanse of mahogany in the directors' room. He mused for five full minutes. Suppose—probably—Good Ned—suppose. His face grew pale, and he gripped the arms of the chair for support.

"Gentlemen," boomed the president's voice, shaking John to attention, "as you know, the state examiners will be here in two weeks—that means three. But men, we have the bookkeepers' statement that we are exactly \$80,000 below the required standard."

A hush fell over the room; eyes swelled to unnatural proportions; the secretary's pencil ceased to write and fell helplessly to the pad.

John Rhodes began thinking—thinking, not of his own skin, but how to pull the bank out of the rut that threatened to lead it over the precipice. His brain was working madly over the plans he might suggest. Then it came. Two and a half weeks—why, of course, he could it.

His fist banged on the table, and he stood up. To tell men twice as old as himself how to save an institution took no little courage.

"Gentlemen," spoke John in a confident tone, "give me ten thousand dollars, and I will have \$90,000 here the day before the examiners arrive." He sat down.

The suddenness of his statement and the confidence of his manner took them unawares. They knew his abilities and his ideas. He advocated a fast deal, with a quick retirement after victory.

Then he explained his plan to go to New York, buy Universal Automotive, clean up, and get out. The stock would reach the peak in ten days, and if bought now would realize huge profits.

"A very undependable means, Rhodes," roared the president. "Your ideas have been too far-fetched lately. Do any of you older men have any ideas?"

No one answered. They were in deep consideration of John's plan. Again John Rhodes stood up. He banished his feelings behind a natural tone of voice.

“Would it not be better to lose \$10,000 in an attempt that might be successful than to stand by like idiots and see our bank close without turning a hand? If my plan works, we will be as sound as any bank; if it fails—well, we would have to close anyway. If we do lose, men, do we want to die fighting or holding our hands like a bunch of old maids, and see *our* institution sink?”

Immediately it was put to a vote. John Rhodes' plan was accepted.

* * *

It was a serious young man who left the station the next morning for New York. If he failed—the bank failed—and he failed permanently.

He arrived in New York and took a room at the Arden. He went to bed early that night, preparing for a hard day.

John went to the Exchange the following morning. Here he saw that Universal Automotive had gone up three points. Without hesitation he bought one thousand shares at \$10. He left the mart with a sense of insecurity. Was the broker he traded with a member of the Stock Exchange—or a crook? Why, of course,—hadn't his old friend Bill Woods introduced him to the broker? Surely he could trust him. It was not likely that Bill Woods and John Rhodes would be fooled at the same time.

He wired the bank of his actions and immediately received this reply:

“Be careful with whom you trade. Keep in touch with the mart through Woods.

“Jackson Myers.”

Every day the stock gained ten to twelve points a day, till at the end the returns said that Universal Automotive stood at 84. The next day the stock gained only six; the next it jumped to ten. It was the ninth day; it was also the ninth hour. In two days he would have to leave. Woods advised him to sell out. But John Rhodes was a man of action; he was going to wring out every cent he could from the stock.

Rhodes was worrying at the present about something else—not the fear of the market's breaking—but the sentence of Myers' tele-

gram: "Be careful with whom you trade." There was old Myers, careful, prudent, and slow as molasses. But just the same, John would have felt better if he had seen his broker's certificate of membership.

Rhodes paced the floor. The very walls seemed to mock him in silence. The whole room seemed to hold him captive. The noise of his footsteps annoyed him. Suppose he had really made a bad deal, been sucked in by a shark? He walked over to his Gladstone, quietly opened it, and drew out a business-like revolver. He inserted a slip of cartridges. There was the answer.

He was startled just then by a peal from the telephone. His hand shook as he lifted the receiver from its hook.

"Hello," he said shakily.

"Woods speaking," came the quick reply from the other end. "We have no record of your buying stock of any kind through the New York Stock Exchange."

John Rhodes was missing when his bank reopened a month later—missing forever.



DUST OF THE EARTH

HELEN CRUTCHFIELD

Of this we are made:
This earth that lives so tranquilly
Through centuries of gliding seasons without end,
This dusty drabness which is the strength of us.
Would we were more like that from which we sprang,
Forever patient as the curving valleys;
Forever steadfast as the hills;
Forever ready to be plowed and sown by Fate;
Forever to be strong—as earth.

RED EARTH

MARY LEIGH SCALES

Plain red earth,
Laughed at,
Sneered at
But it has the power
To grow a rose.

“Who owns the mountains—”
Mysterious, majestic,
With awful beauty?
He owns the mountains
Whom the mountains possess.





PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

Joseph and His Brethren—FREEMAN

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman, is a story of the soil, its effects on human nature, and its power to bind men to it forever. The stolidity of character that springs from long contact with the earth is visible in old Benjamin and his heavy sons. They are outwardly dull, stupid farmers whose only thought is to eek a livelihood from a traditionally unyielding piece of farm. Inwardly, each experiences the longing and maddening desire to leave the barren farmland and find work in the city. Three of the sons attempt to break away, but each returns when he feels the bond of habit pulling him back to the soil.

Joseph is the half-brother of the others. He was born of old Benjamin and the young girl housekeeper. At first the brothers resent the presence of the child Joseph, but at length he becomes the consuming interest of their starved souls.

The book is one continual mood of the unrelenting oppression of human souls and how the spell of habit can bind a man's whole being. It is long and somewhat tedious in parts but on the whole a very well written book. It is subjective rather than objective, and the wonderful portrayals of character are its predominating feature.

Edythe Latham

The Good Earth—PEARL S. BUCK

Like a glimpse into the heart of the Chinese peasant, like a flash of understanding which illuminates his whole life and being is Pearl S. Buck's *The Good Earth*. We see each small event through the narrow gaze of Wang Lung, illiterate son of a farmer, grandson of a farmer, and, true to his heritage, a son of the soil. He loves the bit of earth he possesses with a consuming passion, desiring more and more, not because of the power its possession will bring him, but simply for love of "the good earth."

With the thrifty help of O-lan, his wife, he soon has silver with which he can buy more land, but crops fail and famine comes; Wang is forced to take his family south on the "fire wagon" and leave his beloved farm to lie inundated and useless.

Strange things happen in the city, which the ignorant farmer does not understand; the Revolution had come, and he, following the mob behind the high walls and into a palace, neither knowing nor caring for the motive behind it all, gets silver and gold which mean but one thing to Wang Lung, the farmer: he can return to his fields, his earth.

In the aftermath of the lean years, he grows prosperous; his sons go to school; he establishes a house in the Chinese fashion; he adopts the customs of the city dwellers, but the love of the earth still courses through his blood like a disease; he must answer its call; he must die on the earth.

Mrs. Buck, who has lived in China for a number of years, writes in a calm, even style that is peculiarly appropriate to the story she tells. The arrangement of the sentences and the placement of the simple words are Chinese; the events are merely those of an ordinary life, but the author has managed to put into her book the very heart of the Chinese peasant and a deep understanding of all farmers who love their land.

Perhaps now that China is so much in the center of the world's stage, we will be deluged with books concerning her life, her customs, her people; but follow what may, to Mrs. Buck must be given the credit for our first glimpse of the soul of China.

Elizabeth Craven



RAVELINGS

REPORTS

ERMA LEE GRAVES

Why am I sad, why am I blue?
I beg your pardon, I thought you knew.
How could I smile, be happy and gay,
When reports came out only yesterday?

I can see the family, hear wails and sighs,
My disgusted brother, his accusing cries.
That D on History, on English, too—
I stood there helpless; what could I do?

I patiently waited till all was said,
Then like a coward went up to bed.
In six weeks more—sad words of pen—
I'll have it all to live over again.

A PHILANDERER'S PHILOSOPHY

QUENTIN DIXON

The philosopher smiled upon the youth
In tolerance, whilst he brought the truth
That lay behind the fallacy,
Full in view where all might see
Its neat pedantic clarity.
"For why," quoth he, with brow upraised,
"Should empty happiness be praised
Or valued above misery,
Since the inevitable must have its fee,
And that's the end of you and me."

I see him yet, my praying sage,
Whose eyebrow lifts at youth and age—
A bored and hopeless fatalist
Whose erudition smells of whist
And mathematics that I've missed;

For, oh, I cannot bear the spikes,
The nobby yelling mob of tikes
Who howl of troubles yesterday.
The legendary sky of gray
Must visit me when I'm away.
For now I'm riding on a joy
That can admit of no alloy
But one—I cannot sing out loud
And that's because I'm not endowed
With voice enough to be allowed.

In closing, I might drop a hint
That opportunely might imprint
A light upon your fuddled brain,
And show you I'm not quite insane:

Two rosy lips, a pair of eyes
Are booming madly down the skies
And looping nicely 'round the moon,
But that's enough—I swoon, I swoon.



SEED CATALOGS—BEFORE AND AFTER

PHILIP HAMMOND

Along in the latter part of April, seed catalogs start coming in every mail. "Buy Suregrow Cauliflower Seed," or some such caption is emblazoned on each and every one. If the family is composed of three members, as ours is—papa, mama, and Johnnie—the first catalogs will disappear. The house will be scoured from top to bottom, but no catalogs can be found. Quantity, however, soon overwhelms opposition; so the later arrivals start piling up on papa's desk. These infernal publications can be always distinguished at once by the yellow, green, or purple illustrations of prosperous looking cabbages on the covers. These catalogs are put out by various and sundry companies in hope that Johnnie's father will buy some of their products; too often he does.

Extensive plans are made as to how to turn the back yard into a garden that will produce every vegetable known to man. The seeds arrive, are planted with a great amount of lost motion by papa; then all is left undisturbed until nature takes her course, and the seeds sprout and grow awhile.

Then, "Johnnie, go out and weed those beans," cabbages, or what ever they may be. A sigh arises from our hero's manly chest as he gloomily walks out and views the hopeful sprouts—one here and there—with the spaces in between filled with solid phalanges of weeds. All summer long it is weeds, weeds, and more weeds.

Father now asks his friends to dinner. "Nice beans, aren't they? Yes, raised them myself in the back yard. Certainly, I did all the real work on them myself, etc., etc." Here father waxes expansive. Johnnie sits at the foot of the table and grinds his teeth.

Well, "sweet are the uses of adversity," as Mr. Shakespeare says.

KNIGHTHOOD

QUENTIN DIXON

In the spring a young man's fancy
Sallies forth in full array,
And his heart goes madly thumping
As he contemplates the day.

For the day is filled with flowers,
And their scent is heady wine,
And the fairies whirling, passing,
Wrench his thoughts quite out of line.

And he dreams of slender towers
In a medieval sky,
And he glories in the banners
Fluttering—as the knights spur by.

Boldly now he grips his great lance;
Scatters legions left and right;
Nonchalantly swaggers homeward;
All the world, behold!—a knight.

Damsels by the score and dozens,
Rescued all in dire distress,
Form a monstrous army following
This, our young blade's happiness.

In the spring a young man's fancy
Rides a thousand prancing steeds,
Galavanting 'round the country,
Condescending, doing deeds.

STARK TRAGEDY

CHARLES SHARPE

The sun shone upon me with a pitiless, dull glare. The monotonous song of the mocking-bird grated harshly in my ears. The carefree dancing and rustling of the leaves in the restless summer breezes sickened my despairing heart. The sounds of my playmates' gay voices made me shrink and shiver in my forlornness and heart-broken grief. The thoughts of fun and play curdled in my feverish brain as I huddled against a chicken coop and shook with choking sobs. I drank of salty tears as I looked upon the object of my sorrow through red and swollen eyes.

Yes, there it lay. Bitter as it was, it was true. The beautiful, spotted bandana neckerchief that my uncle had given me—that I had so proudly displayed before my admiring friends as I knotted it about my neck and played cowboy—ruined. It was torn exactly half in two. And yet they laughed. They told me to forget it—to forget my beautiful bandana! They didn't care a bit. They wouldn't have cared if an old tramp had carried me off that very minute. They didn't even like me—laughing, while I cried for my bandana.

O, why did Santa Claus bring me that old wagon anyway—that old, mean, tin wagon that caught my bandana and tore it. I wished Santa Claus had not come. He was the cause of it.

I could never fold it and knot it about my neck again.

And why did Daddy laugh and tell me to forget it? I thought my Daddy loved me. And Mother too—she laughed at me. Everybody liked to see me suffer.

I wished that I could die—I tried to die. I held my breath just as long as I could and shut my eyes tight. I truly believe that I would have died if I hadn't smelled that good steak that Mother was broiling for supper.

ODE TO A CLOCK

(On being abruptly awakened)

QUENTIN DIXON

Salutations, fiend and craven,
Rooting me from out the haven
Of my bed.
Though of yore I cursed you sweetly,
There are yet some sayings meetly
To be said.

Imbecile, on mantle sitting,
Like some stolid gossip knitting,
Have a care.
Insolence is in the science
Of your two hands' low alliance.
Now beware.

Sneaking, faithful, wretch relentless!
Brazen ding-a-ling repentless!
You my friend?
Never was there one compassion
To relieve your hang-dog fashion.
Have you sinned?

No, you pious, steadfast beauty,
Never could you fling your duty
Quite away.
Always will you ring in scorning,
Agonizing every morning
With your lay.



THE SHUTTLE

The High School Record—Camden (N. J.) High School

I really like your magazine;
I think it very good indeed.
The editorials are fine;
They are the kind I like to read.
Good work, you who this journal edit;
I think that you deserve much credit!

The Whisp—Wilmington (Delaware) High School

The Whisp has a style that is good;
It is clear, entertaining, direct.
The issue on "Hobbies" reveals
A good central plan in effect.
But the fact that there are so few poems
Is a feature to which I object.

The Mercury—Springfield (Mass.) High School

Your poetry's perhaps the best
Of all your magazine;
Your stories—well, they're not so good
As others that I've seen.

Your High School News is also good,
But some woodcuts are rough;
Your editorials, I think,
Are not quite long enough.

The Spaulding Sentinel—Spaulding High School, Barre, Utah

I'll admit that most of your humor is good,
But I think that you have of it more than you should;
And I think that your journal would be much more fine
If you had some more serious items in line.
To so many short things I also object;
It gives to your pages a choppy effect.

The Quill—Roselle Park (N. J.) High School

I think *The Quill* is quite the best
Of Senior Issues I've reviewed—
The "Will," the "Prophecy," and all
Are with delightful wit imbued.





THE WEAVER'S GUILD

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY

LOUIS BROOKS

It seems but a little while ago
That I came softly on child feet
To an open portal and stood so,
And gazed enraptured, with swift heart-beat,
In love with earth and clouds and stars.
A little while and yet so long—
Long enough to fashion twisted bars,
Long enough to learn the lilt of a broken song.
Give me, O God, one hour of life
To set against the pitiless years,
One memory so radiant that no strife
Nor the weight of a myriad tears
Can bear it down nor sweep it away,
One moment to stand like a white rose
In a field of poppies at close of day,
To last till in poppy sleep all things close.

CANDLE LIGHT

GRACE HOBBS

Gloom—

Shadows creeping up the ivied wall,

A weary heart grown sadder—

I saw a dead leaf fall . . .

The last red flame from the candle of spring

Close to the river's brink.

Soon a gust of wind will come . . .

The leaf will fall and sink.

The last red flame . . .

From the candle of spring . . . youth . . .

And a turn of the page . . .

The flame flickers low . . .

For the chapter now is "Age."

My soul lies close to the river's brink

Where silver laughter lies . . .

Soon a gust of wind will come.

The leaf will fall . . . and rise!



