HOMESPUN

PLAY

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Contents

THE WEAVE

Play

Ruth C. Hill

When you are tired at close of day,
I'll come and send your cares away.

* * *

I filled your life when you were small;
Now that you're older, I have changed.
I may be anything at all—
My lot is often very strange.
I frolic—skip along a brook;
I knock a ball across the grass;
I settle quietly with a book—
How swiftly do the hours pass!
I make sweet music oftentimes;
I study diligently, too;
I write small stories, timid rhymes;
I'm anything you like to do.

* * *

Of course you know me in some way—
All people do, for I am Play!

Around the World With Amusements

Mildred Faulkner

If by some feat of magic we were able to take a trip around the world and visit some of the foreign countries, we would see many interesting games played by the different peoples. Some of these would be extremely familiar to us, while others would be very strange.

First, we would go to China, because, as the old saying goes, China is so directly beneath us that if we were to dig a hole straight down through the earth, we would finally emerge in this ancient country. The Chinese are fond of kite-flying; even the grown people fly kites shaped like great dragons and lions and other fantastic things. This is an ancient custom and a very popular pastime. What horse-racing is to England, and baseball is to the United States, kite-flying is to China. The men, women, and children, from the king downward, fly kites during the first days of the new year; and in China "Kites' Day," the ninth day of the ninth month, is a great holiday. These favorite toys are made to represent gorgeously-colored birds, insects, or flowers, as well as highly decorated geometrical forms. Kite-flying is the favorite sport, not because of the exercise got from it, but because it has been made into a game requiring great skill. The string near the point of attachment is covered with glue and bits of glass, so that a player may with a sudden jerk cut the cord of his opponent's kite.

The Chinese, however, have the majority of their fun during the New Year's celebration. At this time every shop is closed, every debt is paid, gifts are exchanged, and everyone takes a holiday.

The Japanese have practically the same kinds of amusements that the Chinese have. However, most of their games require more physical exercise. Although the New Year festival of the Chinese is very gay and elaborate, that of the Japanese is even more so. Everyone, no matter how poor he is, provides himself with gay,

new clothes and takes three days off from work to visit friends or entertain them at his home.

As we ventured from Japan to the little country of dikes and wind-mills, we would, perhaps, see nothing that to us furnished amusements, for everyone—men, women, and children—works, selling milk, cheese, butter, or something on this order. They do, however, play golf, as they were among the founders of this popular game.

Now, going over to the main parts of Europe, we reach the highlands of Scotland. Here, the national winter sport is curling, a game of ancient origin. A place, called a "rink," is marked off on the ice, about forty-two yards long and eight or nine yards wide. A "tee," surrounded by two circles, is at each end of the rink. In front of each tee is a line, called the "hog score." The object of the games is to send the curling stone, which is made of granite, as near as possible to the tee and at the same time to keep the stone of an opponent from entering the circle.

Another favorite Scotch sport is golf. The Scotch made an improvement over Dutch and French golf, by making holes in the ground to receive the ball. Probably the most famous golf course in the world is that of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews in Scotland.

As in most of the other countries, Scotland's biggest and happiest day is New Year's. New Year's Eve is celebrated with great heartiness. The old tradition that to be "first-foot" in a house brings luck for the whole year sends throngs of midnight revelers into the streets of Scotland on this particular evening. Each has his box of cakes and spiced ale; for, in order to insure his host a splendid year in health, wealth, and happiness, he must not enter empty-handed.

Going over to Switzerland, we meet again the game of curling. In addition to this, we also find skiing and tobogganing leading the list of favorite sports for young and old. Here are held carnivals in which the brilliant displays of ski-jumpers always attract the crowd of holiday-makers. The most famous toboggan slide in the world is at St. Moritz, in the Swiss Alps.

As most of the other European countries have games similar to

those we have just seen, we journey back to America, where we see our favorite recreations, such as swimming, horseback riding, ball playing of all kinds, a little kite-flying, and scores of minor sports.

Different from foreign countries, America has its greatest holiday at Christmas instead of on New Year's Day. However, New Year's is also observed, often with great ceremony. The celebrations here are just as varied as the types of people. Each city and rural district has its New Year's Eve "watch night" service in the churches and homes, its dancing and theater parties, and its gay street revelers. It is a time of general entertaining and visiting. The former custom, however, of keeping open house and making New Year's calls has practically disappeared.

Thus we see how entirely most of our amusements differ from those of our foreign neighbors, although practically the same fundamental purpose is involved in each.

Kites

Louie Brown Michaels

My little kite
Tossing up yonder,
What do you see there, up so high?
"Mountains and green trees,
A great blue ocean,
Small children laughing, and much, much sky."

My little kite,
See you yet Paradise,
Gleaming and golden, and stretching afar?
"Only the clouds;
And below me a city,
Smoking and roaring, and smelling of tar."

Colors in the Weave

Spring and Play

Miriam Mason

I love the warmth that steals into my heart
When spring has come and winter's gone again.
I love the way it dips its fingers in
The sun and touches shadow places in
My heart and makes it shimmer with delight.
I love the way it curls its fingers in
My hair and makes it crisp and soft and warm.
I love the way it wraps its arms around
My body—pulling unused chords within.
I love the way it seeps into my blood
And makes it run along with new-found life.
I love the way it makes my frozen heart
Melt in a swift, sweet overflow of joy.
It's then I reach to grasp the things I left
Behind me years ago—I want to dance
And swim and walk and talk and laugh and love.
I long to bury deep the things that winter brings;
And, as my blood moves faster through my veins,
To twirl and dance, and, most of all, to play.

Confessions

Maureen Moore

YOU listen with avid horror to the story of Mr. So-and-So whose past is a mystery, who has been secretly leading a double life. "A double life"—ah, the fatal allure of that expression. It makes you listen a bit more closely; it sends a thrill of delicious excitement shuddering up your spine. The words are magic, mysterious, and terrible. But, listen. What, then, will you say when I tell you that in the past I have led a triple life! Yes, I confess that in those earlier days of my sojourn on this earth I was decidedly not all that good little girls should be.

My first self, whose picture you may find in the family album on the attic shelf, was a befreckled little girl of amazing solidity, whose straight brown hair and black-rimmed glasses gave her a perpetually solemn, almost stupid expression. She scorned hair-ribbons, pretty, fluffy dresses, and baths. She hated dolls, except one—a very large, limp child of rags who had been christened "Margaret," but who was commonly called "Biggy" because of her size. "Biggy" led quite an exciting life and was openly adored by her young mistress. This unfortunate child soon became worn out from constant use; and after the loss of one arm, both legs, and the top of her head, she was thrown to the lions in an impressive ceremony in the Roman arena. The role of the lions was played realistically, with much growling and head-shaking by an awkward, overgrown puppy. When she grew so old that even Buster ceased his attentions, "Biggy" was resurrected and put to bed, where she died quietly and with dignity, as befitted a real martyr. She was given a real funeral, with a sermon and with a few tears shed by her fond mistress, who kept her grave fresh with flowers for a few days; then she promptly forgot her dead child when she went on a visit to her grandmother's.

It was on this trip to my grandmother's that the creation of my second self took place. "Jinny" was a real, yet imaginary character. More than this, she was a time-old institution. "Oh, let's play 'Jinny,'" my sister would cry; and immediately she

became Jinny, I became Jinny, and anyone else who was playing became Jinny also. Sometimes this wonder-child was blonde, sometimes brunette, and quite frequently she was red-headed. Her age had no restrictions, and no more did her character. She was sometimes a captive maiden, languishing daily in her tower until she was daringly rescued by a noble young prince, also named Jinny, who carried her off to a ranch in the wide open spaces of Texas, where matters were further complicated by the fact that the proprietor was a Chinese cook whose name, curiously, was Jinny. Quite often, Jinny was a family of farmers who gardened, milked, and churned. Most frequently she was a girl, about two years older than myself, who rode wild horses, who swam dangerous rivers, who fought and won nation-wide wars, and whose versatility had no limits. Once, I remember, Jinny was eaten by a whale. She became an angel and went to heaven, where she sat on the roof of the play-house, strumming on an old ukelele whose one remaining string gave forth the sound of thousands of angelic harps. Jinny came to meals with us, went to church with us, and slept with us. The only times I ever abandoned her were when I, wearied of her active life, robbed a certain old attic trunk, lifted my head to an impressive angle, and became Mrs. Cherry.

Mrs. Cherry played the role of the *grande dame*. She attended teas and parties, and she was always very cool and dignified. She wore a white dress covered with red polka dots, a straw hat with a bunch of red cherries dangling from it. I have ever maintained that Mrs. Cherry was a great help to my moral character. She made me wash my hands, comb my hair, and never, oh, never would she permit me to take part in any degrading arguments. Lifting her nose in the air, she would clomp disdainfully away, her dress dragging majestically on the ground or flapping wildly in the breeze, and the heels of her too-large shoes making a curious scraping sound against the sidewalk.

And this, my children, is the secret of my past, or rather, part of the secret. I could not tell you all of it, for I am sure you would not believe me. However, in these three characters were the days of my childhood spent; and I can truly say that they were the happiest days of life.

The Song of the Children

Mary Elliott Garvin

'Tis spring, and the windows are all open wide,
And the song of the children comes in like the tide.
I can't catch the words, but the music is sweet.
'Tis the laughter of children, the dancing of feet.

The school gong has sounded; the children rush out
To take up their games with a whoop and a shout,
For lessons are over; each task is complete.
All nature is calling, and freedom is sweet.

The red-headed captain with hair all awry
Is begging a batter "Don't knock up a fly!
I'll send you a fast one, right over the plate.
Oh, gosh! You struck at it an hour too late!"

The frail little laddie who lives down the street
And has to use crutches to help his lame feet
Is waving his cap as he chuckles with glee,
"My dad's going fishing, and he says he'll take me."

There's a group playing marbles and shooting like sin.
Each boy is determined that he has to win.
Hear the ringing of skates as a crowd flashes by,
Each bound to outdistance the others—or die.

The tots 'round the sand-pile are a sight to behold;
They couldn't work harder if digging for gold.
They're building a castle with turrets and towers—
'Twill keep them busy through long sunny hours.

'Tis spring, and the song of the children I hear;
Through the wide open windows it floats loud and clear.
I can't catch the words, but the music is sweet—
'Tis the laughter of children, the dancing of feet.

Tree Climbing

James Gregory

Show me a boy that has never climbed a tree and imagined himself a huge ape or a fine example of Tarzan, the ape man; if he is such, he cannot be classed as a normal boy.

I attended a circus a few years ago and was, as all boys are, greatly impressed by the skilful trapeze artists who performed high above the amazed audience. After the circus was over, my mind was filled with wonderful pictures of myself swinging high among the trees and performing dare-devil tricks.

Eating my dinner hurriedly, I rushed out of the kitchen and notified my neighboring friend of my ambitions. He became interested in my tale and decided to join me in my act. We discarded our shirts and shoes and attempted to follow the examples of our so-called ancestors, but mine must not have been good tree-climbers. The bark on the oak tree was rather rough, and my hands showed signs of that. We picked out three good limbs to serve as trapeze swings and began to demonstrate our skill.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness the death-defying feats of the Flying Duke." I imagined that a huge audience was applauding me and jumped lightly to the opposite limb; my friend followed suit. I gained a little courage and made a longer leap; the limber branch swayed under my weight. I was now hanging above a stouter limb. A thought flashed into my mind: why not drop from the limb that I was now hanging from to the limb below? What a stunt! I held on a while and thought: "Yes, I believe I can do it; what about the dangerous stunts of the trapeze troupe?"

My plan was made known to my companion, and I shouted, "Ladies and gentlemen, the Flying Duke will now perform his world-renowned hanging drop at the tremendous height of fifteen feet. Watch him, folks. *Allez-oop*," and I released my grip.

The Flying Duke awoke on something soft; was it the life net? I don't exactly remember. I faintly recall my mother's saying, "Now, Jimmie, why on earth did you do such a foolish thing?"

Blowing Bubbles

Elizabeth Drummond

As I recall the halcyon days of my far-distant childhood, one thing stands out above all others as being the supreme accomplishment of the age. I was the champion bubble-blower of the neighborhood. Oh, glorious title!

Again I feel the confidence with which I dipped my red clay pipe into a bowl of soapy water, sighed into the slender stem, and sent another masterpiece floating into the air. I hear once more the "Ah's!" that followed my bubbles, from the lips of my envious admirers. No one but a genius could perform such miracles with soap and water! Even I was bewildered by my amazing talent.

Sometimes I whispered a message into my iridescent balloons, with the fond hope that they would ascend to the angels. Always they reached the celestial inhabitants for whom they were intended, for did I not see them pop when they had been read?

It was always exciting to blow necklaces through macaroni sticks. Each time a perfect chain of soapy pearls slipped from my magic straw, new laurels appeared on my already over-toppling crown. How condescendingly I agreed with my open-mouthed admirers who ridiculed all contestants for my throne!

In more capricious moods it was great fun to thrust my pipe into the bowl and blow huge castles of bubbles that gurgled up even to my ears and strung rainbow whiskers over my cheeks. My mother's easiest method of getting me to take a bath was by promising me that I might perform this kind of water-wonder in the tub. After a few weeks of practice I could almost fill the bathroom with this species of transient beauty.

Now as I try to help Fate decide what my future will hold, I fervently hope that part of my time may be spent in regaining this juvenile joy. I truly believe that I shall spend part of my first million in building a bubble paradise, wherein I shall be able to become the bubble-blowing champion of the world.

Play at Evening

Hortense Jones

It's a friendly time of evening; the lights are dim and low. There's a sort of dusty gray curtain gently settling over the world. One may see through it, but only in blurs. Supper, for that's what it is in the summer, has been over for a long time; and families are sitting on their doorsteps talking—two or three here, a group there. In one yard, any yard will do, all the children of all ages are congregated. The youngest run around catching fireflies, but only a few, for they blink their brake lights off and get their cars into full motion when one approaches.

The older ones sit on the steps deciding on what game it's to be tonight; that is, all but two, who are finishing their game of one, two, three o'clock while there's still light enough to see the ball. The hop-scotch court has been abandoned, for in the dusk too many arguments take place as to whether one stepped on the lines or not.

It's cooler tonight, so rock-school is decided against, and something with more action chosen. The choice lies among kick-the-can, make a little semi-circle, red-light, and hide and seek. They are counted out with "My mother told me to take this one," and the choice is hide and seek. At once bedlam takes place—"I bid not! I bid not"—so again with

"One potato, two potato, three potato, four—
Five potato, six potato, seven potato, more"

the "it" is pointed out and begins the long count to one hundred. Faster, faster, and faster she counts until the numbers all run together, and her tongue becomes so twisted that she loses time. Finally the triumphant "One hundred!" and—

"Bushel of wheat,
Bushel of rye,
All not ready,
'Holler' I."

and again—

"Bushel of wheat,
Bushel of clover,
All not ready,
'Holler' it over."

The mad search begins. No use to look in the park; shadows are too big and black there, and some wild tales float around about a crazy man who wanders there at night. No use to go in the house—that's "no fair"—so try the garage, and someone slides in with "Home free!"

Again and again this is played with squeals of delight and regret, excitement, and sometimes pain as one stumbles over a brick or the neighborhood dog. Gradually the children are called in, all disheveled, dirty—summer dresses mashed and droopy. The night is silent; the moon and stars shine down on the deserted streets that so shortly ago held the happy shouts and laughter of children, and the shadows play hide and seek.

When I Was Five

Phyllis Hagedorn

I

I like to play out in the wood
That's right across the street;
The moss is green, and after rain
It always smells so sweet.

Lucile and I sit on the moss
And look up at the trees,
And try to count the little leaves
That rustle in the breeze.

II

Tall tree, tall tree,
What do you see so high?
Says it sees blue palaces
Away up in the sky.

III

I watched a little wiggle-worm
Go wiggling on the ground;
Lucile said, "Squush him," but he'd found
A hole and scrambled down.

IV

The funniest dog you ever saw
Came down our street one time;
He had an uppish little nose
No bigger than a dime.

A lady had him on a chain,
Though I could not see why;
He was so small he couldn't even
Hurt a little fly.

I squatted down beside him
And tried to pat his head;
He didn't wag his tail at all,
But yapped at me instead.

V

Look, Johnny, there's a pony-cart!
Whose is it, do you s'pose?
It looks like one your sister had,
Or like my Uncle Joe's.

Come on, let's take a ride in it,
Oh, just pretend, I mean;
You can be the King of Spain,
And I will be the Queen.

VI

Aren't frogs the cutest things,
And lightning bugs and such?
I'd keep 'em in the desk, but mother
Doesn't like 'em much.

'Possum Huntin' Time

Charles Sharpe

"R-r-r-ring-g-g-g!" sings out the faithful little alarm clock in surprise—and what sensible alarm clock, I ask you, wouldn't be surprised at finding itself suddenly buzzing out at the top of its voice at two o'clock in the morning when for the last three hundred and sixty-five days, at least, it had never done so until six o'clock?

Out of bed I bounce, dragging my brother with me, switching on the light, and cutting off the alarm all at the same time. For the next two minutes the surprised little time-keeper, ticking away more energetically than ever in the excitement, witnesses a whirlwind of flying pajamas, shirts, pants, socks, boots, coats, and other articles of attire from which my brother and I emerge in a garb suitable for the liveliest 'possum chase ever run. I poke my head for a moment out of the window into the cool night air to see that the weather is right. What a night! I can actually sense the big old 'possums prowling about in that still blackness.

"I hear Ed's Ford coming," laughs my brother as he draws his head in from the other window and dives from the room.

"Be quiet," I say as we collide at the head of the stair and start down as quietly as possible.

"You needn't mind about tiptoeing now—you've already waked up the whole house," shouts out an angry voice below; "hurry and get on out!"

We hasten out to the barn to loose Jup and Dido, the hounds, who have also caught the excitement and seem to be trying to tear down the barn with their leaping and howling. I grab an empty feed bag, strike a match to the old, smoky lantern, and after cramming my pockets with peanuts and juicy pears and dashing a glass of icy well water into my already shivering body, am off for the woods with the rest of the gang, who have just tumbled out of the old Ford and are rearing to go.

What a mad dash is that first thrilling race of shouting boys and yelping dogs fresh from warm beds and invigorated by the

chill of the star-lit air as they break for the lure of the game trail! Across a plowed field we race, whooping to the hounds and sinking above our ankles at every step in the soft earth. Now we have reached the woods, and for a minute sprawl about on the leaves, panting from the exertion and laughing about the dirt in our shoes or some clumsy straggler who tripped up and put out his lantern in the tumble and now comes blundering along through the brush in the dark.

We are warm and comfortable now and soon settle down quietly in tense expectancy. The hounds are no longer to be heard or seen, and we know that they are getting down to business. Our patience is soon rewarded by a long, drawn-out bark, sounding down in the hollow.

"Jup's struck,'" says one.

"Cold trail," says another; and we all yell out as only a 'possum hunter can yell as two more hounds fall onto the trail and things begin to warm up a bit. Straight down the branch they go in full cry, and we all jump to our feet and start out in pursuit. Before we have run twenty steps we all stop suddenly to listen. The sharp, staccato yelps have changed to the deep, regular baying that marks the end of the chase.

"Treed!" we shout, and again break into a run which ends at the foot of a scrubby dogwood overgrown with muscadine vines. The tree is illuminated with the rays of our flashlights, and the pair of red, gleaming eyes is soon located. There is a grand scramble to see who climbs, and two minutes later someone in the top of the tree calls out, "Are you ready?"

"Let her go!" we yell, as some of us grab the dogs and others prepare to catch the animal. For a few breathless moments there is only the sound of shaking leaves and falling twigs in the tree above as the climber attempts to dislodge the animal from its perch. Someone shines a light into the tree, and the 'possum is seen whirling 'round and 'round the limb, holding only by his tail.

"There he comes!" is the shout, and the furry varmint comes sailing down through the branches, twisting and grasping frantically for support. The hounds begin barking anew and wrestling with their keepers as Mr. 'Possum hits the ground, "plop!" With

tail straight in air he makes a run for freedom but is met by such a deluge of sacks, coats, lanterns, and sticks that he is forced to halt. I snatch him from the ground and hold him high over my head as the dogs are loosed and rush into me, nearly knocking me over in their attempts to get to the 'possum. I have tooth scars on my right arm and shoulder now as souvenirs of holding 'possums before a pack of jumping, howling, snapping hounds.

"Hurry up with that sack!" I shout above the din, and two minutes later we are moving on our way with the growling old 'possum dangling in the bag from some happy hunter's shoulder. We soon emerge from this patch of woods into a dew-soaked meadow, which we cross on our way to the bigger woods along the creek. Out of the dense shadows of the trees we see the Big Bear hanging far to the west and a narrow rim of moon dipping from sight on the wooded horizon.

As we are approaching the body of forest ahead of us, two of the younger hounds strike a red-hot trail and come boiling down the meadow wide open. We raise a shout, which soon dies out, however, for lack of enthusiasm, because we know that neither of the pups is broken from rabbits—and that trail is mighty straight for a 'possum!

"We'll soon find out," says Ed, as old Jup comes catapulting by us in the direction of the race, which is now speeding around the edge of the woods from which we just came. Old Jup is a straight 'possumer and wouldn't run a rabbit after dark for a leg of mutton; so, when he comes trotting back a few seconds later, we know well enough that it was just another cotton-tail.

After much scolding and shouting we finally get the pups to abandon the chase after the elusive bunny, and they come slinking in with tails curled under their bellies. We give them a kind word to pep up their spirits after the scolding and make our way on into the timber. On coming to a section along the creek which appears to be good 'possum country, we take a rest to give the dogs time to hunt it over. It is soon apparent that brother 'possum has been abroad in that district, for we hear the quick footfalls of the hounds in the leaves about us and occasionally the rays of a lantern light up a pair of savage eyes shining from the wrinkled and scarred

forehead of some veteran of scores of long midnight chases. We hear the quick snuffing of cold noses striving to pick up the scent, and the anxious whines sometimes breaking into sharp barks as the nose crosses a leaf upon which Mr. 'Possum stepped some hours before. The whines and yelps grow more frequent as the trail begins to untangle and move on down the hollow. The baying grows stronger and faster, and the whole pack falls in together on the warming trail. And talk about music—put six or eight bell-voiced hounds together on a hot trail and I challenge any symphony orchestra to beat it!

We listen quietly to the pack until the music begins to grow fainter as the hounds top a hill and turn down another hollow. We then jump to our feet, and after running until we are all out of breath stop for a moment to listen.

"That must be a fox," gasps one of the boys as our ears again catch the sound of the pack, which is still getting farther away. A slight increase in the volume of the baying indicates that the trail is leading up another hill. But suddenly the sound stops. For a moment we figure that the hounds have caught the animal on the ground, but soon we hear a tree-bark. Then all the hounds begin to "talk." We break into a run, shouting and betting on the size of the 'possum. Some wager that it is a coon, but it is doubtful that any such creatures exist about these woods. However, we are sure of one thing—whatever it is can certainly run!

After jumping two branches and crossing the creek on an old fallen tree we climb a steep, wooded hill and finally reach the scene of excitement. No wonder the 'possum had the dogs fooled for a minute! The hounds are standing out in an open space barking at a grape-vine dangling from the top of a huge leaning poplar. Mr. 'Possum had jumped some three or four feet from the ground to the ascent of his lofty perch, leaving the hounds to believe that he had evaporated into thin air. But old Jup is a wise old dog—he hasn't been chasing 'possums five years for nothing.

"What a 'possum!" we shout as we turn our lights upon the huge grizzled monster at the top of the vine.

"And what a tree!" exclaim the ambitious climbers, walking over to the foot of the tall leaning trunk and gazing longingly up

its smooth, limbless sides. It is evident that Mr. 'Possum is in a safe place; but we do try tugging at the vine, which only sends the huge monarch of the forest to the almost horizontal body of the tree, where he walks uneasily backward and forward with red eyes and big, protruding tusks gleaming in the light. After admiring for some minutes this awe-inspiring giant of 'possumdom, we turn away, calling the hounds, who leave the tree reluctantly and run back and forth, looking impatiently (and, I sometimes imagine, disgustedly) into our faces. But it is with no regret that we leave this majestic creature to his dark, mysterious trails and high dens. He has given us a good chase, and we would never begrudge a freedom so justly and cleverly earned.

Having traveled in almost a straight line since starting out, we decide to turn our course a little in the direction of home. We have left the creek woods and are crossing an old corn-field when someone yells out "Dog-apple tree!" and all make a rush for the spreading tree ahead. In a quarter of a minute the lower limbs are full of hungry boys; and on the ground the wiser hunters are eagerly snatching the cold, sweet fruit from under the noses of the hounds, who also have an appetite for persimmons, or "dog-apples," as we choose to call them.

When we have eaten our fill, we resume the hunt much refreshed. The pups, of course, rouse another rabbit before we can cross the field, and have to be called in again.

As we reach the next patch of woods and take seats along the edge of the narrow strip of meadow running between the field and the dark trees, the hounds begin to pick up another cold trail. While we sit gazing at the glowing bits of foxfire in the damp meadow grass and listening to the regular chirping of the crickets, we forget 'possums and the hounds still snuffing around behind us in the shadows. Our smoky lanterns are burning low while millions of bright stars are twinkling in the black sea above. We sit around against the tree-trunks, resting peacefully as we breathe the fresh, pure air with our every sense awake to the gentle voices of nature around us. It is then that one can feel the wild blood of his cave-man ancestors rouse and course tingling through his veins. The imagination at such times is very active, and one will lose for

the moment all consciousness of civilization and feel himself to be one of those shy and wary hunting and hunted creatures of the forest.

The distant crowing of a farmer's cock stirs us from our dreams, and we are conscious of that intense darkness and stillness that come just before the dawn. We raise our chilled and cramped bodies stiffly to our feet and continue our march, musing on the beauty of the night. The hounds have long since abandoned the cold trail and are trotting on behind us.

The excitement of another rabbit chase beginning right under our feet, where a frightened cottontail leaves his bed in the grass, soon changes our silent and contemplative mood. We are in the midst of a big field when the cry "Watermelons!" goes up. More refreshments!——watermelons in November! Inside the tough, frost-bitten rinds the meat is as sweet as ever. When we have burst and eaten the cold, juicy hearts of some of the melons and are tired of fighting with the dripping rinds, we see that the stars are beginning to grow dim and a faint streak of gray has appeared in the east. We are still about a mile and a half from home, so we begin walking rather briskly.

Crossing the last stretch of woods before we "go in," we have a good chase and add a seven-pounder to the bag. This tops off the hunt just right.

Five minutes later, in the light of the rising sun, we tramp up into the yard at home. My friends crank the old Ford and go rattling away hurriedly after some breakfast more substantial than "dog-apples" and watermelons.

"Hurry and milk and come on to breakfast," says my dad, poking his head out the door, anxious for us to get onto that wood-chopping. Saturday in winter is always a busy day on the farm.

Later on in the afternoon I begin to feel rather sleepy, and my axe seems to weigh a ton. I swap jobs with the negro who is hauling the wood that I may sleep on the trips back and forth. By supper time I am "all in."

"Well, I guess you'll sleep soundly tonight," remarks my dad.

"You bet," I reply rather undecidedly as I sit down to eat.

Suddenly the telephone rings. I jump from my chair and

make for the 'phone with so much suddenly accumulated energy that Dad looks around with no little surprise.

"Hello——yeah, this is Charlie.——Do I!——How long before I will be ready to start?——Oh, soon's I can eat a bite of supper. ——All right; I'll see you.——Say, Ed, be sure and bring your flashlight; my bulb burnt out last night.——Well, 'by."

"Say, do you remember what we did with that sack?" I ask my brother as I return to the room.

"Well, I hope you boys'll get enough 'possum huntin' sometime," remarks Dad rather disgustedly. "Remember, though, that this is Saturday night; be back before twelve o'clock——you must get up in time for church tomorrow."

In half an hour we are headed for the creek and have the sport going again. Yes, once a 'possum hunter, always a 'possum hunter.

One o'clock finds my brother and me tiptoeing quietly up the stairs to bed. We tumble heavily into the sheets. I raise my head to take a look out into the night and see by the moonlight the silent and neglected little alarm clock glaring at me reproachfully. I remember that I haven't wound it since Friday at bedtime.

"What do I care," I chuckle happily as I turn over to a much needed sleep to dream of tall trees and baying hounds.

While the Referee Counts

William Bell

"One," said the referee; and poor Tommy covered his ears with his gloves. Wow, thought Tommy, what hit me? It must have been a train—or a truck.

"Two!"

Oh, my poor mother! Why did I ever disobey her? Where is she now? I would do anything for her—uh-ah, I forgot to wash the dishes.

"Three!"

And my poor father; he had worked so hard for me. I wish he were here now.

"Four!"

Poor old G. H. S.! Why did I ever join the boxing team? Just wait until I get my hands on that coach.

"Five!"

And my old Sunday school teacher——I haven't been to Sunday school for six months. Oh, I wonder if the preacher will bury me——I haven't been to church, either.

"Six!"

Why don't they do something? I've been lying here for ages—what's wrong with that referee, anyway?

"Seven!"

And why did I ever come to Raleigh? I should have taken the good advice offered me.

"Eight!"

Well, I guess I will never see my buddies again——there are Bill, Johnny, Charley, and Frank.

"Nine!"

And, let's see——there is Barney, too. Well, I guess I've learned my lesson——no more boxing for me!

"Ten, you're out!"

A Great Gray Cat

Susan Barksdale

The lovely gray fur like soft duckdown;
Little creepy cushions on inky-black feet;
Great green eyes that wink and blink and glance away;
Trim sharp ears that rise and fall;
Smart white whiskers neatly brushed apart;
Tiny bright pink tongue, like a sharpened file,
Curled within your mouth;
A very keen mind in a very wise head;
And sharp gray claws hidden in an ambush of fur—
These make the great gray cat
That plays with me.

That Tow-Headed Companion

Ed Benbow, Jr.

"Say, stranger, I may be mistaken, but ain't your name Carl Stocks? It is? Uh-huh, I thought so. Now, I haven't seen you in forty-five years, but I recognized you right off; that smile of yours, that's what made me know you. You don't know me, do you? Well, I see, but I'll bet you would if I shaved and changed these old clothes for some good ones.

"Think hard now; you remember when you was about five years old and had such a good time riding that little white pony of yours? Well, when you wanted to be the cowboy, there was always that little playmate of yours who was eager to mount his small sorrel pony to be the Indian. And when you chose to be the pioneer, then that same tow-haired playmate would ride joyfully away to lay in ambush behind the alders along the creek. If you were the bare-back rider in the circus behind the barn, then this friend of yours would take his tall silk hat in his hand, crack a long black-snake whip, and announce your act. If you fell off, he was the one who helped you up again and brushed the chaff and sawdust from your red tights. If you accidentally stayed mounted throughout your whole performance, he was the first to pat you on the back.

"But that ain't all that I know about you, stranger. No, sir! I know all about those fishing trips you and that youngster used to take up above the old mill-dam. You and him would dig bait together for two or three days before the trip; then, just before leaving, you'd climb up to the top shelf in your workshop and pull down a mess of tackle. There'd be hooks for 'minnies' and hooks for 'turkles,' and you'd always have a job trying to untangle the cotton twine line from the piece of real fishing cord that your uncle'd given you. When this was done, you'd take two perch hooks, a 'minnie' hook, and a 'turkle' hook. Then you'd give your friend a like array of tackle, and you two'd head for the creek. There you would bait your hooks with worms—all but the 'turkle' hook——and set them in the hole that had washed out

on the first bend. Down the creek a little ways in the pool just below the old dead log you dropped in your 'turkle' hooks, baited with chunks of beef that the butcher'd given you.

"With this done, you and him always climbed the hill on the left bank and started taking turns on the old grape-vine swing. Usually you jumped off the rotten stump and swung 'way out over the pond; but the other fellow, well, he was just a little bit scared, and he never did get very much of a start. Sometimes, if he could work up the courage, you'd both go off the bank and swing out over the water a little ways; and many's the time you've got tickled and dropped into the water up to your knees. However, you didn't care, 'cause you were usually ready for a swim anyway.

"After splashing around in the muddy water a while, you'd both go racing back down the hill to pull out a 'minnie' or to re-bait a hook. Usually it was to re-bait a hook. But, when we did catch a fish,—did I say 'we'? Well, I might as well go ahead and tell—you'd never guess; I was that tow-headed companion of yours. Yea, you remember me now, don't-cha? Say, I want to talk to you some more; come on over 'cross the fence and . . . "

"Monkey Moshuns"

Josephine Andoe

I acks monkey moshuns, so I do,
I acks monkey moshuns, too-ree-loo,
I acks 'em well, an' 'at's a fack,
I acks jes' like dem monkies ack,

chanted the circle of grinning negroes.

The period was the middle of the nineteenth century; the place was a cleared spot of ground in front of the negro cabins of a Southern plantation; the time was sun-down on a mid-summer day.

The negroes, tired from their day's work in the fields, were engaged in one of their ways of relaxation. Praying, singing, and

dancing were with them synonymous with play. Each of them thoroughly enjoyed the antics of the prancing fellow inside the circle. To their delight he was succeeding admirably in imitating the antics of a monkey. His lower lip protruding more than usual, and his free walk now only a shuffle, he sidled around the circle, licking his lips with an occasional quick dart of the tongue, and scratching his head very realistically.

I acks lady moshuns, so I do,
I acks lady moshuns, too-ree-loo—

An old mammy took time off from singing to comment on the performance of a large negro man. "Huh, lookit Brudder Abel tryin' to do dem lady moshuns! He ain't learned to act like a gemmun yet. Look! Look at him makin' eyes at that Sa'ah Jane!" This in a very scornful tone; for Sa'ah Jane had shocked the negroes time and again with her "ca-in's on."

I acks gemmun moshuns, so I do,
I acks gemmun moshuns, too-ree-loo,
I acks 'em good, and 'at's a fack,
I acks jes' like dem gemmuns ack.

And a yellow negro stepped from the circle of foot-stamping, rhythm-producing, care-free people into the center of the ring.

Boy, was he struttin'! He should have had a Malacca, gold-topped cane for the actions he got through with that old stick of Blind Joe's. And the high-falutin' tipping of his old cap would have done justice to a silk topper of a Lennox Avenuer of the present day.

I acks niggah moshuns, so I do,
I acks niggah moshuns, too-ree-loo,
I acks 'em well, an' 'at's a fack,
I acks jes' like dem monkies ack."

This time several men and women stepped into the space left for the actor and began the free, lithe motions of the negro dance. The chant of "Monkey Moshuns" was ended for the rhythmic, lilting, pulsing negroes.

An Indian Fisherman

Harold J. Smith

Late one afternoon we dropped anchor in a little bay on the coast of Colombia. The sun was about two hours high. The curving whiteness of a sandy beach beckoned invitingly to us from the fringe of a cool jungle that stretched back many miles into the wild interior. The ship swung idly at anchor; boats were lowered, and in a few minutes a large beach party was en route to the shore, where the surf rolled gently in and drew back with a soft murmur. Overhead curious seagulls circled; and far off, an infinitesimal speck in a huge blue dome, an eagle watched the progress of the boat as it made its way, like a little bug, toward the shore.

I rode in the foremost boat. As we approached closer to where the surf was breaking, I could see that the beach was shaped like a slightly flattened out half-moon, with towering cocoanut palms all around the edge. Small thatched native huts—some of them on stilts—were grouped together, irregularly, for about half the length of the beach.

Running our boats up on the sand, we broke up into small groups and set off to explore. I went alone up to the head of the beach, where a small river emptied into the bay from the interior. There, because of a peculiar formation of some coral reefs, the breakers rushed in and broke with a crash on beach and rocks, and there, out in the water, up to his waist, was a small Indian boy. His skin was burned almost black by the hot sun. He could not have been over six or seven years old. As I watched, I saw his right arm draw back until his hand was behind his shoulder, and over it; and I saw that in his hand he grasped a slender, sharp-pointed spear about six feet in length. Tensing his body against the rush of the breakers, he stared fixedly at something in the water just in front of him, and suddenly—faster than my eye could follow—his hand moved forward, and the spear flashed through the air and into the water.

I was interested. The happy youngster shouted and dived head first after the spear. He disappeared in a tall wave and came

up in a moment, puffing and blowing and laughing gleefully. He had the spear again; and now, on the point, I saw a large fish that writhed and flapped about, glistening in the sun. The little fellow came up on the beach and deposited his quarry on a flat rock. He returned to the water.

I had not been seen, and I took care to keep well hidden. For nearly an hour I watched him. Not once did he miscalculate in his shots with the spear. Not once did he fall down before the breakers that grew larger and faster with the approach of sundown. I have never seen a more active person—old or young. He was doing strenuous work, but he seemed never to tire, and kept up a running fire of chatter—exclamations and shouts, and laughter free and happy. He was the perfect specimen of child at play.

We did not often have the opportunity to escape from routine long enough to get away to a spot as isolated as this was. It was ideally situated for just what he was doing, and for two weeks we of the Eagle Division One shared with the natives the beauty of one of nature's loveliest places. But never again, after that first afternoon, did I see my little Indian athlete.

Time Has Not Touched It

Irma Lee Graves

I remember it now as our favorite lark,
That little play-house that we built in the park.
I think of the times when we played there for hours
At cooking the dinners and gathering flowers;
And how we romped and played with each other,
And you were the father and I was the mother.

We enjoyed the tasks we had in housekeeping,
The washing, the polishing, dusting and sweeping.
Of the numberless duties we two never tired,
For our every action was sweetly inspired.

How happy were moments we spent with each other,
When you played the father and I was the mother.

But now we are really engaged in housekeeping,
In washing and ironing, cooking and sweeping.
But other small children play down in a park;
They build their play-houses and play until dark.
They romp and they frolic all day with each other,
And you are their father and I am their mother.

Barefooted

Dick Mitchell

"Mom—oh, mommy!" I called up the stairs.

"Yes, Dick, what do you want?" came back the weary voice of my mother.

"Mom, can I go barefooted? George is and——" I began, but before I had said any more, down the stairs came the firm answer, "No."

"But, mother," I pleaded, "Mrs. Purcell is letting George go barefooted, and I want to, too."

Again down the stairs came the quiet but firm answer, "Why, I wouldn't think of letting you go barefooted in the middle of March. Don't you know you'll catch your death of cold?"

"But, mom——", I began again, but was cut short.

"I don't want to hear any more 'buts'. Now go out and play like a good boy while the weather is nice, and don't bother me the rest of the morning."

I went out, but I am afraid to say that I didn't play like a good boy, for no sooner had I got out in the back yard and had seen the obvious enjoyment that George was having than off came my shoes and stockings; and my bare feet were as naked as the day they came into this world.

Besides, I argued to myself, what was the point in not going

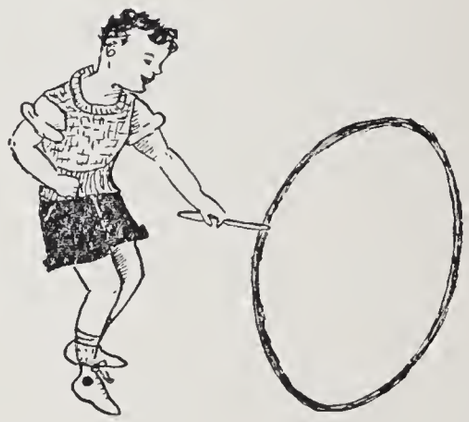
barefooted, anyway? Wasn't it a beautiful spring morning with the birds singing and nature putting on her new coat of green? And, anyway, my mother was in the house; and she wouldn't see me. Right then and there I decided that when I got grown up and didn't have a mother to boss me, I would just go barefooted all the time.

But my liberty was short-lived, for I had scarcely been playing fifteen minutes when who should come around the corner of the house and take the fort by a surprise attack but mother! She was on her way to back the car out of the garage, preparatory to going to town.

"Dick Mitchell," she said, as she gazed down at me with perhaps less surprise than I had expected, "I thought I told you that you couldn't go barefooted today, and here you are with your shoes and stockings off and your feet in a puddle of water at that. You just come with me."

Whereupon I was put to bed for the rest of that wonderful Saturday morning; and while I was reposing there, I had time for a few reflections. I came to the conclusion that I would run away from there at the first chance and also that I didn't care whether or not I ever was promoted to the third grade.

But here I am, supposedly a dignified senior; so you see I did not run very far away.



WARP AND WOOF

Editorial Staff

Play!

WE, the members of the Homespun staff, think it fitting that this, our final issue for the school year, be a treatment of the subject *play*. The end of another year's work is now fast approaching, bringing with it anticipations of the joys of another vacation time. We feel that minds and bodies wearied by the grind of approximately nine months of school should now be in a mood easily turned to the capricious freedom and relaxation of this theme. So, with this last issue we wish you a most pleasant and wholesome vacation.

Charles Sharpe

Fair Play

If someone were to say, "Give me a rule by which all mankind can live in peace and harmony," probably many people would answer, "Fair play." Undoubtedly such a rule covers nearly all forms of behavior. "Fair play" is, so to speak, condensation of all the laws and regulations which man has ever formulated for his own use.

Thus it would seem that there is much more to fair play than is apparent at first glance. As mentioned above, it embodies all the rules of conduct by which we are accustomed to run our lives. This is, of course, obvious to any person with clear insight into such matters. In this characteristic the creed of fair play runs parallel to the golden rule. "Fair play" and "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" mean practically the same thing.

It is easy to see why this is true, but to do so we must first see the meaning of fair play. It is often said that one must sometimes do wrong in order to play fair with the other fellow. This is never true, however. If we are to play fair, we must do that which will result in the greatest *ultimate* good to the person with whom we are dealing. There is where the mistake is usually made. We mistake temporary satisfaction for the greatest benefit which may result from our actions. In other words, before doing something about which you are doubtful, stop and think: "If I were in that fellow's place, and he in mine, what would I want him to do?" This will nearly always throw a clear light on the situation, regardless of its nature.

Since fair play in athletics exemplifies fair play in general, let us use it as an illustration. In all forms of sport, *fair play* is, or should be, the primary consideration. In the world of business and pleasure fair play means giving the very best you have. If we are to live up to this creed, there can be no stinting. The fellow who can be a champion and isn't, is just as much a thief as a bank robber. This may seem strange, but I believe it is true, nevertheless. When a boy joins a track team or a football squad, he is

giving his athletic ability to that group. If later on he holds back, he is taking what is no longer his.

Thus fair play is merely doing our best in the best possible way, which is, of course, a rather large order. However, it has been done and can be done again.

Fillmore Wilson

Make-Believe

How enviable is the position of a person who can really make-believe, who has developed his imagination to such a degree that he bends it before his every desire. The life of such a one must be indeed a veritable dream. His fortification against the battalions of natural human troubles is invincibly complete, for he can at will withdraw himself from the very field of his enemies. For him only to aspire to lift himself above the mean and petty contentions of the world is for him immediately to find himself dwelling in the realm of that favored portion of his consciousness that approaches nearest to the divine—the imagination. This province of the mind admits no trouble nor sorrow which it does not present in the full beauty of its entirety, portraying its blessings and justification with the vividness of the sorrow itself.

An extreme realist might condemn this use of the imagination as a means of averting one's just and intended share of the trials of life. At first sight this might appear to be the actual case. But let us note the true character of these imaginary experiences. We shall find that they are not so alien to the incidents of real life as we may have supposed; indeed, I think most of us shall see that they are very true to life; and I know that some of us, those few who have become acquainted with the resources and the value of their powers of make-believe, will agree with me in the following opinions.

I have already referred to the imagination as the part of the mind "that approaches nearest to the divine." We may, I think,

justify this phrasing. It is in the imagination that we are enabled to see life in its fullness and beauty and perceive its truths *in toto* —not absolve ourselves from a vision of its plainest facts. The experiences of the land of make-believe tend more to a cultivation of understanding and wisdom than reality itself, for in the imagination we are permitted to see the whole path of our activities from beginning to end, or at least a stretch of it sufficient to give us an idea of the general plan of things, while in real life we may only gaze into the illusive fog which envelopes our little world of endeavor, showing us only the minute and seemingly aimless zig-zagging of the path directly at our feet.

Nor is there any question about the accuracy and dependability of this land of make-believe. A well-developed imagination is a surer and more precise faculty than the much celebrated reason itself. It permits no fallacies. No inaccurate image satisfies it. A false picture in its realm is not at rest until it is corrected and rationalized in every detail.

Neither does the use of this faculty tend to run to extremes, but rather in extensive use and perfection develops a check upon itself; for, through a realization of the beauty and truth of the whole life, one is heir to a contentment with his lot which allows him little urge to flee from even its most tasteless and disagreeable periods.

The imagination in a state of refinement is not a mere playhouse of incongruous and ridiculous fancies, but a sublimation and idealization of realism. Shakespeare saw this and wrote "Hamlet." John Bunyan saw it and wrote *Pilgrim's Progress;* Milton saw it and wrote a score of immortal songs. The world today is beginning more and more to see it. When the vision grows universal, there will be no need of a judgment day. No one will merit damnation, and no one will desire more heaven than he finds here on earth. I have an idea that's what heaven will be anyway—not a change in the world, just a broader viewpoint admitting a little more love.

Charles Sharpe

TANGLED THREADS

I Touched the Sky

Phyllis Hagedorn

I climbed a hill and touched the sky today,
And, oh, the feel of it, so soft and blue,
So cool it was with white clouds drifting through
My eager fingers that I longed to stay,
To stand there holding up the sky for aye.
Such happiness before I never knew,
A happiness that with each moment grew
To such proportions that I came away,
Lest with its weight my heart its chains should break
And leap from out its hollow in the air
Above. A mighty power there is on high;
I felt today His presence in the ache
Of knowing when I dropped my fingers, there
Remained, though my support be gone, the sky.

Burns and Schubert: A Comparison

Phyllis Hagedorn

EUROPE at the close of the eighteenth century was in the process of undergoing a change in all fields of art. In the field of literature the term *romanticism,* as opposed to the previously existing *classicism,* had been definitely applied. The young writers, having become dissatisfied with the emphasis on regularity and perfection of form placed on poetry by Pope and Dryden, the dominant figures of classicism, had begun to discard artificiality and restraint in favor of originality in the thought content of composition. The characteristics of the new school of writing were a return to the everyday themes of life and nature, a renewed interest in mystery and in the supernatural, and a revival of attention to the Middle Ages, as seen through a sort of dream-veil; in short, it was a return to the elemental emotions of life.

Nor was the *Romantic Movement* confined to literature. In England a religious revival led by John Wesley was a symptom of the new interest; while in Germany it was obvious in the new philosophy of Emanuel Kant; and in France, in the French Revolution. In Germany, too, a change was taking place in the realm of music which likewise is called *romanticism,* a change affected to a large extent by the literary revolt. While some of the notable characteristics of the romantic school in music are found in some of the works of the classical composers, the later musicians valued musical form and construction less than subjective formulation of musical themes.

Such, then, was the world that viewed with interest the appearance in 1786 of a little volume entitled *Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* (the Kilmarnock edition) and its creator, a handsome young Scotsman named Robert Burns. Burns was born in the little Scottish village of Alloway, January 25, 1759, of the wholesome peasant class typical of Scotland. He had an unfortunate childhood for one of his independent, pleasure-loving nature, the extreme poverty into which he was born forcing him to do the work of a man by the time he was fifteen. However, such

a state had its compensations, for after working hours, the Burns family, under the direction of the father, who is known to have possessed great integrity, soundness of character, and deep piety, devoted themselves to the pursuits of learning. The boy Robert, ever mentally hungry, displayed early a love for Scottish song; and it was in that field that he did his first, as well as his last, writing.

The dire poverty of the family kept them constantly moving about, from Alloway to Mount Oliphant, to Locklea, and after the death of the elder Burns, on to Mossgiel. During this time the poet fell into dissipated company and the licentious ways which finally proved his undoing. At length, worn out by the never-ceasing pangs of poverty, Burns decided to emigrate to Jamaica. To get money for his voyage he published, in the Kilmarnock volume, the verses which he had been composing for some ten years. Its astounding success persuaded him to go instead to Edinburgh, where he became the center of attraction in the world of letters. In 1788, having married Jean Armour, he removed with her, first, to Ellisland, then to Dumfries, where he entered the excise service. At last, worn out by the combined forces of poverty and dissipation, he died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796.

About six months after the death of Burns there was born in the Viennese suburb of Lichtenthal a man who was to occupy somewhat the some position in music as Burns had occupied in literature. Franz Peter Schubert was born January 31, 1797; and, like Burns, early manifested an interest in song. Franz soon absorbed the meager little his first teachers had to teach and was sent to the Convict, the Imperial Choir School, where he remained from 1808 to 1813. The atmosphere of the school was such as to develop his musical talents, permitting him to compose unrestrainedly. Afterward he taught for three years in his father's school to avoid military conscription. In 1816, through the influence of Spoun, who had befriended him at the Convict, Schubert formed a close friendship with Franz von Schober, a friendship which had a direct influence on his life. Two other members of Schubert's wide circle of friends were the poet, Mayrhofer, whose rooms he shared from 1819 to 1820, and the singer, Johann

Michael Vogl, the wide reach of whose voice accounted for the taxing range of some of Schubert's songs. For a while Schubert was a member of the household of Count Esterhazy, during which time his works show the Hungarian influence.

In 1821 Schubert published his first song, the *Erl-King;* and such was its success that in the course of the year seven groups of his songs were published. The two movements of his *Unfinished Symphony,* which alone would have assured him of lasting fame, were written a year later. Schubert desired to attain greatness in the realm of opera, but his choice of librettas was so poor that most of his operas have perished. Especially touching was his adoration of Beethoven, since his timid nature prevented his approaching the master. They met on only two occasions, but at Beethoven's funeral Schubert was one of the torch-bearers. Shortly before his death he gave his only concert, consisting entirely of his own compositions. He died November 18, 1828.

It is rather singular to note that these two men, one a poet, one a musician, and yet so alike in personality and in the nature of their contributions to their respective divisions of art, were born on dates less than a week apart. Perhaps, after all, horoscopy is not so far-fetched.

Both Burns and Schubert were fortunate in having fathers sympathetic with their respective interests. The reputation of William Burns has been mentioned; Schubert's father likewise possessed great ability and steadfastness of character. Both artists spent their childhood in extreme poverty; indeed, poverty pursued them throughout their entire lives, sapping their strength until they became, young in life, easy targets for death.

As to their personalities, the great outstanding characteristic of each was native genius. Each sang because he could not help singing, because it was not in him to do otherwise. Schubert leisurely turned through the pages of a poetry book, and the poems emerged set to music; Burns walked into the fields whistling an old traditional air and returned to the house to write off the verses. Each was of an exceedingly independent nature and suffered greatly under the limiting environment of the patronage system. Both men had a genius for friendship, although their

methods for securing friends were quite different, befitting the nature of each. The modest, retiring Schubert won affection without appearing to demand it by the naivety and frankness of his manner. Burns, on the other hand, attracted people by the brilliance of his conversation and his very recklessness. Both possessed a strong sense of humor, Burns displaying his in such poems as the "Address to the Deil," and Schubert, in his love for practical jokes.

As might be expected, their personalities are reflected in their works. Both were extreme types, living ever in the heights of ecstasy or in the depths of sorrow; and so their compositions range from light folk-songs to the most melancholy of airs.

The principal charm of the writings of both Burns and Schubert lies in their spontaneity and melody. In the case of Schubert the former characteristic was so inherent that his melodies tumbled forth in lavish profusion. Both were patriotic to a high degree and by their works contributed to the national spirit growing in their respective countries. Burns made over the traditional Scottish songs that had fallen into disrepute that they might be more presentable; the German Lied reached its highest plane of development in the hands of Schubert.

In spite of the fact that both were successful in other forms of composition, it was essentially in, and through, the realm of song that each achieved greatness. Each in his own art marks an era. Burns is spoken of as a forerunner of literary romanticism in England; Schubert was one of the principal founders of musical romanticism in Germany. Both men eclipsed all efforts before them in song; perhaps neither has since been equalled in his particular art.

Discord

Charles Sharpe

Sally Jones has a new hat.
Sally Jones's mother cooks and tends
to a baby and does a family washing.
But Sally Jones is happy when she wears
her new hat.

Look at Tom Brown crying over his
mother's coffin.
Last week when she begged him to stop
drinking, he called her a "doting old fool."
But now Tom Brown is crying over his mother's
coffin.

Mr. Hill is leading prayer in the church.
Yesterday I heard him curse an old mule
for stepping out of her traces.
But now he's praying in the church.

Mr. Jacobs is dropping a nickel in the collection
plate.
Last night I saw him beat a blind apple-seller
out of two nickels.
But now he's dropping money in a collection plate.

You don't see a cold March wind blowing
in August——
But there's something besides nature
that works in *human* destinies.

Retribution

Beverly Burgess

It had rained; there was mud; and, unfortunately, there was Swamp Billy. Mud——he paused long enough to murmur an oath. How tense he grew at the sight of it. Nevertheless he always had to be in it, so he placed one large foot forward, thus leaving an odd-shaped track. Perhaps this oddness was due to his possessing only three toes. At this particular moment, however, nothing disturbed Swamp Billy but a broad expanse of murky mud and the desire for what he termed "Satan's Spirits," which was a compound of lye and corn. These two factors had played an important part in the unimportant life of Swamp Billy. The former probably held the more important position.

He paused again, long enough to recall the night when the doctor's horse had fallen in this very mud, thus causing Swamp Billy to lose his only son, who meant more to him than his wasted life. Here is where the former overruled the latter; for if it had not been for the mud, Swamp Billy would never have reproached his God, nor would he have taken his first taste of "Satan's Spirits." He did both; therefore in his heart a great undercurrent of revenge grew and waxed until he harbored the thought constantly. The possession of the feeling developed into an intense hatred for the Reverend Curtis, pastor of the impressively simple white structure called Smithwood Church.

The Reverend Curtis's position was due to his almost Christ-like appearance. His soft but piercing brown eyes could detect Swamp Billy's thought with very little difficulty. Herein lay the entire trouble.

Although he had lost his stomach through the use of "Satan's Spirits," Swamp Billy still retained a conscience; and this conscience never failed to reproach him when he drank.

Besides having a conscience, Swamp Billy had one great love, possibly the only love since the death of his son. This was a different love, he declared, a sort of love which existed instinctively. The reason may have been the object of his love. Swamp Billy

loved horses. He liked to see them quiver and neigh. A far-off look always suffused his outward appearance when he saw a horse. Here again his hatred for the Reverend Curtis was intensified. You see, the Reverend Curtis had a most unusual horse; (in fact, he had several,) but this very sensitive creature had made Swamp Billy shiver when he first looked at her; therefore a sort of jealous attitude was aroused within him.

The revenge idea was always renewed when Swamp Billy became thoroughly intoxicated, and that was just what he was going to do now. He placed the other foot forward; and on he struggled, murmuring an oath with each step.

After having reached his hermitage, which consisted of a huge barn and a very poorly built house, he went in. Before doing so, he had gazed admiringly at his barn, which he had spent a lifetime in building. This barn had somewhat filled the emptiness since the death of his son. After entering the poor substitute for a house, he accomplished his purpose. He became disgustingly drunk. Having become drowsy, he removed his boots; but as he did so he happened to notice some of the mud, caked upon the heels. Immediately the usual thought played upon his mind. Why not satisfy his desire? Why not avenge his son's death by taking something from God's loved one, the preacher? But what——?

Then he knew. The image of the coveted creature came to him. Swamp Billy took another drink, however, and receded into his stupor. He did not remain there long, for an idea had made him jump up as best he could. By then he was thoroughly saturated, but he was able to find a pine torch after a moment of fumbling around in the junky room which smelled of the musty swamp air. He had decided what to do.

If he burned the Reverend Curtis's barn, then his hatred and jealousy both would be cured, and he could live in peace. This idea overruled his better sense, and he staggered to his door. He forgot his boots. He placed one foot on the ground. It was raining, there was mud, and there would be tracks. Well, what difference did it make to him? On he staggered with the lighted torch. He discerned the barn and applied the torch. Some minutes were spent in waiting for the barn to burst into flames.

There it was, and it had a good start. Swamp Billy began his incessant murmuring. This did not continue long, however; and he returned home.

Although he knew not how, when, or why, Swamp Billy found himself at home. At last he could gloat over the evil he had committed. He could visualize the Reverend Curtis when he discovered the fire. With this thought in mind he dozed and snored.

Early the next morning he awoke at the usual time, in the usual manner; and, as usual, it was raining. Why did his luck always turn on rainy days? This thought was soon banished, and he prepared himself to go and see how the preacher felt when misfortune had come upon him. For the first time in his life he chuckled. It seemed that a sort of weight had been lifted from him. He opened the front door. What was that queer odor? Well, anyway, it did not bother Swamp Billy; and he eagerly went outside. Something that he saw made him stagger, but he was not drunk. His barn, the barn that he almost worshipped, was burned to the ground; and he had burned it. An almost pitiful, yet horrible, man fell upon the floor and actually wept. He had burned a horse. Great sobs emerged from the feeble form. Well, at least no one would ever know——yet who else had three toes? So he took another drink.

Fairyland

Mary Katherine Bradley

At night I go a-roaming
Through purple-tinted trees
With leaves of rose and silver
Through silent silver seas,
Through violet-scented shadows
And over marble sand—
No cares or troubles find me here,
For this is fairyland.

Cure by Moonlight

Jessie M. Douglas

Characters:

Nancy, a mule.
Charlie, a mountain farmer.
Bob, his brother.
Lawrence, Vernon, Al, farm hands.
Oakie, Charlie's wife.

Scene: In front of a barn.

Time: About 11 P.M.

SCENE

Scene is in front of a large, gray, unpainted barn. It is about eleven o'clock at night, and the only light is coming from a large number of lanterns. On the right side of the stage in the background is a low, heavily-built wooden spraying sled, covered with sacks of nitrate of soda. Behind the sled is a built-up embankment of dirt. The farther end slopes gently down to the ground. A large box is beside the bank, close to the barn. When the curtain rises, Charlie *and his brother,* Bob, *are stroking the neck of a mule that is standing before the barn door.* Charlie *is a tall, thin, but muscular man. He is dressed in very dirty, worn clothes, and is wearing a much more forlorn-looking hat.* Bob *is an older copy of* Charlie. *His hair is gray, and there is a bald spot on the top of his head. His thick moustache, however, makes up for the lack of hair on his scalp.*

Charlie *cups his hands to his mouth and yells a long-drawn, low-pitched call. Many cries answer him; some are far away and others close at hand.*

Charlie: Wal, that orter bring 'em.

He sits down on the ground, puts his head in his hands, and yawns. Bob *is holding the mule.*

Bob: She ain't breathing so well. We'd better do somethun mighty quick.

Charlie: Wal. *(He rises to his feet and yawns again.)* What?

BOB: Oh, I don't know. *(Pause)* I recollect having saw somethun in a book once.

CHARLIE: Nemmine, here comes Lawrence.

A man comes in carrying a lantern. He is a heavily-built, middle-aged man, who has on overalls and a ragged sweater.

LAWRENCE: Heerd yer holler, so I come to see what's going on. Is somethun matter with the mule? *(He sets his lantern down and walks over to the other two men.)*

CHARLIE: Yeah, the fool thing's got an apple stuck in her throat.

LAWRENCE *feels the mule's throat.*

LAWRENCE: Golly, what a lump! But she doesn't seem to be breathing so hard. Must be all tuckered out.

BOB: She orter be. We've been trying to shake it out of her all evening. Know anything to do?

LAWRENCE: Sure, make 'er jump over a wagon tongue.

CHARLIE: All right; I guess she can stand it. Bob, get that sled over there.

BOB *looks around.*

BOB: Where?

CHARLIE: The one with all that nitrate sody piled on it.

BOB *tries to pull the wagon, but it is too heavy.*

BOB: Come over here and help me. Expect me to do a four-mule job?

CHARLIE *and* LAWRENCE *help* BOB *to pull it to the center of the stage.* LAWRENCE *holds the mule, and* BOB *pretends to give her a smart slap.*

CHARLIE: Giddap, Nancy, giddap!

All of the men urge her on, but the mule sedately steps over the tongue.

CHARLIE: Wal, I don't guess it would've worked, anyway.

Two more men come in. One is an old man with a wrinkled face; the other is a young boy about seventeen, who is a little too tall and a little too thin. Both have lanterns.

BOB: Howdy, Al! Howdy, Vernon! Sure are glad to see you boys.

AL: What's happened?

LAWRENCE: Mule's got choke.

VERNON: How long has she been that a way?

CHARLIE: Wal, I was down around here this afternoon overtakin' a chicken fer my ole woman when I heerd Nancy a-belching and a carrying on so, that I decided as how I orter look after her. She ain't got no sense getting choked on a piece of apple.

BOB: The best thing to do——

CHARLIE: Shucks, man, I know somethun better than that. Let's try making her run down that bank. *(Points to the dirt embankment.)* It's just about right. I plumb fergot about it. Where yer going, Bob?

BOB, *who had started off the stage, turns around.*

BOB: Oh, just to get a horse book. I'll be back shortly.

He picks up his lantern and leaves.

CHARLIE *turns to the young boy.*

CHARLIE: Lead Nancy over to this bank, Vernon, and we shall see what we can do.

VERNON *leads the mule up the sloping end of the bank and gives her a push. She braces herself and slides, sitting by the way.*

LAWRENCE: As I said, she's all tuckered out. Can anybody suggest any calmer treatment?

CHARLIE: Vernon, you go get some water out of the trough. Lawrence, keep hold of the mule. My Pa once said that if yer lifted up a horse's left leg and poured water in his right ear it loosens up whatever's stuck. I guess it'll work on a mule.

LAWRENCE: Wal, Nancy, *(He rubs her between the ears.)* how about it? Are ye going to stand fer it? At any count I hope so, as I'm the one who's holdin' yer.

VERNON *comes back with a pan of water, and the solemn rite is performed.* LAWRENCE *and* AL *hold the mule.* CHARLIE *pours the water down its right ear and* VERNON *holds up her left leg.* NANCY *squirms just a little, too tired for much show.*

LAWRENCE: Wal, that's done. What a time! *(Shakes his head.)* What a time!

He wipes his face with a very large handkerchief. (The handkerchief is red, or orange, or lavender, or any other color on hand.)

VERNON *feels the poor, mistreated mule's neck.*

VERNON: Shucks, the apple didn't move an inch.

CHARLIE: Here comes Bob. I see his lantern. Wal, you boys better rest a minute.

All of the men group around the mule and whisper about things in general.

BOB *comes in, puts his lantern down, and walks over to* CHARLIE. *He has a thick book in his hand.*

BOB: Here's what I was talking about. *(He opens the book.)* See?

CHARLIE: I can't read without my specks.

BOB: It says in case something's stuck in the horse's throat, break a raw egg, pour it in his mouth, and make him swallow it.

CHARLIE: Wal, I guess the book knows. Hey, fellows, I know a good remedy. *(He struts about, bossing the whole affair.)* Vernon, go to the hen-house and fetch me an egg, quick!

VERNON *leaves, of course taking his lantern.*

LAWRENCE: Having a bad time of it. Just a-wheezing like everything. *(He tries to push the apple out.)* Nope, still stuck. Whar's that Vernon?

AL: Here he comes, jest a-skipping.

VERNON *runs in with an egg in his hand.*

VERNON: Here it is. Whatcher going to do with it?

BOB *takes the egg and looks at it. He scratches his head and looks again.*

BOB: *(Slowly)* It says to break it, and I guess that's to get the insides out. I'd like to know how the insides of this china thing would do a mule any good.

VERNON: Gosh, but I didn't have time to look.

CHARLIE: Here's a nest right in this box. *(He walks over to the bank.)* Good that Nancy didn't sit on it.

He takes an egg up and hands it to BOB.

BOB: Hold the mule's mouth open, Charlie.

CHARLIE *does, then* BOB *breaks the egg and pours it down.* NANCY *gurgles and hics, and such, and the apple goes down safely.*

AL: Wal, I guess I'll be seeing yer. Come on, Vernon.

VERNON *and* AL *take their lanterns and go.*

LAWRENCE: And no more apples fer you, Nancy. I guess you won't have enough sense to lay off of them, though.

A thin, tall, old, and worn-looking woman enters.

WOMAN: Wal, how's Nancy?

BOB: All right, Oakie, but she's kinder weak and shaky.

WOMAN: Wal. *(Pauses, then speaks in an angry, high voice.)* Put her in the barn, then. Don't jest a leave her here a standin'.

BOB *leads* NANCY *into the barn as quickly as possible.*

WOMAN: And yer sure did take a long time about a-curing 'er.

CHARLIE: Now, Ma, I jest didn't want to seem uppydish about the boys' different contraptions, but about this egg business—— humph, jest slipped my mind. Why, I knew how all the time.

Curtain

AFRAID

CHARLES SHARPE

Today
God placed His hand
Upon my head and said,
"Young man, fear not to pluck that star;
It's yours!"

Yet I
But stood still and gazed,
It looked so big and far,
And I so small and weak and so
Afraid!

Then God
Reached out His arm
And grasped me by the neck
And sternly said, "Young man, I said
Go on!"

But I
Was still afraid
And cowed before the sight.
It seemed to be too great for one
Afraid.

Then God
Reached forth again
And smote me to the ground.
I shook; I prayed, "God let the star
Pass on!"

Then God
Grew fierce and cold.
He pressed me to the dust
Until I writhed with pain and groaned
And wept.

He then
Withdrew His hand.
Now, filled with strength, I rise.
He's pointing out the star, and I
Press on!

The Kind of Day You Liked

Louie Brown Michaels

I remember there was wind that wild, wet day,
And that children ran across the wet cobbled stones,
And laughed, and threw their arms high above their heads,
And reached slim, brown fingers to the cloudy heavens.
There was a flower-stand on the windy corner
With great bunches of pale jonquils, whose leaves were mud-
spattered,
And even paler hyacinths whose fragrance was chased away
On the wind. A woman with a green handkerchief
Wound about her hair leaned out of a window
And called to her son, a brown little boy with black eyes
And flashing smile. The curtains of the gray, sooty windows
Looked odd, I thought, blowing wildly out of this house.
The dark sky was tall—tall; and the spitting rain was a little
bitter.
I remember it was the kind of day you liked—
Wild and wet—and the children laughing.
I remember that I smiled and bought a bunch of gold daffodils,
And hurried home and put them in a Prussian blue vase,
And so kept your memory alive.

PATTERNS

From the Book Shelf

Heyward—*Peter Ashley*

Peter Ashley, by Du Bose Heyward, reveals an utterly foreign talent from those which the author has displayed in his earlier books.

In *Porgy* and *Mamba's Daughters* the reader found a true portrayal of the Charleston negro. One enjoyed them as well written fiction and abondoned them with a better appreciation or understanding of this group of people.

Recently this same man has written another volume. *Peter Ashley* is the story of the son of a South Carolina aristocrat during the time of the Civil War. However conventional this theme may seem, and is, the traditional topic is treated from an entirely different standpoint, thus making the book the outstanding one that it is.

Pierre Chardon in the year 1860 anxiously awaits the return of his nephew, Peter Ashley, from his studies in England. He fears this meeting for the simple reason that he has instilled in this favorite, moody young relative's mind some of his own ideas. Chardon is a Southern gentleman with a nationalistic spirit, so dangerous in this period of harsh sectional feeling between North and South.

Peter returns, just as his uncle has expected, little changed from the talented but rather philosophical young man who always seemed to want to see life from the outside looking in. On his

arrival he finds a group of enthusiastic supporters of war, with whom he finds it impossible to mix without revealing his attitude toward the situation.

Throughout the book we find very deep interest in this young man's struggles within his own mind, his love of Damaris Gordon, and finally his marriage to her.

However, Heyward has brought his greatest appeal to the reader with his variety of characters and lovely description: Thomas Ashley, planter and Southern gentleman, at fifty active and egotistical; Damaris Gordon, a glorious girl, impulsive and endowed with charms that almost make one overlook the presence of a deep and understanding personality; the pathos of the negroes which Heyward never fails to include; and the stifling, restrained excitement of race week in the South combine to make this book a most absorbing story, a true and unprejudiced representation of two classes during the period around the Civil War.

Elyn Fowler

Lehmann—*Invitation to the Waltz*

Invitation to the Waltz is a study of youth, light in content, slight in plot; but, for all the unpretentiousness of its theme, it is, strangely enough, intriguing.

It is the story of that fleeting moment of ecstasy when a girl receives her first invitation to a dance and plans her coming-out. The excitement of the first party frock, the difficulty of acquiring an escort, the fear of not knowing what to do, are problems true to life in the experiences of every young girl.

Trivial though it may seem, Miss Lehmann's book keeps the reader in suspense from beginning to end; and it is considered one of the best books of the season. Hugh Walpole, who read the book, gave to an American newspaper the following statement: "For myself at least, whatever other novels there may be, this will be the novel of the autumn."

Irma Lee Graves

RAVELINGS

In Defense of Cabbage

Elizabeth Drummond

OH, you prigs and hypocrites who disdain to lower your noses from the odorless vacuum to which you have elevated them, have you never sniffed the ubiquitious aroma of boiling cabbage, the rose of the vegetable kingdom? If not, then your patrician nostrils have indeed been denied the most astonishing stimulus they could possibly encounter. For the Samson-like aroma of this slighted delicacy has all of the intimately pungent virtues of an onion coupled with the redolence of newly-opened snuff. It is a scent that will tickle your olfactory organs and coquette them into surprised submission. It will most overwhelmingly subdue your reason and make you a slave to its brazen subtleness.

I implore you, beseech you, to give this virtuous vegetable a fair trial. In return, I promise that your knowledge of perfumery will be greatly enriched when once you have become acquainted with this odor—the favorite incense of the culinary gods.

The Latest Fad

Jack Burton

On every fad they've ever had
I've wasted lots of time;
Rick-racks depart, then yo-yo's start,
And I miss dime and dime.

My trunk o'erflows with old photos
Of famous men I took;
And famous men have wielded pen
In my John Hancock book.

The stamps I've got are quite a lot—
Collecting took me days.
I've also had (Oh, yes, it's bad!)
That old cigar band craze.

The latest fad that's to be had
Is spread all o'er this circuit:
A jig-saw starts; the family darts
To where we sit to work it.

"Now this goes here;" "Oh, no, my dear,
It's here that this piece goes—
Can you not see it's going to be
A lady with a rose?"

It's fuss and fight into the night,
Not playful like a pup.
Jig-saws are cussed. Why, they are just
A family breaker-up!

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Recollection of Twilight at "Forest Home"

Isaac Gregory

The long veranda of that ancient home
Invited me into its shade to feel
The beauty of the dusk. Up from the loam
An incense rose; a spell began to steal
Throughout my consciousness. I just could hear
The clanking chains of weary mules—a sad
And solemn sound that with a negro's clear,
High chant made music plaintive and yet glad.
Then all was hushed, and soft upon the air
There rose the boxwood scent, old-fashioned, quaint,
And with mimosa's mellow fragrance, rare,
Made perfume richly sweet, divinely faint.
An evening dove called low across a hill . . .
A tree-frog shrilled his piece . . . The world stood still.

Homage

Grace Hobbs

I've never really learned
That dew forms on the grass,
That morning does not
Shake it from her silken gown
Like pearls.

I've sometimes thought
Each drop
A magic note from pipes of Pan,
Moon treasure stolen,
That were there when love began.

But, after all, with knowledge—
If science taught me
What makes moonbeams golden
Would I care—
Or let the magic of the magical
This soul of mine ensnare?

Just let me be a dreamer,
Solve the beat of rhythm in my lays,
And let the pulsing throb of beauty
Be accents of embryo days.

Amber touch of unseen fingers,
Birth of flowers, song of birds—
God explains them in their being,
Leaves my heart too glad for words.