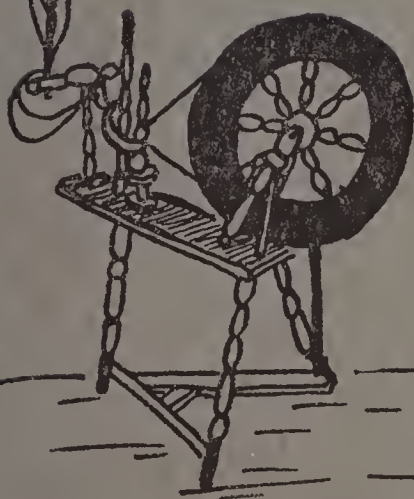


# Homespun

Thanksgiving Number

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# HOMESPUN

Edited by HELEN FELDER    ORDEN GOODE, Business Manager

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THE BIRTHPLACE OF THANKSGIVING



# THE WEAVE

## The Age-Old Spirit

By HENRY BIGGS

**T**HROUGH THE AGES a prevailing sentiment or spirit has always been present among men. It has been obscure at times, yet it has been present, as reliable as the undertow of the sea. It has been that spirit of thankful joy which expresses itself in festivals and feasts, in the joyful celebrations both of pagans and believers, among the cultured Greeks, the ambitious Romans, the law-abiding Hebrews, the sturdy Saxons, and the strict Puritans of Plymouth. During the past centuries as in the present, mankind has evidenced a desire to celebrate with joy the bounties of the year.

These festivals were held in accordance with the times and the customs of the people. The Hebrew, probably absorbed from the Canaanite customs of a Feast of Plenty, was known as the Feast of Tabernacles, a custom still observed by the Jews. The Bible, in the Book of Deuteronomy, recounts the institution of this feast, stating the directions given by Moses for the holiday. It was truly a Thanksgiving feast in which the Jews gave thanks to God for their harvests. In Athens, Greece, the Thesmophoria, also a harvest festival, was held in November. This feast was celebrated by women only; sows and cows were sacrificed on the cliff of Colias to Demeter, goddess of the soil and the harvests. It lasted three days, during which time there was much mirth and rejoicing. Likewise, the Romans made merry to Ceres, their goddess of harvest, on October the fourth, which day was called the Cerelia. Beginning with a fast, fantastic parades and rustic sports were staged, and the day was ended with a feast of thanksgiving. "Harvest Home," celebrated in England, is said to have been introduced in the time of the Saxons.

It was celebrated by many curious customs; and even today, it arouses no surprise to see a clown, dressed as Cerel, pulled by sheet-covered horses on the eve of Harvest Home.

Therefore, being descendants of such a people and having such a background, the Pilgrims' institution of the American Thanksgiving can be readily understood. It was almost second nature with the people of Plymouth colony. They set no new precedent, but followed rather in the footsteps of old England. Nevertheless, the American Thanksgiving,—first celebrated by a huddled group of earnest Puritans in a new land, vast, lonely, and infested with savage tribes; a group that suffered pangs of hunger during the long, hard winter, and the sharper pangs of Death as it stalked among their scanty numbers,—was destined to become the day of thanks for a great Christian nation.

For years after the Puritan Thanksgiving of 1621 the celebration of Thanksgiving Day was held at irregular intervals; and until Congress authorized that it be acclaimed a public holiday after the Revolution, it held a more or less obscure position, but even then its observance was limited to the Northern States. It was introduced as a legal holiday in Virginia in 1855; one year later eight Southern States followed Virginia's example. However, Thanksgiving was not celebrated nationally until 1864. Since then it has been the yearly duty of the President to proclaim the fourth Thursday in November as the national day of Thanksgiving.

So it happens that in 1925 November brings with it Thanksgiving Day and its atmosphere of cheer and gladness; its plump turkeys with their fragrant odor of roasted meat and delicious dressings; its cranberry sauce, bright red, and having that toning quality that makes the eating of turkey doubly delightful; its pumpkin pie and its puddings. And, after the meal is over, what a spirit of contentment falls like a mystic vapor around the hearty eater—contentment, then peaceful slumber.

But Thanksgiving means more than mere feasting, more than roast turkey, more than a well-rounded meal. It is the day of joy and happiness, the day when the family, encircled around the hearth once more, offers thanks to the Creator for the manifold blessings of the year,—for health, for home, for happiness.

# The Origin of the American Thanksgiving

By MARY LYNN CARLSON

IN OCTOBER, 1621, the Pilgrims grouped themselves around tables laden with fish and game, wild fruits and nuts from the forest, corn and vegetables from their gardens. Fat gobblers, since made famous as the Thanksgiving bird, were in abundance. It was the first autumn the little band had spent in the new land. Friendly Indians were the guests of honor at the feasting, which lasted for three days.

From an old account of the occasion this quotation is taken: "Our harvest being gotten in, our Governor sent foure men on fowling that we might after a more special manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labors. They foure in one day killed as much as, with a little help beside, served the Company for almost a week." There is no mention in this record of special thanks being given.

The year which followed was a hard one for the colonists. The supplies gave out and they began to count the days until the crops would furnish them with plenty. But a terrible drought came which seared the corn in the fields and withered the gardens. After a day of prayer, cool, refreshing rains fell and the very next day a ship of supplies came from England. The people were so thankful that the Governor set aside a whole day for giving thanks to God. This was also different from our Thanksgiving because there is no mention in the records of anything but long church service.

There are records of different "feasts" and "festivals" in the following years, but there is a record of a Thanksgiving in 1636 similar to the one we have. In that year the Colonists of Scituate, in Plymouth Colony, gathered "in the meeting house beginning some halfe an hour before nine and continued until after twelve oclocke." There was much prayer and psalm-singing and a long sermon. After this there was much merrymaking, "the poorer sort being invited to the richer."

Thanksgiving is wholly an American institution. We are the only nation in the world which has a day set aside by the ruler as a time for giving thanks to God. That in itself is something to be thankful for as the day approaches.



# The Evolution of the American Thanksgiving

*By* RUTH ABBOTT

**A**S YEARS PASS, conditions are constantly changing. Opinions vary, plans alter, methods moderate, and so on up the scale until we reach our present state. One can easily see the difference in our surroundings made by a mere ten years growth; and our grandparents can even recall occasions which seem quite extraordinary to us. All these alterations in our material conditions are the result of an inevitable shifting of ideas of the people. This process we call evolution and everything which exists is subject to this force.

Nothing remains as originally designed, not even our Thanksgiving. Although the Thanksgivings which we can remember do not seem to have become, in any measure, an altered occasion, when we compare our present celebration of that day with the initial event we find a vast difference. Our honored Pilgrim forefathers, who founded the observance, respected it as primarily a religious service. After their long hard winter of 1620, during which they had been bereaved of loved ones, subject to attacks from hostile Indians, and a lonely people in a barren land, the success of the following summer had been a true relief. And now in the autumn the golden grain and the many products laid by for winter use to ward off hardships filled their hearts with joy and thanks to their Merciful Maker who had brought them so far along their rough journey. So, in a serious and yet very joyful attitude the Pilgrims made their way to their meeting-house on the first Thanksgiving. Afterwards



came their feast spread beneath the trees, and then more prayers and songs of praise.

After the first Thanksgiving in Plymouth the custom spread to the other colonies, there also becoming an annual event. At length it was an accepted occasion, in all the colonies, for the Governor to issue a proclamation each autumn declaring the observance of a set day as Thanksgiving.

Eight special Thanksgiving Days were held in the course of the Revolutionary War commemorating signal victories or wonderful deliverances from danger.

The first presidential Thanksgiving Proclamation was made in 1789 by President Washington. Also in that same year the Protestant Episcopal Church in America announced a day for giving thanks. This was designated for the first Thursday in November, "unless another day be appointed by civil authorities." There was none, however, and the observance had no uniformity. Some states followed the example set by the Pilgrims, their governors making proclamation to call the people to give thanks; but other neglected the keeping of the day and made an occasion for offering public gratitude an irregular affair.

There were many who took great interest in the custom, foremost among them being Miss Sarah Josepha Hale, the editor of Godey's *Lady Book*. Through the columns of her magazine she did much to arouse interest in a nation-wide Thanksgiving, and by her personal letters to each President for twenty years, promoted the cause to such an extent that finally President Lincoln in 1863 appointed the fourth Thursday in November to be accepted as the national Thanksgiving Day. Miss Hale thus received the title of "Mother of Thanksgiving."

Since 1863 the Presidents have annually made a formal announcement and the governors of the various states have made the proclamation using the fourth Thursday in November as national Thanksgiving Day.

These changes, however, have only to do with the actual dates and growth of the observance of that day. Our attitude towards it has changed also. When the church bells ring on Thanksgiving morning many of us attend; but perhaps we had just as well admit that, although we are really thankful for our

blessings, our minds think most frequently about the delicious dinner awaiting us. Some of us spend the day hunting, attending a football game, or in various other ways. We meet old friends and relatives who return home on Thanksgiving to enjoy the bounty of their homes. Truly the whole occasion is centered around the customary feast.

These things we should have and be grateful for. We should enjoy our reunions, parties, and feasts to their greatest possible extent, but let us not forget the primary purpose of Thanksgiving. Though our observance of this day may alter, in accordance with the evolution of all things, let us not forget the fundamental principle of the day—to worship, praise and thank our Maker.



## His Majesty

*By* MILDRED GOLDEN

The celery made a gracious bow;  
The yams paid homage, too;  
The berries gleamed in crimson joy;  
The table's dress was new;

The pumpkin oozed from juicy pies;  
The logs blazed out a cheer,  
Because the turkey seemed to say,  
"Thanksgiving Day is here."

# The Discovery of Thanksgiving

By HARRY GUMP

**T**HANKSGIVING DAY—what was it? He couldn't understand how ten thousand people in his city could celebrate a day which had occurred hundreds of years ago. They were all fools and idiots to raise so much commotion over one day,—a Thursday. There were three hundred and sixty-four more days just as important.

At home it was always, "John, don't open the pickles; I'm saving them for Thanksgiving," or, "Now, don't wear that clean white shirt; you'll need it Thursday." It was all tommy-rot; and dogged if he wasn't going to eat somewhere else this time. He had had enough of it. His was a crazy family, all with such simple minds. Funny, he was raised by such people!

"Motor out with me to visit my patients," said his father one afternoon.

"Oh, anything to get away from this Thanksgiving-crazed family," he told himself, and crawled into the car over his father's medicine kit.

They had gone just a short distance when the doctor stopped the car. "I wonder what in the deuce he's going to a grocery store for," thought the worried youth. Presently the kind-faced man emerged from the shop laden with sacks. Behind him came the store-keeper with two more. "Good gad, more Thanksgiving!" mumbled the boy under his breath.

The road lay smooth before them; and there was a crisp chill in the air. But the young fellow would have none of sky or field or road. It bored him to have his father go into raptures over the colors in autumn leaves and sky. They had to be some color, didn't they? So why not—oh, anyway, those dresses at the dance last night—now, there was beauty; but autumn leaves, bah!

At last the doctor stopped the car in front of an old cabin on the outskirts of town. "All right, son, help me in with these things."

The shack was an eye-sore. It was the filthiest place the boy had ever seen. An old rag hung over the lone window, in which there were only two small panes; the others had been gone for many days. A gust of wind played with the rag. John noticed this as he got out of the car.

What a woman greeted them! Her garments were ragged and dirty and her face was wrinkled like that of a witch. How the fellow wished he was at home!

“John, this is Mrs. McGuire; Mrs. McGuire, this is my son, John.”

“Glad to meet you, sir.” She was plain—she was a woman of toil; her knuckles, he could not help but notice, were red and swollen from work. And yet, there shone in her face something that made her attractive. There was a kind of warmth concentrated in her eyes. There was suffering there, too, John noticed; he could not help but notice.

“Oh, Dr. Sterling, you make me so happy!” said the woman when John’s father piled the overflowing sacks on the bare table. “For weeks I have been praying for a way to get food for my children—and now——.” The words choked in her throat; and with her ragged sleeve she wiped away the tears that had gathered in her eyes, tears of overwhelming joy.

Over John there stole mingled feelings of pity and embarrassment. He played nervously with the button on his coat. At the same time he tried to keep a lump from rising in his throat.

“Mr. John, you should be proud of your father,” said the woman as she turned to the boy. “He is a good man, bringing these things to a poor old mother like me. I wanted my children to have something; they just *had* to have something, you know, to encourage them in that glorious Thanksgiving spirit. I prayed for that; and your father has come with all these good things in answer to those prayers.”

Yes, his father *was* a good man. He had never thought differently; but now, for the first time, he realized in what way his father was so fine.

“Mrs. McGuire, won’t you please take this and see that the children have Thanksgiving for a whole week?” said the boy

as he pressed into her hands the ten dollar bill that had been scheduled for the next dance.

The ride home was not so dull. Only a few words passed between the men; but for John the silence was filled with reflection. He was glad for a discovery. He was beginning to see the true meaning of Thanksgiving. It was not a day, it was not a dinner; it was just a wonderful feeling of thankfulness over having health and friends and food. For him it was a time to be thankful for his father.



## Thanksgiving Day

In frosty west a blood-red sun;  
In fields a purple mist;  
In tree tops lonely yellow leaves  
For winds to cruelly twist.

—*Wade Hobbs*

Stacked high in barns the golden corn;  
On hearth a blazing log;  
A friend to share the happy hours;  
A book, a pipe, a dog.

—*John Mebane*

In heart of man instinctive urge  
To bend the head and pray,  
“O Giver of the perfect gifts,  
We thank Thee on this day.”

—*Cynthia Vaughan*

# A Thanksgiving Miracle

By RUTH CURTIS

CONSTANCE is coming home tomorrow." Rilla and Jim were wasting an hour before a theatre engagement, Rilla playing solitaire and Jim working a puzzle. As she spoke, she gathered up the cards and lazily threw a pillow at her husband, knocking off his glasses.

"What did you say?"

"Connie's coming home."

"What for?"

"Thanksgiving, you goose!" She gazed at him intently as he smiled weakly.

"I wonder," she rambled on, "if she has changed any. Jim, I often used to think that she thought we were actually wicked. You know how she would refuse to see me at all the day after we had gone to a party. She used to beg me to promise not to see Bergen when he came again, but we can't have dinner without the cocktails. She said that Bergen was a bootlegger and would poison us all."

"Rilla," he interrupted, "perhaps she would be better at another school. Miss Campbell is so old-fashioned; and yet, her other pupils are not like Constance. She is just different."

"She says we are too old to have a good time, too old to enjoy ourselves. I don't want to grow old and middle-aged, Jim. I'm only thirty-four and I don't look over thirty. But Connie says I don't seem like a mother. She wants a motherly mother with grey hair and shawls."

"Rilla, we can live our lives as we wish, and let Constance be good if she wants to. But when she comes home, she must leave my things alone, no matter how sinful she thinks they are. I won't have her hiding my pipe again, even if she doesn't approve of smoking; and do try to keep her out of the kitchen. We had to raise Olga's wages the last time Connie was home, because she said that Olga was unhygienic and didn't keep the pans clean. Perhaps Constance would like to go into town for the holidays."

“Oh, no. Connie says that Thanksgiving is the time when the family should sit around the fireside and be glad.”

A few minutes later, as they started down the steps, a boy met them with a telegram.

“Open it, quick. Connie must be sick.”

“Now, don’t get excited, dear; she only wants to know if she may spend Thanksgiving with her roommate.”

“Jim!” There was tragedy in her voice. “Our little girl doesn’t want to come home!”

“What shall we wire her?”

“Let me think! Oh, Jim. I have it! Tell the boy to wait!” She rushed back into the house and sat down at her desk. When her husband followed she had finished writing:

“Bring the roommate and come home. We can’t have Thanksgiving without you. Loads of love. Rilla and Jim.”

But Jim, smiling, took the pen from her hand, and drawing a line through the signature, wrote, “Mother and Daddy.”



## A Thanksgiving Song

*By* HELEN TOLAND

God of the April rains,  
God of the sun,  
God of the harvest fields,  
Thy will be done.

Thanks for the golden corn,  
For autumn’s wealth;  
Thanks for the blue of skies;  
Thanks, God, for health.

# The Missing Turkey

By FRANCES COBLE

SUDDENLY I heard the door open and the voices of a score of aunts, and uncles, and nieces, and nephews, calling for me. I slammed the beautifully roasted turkey on the table and went bouncing into the living-room. In the excitement of greeting my relatives all thoughts of the turkey slipped out of my mind, as, in reality, that same turkey was slipping off the table at that very minute. After welcoming them, I excused myself to prepare the table. Without entering the kitchen, I got out the best china and silver. How pretty the turkey would look in the center of such an attractive table!

With my first glance into the kitchen, I perceived that the turkey was gone. But where was it? Ah, I knew! With a hurried look around the kitchen I grabbed a broom and went sailing out the back door. Unable to stop myself, I bumped headlong into the thief and immediately demanded my turkey.

"I haven't your turkey, lady. I'm only the grocery boy who just brought you some bread," replied the boy.

Half reluctantly, I realized that he was speaking the truth. After a great deal of embarrassment, I apologized and started back towards the house. Too excited to notice where I was going, I stumbled over some object on the sidewalk. Looking down, I saw the remains of my poor turkey; and coming towards me was Ebenezer, my darling cat, purring happily and licking his chops after having finished such a delicious dinner.

If my legs had only run faster, Ebenezer would have received something he wouldn't be likely to forget; but his climbing a tree saved him this punishment.

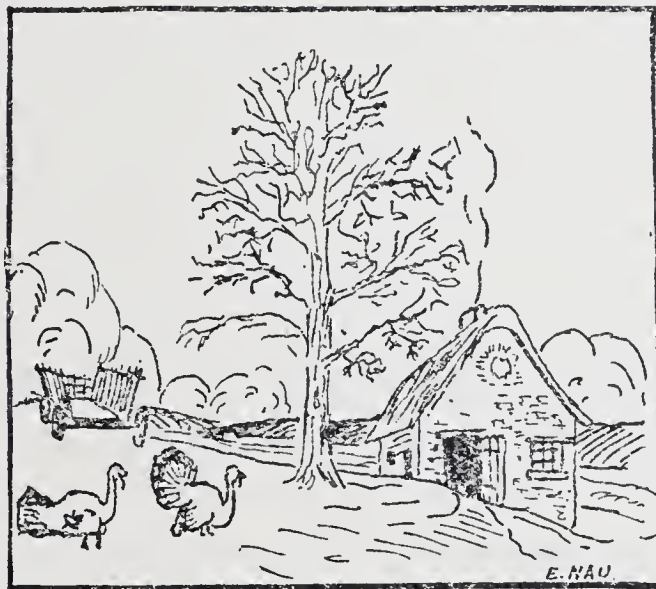
On the way back to the house, I wondered what excuses to make for the absence of the turkey. I had been counting on it to serve as the greater part of my dinner. 'Oh well! I'd just go into the room with my head bowed and let them guess the rest. Let them laugh, make fun of me, go back home, or——

"Buzz-z-z!" I awoke from my nap with a start, as the



doorbell sang insistently in my ears. In my haste to answer it I knocked over the kitchen chair and had to go back and pick it up. Then my glance happened to fall on the open oven of the stove.

Oh, what a relief! It was only a wretched dream. My turkey was still in the oven, my relatives were just arriving, and, best of all, Ebenezer was still a darling cat.



# Charles Oscar Douglas

## *An Obituary*

By MARY PRICE

CHARLES OSCAR DOUGLAS was one of the handsomest turkeys I have ever known. His gobbler was the richest red, his tail feathers the longest, and his size the most impressive of any turkey I have ever seen. The first time I saw him, after Cousin Ida had brought him to us, I knew that there never had been such a turkey before and that there never would be such a turkey again.

Sad to relate, the important service of christening had been omitted at Charles Oscar Douglas's birth. Mother, who saw him first upon his arrival at our house, named him Charles. This name, I protested, wasn't good enough for such a turkey—whereupon was added the name Oscar. Charles Oscar was changed to Charles Oscar Douglas when Teeny saw him. "Douglas," she said, "is just the name for this noble scion of the royal family of turkey."

Our apartment is not very well suited to the keeping of turkeys; nevertheless, we kept C. O. D. in our backyard for two weeks. The weather that November was freezing cold. So cold it was, that every night the poor bird would literally freeze up. In the mornings he would be in one ball—he looked just like a grey football with a red head—and just as cold as ice. Fortunately, I used to be a Girl Scout, so I could restore him in about half an hour by means of setting-up exercises. This freezing seemed to make him rather sick all day afterwards; consequently, he ate hardly a thing during the whole two weeks before Thanksgiving. Strange to say, this didn't seem to affect his size or looks at all. In spite of all our difficulties, however, we kept C. O. D. alive until the day before Thanksgiving.

I almost cried when C. O. D.'s head was chopped off. Think of having to stand calmly by and watch while someone whom you have named, fed, protected, and loved is being cruelly murdered. It was almost more than I could bear.

I believe that the greatest tribute I can pay Charles Oscar Douglas is to say that as he lay in his grave of gravy and cranberries he was almost as good, handsome, and lovable as he was in life.



## The Annual Combat

By CHARLES LAMBETH

**I**F there is anything that mars the joy of Thanksgiving time, to my mind, it is the catching of the old gobbler himself. A fellow is enjoying himself to the utmost when suddenly he is summoned to catch the fowl. With that summons a lot of the joy departs.

It is a long process—this nabbing the royal bird. He has been permitted to roam the vast chicken lot and you enter this arena warily. The old gobbler is standing at the farther end of the domain looking very haughty and proud. You approach him very cautiously, and just as you are preparing to place hand upon the fowl, away he flies with you in fast pursuit. Each time as you think your labors are ended you come to realize that you have grasped space. Finally, after many such failures, you succeed in laying hold of the bird's leg. Such kicking and wing-flapping as is staged are a spectacle to behold! At last, however, you emerge from the arena, with arms, hands and face a sign of recent battle, feeling much as the gladiator felt when he emerged from the old Roman Arena.

But the enemy has been downed, and all these scars and mad spells are forgotten as one sits down to the delightful dinner prepared for the occasion. The turkey itself tastes much better because of the struggles.

# Our Thanksgiving Dinner

By JAMES PETERSON

OF COURSE the preacher had to be invited—it's always that way. Therefore, the preparations:

"Now, Blackwell, you be sure to wash your face and hands good and wash behind your ears, put on a clean blouse and your good suit; and for goodness sake comb your hair!

"Now, James Archer, you are old enough to get yourself ready; you know the preacher is coming and I do want you boys to act nice.

"Bob, for goodness sake don't make a mess of carving that turkey; give each one a piece of white meat and some dark, and put the dressing at one side with some gravy on it. Please don't put your fingers on the turkey when you carve, and don't forget to put on your coat. Mr. Clark wouldn't know what to think if you sat down in your shirt-sleeves, and I'd be embarrassed to death!

"Oh Lord! I'm so afraid everything won't come out all right.

"Alma, I want you to understand that when I ring this little bell you are to come promptly in—understand? Whatever you do, don't scorch that turkey. Is that cranberry sauce hard? Is your bread done? Have you put a pitcher of ice-water on the table? Where's the butter? You forgot the soup spoons and the plates. Where are the—Oh, Alma, Alma! Can't you ever set the table by yourself?

"If I ever get over this dinner I'll never invite anybody else to one!

"Alma, go put on a clean apron this minute!

"There's the phone! My goodness, I'll never get ready!—Hello! Hello! Yes, this is 4192-W. What? Who? Oh, the preacher? What? He's sick in bed, and can't come out to dinner? Why, I'm so awfully sorry! Please tell him we will certainly miss him, and that I hope he soon feels better.—Well, now, isn't that nice! Can't come! Oh well, we can at least enjoy ourselves more. Still, I did want him to see what a nice family we have.

"Dinner is served!"



## COLORS *in the* WEAVE

### Table Cloth Observations

My, I've never felt so stiff and starchy in all my life. I'm sure I'm whiter than ever before, and I've been spread just as straight as Janice could put me. Before I go any farther, I guess I'd better tell that I'm the Thanksgiving table cloth and am really very old. Many Thanksgiving dinners have been served on me, and yesterday I was not a bit surprised when Janice had me washed and ironed so that I'd be ready for today.

The table is quite large now and I have to spread my arms wide in order to cover it all. You see, all the family is coming to dinner here, and that includes about ten grown-ups and six children.

Oh, here come the plates—my, they're big ones (they have to be to hold Grandmother's sumptuous dinner)—and also the silver. Then there are the glasses of water, and now the pickles. Goodness, but that platter of turkey is hot and heavy, too, and that dish of potatoes is about to burn me. There, they've spilled a bit of cranberry jelly on me; how horrid! But I can stand all these things just to see how very much all the family enjoy this feast.

Yes, there's Jim, just a big boy always. See, he's calling for more turkey. I believe he has never had quite enough. There's Frankie, too, Tom's wife, you know. She's full of fun, never still half a minute, always laughing. Oh, Miss Marie (the old-maid of the group) I do hope you'll enjoy this dinner, but unless you stop being afraid to chew, you won't; and each time you drink your water, I fear you'll spill some on me, your hand quivers so. Oh, the grandchildren! Thankful I am that Grandma thought to put a napkin at Joe's place, for he continually puts his turkey drumsticks on the outside of his plate!

But let me say that when one is a Thanksgiving table cloth many risks must be run, but it's worth them every one to be at that table during our family reunion.

*E. Ruth Abbott*



## The Blessing

They come trooping into the dining-room, laughing and chattering in an exuberance of happiness over being once again reunited at Thanksgiving time. Brother Jim, the rover, now living in a far Western city; Uncle Henry, from Florida; Aunt Harriet, just in from New York State: all the family together, for this one day in the year. They take their places around the big table with its snowy linen and gleaming silverware.

A reverent hush, broken only by the cheerful crackling of the logs in the big open fireplace in the next room, settles over the bowed heads of the gathering as Grandfather asks the blessing. "Heavenly Father, we are assembled once more about this festive board by Thy grace and mercy," he begins, a light of the spirit illuminating his kindly, wrinkled face, making it beautiful to look upon. His white hair appears to cast a glow as of a halo about his bent head.

Little Johnny raises his head just enough to see through the open doorway into the kitchen. There drifts in the delicious fragrance of roasting turkey, the aroma of golden biscuits such as no one in the world but Mother can bake, the heavenly sweetness of pumpkin pies. Inhaling the mingled odors, he gives himself up to rapturous anticipation. He hears the words of the blessing as a dull monotone of sound; the spiritual side of his nature is completely submerged by the physical just then.

Most of the others are in communion with the Master. Grandfather's voice throbs with earnest emotion. "We render thanks unto Thee for the many blessings Thou hast bestowed upon us during the past year. May those not so fortunate be likewise blessed during the coming months, and be comforted

in their misfortunes on this day of Thanksgiving. Help each one of us to perform thy appointed tasks efficiently and faithfully and serve Thee to the best of his abilities. May the whole world come to know the joy and peace that is found in Thee, when there will be a universal Thanksgiving. Amen.”

For a few moments the reverential silence continues. Then a babble of delighted squeals and exclamations breaks out as the steaming, deliciously browned turkey is brought in and placed before Father for carving.

*Glenn Holder*



## Bouillon

In spite of the alluring thought of a delicious Thanksgiving dinner—a table piled high with turkey, and cranberry sauce, and celery, and preserves, and pies, and nuts, and fruits, and candies—in spite of it all I seemed to be in a rather morbid state of mind as I sat at the festival table in the dining room of the Hotel Lafayette. Somehow there was a foreboding air about the place. The rest of the guests were merry enough, but I—even the brilliantly colored autumn leaves adorning the center of the table seemed to speak of impending tragedy.

Hardly had we begun the meal—steaming bouillon sat at every place—when I realized that the man opposite me was purposely avoiding my eyes. Almost instantly the eyes of all the party seemed focused upon me. For a moment there was silence, then a loud jabbering of voices, none of which I could understand. Everything blurred before my aching eyes. I was conscious of a scornful smile on the butler’s face, that through the blur. If only I could leave there, never to see a familiar face again! Was I supposed to enjoy this dinner to which I had been looking forward for weeks? Could I thank God for such a blessing?

Do I intimate that the meal was spoiled for me? Meal indeed! My whole life was ruined. But what had I done? What was wrong? Could it be——? Then I understood, but too late. I had disgraced myself, my mother, my whole family. I had used the wrong spoon!

*Cecile Lindau*

## The Turkey

The long-looked-for turkey has at last appeared. The mask of politeness which so cleverly disguises the emotions of those at the table cannot conceal the quick glances of admiration that flash toward the platter laden with the spoil. Prostrate on its back, succulent limbs raised temptingly into the air, the kingly bird is borne to the table amid clouds of fragrant steam. There it awaits impassively the glistening steel of the knife.

One knows that its cooking was performed as a rite. The skin is a dark red-brown, glossy, crisp, crackly; and some of the fragrant dressing has oozed on to the platter and mingled its piquant tang with that of the roasted flesh. All eyes are held irresistibly on that alluring mass of food, for years and years the symbol of the fruitful Thanksgiving season.

For a moment all else is forced aside in the wake of age-old instincts. For a moment the civilized garb and manner falls like a veil from the people. They become children of the savage past, now only dreamy vision in our minds. They are wild huntsmen in from the fierce chase that had drenched them with sweat and stung their hearts into a terrible breathless pounding—the chase through the chill, smoky, autumn air that had put the energy of life in their muscles and a desire for life in their hearts. Crouching in some smoke-festooned cave they transfix their food, the roasted spoil of the chase, with glittering eyes. No word is spoken. They are held impotent in the grip of that desire for fragrant, nourishing flesh, which is older than the human race.

The carving has begun. The bright thin edge begins to eat through the tender skin. Then the soft, juicy meat is exposed beneath and a cloud of steam escapes upward. The aroma pervades the air with redoubled intensity. The knife flashes rapidly, clipping out steaming sections of the fowl, destroying the beautiful symmetry of the carcass. Those who are to feast remain spell-bound through the performance of this rite. Then suddenly a trite remark jars the wall of silence; it totters and falls. The conversation flows over in a great rushing, bubbling stream choking the place with pleasant sounds.



At last the spell is broken. The huntsmen of many centuries past have gone, gone to the oblivion that awaits all fancy, gone the way of the rudely carven cave and the mysterious firelight. Now the descendents in whose hearts still burn the instincts of the past under a deep veil of inhibition, are feasting gaily on the food which is part of man's heritage. Gripped by the same intense delight as their long-dead fathers once experienced, they consume the sweet flesh and the spicy dressing with its charming mixture of flavors, and all the other side dishes which serve as a relish for that king of all foods, that lordly bird whose flesh is without equal—the mute inscrutable turkey, presiding over it all.

*Carlton Wilder*



## Celery

“I am fond of celery; I am very fond of celery. There is something about it that wins from me inner applause, whether it stands on the display at the vegetable venders’ or reclines gracefully in a cut glass dish on the dining table. I love the odor of it, the yellowish green of its leaves, the taste of its succulent fibres. And I am one who believes no dinner is a real dinner without it, that Thanksgiving is a mere beggar’s loaf without its delicious stalks.”

I was speaking to the young lady at my right; but all the while my two eyes were following the celery dish around the table. I saw stalk after stalk removed until—, well, when the bowl reached me there was nothing in it but a spray of yellow leaves that had fallen from a tender piece.

I was disappointed; I was unhappy. My Thanksgiving dinner had been ruined. I could hear my neighbor crunching between his teeth the tender, crisp fibres of a choice stalk. It tortured me. I found myself envying every other guest at the table. I was on the verge of asking my neighbor to divide his stalk.

There glided into the room at this instant the maid, bearing

aloft a dish, piled high with the royal stalks. My heart beat fast again; my cheeks renewed their youthful glow, my eyes sparkled. For me the dinner took on once more the air of a feast royal. And in my heart I blessed my hostess and said a prayer of thankfulness for celery.

*Edgar Kuykendall*



## They Are Still Worn by Some

*(Around the fireplace after a hearty Thanksgiving dinner)*

Everyone was in the best of spirits—Uncle Joe had just finished a corking fabula about a fishing trip two years ago at this time of the year out in the bay near his father's estate—how he got lost from the rest, then finally caught a twelve-pounder, but it splashed back into the water before he had control enough to land it. (Oh, he was a shark when it came to relating rash experiences.)

“But, Uncle Joe,” queried little Nathan, “how could you know the fish's weight if it went back into the water?”

Nathan was a pretty child, with cheeks like two red balloons and a mass of taffy-like hair.

“Why, think, my child—the fish had scales on it.”

“Oh-o-o,” thoughtfully agreed little Nathan—and he re-filled his popper with corn.

“Lookout, Ted,—your marshmallow.” warned his older sister. “See—I knew it—right in the hottest place of the fire.”

Ted, a modern Booth Tarkington character, was home from school for the Thanksgiving holidays. Incidentally, there happened to be an additional interest in his home-coming this year—a pink-and-yellow thing in petticoats, visiting his sister.

“What are you afraid of?” teased Beth upon seeing his sudden release of the toasting-stick.

Ted straightened up quickly and blushed as brilliantly as the apple in his left hand. “Hand it here,” he ordered, and once more he tested his skill at marshmallow-toasting.

Mrs. Ausherman commenced the history of Ted's first Thanksgiving turkey bone. The boy began fidgeting again; he stooped to the floor. "Don't you want me to tell the folks, Teddy, dear?" asked his mother in her sympathetic manner.

"Oh, yes'm—sure—go ahead—I don't remember—"

"First, please let me put this on your stick", begged his baby-doll, "it's such a nice one."

When the application of the reinforcement was completed, the story was continued. Again Ted bent toward the floor this time as if he were in agony.

"Teddy, dear," pleaded his mother, "perhaps you shouldn't have eaten that last slice of pie—I warned you—"

"No'm," agitated Ted, "That isn't it—"

The poor boy thought that he would try popping corn during this story—he simply couldn't sit still.

Just at the climax of Mrs. Ausherman's narrative—when little Teddy had swallowed part of the bone and the household was at its crisis Mr. Ausherman burst forth as if his tickle box had been punctured, and Ted's face became like a piece of iridescent silk.

"Ted, what is the matter"? demanded his mother.

The humiliated boy turned and faced his tormentors. "If you must know," he answered, as he made a final thrust towards the floor, "my garter broke and I just succeeded in fixing it."

Whereupon, to Ted's humiliation, the girls' giggle-boxes were entirely upset.

*Elizabeth Umberger*



## A Fireside

The voices of the story-tellers have gradually droned into silence. Only the crackling and snapping of the logs on the fire are audible. Wrapped in his own thoughts now, each of us sits staring absently into the glowing coals. I cannot help wondering what the others are thinking of; they are so quiet.

Ellen with her baby girl curled in her arms makes a lovely picture in the soft light. Ellen isn't half bad looking; and the baby—well, ask Ellen about the baby, and mark the result. She'll tell you, in all probability, that Baby resembles her father; then she'll fall into a reverie, just like the one into which she has fallen now. And she'll be thinking of her Will, just as she is now. You see, the baby's father was killed in the World War; and Ellen just idolized him. Though they say that time heals all wounds, I don't know—perhaps. It may lessen the wound, but I'm not sure that it heals it. The memory of Will and his death will always remain for Ellen.

Then there's Frank over there. I'll bet he's making for the tenth time his annual Thanksgiving vow—that he'll find him a nice, sweet wife before the year's up. But he'll never do it—that is, not for a good while yet. He doesn't realize it, but he's still a boy for all his twenty-two years. He wouldn't know how to manage a woman if he could get her to marry him.

Old Uncle Sim isn't looking into the fire at all. He's dozing. I guess he's dreaming of that story he just told. There, he's grinning in his sleep. Oh, the sly fox! Thinks he's put something over on us with that "whopper" he just told us. Well if he gets enjoyment out of that, I'll not disillusion him.

Look at that young rascal! He's my nephew, Silas—and some nephew he is! Watch him! What did I tell you? I knew he'd pull that cat's tail! I think I'd better intervene. No, I won't; his mother would be furious. She thinks the little mischief is a cherub. Oh, well.

Dear Mother—how tired she must be! No wonder she nods in her chair. I'd nod, too, if I had cooked a whole Thanksgiving dinner. As it is, I think I shall take a tiny nap. First, however, I'll pull up that shawl around mother's shoulders. There, now.

*Helen Felder*



## Thanksgiving Pains

Thanksgiving night! The longing for human companionship forced me from my hotel room to seek some friend. Upon my mind suddenly flashed the thought that somewhere in this city was a former classmate of mine, a very lovely girl.

I sought a directory and soon was on my way. I found my friend almost in hysteria. On this night I least expected to find such confusion and yet it *was* to be expected, especially where there were small children. When I went in I found my friend coming through the hall with sweet oil, castor oil, tooth wax and a hot water bottle.

After a greeting, in frantic tones she began to tell me: "Charles Junior has a stomachache and it is no wonder because he ate a whole pumpkin pie besides an *enormous* dinner. Jane has toothache from trying to crack hickory nuts with her teeth. Jimmy went nutting with a bunch of boys this afternoon and came home with a terrible earache. He thinks his ear is frozen but I know *just* what's the matter. They are all making three or four times as much noise as they need to make and on top of it all Baby has the colic. I am almost mad; I believe I'll lose my sense of reason if Charles doesn't hurry home and quiet the boys. Of course, he had to go out on the very night I need him most".

I offered my assistance but knew that it would be refused because a woman never wants a strange man around when there's trouble. So I left the girl whom I had once asked to marry me, there with her brood of suffering "chicks" and went back to my lonely hotel room.

*Thelma Miles*

# The Day After Thanksgiving

By EVELYN RIVES

Celery leaves on kitchen table,  
Cloth red-blotched with berry stains;  
All the children hardly able  
Hash to eat. Oh, oh, such pains!

Turkey bones piled high for Rover,  
Bits of dressing for the cat!  
Well, at last, Thanksgiving's over;  
Thank the blessed saints for that!



# H O M E S P U N

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## *Thanksgiving—a Spiritual Ingredient*

THANKSGIVING is an ancient custom. Races of men mount to prominence, disintegrate, and finally pass into oblivion, but the idea of Thanksgiving remains a living impulse through the centuries. As far back as we have record, it is found that men of various races and creeds have set aside days for Thanksgiving to their deity or deities. It is plain that the instinct of thankfulness has come out of the very springs of the human race. In normal state man has always been stimulated to pleasure by the fruits of living; and then followed logically the impulse to

show his appreciation of the benefits he has received by offering thanks to his gods.

Man has always done this; various peoples have done it in various ways. It is natural that we should follow the custom in America and in the way that it is peculiar to our racial habits and instincts.

Everyone is acquainted with the ceremony of Thanksgiving in America, if anything so simple and informal can be called a ceremony. We know it originated with the Pilgrim Fathers and has come down to us with little change. Except for the slight variations which sectional temperament has wrought, in all parts of the United States it is the same. There is the feast with the roasted turkey—so long a feature of the celebration that it has come to be a symbol of the American Thanksgiving and cannot be disassociated from the idea. There is a happy, informal gathering of friends and families. There are games, varying of course with the locality but everywhere infused with the same spirit of joy. Then perhaps there are stories, songs and various other enjoyments.

It is right that we should set aside a day like this to celebrate the benefits which have been showered upon us—to express our thankfulness to the Supreme Being in simple joy. But it is right for another reason and a more profound one; it is right because the idea of this day tends to stimulate the thoughts of people to find a deeper significance to Thanksgiving and eventually leads them on to greater enterprises for humanity. A man thinks of Thanksgiving; he immediately begins to make an investigation of his own mental attitude; does he have anything for which to be thankful? If he is in a normal state he does, and cannot help perceiving it keenly. However, it is to be regretted that many persons stop right here. If thought ever becomes fashionable, it is hoped that more will endeavor to think out for themselves a way really to express the force of the impulse, which they feel so keenly, for our outward celebration can never be anything more than a proof of the existence of that instinct. It is not putting the force of the impulse to work for the good of humanity and for the fulfilment of the obligation to advance ourselves which life imposes upon all of us. The satisfaction



of the impulse for good, we claim, is the real significance of Thanksgiving. Here is a wonderful source of energy, the impulse to be thankful for the benefits of life. This sense of thankfulness imposes on one the obligation to push forward into the uncharted realms of human achievement; to serve others and to serve ourselves so that others may benefit; and thus in the general stimulation of progress to lead people eventually to a greater understanding and appreciation of the benefits of life, and to a still greater thankfulness. The obligation is ours; the question is, will we assume it?

Carlton Wilder



## *High Life*

ON September 25, 1920, the first issue of *High Life* made its appearance. It was vastly different from the paper that is today making a place for itself in the ranks of the most select high school papers in the country. Paul Causey served as editor-in-chief, while Mr. Edgar Woods and Miss Inabelle Coleman were faculty advisors. The latter is still supervising the publication of the paper.

The new journalistic enterprise was begun after the suspension of *The Sage*, a combined newspaper and magazine which had been published by the students for several years. A contest was held to select a name for the publication, and *High Life* was selected, from among the several hundred submitted, as the one most suitable. The first year of the paper was very successful considering the lack of experience of the staff and the fact that the advisers had no precedent to guide them.

As the years passed the paper was improved more and more, until today it has reached its highest point of development, and holds an enviable position among the high school papers of the largest cities of the country.

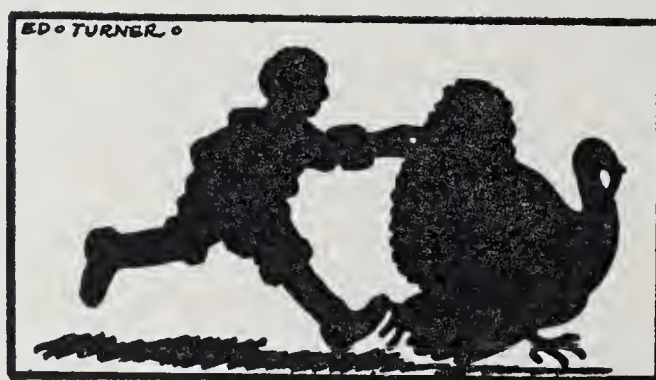
Until the present year the original plan of makeup was followed; that is, three pages of news and advertisements, the editorial page, the sports page, and a literary page. This fall,

with the publication of the Greensboro High magazine, HOME-SPUN, the literary page was eliminated. That left four pages for news. The number of ads was also greatly reduced, only two columns of the total thirty being given over to them, so that the space devoted to news was increased fully twenty-five percent.

*High Life* has won many state and national honors. For the past four years it has been ranked among the ten best high school papers in the country by the Journalism Department of Columbia University. In 1923-24 it won the Stevens Cup awarded to the best high school paper in North Carolina. Last year it was awarded second place in class B (schools with less than one thousand enrollment) in the national contest for high school papers held under the auspices of the Columbia Interscholastic Press Association. In 1924-25 it was also admitted to membership in the Central Interscholastic Press Association, whose headquarters are in Madison, Wisconsin.

This year a journalism class, the first in any North Carolina high school, was inaugurated for the members of the staff of *High Life*. It has already demonstrated its value through the improvement in the paper and the manifestation of a much better knowledge of the technical side of newspaper work shown by the editors.

*Glenn Holder*





# SILK THREADS

## Carol Carols

By CECILE LINDAU

WHAT A SHAME that all girls couldn't be attractive! Who was it that said a girl must be beautiful to get anywhere in this world? But Carol knew better. For Carol realized that she was no modern Cleopatra; she was not even what most people would call pretty; and yet as she entered the coffee shop, the eyes of every man in the place were focused upon her. It was not her clothes that attracted their attention, for at the time Carol wore a simple but becoming dark blue suit with tan accessories, quite appropriate for a cool November day. No, it was merely Carol herself. She smiled the smile of a woman who knows that she is fascinating. As she followed the waitress across the room to a table in the far corner the eyes of the men followed her, jealous because she was to sit at the table with—— again Carol smiled as she realized who her companion was to be. A Virginia man; Carol knew that the man was from Virginia the moment she saw him—not because of his clothes, nor his voice, but—well, some how Virginia men were different.

What a pity! 'The Virginian wasn't a bit nice. Why, he didn't even smile nor let Carol know in any way that he was glad she was to be at his table; but just give her five minutes. Yes sir, five minutes was all Carol Hale needed to make any man notice her! In a way Carol was glad that he was so indifferent. Somehow it made him more interesting.

"Chicken salad, please, and hot chocolate with whipped cream. What! You haven't any whipped cream? Very well; plain will do."

Why of all the beverages on the menu should the Virginian choose gingerale on a cool autumn day? What artistic hands!

He would be a musician—no, he would be a doctor. Of course, one had only to glance at those hands and know that the Virginian was studying medicine. But what a difficult doctor to talk to. He had not given Carol one glance. Where was her handkerchief? There; naturally, she had put it in the wrong pocket. Should she drop it to the right or to the left? To her left, of course, that would be his right—yes, to his right, the logical place to drop the handkerchief. As he stooped to pick it up, Carol noticed that his black hair, which waved softly back from his high forehead, would probably be gone before he was forty-five, it was that kind of hair; but then who cares about one's looks at forty-five, especially when one is only seventeen. How she would love to dishevel the soft locks and to—

“Thank you so much. It was quite stupid of me to drop it.”

“Don't mention it. Glad to do it.”

Could it be true? Had Carol heard him really say those divine words? “Glad to do it”—those words, so straightforward, so simple and yet so to the point; so like him!

What delicious salad. She would take all of her meals at the coffee shop; it was much better than any of the tea rooms. Shyly Carol glanced at her companion. He was not looking at her. Indeed, at the moment he was very much absorbed in eating his pie. (Apple pie, Carol observed. She wondered if it was his favorite pie. For her own part she didn't care for apple pie—for any kind of pie, for that matter. He, too, would learn to like parfait better). Perhaps the Virginian was dreaming of Carol, a moon——

“Miss Hale is being paged. Miss Hale, Miss——”

“Here I am, boy. I'm wanted at the phone? Thank you.”

Carol smiled as she left the table. And how she thrilled! The Virginian smiled too.

As she went to the phone, Carol realized with satisfaction that the men still nodded their approval. Who could be at the phone? Was it Bob, or Dick, or——

“All right. Yes. Why, hello Tom. What! Tomorrow night? Who do you think I am, Tom Kelly? Indeed not. No, nor Wednesday night; no, not until Sunday. I'm sorry Tom,

but I simply can't break a single date. Next Sunday? Very well. Good bye."

The audacity of some men! The very idea of Tom Kelly asking *her* for a date the next night! Was he crazy? Some girls might give him a date at such short notice, but not she.

Carol did not notice until she had almost reached the table that the Virginian had gone. With a pang of disappointment, she realized that he hadn't even waited to tell her good-bye.

Who was the good-looking blond coming towards her table? His suit wasn't so stylish as the—. Oh, well, clothes don't make the man. Besides one can't be expected to ruin one's whole evening because of one man. Furthermore the newcomer looked more sociable. He was most likely from Carolina; everybody knows that N. C.—

\* \* \* \* \*

With a start Carol awoke from her reverie. It was the telephone ringing, probably wrong number—it usually was.

"Hello. Yes. This is she. Tonight, John? The movies? Good, but will I have time to change my dress? Half-hour? Fine. Good-bye".



## Alone at Seventy Years

By ZAIDEE SMITH

A quiet picture calmly painted as I watch,  
Breathing blessings soft of things I never knew—  
Warmness, laughter, children on my knee  
That never were.  
Why can I not keep this twilight blue  
And be surrounded by the tinted pink of youth,  
And gold of happy days?  
Gone!  
Scenes shift to cold purple  
And black night stays . . . . .  
. . . . . and stays.

# Flotsam

By HELEN FELDER

THE glitter of the lights, the golden drapery about the waxen figure, the rhinestones nestled in artificial hair, the smooth black softness of velvety slippers—all these Minnie drank in thirstily as she pressed her nose more flatly against the glass of the shop window. She saturated her being with the luxury of them.

About her in the street the swirl and eddy of humanity scarcely touched the fringe of her outer consciousness. A young woman with a strident voice observed loudly at her ear, "Swell, ain't it"—but there was no reply. Groups of newsboys brushed past her, screaming their wares; but what did she care? She barely heard them.

A policeman hurried down the street with a drunkard in custody; Minnie did not know it. The real Minnie had slipped into the place of the waxen figure in the window, was dressed in that gold chiffon, and shod in those dark, rich slippers, was preening herself as she settled the glittering tiara more firmly amid her fluffy blonde curls. Minnie's true self was looking critically out at the shell of a girl that hugged the glass of the window so closely.

Gradually a transition ensued. Minnie came back to her prosaic self, leaving the dream self behind to call her in vain. Duty sternly dulled the light in her eyes as she turned away. Home again—or rather, the cold rooms honored by the landlady with the name of "apartment"—home and dreary emptiness of spirit.

Dragging her aching feet, the lonely girl traversed streets blazing with gay lights until she came to an alley. Here a girlish pride overcame her, and she glanced furtively about to see whether anyone was looking; but no one paid any attention to her. No one cared.

Darting swiftly into the alley, she disappeared into the tiny black recess. And the city rushed on, heedless that just off the white way a girl cried miserably—alone.

Dawn came. The first grey streaks of a coming rainy day

drew Minnie out of her dingy little cot. Her mood was not unlike the day. Sullenly, the girl worried through a breakfast of black coffee that must keep her from falling asleep at her work. Afterwards there was her cup and spoon to be washed at the cold water spout in the corner of the room. Finally came the progressing towards the business district—a stop at the same window again.

A sign met Minnie's eyes, a sign that brought back the lustre to them. Hastily delving into a worn pocket, she drew forth a dollar. A dollar! Just enough.

At that moment doors opened. A curtain ran up, and the store was ready for another day's business. Briskly Minnie entered. Making her way towards the basement stairs was easy; there were few other customers about at that hour to bar the way. Just at the top of the stairway the girl paused. How inviting was that elevator! It took one right up stairs to the shoe department, whence, if one were rich, one might return with velvet, or satin, or brocaded slippers. Wistfully Minnie smiled. The bargain basement for her! There they had old brogans for sale for one dollar.



# School

By CARLTON WILDER

They come in little groups,  
Laughing, chattering;  
In the fall  
Drifting along the street  
Like the wingèd leaves.  
But with a purpose,  
A tremendous purpose,  
A dazzling adventure  
Glowing in those tiny faces  
Still warm with their mothers' kisses,  
Still soft and pure with the innocence of babyhood.

They all in one direction wander  
As youthful frogs seek liquid coolness  
Of some gushing rill or silent moss-rimmed pool  
In the spring.  
As if by some unseen force,  
Working beneath the eddying surface of life  
They are all swept into one great building,  
Huge, severe, dark,  
More steadfast than life,  
More inflexible than death,  
Dumb, nerveless brick and mortar,  
Watching their fate unmoved.

At first there is the flicker of fear,  
The wild look of discontent  
On babyish faces,  
For they are wild, free things  
Like the foaming young torrent,  
The resilient sapling,  
The little squirrels that jump from limb to limb.  
They are close to the past,  
The red adventurous past  
Of our wild race.



And for a moment  
The dark prison haunts them.  
Then the feeling loses itself  
In the thrill of adventure,  
Of the fresh new adventure called learning.  
Generations of civilized life  
Have not toiled in vain.

I see them go in,  
Into the dark prison,  
Carefree and happy,  
Smiling with the thrill of adventure.  
And in my mind I see them go out,  
Stiff, solemn vows  
Of civilized youth.  
Civilized youth!  
A damnable parody!  
Real youth can not be civilized;  
It is glorious, adventurous, happy,  
Buoyant, passionate, eager  
To meet the challenge of life,  
To pit its indomitable energy  
Against the sombre forces of evil.

And now those rows of faces,  
From which all but the shadow of life  
Has gone,  
Come out of the dark prison.  
Years have passed where youthful minds  
Were clay in the hands of wise elders,  
Who held supreme power—  
The power to shape those minds  
As they saw best;  
To warp or mold symmetrically  
Those ethereal tissues—  
The solemn trust imposed on them  
By life.

When those faces come forth  
Every one will reflect  
The way this trust has been fulfilled;  
And every face,  
Every lifeless, hardened face,  
Will shield a soul  
That is just like all those about it,  
Alike in perfidy, in deceit,  
Alike in faded hope and stunted ambition,  
Alike in false, warped virtue—  
All alike,  
No individuals, just a mass,  
A mob, a product of civilization!

So with a bitterness  
I watch them come in little groups,  
Laughing, chattering  
In the fall,  
Drifting along the street  
Like the wingèd leaves.



# “Honest and Truly”

By CECILE LINDAU

**J**IMMY CARTER wasn't nearly as bad as people made him out to be or as he made himself out to be. In fact, Jimmy was at heart one of the best boys I have ever known. Of course, he smoked and cursed and took a little drink every now and then; but, as I have said, taken all in all, Jimmy was really a fine boy. Because he was director of a jazz orchestra, a good jazz orchestra, and perhaps a slight bit dissipated looking, people credited him with being—well, with being what he was not.

In reality, Jimmy Carter was not Jimmy Carter at all but John Hamilton-Hayes, son of *the* John Hamilton-Hayes, cotton broker. Some day Mr. Hamilton-Hayes, Jr., would leave his orchestra and become a member of the firm of Hamilton-Hayes and Robins, cotton brokers; he had promised his father that he would. He had also promised his father that he would never marry any girl of whom his father disapproved; however, he had not agreed to marry *anyone* of whom his father approved. For the older man was very anxious for his one and only son to marry; but the devoted and obedient—to a certain extent, obedient—son was not ready to marry. He wanted to try his wings.

As John Hamilton-Hayes, popular but petted millionaire's son, he left Charleston; as Jimmy Carter, unknown orchestra director, he entered Bluefield, West Virginia, after two years of wine, women, and song. Not that Jimmy cared particularly for any of the three; he was tired of them all; but what could a good-looking violin player do?

Did I say that Jimmy was unknown? Perhaps to the world but not to his orchestra. To them he was a good musician, a good fellow, a good friend; for Jimmy was made of the very best.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the beginning of the third week in Bluefield Jimmy was undecided as to what to do. In two weeks the orchestra

left Bluefield. Then should he continue as director of "The Storm" or should he return to Charleston? As a matter of fact, he was tired of jazz—night after night the same thing played in the same way, morning after morning the same corrections to make, for invariably the boys made mistakes at these rehearsals. The "hot" ones were too jazzy, the "steadys" too slow.

Then, too, he was tired of going with the so-called fast set. For a while they were all right, but after a time——

But, if Jimmy went to Charleston, he would be married inside of a year and to some girl for whom he himself would care very little. Ah, well, let the future take care of itself. They would be in Bluefield for two weeks yet, and then the question would be decided for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

At ten minutes to nine on the first night of the last week Jimmy took out his watch. Only ten more minutes and the day's work would be finished. Jimmy viewed his orchestra with an approving eye. They had played especially well; and now, as they relaxed for a few moments before beginning the next number, Jimmy smiled at them, a gleam of satisfaction in his eye. He realized that the whole audience was satisfied too. The large "blue room" was crowded and each person waited restlessly for the music to begin.

Gently someone touched his shoulder. As he turned, Jimmy saw two large blue eyes smiling into his own. "Will you please play 'Honest and Truly'?" the owner of the blue eyes asked.

"Sorry. Had eight requests before yours".

Jimmy was sorry the moment he had spoken. He was taken off his guard; and, though he could not grant her request, still he need not have been so harsh.

Immediately after the last piece Jimmy walked quickly to the girl. "Really, I hope you'll forgive me for being so rude. I'm sorry, but it was impossible for us to play 'Honest and Truly'. Tomorrow night we'll play it first thing if you are here".

The next night, and the next night, and the next night the girl came to see Jimmy and incidentally to hear the orchestra.

Generally she came with her mother—Jimmy supposed it was her mother or a friend—but always she was there.

\* \* \* \* \*

As they finished the last number Jimmy turned to the princess. (Jimmy always called her the Princess; they had agreed not to disclose their true names). He imagined that he saw tears in her eyes. Of course, he only imagined the tears; but really she did look sad as though she, too, was sorry that it was the last night. As he told her goodbye he said that he hoped, he intended, that they should meet again. They had only known each other for a week—but such a week!

Every one in the hotel looked askance at Jimmy when he gave a loud shrill whistle. But they didn't know, how could they know, that the Princess had just informed him that she would be in Charleston the following week and would give him a date!

Now his problem was solved. He would go to Charleston without question. Father or no father, he would marry the girl if she would have him; if not, he would never marry.

\* \* \* \* \*

The wedding was beautiful. Everybody said that it was beautiful. As she walked down the aisle the bride looked indeed like a princess; at least, Jimmy thought so. The wreath of orange blossoms—real orange blossoms from California—was more beautiful than a crown of jewels.

That night after the last guest left the reception, John-Hamilton-Hayes, Senior, called his new daughter-in-law to his side. As he closed her hand tightly upon the piece of paper he had placed there, he spoke in low tones so that no one could hear.

“My dear young lady, don't tell me you refuse this check. I know that you didn't take me seriously when I offered you a thousand dollars to be my daughter-in-law; but it is worth much more than that to me to see my son safely married to the girl of my choice. Of course, dear little Princess, he need never learn that you went to Bluefield for the express purpose of becoming my daughter-in-law.”

# My Autograph Collection

By HENRY GOODWIN

THE impulse to collect autographs came back in 1921 in the fall of the year. Our English class under Mr. LeGette Blythe was studying Edward Bok's life in a book called *A Dutch Boy*. Now Bok had been interested in autograph collecting and after a time had assembled autographs from notable persons in every country in the world. In this book of his life he told a great many of his personal experiences in assembling these autographs. These experiences interested me; and it was not long before I wrote to two well-known men. In this project I was not alone; a fellow classman sent a letter at the same time on the same mission.

At first we were only mildly interested; perhaps, one might say, curious; and after my companion and I received a polite little form letter giving us the information that "Mr. (Woodrow) Wilson is unable to send his autograph", we forgot the matter.

However the fates decreed that I should collect autographs. On July 22 or 23, 1922, nearly six months after having sent my two letters and after I had completely forgotten there was such a thing as autographs, I received an envelope containing a card. On this was Thomas A. Edison's signature! This was the match that relighted my enthusiasm.

After this other autographs followed in quick succession. I am not at all certain in just what order they came, for they were mixed up unintentionally by a friend of mine once when he was looking through my album. Two of these were "Mel" E. Trotter, a widely known evangelist, and George Elias, a Chaldean church-man of great fame. Under the autograph of the former was a scripture reference.

Calvin Coolidge, then vice-president of the United States, followed these two men when he replied immediately to a letter I wrote him. The postmark on his letter was dated March 13, 1923. On the same date there came an answer to a second

request for an autograph of Woodrow Wilson. The chief executive was not to be bothered with such trifles.

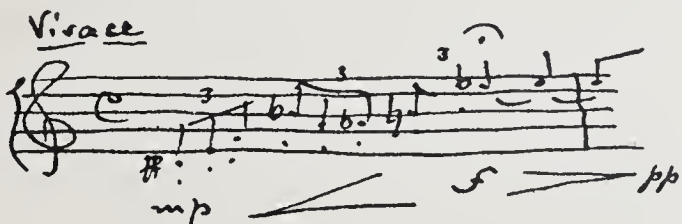
Three days later Henry Ford's secretary sent me his first regrets that the "boss was out." Ten days after I received Ford's regrets Edward Bok replied with the words "Work and you win—save and you succeed—loaf and you lose. Edward W. Bok." At his request, his secretary sent me some embarrassing though very helpful advice which I proceeded to follow from that time on.

About this time I learned that the Greensboro Public Library was starting an autograph collection. Having something in common, I soon became acquainted with all the city librarians; and Miss Rowe, head librarian, showed me their scrap-book of autographs. My eyes fairly beamed over the autographs and letters of General Greene, O. Henry, Thomas Jefferson and many modern writers. From then on until the present I have gotten autographs for the library as well as for myself. The first one I got for this institution was that of General John J. Pershing. The war chief sent me one for myself and one for the Library collection in a letter postmarked March 28, 1923.

Among the opera stars of Greensboro's 1923 season was Josef Hofmann. Not being able to obtain an interview at the O. Henry Hotel where he was staying, I left a note containing my request. He replied handsomely. This is one of the treasures of my collection.

- Chromaticism -  
Z. 4025 Ky

*Virace*

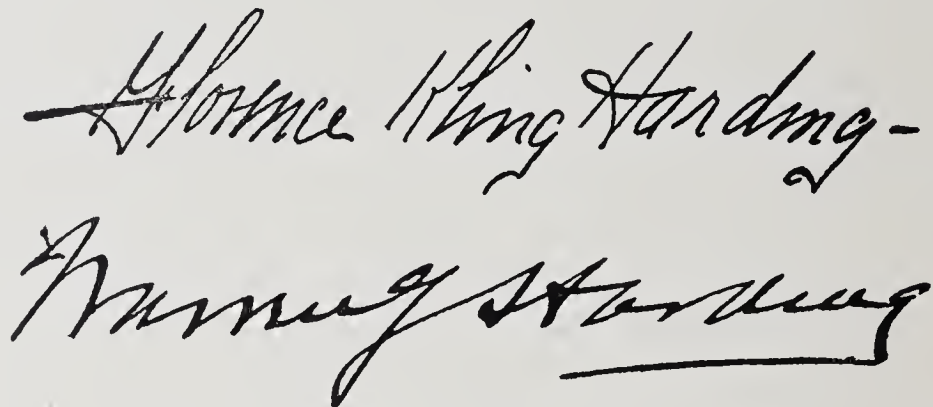


With Compliments  
of  
*Josef Hofmann*  
Greensboro, N. C.  
March 15<sup>th</sup> 1923.

Not only did he give me one for myself but an extra one which is now possessed by the Library.

Following this came the "John Hancock" of Charles R. Erdman, a noted theologian of Princeton University. There came next autographs of I. M. Yoran, S. K. Emurian, and Paul L. Berman, men of no great national importance.

In reply to a letter to Mrs. Warren G. Harding I received President Harding's autograph on a beautifully embossed card and her autograph.



The image shows two handwritten signatures in cursive. The top signature reads "Woodrow Wilson Harding" and the bottom signature reads "Fanny Harding". Both are written in dark ink on a light background.

That was not all, for Mrs. Harding addressed the envelope personally. Her letter was postmarked April 13, 1923.

There followed a negative reply to my second request for Henry Ford's autograph; but shortly afterwards Luther Burbank sent me his autograph on a card, dated May 12, 1923. It is written very legibly. I regard it as a "great catch."

John Henry Jowett, the world's greatest preacher of the day, replied at that time, "With every good wish, John Henry Jowett." The envelope is post-marked "Grange, Keswecy, June 19, 1923" and "London, F. S. 17, June 20, 1923."

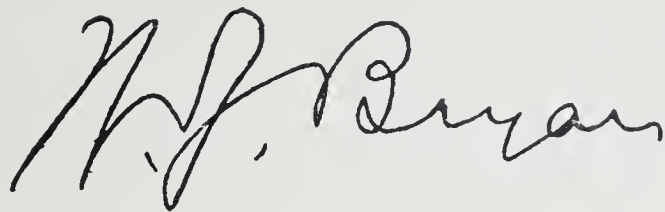
On June 12, 1923 Thomas G. McLeod sent me his signature as Governor of South Carolina.

Among the most interesting of all autographs is, I believe, that of Warren T. McCray, Ex-Governor of Indiana. It was in the middle of June, 1923, when I received his autograph. About six months later he was sent to the federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia for "misappropriation of funds." In the trial it was brought out that he was a victim of circumstances. Although he is now a convict I still prize his autograph because of its unique history and the superb penmanship.

W. J. Bryan, "the great commoner," was evidently a very



great man judging from his contribution to my collection. It is hardly legible.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "W. J. Bryan". The ink is dark and the handwriting is fluid and somewhat slanted.

One of my first personal conversations with a man of note was with the Governor of Virginia, E. Lee Trinkle. A Greensboro *Daily Record* reporter was waiting to see the Governor, too, so we made our calls together. At first, I was a little shaky, but my fears were groundless and I soon felt quite at ease. Mr. Trinkle readily gave me his autograph and called in his Staff Officer, Colonel James T. Desney, to sign, too. I must say that Col. Desney writes a much better hand than his chief. It might be interesting to note that on a later occasion when the Governor was in town he honored me by asking me to accompany him from the O. Henry Hotel to the station as he was leaving our city.

B. F. McLendon, otherwise known as "Cyclone Mack," wanted to be at his best when he gave me his autograph. He used up a perfectly good sheet of paper "training" and then wrote me out two signatures in the greenest ink I have ever seen.

Miss Nellie Rowe of the City Library added to my collection by presenting me an autograph of Temple Bailey, a well-known writer of modern times.

About this time Claude Kitchin, North Carolina representative to the sixty-fourth Congress, died. I was bewailing the fact that I didn't get his autograph when my mother came across a personal letter with Claude Kitchin's autograph affixed thereto. Needless to say that it was immediately appropriated.

There came next the autograph of Will H. Hays, one time United States Postmaster General and now head of all moving picture activities. This was added to the bottom of my letter with the signature "Received July 6, 1923".

I certainly was treated royally by Amelita Galli-Curci. At first she just sent me her autograph but a short time later I received an autographed picture of her.

Miss Mabel Corlen, opera singer, gave me her autograph on one of her visits to Greensboro.

The autographs of P. C. Morgan and his father, G. Campbell Morgan, noted in the religious circles of the Presbyterian church, come next.

After two failures to secure Henry Ford's signature from him, I made my request known to Mrs. Ford. It's useless to say that it netted me nothing.

John M. Rankin seems to prefer a sort of brown ink; for in such came his signature. He is the governor of Louisiana.

Rather than write to Irene Castle for her autograph, I waited until she visited Greensboro and received it from her personally. She certainly was upholding her title of "the best dressed woman in the United States."

Alfred E. Smith, great Tammany Hall leader and Catholic Governor of New York State, gladly acceded to my request for his autograph with all the pomp of a future President.

C. A. Weigle, another man well known in the Southern Presbyterian Church, kindly consented to give me his autograph when he spoke at the First Presbyterian Church here.

It was quite an honor to meet ex-Governor Cameron Morrison and have him make his contribution to my autograph collection.

When Jascha Hiefetz played here in the Greensboro Concert of 1923-'24 I wrote him a note making known my requests and left it at the O. Henry Hotel. Not being certain that I would have my note answered, I proceeded to the National Theatre. The place was packed and all available space was taken. Nevertheless I heard three-fourths of his concert at no greater distance than fifteen feet from Jascha himself. When he finished his concert I was among the many that received his and his pianist's autographs.

John Philip Sousa, Director of Sousa's Band, came to town at the end of the concert course. I heard his band play, then received his autograph.

*(To be continued)*





# PATTERNS

## From the Book Shelf

HUGH WALPOLE'S *Fortitude*

The effect of parentage and environment on character has interested novelists almost as much as it has sociologists; but the play of natural forces upon an individual mind and life has for the most part been passed over in fiction. However, Walpole captures it in his *Fortitude*. In this he relates the struggles of Peter Wescott III against unfortunate family characteristics which were largely instrumental in preventing the attainment of his ambition to become a man and author. Despite the tragic situation the author writes with considerable interest.

The declaration and convictions of poor Nora Monogue bring him at last in touch with his real self. That contact stripped from his soul the impediments—aloofness, selfishness, the craven fear of pain—that had hindered his progress. He finally comes to realize the value of old Frosted Moss's mutterings: " 'Tisn't life that matters—'tis the courage you put into it."

*Elizabeth Umberger*

### *To Have and to Hold*

Marooned! As I stood on the beach, watching the waves ripple over the sand, I fully realized what this meant. I had other humans to bear me company, it was true; but that only added to the horror of it. We were without food of any kind and there was no water on the island. I did not think of myself as I stood there, but of the others, how they would die from lack of nourishment. Even now the one I loved best was calling for water in a pathetic voice.

"It would have been better for us if we had been drowned," I muttered, that cry for water still ringing in my ears. I, who

was known as "Captain Percy, the Unconquerable," admitted defeat. To my befogged brain even the ocean seemed to rise and leer at me in triumph, fall back quickly, only to rise again.

Again that cry for water was heard, but it was quickly drowned by the roar of the ocean. The whole island seemed to be ringing with weird noises. Human flesh could stand it no longer. Turning, I ran blindly until I dropped from sheer exhaustion. I do not know how long I lay there. Finally, lifting my head, I looked at the ocean. Minutes passed unnoticed. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. A ship was coming directly below me.

"It must be a mirage—but—it's real—," I cried as I saw small boats being rowed quickly to shore.

*Irene McFayden*



"Night"—*Aeneid*, Book iv, ll. 522-528

It was night and weary bodies  
Through the sleeping land were quaffing  
Peaceful slumber; and the forests  
And the boist'rous seas were quiet,  
While the stars passed in their courses  
High o'er meadows deep in silence.  
Beasts, and birds of bright-hued plumage,  
Tenants of the rippling waters,  
And of thickets harsh with brambles,  
Had forgotten all their troubles  
As dark night let fall her blanket;  
Care was lost in sweet oblivion.

Translated by *Helen Felder*





## Lizzie

By GLENN HOLDER

“Lizzie, be good!” I often have to admonish her in those words, with the addition of a few descriptive nouns and adjectives which are not included in old Dan Webster’s compendium of knowledge. She is a creature of whims and moods, ranging from surly defiance to joyous acquiescence.

When in a happy frame of mind, the old girl is an admirable companion. She leaps forward with rollicking abandon, and generally bubbles over with life and good humor.

But when Lizzie is in an obstinate mood, all the arch-fiends of his Satanic Majesty could be no more stubborn nor wrath-provoking. All the coaxing and pleading in the world have no effect upon her stony heart. The only thing to do is to wait until she recovers from her disagreeable state of mind, and then appeal to her sensibilities, when she may accede to your wishes.

Old and worn-out she appears, with her drab, grayish complexion and stubby, underslung figure. She is blind in one eye, and a hideously empty socket stares out at the beholder where the eye has been removed. Her voice is loud and squawky, and she is shod in the shabbiest of sadly-worn footgear. Not much to

look at is Lizzie, inciting one to murderous rage at times, but she has many good traits and occupies a warm place in my affections. A darn good Ford when she wants to be—that old flivver of mine!



## The Gentle Art of Gossip

By JACK COBLE

What would we do without those familiar and confidential people called gossips? What kick would life hold but for the intimate and mischievous form of conversation called gossiping? What if there were no “have you heards” and “did you know?” I dare say the world would hold little or no spice for the most of us.

Gossip is a game, indulged in and enjoyed by everyone the world over, and may be played by two or more persons, preferably three old maids, who never have and wouldn't *think* of gossiping because there is nothing they hate like a gossipy person. It may be played anywhere, from the theatre to the sewing circle, and mostly with the most vivid of imaginations.

The game begins when Miss A mentions something Mrs. — told her last week. At this Miss B casually drops it that said Mrs. — is a terrible gossip, and immediately all three should register horror and sweetly remark, “Of course I never gossip—don't believe in it.”

“But,” says Miss C, “did you girls ever hear about that Miss — across the hall? No? Well, I got this first hand——” Then Miss C proceeds to tell all she knows about Miss — across the hall.

“And say, that reminds me,” Miss B should then remark, “have you heard that the Browns have no credit downtown? No? Well, the grocer told me this——.” It follows that Miss B should then tell all she knows about the Browns.

“But, now,” Miss A must then add, “did you hear about that little Jones boy in the next block? No? Well, they say

he actually——” whereupon Miss A should tell all she knows about the little Jones boy in the next block, and by this time all should have finished what they came for; so after expressing horror again over Mrs. —’s gossiping, they should take their leave.

The next week all but Miss C should gather with Miss — across the hall and tell all that the former said about her.

This makes up, gentle reader, the game known as gossip.



## Ties

*By C. E. C.*

Checks, circles, squares,  
Dropped on a silken string;  
Sunsets stitched on a morning-pink;  
Paint-box spilled on a yard of crepe;  
Ornament, sacrament,  
Worshipped thing,  
Part of the ritual of the modern youth.



## Checkered Shirt

*By C. E. C.*

Gaudy mixture of blues and browns,  
Perpendiculars,  
Horizontals,  
Each lost in the other;  
Cuffs and collars,  
Like an autumn sky, overcast—  
Fashion’s folly!

# Mink Tripper

By GLENN HOLDER

Mink Tripper, Beau Brummel of Bull Pen, was in the seventh degree of celestial joy. Arrayed in a loudly-checked light brown suit which seemed to shout its elegance to the world, a flaming red tie, gray spats, gleaming yellow shoes and black silk hat, he strutted about the streets, stared at in open-mouthed envy by all the dusky denizens of the cops' greatest tribulation.

Two high-yaller flappers garbed in rainbow-hued apparel approached up the sidewalk. Mink looked, stopped, and was lost. Doffing his hat, he strode up to them.

"Ladies, I believe I has the pleasure of addressing the Misses Black and Brown, has I not?" he ingratiatingly inquired.

"Oh, yes; and you is Mistuh Mink Tripper. We has heard about you. Dey says you is a lady-killin' shiek, Mistuh Tripper," one of them cooed.

"Yassuh, ladies, I is dat, and den some. Now let's us go up to de No'th Pole ice cream pahlor and imbibe us a sody," he proposed.

Presenting an arm to each of them, he proudly led them up to the doors of the ice cream emporium.

"Ah likes youah suit, Mistuh Tripper. It matches youah complexion so puffec'ly," the other damsel simpered as they passed through the doorway.



## They Have Their Uses - These Badges

By ELIZABETH UMBERGER

An eavesdropping moon spied now and then on the young couple sitting on the steps of the side porch.

"And are you my own dear Hiram?" she had asked when they first sat down. What could she mean, for this was the first date he had had with her. He admitted, thoughtfully, that she proved worthy of his roommate's praise, though.



"I like than pin of yours," she informed him in her sweetest manner. He noticed that this new creature seemed a bit restless; but one could almost be excused for such during a "blind date." "You know," she ventured, "I think it's one of the best-looking ones on the campus." She squirmed again; then nestling closer, "Some day I want one just like yours."

He could stand it no longer. She was the conqueror and he the defeated; so thinking, he yielded his treasure.

"Thanks," he heard her say. Then he noticed how exquisite her well-shaped head was in the moonlight. But it was such a quick glance; for the minute she had the pin in her possession she bent over with a swish of silk things and remained in that position for a second or two. Then rising, she said: "You know, I had to have a pin of some sort and I knew that was the only one you had. Now we can go to the movies."

And the moon sighed a sigh of relief.



## The Grasshopper and His Aunt

*(A Fable)*

By HELEN FELDER

A spry young grasshopper landed with a barely perceptible thud on the tidy little porch.

"Ho! Hum! Morning, Aunty."

Aunty Ant looked over her shoulder at him; then calmly went on beating the rug in the corner.

"Where were you last night, you wretch? I wanted you to run an errand for me, but I couldn't find you."

The grasshopper grinned cheerfully behind his aunt's back.

"Oh, I went to a dance given for the younger set. Didn't get home till one o'clock."

"Um-hum. And what time did you get up this morning, pray tell?"

"'Bout eleven."

"I thought so. Don't you *ever* work, you young scape-grace?"

"Don't know as I do, Aunty."

The old aunt finished beating her rug and disappeared into the house. In her absence the young grasshopper sang lustily to himself and stretched his long limbs luxuriously. Though he hated work himself, it pleased him that his aunt should have such a tidy porch to sit on.

A telephone rang suddenly. The grasshopper heard the old lady's footsteps as she hobbled to answer it; heard her nervous, quavering voice. Soon Aunty Ant appeared in the doorway.

"What would you do, Freddie," she asked, "if your mother were dead?"

The grasshopper sprang up.

"You don't mean——"

"I do mean that very thing. A wheel-barrow ran over her not five minutes ago. Come on, boy; we've got to hurry. They need us at your mother's."

They departed hastily.

Late that afternoon a dismal funeral procession made its way over a hill to the cemetery where the earthly remains of Mrs. Freddie Grosshopper were deposited in their last resting-place. Young Freddie was the only one of the crowd who seemed not to realize what had happened. Even after the services were ended, Freddie walked around in a daze.

Presently he felt a light pawing touch on his shoulder. It was Aunty Ant.

"I guess you'll have to come with me. Your mother didn't leave you a thing to live on, and you haven't anything yourself; so the only thing you can do at present is to stay at my house."

But Freddie would not. Lazy as he was, he had pride. In vain his aunt argued. Finally, in despair she left him, trusting that later he would come to his senses; but she trusted wrongly.

That night a cold wind sprang up. The next morning Freddie's body was found by the road, stiff with cold.



