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THE WEAVE

TRUE YOUTH

By GRAHAM TODD

Age!

What matters it?

For the heart of a man is the age of a man;

And though his years be many,

Youth of spirit is his

For the merest asking.

Youth!

What is it?

The love of a man for his fellow-man;

Gayety of nature, found

In any heart, proves that heart

To be young.

SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

By HENRY GOODWIN

(Awarded O. Henry Prize at Commencement, 1926)

THE front door opened; a young man of respectable but dishevelled appearance tiptoed into the hall and silently closed the portal after him. A sigh of relief escaped his lips as he sank in a heap where he stood. His bated breath was now allowed to take its natural course and so he lay there relieved, and panted as one who is not used to such long runs.

The lone stroke of the old grandfather clock chimed out to recall the breathless fugitive to the present need. It might have been twelve-thirty, or one, or half-past one; the darkness prevented him from ascertaining exactly which, but he knew it was after midnight and that was enough.

Removing his shoes so as to prevent any unnecessary noise, he crept softly up the stairs to the second floor and turned down the hallway. At the end of this corridor was all he possessed—two rented furnished rooms, his art outfit, a few rejected paintings, and the poor little street urchin whom he had befriended some two years before.

He undressed in the dark for fear the lights would wake the six-year-old "Tommy," as he had christened him. For many hours he tossed in fitful slumber, dreading the morning, yet dreading the night, too. His feverish brain pictured all kinds of dangers; of police, of jails, of court-rooms, and of the newspaper reports; waking from one nightmare only to start another even more horrible than the first. The pangs of his conscience tortured him all night.

At last morning came. Steeling himself against his fears and arguing with his conscience that what he had done was only as a last resort, he went about the usual routine in comparative composure. All went well until breakfast was almost finished. Suddenly there came a knocking on the door. Hamilton, for that was the name of the late arrival of the night before, felt his heart leap into his throat! He caught his breath! Suppose it was the police! His face turned deathly pale at the thought. Then, summoning all his strength, he regained his outward composure and went to the door.

"Your rent is due, sir!" said the landlady. "Sorry to bother you so early in the morning, but I have to pay the coal and light bills, you know."

"And how much is it?" he asked with relieved look; "I owe you a few dollars from last month, don't I?"

"Yes. That makes the bill come to thirty-six dollars in all, doesn't it?"

"Well, just a minute and I'll get it," he replied. He was gone but a moment; when he returned he had three ten-dollar bills, a twenty, and five five-dollar bills. Handing her the twenty-dollar bill and two tens he received the change and the old lady's thanks.

"By the way," she ended, "have you heard the news?" And without waiting for an answer she continued, "A department store on the Avenue was robbed last night. The funny thing is that the thief only took seventy-five dollars and there was over a thousand there for the taking! The policeman that rooms up on the third floor told me about it. He said that the only clue that was found was a thumb print and an old dirty handkerchief. Well, I guess I'll have to be about my housework."

She left him standing in the doorway utterly paralyzed by the news. It took him several minutes to recover. Visions of an old dirty handkerchief and finger-prints flooded his mind. Little Tommy, who had remained at the table to finish his breakfast, now came over to where his adopted father was.

"What's the matter, Uncle Jim?" he queried. "You look all sick! Are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right," he answered weakly.

"But you ain't, though! You're all white!" Tommy persisted.

"Don't worry about me, Tommy," he answered more firmly. "Come on and let's clean up the dishes."

II

"Two girls to see you about a position as clerk, sir. Shall I show them in?" inquired a floor-walker of a big department store on the "Avenue" as he entered the president's private office.

"Pretty?" questioned the president.

"Ah, fairly. I've seen prettier, though."

"Don't need anyone today, thanks. We have too many clerks as it is," came the reply as he dismissed the floor-walker and turned back to his work! "Oh, by the way, you might send Miss Eaton in," he added.

Ten minutes passed; then—

“Did you want me?” queried a feminine voice from the half-open door of the president’s office.

“Why, yes! Er—ah, Miss Eaton, I suppose you have heard of the robbery last night, have you not?” he began bluntly.

“No, sir; no one has mentioned it to me. I was a little late this morning and haven’t had a chance to talk with anyone. How did it happen?”

“I thought everyone knew about it!” he stared at her incredulously. “Well, it was like this,” he began briskly. “Someone broke through the window above the back alley and in some way opened the wall safe. There was at least two thousand dollars there, but the thief took only seventy-five dollars. At first it seemed that a master crook had done the job, but why should he take *only* seventy-five dollars? If it wasn’t a master crook, then how could he open the safe so easily? I can’t understand it!”

“Quite remarkable!” she exclaimed. “I suppose the police have been notified. Have they found out anything?”

“Er—, yes; they found a man’s handkerchief lying on the floor near the desk, and a fingerprint on the knob of the safe. Besides that, a man was seen as he slunk out of the alley behind the store. When he caught sight of his pursuer he ran down a side street and disappeared. The police suspect a young artist who lives in an East Avenue boarding-house.”

“But what have I to do with it?” she queried, sensing the reason for his summons.

“You see, it’s this way—” he began to explain; “in order to fix the crime it is necessary to prove the artist’s right-hand thumb-print identical with that which the police photographed. I suppose you know that no two fingerprints in the world are alike?”

“Yes—then I’m to get the fingerprint?”

“If you have no objections—matters are facilitated by the fact that this same artist advertised for a model. You are just about the type that would appeal to an artist, so get the job at any cost and—I’ll double your pay while you’re gone. Can I depend on you?” he added.

“Yes, sir. Shall I begin this morning?”

“Please.”

“Then I’ll begin now, sir.” She turned and left the room.

III

Hamilton stared moodily into space.

"Fate seems to be against me," he muttered almost inaudibly. He sat alone in his room—Tommy had gone out to sell evening papers—staring out of the window, but seeing nothing. "If I were the only one to consider, things might be different, but——still Tommy helps to keep us in food to the best of *his* ability," he continued. "It was for him that I——. Well, it's done now!"

Unconsciously, he began to shuffle a deck of cards with which his hands had idly come into contact. Presently one of the cards fell from his hand to the floor. He leaned over to pick it up, stopped short before he reached it, and stared. There on the floor lying face up was *the Queen of Hearts!*

A knock was heard at the door! He sprang to open it, leaving the card on the floor. As he did so, memories of the night before flooded his mind. As he reached forward to turn the knob, he felt a cold shiver, hesitated a second to compose himself, and opened the door.

Mon Dieu! What a sight of loveliness! Surely Venus had nothing on what he *now* beheld. A full half-minute passed before he could realize that he was still on earth. In a soft, soothing voice she reminded him that he was still mortal by her sweetly hesitant question—

"Are you—Mr. Hamilton?"

"Yes," a little breathlessly.

"I am Miss Dorothy Eaton. I came in answer to your add in the 'Daily.' You wanted a model?" she questioned.

"Yes; won't you come in? I would like to make a settlement of terms. I am sure you will do," he assured her. He pulled up a chair for Miss Eaton and seated himself in one to her left so that he faced her.

"And how much do you charge?" he began without further ado.

"You see, Mr. Hamilton, I've never done anything of the sort before, so I really don't know how much it would be worth. It would, I believe, be best for you to decide upon that since you know more about the work."

"Well, I hardly know exactly what to pay. This will be the first time I've tried to paint anybody but children. I should tell you, though, that it will be impossible to make any payments to you until after the painting is complete. If it is perfectly satis-

factory to you, let's just postpone the discussion of pay, then, and we will reach some agreement later on. Do you agree to that?"

"Certainly."

"Now about the work; it will be necessary to pose for an hour or so each morning and about the same amount of time each afternoon of the week except Sundays. What do you say to beginning at nine-thirty o'clock in the mornings and two-thirty in the afternoons?"

"That suits me! When shall we begin?"

"Oh, just as soon as will be agreeable with *you*, please!"

"Then——in the morning?"

"Please." He was thrilled with his success.

She arose and bade him a good-afternoon with an extended hand. He took it, and as he did so, their eyes met.

In a moment she had gone and he was again alone, but in a different mood from that of half an hour before. The pensive, down-in-the-mouth expression had given place to an enraptured one, and quite another appearance came over him. He walked over to the window and stood there looking out over the sunny side of the street.

"Things are not so bad, after all," he mused. "With such a model and such a person to inspire me——gosh! And after that I can pay back that money—that is, if the cops don't catch me first!"

Then he remembered something. He walked over to a chair and picked up the neglected card that had fallen from his hands some half an hour or more ago. Instead of being replaced in the deck of cards to which it belonged it soon found itself on Mr. Hamilton's bureau.

IV

"Just a few more touches now, Dorothy, and we'll call it a day. I want to finish up that hand a little better. It doesn't seem quite natural——just a trifle more lax in the wrist, please. Yes, quite tiring, but this is essential, you know.——There, that's finished! Now if you care to rest up a bit, I'll fix a cup of coffee. I believe it *would* taste pretty good, don't you, Dorothy?"

"Oh, you're too good to me, Jimmy! Let me help you, won't you?" she queried appealingly. "I'll make a couple of sandwiches and then rest while we eat." She followed him into the other room and they were soon busily engaged in their self-appointed tasks.

"You know, Dorothy," he began as he lighted the little gas coffee jet, "it seems as if I've known you for ages, doesn't it? And yet, just look how short a time it has been—two weeks—just two! We've been calling each other by our first names and getting along just fine."

"Yes," she assented; "I certainly have been enjoying those two weeks, too. Of course, it's mighty tiresome and boring at times, but those moments have been rare lately."

"Yes; they have for me, anyway. I think of you as someone I have known all my life—it just *seems* that way to me. We know each other so well——" he paused and repeated his last words to himself. Did she know him so well after all? Did she know the deed he had committed? She looked up to discover the reason for such an abrupt pause in the conversation. "Dorothy," he continued in a thoughtful mood, "will you give me your opinion on something?"

"I'll do my best," she replied, secretly puzzled at his sudden change. "What is it?"

"Well, it sounds funny, I know, but I've been wondering about it for some time—not that it concerns me," he added hurriedly—"but I would like to hear someone else give his opinion. It's just this: Is a person justified in the crime of theft if he commits it to save someone else from hunger?"

"But surely there could be some lawful means by which the same end could be attained, some way to——"

"No; I mean after every lawful means had failed!" he broke in. "I mean after every effort at obtaining honest work, no matter how humble and humiliating the job, had come to naught."

"That complicates things," she laughed. "I don't really know just what would be right. It seems as if it *would* be justified, however, on one condition."

"And that is——?" he encouraged her.

"That the person who committed the crime make things as nearly right as possible at his or her earliest opportunity to do so."

"But suppose they hadn't the chance? I thought the same thing—repaying and explaining—I mean making things right," he stammered, confusedly. "If he couldn't do so until it would be too late, then what?"

"Well, Jimmy, that's a question I can't answer—but there must be some way! But let's drop the subject—if you don't mind. It's

getting too complicated for me. These sandwiches are ready now; I'll put one away for Tommy and then we'll go into the other room. I've got a little picture to show you."

"Now, what was that you promised to show me?" he asked as they seated themselves in the front room that might be termed parlor and art studio combined.

"Look inside." She held out a carefully polished small golden locket to him. "Can you guess who that is?"

He turned it over between his fingers and after an admiring look, opened it. There on the inside was the picture of a baby's face. Dimpled cheeks, smiling eyes, ruby lips and everything that causes a baby to be attractive.

"You?" he queried.

"Uh-huh; how did *you* know?" she asked in mock surprise, as he returned the locket to her. She glanced hurriedly at it—Yes, there it was—just a dingy spot or two—but what a great deal of infinite patience and care to get it! A faint smile appeared on her face as she placed the results of many a long hour's efforts in her coat pocket. But as the sun suddenly disappeared behind a cloud so did her almost imperceptible smile change to a frown. "Just to think of practicing such a deception; just to think of practicing it on Jimmy Hamilton, of all persons!" she thought. "Do I—yes, it must be so. I do love him! I do!"

She needed time to think the matter over; so hurrying herself a bit and almost gulping her sandwiches and coffee, she finally excused herself as well as possible and left him. Out on the street she made an effort to collect her thoughts. In a time like this it was necessary. "Number one," she considered, "Jimmy Hamilton stole seventy-five dollars. Number two—I have been paid to prove him either guilty or innocent and will have succeeded in proving him guilty if the fingerprint on the safe matches that on the locket. Number three—I am in love with Jimmy—most important fact of all! Number four—If guilty, as most likely he is, he will be tried and sentenced to imprisonment. Number five—Jimmy might be able to get out of the mess if he would carry out his plan that he suggested to me. Number six—To do this, money is necessary. There is none on hand, nor is any expected. Number seven—Jimmy's painting has been admired by several art critics and the general consensus of opinion is that his lines are good—plenty of soul in it—probably will become an immortal masterpiece. If it

wins in the Royal Arts Convention, Jimmy will have plenty of money, but the need for cash is too urgent to wait. If some person bought an option on it pending the convention then—that was it! An option!”

She increased her pace and continued on her way to the store, however, with very different intentions and greatly increased hopes. If only she could make her employer see her viewpoint, then everything would be all right. She would show him how he could make a good investment and after the convention use the masterpiece to draw crowds to the store—that is, if it won—she was sure of that, though. Love creates undoubting faith! What if he had stolen? What if he, when given the chance, would not repay the stolen money and confess? It would be terrible to marry a common thief! One who had stolen only for the love of a friend after all other means of obtaining money had failed was quite different, especially if that person confessed and paid all the money back. But love is not to be dictated to; thief, or no thief, she loved him. The will and mind may fool the heart for a while, but not for long, for soon the heart finds a way all of its own.

V

Jimmy Hamilton's mind was far from his portrait which he had been retouching. He realized the fact and made no attempt to overcome the desire to lay down his brushes and think. Plenty to think about, anyway; why not let one's mind get off one's work for a while and just think? Smoking is a good diversion when one wants to think; it gives one a chance to picture his thoughts in the gray clouds and hazy ringlets of the smoke. An easy chair before a window would complete an ideal environment for deep thoughts. So there he was in his easy chair with his thoughts and his cigarette smoke. Thoughts? Yes, of the most tender nature.

“She's wonderful!” he breathed, “and her eyes—Lord, what eyes! Wonderful eyes, wonderful hair, wonderful girl— Most irresistible person I have seen in all my life! I've certainly got something to live for! No wonder those art critics wondered at my 'Madonna Marie;' can't blame them, even if I did paint it myself—just look at the model—some inspiration for a work of art. If those critics only knew of the inspiration I have, then they wouldn't wonder so much at the contrast between this and my previous work. 'So much soul,' they said. Yes, soul from love. Love is wonderful!”

So deeply engrossed in his thoughts was he that the resounding knock at the door went unnoticed until it had been repeated a second time and more insistently. He rather resented the intrusion on his thoughts, but reluctantly arose and gave the visitor admittance.

"Does Mr. James Hamilton live here?" inquired the middle-aged gentleman in the hall.

"I am he. Won't you come in?"

"Ah, I believe I shall. My name is J. Sidney Stone. Very glad to meet you." He offered his hand and after a physically painful moment entered the room. "I am told you are working on a picture with the hope of entering the Royal Arts Convention. Am I right?"

"Yes, I believe so;" and under his breath he muttered, "Another critic, I suppose!"

"Mr. Hamilton, the reports I have received have been most complimentary, and have interested me greatly. I am fond of art, and if you don't mind I'd like to see your picture—it's called the 'Madonna Marie,' isn't it? I thought so.—This way?—A—a—ah! A real painting! It looks almost life-like!—You must have a wonderful model for such a masterpiece!"

"She is wonderful, Mr. Stone. Anyone could paint with a model like her and the inspiration she gives," Jimmy replied, taking more interest in his caller.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" raved Mr. Stone, appearing to take no notice of the reply. "Yes, the critics are right. There's soul in it. She seems so natural in that pose! I wonder——" He turned abruptly to his host, "When is this art convention to be held?"

"January the fifth."

"Would you be willing to sell your painting after the convention, say for about——hm——how would ten thousand dollars—win or lose—sound?"

"*Ten thousand!*" gasped Jimmy, almost overcome by the joy and shock of it.

"Well—what about twelve thousand, then? I can't afford any more than that, though."

Jimmy quickly realized the possibilities and changed to the shrewd business man he could be on some occasions.

"Twelve thousand is a pretty small amount.—Let me see—I'll let you buy an option at twelve thousand, though—on one condition."

"And that is?" inquired the visitor hopefully.

"That you pay one thousand dollars cash for the option. I'm badly in need of funds at present and so that is about the only agreement we can reach on a twelve thousand basis."

"Well, I guess I'll take your offer. If your painting wins, it'll be easy to sell for more than that, so meet me at the courthouse at two o'clock. I'll have the papers all made out and everything ready for you to sign. I'll have the money ready, too. Well—good morning!" And the gentleman went down the hall thoroughly satisfied.

VI

"A letter for you, Mr. Hamilton," greeted the postman. "Nice weather for the middle of January, isn't it? Sunshine, moderately warm, everything! Makes a fellow feel good!"

Jimmy turned from his job of superintending the moving of what furniture and art materials he cared to take with him to the postman. "Yes, fine weather! Fine everything!" he laughed, and took the letter extended toward him. "Hope you're feeling as well as I am—haven't a grudge in the world!"

"Well, well—a letter from an old friend, is it?"—"Dear Hamilton," he read, "'Since your wonderful but quite unavoidable success at the Art Convention, I have had innumerable offers for your painting. They have ranged between ten and twenty-five thousand dollars. I put the painting in the window, and the front of the store has been literally packed all this week while it was on display. Thanks to your charming wife, I made a fine investment. So I wish, as a token of my appreciation, to offer her any fur coat in my store. Bring her around sometime; I'd like to see you both.

"Cordially yours,

"J. SIDNEY STONE."

"P. S. (A half-hour later.) I just accepted an offer of thirty-four thousand dollars for the "Madonna Marie." It was bought by the National Museum of Arts. Tell your wife she can have two fur coats if she wants them.

"J. S. S."

SEARCH

(A Simile)

By CARLTON WILDER

Smoke,
Fascinating,
Swirling, gyrating,
Ever changing;
Now coursing straight up
In purposeful, curling column;
Now sucked over by the wind,
Sweeping along in horizontal clouds;
Now twisting back on itself,
Hesitant,
Obstinate,
Recalcitrant,
Whirling,
Dodging,
Streaming,
Rising,
Rising,
Dissolving,
Lost in obscurity,
Forever and forever.

Youth,
Glamorous,
Urgent, clamorous,
Ever dreaming
Golden, dazzling dreams that drift
Across the mind with effortless motion—
Shadows pass now and then, obscuring
The flawless light of dreams;
It is cold
And deep, dull black
In the shadow—
But shadows pass
And youth thrusts on

Into the mystery of time,
Seeking,
Seeking,
Never finding,
Lost in maturity,
Safe mediocrity,
Forever and forever.



A PARADOX

By HENRY E. BIGGS, JR.

SHE was a little shop girl down in the Bowery. I passed her on the streets early one morning, just seven o'clock, daylight saving time, in the neighborhood of the police station which marks the western bounds of "little Italy." There was nothing about her that attracted me especially; like all reporters, to whom observation has become second nature, I merely noted that someone had passed, and that that someone was a young girl of mediocre beauty with stringy bobbed hair and a pinched, wan face. Her dress bespoke of simplicity and neatness—a dark blue coatsuit topped with a crisp, white collar, and a becoming blue felt hat.

She was not unlike the hundreds of other girls whom one may see between the hours of seven and eight in downtown New York. I reflected for a moment; then promptly dismissed the matter from my mind.

II

That evening I dropped by one of the fashionable all-night clubs. In the ball-room I met a professional hostess, a charming young lady, fascinating, who seemed in that galaxy of color to possess the most enticing embodiments of beauty. Her complexion had something of that smooth softness, that perfection which seems God-given; and her hair was one mass of chestnut-colored curls.

I spoke to her during the dance. When an intermission came, she beckoned me aside:

"I believe I passed you on the street near headquarters in "little Italy?" she asked in anxious tones.

I did not remember seeing her.

"But I saw you," she snapped. "Weren't you at headquarters? You know 'Brass Button Rome'? I am almost sure I saw you come from there."

"Yes," I replied, "I regularly cover the place."

"Well, then, you can tell me. I couldn't stop this morning. Did they give Pertris Guinea thirty days? He's my husband."



RACE ELEMENTS IN THE WHITE POPULATION OF NORTH CAROLINA

By FRANCES JOHNSON

(Awarded Morehead Cup at Commencement, 1926)

THE purpose of this paper is to discuss the origin and characteristics of the races in North Carolina during the colonial period, and to give a brief summary of their contributions to the history of the State.

The white population of North Carolina is composed of a mixture of four racial elements. According to Connor, these elements are: "First, the commercially-minded, law-abiding, self-reliant Anglo-Saxon; second, the Celtic Scotch-Highlander, picturesque, proud and sensitive; third, the democratic, liberty-loving, religiously-minded Scotch-Irishman; and finally, the German, shrewd, economical, conservative, a lover of learning and of religion." The history of North Carolina has been formed by these races; and the characteristic North Carolinian of the present day is neither Saxon, nor Celt, nor Teuton, but is a descendant of the three.

The first settlers in North Carolina were pioneers of English blood who found their way from Virginia to the shores of Albemarle Sound between 1653 and 1660. These pioneers did not come as conquerors, but in every instance they came with peaceful purposes.

The absence of safe harborage, and the dangerous character of the Carolina coast show why North Carolina received its first permanent settlers from Virginia.

George Durant, John Battle, Thomas Rolfe, Roger Williams, Thomas Jarvis, and others purchased and settled around Albemarle

Sound about 1660. By 1665 the surveyor of Albemarle declared that a county forty miles square would not be large enough for the settlers there.

The population of Albemarle moved steadily southward along the banks of the Roanoke, Pamlico, Neuse, and Cape Fear Rivers. The first town in North Carolina was Bath, and it was incorporated in 1705. It was a sleepy village, and did not prosper.

Cape Fear became the second town, and quite unlike Bath it established a brisk trade with the other colonies. When the settlement was less than ten years old, Governor Johnson stated that its inhabitants were a very industrious people, and that they had made astonishing progress in their improvement.

Most of the settlers on the Albemarle and a large majority of those on the Cape Fear came from Virginia, as has already been stated. Others came also from almost every one of the colonies. From 1660 to 1730 the population of North Carolina was almost entirely English. Then it was the English who led the way into the Carolina wilderness, drove back the large forces of barbarism, and laid the foundations of the Commonwealth.

Historians do not arrive at the same conclusion regarding the character of these founders of our state and civilization. For instance, Davis, the historian of Cape Fear, says that the settlers were "gentlemen of birth and education, bred in the refinements of polished society, and bring with them ample fortunes, gentle manners, and cultivated minds." William Byrd and John Fiske, on the contrary, state that the majority of these first permanent settlers were from one of two classes: first, the thriftless, uneducated white servants of Virginia; second, outlaws from Virginia who ran away to escape the gallows. As Connor says, neither picture is true. The truth lies between. There were some educated, refined folk in North Carolina, and there were also outlaws. The better class gave a cultured atmosphere to the colony, and the baser people aided in keeping the criminal officers ever alert. "Between the two extremes, constituting the bone and sinew of the population, were those enterprising, law-abiding, sturdy, and deeply moral middle-class Englishmen who have always from Crecy and Agincourt to Yorktown and Gettysburg formed the strength and character of English-speaking nations."*

*R. D. W. Connor, *Race Elements In North Carolina*, pages 28-29.

The English settlers contributed to our history and civilization politics. We are indebted to them for the form and character of our government, and those great principles of constitutional liberty upon which are based the harmony, prosperity, and peace of our state. Three times the liberty-loving English farmers of Carolina rose in rebellion against violations of constitutional rights. The struggle was by no means easy, and many times the colony was in desperate conditions. The fact that it survived is evidence of the character and spirit of the early settlers. This is sufficient proof that we were not the shiftless people from Virginia or the outlaws who fled to escape the hangmen.

Next in order of their important contributions to our state is the Highland-Scotch.

The Highlanders have been affected by the nature of their native land. They believe in the survival of the fittest. They lived an out-door life, fought with their Lowland neighbors, and chased over the pathless mountains. A natural result of an existence of this nature was an enthusiastic love for strength, courage, and physical beauty.

It seems that the isolation of their mountain homes, the peculiarity of their social organizations, and their distinguishing costume would tend to keep them from emigrating. Yet about the middle of the eighteenth century they began to pour into America. The flow from the Highlands to North Carolina continued in an almost unbroken stream until the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. The reasons for migrating were these: first, agricultural conditions in the Highlands; second, their political trials.

Shipload after shipload of these sturdy people came and finally laid out their town at the head of the Cape Fear river. This town is at present Fayetteville. These emigrants were among the most substantial and energetic people of Scotland. They brought their customs to North Carolina, but soon they fell before the more conservative English customs and language.

It seems that the Highlanders came to America during a period of warfare. The majority of them landed on our shores from 1768 to 1771. This was the period at the outbreak and during the war which raged in North Carolina between the colonial government and the Regulators. The Highlanders were willing to aid us during this brief period of warfare, because they stood for law and order.

The question of the Revolution produced an entirely different situation. The Highlanders were eager to petition the King of England, but they would not take up arms against the crown.

Allan MacDonald, husband of the famous Flora MacDonald, was the most influential of the Highland military leaders in the Revolutionary War. He arranged plans with the King of England to aid Cornwallis at Wilmington. Their scheme did not succeed, however, because of the splendid victory of the Whigs at Moore's Creek Bridge in 1776.

After this battle the General Assembly determined that all the Highlanders in North Carolina must either give an oath of allegiance to the United Colonies, or it would be necessary for them to leave the state. A great number of the Highlanders returned to Scotland and to Nova Scotia. They were loyal to their clans, and they should be applauded for their sense of loyalty to duty as they interpreted it. That same idea of faithfulness to honor induced many of them to pledge allegiance to our flag and to remain ever loyal to its principles. In every department of our government there can be found names of Highlanders who have rendered distinguished service to America. These will be mentioned according to their particular fields of service. In military history there are the names of Charles and Joseph McDowell, who were most outstanding heroes in the battle of King's Mountain; in constitutional history the names of Samuel Johnston and Archibald MacLaine appear; in the field of politics the name of James J. McKay; in jurisprudence, James C. McRae and Robert M. Douglas, who served on the Supreme Court bench; in industry there is Paul C. Cameron; and in education Charles Duncan McIver. These Highland names are an aid in reminding us that the Highland-Scotch were second in the white population of North Carolina in their contributions to the fame and history of North Carolina.

The third element in the white population of North Carolina which will be discussed is the Scotch-Irish. As will be noted, he has been a great factor in the molding of our citizens and in forming our great Commonwealth.

The term Scotch-Irish does not signify a mixed race of Scotch and Irish ancestry. It is merely a geographical term. The Scotch-Irish are in reality Scotch people, or the descendants of Scotch people who at some time or other lived in Ireland. The Scotch people left the Lowlands of their native country and invaded Ire-

land. There they remained a race apart. They did not mix with the Irish, but stuck to their own people and lived peacefully. Therefore, the term "Irish" as applied to the Scotch is only a geographical term. The Irish people were Catholics, and the Scotch were Presbyterians. Thus they remained in Ireland. This points out the depth and sincerity of the Scotch-Irishman's religious faith. It also gives testimony to their strong character and intellectual energy. They remained firm, staunch, and triumphant over overwhelming numbers in spite of religious and racial problems. A people possessing these marked characteristics are deserving of serious study.

From the Lowlands of Scotland there are numerous examples of a manly race. John Knox, Robert Burns, Robert Bruce; the royal line of Stuarts; and the great manufacturing city of Glasgow may be referred to.

There are three outstanding characteristics which have distinguished the Scotch-Irish: first, the earnestness of their religious convictions; second, their democracy; and third, their interest in education.

The Scotch Lowlander was an intellectual rather than an emotional being, and his religion was founded on intellectual convictions. From their religion we can trace their intensity of conviction, their sincerity of purpose, and zeal for education. They were forced to fight for existence against their neighbors, the Highlanders, and later against the Catholics of Ireland. When they went to England, the Protestants there gave them considerable trouble. Thus they became the true Protestants.

The second distinguishing element in the character of the Scotch-Irish was their political system. Democracy reigned not only in ecclesiastical problems, but also in state affairs. In their church they were governed not by bishops and the clergy, but by laymen or by the people. This was true democracy. In a country where Church and State were so closely linked the same democratic principles soon ruled the State.

The Catholics in Ireland did not allow the Bible to be read by the common people. The Scotch-Irish encouraged the reading of the Scriptures. John Knox said, "Let the people be taught!" This is a good example of the vigor which the Scotch-Irish had for educational interests.

These characteristics the Scotch-Irish brought to America, and to the State of North Carolina. The first date of the Scotch-Irish settlers in North Carolina is 1735. The first immigrants were sent into New Hanover County on Black River for the purpose of raising flax and hemp. The settlers who came later flowed farther westward into the counties of Orange, Guilford, Alamance, Caswell, Iredell, Rowan, and Mecklenburg. They came so fast that within sixteen years it was necessary to form six new counties in the Piedmont section to accommodate them.

The professions represented by these early settlers were teaching, the ministry, and surveying. In later years lawyers sprang from this educational race.

There were various trades followed. Weavers, joiners, coopers, wheel-wrights, tailors, hatters, merchants, laborers, wine-makers, and farmers were to be found in this element of people. Thus it can be seen that these people were very industrial.

It is a difficult task to come to a just conclusion of the character of the Scotch-Irish. Connor says in his *Race Elements in the White Population of North Carolina*, "There is perhaps no virtue in the whole catalog of human liberty in our political and social system which has not been placed to their credit; no great event in our history which they are not said to have caused."

The entire history of the Scotch-Irish shows that he would fight; he would die, but he could never be conquered. When the Revolution came upon the country, the Scotch-Irish proved to be the staunchest of American patriots. They had from the first opposed Britain. In the most important phases of the war the Scotch-Irish were present, and they were a great help to us in winning our independence.

In politics, in commerce, in religion, in industry, and in education this race has been near the front. More than one-fourth of the governors of North Carolina since the Revolution have claimed descent from Scotch-Irish ancestors. The first President of the University and the first Superintendent of Public Instruction were of this virile race. In national affairs the Scotch-Irish have been represented by senators, cabinet officials, and presidents. From the county of Mecklenburg two presidents of the United States, Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, have sprung.

It is easy to see that the history of our State depends in a large measure upon this great race of Scotch-Irish.

The fourth and final element which has formed our State is the German. Since the English and Scotch are born subjects of the British crown, the Germans are the only important foreign element in the white population.

The Germans came into North Carolina from Pennsylvania. They migrated for various reasons. Some came for adventure; others were in search of good land; and still others were moved by religious belief. These early settlers came alone, and they retained their language and customs in Yadkin Valley. The only capital needed on the frontier of North Carolina was thrift, vigor, and common sense. These characteristics the Germans possessed; accordingly, thousands came to North Carolina to live when they had been driven from their native home. Of these, one class came for religious reasons, and from 1740 to 1775 they settled the Piedmont section of North Carolina. They represented three branches of the Protestant Church: the Lutheran, the German Reformed, and the Moravian.

Although the German settlers were law-abiding and patriotic, they took very little interest in politics. Their time was devoted to religious and industrial affairs. Unlike the English who made their homes on large plantations, the Germans formed themselves into close communities with the church and school as their center.

Of the communities which the Germans settled, Wachovia was the most important. It was typical of a German village. In the year 1752 a company of Moravians staked out the settlement of Wachovia. As was characteristic of them, they sent out first an exploring party. This party purchased Wachovia, which comes from two words meaning a meadow and a stream, from Lord Granville in 1753. Two months later a group of twelve unmarried men set out from Pennsylvania to settle Wachovia.

This village advanced slowly, but steadily. After the French and Indian War two towns, Bethabara and Bethania, were founded about 1760.

The Germans wanted their chief center to be in the Wachovia section, and so after the peace treaty of the French and Indian War, Salem was founded in 1760. It soon became the principal settlement of the Moravians in North Carolina.

The Germans are characterized by their shrewd, economical, and conservative nature. Throughout our history the Germans have been the conservative life of our state. They have contributed to

and influenced the educational thought of North Carolina. Sidney Finger, who held for eight years the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction in our state, was a descendant of the Germans. The President of Salem College and of the State Normal and Industrial College are both of German descent. This race has contributed much to the industrial life of North Carolina, also. The first cotton mill in North Carolina was the work of Michael Schenk, a German. This work was the beginning which has made North Carolina second among the States of the Union in the manufacture of cotton.

Throughout our history when a crisis would arise and the English, Highlanders, or Scotch-Irish would be ready to fly into a rage and spill the whole plan of creation, the German has acted conservatively. He has always stood for peace and order. It is quite evident that this element of steadiness, thoughtfulness, and conservativeness is worth a great deal to North Carolina.

“Such are the people who have made the history of North Carolina and from whom the modern North Carolinian has sprung. You cannot understand him unless you understand his origin and the influences that have shaped his life. He possesses the Englishman’s love of home, hatred of tyranny, and respect for constitutional forms and precedents; the Highlander’s unflinching loyalty to a cause or a leader, high sense of personal dignity and honor, and intense passions usually well under control, but fierce and terrible when aroused; the Scotch-Irishman’s deep spiritual nature, stern, uncompromising religious faith, and devotion to religious liberty; and the German’s simplicity of manner, frankness of speech, and honest shrewdness in business.”*

It is with the hope that one may get an insight into the character of this modern North Carolinian in whose hands lies the future of this Commonwealth that a study of each of the white races from which he has sprung has been presented to you.

*R. D. W. Connor, *Race Elements In North Carolina*, page 19.

THE YOUTH MOVEMENT

By HENRY BIGGS

WITHIN a short span of years the youth has become one of the outstanding subjects of thought and study. Emerging from the smoke mists of the World War, the youth movement has steadily expanded into a gigantic event of history which is sweeping through almost every civilized nation with a relentless gusto that knows no obstacles. As to its motivator no one can say; it is generally agreed that it was born among the ominous rumbles of a man-made inferno, but whether any one man, Bernard Shaw or Freud, actually formed the central hub around which the movement reaches is questionable. On the other hand, its coming seemed to be predestined as a result of related circumstances.

Every step of its onward march was accompanied with a jar. The effect was that of a sleeping giant awakening. From a spark there was a conflagration. The world was aroused. Shocked! Havoc always accompanies changes; the worthwhile and the worthless were minced in the immensity of the eruption. International conventions of young students confronted world problems with a relish, constructively considering the questions of disarmament and world peace. Sex dogmas were thrust aside; in extreme cases decency was a sufferer. Isms were praddled with. Superstition was routed. A national spirit was injected into the coma-stricken Imperial Dragon through the persistency of young Chinese students who had imbibed Western ideas and the Christian religion. Harvard students even dared to give quizzes to the professors not many months ago. The young mind is scrutinizing the educational system and, strange to say, flagrant fallacies are being detected. Youth is awake. Now that the youths are organized in a certain mysterious, intangible way they are making people think.

As long as it proves a stimulus to constructive thought, with a minimum of radicalism, there need be no fear. There is, however, reasonable cause for grave concern; there is always the chance that, by an unhappy miscarriage, it may defeat its own purpose. Revolutions of ideas, like political revolutions, which often follow the introduction of new ideas, carry with them a menace. Without

exception there is a corresponding counter-balance to every upward trend. The crime wave and lax morals among present day youths provoke consternation. It remains to be seen whether they can ride in the saddle or be galled under it.



TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

By ZAIDEE SMITH

Lo, here a day of hope and sadness born,
As sudden dawn upon the darkened hills.
If I could tell why I should love your hands,
Your quiet voice, I'd know from whence you came,
Like mists surprising skies, and where you've gone.

So sudden gone! Oh, beauty's eyes that seek
My heart, whose dark-shade fringes half conceal
Reflected passion, longing, and despair.
To love, possess, relinquish—this is sweet—
To love and hope and never know is death:

Death tasteful as the country spring-time when
The air is wildly pregnant with delight;
Death bitter as a man's regretful end
When spring comes back with the infant year.
Oh death in life, that quenched the smoking flax!

I talked with you one precious time.
I drank your words and knew I lived by them.
There was one triumph in a higher world,
And music aye shall give me you, my own—
This altar to the unknown God, my dirge.

AN OPINION ON MODERN EDUCATION

By CARLTON WILDER

I HEARD what to me was a very significant remark the other day. A friend and I were conversing, and among other things we chanced to touch on the topic of education; during the course of our discussion he remarked to me with a great deal of assurance in his voice that he believed that the best thing he had ever done in his life was to leave school. To me that seemed very significant; but I will go further and say that that one sentence told the whole story of present-day education. That simple statement of his seemed to sum up the whole inadequacy of our highly complicated, highly standardized school systems to meet the needs of the individual student.

It is needless to say that I agreed with him; my attitude toward education has long been verging toward the radical, or as we radicals choose to term it, the progressive; and at last I have reached the point where I am willing to present an open criticism of commonly accepted ideas on the subject. In fact, it seems to me imperative that I do so.

Of course there is no expectation on my part that everyone who reads this will agree with my views; in fact, I would venture to say that a large majority will disagree thoroughly with everything I say. But on the other hand a few will remark, half-suspicious of their own temerity, "Well, there may be something in what that fellow says after all;" and there will be a scattering—I could count them on my fingers, I believe—who will exclaim, "Just what I was thinking! He sure has the right idea!" And it is upon these two small groups everywhere—of which the groups in this school are representative—the doubtful ones and the scattering of whole-hearted crusaders of progress, that the solution of our country's educational problems depends.

That is a strong statement. I am prepared to support it, however, with a complete analysis of the situation. Let us see.

What is the purpose of education, anyway? I think the majority of educators will agree with me when I say that it is to develop the powers of the individual student to the highest degree of culture possible, so that he may attain success, and a degree of

happiness consistent with his disposition, and incidentally advance the welfare and standards of the community to which he belongs. Excluding the physical side of education, not because it is relatively unimportant—personally, I would give it equal rank with mental and moral culture—but rather because the fault I find with current methods of teaching young minds are not in any degree applicable to the physical culture employed in the schools, we face mental education alone, and define its purpose as the development of original and creative thought in the individual.

The development of creative thought is, of course, necessary to success; the reference is to success in the highest sense, a creative success, not necessarily a financial success. And the majority will concede, I believe, that it is a great aid to happiness, because it brings an understanding and at the same time a certain amount of control over the facts of existence that would further the emotional well-being of the possessor. Education, in its particular field of mental culture is, therefore, vitally concerned with the development of individual, creative thought, if that, indeed, is not its sole aim in dealing with the minds of posterity. Now the question is: Does the formal education which is offered to children and youth in America today fulfil this vital requirement of all education?

No matter what noble ideals educators are wont to express when launched forth on their favorite topic, we must honestly face the fact that those ideals are meaningless unless applied in actual classroom practice. As a matter of fact we all know that the schools of this country are, as a whole, conducted on an entirely different basis from that which I have presented as the essential of education and that which a great many educators advance as the ideal of education. The usual purpose predominant in high school and grammar school education throughout America is the old idea of cramming the student full of facts and calling it culture. I think it is possible that some advanced college courses have departed from this very objectionable method; I would not venture to say that this is absolutely true, from lack of information on this phase. But on the other hand I do know, from actual experience in schools in various parts of the country, and from what I have been told by others whose experience has been in all essentials the same as mine, that this condition and others equally as bad exist today in the public schools of America, the schools that are supposed to offer

the benefits of culture to all alike, the only avenues of education open to the vast majority of our young people.

Let us be explicit. How is the average high school classroom conducted? The students come in; they are fresh from a moment of freedom; for a short time their minds, their emotions, their imaginations have been unleashed from the relentless grasp of routine. They are stimulated, as though awakened from the customary classroom apathy by the breath of freedom they have experienced. They come in, bubbling with laughter and gossip. Is not this significant of the attitude of students toward the classroom subjects? Does not even the most died-in-the-wool "grind" experience a sensation of relief upon going out of a classroom into temporary freedom? But wait; let us see what happens as the class proceeds. Let us say it is a class in English; that would serve as the fairest example, for that is a subject which in my estimation should be the least confined by stereotyped modes of thinking, a subject which deals with the vital need of self-expression, which is closely related to all forms of thought, since all thought must be in words, a subject in which the importance of originality should be, perhaps, more emphasized than in any other. But what happens? The teacher opens the class with a peremptory admonition to silence that lays a quietus on any original train of thought her students might have been pursuing and puts them in a bad mood, psychologically speaking, for any kind of creative action at all. Who does not resent the domineering attitude that a great many teachers assume in a classroom? Even if they are not openly antagonistic their whole attitude is that of one determined to force some particular mode of thought on their charges.

The topic for the day is literature; that is the great storehouse of thought from which a great part of every individual's culture must be drawn. The typical class which we are considering is engaged, say, in studying one of Shakespeare's plays. In the first place most of them lack a cultural background sufficiently complete to understand and fully appreciate Shakespeare, but that is the fault of the preceding years they have spent under the control of the same inefficient system; let us consider how the teacher in this class deals with her task. Perhaps she gives a brief discussion of the form and general nature of a play. Such ideas are not presented as stimuli to thought, vehicles of suggestion, topics for general consideration and discussion with a view of bringing the

students to develop their own ideas; but merely as arbitrary facts intended to be pigeon-holed in the perfectly systematized and correct mind of the educators' ideal of student, who fortunately does not exist.

A brief lecture on Shakespeare himself and his place in literature is now in order. Here, again, the same method is pursued; ready-made opinions on the great playwright and poet are handed out wholesale to the students who by this time are either thoroughly bored, sound asleep, or intensely interested in some *sub rosa* conversation going on in the classroom, or else some exciting or attractive occurrence that is transpiring in the world of freedom just beyond the window.

Then the teacher begins to read parts of the play, elucidating obscure passages as she goes along, which process is helpful, of course; but a large amount of the extraneous comment she inserts is ruinous to the literary effect. As a matter of fact, a long passage, say a scene, should be read entire, and then the floor opened for explanation of difficult parts and a general critical discussion. In this way the force of the dramatic effect is not lost; one gets the writer's idea, undiluted, as it sprang originally from his pen, not a crazy framework of weakened thoughts and palpable guesses at the writer's artistic intentions, as one gets it with the method now in vogue.

I will not go into further detail; it is too tedious, too suggestive of unpleasant occurrences we are forced to submit to every day; we all know the story. The teacher winds up with a long assignment for home work, which doubtless includes an outline of the first act or two, or the answering of a lot of inane questions in the textbook, either one of which is merely routine drudgery the utter uselessness of which the student senses with the instinctive perception of youth. After all is said and done, is it any wonder that this vast pile of facts to be memorized, presented in lieu of a real education, passes completely over the heads of a large majority of the students, who have learned to accept the standard school subjects as necessary evils, and whose real purpose, whose real enjoyment in school life lies in athletics, clubs, other outside activities, and the daily social contacts, the hum of youthful gossip, conjecture, philosophy that flows on untroubled for the brief moments when the bars of routine are down? Is it any wonder that many succumb to the inevitable before several years have gone by, and blindly

seeking the freedom of thought and action their natures require, give up all hope of ever attaining a cultural education, and plunge out into the world, hopelessly unfitted to breast the inexorable currents of life, doomed to remain stranded on the shoals of mediocrity, until the tide comes in at night closing forever over their blighted hopes and ambitions?

But what of the students who succeed brilliantly in scholarship, you ask? Apparently they adapt themselves to this unnatural method of education; how do I explain that? Is not the fault after all a result of the low standards of intelligence among young people, of shiftless habits created by home environment, instead of the inferior educational methods which I would assign as the cause? Yes, what of these so-called brilliant students? They are very few, you must admit. A very small number can adapt themselves to the prevailing system of teaching sufficiently to make high grades on their subjects. And do they, after all, represent necessarily the most brilliant minds in the school? Of course their store of facts is greater than that of the average student; and of course they are capable of dealing with the standard classroom situations more efficiently than the average student; and of course their home training or innate adaptability has often enabled them to secure for themselves a few grains of mental or moral culture out of the great amount of chaff that they have swallowed also, culture which the average student, though fully as deserving, failed to get. And thus they may claim a certain advantage, being fortunate, over others who were not so fortunate; and yet when it comes right down to the bare facts of the matter, have they any more ability to face the everyday situations of life than those others they have outstripped in school curricula? If they do succeed in life, with everything favoring them, is that a positive indication that they were inherently superior to those who failed with everything against them?

But let us return to the main thread of the argument. These conditions that I have described, you know, are no exaggeration. They are the conditions that exist everywhere in our country today. We ourselves face them daily; we have in many cases become so inured to them that we do not stop to consider the vast harm they are doing, the great waste they entail, not only the waste of finances, which is stupendous enough, but what is more profound, more insidious, the waste of lives, of creative poten-

tialities which, if developed, would prove priceless to the advancement of mankind. And we fail to perceive the hypocrisy of a democratic institution which claims to offer equal opportunities of education to all and actually offers a type of education which is useful only to an insignificant minority out of the vast masses it was designed to serve. Here we point to another noteworthy defect in the educational system, the failure to provide for the inevitable differences in individual interest and ability. With the exception of a few minor choices permitted, fixed courses are given to all alike; no attempt is made to develop individual bents along the lines they would most naturally grow. All is part of an interminable system of grades and credits which extends from the very first year of school to the final college degree.

The whole emphasis is placed on grades and credits; on "passing," on "graduating," on getting enough units in this and enough units in that to get into college for "my A. B." and so forth, and so forth, *ad infinitum*. Some teachers deny this; but if they would only be frank with themselves they would see that it is actually the case. Certain fixed requirements of work to which all must conform are in effect; students are graded irrespective of ability, of originality, of creative application, but rather on the basis of whether they performed the required work or not, learned the correct facts according to the correct interpretations, slaved through the correct drudgery in the correct manner.

But who is to blame for these conditions, this complete perversion of the fundamental ideals of education? One might possibly infer from the trend my argument has taken up to this point that I would place the blame on those who administer education directly to the youth of the land, the teachers. That would be fully as unfair as to blame the students themselves for the evil conditions. Neither class is any more responsible than the other. The teachers learned to teach by this method; many of them have spent years of study and practice learning to apply what seemed the most scientific principles of their profession. They are paid to teach by this method; they would lose their jobs if they so much as suggested the mildest innovations. Are they responsible? Why, they are as much the victims of this crushing system of standardization as the students themselves; they themselves are made to feel most keenly the tremendous drain on the vitality of attempting to force a given number of facts into a given number of minds, in a given number of

months. There remains the boards of education, the direct representatives of the citizens whose wealth supports the schools. As a class they are apt to be more hidebound, more respectful to tradition for its own sake than the teachers; yet that is only the result of early training and the general insecurity of political life. As a matter of fact, no single class of individuals is to blame for this situation. Our educational system, like all our other institutions, was developed gradually according to the exigencies of the moment rather than with any concerted plan taking into account the future. It could be no other way; this is the best system that the times could produce; for its many faults no one can fairly be held to censure.

Men wield their creative powers blindly; the salvation of this generation may be the damnation of the next; we must do the best we can with the immediate situation that faces us. The task of this generation is to remodel the educational system; to me it seems somewhat unfitted for such a colossal undertaking; yet I am sure of one thing: such conditions cannot endure long; if a constructive spirit of reform fails to effect its cure, then the painful process of disintegration must set in.

In closing I would speak briefly of the only redeemable features of the system. To deal justly with the subject, it must be granted that the influence of these is very profound, and in some measure has made up for the evil effects of the standardized subjects. On the other hand, we must remember that these do not in any way tend to remedy the conditions I have discussed, nor do they render the need for remedying them any the less imperative. The only bright spots that I can see in a very dark picture are the invaluable benefits gained in our schools through contact and adjustment to many other minds and personalities. This is a situation that is probably never duplicated again throughout life; in the big world that surrounds our tiny microcosm you will find no community so concentrated as this high school, and consequently no community so favorable to the development of a social consciousness; a lot of opportunity for skilful direction in this field has been neglected by faculties, but the process of socializing has gone on naturally, and the result is that the school in spite of its defects serves well as a course in citizenship, though its value along this line might easily be increased tenfold. The other redeeming feature I have in mind is the rapidly increasing development of extra-

curricular activities in high school. While their effect is not so far-reaching as that of socialization, still their value is inestimable. Personally, I would not take anything for the training I have gained in this way; I would place its value so far above any benefit that may be gained from the standard subjects upon which credit is given that the two could not be mentioned in the same breath.

Now, you have heard the case against present day education presented in brief. It would have been possible to have gone into a great deal more detail, but still I feel that I have gotten the fundamental deficiencies across with clarity. Some of the ideas I have attempted to express you will possibly find reasonable; others from their novelty will be hard to reconcile with your accustomed modes of thought. It would be absurd to ask anyone to agree with all the arguments put forward. If some actual constructive thought, however, is stimulated by this article I will feel that it has completely served its purpose.



COLORS IN THE WEAVE

DID YOU EVER SEE A FLAPPER— DO THIS WAY?

By THELMA MILES

"Here I sit night after night. I can't go to a dance when I am asked. Mother wouldn't even let me go to the movies last night because she didn't know Billy. She can't seem to realize that Billy is the nicest boy in our bunch.

"Even refused to let me go to that picnic the other day because she thought our chaperon too young. Think o' that! I can't understand how anyone could be so narrow-minded.

"I'll just bet she had her good times when she was a girl. She went to dances, parties, picnics, hay rides, to a theatre once in a while, and she didn't think that she was doing wrong. I know that she went, 'cause she told me so. That is just it—she doesn't want me to have even the good times that she had. I wonder if Mother realizes that that is selfish. She can't, else she wouldn't be that way.

"I am just going to run away some fine day, and then she'll see that I didn't enjoy having so many restrictions placed on me. She says it is all for my good; that some day I will thank her for keeping me by her side. Bah! The prodigal daughter wouldn't go far, I am afraid. Perhaps I'll leave a note saying I am tired of it all—but that would be so booky—just as if one were going to commit suicide. She will certainly think that I have copied some book.

"I will just go away, leave no word, let her worry a bit, and then come back. I'd have to come back because if I didn't who would look after my clothes, nurse me when I am sick, comfort me

when I am in trouble, make me happy when I am sad——who but Mother?

“Oh, I don’t believe I’ll go away at all. I believe I’ll stay right here where I *know* I’m wanted.”

AND THAT WAY?

By CYNTHIA VAUGHN

“Come on, Rags, let’s have a run down the street. What do you say, old fellow? You’re a good old pal, aren’t you? I wouldn’t take the world for you; no sirree. Whoopee, will you look at this car coming down the street? Isn’t it a peach? Look at it go! Hey, come back here, old top; come back, I say! Here, Rags, you’d better mind me! Rags, oh, they hit him! Oh, what a cry! I’ve got you, old fellow. Poor old dog!

“Yes, sir, it’s my dog. No, I’m afraid he won’t live.

“Don’t look at me like that, old pal. Gee, I wish that I could help you.

“Money, sir? Money wouldn’t bring Rags back to me. But there couldn’t be another Rags; no dog could take his place. Kittie Mays is my name, sir, but I can’t take your money. You’d better go on; there’s nothing you can do.

“Don’t leave me, old boy! I can’t let you leave me. What will I do when I come home from school if there’s no Rags to meet me? Who will play with me after school? Poor old fellow, good old fellow, you’ve been my best friend. He’s gone—Rags—my dog—gone—!”

DO THIS WAY?

By BEVERLY MOORE

“Say, Tom, what can we do tonight? There’s not much doin’ around town now, since everybody’s gone off to school.” Dolly was entertaining her first beau, the handsome and popular Tom Brown. She had made up her mind that she was going to make a good impression. She wanted to appear as sophisticated as she possibly could.

Her make-up for the role was decidedly complete. Red lips, pencilled eyebrows, rouged cheeks, and bobbing earrings made her

look the part of a motion picture siren. The necessary touches of flaming youth were added by the short dress, dashing and stylish, with chiffon hose and French-heeled slippers to match. She was all set for the goal!

"There's some old wine down in the cellar," continued Dolly, "that Daddy's had for years. After he goes to his lodge meeting, maybe I can get us some. But that's so silly. The idea of my even mentioning wine. Bet that's too weak for you! I suppose you know three or four bootleggers that you get your corn from. There's nothin' else to do—nobody's having a crowd around or anything—so what d'you say to our pickin' up some spirits?"

"Uh-huh. Sorry, but I never touch the stuff. Get your wrap; we're going to the opera, if your mother consents," replied Tom Brown, yawning, as usual. The yawn, however, did not hinder his noticing the deep, red flush that instantly came over the girl's face.

AND THAT?

By VIRGINIA DOUGLAS

It is a great relief to bury one's dignity in old clothes and woods and wilds—just now and then. I have done it only once, and I had more true enjoyment in those few hours than could be wrenched from a dozen conventional parties.

We had gone from camp up Trimont, a medium-sized mountain. The road was all well and good to go up by, but a few of the more adventurous souls just *would* come home by the trail. The only trouble was that when the five girls, one boy, and one flashlight started down the side of the mountain, the trail wasn't there. I don't believe it ever had been there. But trees and rocks were there, and so the best way down was by sliding.

At the foot of the mountain our trouble really began. Have you ever felt perfectly happy and perfectly sure you would get home from an adventure? Your clothes were old, but your heart was young, so miles didn't matter.

We were almost lost once or twice; dogs barked, and I am sure a pig chased us, but we didn't mind even him, once we were on the other side of the fence.

Nothing I had on mattered; I didn't have to worry lest my shoes be scatched, or my socks torn, for nothing made the least bit of difference, and I enjoyed the real abandon of it.

MOONLIGHT AND MOONSHINE

By PHYLLIS PENN

MARIE had set her heart on going to the Saturday night hop at Tiptoe Inn for two reasons: first and foremost, Fred Spencer, whom she adored, had asked her; second, she had never been allowed to go and had always wanted to. Now if it had been anybody else, she would have declined as usual; but with Fred it was different.

She knew that if she asked her parents she would be refused. It was a drive of twenty-five miles over a dangerous mountain road from Bristol to the inn. To Marie that would mean twenty-five miles of paradise, for she was desperately in love with Fred. Then, too, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were old-fashioned enough to think the dances were indecent because it was reported that there was a great deal of drinking. Marie thought them decidedly unreasonable and made up her mind, for once, not to let their old-fashioned ideas interfere with a glorious time. She had told Fred she would go, but that she would have to slip out.

"Do you think you can arrange it?" he had asked.

"Sure; you be at my window at eight and I'll be ready. I guess I'm about the best *arranger* there is," she had answered.

At last supper was over Saturday night, and Marie was ready to carry out the plan she had been forming.

"Ho-hum! I'm weary. Swimming seems to have sent the sandman my way. I think I'll go to bed," Marie said, stifling a yawn.

"But, Marie, you've just had supper, and besides Uncle Joe and Aunt Patricia will be so disappointed not to see you," remonstrated her mother.

"Dear me, that's right. They are coming tonight." (Marie had not expected this complication; however, she hesitated only a second.) "Well, I guess they'll survive the disappointment. Anyway, you know how it bores me to entertain them; why I'd be asleep in three minutes. You give them my regrets, darling. Good-night!"

She went slowly up the steps so as not to arouse her mother's suspicions. Mrs. Stanley joined her husband in the living-room.

"Has Marie gone out?" Mr. Stanley questioned.

"No, she was unusually tired from her swim this afternoon and has gone to bed. Poor child, she was so sleepy she could hardly get upstairs," Mrs. Stanley replied.

"Dear, you shouldn't allow her to tire herself like that. However, I guess she'll be all right after a good night's sleep." Mr. Stanley buried himself in his paper and thought no more of his daughter.

Marie closed and locked the door to her room. She carefully tied four sheets together, thus making a rope long enough to let her down to the ground. One end of this rope she tied securely to the bed. Marie had seen people in the movies get down from second-story windows by means of a rope; so she thought she would try this method. If it failed, she had no other plan.

Marie glanced at her watch; only five minutes left, and she didn't want to keep her Romeo waiting. She slipped into an old-fashioned taffeta which formed an alluring contrast to her modern bob and dangling earrings. Rouge, powder, a carefully wielded lipstick, and a spray of perfume gave the finishing touches. Marie surveyed herself in the mirror and there beheld a radiantly beautiful girl.

She adjusted the buckles on her dainty shoes, picked up her shawl, switched off the light, and went to the window.

Fred was waiting. She dropped her shawl to him, and without giving herself time to think of the risk she was taking, she lowered herself by the rope.

"Say, you did that well!" congratulated Fred. "You must have had practice."

"Nope, my first attempt at escaping from a second-story window. It's sort o' thrilling, but I was scared to death something would happen. Let's hurry before someone hears us out here," Marie said in an excited whisper.

"I left the car around the corner," Fred told her, as he carefully wrapped the shawl around her. "Let's go out the back gate and through the alley. That's the nearest way and the safest, too."

"I've never been so excited," Marie confided. "It's heaps more fun to slip out to a dance than just to walk calmly out the front door."

"How are you going to get back in?" Fred asked. "You can't climb in by rope."

"Oh, I don't know. Hadn't given it much thought. The important problem was getting out; now let's don't worry 'bout getting in 'til the times comes," Marie optimistically replied as she got into Fred's sporty little roadster.

Soon they were gliding along a beautiful but treacherous road. Fred looked long at his little companion; she was distractingly pretty; no wonder Cupid's arrow pierced his heart.

"You're looking wonderful tonight; not a bit ruffled by your unusual escapade, are you?"

"Maybe not outwardly." She wondered how he took this, for her heart was constantly becoming more unruly. "Look, Fred, the moon is rising over the mountain! Isn't this the most heavenly night? It seems that the world was made for us, and everything seems to happen just to please us."

"You're the kind of a girl the world should be made for," he asserted. "Things always happen just for you, don't they, Marie?"

"Not just for me, Fred, but for both of us." She looked up at him, and was sure she had never seen anyone so handsome. "We're going to have such a glorious time. Nothing is lacking: A June night, the moonlight——"

"And plenty of moonshine," Fred added, as he displayed a flask in the side pocket of the car.

Marie laughed, "You never forget that. Too bad I've sworn off of all intoxicating drinks. You know I haven't touched a drop this week; how's that for staying on the wagon?"

"You're plenty good, but you've been on long enough. How 'bout a little drink, just a little drink between us two?" Fred asked as he brought the car almost to a stop.

"No, honest I'm not touching it now. I've decided—well, anyway—this moonlight is so intoxicating I fear I couldn't stand both. You go ahead; don't mind me," she added.

"No; there's plenty of time yet; besides I don't get much kick out of a drink by myself. Cigarette?"

Marie took the cigarette offered. Fred liked to watch her smoke. She did it with a sort of grace and ease that so many girls lacked, but Marie was different in every way; everything she did was pleasing to him. He wondered if she cared as he did. He slipped his arm around her.

"Be careful of the curves," she coquettishly warned him, as she snuggled closer to him and rested her head against his shoulder.

"Yes, dear, I'll be careful of the curves."

The orchestra was playing "Home, Sweet Home." The dance had been all that Marie had hoped for. However, Fred had been drinking, and Marie wondered for a second, as they danced the final waltz, about the trip home. She dismissed the thought from her mind; she would allow nothing to cast a shadow over her hilarious spirits. She felt that nothing could play against her. Little did she know how fickle is Dame Fortune.

Dick Sawyer strolled down to the car with Marie and Fred.

"Fred, old boy, you're tight as wax. Do you think you can make it back to Bristol? You two had better stay over until tomorrow."

"We can make it all right, can't we, Marie?" Fred was one of those unusual people who have the art of talking straight in spite of intoxication.

"Yes, indeed. You see we must get home before morning. Fred's all right. I'm sure we won't have any trouble," Marie answered, not fully realizing the extent of Fred's intoxication.

Dick saw that they could not be persuaded, so he went back to the inn.

"Dick's a good fellow, but always worried; and we haven't a worry in the world, have we, darling?" Fred fumbled with the switch and finally got the car started.

"No, not one. We couldn't spoil all the fun by beginning to worry now."

Marie was enchanted by the wonders of the night. The stars, the shadows, all the mysteries of darkness seemed to charm her. Her mind was filled with romance and dreams, as she listened to Fred's endearing phrases. She was unconsciousness of his drunkenness; she was blind to his reckless driving; to her he was as perfect as any fairy prince.

Suddenly her reverie was broken. The car tilted and rolled down an embankment, a final crash—and Marie was unconscious.

* * * *

"Too bad, too bad!" and the old people shook their heads sorrowfully. "But young people must learn for themselves that moonlight and moonshine are not to be trifled with. She will be up again, though, in a week."

WHAT THE MOON HEARS

By RUTH HEATH

They say
It's crying for the moon
When youth reaches out
Its eager hand too soon
For love.

They say
The moon is out of reach
When mortals try
To fill the eternal breach
Of age.

Don't you
Sometimes wonder and trust
That the moon has heard
All this of itself and must
Smile?



THESE GIRLS—AND BOYS

By BEVERLY MOORE

"They're all alike—every one of 'em—the cats!" Bingham Morris ("Bing," if one cared to "stand in" with him) was saying to himself. "Here I am almost seventeen years old, and every girl I've ever liked has handed me some kind of a dirty dig. I thought I was through with girls when Marjorie Jones told everybody in town that I had proposed to her. Even if I did, she didn't have any right to broadcast it. And after I took Sally to the movies at least a dozen times last summer, she gave me the gate for Bill Horne.

"But Mae—I just can't believe she'd do anything like that. But didn't I hear her with my own ears? The idea of her telling me only five minutes ago when I telephoned her for a date, that she couldn't give me one for certain reasons of her own. I know what they all are now. I'll know better from this time on, though. The Sahara Desert'll be covered with ice the next time I have anything else to do with any of 'em—Mae and the whole bunch. I never really liked Mae, anyway. I'll admit she's good-looking, but, gosh, what a dumb-bell! I won't even speak to her the next time I see her. I ——"

His trend of thought was suddenly interrupted by the shrill voice of his pernicious little sister. "Oh, Brother-r-r, come on down to the telephone. It sounds like a girl, but I bet it's only your Sunday school teacher."

"Hello. This is Bing."

"Oh! Is that you, Bingie? C'mon over. The old maid aunt's just this minute gone home."

Within ten minutes a very sophisticated young man was ascending the steep steps that gave access to Mae Blake's home.



TO A LITTLE GIRL WHO HAS NOTHING TO DO

By ZAIDEE SMITH

Yellow gold nasturtiums;
And the breeze is swinging,
Dreams come up like flowers before her wistful eyes.
Sweet-peas climb the fence, and bells are ringing—
Perhaps the flowers just smell like fairy melodies.
"Oh, thank you!" blushing, she sighs to all the gay
 admirers.

Little girl, they're only all bright-colored zinnias
Set in glad pictorial green.
Calm your young fires
And, dear, your hero is the broom, not Richard Dix.
How many brooms there'll be before you're seventeen!

PREP AND PEP

By MARY JANE WHARTON

"Snap into it, you prep! Keep step!" shouted Corporal Wynne at drill practice to Cadet Byers.

Plunk! Fred landed from the clouds and tried in vain to keep step with the man beside him. That old Corporal wanted him to hurry up, did he? In fact, he or some other old prof was always nagging him about showing some speed. What did they think he was anyway—one of those speedy Rolls Royces? They were always harping on his lack of pep. Why that very morning Bill had given him an extra dish of that breakfast food—"Pep." He said Fred needed it.

"Hey, Byers! Pep it up! This is not a funeral," admonished the Corporal angrily.

"It'll be yours, though, if you don't get out of the way of my number elevens," whispered Bill teasingly who, fate of fates, Fred thought, marched behind him.

That boy was the bane of his existence, always haunting his trail. Besides the fact that Bill was a senior and was always calling Fred a prep, he was after Fred's girl. The presumptuous mule! Why, Fred had been going with Lib for two years steady—all the time he had been at Oakville Academy. And do you know what that Bill did? He asked for an introduction at the last football game and had had three dates with her that very week. Fred himself hadn't been to see her a single night for the simple reason that Lib had said she had other engagements. He knew it was Bill. Who else would gloat so about it and tell him all about the date next morning at mess? That was the time he had said Fred ought to eat a lot of Pep if he wanted to keep his girl.

The result of his meditations was that Bill vowed inwardly with an unusual show of spirit, "I'll roast that hound this very night!"

As he had expected, Fred found Bill parked in Lib's front room on her best Chippendale. Lib had always taken *him* in the back room and given him that bumpy relic of the ark.

"Hello, Lib. How are you, old girl?" Fred dashed up, presenting an unusual gift of candy and flowers.

"Why, come in, Fred." Lib was amazed. This looked like but certainly didn't act like the Fred Byers she knew. She was accustomed to his usual nonchalant "Hel-lo, Lib," and then to half hours punctuated by his monosyllables in answer to her questions. She certainly did have to talk a lot when she was with him. That was the reason she liked to have a date with Bill once in a while; she'd heard about variety. Fred was a good old boy, though, and she liked him.

"How's Pep tonight?" laughed Bill. "He looks like one of those advertisements of Pep you see in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, doesn't he? Look at that graceful, flashing—"

"Aw, cut it, Bill," growled Fred for the first time in his life.

"Well, what's happened to old 'Pep'?" Bill's jaw opened in awe.

"How's the old girl tonight? She certainly does look swell! That dress has evermore got class. You always did look sweet in red, Lib. How about going with me to the show tomorrow night to see 'Rose Marie'? You aren't dated up, are you? Then Saturday we have our big football game with Knoxville Hall. I'll come for you——"

On he talked while Lib listened, astounded. On he talked, though. Bill left soon, since he was unable to stand another hour of such misery. On he talked, even though Lib tried to tell him something. On he talked, for he was afraid of pausing a moment; he might not get started again!

He did stop, though, for Lib had put her hand on his arm and had said, "That's enough, Fred. Certainly I'll go with you to 'Rose Marie' and the football game, too, if you really want me. Fred, you needn't worry about Bill; I don't like him. I like a boy who has pep—a boy like you!"

DISSECTING A FLAPPER'S BRAIN

By MILDRED NASH

THE telephone rang briskly. I was sitting in my study adjoining the laboratory. Indifferently, I picked up the receiver. My indifference quickly dissolved into keenest interest, however, for I heard that for which I had long hoped.

"Hello——accident?——yes—yes. Indeed I will——, and her people are quite glad to settle for five thousand?——Bring her up at once!" Hanging up the receiver, I threw off the old silk wrapper which I had been resting in. I chose a fresh, white cover-all and entered the laboratory.

Just as I finished all preparation my assistant entered.

"Congratulations! To all outward appearance this is a typical specimen."

I was elated. "Where is the body?"

"Here, Madam." My helper turned, motioning to someone outside. Two internes entered with a shrouded figure, which they placed on an operating table.

I was so excited I could hardly control myself enough to work. While my assistant sat at the foot of the table taking notes I removed the outer covering of the case's head.

Under the covering of the forehead I discovered a space containing a foamy, sponge-like substance. This substance is technically called "sanbridotargen," but most people know it as "nonsense." On either side of the cranium, beneath the temples, were spaces which seemed to be full. I examined one of these closely, and I was pleased to see books and magazines. This, I thought, was her redeeming feature: she loved to read. A closer examination, however, proved the books to be written by one Miss Glyn, and the magazines to be published by a Mr. McFadden. I passed on to the other temple. This contained numerous small pots, jars, bottles, and boxes. Good! She was scientific. The pots contained pink, red, and white cream. They were labelled: lip-rouge, raspberry-rouge, cucumber cream, vanishing cream. The boxes were filled with different shades of a fluffy substance called powder. I sighed as I uncovered another portion of the head. I found that the hair at the back, just above the neck, was clipped strangely.

My assistant, who knew about such things, declared that the style was called the "boy-bob" or "shingle." I was puzzled but resigned. Under this part of the scalp I discovered a veritable art gallery. There were pictures of every type of man and boy imaginable. Most of the photographs were quite blurred, and the features were almost indistinguishable. One, however, was clear, glowing, bright. My helper informed me that this must have been the girl's latest and best "crush." I must have been mistaken, for I was sure this was her real lover. The assistant insisted that the modern girl never loved—she merely "fell." I was getting an education.

I next examined the face and muscles. In either cheek, I found two well-developed fibres which are brought into play when one laughs. My informer declared that those kinds of girls laughed quite a bit. I thought that was nice, but her throat showed that her laugh must have been loud and rather throaty. A muscle leading from the back of the tongue to the very center of the brain proved much used. Impressions at the brain-root showed that this muscle had been employed for vows, protestations, promises, relating secrets, and telling white fibs. I at once connected the miniature art gallery and this muscle. Indeed, I was learning rapidly!

I smiled sagely as I pulled the wrapping up over the victim's body and head. I addressed the attendant:

"See that her people have everything necessary, and send the body to them at once. I'm going to write an article for a medical journal."

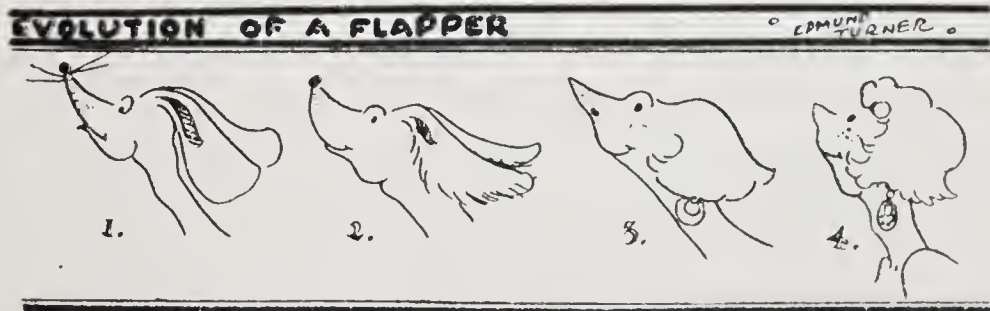
CONTAGION

By GRAHAM TODD

The window was open, and John,
In passing, saw
Life's tragedy only: a scolding had been his.
Not his fault. No,
It never was. But nevertheless
A scolding had been his.

The window was open, and from it
Music—
The whistle of a man it was,
Of a man who shaves,
A man to whom the world's cares are nothing
Because of
A wife, a child, a home.

Not classic—far from it—
Jazz.
But it was a happy tune, and John
Fought its happiness
From his soul. On to school and half way there
It enveloped him,
And John
Whistled.—And John
Was happy.



WARP AND WOOF

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Is Youth Incomprehensible?

ONE is rather amused at the vast amount of comment, the consternation that youth is exciting nowadays, and one is still more amused at the view that such a situation is entirely new, for when did youth not excite comment and consternation particularly in the ranks of those whose youth is a thing of the past? By this we do not mean to convey the impression that we are to be numbered with those well-meaning but obviously misguided individuals who maintain that the apparent departure of youth from ancient and time-honored standards is an hallucination induced by the spectacular conduct of a vicious minority, that the ideas, the standards, the ideals of the vast body of our youth remain the same as those of a generation previous. If we thought that, we would with assurance predict the speedy disintegration of all life. Change, constant change is inevitable to life; life is in fact nothing more

than a series of extremely complicated changes; youth is the strongest, the most sincere expression of life we know; youth, therefore, is the strongest, most sincere expression of change we know; the two cannot be disassociated without losing their identity. And so youth has changed, as it inevitably must from generation to generation, and the worthy self-appointed guardians of human ideals view it with alarm; and we, who attempt to speak for youth, are slightly amused.

But we are not altogether amused, either; in fact, we regret the inevitable conditions which so ordain that youth shall have no authentic mouthpiece. We ourselves, of course, have no claim to such a function. No single other individual member of our generation has, as we see it, the right to lay claim to the office. Youth is unfit to express itself (we mean no disparagement by this); it is merely one of the conditions that life stipulates and as such must be accepted (as inevitable), something that must be faced since we cannot remove it. Self-expression is only attained after years of effort; this reference is, of course, to literary self-expression, but we suppose it could apply equally as well to other forms. The vast body of youth has never attempted such effort; it has had neither the inclination nor the opportunity. Self-expression requires a contemplative temperament; how many young people are contemplative? But there are exceptions, of course; we all know them, these young people of artistic, poetic natures, pondering, dreaming, scribbling individuals alone in the crowd. But can they, who are so detached from the rest of the youth by the fundamental differences of their own natures, express adequately the thoughts, the dreams, the ideals of those others who must be silent?

So the older generation continues to talk of youth, to write of youth, to conjecture about youth, to moralize about youth, to praise youth, to condemn youth, without in the least realizing what it is they are dealing with. They are so far removed from youth themselves, how could they understand? The clamor of their own youthful enthusiasm is merely a faint echo in their memories. Their mature minds judge youth with the rational standards with which they have learned to judge the adult world. When they attempt to look at youth through its own eyes, to recapture the youthful viewpoint which once was theirs, how far short they fall! And youth is silent. But then after all, youth needs no mouthpiece; it is its own expression, its own justification.

Carlton Wilder

The Anti-Teahound Law

Greensboro officials, in a municipal ordinance after due petition, have openly launched a campaign to drive the cake-eating teahounds from congregating at the entrances of public buildings and along the business streets. The two outstanding reasons for taking such action were, as the petitioners alleged, to dispense with unnecessary congestion before the entrance of public buildings and to end the curt, ungentlemanly remarks and other indignities often forced upon ladies who by reason of circumstances passed that way.

It is deplorable that matters of this sort should arise; that men (or rather, a certain dashing species of loafer) should have so little regard for themselves and respect for women that they forget the rules of common decency; that there is so much leisure, leisure that is waste. However, we doubt if a law can transform teahounds into men, or have an extensive influence toward that end. The local ordinance merely moves the cake-eaters on where perhaps they will become more of a nuisance. No work is provided for their employ—no training in the principles of manhood. They are merely driven from their corner, which is more than likely occupied in a few moments by elderly parasites.

The change can only come from within; and that change cannot come altogether from the efforts of the young men alone. The girls can, by their influence in dress and action, demand the respect, the highest admiration, and the proper regard. Then, and not until then, will the ultra-smart chaps in *de luxe* garb, who are smarter than they are brilliant or decent, be outlawed.

Henry Biggs

Applesauce

Half the world is made up of applesauce. It is the applesauce of this affair of living that makes it *worth* living.

Our beans and our bread, work and toil we take joyously only because we know that soon will come our applesauce. Who enjoys working but for the reason that the profits of that work will cause happiness, either to ourselves or to others?

The "hard-boiled" cynic, the miser and the hermit are all cheating themselves of their dessert, their applesauce. They know no

love of the finer things. Theirs is a drab life of criticism, of greed, of loneliness; and their allotment is only bread and beans. It is their own choice.

Your victrola, your piano, your automobile, your sewing machine—oh, everything that makes life more easily carried on and more enjoyable is your share of applesauce.

“Bah!” mutters the grouch, as he sees pass a truck loaded down with a happy human cargo—a picnic crowd—“Applesauce.”

“It is agreed,” we answer—we who are out for the enjoyment of life. “Yes, we’re out looking for applesauce.”

Graham Todd



TANGLED THREADS

BILL'S DIARY

By RUTH HEATH

JUNE 11.

What is that quotation about "The world is full of a number of things?"

"I'm sure——"?

I don't know what the old fellow that wrote it was sure of, but he knew what he was saying all right. The world is just chuck full of things. Everybody ought to be happy. I am at least.

My life has changed altogether. *I've met the most wonderful girl in the world.* Oh, she's just—oh, I can't express it! Honest, Diary, you ought to see her eyes. They're gorgeous (if that's the way you spell it.) When I think of Hazel's straw-colored hair, it makes me sick. *She's got real hair!* It's pitch black and just as curly. I've never seen a girl's hair curl about her face like hers does. (If my English teacher could read that sentence!!) Believe me, she's one good-looking girl.

It's the real thing now, I'm sure. It's real love. I know I've had lots of little affairs before, but they were so childish. I was just a kid when I thought I liked Hazel. I'm eighteen now—nineteen soon. After my birthday, I'm going to work. Dad wants me to go to college, but I say "No!" From now on I'm a MAN.

How that girl can dance! Sometimes I think she's a goddess sent down——

Wasn't that a poetical thought, though? But who could help thinking of her and not of poetry?

There's a moon out tonight.

High in the heavens hung a big orange moon——

I underlined that because it's poetry. I don't know what made me think of it. It's just natural with me; it just came to me. I

might write a poem, if I could think of anything to rhyme with moon. Moon——moon——moon——oh, yes, June!

*High in the heavens hung a
big orange moon,
Down in the world mid the
warm breath of June—*

That's right good if I did make it up! Now, I must put *Her* in it some way. (I always think of *Her* as her name.)

*Dwelt a maiden with
beauty so rare—*

I must stop and write the poem. Then I can give it to *Her*.

JUNE 13.

This is a d—— rotten world! I'm off women for life! Life! "Never again!" says I. They're the silliest creatures in the world, especially *Her*.

It happened this way: You know that poem—well, I finished it. I thought it was a masterpiece—but *She* didn't. Women are the d——; anyway she laughed at it! And what do you suppose she said then? She said, "Billy, how did you ever think of *June* rhyming with *moon*?"

I said, "Well, I don't know. I guess it's just a gift."

"Really," she said, "then a great many people must be gifted in that line. I know at least a hundred poems that rhyme just as that does."

I was fiery mad, but I got up courage to call her up the next day. She just laughed when I told her who it was, and asked how the poet was today. I hung up. I'll never call her up again.

I'm through. I guess I'll go to college this fall. Then I'll settle down in *bachelor* apartments! At any rate, I'll never have anything to do with a girl again as long as I live.

JUNE 23.

I met the best-looking girl today. I've got a date with her in ten minutes.

THE MUSIC OF MY SPHERES

By MARY LYNN CARLSON

A DOUBLE handful of shining new tops he dropped into my lap. What a treasure it was; and it was all mine—mine to keep because daddy had brought them to me. The biggest of them all was a gleaming yellow one. Daddy wrapped him up in layers and layers of string till he was nearly covered, and then he jerked it. Away went the top, spinning and spinning, humming a low little tune. Like a tiny captured sunbeam, it whirled here and there in an intricate pattern on the floor. At last it began to spin more slowly; the tune it hummed became lower and lower. Finally it dropped over, exhausted.

I looked in my lap at the other treasures. Surely, none could be so pretty as the yellow one. But there were two more—one deep dark green, like the shade in the woods, and the other one a brilliant red. They jumped and danced as the other one had, and filled the air with their spinning song.

Day after day those tops entertained me. Dolls and such things were forgotten. One day, however, one of them—the yellow and most beautiful one—was left out in the rain. The color washed off; it became warped and split, and had to be thrown away. I was sad over its loss for a while, but there were still two tops left, so I could play as before. The song they sang when they spun together was not complete, though, without the third little voice.

On the very next day, the tops were precariously dancing near the end of the porch. Not realizing their danger, I turned my head for a moment. When I looked back, not a top was in sight. They'd both gone off the porch. I looked over the railing and saw them, the red and the green, rolling down the bank and into the stream below.

That is the memory I started at, and——“My starting moves your laughter.”

SYDNIÉ'S AFTERNOON OUT

By MYRA WILKINSON

NOW, listen here, Sydnie, if you're going with me, you've simply got to behave. Mother would have you go! You always act like a two-year-old when we get on Main Street.

Yes, I know you are seven years old. You plainly show it!

Hi, Bill! Sure we want a ride. (Gosh, it's only a Ford, but these slippers are killing my feet. Come on, Sydnie). This is lovely, Bill—so sweet of you to pick us up.

Why, Sydnie Maize, this is twice as cute as Fred's roadster.

You know, Bill, I always did like Ford Sedans—

Sydnie, you little nut, I wasn't even thinking of Bob's Ford. I was——

Oh, do you really like this dress? Mother thinks it's entirely too brief—but I don't——

I didn't ask for your opinion, Sydnie.

Oh, Bill, we'll get out here at the Square. Thanks awfully! Bye! Bye!

Sydnie, you embarrass me to tears.

What'cha say, Fred? I'll say I do want a drink! You 'member Syd, don't you?

Sydnie, you sit there; no, let Fred sit here. Now,—a dope. Sydnie, you can't eat a nut sundæ——two dopes. Sydnie, stop yelling like that!

But, Fred, nut sundæes always make her sick! Oh, all right. Tell me about these babies; they always have their way.

I didn't say you were a baby—I said that you were *the* baby of the family.

Have you seen Mabel lately, Fred? I heard Dick was rushing her something awful——I think she's terribly cute, though.

Sydnie, dear, you don't want any more water——

Aw, Fred, don't get her any——

Sydnie Maize, what in the world's the matter with you? Hurry up, so I can get you out of here!

Thank Fred for bringing you the water, honey. Now,—come on, we've got to shop some.

No, Sydnie doesn't really want any candy. She's been eating all day.

You've sure won Syd, when you give her chewing-gum. Well, I'll be seeing you, Fred——enjoyed the dope.

Please pardon us; I'm sure she didn't mean to step on your foot.

Sydney, please stop trying to push that man out of the door. He'll move in a minute.

Thanks awfully—Oh, that's all right. We aren't in a hurry.

Stop popping that chewing-gum, Sydney; come on, please.

I'll bet I kick myself good if I ever bring you up town again. I sure hope and pray I won't see anyone else until I get you home!



ON A RAINBOW

By FANNIE HERMAN

*"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky."*

Whenever I see the arch of a rainbow spanning the sky, illuminating it with its matchless tones of color, there comes back to my mind the old, old legend of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. A pretty thought—a fancy that has always set my imagination afire.

I would like to go and search for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. I would like to travel across that bow of gorgeous coloring; to go high up in the blue, blue sky, to rest a night in a mass of soft, white, fleecy clouds, to ride through the boundless space on the silvery moon or a golden star, to dance on an airy sunbeam, to play with the drops of rain, to visit the earth with the flakes of snow, to dance with the wind and the leaves. Every element of the vast sky I would know. I would travel the milky way, know the path of the stars. Each one I would know and call by its name. I would watch the wonder and glorious splendor of the sun as it rose and the beauty of the sun as it set. All this would come to me as I walked on the arch of the rainbow.

And the end of the rainbow? If I found no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, I would still be content, for I would have gathered the pot of gold, as I travelled across the rainbow.

IN FATE'S KINGDOM

By RUTH HEATH

PLACE

In Fate's Kingdom

TIME

Years Ago In the Time of Fairies

CHARACTERS

THE GODDESS OF FATE

OLD AGE

MIDDLE AGE

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

YOUTH

(The GODDESS OF FATE is seated on a throne. Before her is a great book in which she is reading. OLD AGE, MIDDLE AGE, BEFORE MIDDLE AGE enter. All of them bow.)

FATE

Well, my good people, what can I do for you?

ALL OF THE AGES

(In a wail)

She's gone!

FATE

(Smiling)

My dear subjects, there are at least a million *she's* in the world.

OLD AGE

(Weeping)

Why—oh, why did you take her away from us? Life isn't worth while any longer. All of its color is gone.

MIDDLE AGE

I never knew how much I loved her until she went away. Surely, dearest Fate, you'll give her back to us.

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

Please! It's all we ask—

OLD AGE
(*Interrupting*)

Please, Fate—

FATE
(*Sternly*)

Please be quiet, if you *please*! Now I'm willing to listen, people, but I'll tell you frankly that you're asking a pretty big thing.

MIDDLE AGE
(*Eagerly*)

Yes, yes, but you *will* give her back, won't you?

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

Oh, Fate, be kind!

FATE

I'm very sorry, but under the circumstances it's impossible. You must remember that you brought it upon yourselves, and what one brings upon—

OLD AGE

But we didn't know——we didn't realize——

MIDDLE AGE

Give us another chance!

FATE

You laughed at her. You criticized her. You scorned her.

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

I didn't. I ——

MIDDLE AGE
(*Accusingly*)

You were the whole cause of it. Before——

OLD AGE

You were jealous of her.

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE
(*Flushing*)

Indeed, I was not!

FATE

Yes, you were. You were madly jealous of her. You did everything in the world to get ahead of her, and yet tried to keep with her all the time.

MIDDLE AGE

You were always talking about her. You said she was conceited, and——

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

That's not as bad as you. You were criticising her from morning to night.

MIDDLE AGE

I was not! The only thing I said was——

FATE

——that she was headstrong, rash, impatient, impertinent.

MIDDLE AGE

At least (*with dignity*) I gave her credit for being frank.

OLD AGE

(*Mournfully*)

She was so kind to me.

FATE

Do you remember, Old Age, the time you said she was wicked?

MIDDLE AGE

Oh, forget all of that, Fate, and give her back to us. We'll appreciate her now.

OLD AGE

Please!

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

We'll be patient with her now.

FATE

If I thought——

ALL OF THE AGES

We will! We will!

FATE

(*After a pause*)

All right. I'll agree on those conditions as she is unhappy without you. Mercury! (MERCURY *appears*. *She writes on a slip of paper and gives it to him.*) Go bring her here at once. (Exit MERCURY.)

ALL OF THE AGES

Fate, you are so kind. How can we ever repay you? We'll be so good to her!

FATE

I hope so. Oh——Here she is now!

(Enter YOUTH. She is extremely lovely. She is dressed a little daringly, and is painted a little too much. She is eager and defiant.)

ALL OF THE AGES

Youth! *(They embrace her.)*

FATE

I trust all of you will get on better after this.

(AGES go out forgetting the kindness of FATE)

OLD AGE

Youth, your dress is a little short, dear.

MIDDLE AGE

Youth, you seem so full of life. Don't you ever get tired?

BEFORE MIDDLE AGE

(Sarcastically)

Oh, she thinks—*(Checks herself, and changes her tones entirely.)* How do you keep so fresh-looking, Youth?

(YOUTH laughs an eager, triumphant laugh that rings with the pure joy of living as the curtain falls.)



JAZZ

By TALLULLAH MATHENY

Ohoooo! The lights are changing! They are red, then blue, then green, then white. The music begins. What crashing, banging, clashing, wonderful music! The flimsy chiffon folds of a skirt flutter and flare like the wings of a butterfly in flight as they whirl madly around. Charleston? Ocean Roll? Eager feet naturally fall into the quick steps of the lively dances. They must keep time with the music. As the music goes on the measure changes. It changes again. Someone is singing—"Baby Face"—others take it up—"You've got the cutest little baby face."

Oh! If this could go on forever. If we could only keep this atrocious sensation of pure enjoyment. If we could dance forever to the clashing notes of jazz—jazz, the incomprehensible—the farcical paradox!

The lights fade into softer hues. They are coral, emerald, amber, and gold. Above everything is heard the subdued sobbing saxophone. Gradually the notes of the other instruments die away. Alone it wails and moans. Oh, the ecstasy of such moments! Gleaming, golden lights and perfume. Moving in time to the rhythmic beats of music! Then, one by one the violins and cornets and trombones add their voices to the pulsing syncopation. The feeling of buoyancy returns. The orchestra clashes on to the finale. The music stops with a crash. The dance is over.



HOW SHOCKING!

By MARGARET SOCKWELL

What would they think of old, my dear,
Could they but see our modern year?
If they could see our mannish bob,
They'd surely close their eyes, and sob,
"How shocking!"

They'd raise their holy eyebrows thin,
And shake their powdered heads at "sin,"
Look through their silver spectacles
At one another; whisper then,
"How shocking!"

"Pray see their heads!" "Their hair is shorn!"
"Pantaloons no longer worn!"
"Dresses are so short and simple—"
"In each knee there is a dimple!"
"How shocking!"

THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

By ERNEST WYCHE

ONE of the chief topics of discussion in conversational exchange everywhere since last spring has been the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, so that a detailed description of the exposition's chief claims to interest would doubtless prove worth the while.

Philadelphia, the birthplace of American independence, was naturally selected for the exposition, which celebrates the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of our separation from British dominion. In keeping with this, the motive idea of the exposition, the city is gaily decorated with flags, bunting, and coats-of-arms of the various states of the Union. Many blocks south of the city hall on Broad Street, as one enters the grounds, there is a reproduction of the Liberty Bell with its famous crack.

In the Liberal Arts building the most noteworthy objects of interest are the exhibits of foreign countries, industries of the present day, and many inventions and various booths. Between the wings of this building is the model United States post-office. Visitors are permitted to watch the postal employees in their work from the wall above. To one side are cases of some of the articles lost in the mail as a result of poor wrapping or addressing. On the other side are cases showing the correct way of wrapping parcels and the time saved thereby. The outline and a brief history of the present air mail system, an aeroplane that had long been in service, and other facts were drawing huge crowds.

These crowds were rivaled by those intent upon looking at the cases containing criminals' guns, pistols, tools, and pictures of famous mail robberies and holdups. These beautiful sets of burglars' tools with their slim pass-keys, jimmies, and nitro-glycerine, and other instruments necessary to open a door or a safe, were shown with a short account of the robbery each had featured in. The pistols of the famous "Dutch" Anderson and Gerald Chapman and others clearly carried out the government's purpose of showing that it "doesn't pay;" that it ends in the "pen," morgue, or chair for the criminal.

In the wings of the Liberal Arts building are the exhibits of Japan with her silk industry; China with rugs; France, Czechoslovakia and Great Britain with their jewelry, perfumes and sou-

venirs. Also with these were the state exhibits. North Carolina, sad to say, is poorly represented. In her booth are only posters and pamphlets; while she could have easily offered an exhibit to vie with that of any of the other states.

Apart from the other buildings, there is a unique Tunisian market-place, a spot of especial interest to everyone, as it is totally different from anything the average American is accustomed to seeing. In the center of the market-place, at certain intervals, one of the Arabs gives a brilliant exhibition of his skill in riding his horse, accompanied by the weird, monotonous roll of the tom-tom and shrill reed fife. Over to one side three muzzled camels are lazily basking in the sun. Its beauty and Eastern atmosphere are greatly enhanced by the shops and bazaars with their fragrant Oriental perfumes, rugs, draperies, baskets, laces, souvenirs, pottery, and food. Here black Turkish coffee at only ten cents a cup is served. You are invited to try the hubble-bubble—the oriental way of smoking tobacco. If it were not for the aeroplanes overhead, you could hardly believe that you were not in Tunis.

In the Government Building of Mines and Metals is something to interest everyone. The exhibits and booths here are very similar, however, to those of the Liberal Arts building. Nearby is the crude life-boat that saved the crew of the ill-fated Italian steamer *Anitæ* until the *Theodore Roosevelt* was able to pick them up. At the extreme end of this building are some of the earliest locomotives put in use as compared with the latest steam and electric types. The Packard motors from the Shenandoah and ZR-2, and Liberty and Sunbeam motors of various airships aided in making a beautiful exhibit. Here, too, the NC-4, first aeroplane to cross the Atlantic Ocean, spreads proudly its two hundred and fifty feet of wings. A miniature mint is busily at work. In cases are specimens of certificates up to \$5,000 and gold and silver bricks. There are Coolidge half-dollars, two-dollar-and-a-half gold-pieces, and official sesqui coins on sale at a little above their face value.

Booths showing the latest ways of fishing and mining and those containing present aids to navigation by pictures, data, and statistics are both interesting and instructive. There are small light-houses, bell-buoys, fog-horns, and channel markers in the navigation exhibit. Many important new inventions and theories were illustrated. The explanation of the Flettner-rotor ship was fixed so as to be tested.

The sesqui is not without its present day stars. The eyes of the world have recently been focused on Gertrude Ederle, the channel swimmer. She, supported by Helen Wainwright and Eileen Rigger, gave a demonstration of the famous "crawl" stroke at the sesqui pool. The stadium where the Gene Tunney-Jack Dempsey bout was recently held could not be passed over without mention.

A splendid reproduction of High Street in Old Philadelphia is exact to the finest point. No connoisseur could find anything that was not in keeping with the old town. In Franklin's print-shop sample copies of his newspaper were given away while the crowd looked at the old type Franklin so often used. Each side of the street had old buildings and houses peculiar to the colonial style. An old blacksmith shop with a roaring forge was in a small building. The building at the end of the street protected a carriage that was used in the days of Washington.

The general impression received by the visitor after a careful survey of the exhibit is that the "sesqui" brings out with great vividness indeed the astonishing changes which a hundred and fifty years of independence have wrought in American life.



PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

ALFRED NOYES, *Walking Shadows*

Among the outstanding collections of short stories that have as their theme the work of navies during the World War the edition, published under the caption of *Walking Shadows*, by Alfred Noyes, is perhaps the most outstanding. Though it possesses no unusual features aside from the novelty of the motif, it remains merely a Noyes production with little or no change of standard. In it Noyes does not outdo himself; nevertheless, *Walking Shadows* is a highly creditable work.

The simplicity of the author's style entices the reader into the very atmosphere of a sea tale, of submarines and sinking ships; he leads you through the decoding of malicious German messages, uncovers plots, lays bare the policy of the Prussian admiralty. The life of submarine crews, their peril, the manner of their selection, presented in a smooth flow of well chosen words, proves fascinating, and will make even the old display of the fire of eye which speaks of battle.

It is a book of the sea for those who love sea tales. There is no pampering about it, no varnish. The tales are seasoned with salt and colored in war-time gray. While it is relatively light, the gravity of the war plays on the minor keys of feeling, making its reading quite worth while.

Henry Biggs

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Thunder On the Left*

There was an old Roman superstition that when men heard thunder on the left the gods had something to impart; usually it was considered an ill omen. Such an omen has Christopher Morley imparted to us in his *Thunder On the Left*, in which he points out one of the great dangers in our complicated civilization. He sees

a danger in the way children are being brought up that will harm our future civilization unless something is done to remedy it.

The book opens with a group of children at a birthday party. The question is raised as to whether grown-ups are really happy or not. The children decide to spy on their parents and to make a report later. From there the scene shifts to twenty years later when they have become grown-ups themselves. Yet they are not happy. Dissatisfaction is prevalent and they feel that something is wrong with their life. Somehow they fail to find romance in their daily toil, and life is not what they anticipated. The scene is brought back to the party at the close of the book and it is all a mere fantasy.

Morley's style at its best has many journalistic tendencies. It appeals to the average person in the even flowing rhythm of the words. He has delved into the realm of fantasy and imagination.

In many places he seems to pass over and sketch the mere surface of things. He does not go deep enough to make *Thunder On the Left* a great book. It will perhaps never be read out of our own time. It has a freshness which appeals for a while, but upon thought its worth seems to wane. He seems to relate rather than interpret. The book, however, furnishes an evening's pleasant entertainment.

J. D. McNairy, Jr.

HUGH WALPOLE, *The Green Mirror*

The Green Mirror, by Hugh Walpole, is an uneventful story written in 1914, and revised by him in 1915. Walpole is a nineteenth century writer of great renown. He has never married, but lives a happy life in his literary world.

The story takes place in London and Garth. It is the story of the very old-fashioned Trinchard family, who love one another dearly. Because of this deep love the older daughter, Katherine, goes through many trials, trying to give up the man she loves, for her family. She knows she cannot have both, because part of her family dislikes her fiance. Finally, however, she runs away and marries Philip Mark, her lover, and is never forgiven by her mother and aunt. This hurts Katherine, but she has the strong love of Philip to make up for the love that she has lost; so there is still happiness in her life.

The Green Mirror is very slow in development and is therefore somewhat hard to read. Walpole tried, I believe, to express his

love for England in this book, and in this I found the story interesting.

Ruth Simpson

RITTENHOUSE, *Little Book of Modern American Verse*

Jessie Belle Rittenhouse, author of the *Little Book of Modern American Verse*, is famous, not only as an author, but also as a critic. Miss Rittenhouse was formerly connected with the *New York Times Book Review* and the *Bookman*. It was during her newspaper career that she began her poetic work. Since that time she has written several volumes of criticism and of poetry, and has collected into representative books, the works, largely, of present-day poets.

Perhaps the most eminent contributor to this group of poems of modern American verse is Edwin Arlington Robinson. His poems are "Calverly's," "The Master," and "Miniver Cheevy." "Miniver Cheevy," the best of the three, is the story of one who was born too late to share in the chivalrous exploits of the past. It is ironic in tone. "Calverly's" and "The Master," which deals with Lincoln, are, however, unlike "Miniver Cheevy;" they are of a more serious nature.

The outstanding poem of the collection, however, is, I think, "Renaissance," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. The poem is beautiful not only in verse, but in thought as well. It is the story of a soul which pierces everything. There are great things to be done, and these things can be done; but if these duties are not performed the soul will be crushed. The last stanza contains the entirety of the poem:

*The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide;
Above the world is stretched the sky,—
No higher than the soul is high.
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand;
The soul can split the sky in two,
And let the face of God shine through.
But East and West will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he whose soul is flat—the sky
Will cave in on him by and by.*

Beverly Moore



RAVELINGS

WASTE

By JACK COBLE

We sat huddled close together before the fire. The moon high above us cast down its silvery light over the country-side. The trees around us were enshrouded in misty white veils of moonlight. The dew on the grass in the fields sparkled like glowing diamonds. The moonlight, the aroma of the night, the stillness and beauty of it all might well cast a spell over anyone.

But as we sat in the glory of the night, our thoughts were not even of love; for how could we think of love and each other when we had no money, no corn, and no trade? Besides, how could two bootleggers get sentimental?



A DISSERTATION ON RECENT SINS

By LOUIS BROOKS

Lambe wrote a dissertation on the descent of the roast pig, Darwin published an hypothesis on the descent of man, Milton describes the descent of Lucifer, and Poe descended into a maelstrom. When one considers this, it seems that there is very little left to move in another direction; yet I find convincing proof that this is not the case. In looking about me I see among other things that the Lindsay Street School is falling, that the High School is on the decline, and that certain of the students are slipping into iniquitous habits. This last and by far most serious case is the one regarding which my conscience bids me write.

In reviewing the activities of the past week (October 25 to 29) several startling facts are brought to light. First, it is discovered

that two heretofore respected scholars of opposite sex have upon numerous occasions been seen to embrace, twice in the auditorium—at other times in a more secluded spot.

Then comes an even more obnoxious report bearing conclusive evidence that one student of the so-called fair sex was heard to make this statement: "We have been engaged for fifteen years." Shocking, to say the mildest. Shocking, to think that one so old should be in high school, and shocking that a betrothal should go on for so lengthy a period without someone becoming a "better half."

Following this comes the information (through reliable sources) that a certain member of the less comely gender was overheard asking Miss Blank to become his wife—and Miss Blank accepted! (At this juncture the onlooker was so overcome by her feeling of horror and humiliation at the scene she had just witnessed that she failed to note whether the lovers embraced in true Shakespearean fashion, or whether they adopted the method of the moderns.)

Shortly after this, a rumor became current that one of the local youths was wooing a widow past middle-age. This dastardly act so provoked the righteous wrath of the authorities that they immediately gathered in council to discuss the expulsion of the offender.

Perhaps if these strict adherents to the ancient Puritanic code were informed that an instructor of dramatics was at work hard by, their highly shocked senses might be to some extent relieved.



UPSIDE DOWN

By HELEN SHUFORD

Silvery beams of moonlight—on dark, ripply water—a canoe—for two—drifting—dreaming! "I love you, Sally!"—"Really, Jack"—"Yes"—"Will you?"—"Honest and truly?" Silence—more silence—then—kersplash!—and two forms got all mixed up in—silvery beams of moonlight—and dark, ripply water—as the canoe—for two—turned upside down.

TRYING TO BE GOOD

By P. C. FITCH

In every boy's life there comes a time when he gets tired of being bad. Of course, it is not natural for a boy to be good, but he feels sometime that he would like to be good. I have had that experience.

It all happened in the school-room, where almost all of the most important events of my life happen. I decided that I would like to be good and listen very carefully to what the teacher was saying. For a minute I was happy; not a word did I say. It was all so new to me that I felt like another person. But it ended too soon—the boy sitting beside me threw a wad of paper at me. It got me just above the eye. I glanced at the teacher to see if she was looking and then threw—and missed. The teacher had seen my movements and had seen the misguided missile rolling on the floor. All eyes were turned on me.

"We do not have paper-throwing in this room," said the teacher, glaring at me.

The boy at whom the paper had been thrown giggled; then I gave it up. It was too late to start being good. I had gone to school ten years without trying to be good, and it was too late now.



"ORPHANS OF THE STORM"

By MARY E. KING

Teahounds *could* park by the window
Of Ed Nowell's—none to hinder:
Now, a copper has his beat
Up and down our old main street,
And not a teahound dares to pause
Around Ed Nowell's plate-glass without cause,
For fear the copper on his round
Might say, "Tell it to the judge——
You lazy hound!"



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by RUTH ABBOTT

The Missile, Petersburg High School, Petersburg, Va.

As a publication of high literary type your magazine is outstanding. The idea of several essays on one topic of general interest is especially fine. It is beneficial to any school to have such subjects as you have chosen discussed in the frank manner that yours are. *The Missile* is fortunate in having such poetic contributors.

The Spotlight, South Hadley High School, South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The Spotlight is a most appropriate name for your publication as it certainly throws a most interesting light on your school activities. Why not place all your ads in the back? It would make the magazine more unified.

The Attic.

The stories in your literary section are unique. The plan for your cover is a good one; the sketchings are also splendid. Why not have more?

The Gleam, Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minn.

A most interesting magazine. Each of your stories is quite enjoyable and of a type both of high literary value and of unusual entertainment.

The Brownie, B. F. Brown School, Fitchburg, Mass.

Fine school spirit is manifest in your interesting 1926 year-book. The publication is really an achievement.

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Edited by MARY JANE WHARTON

October 6, 1926

N. C. C. W.

Dear Editors of HOMESPUN and Its Friends:

Will you let your former editor-in-chief wish you the best of luck with the magazine? Having been the first editor of HOMESPUN, naturally I am, and always will be, intensely interested in the work of my pet project. During the first year of its existence it became so widely famed that it will be a difficult task to keep up its reputation. However, we graduate members of your staff know that you present editors and supporters can and will do it.

You have fine editors in Carlton Wilder and Henry Biggs, and as for a business manager—who could ask for a better man than Harry Gump? Personally, I am sure that Mary Jane Wharton is as wonderful an assistant as could be found anywhere. Not knowing the names of the other members of the staff, I must end my comments on them here. But I do want you to know that I consider the future very bright for you, and am looking forward to your coming issues of HOMESPUN with a great deal of pleasurable expectancy.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN FELDER

