
HOMESPUN

L.B.



AT THE RISING
of
THE SUN

HOMESPUN

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*The Ship of Life is off on its way,
A way of adventure and dreams;
The ship is off on a way unknown,
A way where romance gleams.*

—COLUM SCHENCK



THE WEAVE

YOUTH

GRACE HOBBS

Youth, whose fingers lightly touch
The strings of fancy's lyre,
Whose hearts see visions
Of castles in the fire,
Whose crimson, smiling lips
Sing of earthly bliss,
Lifts her ever-beaming face
For heaven's gentle kiss.
She sees ambitions gleam afar
Where dreamland swallows fly,
Where youth may spread the wings of hope
And reach the vaulted sky.

IN THE LAND OF THE SUNRISE

A Fantasy in One Act

KATHLEEN WRENN

There was a certain tribe of people in a far-away land, known as the Land of the Sunrise. These people were a particularly funny kind of folk. They could easily be influenced by other people. One day a very terrible thing happened to them, and this is the way it happened:

CHARACTERS

KING HENRY, King of Land of Sunrise

PRINCESS, Daughter of king

A PEDDLER, Who sells false hearts

PEDDLER'S ELVES

LORRAINE, In love with Kello

KELLO, In love with Lorraine

The curtain rises with crowds on the street. They are gay, happy people, and they dance as they sing:

We are the people of our land, the sunrise

And very proud of it we are,

And happy all the time.

We never argue, nor are angered.

Tra-la-la-la-la-la.

PEDDLER: Hearts to sell! Hearts! Buy a new, bright, shiny heart!

PEOPLE: Here, I want one! Here! Here! Here!

MRS. SNELL: John, don't, you'll ruin your heart; don't buy it!

MR. SNELL: (*Puts new heart in and takes old one out.*) Don't touch me; don't you dare, you wretch. Been trying to boss me all your life; now I'll boss. You stand back.

People are arguing and scolding each other.

ONE: Get off my toe; I've told you enough—now stay off!

ANOTHER: Away from here, you wretch—I'll stay with you no longer.

PEDDLER: (*Aside*) I'll steal Lorraine's heart. (*Aloud*) New hearts, Lorraine; buy one and be happy.

LORRAINE: No, I'm afraid I can't!

PEDDLER: Then you won't be happy here; take one without charge.

LORRAINE: No—don't put it on me, noooo—ohooo—don't you dare!

Enter KELLO

KELLO: Lorraine, I have been sent to kill those little fairies, or wretches. Here dear, I love you; keep the rose in memory of me.

LORRAINE: (*Walking in front of the dazed people*) What has happened; what is this strange thing?

Enter the KING *and* PRINCESS.

KING: Give her the brightest one, young man; I always want my daughter to have the best of everything.

PRINCESS: Here—(*She puts in the heart and falls in a daze.*)

LORRAINE: (*to* KING) Oh, King, I know not what. There came to this town a strange fellow selling hearts; they all bought one, but I—I was afraid. Kello gave me this red rose to keep and said that no elves would harm me.

KING: Sing, oh people, for your king.

People get in circle and dance around singing:

We are the people of our land, the sunrise
And very proud of it we are,
And happy all the time.
We never argue, nor are angered.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la.

KING: Lorraine, dear girl, you are the only one who can save them.

LORRAINE: Oh, but, I am afraid; they will kill me—tear me to pieces.

KING: But Lorraine, you—

LORRAINE: I will go, oh king.

KING: Fare thee well, good luck to thee.

Exit LORRAINE.

KING: A dead city—a dead princess. Oh—what a life!

SCENE II

In woods, little green elves dancing around.

ELVES: We'll tear them both to pieces. Scratch their eyes out.
We'll pull their hearts out! Here she comes; hide!

LORRAINE: Oh, it's so dark, so lonesome; where are they?

ELVES: Grrr! We'll kill you; give us your heart!

KELLO: (*to LORRAINE*) Where is the rose?

LORRAINE: (*Holding it up*) I have it—here it is!

ELVES: Oh my eyes! Oh, it hurts! It dazzles my eyes.

KELLO: Peddler, give us the bag of hearts.

SCENE III

KELLO: Oh, king, here the people come; find your hearts.

People dancing. Everyone is happy again.

KING: But lo! My daughter's heart, where is it? Oh, she is cold; it is too late.

LORRAINE: Oh king, here! Let her smell this rose and look toward the sunrise.

KING: Daughter,—smell—look!

PRINCESS: Oh—father—I have been away—away with some dreadful person. But, father, it is all right.

KING: Yes, my dear, but you owe your life to Lorraine and Kello. They saved the land.

PRINCESS: Father, this is wonderful! They belong in the land of sunrise with us. Shall we take them?

KING: We shall take them.

EVERYONE: Hoo! Long live Kello and Lorraine!

ALL:

We are the people of our land, the sunrise
And very proud of it we are,
And happy all the time.
We never argue, nor are angered,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la.

AT THE RISING OF THE SUN

REBECCA HEATH

Far away over the burning dunes
Comes a faint echo of wild young tunes;
A reckless cry to the pitiless sky—
A challenge flung to a passer-by
Where the date palm blows in the wind and croons.

At the head of a caravan, plodding and slow,
They are youth, in whose veins wild fancies flow,
Who plan wild schemes, who dream wild dreams,
Who make wild love while the cold moon beams;
And the stars nod knowingly, wink, and go.

But they do not stay when the sun is high;
On shining steeds they gallop by.
They search for thrills on the desert hills;
Their horses spurred at the pace that kills,
As they race away with a challenging cry.

The old-ones become uneasy with doubt;
They whisper together and gaze about;
But they do not know where the footprints go;
They've forgotten when they were not plodding and slow,
When their eyes were less dull and their figures less stout.

But when the sun drops, and the blue shadows fall,
You may hear them shout their returning call,
Though their hearts may yearn, they too will learn
While the sun beats on, and the sand dunes burn.
They will race back home at the twilight pall.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

DOUGLAS LONG

"But Dad—"

"No, sir!"

"Please—I got to—"

"No sirree! I gave you ten dollars to buy that present. Do you expect me to give you more just because you got in a black jack game and lost three dollars? I'm not going to, and that's final."

Al turned desolately away and climbed the stairs to his room. Once there he emptied the contents of his pockets on the bed. There were three crumpled bills—a five and two ones—a fountain pen, a pocket knife, some small change, not amounting to over fifty cents, and a few other indescribable odds and ends. Carefully he examined the articles, "Confound it all," he muttered. "Not a thing here worth putting in hock. 'Old Joe' wouldn't let me have five cents on the whole pile. Gee! I can't be a cheapskate and not spend but seven dollars on my girl after I've already told her I was gonna get her that amethyst pendant. I've just got to have ten dollars. Oh, that amethyst pendant and those violet eyes! That amethyst pendant and those violet eyes—," he crooned over and over to himself as he swayed gently to and fro on the bed.

"Al."

"Yes'm."

"Where are you going?"

Bang! The front door slammed as Al rushed out and down the front walk.

"George, what on earth is wrong with that boy?" asked Mrs. Nelson anxiously.

"Oh, he's just mad because I wouldn't give him any more money to spend on that girl. She's all he thinks about; he can't even sleep or eat," replied her husband.

"But maybe you should humor him, George. It's his first love affair and they come but once in a lifetime."

"Humph! Once is too often. He'll have us in the insane asylum or the poor house one before it's over with. Besides I'm not going to replace money that he loses playing bl—"

"That he loses how?"

"Er—er—I mean I'm not going to replace money he spends foolishly."

"How much does he want?"

"Three dollars, but don't you give it to him. If he gets it, he can make it himself."

"But think, George, this is Friday night, and Tuesday is Christmas. Oh, all right, I won't give it to him."

Down at the corner drugstore Al met a pal of his. "Bill," he said. "Bill, won't you do me a favor?"

"Sure, Al, what is it?" agreed the unsuspecting Bill.

"Lend me a dollar."

"Sorry, Al, I'd do anything but that. How 'bout that two bits you borrowed last week?"

"Oh, gosh, Bill! I'll pay up. I'll pay you right after Christmas; honest I will. Please lend a dollar; I got to have a dollar. You got to lend it to me."

"Sorry, old boy; can't do it. I know where there's a good black jack game, though; you could try your luck there."

"But that's how I lost my money, Bill; I can't do it. But let's go around; maybe I could borrow some money."

In his room once more Al counted all he had been able to borrow from his friends, fifty-five cents. "Not much," he murmured, "but it helps. I've got to try some other way."

The next morning at the breakfast table Mrs. Nelson told Al that she had promised a friend of hers, Mrs. Baker, that he would come to her country home for some cakes she had made for her missionary society's cake window.

"But mother," he protested, "Mr. Clemens said he'd give me two dollars to work for him this morning, and if I go out to Mrs. Baker's, I'll be too late for the job."

"I'm sorry, son," she said firmly, "but you're going after those cakes."

"I've got to have that two dollars, mother."

“Never mind. I’ve promised that you’d come and you’re going.”

Al bit his lip while visions of violet eyes and amethyst pendants seemed to envelope him. Slowly he rose from the table and mounted the stairs. Opening his dresser drawer, he took out his little hoard of money—all he had been able to scrape together—eight dollars and fifteen cents. He counted it carefully, put it back in the drawer, and set out for Mrs. Baker’s.

Monday morning found him at the wheel of a delivery truck with two dollars promised at the end of the day. Blithely he drove the route, dreaming of amethyst pendants and violet eyes. Crash! The amethysts and violet eyes changed to stars; then all the blurs before him took shape. Al had driven right into the back of a car, and the angry owner was hurrying toward him.

“Just a minute, young fellow,” he cried. “You’ll pay for this.”

They took the car to the nearest garage where the battered fender was examined.

“I’ll fix it for a dollar ninety-five, sir,” said the garage man.

Al groaned—a day’s work and only five cents to the good. This was too much.

It was a very downhearted boy who stood before “Old Joe’s” pawn shop about dusk that Christmas Eve. In his hand was his beloved wrist watch. He had decided that it must go.

“Only two dollars and not a cent more,” “Old Joe” declared. “Take it or leave it.”

Al took it, but it hurt. A few minutes later, his hopes high once more, he turned into the jewelry store. Plunk! His heart again sank. The amethyst pendant was gone from the window. Slowly he went in the door—yes, there it was on the counter. The clerk was showing it to a customer.

“I think I’ll take it,” decided the latter. “It’s ten dollars, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said the clerk, “just a minute and I’ll have it wrapped,” and taking up two boxes, one of which contained the amethyst pendant, he hurried away.

Al sank weakly in a chair and buried his face in his hands. The amethyst pendant was gone—gone. Someone else would wear it,

but not someone with violet eyes. Oh, he couldn't bear it! Slowly he rose and stumbled out the door. Once again on the pavement he let his gaze roam to the window. Surely he was seeing things, for there—there in the window—back in its old place—was the amethyst pendant.

He fairly ran back into the store, "That pendant," he demanded of the surprised clerk, "that amethyst pendant—isn't it sold?"

"Why no," was the reply. "Would you like to see it?"

"But that woman—didn't she buy it?"

"No, I was just showing it to her. She wasn't even considering buying it. She was buying a ring. Just a minute, and I'll get it."

"Oh gee!" this faintly, was all Al could say.

The clerk laid the jeweler's box on the counter and glanced at the clock. It was exactly 6:30.

"Here it is—only eight dollars."

"Only eight dollars?" gasped Al. "Why I thought it was ten!"

"It was, but we're having a special Christmas Eve sale on all jewelry between 6:30 and 9:00."

Al emerged from the store a few minutes later, happier than he had been in many a day. "Oh, boy!" he sighed, "enough left to get the old clock back and pack of Luckies too. Now for home, supper, a shave, and then—Oh! That amethyst pendant and those violet eyes—*this* amethyst pendant and those violet eyes—*this* amethyst pendant and those violet eyes."



YOUTH

Youth!
Glorious, undaunted, unafraid,
With gay banners unfurled to the wind—
Singing and dreaming, and dreaming and singing—
The heart flung as high as the sky.

Ella Leens Latham

ROADS OF DESTINY

EDWARD T. CONE

I stand on the crossroads—
I know not which to choose—
I look into the future:

The path of art is narrow,
But I reap the reward—
First an illustrator—
Then a painter—
I die, the greatest artist of my time.

Science—
Wonders untold—
Inventions, new discoveries—
The way is long;
I falter not—
I die, a naturalist, inventor, or doctor.

Music, art of angels—
Singer, composer, concert-player—
Ever striving, climbing upward—
Until the greatest heights are reached.
I die, a great musician.

Drama—
Acting on the stage,
Or on the screen.
A painful life, 'tis said,
But I struggle on.
I die, the greatest actor of my time.

An author I may be—
A poet, novelist, playwright.
Onward, ever onward, will I go—
I die, the greatest writer of my day.

Which shall I be?
All roads of opportunity lie open before me—
I know not which to choose.



YOUTH'S DREAM

LOUISE HARDIN

Air castles,
The right girl—
Cozy—dreamy—
Spanish type.
Love—
Just the two—
World stops.
But—
Air castles
Fall—
Built on clouds,
Girl loves another,
Storm—
Clouds break—
World goes on.

TEDDY'S TRIUMPH

ELLA LEENS LATHAM

"Deah me, 'ow interesting," exclaimed a loud voice with a distinct English accent, and with a slight slur on the word *interesting*. Each student of study hall C looked up from his work with sudden interest.

Clara raised her eyebrows, and her mouth formed a long and drawn-out, "Ohhh," in instant adoration.

"F'evven's sakes," lisped fat Emma Jane in a loud whisper, and she even stopped chewing her guaranteed-to-pop gum for several short seconds.

Mary Anne whispered to Frances, "It was time something like this happened 'cause Middleton High School has been simply dead for *so* long."

Angela, and she's the heroine of this story, smiled her sweetest and hurriedly powdered her saucy nose.

Theodore, better known as Teddy, the sheik of the High School, (at least he thought so and didn't understand why Angela didn't) gave a deep grunt of disgust. He looked to see how the other fellows were taking this outrage. His opinion seemed to be universal among the males of the study-hall.

The cause of all this disturbance was a rather important-looking English youth. It had been rumored that an English family was going to move to Middleton, though it was not generally believed, but this was more than expected. No boy in his wildest dreams had thought a boy of his own age would belong to the family, and certainly not one like this. For Cecil Haubridge was a seemingly perfect English youth. Anyway Angela and the other girls thought so, even though they had never seen another Englishman in all their young lives.

The girls "Oh'd," and "Ah'd," over him, and a few even dared to copy his accent. Teddy's heart turned green with envy. And to make matters worse, Cecil liked Angela more than the other girls. Angela seemed very interested in the society of the young English-

man, too; indeed she might be, for every girl in town would have given her dearest possession to be in Cecil's favor.

Teddy had thought he was going to be Angela's dearest possession. He wondered how Angela would feel if she knew he was wasting his young life away—longing for her. How would she like to find him dead? Dead! The thought sent cold shivers down his spine; and he thought he would join the army or navy rather than die. He even thought of writing poetry—but that failed, for he couldn't think of anything to rhyme with *you* but *blue*, and Angela's eyes were brown.

Angela gloried in her new admirer. Emma Jane tried to reduce; and even tried to stop chewing gum because she thought it was an improvement. Her mother heaved a sigh of relief. She had tried to break Emma Jane's chewing habit ever since she had cut her first teeth. At last she had accomplished her task; she did not know the real inspiration, however. Mary Anne stopped her seemingly endless giggle, because Cecil looked annoyed at every slight giggle. And Frances, the practical Frances, spent most of her month's allowance on a permanent; she had heard Cecil say he admired curly hair.

Teddy thought of many ways of revenge. Maybe if he tried to be English—but hang it all, he wouldn't copy that pest. However, he did every possible thing he could to get the attraction his way. He won first place in the swimming meet, though after the meet there was no Angela to look up to him and say, "Oh Teddy, you are wonderful!" the way she had last football season. His fifth or sixth-hand Ford, (it wasn't really known how many owners there had been) took on newer and wittier signs, also a coat of bright red paint.

June came and with it semester records, and the annual picnic to Mirror Lake. Teddy failed on geometry. In his heart he knew it was because of Angela's cruel treatment—even though he had no excuse for the other times he had failed.

The day of the picnic dawned bright and fair. With new hope Teddy went by for Angela, to volunteer to carry her to the lake in his shining new car.

"Oh," squealed Angela, "how nice of you! Come on, Cecil. Let's go. Teddy will take us." Teddy ground his teeth together and declared to himself he was through with women forever, that they were a lot of bunk.

The picnic progressed painfully for Teddy. Nothing could heal his wounded heart, not even chocolate cake. He was interested in nothing until he heard a squeal of fear and distress from Angela.

"Somebody! Come quick! Cecil's drowning. His canoe has turned over and he can't even swim!"

Teddy's heart felt lighter. "Let him drown," he thought, and he took another piece of cake.

"Teddy, you're the best swimmer! Save Cecil!" A command from Angela, not a plea, and she literally pushed him into the lake; Teddy was forced to rescue Cecil. He had no thoughts of the life he was saving; only he was doing Angela's bidding.

Cecil was half drowned when Teddy reached him. He gave Teddy a fierce kick in the chest. His heel bruised Teddy's head. When both were nearly drowned, after a tough struggle, Teddy succeeded in dragging Cecil into ankle deep water. That was all Teddy remembered.

The next morning Teddy was stretched full length in his mother's hammock, a glorious invalid! His picture was on the front page of that very morning's paper. Beside him were goodies the girls had made and brought over. Marvel of marvels, Angela was actually reading to him—he didn't know what, but she was reading just the same.

Teddy placed an enormous piece of Emma Jane's fudge in his mouth. Angela laid down her book and smiled at him.

"Oh Teddy, isn't it wonderful to be a hero!" she breathed.

A deep smile of satisfaction spread over Teddy's face; another piece of fudge found its way to his mouth. Angela smiled at him again. He didn't believe he would join the army after all, and girls weren't so bad.



COLORS IN THE WEAWE

LET ME DREAM

GRACE HOBBS

Let me dream,
For dreams are beauty
Stealing through the velvet night,
Dainty folk in silver moon-beams,
Wavy tresses, blond and bright.

They steal the music
From the water,
Fragrance from the rose's bloom;
Scatter it from moon-flower baskets
From the casement to my room.

They learn the sway
Of fairy waltzes;
Then weave a dance from star to star
While I stand at the gate of dreams
With my fingers on the bar.

Then with voices soft, enchanting,
They tease the sleepy rose,
While in happiness and wonder
My eyes in slumber close
Let me dream

DANCES

KENDALL MAY

MADGE stopped in front of a mirror to freshen her fading complexion and dab with a tiny chiffon handkerchief at her moist forehead. Heavens, it was hot! Simply stifling! She touched the wilting tulle of her dress, trying to restore it to its former loveliness, and pushed the damp ringlets from her forehead. She heard the wail of a saxophone bleating above the other instruments. Somewhere in the dim distance someone was shrieking with laughter. It was Clarice; no one else could make that much noise.

"Well, at last," said a voice at Madge's elbow. "Where have you been? I thought maybe you were lost," and John Wilkins mopped his flushed face.

"Lord, what a night!" he sighed. "My feet feel like they have been perforated! Well, look who's here," he continued. "If it isn't little Freddy himself!"

"Oh, hello John, how is the boy? How 'bout a dance, Madge? Well, bye, bye, old thing," he called as he swung Madge into the midst of the other dancers.

"Well I'll be—!" gasped John, "How's that for nerve!" and grumbling he went off in search of the punch bowl.

"Please, Fred, if you don't mind, let's go outside; I'm so hot and tired," Madge said.

"Sure thing," answered Fred, "Anything to please the ladies."

"This is wonderful," Madge sighed as she sank into a chair on the veranda. "I'm simply dead! My feet ache terribly!"

"Yeah, it's pretty warm," Fred answered.

Madge clutched his arm, "Who is that, Fred?"

"Where? Oh, you mean coming up the steps—why that's Bill Carew."

"Who?"

"Bill Carew."

"Not Judge Carew's son!"

"Yeah. You know he's the fellow that's been to school abroad, the one that inherits the old man's money."

“Really!”

“Sure, some looker, eh?”

“Oh, I’m just crazy to meet him!”

“That’s easily done—Oh Bill, come here a minute. Madge, this is Mr. Carew, Miss Miller.”

“Yes, we were just going in, too,” cooed Madge.

“May I have this dance with you, Miss Miller,” William said to Madge, as they entered the door.

“Oh, I would love for you to, Mr. Carew,” Madge answered, smiling her sweetest.

“You dance wonderfully,” he said as they glided among the dancers.

“Isn’t dancing heavenly?” she sighed. “I could dance forever and never get tired!”

“I should imagine you would be all tired out, having danced all evening; it’s terribly hot, too.”

“Oh, no, I never tire of dancing, and the heat isn’t so bad.”

The music had ceased, and the throng was breaking up.

“William, I simply must go!” said Madge. “I’ve already kept John waiting a long time. Oh, I’ve had a perfectly marvelous time! Yes, all right, I’ll see you Tuesday night then. Bye-bye.”

“Thanks so much for taking me, John—Yes, I know, my head was simply splitting the whole time, but I’ve enjoyed going—Tuesday? No, please, I’d rather not make dates so far ahead. Well, good night.”



Youth—
Made up of dreams
Coined from vain imaginings—
Days of happiness in a world of joy
Thrilling the soul with its wondrousness.

Kendall May

A NIGHT OF IT

LOUISE HARRISON

It seemed too quiet for a dance, and just a little shadow of disappointment passed over Marion's face as she thought of the new dress she had worn, after saving it for so long a time. And she, like most girls, wanted everyone to see and admire it.

But as the door to the elevator was opened, Marion heard the sobbing of the saxophones, the dull, monotonous notes of the clarinets, and the unsteady thumping of dancing feet.

As she went to the dressing room to put up her wrap, she discovered that her heart was beating a little faster, her fingertips were clammy, and last, but not least, that her shoes were just killing her. But she got a permanent smile on her face that would last all evening, a ready greeting on the tip of her tongue, and faced that carefree group of fun-seekers.

Who would be the first person to break? Would she have a good time, and get a good rush? She wanted to get the biggest rush on the floor that night, and to do so she had to be light as a feather on her feet, enthusiastic, entertaining, and lively. Well, she would do it.

Hilarious youth going on! On excitement! Dancing hour after hour; never stopping; just seeing how long they could last.

Marion got break after break—three steps with John, none with Jack, six with Tommy, a handshake with Dick, and just a chance to shout a merry hello to Charlie. And on and on she went, sailing on clouds of fun.

Intermission! A rush for the door. Another rush for the car and the drug store. The slipping of her shoes off her feet for a few minutes, and a short conversation with the gang. Another hurry for the dance, the same fast music that has no tune, the same orchestra, the same boys, and the same dancing.

Two o'clock. "Good night, ladies." A "goodbye" here, and "Enjoyed dancing with you so much" there. A long home-run, ending up by the slipping off of a few clothes, and—bed.

THE WAY OF JIMMIE

GRACE CURTIS

JIMMY is seated in a large, comfortable arm-chair, diligently writing. He is interrupted by the ringing of the telephone.

Oh, heck! I wish the 'phone would stop ringing. It's probably not for me, anyway.

He rises, crosses to the telephone, and takes up the receiver.

Hello! Yes, this is Jimmy . . . No, Bud; I'm sorry, but I can't make it . . . No, it's absolutely impossible. I've got to have a couple of notebooks in by tomorrow . . . But I can't hand 'em in late, 'cause tomorrow is the last day of the month . . . She won't flunk me? Huh, don't fool yourself. That woman doesn't like me, anyhow. Besides, she's always trying to keep some football man off the team . . . But Coach told me today that I couldn't play unless I passed at least a couple of subjects . . . Yes, he does mean it, too; he's hardboiled. Say, that was a good game this afternoon, wasn't it? . . . You're going to have a big time tonight? Where are you celebrating?

Well, I wouldn't go to Faye's house tonight, anyhow. She makes me sick. Whenever a team from out-of-town comes here to play, she nearly has a fit over their players. Can't even speak to us. I hate girls, anyway . . . How about Peggy? Oh, well, she's all right. But even *she* couldn't keep me from getting up those notebooks . . . No, Bud, you can't persuade me, because my mind is made up. So long; see you tomorrow.

Five minutes pass, during which time JIMMY conscientiously works on his notebook. Then the telephone rings again.

Hello; yes, this is Jimmy. Why how are you, Peggy? . . . What? . . . Oh, that touchdown wasn't anything. I just happened to get the ball . . . Why, I'm not trying to be modest! . . . What am I doing? Nothing at all. I was just sitting here wondering how I was going to spend the evening . . . Yes, I'd love to come. I feel like celebrating, too . . . Sure, I'll be right over.

JIMMY puts the receiver back on the hook, smiles to himself, and then glances in the mirror. He combs his hair and straightens

his tie. He then glances at his unfinished notebooks and frowns.

Oh, well, what do I care? I can finish them in the morning before school. Mother, I'm going over to Faye's house. The gang is over there celebrating. Be back later.

As the door slams, JIMMY's mother enters the room, looks at the closed door, and smiles understandingly at the deserted notebooks.



THE POEMS I SING

GRACE HOBBS

The poems I sing
Are pearls from my sea of thought.
They drifted from the tips of an angel's wing
And clung fluttering in my tangled hair.
My eyes were violet-shadowed
And waxen,
For as I slept
Thoughts crept through my soul's windows
And lost themselves in color.
They touched the sad, vibrant harp sounds
Of my soul,
And music sweet and comforting,
Murmured softly.
Sometimes it is an Aeolian harp
Sending weird fantasies
That chill the calm of dreams,
But I listen, and my heart responds.
I write, and my words are vivid.
How strange they are
Yet they are mine.
I love them the poems I sing.

JANES

LOUISE HARDIN

"Oh, Bob!" yelled Phil, as he ran to catch up with his friend, "how about filling a double date with me Friday night?"

"Who with?" growled Bob, who was in no good humor.

"Oh, with a cute girl—name is Jane."

"Jane! Gosh—no," yelled Bob.

"And why not?" Phil answered.

"'Cause I have been turned down by one Jane, and that's enough. Naw, sir—not me."

"Aw, come on," pleaded Phil; "she won't hurt you."

"You never can tell—but call me at the office and I'll let you know."

The next few days Bob tried to find something to do for Friday night—but nothing turned up.

By Friday morning he still hadn't found anything. About noon the 'phone rang.

"Oh Lord—that's Phil," said Bob.

So it proved to be.

"Hello, ole top, how's the date for tonight?"

Bob made a face into the phone.

"Aw, I don't know," he said.

"That means you'll go. That's great; sure am glad. See you soon—'bout eight," said Phil and quickly hung up.

Bob uttered an oath and slammed the receiver down.

Then Friday night came, all too soon for Bob, and Phil came by.

"Well, ole top, let's get going," greeted Phil.

Bob said nothing but climbed into the car.

When they stopped, both boys got out, straightened their hats, pulled their coats up with a lift of their shoulders, and proceeded in.

"Miss Lewis, I want you to meet my friend, Mr. Carnegie."

Bob looked up—oh heavens! It was the same Jane.

THE WAY OF A MAID

EDNA LEWIS

Marian sat by the telephone—waiting. He had called every night for a week—he just must call tonight. Oh, of course, she'd wait three or four minutes before she answered; she would never let him know that she wanted him to call. She would be very superior, but sweet. She would not give him a date! She would—

“Ting-a-ling.” Marian waited exactly ten seconds before she seized the telephone, then said sweetly:

“Hell-o!”

“Who? Oh, hello, Martin! I wasn't expecting you to call. I was just going out, but that's all right. Tonight, why—Oh, no, no, I haven't anything planned. Come right over! Surely, you aren't still angry about that! You see, Martin, I—Oh, you little beast!”

Click! Down went the receiver. Marion in a burst of tears flew to her mother's room.

“Mother, you've just gotta do something to that darned little kid. Oh, you'd say darn, too! He—He—. Martin and I quarrelled last night, and Buddy said I'd give Martin a date tonight if he called. I said I wouldn't and—and—Oh, it's just *too* terrible. He went over to Martin's house and called me. He s-said he was Martin and—! Oh, I hate Martin! What can he think of me? I'll never, never speak to him again!”

“Ting-aling!”

“Oh, there goes the telephone. Maybe it's Martin!”



Youth—
Handsome, strong
As some straight pine
Unbent by chilling winds
And frost.

Guy Hope

LEADING SECTION THREE

GRACE CURTIS

Marise pulled on the filmy silk stockings; then she slipped her feet into the silver slippers. Powdering her perfect nose for the forty-ninth time, she turned her attention to the dress. There it lay, a shimmery mass of moonlight, across the back of the chair. She picked it up tenderly—almost reverently—and it rippled over her slim body. She gazed at herself in the long mirror.

These inner thoughts of Marise's were interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Someone tapped at Marise's door and called, "Miss Covington!"

"I'll be right down, Martha," she replied. With a hasty glance in the mirror, Marise turned to leave. At that moment the door burst open, and a bevy of girls surrounded her.

"Gee, honey, you surely do look wonderful tonight!" someone exclaimed. "You'll be sure to make a hit with Charlie."

"How I envy you your chance!" sighed a little blonde.

"I've got to hurry, girls," Marise explained. "Martha has already called me, and Charlie will be worried."

"That's right, Marise," advised the little blonde. "Don't keep Charlie waiting."

When she reached the foot of the stairs, Marise spied a dark little man with a moustache. He rushed up to her and gave her a quick but thorough inspection.

"You're on next, leading Section 3, Miss Covington," rasped Charlie.

Marise sighed as she joined the other models.



Youth is a melody
Whose tune is so beautiful
That when it is ended,
Life becomes desolate.

Ella Leens Latham

WHERE AM I GOING?

EDWARD T. CONE

Where am I going?
I'm not sure I know myself—
I am just wandering—trudging down a country road.
The music of the birds sounds sweet in my ears.
No automobile disturbs this secluded road;
No horse-drawn wagon, traveling at an ambling pace,
Shatters the quiet of this rural thoroughfare—
I am alone with nature.
No one else knows of this road, of its deviations and
meandering—
I am not sure that I know all of it myself,
It is the road of my fancy.



WARP AND WOOF

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Youth

YOUTH breathes adventure, happiness, romance, beauty. It seeks always for new adventures, new thrills, new laurels; always it is searching for the unknown.

Happiness is something we all want. It is the keynote of youth. Will we gain it in our treasure? How will we set out to find it, earnestly or half-heartedly?

What would youth do without romance? It is the very soul of our life. Without it the light in us would flicker and die down.

Romance fans the flame of happiness and youth. Do we seek for real romance? Is it kept beautiful and sacred, or is it tainted by the sordidness of ugly things?

Beauty lives always in youth. We can all have it, perhaps not physically, but certainly mentally. It is up to us to keep beauty for ourselves.

What, in the caravan of life, is our quest? What will we find at our journey's end?

Susan Gregory



The Religion of Youth

“Does youth have any religion whatsoever? Aren't most modern boys and girls atheists?” Thus I voice the sentiments of the common mass against us, the youth of today. People think we have no real God, no understanding of or love for sacred things.

In answering this harsh accusation, I don't attempt to say that we have the same kind of religion our forefathers had; I don't think we do. We aren't as stern and intolerant as they were. We are more broad-minded, but still we have our limits.

We may not actually enjoy church, and we may go because we have to, but after all we get some good from it. It gives us a feeling of having God to whom we *can* pray and whom we can worship.

Those stern censors of our actions say: “The modern youth thinks nothing of swearing. They say blasphemous things every day.” To me this is the most unfair of all accusations. The average modern youth does not like real swearing. I heard a very modern girl say the other day: “Every time I hear anybody say ‘God’ in an irreverent way it just hurts me. I feel as if I have been bit.”

This attitude is the attitude of the vast majority of modern youth. I, for one, will dispute the word of anybody who says we have no religion. Religion is a flame that youth can not and will not quench!

Susan Gregory



TANGLED THREADS

LULLABY

GRACE HOBBS

Between two trees
The moon has made
A hammock with silver seams;
And over head
The stars have spun
A pillow of rosy dreams.

The wind has touched
The harps of night,
And music soft and deep
Croons from
The drooping willows
Of the little land of sleep.

So sleep, my love,
Till the lips of dawn
Kiss the dreams from your eyes
And chase away
The stars and moon
To the land of lullabys.

ANNIVERSARY

REBECCA HEATH

MR. George Swinnerton of Swinnerton, Elson, and Thackenberg, felt springtime coursing through his veins. Although the calendar and a slightly bald spot on his head proclaimed it to be ripe autumn, both for the year and for himself, Mr. Swinnerton leaped youthfully out of the bed and turned on the tap for a cold shower.

He could smell the delicious odor of hot waffles wafted enticingly up the stairs. That cook surely could stir up good waffles, but they were bad for the waistline. Mustn't get bulgy over the belt at his age. Mary was already dressed; and as she passed the door on her way down stairs, Mr. Swinnerton studied her critically. Getting fat, she was—well, not fat, exactly, but sort of stout. And her hair was gray. Now gray hair made a man look distinguished, but it made a woman look old. Yes, that was the matter with Mary—getting old. Looked as if Mary could have stayed as young as he had, with no business worries and all; but here she was, content already at fifty to stay at home every evening or to go to an occasional movie. Mary always boasted that they were an old-fashioned couple. Well, he'd show her. What he needed was youth around him—music, and a peppy time.

He galloped friskily down to the breakfast room and obligingly ate five waffles, which was pretty light compared to his usual nine.

"Why, George!" Mary gasped, "aren't you feeling well? Perhaps you'd better stop by Doctor Caveness' and have him give you a tonic."

"I have only decided, my dear," he condescended, "that we all eat too much. Now you could do nicely on one slice of toast, but instead you eat two."

"But George," (confound it, that woman noticed everything) "you ate three."

"I, Mary, am a man!" he said—which, of course, excused him for anything from swearing to over-eating.

He rose and smiled forgivingly at Mary who took that as a

signal to begin the regular rite of helping him on with his overcoat. He gave her his customary morning peck and stepped out into his waiting car, smiling benignly for the benefit of the world in general.

People were getting flabby, he mused, as he got out in front of his downtown office, in this day of automobiles and trains—no exercise. Guess he'd see Jim Lefferts about taking up golf, as he'd been wanting him to. He decided to walk up the three flights of stairs instead of using the elevator; consequently he arrived a few minutes later, puffing and flushed, in front of a door bearing a shining "George Swinnerton, Private."

"Good morning, Miss Paterson," he said warmly as he entered, "isn't this a fine day?"

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Swinnerton; it is lovely outside, isn't it?" Miss Paterson said, (coquettishly, he decided).

"And now let's get off that letter to Hay, Day, and May. 'Dear Sirs:—'"

Mr. Swinnerton was astonished a few minutes later to hear himself ask Miss Paterson to lunch with him.

"I'd love it," she cooed.

She guided him to a "perfectly adorable restaurant." Over the dainty but expensive lunch, George Swinnerton realized for the first time all his trials with a wife who didn't understand him. He became quite eloquent over them and felt very sorry for himself.

"But Mr. Swinnerton!" Miss Paterson gasped, "you're not old, not at all. You know I think men of your age are so much more attractive than these young things with no poise."

He graciously gave Miss Paterson the afternoon off because she "had a sick sister who did enjoy being read to, and she was too tired to read to her at night."

He met Jim Lefferts on his way back to the office—a nice fellow Jim was.

"Say, Lefferts," he said jovially, "I've decided to take up that little offer of yours and learn to play golf. How about it?"

"Fine, Swinnerton," said Jim. "Make it Saturday. And wait, go to Rombus's over there on the corner and tell him I sent you. He'll fix you up with clubs and such; and say, why not tell your wife about it? Maybe she'd like to go out, too. You know, not

many of us get enough exercise, and it's exercise that keeps us young. Look at me! Not a day over nineteen I feel, and the other day a little lady I was with says 'Jim', says she, 'nobody'd take you for a day over thirty!'" He guffawed boisterously, and George joined in appreciatively.

Humph, he thought as he walked on, he'd be damned if his wife was going to get out and make a fool of herself on a golf course. Miss Paterson would never play golf, he bet. She was a real girl—clingy, and feminine, and knew how to understand a fellow. Poor girl, she had a hard time with a sick sister to look after. He bet she'd appreciate some flowers—roses. He didn't want to be unfaithful to Mary; but still, he argued, that poor kid didn't get any fun, and he felt it his duty to help brighten up her life a little.

He got the florist on the 'phone from his office. "Hello, Markus? Mr. Swinnerton speaking. Fix me up two dozen American beauties. I'll be by in half an hour." He'd have to take a bus to her house, he supposed, 'cause it would never do to have the chauffeur suspect anything. At 4:30 he collected his roses and stepped into a bus. Everybody stared curiously at this well-dressed man who carried dozens of expensive flowers and rode a bus. Either he had pinched the flowers or he was a durn fool over some girl, they decided.

The boy and girl in front of him were busily engaged in a conversation, and he recognized the girl as Miss Paterson. He was about to speak to her when the sound of his name from her made him stop.

"Oh, Mr. Swinnerton's a dim bulb, Bob," she was saying; "I did it only for politeness. If it's anything I hate it's old men trying to be young. But don't you see? If he likes me, he might raise my salary."

"Don't forget, though," growled the boy, "that you're engaged to me."

"Oh, I won't, darling," said Miss Paterson. "But you won't mind, will you, if he asks me out again? He's really frightfully funny to talk to. I kid him along, you know."

Mr. Swinnerton climbed angrily off the bus at the next stop and 'phoned for the car. "She needn't think she can make a fool of me! I'm onto her game," he muttered.

When the car drew up in front of the house, George stepped out stiffly. That walking up three flights of stairs had already settled in his joints. He noticed with alarm that the drawing room, where Mary always waited for him, was dark.

"Mrs. Swinnerton not at home, Jarvis?" he asked anxiously.

"No, sir," said Jarvis, "I believe not, sir. She left quite suddenly early this afternoon and didn't say where she was going."

George grew panicky. Had someone seen him at lunch and told Mary about him? Had she left him for good?

He ate so little that the cook departed to the kitchen in a huff at seeing her good food so scorned.

After dinner he went to the drawing room and stuck the roses in a vase on the table. He lit a cigar and opened the paper, but, try as he might, he could not read.

When he awoke, Mary was bending over him calling softly, "George, dear, it's 12 o'clock. Come to bed. And what do you think, dear; we're grandparents! Ann has a fine little boy, and they're naming it George. I'm so sorry if you were worried about me, but I was in such a hurry when they called me that I forgot to tell anybody where I was going."

Hm, grandparents! Not so bad. He bet little George would be a husky youngster. Now he could buy that electric train in the store window that he had been longing to try but hadn't the courage to ask for.

"Oh, Mary," he said, "there are some flowers I brought you. And, by the way, Jim Lefferts was after me again today about taking up golf. He asked if you didn't want to, too, and I thought it'd be nice if both of us did."

"That's fine for you, George," Mary lauded. "I'm sure you'll be good at it. But I don't know; I don't think much of a woman of my age taking up golf. The flowers are beautiful, George, and you were a darling to bring them—my favorite flowers, too! I just knew you couldn't forget our wedding anniversary today."

LITTLE FAY

KATHARINE WAGNER

You see that island by the blue lagoon?
'Twas there a score of years ago or more
We raised our daggers 'gainst a grisly moon
And left the cap'n's corpse upon the shore.

We killed the blooming mates and throwed them down
To disappear beneath a bloody sea.
We hoisted up the sails and turned around.
We thought we'd turn the tables and was free.

But p'raps we didn't think about old Bill,
For, when the island faded clear away,
He took command, and made us work—until
We all remembered cap'n's little Fay.

We found her frightened, huddled in the hold,
The big round tears a-rolling down her cheeks—
The sweetest kid with streaming curls all gold.
I saw her pleading eyes for many weeks.

But Bill spoke up (the damned blackguard) and said:
"On deck, you swabs, I'll kiss her tears away."
Those hands still with her father's fresh blood red
To touch his unsuspecting little Fay!

"Get out," I roared, and dodged a gleaming knife
That flew behind and hit her in the breast,
But then was when I throttled out his life
And threw him out to Davy Jones to rest.

That's why I cannot see the sea today,
For 'fore he went, he gouged out both my eyes,
And when I stumbled blindly back, our Fay
Was getting stiff and cold. Today she lies

Beside her father by the blue lagoon;
We buried her beneath those glowing sands,
But every time we pass I know the moon
Is looking down caressing her pale hands.



A FAMILY PICTURE

ELEANOR RANDOLPH

As far back as I can remember it has hung on the wall in the living room, this etching of a man whom I used to call "funny-looking." But before I could pronounce, or even read his name, he was always a source of interest to me.

He looks French; he is French; and his name is Aujou Chouteau. He has written his name with great flourishes under his portrait. His signature expresses the character which one reads in his face.

His hair is brushed back and tied in a queue behind. His soft cravat ends in a jabot, all ruffly and lacy. Lace even descends from his sleeves. His coat, I'm sure, must have been blue—it looks blue, although it is etched in black and white. There is much braid outlining the lapels of his coat and many fancy buttons—only one of which is buttoned, and that under his jabot. Perhaps his waistcoat was canary-colored. Anyway, it, too, is much bebraided and bebuttoned.

My Aujou has struck a rather Napoleonic attitude to have his picture made. His head is held high and his broad shoulders are squared, while his right hand is thrust inside his vest. He even wears on his face a rather disdainful look, although I'm sure his eyes were very kind most of the time—they look like those kinds of eyes. His mouth is a little stern and severe; but there, too, I think must have been smiles.

I think that probably it was the custom when my revered ancestor had this picture made to look as solemn and severe as possible; but from all accounts, he wasn't a third as bad as he tried to make the etcher think he was.

MUD

RIGDON DEES

Mud! What pictures and troubles that one word brings before the mind's eye! It is a word suggestive of annihilation to clean shoes and devastation to clean floors and rugs. Black it sometimes is, and at other times, red. It is always sticky, slippery, and clinging.

It is queer what a simple substance such as mud can play in the drama of our lives. To skidding cars, the hateful name is a Waterloo to be met with chains and steady nerves. On the football field it is both a boon and a curse: a boon in the shape of diversion and amusement to the fans of the game, and a curse to the struggling efforts of the players.

Yet mud is a very essential thing to certain important personages of our world, for what would life be worth to small boys and girls were it not for mud pies, and cakes, and mud fights?

Yet, mud would be termed commonplace by most casual observers.



THE LURE OF DUSK

GRACE HOBBS

Dusk softly weaves the web of night,
And I entangled lie
Where the sunset fades in pastel shades
And crickets call and cry.

'Twas the song of dusk that lured me
To this strange harbor of light
Where dream children creep to the realms of sleep
And sound the harps of night.

WISHING MOON

GRACE HOBBS

It was a wishing moon last night
That shone on you and me,
A moon a-wishing from the sky,
Another from the sea.
Our dreams were ships of hope.
We wished; the skies grew blue.
Last night it was a wishing moon.
Tonight the wish comes true.

Our ship of hope is sailing.
The future gleams afar.
Last night we counted a thousand—
Tonight there's another star—
Two stars that shine more brightly,
Two stars of crystal blue.
It was a wishing moon last night.
Tonight the wish comes true.



COUNTRY ROADS

NANCY HUDSON

Clean streets and smooth, curving highways have their praise; but in my soul there are sonnets to the rambling, yellow, country roads, and the dusty flower-weeds that border them. Quaint little roads, they are, that remind one of typical things: of barefooted boys with fishing poles, and ambling, white-toothed darkies, and carts hitched to drowsy mules, and lazy villages dotted along the way. They wind in and out, a part of the Old South, and of memories,—and of my heart.

HER FIRST PERFORMANCE

MARY BUTLER

A GOLDEN summer afternoon—a wide green meadow at the edge of a busy town—the white tops of the circus with flags against the sky—brass bands stirring a surging crowd, where jungle smells filled the nostrils and eyes, were bewildered with a glitter of red and gold—an ocean of faces—forty thousand applauding hands—three rings with scarlet ring banks—spot lights playing in brilliant rays on a cobweb of trapeze ropes and bars, forty feet above the padded sawdust. A round of clowns tumbling over the tracks—a troupe of Eskimo strong men—a burst of calliope music—dainty skirts leaping above white horses through gay paper loops—ten lumbering elephants having tea, playing ball. There came hand-clapping and laughter from the crowd. Then a silence as the rings and tracks cleared, and a tall man in gray stepped into the center.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he began, as heads bent forward to hear him, “appearing in this ring I call your attention to the world’s record performance of its kind. The youngest aerial artist who has ever appeared before the public will now be presented to you in her sensational madcap feats of grace and skill! For the first time before any audience the child marvel of the air—Little Peg.”

There was a ripple of eagerness, of curious attention, as the tall gentleman stood aside and the band broke into a waltz; then, like a bubble, she came dancing into the ring—long slender legs in pale silk tights, a cobweb dress of pink, blue, and silver, round dimpled childish arms, a mass of sunny golden curls, and, loveliest of all, a smile that was caught up and given back to her by everybody in the great crowd, the moment she sent it out to them.

There was a hush, like the dying of a wind, as the child with one foot in the loop of her rope, was carried up, up, swaying gently, to the top of the great tent. Then, that one little girl held twenty thousand people breathless, as, suddenly, light and frail as a flower in the wind, she swung out fearlessly fifty feet above their heads with a drop and whirl and sun-gold halo of curls—slender body swinging

so lightly, her tiny hands and feet seemed scarcely to touch the ropes that held them!

Wonder and apprehension kept the great crowd so silent that they seemed almost to hear the swish of the air as her slim little body swirled, one moment head down, curls flying; then, with a sudden turn she was back, safe in the swing, laughing down at them like a little girl playing in a garden, her toes caught together child-like fashion, her hands outstretched for their approval. It was a wonderful thing, a beautiful thing—the fairy skirts, the sure little hands and feet, that glowing eager smile. It was just a happy game she was playing. They heard her laugh aloud; they began to realize what a radiant thing she really was; when, with a sudden head-over spin, just a whirling rainbow of color, she caught her hands in the loop of a long rope and, like an arrow out of a bow, was down in the sawdust ring on her feet again. They heard her laugh aloud with her head thrown back, as she flung her arms wide to them. Her first performance—finished!

The sweep of applause that broke over her head was a sound like a storm breaking. The little girl blew kisses from her fingers; caught her skirts in an odd, shy little courtesy. Such a child she was to have forty thousand hands acclaiming her. She seemed, after all, just a child in some great place, lost and frightened to be there all alone.

Then a big man with a big smile, with tears in his eyes, crossed the track to the center of the ring, caught that golden-haired child and kissed her, swung her with a sweep to his shoulder, and in a fresh storm of cheers, amid a burst of music from the band, Little Peg rode out of the ring on Big Joe's shoulder.



Dreams—
Of star dust and roses,
Of moonlight and castles in Spain,
Of flowers and gardens of fragrance,
Of love and its kindling flame.

Kendall May

VISIONS

KENNETH O'BRIEN

THERE is a mood which comes upon me at opportune times—an elusive and fleeting mood which changes the aspect of all my surroundings, my actions, and my experiences.

At times, when it is inspired by a certain kind of beauty, the imagination seems to break away from the shackles of the worldly, and travels far—beautiful distances, grotesque distances, or weary distances according to the attitude. Such visions are usually beautiful, with an exquisiteness that eliminates the sordid, physical side of life and weaves a path of silken dreams for world-weary feet to wander.

Somewhere I have read a description of an opiated dream which left me with a rather chaotic impression of orange-blossoms, a river, and paradise. The moods of which I speak, however, have been experienced by man ever since he first contemplated abstract matters. They must be just intensified thoughts, and therefore lack the distorted and demoralized horror of a drugged consciousness.

But Old Mother Nature is the best Weaver of Dreams. To study her at close hand is but to give vent to a thousand taps of the imagination. It is pleasant, for instance, to loll lazily in a canoe upon the bay in a placid moment, when the warm autumn sun is reflected by its glassy surface, and to stare upwards, perhaps, at a few fleecy white clouds mirrored in blue, or downwards into the green, translucent depths. All the while the imagination is probably soaring in the clouds with a long-winged, graceful sea-bird or plumbing the fascinating, mysterious depths and peopling them with monsters that might have existed a few thousand years ago. Sometimes the imagination delves into the past or future, and at such times it warps and changes the attitude and conception of things, lending them beauty or hideousness, accordingly.

If you have a capacity for visions, they will enhance and beautify every little incident and every commonplace object.

THE BLACKBOARD

MARGARET RUE

I looked into the blackboard—
An inky blackness,
A milky fog—
And saw the faint tracing of yesterday's lesson,
Learned and now forgotten.
Symmetrically blocked off and divided,
Its smooth round figures
And curving letters
Indistinguishable now—
On a school blackboard.

And on the blackboard of life
There are the faint tracings
Of yesterday's lesson
Learned and now forgotten.
Life is symmetrically blocked off and divided
By one's fate and destiny
Fame or fortune—
Hunger or desolation—
And the smooth round figures of recurring memories.
The pleasantly curved recollections
Are indistinguishable now
On the blackboard of life
Posted—
At the threshold of death

PETER PAN

SUSAN GREGORY

Peter Pan lives near me. He, or rather she, is real. She is no longer a myth but a real live human being. She is brimful of pep, jollity, and enthusiasm. I have never seen her sad or melancholy. She is always happy, always gay, always laughing. She's about the most wonderful person I have ever seen.

Do you know who this Peter Pan is? She's a grandmother! All her grandchildren call her "Mammy." It seems impossible that a grandmother could be a Peter Pan. But then, you know Peter Pans never grow old. They might *look* old, but looks are only skin-deep. It's the inside looks of Mammy that are young.

Many years ago when she was a lovely young girl in her teens, she was a popular belle. She went to all the dances and parties that came along. She was like a fairy!

Then romance came to her, and she became engaged to a Baptist minister. That meant giving up dances and things like that. But she didn't mind at all, and she set right in, and learned how to be a good minister's wife. That is one reason that she has always stayed young. When obstacles came, she looked around them and saw the sunny side and made others see it too.

Right now, although she is a grandmother, I would rather listen to her talk than almost anybody I've ever seen. She loves to tell of her youth, of the time she bobbed her hair, of her beaux and her good times.

And yet, though she often grows reminiscent I don't think she is ever discontented with old age. That is because she is not old. She may have gray hair, and she may have grandchildren, but she's Peter Pan to me.



I love the world in the morning,
The start of a clean new day,
With its touch of youthful vigor
And prospects bright and gay.

Palmer Holt

NINE O'CLOCK

HARVEY ANDERSON

The suspense deepened. Bob paced nervously up and down the narrow room with hasty, impatient strides. Now and then he wiped perspiration from his brow. Fearfully, he glanced at the clock. It slowly counted the minutes away.

Suddenly he heard a soft step in the hall, a whisper at his door, a fumbling at the lock. With one stride he was at the entrance. He flung the door wide. A man stood outside; a package in his hand caught Bob's eye. Bob motioned him in, and in gladness he seized the package which the man carried. He tore it open. Had she done the thing she promised?

Ah! there it was, all white and starched. He would be at Lib's by nine o'clock. She had kept her promise. His laundress had returned his only dress shirt.



NIGHT

LOIS LAZENBY

Night stole out
In a cloak of gray clouds,
And tripped over Twilight's pink rug.
She drew a veil o'er the sun's fair face,
While flouncing her gown of spider-spun lace,
And reached for a silver moon.
With quaint, light steps
She crossed World's bridge
Shedding o'er it her cloak of gray,
Gave the moon to the Sky,
And danced by its light
In her starry pantaloons.

ONE RAY OF LIGHT

SUSANNE KETCHUM

I suppose I have seen geraniums a thousand times, and smelled them nearly as many. Yet every time I see or smell one now I think of one person, one room, and one flower.

The person is an old lady of ninety, silver-haired and bent with the years she carries. Her rooms are in a dingy apartment house in Boston. Her living room, though spotless, looks dusty, smells musty, and feels stuffy. The draperies are faded. The finish is worn from the table. Except for one thing there is no shine, light, nor beauty in the little rooms.

The little room boasts of but one window; and the geranium, it makes diamonds of the drops of water that still cling to the velvety petals. There is an army of dancing sunbeams that explore the dark little room, lighting it with their presence. They seem to be hunting something to light on, something to dance on; but failing, they return to the geranium.

All too soon the two hours are up, and one by one the sunbeams that the old lady loved so well leave her. Finally only one remains. Then it, too, leaves reluctantly.

For the old lady, life ends each day with the departure of the last sunbeam; it is all she has to live for from one day to the next—just a flower and a sunbeam.



PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

Destiny Bay—DONN BYRNE

“Into that company of gallant men and women,” it has been said, “so loved by the readers of Donn Byrne, comes a new group—all worthy to take their stand beside Messer, Marco Polo, Blind Raftery and his Spanish Hilaria, Dermot and Connaugat. Again he gives us an unforgettable picture of the mountain gold with heather, the boys, the moors where gypsies camped; and on a hillside overlooking the little Irish village and the sparkling waters of Destiny Bay, the old manor house of the Mac Farlane’s, its garden humming with bees, its great stables full of race horses.”

A most charming picture of the people of Destiny Bay is shown through Kerry Mac Farlane, who relates the story. The love for Ireland and its surroundings is brought out so keenly that one almost feels it himself.

There are nine tales in *Destiny Bay*. The first deals with Cousin Jenico and his love affairs. He is such a human character and is portrayed so well that one feels as if he knows him well.

The other tales concern James Carabine, butler, Uncle Cosimo, Bishop of Borneo, a gypsy horse, a piper, Kerry, and lastly, Destiny Bay itself. Through all does one learn invaluable things from Uncle Valentine.

I think anyone would enjoy *Destiny Bay*, because the style is so pleasing. Donn Byrne gives his best about a country he knows and loves.

Elizabeth Wills

Foch Speaks—BUGNET

Foch—there is a magic power connected with this name, a power and determination that through the hardships of war, conquering obstacles, came out victorious. The very name falls from our lips with a do-or-die spirit. But yet we, the general public, have seen only the outside of this most remarkable man, and seeing, have sanctioned it. What of a man who during eight years of association with the chief, saw him not only in the hour of victory, but in the hour of despair, weighed down with the cares of a vast nation?

This book by Major Charles Bugnet, Aide-de-Camp to Marshal Foch, is not only of the external qualities of the man, but of the internal heart of the hero.

“He pulled my ear”! The first fifty pages of the remarkable vision into Foch’s life are summed up in these words. The great war leader, the hero of France, actually stooped to pull the ear of his aide-de-camp. How human! These words speak many volumes for a personality that could be hard and cold, or warm and unbending.

Then another incident, also relatively unimportant in the text of the book, brings out another great characteristic of Foch. He is thorough. He handles the major problems as if they were minor ones, and always with the same systematic disposal. He draws up columns, calculates distances, notes results, and arrives at a conclusion. He attacks them one after another and masters them in the end. He looks at both the inside and the outside.

Foch has power. He drives his forces, whether masses of men or pages of data, into the midst of the enemy, and sends them crashing through to victory.

Lastly, Foch typifies action. He was no laggard. A tireless worker and an inspiring example to others, he achieved the goal. When the time came, he struck. He struck with all his personality, with all his thoroughness, with his full power, and instead of retiring from the field, he was there to inspire his men by personal action.

When I had finished this book, I believed that Foch had really spoken to me, pinched my ear, and inspired me to great deeds.

Douglas Cartland



RAVELINGS

LIFE—A BORE

LINDA GORRELL

It's awful boresome to be young
And never get to do
A single thing that grown folks can,
No wonder I feel blue.

Some day I'll make 'em realize
That I'm not such a kid—
I guess I'll run away and then
Be great, like Lindbergh did.

I'll run away from home today
In Horatio Alger's style—
But gee—we'll have ice-cream tonight—
I guess I'll wait a while.

HISTORY TEST TOMORROW

EULINE COLLINS

Oh gee! History test comes tomorrow, so of course mother makes me study tonight. I do wish I could go to the show. Wonder if it will be as good as "Fast Life" was.

Ho-hum! The brain of the prehistoric man was as undeveloped as a child's. Oooh! Doug is kissing Patsy. He spread from Western and Central Europe to Russia and other countries. Oh, I don't mean Doug. It was the prehistoric man.

Gee! Roddy is drunk, and he's trying to kiss Patsy.

Yes, the civil governor of Persia was a satrap. Oh-ho! He knows she stayed with Doug. It's Dan that knows it, not the satrap. Dan loves Pat, too.

Monotheism is belief in one god. Oh! The policemen have arrested Doug for killing Roddy.

The Parthenon was built during the reign of Pericles. Poor Doug. He has been sentenced to die.

Sophocles was a writer of tragedy. Now isn't it wonderful that Dan's daddy is governor? Maybe he'll pardon Doug. But no, he can't.

I wish this old history book were in Europe. Ho-hum! Socrates was a great teacher.

Oh! Dan confesses to killing Roddy, but his uncle won't let him tell his father.

Hippocrates was the first doctor. Oh boo-hoo! Pat is telling Doug good-bye, and Doug is calling her after she leaves.

Well, I reckon old Alexander was a Macedonian.

Oooh! The warden Dan's under won't electrocute Doug. He's telling the governor now of Dan's confession. The governor now has to pardon Doug and prosecute his own son. It's sad but true.

Yes, Alexander conquered Asia Minor. Poor Dan! He has killed himself.

Yes, mother, I'm studying hard. I know I'm going to pass that test tomorrow.

Oh! What a wonderful kiss! Gee!



SOLILOQUY OF A DIGNIFIED SENIOR

ED. MICHAELS

"When I told mother I had forgotten my books again, she said a plenty of course about going around in a daze and day-dreaming, but there was one thing in particular which stuck in my mind—now, however, it seems to have slipped. Maybe it's because there's so much in my head that there's not enough room for anything so trivial as that. 'Trivial'—that reminds me that I must have my theme next period; but I can write it while she is lecturing about the mistakes in last week's compositions, so I should worry. Somethin' 'bout my head—oh yes, 'if it weren't glued on your shoulders you'd forget that too'—that's what 'ma' said. Glued—no, it couldn't be glued because if it were when the weather became very hot, the paste would be dissolved by the sun and my head would drop off.

"What's that, Miss Smith? Oh, it must be 'toot sweet.' That's wrong? But there must be a mistake. Yes, and I made it? Gee, what a crude sense of humor that woman has. I doubt if she would appreciate an intellectual joke like the one about Pat and Mike.

"It must be time for the bell, and then I go out of the frying pan into the fire. Let's see, who originated that quotation? It sounds like Hawthorne; but no, he is the fellow who never repeats. Well, no matter who said it, it won't rescue me from said spontaneous combustion. Shucks, there's the bell. 'To be or not to be'—that comes from 'Follow Thru' or some drama of equal educational value. Oh well, I'm prepared for the worst. 'Death, where is thy sting?'"

POOR ME

EDWARD DOUGLAS

My daddy says that I am going to the poorhouse. He gives me a quarter to take to the fair, and says that if I don't save twenty cents out of it, I will be making a terrible mistake. But I am not going to the poorhouse, even though I only saved two cents out of that quarter.

My mother thinks I am going to be a dancing-master or a minister. She attends to my manners as carefully as she sends me to church. But I am not going to be a dancing master.

My sister thinks I am going to jail. She claims that my manners are too rough not to be restrained.

But I shall disappoint all of these. I am going to grow into a man some day. Frankly, however, the vision of what lies beyond the horizon is somewhat disquieting to me. I believe that a person gets out of life just what he puts into it, no more and no less. It may appear at times that people profit by luck, but in the long run this is not true; a man reaps what he sows. Therefore I am going upon life's highway; I will be fit to meet the duty of life.



CONFIDENTIALLY SPEAKING

EDNA LEWIS

Honestly, Marge, he was just adorable! He sat there and looked at me out of those great gray eyes of his. You know how they sort of smile. He was just too sweet. I mean he was precious, and he has such a divine temperament. He's so graceful and so aloof that you just can't help loving him. Really, Marge, he's the first cat I've ever seen that I could bear to have near me.



THE SHUTTLE

BECAUSE of the fact that most of our exchange friends have not yet begun to function on a large basis for the season, HOMESPUN was forced this month to revert to issues of last June for material for this department. Nevertheless, we find a good many interesting publications on our desk.

The Golden Rod, Quincy Hi School, Quincy, Mass.

As a whole your magazine is very attractive and neatly planned. Your June, 1929, issue fully combines the qualities of a good annual and a literary lantern. Extra-curricular activities are evidently abundant in your school. We would like to meet your humor editor; he has a good line.

The Red Pen, Reading Senior Hi, Reading, Penn.

The efforts of the members of your student body at poetry are certainly commendable. But, to the average student, don't you think that a volume devoted entirely to poetry seems rather boring? If you add stories, cartoons, and other features to the main substance of your publication, don't you think you could improve it a little?

The Dolphin, Far Rockaway Hi, Far Rockaway, N. Y.

Boy, what a magazine! You combined school news, literature, humor, athletics, annual, and almost everything else to produce a really remarkable publication. Your cover design is splendid. We suggest, however, that you omit advertisements on your back cover. Your cartoons and features are original, to say the least.

Green and White, Colt Memorial Hi, Bristol, R. I.

How about putting your short stories, poetry, and other selections into different departments? It would improve the unity of

your publication, we think. Get your prose writers to treat their subjects more fully, and in a more readable manner. Separate your ads from your literature. Pep up your cartoonists; make them give you something worth printing.

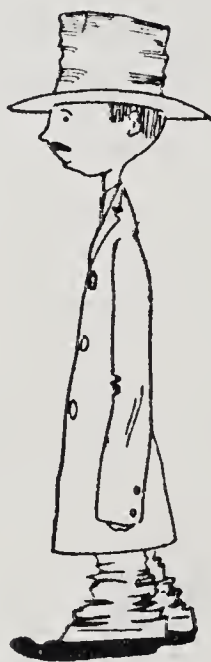
Congratulations on the jokes and alumni notes! You placed them in conspicuous positions where they would not fail to be read. We like your cover idea; it's very unique.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS:

Maroon and White, Bay Ridge Hi, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Cloghoon Journal, Cloghoon School, Philadelphia.

Agawam Mirror, Agawam Hi, Agawam, Mass.





THE WEAVERS' GUILD

MY SISTER'S VOICE

HELEN FELDER

Silver bells tinkling
Lightly
In the air—
Golden flood pouring,
Thrilling,
Soaring—
Sleepy melodies,
Crooning,
Sighing—
Mystic harps strumming,
Unseen,
Inspiring—
Know you not the voice? 'Tis
Youth—
Immortal!

WANTED

LOUISE HUNTER

THAT column entitled "Wanted" had never bothered the Bishops. It was not their custom to scan it with anxious eye and furrowed brow while eating a twenty-five-cent breakfast. Leisurely they read the front page, before or after a well-served morning meal in the sunlit breakfast-room. If any comments were forthcoming, they were sure to sound polite and slightly bored. Indeed, the Bishops prided themselves on being well-bred and disinterested in everything except their own family tree. From one generation to the next they passed on their traditional dignity, along with the cool, distant, white-pillared mansion that was so like its owners. Any break in their poise and dignity was unheard of.

That is, they ran true to form until Josephine and Susan Bishop came to live in the ancestral mansion with their Aunt Olivia. The fact that they were the last of their line was not particularly distressing to anyone except Aunt Olivia. At any rate, it weighed but lightly on the shoulders of her nieces.

That they belonged to the same family was difficult to believe. Miss Olivia was frail, delicate, and well-preserved. Her nieces, nineteen and twenty, respectively, were small, lithe, colorfully vivid, and anything but frail. To the quiet, well-ordered life of Miss Olivia, their coming was like an explosion. To them it was more like a calamity; for though they came to be genuinely fond of their aunt, they soon discovered that they must make some drastic changes in their habits. Dancing was not to be thought of; the modern generation knew nothing of the really graceful dancing of by-gone days. Modern-day bathing suits were deplorable; swimming in public was worse than dancing.

So many changes occurred in the months following their arrival that it was not even surprising to see a Bishop reading what is commonly known as a "want-ad": not only reading it, but she was interrupting herself at regular intervals to give voice to most unlady-like shrieks of laughter. To add insult to injury, she was aided and abetted by another Bishop, who laughed as long and as loudly,

and who, at the conclusion, patted her sister approvingly on the shoulder.

“Wanted: An elderly gentleman of refined appearance and good education. Favorite flower must be white lilac; favorite song, ‘Long, Long Ago.’ Object: possible matrimony.”

“Sue, you couldn’t have sounded more like Aunt Olivia. If only she doesn’t see it. Whoopee, what’ll happen if she does!”

“Don’t worry about that, old dear. The only things she ever looks for are village gossip, and recipes for chocolate cake,” comforted Sue.

“But she’d never see the joke,” wailed Jo.

“If she’d only unbend and really laugh just once! Besides, it isn’t all a joke. It would do her worlds of good to get married; it would make her a little less like an iceberg.”

“Why Jo, you know Aunt Olivia is a perfect dear under all that lady-like exterior.”

“I know it, but the dear part is a little hard to find.”

Another two months saw the same scene, the same characters, and the same topic of conversation, but a somewhat different point of view. The girls were both surprised and alarmed, for not only had the elderly gentleman put in his appearance rather promptly after the insertion of their advertisement, but he had continued to put it in with alarming frequency. To their additional surprise they learned that he was an old friend of the family, who had just returned from his travels.

To quote Jo, he almost “spilled the beans” one evening when he remarked earnestly: “That phrase about the white lilacs first caught my attention, and then the telephone number made me wonder if the applicant might be you, my friend.”

Miss Olivia’s reply indicated polite bewilderment; and since she did not seem eager to discuss the subject further, he let it drop, much to the relief of the younger members of his audience, who retired at the first opportunity thereafter. Miss Olivia, although flattered by his attentions, could not but be puzzled by the amount of white lilacs he showered upon her, and the fact that he insisted upon singing “Long, Long Ago” at every opportunity. In days

gone by his voice had been considered good; but Miss Olivia reflected grimly that time had changed many things, his voice among them.

So things ran on for several months; and although Sue and Jo thought they were prepared for the worst, it was quite a shock to them when their aunt, cool and unemotional as ever, announced her intention of being married.

"What?" cried Jo, her pretty mouth agape.

"Marry? Aunt Olivia!"

"Well, why not?" Miss Olivia was faintly irritated. Such surprise was certainly not very flattering.

"Oh, but darling, I'm so glad!" And Sue, recovering first, ran around the intervening chairs to kiss her relative's smooth cheek.

It was only when they were in their room that Sue and Jo began to consider the effect of the approaching marriage on their own lives. Naturally their Aunt Olivia would make her home with her husband, and naturally she would want to be alone with him.

"Two boisterous, over-grown nieces are going to be most decidedly inconvenient," commented Jo.

"Yep. Though of course, she'll insist that we stay."

"We can't, Susie. We haven't made her very happy while we've been here; we're too entirely different. You and I are old enough to take care of ourselves, and thank heaven we aren't financially dependent on Aunt Olivia or anybody else."

"I know what I'm going to do," cried Sue, inspiration coming in a flash, "I'm going back to the University and finish that course I started. You can do post-graduate work if you want to, so we'll be together until we decide what we really want to do."

The day after the wedding saw them, despite the genuine protests of their aunt and the feeble one of their new uncle, on the out-going train, peering out to catch a last glimpse of the familiar white columns of their aunt's house.

"One ad we could answer now with clear consciences," commented Jo, with a rueful grin. "Wanted: Two girls who don't know when they're well off."

Sue laughed. "Motto:" she said, "Let well enough alone."

