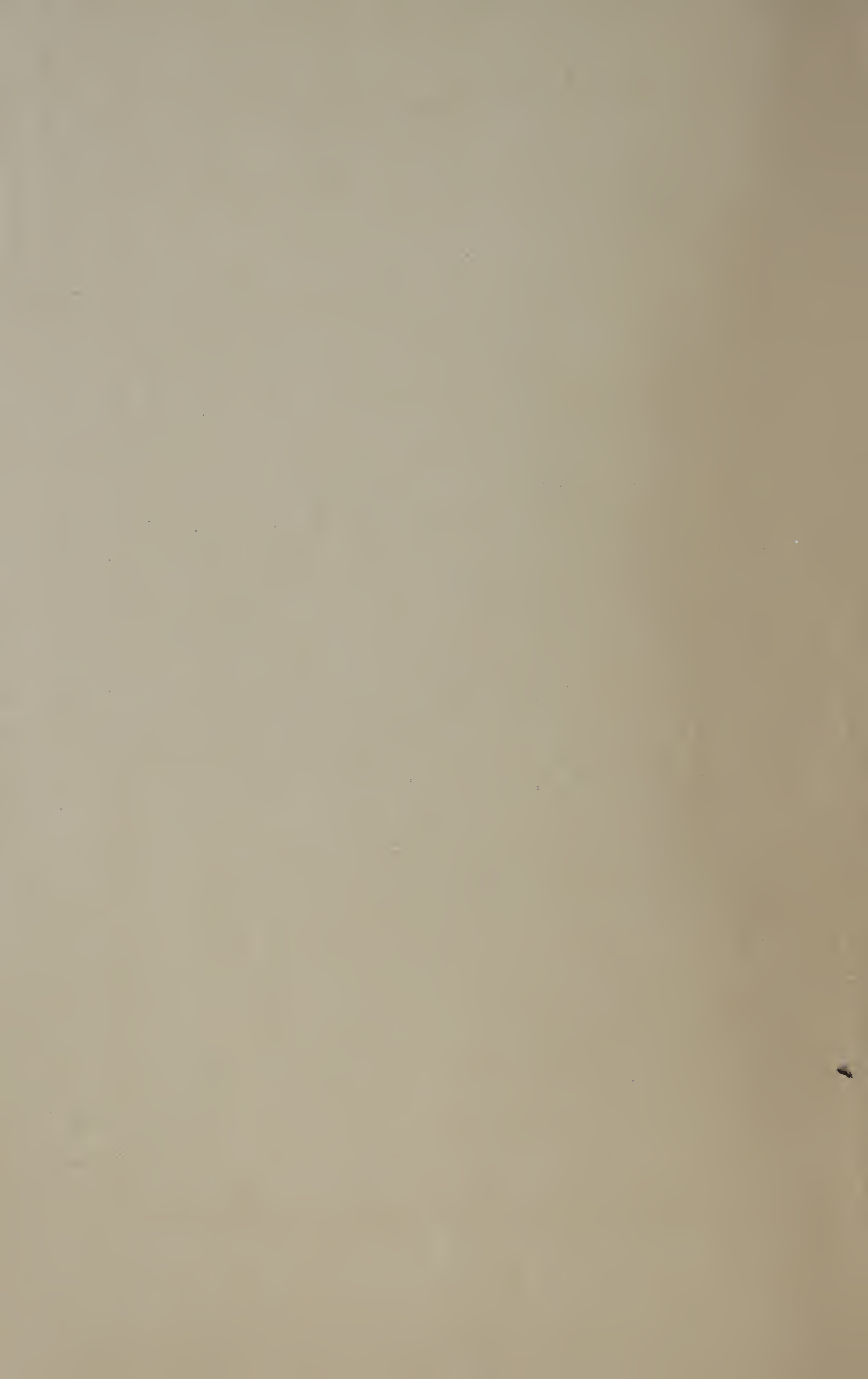


HOMESIPUN

THE QUEST





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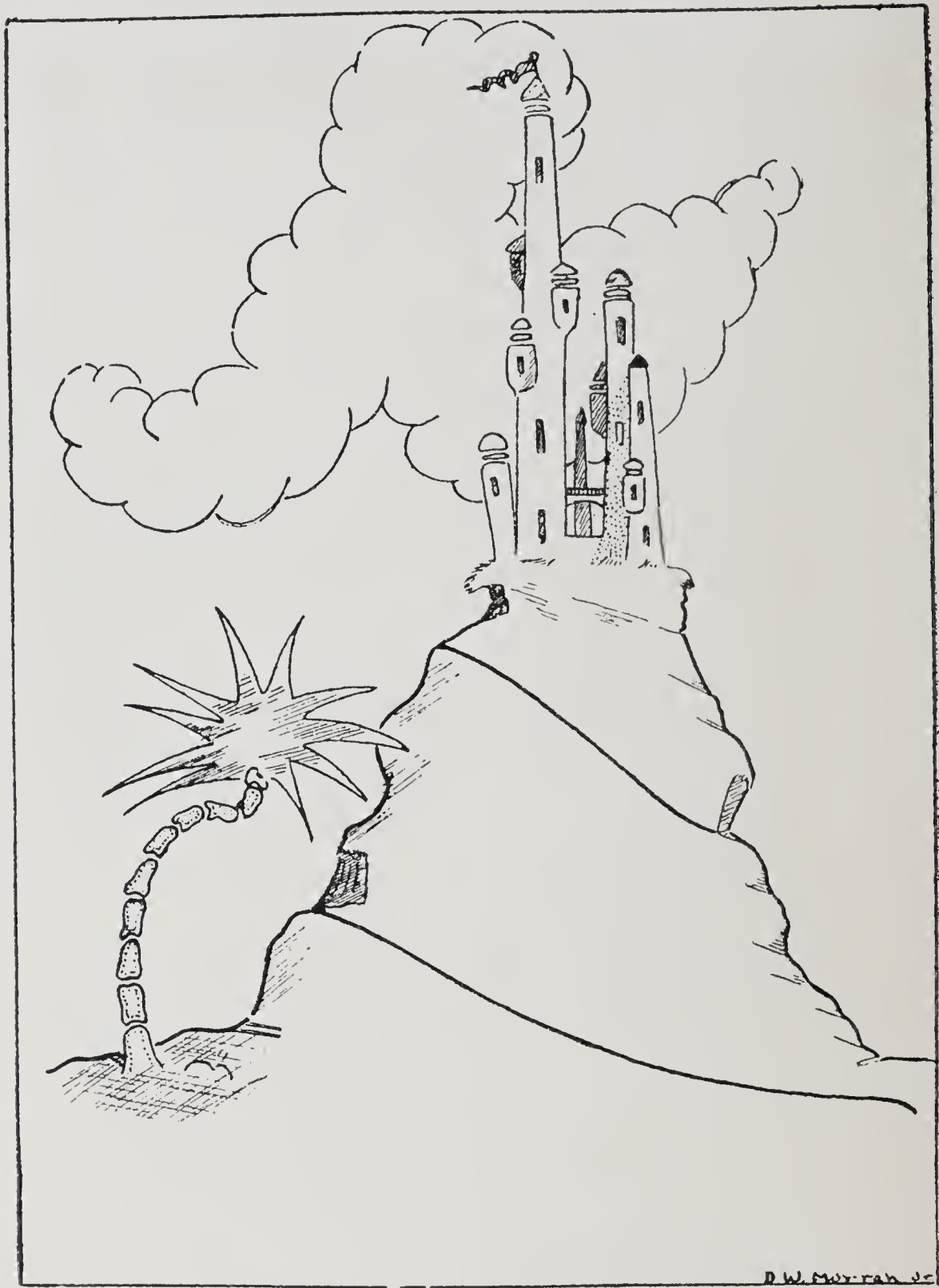
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THE WEAVE

QUEST

GRACE HOBBS

I watched the fairies through the night
Wreath their hair with moonbeams
And drink blue shadows from flower cups . . .
And I was happy
Because I was young
And vibrant with music and dreams.
Today . . . I am the same . . .
Yet wiser.
I have sung my salutations—
And the sun listened.
Once—I thought he smiled.
Last night, when fairies whispered,
Life was music, a dream.
Today, there is something else—here.
My heart bids me rise—
To go on and on.

RELIGION—THE ETERNAL QUEST

JAMES STRICKLAND

SINCE primeval man first cherished awe for the supernatural when he opened his eyes and stared in amazement at the wondrous things placed at his disposal for his own comfort and enjoyment, he at some time or other has formed some conception of the ruler of the heavens, almighty, all-powerful, around whom the whole earth evolved. Even today, we, with all our knowledge given to us by science, still have a God who presides over the universe with a never-erring hand. Our idea is the result of the experience and discoveries of the ages preceding us.

Religion is the most puzzling and the most profound question which has confronted the human mind since time began, and it is the most difficult, perhaps, that the mind has tried to cope with. We can readily see that there is some kind of divine power back of everything, because if there were not some sort of a guiding hand to keep this old world right, things could not progress in such a smooth fashion.

Primitive man took as his object of veneration the sun, which during the day shed its bright rays in an iridescent glow on the inhabitants of the plant and animal world. Elaborate festivals were celebrated in honor of the sun, the ruler of the universe. While this attempt to unravel the mystery of a supreme being was far from successful according to our way of thinking, nevertheless it must be remembered that this was just the beginning of the search, and almost anything could come of such an endeavor.

Time passed; in its course it took away old customs and beliefs, and supplanted them with much more practical ideas. Pursued by an insatiable desire to incarnate a divinity more on a level with themselves but still with supreme power, the inhabitants of our earth molded statues of grotesque figures, supposedly representatives of some divine power with human form, and thus we had introduced into the world idol-worship. The governments of the people sponsored this practice, and we have vestiges of these rites still in existence today in countries which have been practically isolated

from the rest of civilization. In this custom vast sums of money were expended in an array of splendor dedicated to the pleasures of certain deities.

Then, at the critical point, there appeared in Nazareth, in the district now known as Asia Minor, the son of a carpenter, who did much to revolutionize the trend of opinion in regard to a God-head. He presented to the incredulous ears of His hearers proofs of all His teachings, in which He showed remarkable talent and inspiration. His hearers stood agape at His words about the Great God who loved them. Then the world was shocked to hear of His horrible death at the hands of His enemies. His spirit, however, was carried on by His followers, who brought to all of the world the knowledge of the true God.

With the marvelous awakening of the last fifty years in the field of science and the astounding discoveries presented to our senses every day, the religious beliefs of man have apparently taken a turn for the worst. In support of this fact, half-baked scientists have broadcast propaganda to the effect that religion is not as necessary to man's everyday life as has previously been supposed. On the other hand, those more advanced in the field of theology and philosophy have assured us that this lack of interest on the part of man toward religious principles is just temporary and that man will come back with a much stronger and stable religion, ready to conquer new worlds.



Roads—
Tangled, silver cob-webs
Stretching their haunting fingers
And, like the ancient sirens,
Ever calling to youth.

Katharine Wagner

THE ONLY WAY

REBECCA HEATH

The scene is laid in a fairly large dining-room in the center of which is a table set for two. The rest of the room is furnished with ordinary dining-room furniture, a little better than the average. A door at the left leads to the hall, while on the right is a door to the kitchen. At the back are two windows and between them a buffet. Everything is very precise and orderly; not an unnecessary article is visible. The polished top of the buffet and table gleam beneath the pallid light of electric candles in two tall candelabra on either end of the table. MRS. CARSON does not use wax candles because they melt and drip on the table. MR. and MRS. CARSON are just finishing dinner. A young mulatto girl enters noiselessly from the kitchen, removes some soiled plates, and then serves the coffee. She is a neat, nicely-dressed girl in plain, but dainty apron. Her hair is not kinky, but falls in waves that would be envied by many white girls. She returns to the kitchen with some dishes.

MRS. CARSON

By the way, John, did you notice I have a new girl? I think she's going to prove satisfactory.

MR. CARSON

(Politely interested)

Yes, looks like a nice girl. What became of Carrie?

MRS. CARSON

John! You know Carrie just did *not* know how to serve. And this one's much nicer-looking.

MR. CARSON

Yes, yes, I dare say she is. Louise, there was something I wanted to ask you—now let me see. What was it? Oh, yes. Have you seen my pearl cuff-links?

MRS. CARSON

Yes, I'll get them for you. *(She rings for the girl, who appears promptly)*. Renette—what did you say your name is?

RENELLE

Renelle, Ma'am.

MR. CARSON *rises and leaves with a mumbled excuse after he finishes his coffee.*

MRS. CARSON

Renelle—h'm—queer, foreign name. I think I'll call you Nellie. It's much easier. Well, Nellie, Mr. Carson and I are going out for the evening. You will clean up and listen for baby if he cries. We'll be back early, so you can get home all right.

(Voice from upstairs). Oh, Louise, where did you say my cuff-links were?

MRS. CARSON

(Calling upward)

I didn't say, John; I said I'd get them, but be quiet or you'll wake baby. I'll be up in a minute. *(To RENELLE)* Do you understand where everything goes, Nellie? I'm very particular about my china. It must go on that second shelf. And the silver you may put in that drawer until Mr. Carson and I get home. We always lock it up at night.

RENELLE

Yes'm.

MRS. CARSON

Very well, Nellie. And please be thorough in your work. If there's anything I detest it's a slovenly dish-washer.

RENELLE

Yes'm.

MRS. CARSON *trots out.* RENELLE *removes the remainder of the dishes and as she stands over the table we get an excellent view of her. Her forehead is smooth and intelligent, her hands, feet, and ears smaller than the average, her eyes dreamy, and the mouth firm and curved. She hums softly as she clears the table, taking the dishes to the kitchen. She returns and begins brushing off the table.* MR. and MRS. CARSON *are heard descending the stairs.* MRS. CARSON *comes to the door at left.*

MRS. CARSON

You'd better run up in a little while and see if baby's all right, Nellie. And don't forget what I said about the china.

RENELLE

All right, Mrs. Carson.

The front door is heard closing behind them. RENELLE works in silence for a few moments. Then a knock is heard on the back door.

(Voice without) R'nelle, R'nelle—Is dis whe' you wuks?

RENELLE *hurries to the kitchen and voices are heard as they near the door.*

(Voice of RENELLE) Katie, you shouldn't have come here. This is my first day, and I've got to start off good.

(Voice of KATIE) Lawdy, chile, don' stop yo' wuk on my 'count. Go right on. I jus' thought I'd drop in and see what kin' of a place you got. Whe's de lady what hired you? Away? What was you doin' when I come in? In de dining-room—well, come right on back den.

They enter—KATIE first and RENELLE reluctantly.

RENELLE

You really oughtn't to be here, Katie. Suppose Mrs. Carson came in and saw you!

KATIE

She's out—ain' she? What she don' know cain' hurt her. Lawd, dis heah's a swell place, ain' it? What is dem can'les, honey? Is dey real tallow? *(She feels them)* Well, bless my soul! If she ain' tryin' to make 'lectric lights look lak can'les, and heah I is tryin' to make my can'les look lak 'lectric bulbs.

RENELLE

How's Jim's leg coming along? Has the swelling gone down?

KATIE

Lawd yes, chile. But he claims the doc say not to bear down he weight on it for 'nother week er two. You know dat is de

provokines' nigger. He is so blame' lazy. Sometimes I think he sprain he laig purposeful-lack—so's he cain' wuk. Soon as dis gits well he goin' to break a arm or sumpin. He better watch out, dough; someday he break he fool neck. Is you goin' to de dance tonight, R'nelle? Lawd, you should 'a' seen Jim when I tol' him I'se goin'. "Who you gwine wid?" he yell; and I says, "I'se goin' wid Donny Jenkins, dat's who I'se goin' wid." And he say, "No, you ain', woman. You ain' gwine wid no no-account high yaller coon." And I says, "Sez you? Well, Jim Sampson, ain' no trifling nigger wid a sprained laig kep' me yet from a dance and ain' gonna start now. And if you don' lak dat you kin get up on yo' laig and come wid me yo'se'f." (*She cackles shrilly*) Who you goin' wid, honey?

RENELLE

Nobody. I'm not going.

KATIE

Ain' goin'? What you talkin' 'bout, R'nelle? If nobody ain' ax you, you kin come 'long wid me and Donny.

RENELLE

But I don't want to go, Katie. Shorty asked me, but—I don't want to. They're barbarous—those dances they have. The music sounds like tom-toms. It gets inside my head and beats and beats—like a—like a death-beat. And the stench—of hot bodies brushing by you and likker on the breath of everyone you dance with. I can't stand it, Katie! The last one I went to I thought I'd go crazy. And there's nearly always a fight—or something worse. I haven't forgotten what happened to May Callum and others.

KATIE

Lawd, honey, I don' know what you're talkin' 'bout, but you got to have some fun whilst you's young. But suit yo'se'f—If you don' like it, why—(*She breaks off as a clock in the ball gives one silvery stroke.*) What time is dat clock a-strikin', gal? Ha'-pas' what? Not eight? Ha'-pas' eight! Lawd, I gotta run along. (*She rises and adjusts her hat and moth-eaten fur.*) I better get home and cook sompin fo' dat Jim 'fo' he gits so mad he bus' eve'ything

in de house. De dance is at nine o'clock, R'nelle, and I sho' wish you'd come, even if 'tis late.

RENELLE

No, I reckon I won't go. I've got to get to bed early, now that I'm working. I want to save my money so I can go to college this winter.

KATIE

Well, goo'bye, Honey—but you'd bes' take my advice. I ever did hold it didn't do no good to get too much book-learnin' in a girl's haid.

Exit KATIE through door at right. She is scarcely gone when tramping footsteps are heard on the back steps. A loud knock is given, and then a gruff voice calls.

(Voice) R'nelle! Is dis whe' you is wukking?

RENELLE goes to the door, and SAM, her father, pushes himself in, against her protest. He looks around critically and seats himself in a chair.

SAM

Swell place, R'nelle, but not so nice as dat Mr. Johnson's place whe' I delivers my goods. Boy, dat is sho' some swell place, and Mr. Johnson is a fine guy—when he get a little lit.

RENELLE

Pa—please! Mrs. Carson might come in, and I'll get fired if she sees you in here.

SAM

You cain' fool me, Nellie. I saw yo' Mrs. Carson and her husband leavin' dis place as I passed heah a ha'-hour ago.

RENELLE

But your overalls are dirty, and you're sitting on Mrs. Carson's nice chair!

SAM

Ca'm yo'se'f, Nellie; ca'm yo'se'f. I jus' came by here on 'portant business, and I'se goin' right on my way. I got sev'al mo' cases to deliver yet.

RENELLE

Why don't you stop this—this business and get a decent job? You can't go on forever. *Some* day you'll get caught.

SAM

Why, Nellie, why-fo' you don' want yo' pa to do a gen'leman's wuk? S'pose you rather see me sweatin' wid a shevvil dan goin' 'roun' wid a 'santhe'um in my lapel? Huh! You's crazy, gal! But heah's what I wanta see you about. When Shorty Suggs ask you to go wid him to de dance tonight, you is goin'. Do you get that?

RENELLE

I won't, Pa! Why do you care?

SAM

Well, it's dis a-way. You see, dis business I's in is very dang'ous. Now Shorty, he want to marry you, and Shorty is a mean guy whe' business is concerned. He get mad 'cause I take some of his customers, an' he say if you don' marry him, he goin' to set de cops afta me wid a 'nonymous note. Co'se I could do de same t'ing, but dat don' do me no good.

Now Shorty made me a prop'sition. Dis is it: You marry Shorty and Shorty and me consolidates our trade an' has a thrivin' business. You can be a big he'p in de business too, gal, and we 'tends to use you. You'll be paid in good cash money to doll yo'se'f up with and have a swell time. Now don' dat soun' nice all 'roun'?

RENELLE

(Horried)

I won't—I won't—. Get out of here; get out of here! Oh, I won't!

SAM

Oh, yes, you will! Shorty an me'll see to that. I ain't used to havin' my plans upset by no woman. Do you spose you could get any kind of job in dis town, let alone get in dat college you think so much of if Shorty an' me was again' you?

RENELLE

Get out of here with your filthy business. I won't think of it!

SAM

(Going toward kitchen)

I think you will! You see why you gotta' go to de dance wid Shorty now, huh? 'Cause you and him gotta have a chanct to talk to each odder, and 'sides, we gonna do a 'portant job tonight—risky, too, and we gotta have a third pusson—a light one 'bout your size what kin run. And, Nellie, even if you is my own gal, I's mighty 'fraid Shorty goin' to treat you like anybody else. And Nellie—*(leaning toward her, in a hoarse whisper)* Nellie, Shorty knifes stool-pigeons.

He goes out grinning at some inward joke, while RENELLE stands transfixed with horror and staring wide-eyed at the door through which he has disappeared. Finally she gets a broom from the kitchen and begins to sweep the floor. In a few minutes a low whistle is heard outside; and SHORTY, a low, powerfully-built negro with a massive jaw, comes in the door at right.

SHORTY

Hello, Nellie, yo' pa told me dis was de place, so I jus' walked in. How you lak yo' new job?

RENELLE

(Weakly)

All right—Shorty.

SHORTY

Say, you and me's goin' to de dance tonight. It begins at nine o'clock, but we can stroll in 'bout ten. I'll wait till yo' folks get home. I guess yo' pa's been tellin' you 'bout dat little proposition I made to him, and this job of yours might come in handy.

RENELLE

I'm not going to the dance with anybody. Least of all with you. I'm not going to be mixed up in your dirty, crooked business.

SHORTY

No? Well in case you change yo' mind, me and my car'll be waitin' outside fo' you. And in case you don' change yo' min'—. Well, I'm mighty strong fo' my size and I could pick up ten o' you with my little finger.

He swaggers out and RENELLE stares after him, as the curtain falls for a moment to indicate the passing of about half an hour. When it rises RENELLE comes in from kitchen drying her hands on her apron. She drops into a chair wearily. The front door bell rings, and RENELLE answers it. MR. and MRS. CARSON are heard talking inconsequentially as they enter the house. MRS. CARSON follows RENELLE to the dining-room and looks around critically.

MRS. CARSON

You finished, Nellie?

RENELLE

Yes'm. Everything's cleaned up.

MRS. CARSON

You did a very nice piece of work, Nellie. Did you remember what I told you about the silver?

RENELLE

Yes'm. In the second drawer.

MRS. CARSON

Well, you may run on then, Nellie, and I'd like for you to be here promptly at seven-thirty. Mr. Carson has to have his breakfast at eight-fifteen sharp.

RENELLE

Mrs. Carson—I—do you suppose you could keep me at the house instead of my going to and fro?

MRS. CARSON

No, Nellie, I couldn't. The baby's nurse occupies the only possible room.

RENELLE

(Desperately)

But—tonight is the night out for the nurse—isn't it? And—she doesn't come back—till morning?

MRS. CARSON

Why, yes.

RENELLE

(Nervously)

I—I—Wouldn't you like me to stay here tonight in case the baby cried?

MRS. CARSON

I don't think there's any need of that, Nellie. I can manage for one night myself.

RENELLE

Please—Mrs. Carson—let me stay—just for tonight.

MRS. CARSON

Why, Nellie, this is certainly a queer request. Why do you want to stay?

RENELLE

I—I—Oh, nothing. I'm just—nothing, I'm foolish.

MRS. CARSON

You'd better run along tonight, Nellie. And remember, seventy-three tomorrow.

RENELLE

Yes'm—tomorrow—.

She catches her breath in a half sob and walks haltingly from the room. MR. CARSON strolls in.

MR. CARSON

Shall we put the silver away now, my dear?

MRS. CARSON

(Absently)

Yes. John, you know I'm not sure I'm going to be able to keep that new girl after all. I really think she's a little crazy. She made the oddest request. She wanted to stay here all night when she knows I told her when I hired her that she must come from home, and she agreed. I wonder why she wanted to stay.

MR. CARSON

I'm afraid she was up to no good, m'dear. You sent her on, of course?

MRS. CARSON

Of course. (*She goes to window and looks out.*) She'll get home all right. I see a car there waiting for her and a man helping her in. I'll bet these colored people have a wild time at the dances they have. You know, John, I believe I'll have that cream-colored wallpaper with pink roses put in the nursery. Don't you like that?

(*Curtain*)



BEAR ME SLOWLY, RIVER

REBECCA HEATH

River, leaping and gushing endlessly,
Where does your current flow?
If I should place my frail canoe upon you
Where would I go?

I want to sail and sail until the dawning
Sends up a pale, vermilion-tinted tongue
And all the clouds rush gasping to the eastward
And I can listen to a song that's sung—

A song of love and youth's wild dreams and fancies
A Spring Song, vibrant with eternal hopes
That whispers through low-banking, fragrant blossoms
That fall from trees upon the emerald slopes.

I do not want to reach the perilous ocean—
Not yet—not yet, while life is still so dear,
Oh, bear me slowly, River, on your wavelets,
The roaring of the ocean is so near!

SACRIFICE

KENDALL MAY

MILDRED held up a sheer chiffon stocking, eyeing it very carefully as she did so.

"Perdita," she said, still continuing her close inspection, "have you ever really been in love?"

Perdita paused, powder puff in hand, and looked dreamily at her reflection, "Yes, once," she said softly.

"But you've had dozens of affairs," Mildred insisted.

"Affairs? Perhaps so, but," her voice was hardly a whisper, "not love."

Mildred looked Perdita over critically. "Perdita, are you serious?"

"Yes, unusually so," Perdita answered, slipping her flimsy dress over her curly head.

Mildred sighed. "Imagine it! I'm very fickle and fall in love at least once every two months. I'm in love now with that adorable boy I was telling you about last night. I wish you would go with us. I'm crazy for you to meet him."

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't possibly go tonight," and Perdita imprisoned the shimmer of her dress in an enveloping wrap.

"You haven't told me his name yet, Mildred."

"Oh, haven't I? I'm sorry, it's—Oh there's the bell! Have a good time," she called, as Perdita started down the steps.

* * * * *

Mildred's high French heel tapped the floor impatiently.

"Michael, what is the matter with you?"

Michael started, "Oh, I'm sorry," he said smiling sheepishly. "It's the music. That piece always brings back memories."

"Goodness! Have you a past, too?"

"Well, I hardly think I should call it that, but why the 'too'? You don't mean to say you have one?"

"Oh no, not I, but my roommate. She seems to have quite an interesting past."

"Really? And who is she? You must remember I haven't met her."

"She's lovely! Unusually pretty and most attractive. Do you know, she told me she had never really been in love but once! It's very hard to believe, isn't it?"

"Do you think so? I don't know that it is," he answered wistfully. "I should certainly like to meet this most remarkable young lady."

"Shall we dance?" he asked, rising.

"No, if you don't mind, I'd rather not. It's terribly stuffy in here; let's go outside."

"Michael, you are queer," Mildred said as they crossed the lantern-lit lawn, and seated themselves on a bench.

"I realize that I'm very stupid tonight. Forgive me, won't you? I can't seem to forget that music! It keeps running through my mind and makes me remember everything!"

"Michael, tell me about it, won't you?"

"Tell you about what?"

"You have been thinking all evening about something that has meant a lot to you."

"Yes, living memories!"

"Please tell me!"

"It's a long story—"

"No, please, I should love to hear it."

"Well, I came here to forget, but—that is impossible!"

"Do go on!"

Michael's voice was low and seemed far away. As he told his story, he became unconscious of his deeply touched listener.

"She was the most beautiful, wonderful girl in the world. We were to be married. Then came the war. I enlisted and was immediately sent abroad. It all seems like yesterday! In a short time I was in France—then the front—it was hell!" And he shuddered violently. "I didn't last long—was gassed—pretty badly shot up! I had a hard time of it—wounds slow to heal, and memory gone! After months and months I recovered my memory and came home to her. When I got to New York, I found that she was married to a wealthy New Yorker. God! I thought I couldn't stand it! I sailed immediately for South America; spent a year there, then

came here—always trying to forget that which can never be forgotten!” and with a dry sob he buried his face in his hands.

* * * * *

Mildred put her pen down and gazed absently out of the window.

“Perdita,” she said, “do you remember what I told you the other night? Well, I was, oh, so sadly mistaken!”

“What are you talking about?” asked Perdita. “I don’t understand?”

“I mean about being in love. I have never been in love—until now! I hadn’t realized it until I found out how unhappy he is. Oh, I would give anything, if I could only make him happy! Perdita, there are tragedies in others’ lives that people never dream of!”

Perdita smiled sadly. “Yes, that is only too true.”

Mildred turned, “Perdita, you have never told me anything about yourself.”

“No, I’ve tried hard, terribly hard to—forget!”

“Tell me about it, won’t you?” begged Mildred.

Perdita closed her book and stared vacantly out of the window.

“We had been engaged only a short while,” she continued, “when war was declared. He—he went! He wrote whenever he had a chance—then I heard no more from him—he was missing!” She choked back the tears. “Months dragged by—empty, horrible months—the Armistice was signed, but—he never—returned!” She paused, and clenched her hands tightly.

“There was a widower who had always cared for me. He had had an unusually sad life. He asked me to marry him. I knew I could never love him; he knew so too, but I thought maybe I could make him happy. I consented. I knew I could never be happy again. Nothing in my life mattered any more. The date for the wedding was set. As the time drew nearer, I knew that I could never go through with it. The day before the wedding was to take place I ran away. I was able to secure passage on a boat bound for Europe. I stayed abroad a year, then came here.”

Mildred stood up. She was very pale.

"Perdita, I have a splitting headache. I think I shall take a walk. The air will make me feel better." She put on her close-fitting little hat and stumbled blindly down the steps.

On and on she walked. She loved Michael, oh, so much! He, too, liked her immensely. He had told her so repeatedly. Perhaps if he never found out about Perdita, he would be happy with her. Oh, she couldn't give him up! She wouldn't! She was so blinded by tears that she could hardly see where she was going. No! He would never be really happy with her; he could never love her as he had Perdita! God! It was hard! But she must do it!

Mildred entered the building and found Michael's office.

"She isn't married!" Mildred cried as Michael came forward.

"Who isn't married?" asked Michael, greatly astonished.

"Perdita," she gasped, "and she loves you!"

Michael grasped the edge of the table.

"Perdita not married!"

Mildred explained everything.

* * * * *

Mildred's hands trembled as she picked up her wrap.

"Perdita, I'm so glad we four are to be together tonight. I have asked my very nice young man just for you." It was horribly hard to smile over this—harder still to keep the tremor out of her voice.

"Come on, Perdita; there's the bell."

"Hello Richard, where's our friend?" asked Mildred, feigning surprise.

"Oh, I forgot my gloves!" Mildred exclaimed. "Come on, Richard; let's get them."

Richard and Mildred had hardly gotten out of sight when a tall figure came up to Perdita.

Perdita looked up and her smile changed to blank amazement. She swayed.

"Michael!" she cried, and fell into his arms.

"Perdita!"

"I'm—I'm all right now," she said faintly.

"Oh, Michael!" she sighed, "I'm so wondrously happy!"

AUTUMN PASSES

GRACE HOBBS

Summer slipped away with the rain.
As it passed its chill fingers through the trees,
Deep rushing music answered
And crowned the laughing earth with color.
Sad it seemed to see the leaves fall,
Sad to listen to their farewell music,
But winter comes—
And summer goes
To call the spring again.



THE GYPSY TRAIL

EDITH LATHAM

The gypsy trail leads over the hills
To lands that are far away.
The gypsy's life is roving and free,
And he dances and sings, and is gay.

Women there are with blue black hair,
And men with flashing smiles,
Who many nights under twinkling stars
Have followed the trail for miles.

Oh, would that my life were as free and gay
As the gypsies who roam along!
Oh, would that I might follow the trail
To the lands where they have gone!



COLORS IN THE WEAWE

GATES TO THE MOON

GRACE HOBBS

I've found a little gateway
That leads to childhood dreams
And thoughts of things unknown.
I've found the place
Where gentle breezes sleep,
And wandering winds are blown
To sleep in fairy cups
And rest, peaceful and still.
I've found the gates of twilight
That lead beyond the hill,
But my vagabond heart,
That never rests
But loves the blue lagoon,
Has searched in tangled woodlands
For a pathway to the moon.
Perhaps my heart may find that trail;
My hand touch the moon gate-bars,
When I shall climb to heaven
On a silver trail of stars.

A FARM FOR TWO

MANIE LEAKE PARSONS

BEN CARR sat on the front porch steps and proudly watched his little daughter playing in the yard. He had never got used to the wonder of her, of her small, laughing mouth, her blue eyes, and her soft baby hands. He was fascinated by her every move, and he never tired of watching her. To think that she was his—his the privilege to protect her and guide her through life! He gloried in it, in every purchase of small shoes and dainty garments. Of course she was Marda's, too; but somehow she seemed more his. She was like him, for she loved flowers, birds, and trees even at this tender age of three years and seven months. (He could have told you the days, too.) All beautiful things she loved, just as did her father; for though he was a bricklayer and would probably remain one, his mind dwelt on higher things. The poems in his heart could never be written; but they were there, and beautiful ones they were.

And little Patricia had taken some of this from him, baby though she was. Marda, his wife, did not understand this phase of her husband's character. Of course she liked pretty flowers and such things, but she thought "Pat" was much cuter for a little girl than the stately "Patricia." To please her husband, however, she called her daughter by his name for her and usually let him have his dreams and fancies in peace.

Now Ben glanced at his watch and rose hurriedly with a smothered exclamation. His lunch hour was almost over, and he would have to hurry to get back to work on time. Calling good-bye to Marda through the open door, he kissed Patricia, felt once again the wondrous thrill of her little arms around his neck, and went off down the street.

They brought him home three hours later and laid him respectfully in his bed. They tried to comfort his dazed wife when she realized what had happened; and they said it was too bad that such a happy young family should be broken up. While he was working high up on a building, something had happened; and he had fallen to the pavement below, suddenly, sickeningly. When they reached

him, where he lay so dreadfully still and quiet, he was already dead—killed instantly.

Thus ended the first chapter in the life of Patricia Carr—or perhaps it was only the preface, for some one has said that a woman's life begins with her first kiss. If this be the case, Patricia's began at the age of fourteen. She was an unusual child, beautiful, sweet, and attractive. Somehow she even managed to escape the awkward stage during the years between ten and fifteen, when the freshness of childhood is going and young-girlhood has not yet come. Instead, she grew gracefully from a darling child to a lovely girl.

Pat, as she was now called, hadn't particularly liked the kiss, but she had enjoyed the secret of it—that is, until she found that it had not been kept secret, and that the boy had told it to several of his friends. Then she was bitterly disappointed, and her cynicism had its beginning.

When she was seventeen, she went to Chicago to work—as a shopgirl at a salary of twenty dollars a week. Of this, she paid ten dollars for her room and board, and had left forty dollars a month for clothes, other necessities, and any amusement in which she might indulge. On this she managed to get along; but the beautiful gowns, the sheer hose, and the delicate, hand-made lingerie, among which she worked, filled her with longing and discontent. And jewels—how the flash of emeralds, the fire of diamonds, and the smooth purity of pearls stirred her soul! Her father's love of beauty——

Then one day she met *him*. He was in the shop with his mother, a wealthy lady who was a regular patron of the fashionable establishment. Pat watched him as he waited, patiently bored, for his portly mother to make her selections. And she liked him, from that first day. He, too, seemed interested in the beautiful little girl behind the glove and hosiery counter and finally came over to talk to her—supposedly to buy some gloves for his sister's birthday. He was attracted by her shy, demure manner, the expression in her eyes, and by her exquisite hands. After that day, he came often, and gradually there grew up between them a strange, warm friendship. He met her every day at closing time, and they drove for an hour before he took her to her rooming-house.

And suddenly, one day while they were riding along the lake, Pat realized that it was no longer friendship with her. She loved Toby terribly—loved his brown eyes when they laughed down at her, loved his mouth, sweet and strong, and his large, capable hands. Just what they were capable of doing she didn't know, for he had never used them for anything much except to play football with and handle the bonds he was now selling. But she knew that whatever they would be called upon to do someday, they could do it well. Oh, yes, she loved him, and to her it was another of the beautiful things in life—the tenderness of it, and the burning race of her pulses when his hand happened to touch hers, while helping her with her coat, or into his car. She did not let herself dream of the future, for of course it was impossible that they should marry, even if Toby loved her, a thing which she did not dare to imagine. But gradually she noticed in him a growing restraint, a change of manner. His eyes no longer held that intimate twinkle, his voice its carefree happiness. And though he was apparently as eager for her companionship as ever—he always came for her after closing time—he did not seem to enjoy being with her as of old. Poor Pat was worried. Could it be that he was tired of her, and, knowing how she felt for him, did not want to tell her so? But he couldn't know. She had kept it so carefully out of her eyes, out of her voice when she spoke to him.

One afternoon when the last customer had gone and Pat was straightening her counter before leaving, she was wondering if Toby would come. She had wondered all day, between periods of happiness and despair. Now she powdered her nose, rouged her lips, and put on her coat and hat with fear and dread. But yes—her heart rose and sank again when she saw his familiar shiny black roadster waiting at the curb.

She greeted him gaily and seemed to be unaware of the fact that he had been pacing up and down the sidewalk before he saw her. After a few commonplace questions about how the day had been for her, which she answered happily, though she knew that he was not listening to anything she said, they sank into a long silence. Suddenly the car stopped, and she realized that they were parked in the place overlooking the lake, where they came often several months

before. Then she was in his arms, and he was whispering that he loved her, adored her, and wanted her for his own. After a blissful hour of heavenly talk and questions, they came back to earth with Pat's practical, "But what are we going to do, darling?"

"Do? I'm going to marry you before you change your mind. If you knew what I've been through, hoping and fearing, you wouldn't wonder what *I'm* going to do."

"But, Toby, your family—"

"Family? I'm free, white, and twenty-one, plus, as the old saying goes," he laughed gaily, "and they can't do a thing. They can't even threaten to disinherit me, 'cause my part of grandmother's estate is already mine, even in the eyes of the law. Besides, they'll come around in time. They will love you, of course."

But Pat wondered.

And so they were married, and true to Pat's fears, without the family blessing. But they bought a farm in Virginia, on which they soon had a stable of race-horses, a rose garden, and incidentally, perfect happiness.

Patricia had found beauty.



Roads—
Scarred with mangled foot prints,
Their sides bordered with the
Discarded dreams
Of youth.

Katharine Wagner

A MODERN MIRACLE

ED MICHAELS

TONI NACCOLA was an Italian nobleman of the highest rank, and, unlike most Italian nobles, he was rich. In appearance and characteristics he greatly resembled his countrymen—small, swarthy, fiery-tempered, and yet understanding; sympathetic, but with a discriminating sense of justice. In spirit and ambition, however, he could not be classed as a true son of Italy. Mr. Naccola was a devout Roman Catholic, a deeply religious man, an ardent believer. Outside of this he was actually industrious, not lazy; looking ahead, not dealing entirely with the present. He realized that Italy was no country for a man of his foresight and business intellect. Consequently, he converted his vast estates into money, came to North America, settled in Jacksonville, Florida, married a wealthy woman, and began life anew.

Two years later a new member was added to the family, a boy. Mrs. Naccola agreed with her husband that the boy should be named after his father, but succeeded in changing Toni to the more American name of Thomas. The boy was reared carefully and luxuriously with all the benefits to be derived from wealth. He was handsome and promised to be tall and to live up to all his father's expectations. But during the adolescent stage his temperament and qualities suffered a drastic set-back. He became disrespectful, irresponsible, wild, and, what was worse than all, indifferent. Consequently, he fell from his father's good graces.

Mr. Naccola was now an old gentleman, somewhat apoplectic. He had been a good father, maybe a little too good. He could not understand this sudden change in his son. He used to be admitted to his son's confidence always; now he was excluded entirely. It hurt to have one's son show such a spirit of non-appreciation. Each misdeed was a fresh blow to him.

He sent Tom away to a high-class college, where it seemed as if he were going to reform, for he did splendidly the first year. The next year he followed the maxim: "All work and no play

makes Jack a dull boy.” He played too much, started drinking, and just did manage to skim through. The third year he came to two classes hilariously drunk, insulted the professor, and was expelled a week before the Christmas holidays. The dean wrote a letter home to his father stating that “Thomas has behaved in a manner unbecoming a gentleman,” and kindly to retain him until he (Mr. Naccola) could guarantee his son’s good behavior. At this news the old gentleman nearly burst a blood vessel. Tom, in a happy-go-lucky sort of way, realized what this meant—one more chance from Dad and the college too. He almost became serious, for once, while nearing home on the train, but it seemed unnatural so he relapsed into his easy, nonchalant manner. Finally, he arrived at the house and, mustering his courage and a grin, entered.

Tom was prepared for the worst, and it turned out to be worse than that. His father had stated that if he didn’t mend his reckless ways, he would disinherit him. This was a sad, terrible blow to Tom, for he had come to depend a great deal on his generous allowance. He wished he could support himself; then he would surprise the old kill-joy and walk out on him. But this was absolutely out of the question. A swell Christmas he would have now. His intentions had been to celebrate his dismissal by flinging a wild party and getting exceedingly soaked, gloriously drunk. Well, it looked like the inevitable “wagon” for him, with possibly an occasional cocktail on the sly.

He was ruminating along these lines as he drove along in his shiny, low roadster. The streets and sidewalks were crowded with Jacksonville’s last-minute shoppers. He was idly watching the crowded pedestrians on the sidewalk when his practiced eye noticed an unusually attractive figure that moved energetically along the pavement. Its owner was a beautiful, modern girl. She seemed to have a definite purpose in mind, a definite goal to reach. Since his time was his own, Tom followed her in his car, until, running into denser traffic, he pulled up by the curb, got out, and followed her on foot. Tom then realized that she was going in the direction of St. Paul’s Cathedral and started to turn back, but changed his mind. Probably a false alarm after all, but wondering he followed, entered the chapel, crossed himself as she did, sat down opposite

her, and since she prayed he feigned prayer also, and watched her from under half-closed lids.

She was beautiful, oh so very beautiful, seeming more like an angel, as she sat there with the sun's rays through the painted windows falling softly on her. Her eyes closed, her red lips moved in earnest prayer.

There must be something in it after all if such a modern girl could believe so infinitely. As he was considering this possibility, the noon chimes rang out, and there, in the solemn beauty of the cathedral, to the accompaniment of the musical chimes, he bowed his head, reverently crossed himself, and prayed with sincerity

The girl was astonished to hear a voice as she left:

"I beg your pardon; I don't know your name, but I wish to thank you for what you've done for me."

So the prodigal son returned home to console his father with the good news and to make good at college and become a noted business man afterwards.

So Toni Naccola, Sr., was successful as a business man, and a father, and had done his bit in the world. However, he never knew what angel he had to thank for the return of his prodigal son, for he died before Thomas married her.



Sorrow,—

A plunge in icy waters,

A gasp for life,

An awakening

To values.

Lois Siler

RIVERS THAT LEAD TO THE SEA

RUTH HILL

Rivers that lead to the sea
Wait a moment for me!

* * * * *

Dark blue streams, you seem so slow,
Yet your treacherous under-tow
Takes my breath—it is so strong:
And it pulls me on and on—
I love more your crystal streams,
For you catch the sun's bright ray
And get it tangled in your spray,
But your current, too, is strong,
And it takes me swiftly along.

* * * * *

Rivers that lead to the sea—
Wait a moment for me!



THE RAINBOW TRAIL

CHARLES PRATT

Life is an eternal striving for the unpossessed. Every babe strives to walk, to talk, and to obtain his infant desires. The school child attempts to outshine his fellows either in learning or the creating of mischief. Young persons seek adventure, love, fame, and fortune. The middle-aged man desires ease for his family and success for his children, but age wants only peace and quiet. Every living person, regardless of age or standing, has an eternal quest.

One easily sees the desires of this world; but after age is passed—what then? In that unknown world will the endless search keep on? What will there be to seek? Will complete satisfaction ever be obtained, and, if so, will there be happiness?

THE SEARCH

REBECCA HEATH

A man in a gray overcoat passed by the busy corner, just as thousands of others had done that very day, but unlike the others, he did not stalk past unconcernedly, glancing neither to left nor right. He stopped; he had dropped something. He looked about him and, not seeing it, he became worried and searched more carefully. The lost object was evidently very valuable. The man removed a pair of spectacles from his pocket and put them on. He overturned a scrap of wastepaper and looked under it. He scanned the gutter.

Presently, a man in a ragged sweater joined him. Both searched with the diligence of a Diogenes. A newsboy sauntered up; a boot-black, some loiterers, a policeman, a street-cleaner left their occupations and followed him until the corner was thronged with people, all gazing eagerly at the sidewalk—searching.

At last I walked over to them, and asked one of them, "What is lost? What are you looking for?"

"I don't know," he answered, "but it must be very valuable."

I asked the policeman the same question and, after staring at me wonderingly, he continued his search.

"I don't know," he replied. "I think it was a hundred-dollar bill."

Of the man in the ragged sweater I inquired, "What has been lost? For what do they search?"

"How do I know?" he snapped. "Someone said it was a diamond stick-pin."

The newsboy brushed by me impatiently. "Out o' me way," he growled. "Some guy lost two tickets to de woild series, and if anybody finds 'em, it'll be me, or I'll know de reason why!"

At length I saw the man in the gray overcoat emerge from the crowd. It was he who had first stopped on the corner.

"What did you lose?" I demanded. "Was it valuable?"

"Oh, I found it!" he beamed happily. "It was a piece of cloth my wife wanted me to match. It's a good thing I didn't lose it!"

THE COVERED WAGON

MARY BETTY LEE

Slowly, almost at a snail's pace, the rickety wagon moved along the narrow pass. Halts were made now and then because of a broken wheel or rein, or because one of the horses was too tired to proceed.

Big, bronzed men trudged wearily along beside the wagon, urging the team onward by loud cracks of the whip.

Small children peeped anxiously from the wagon. They hardly knew what it was all about, and they were wondering why they did not go back to the home which they had left far behind. Surely it was far better than this—riding all day in the hot sun, stopping at night to sleep, only to resume the toilsome journey at sunrise.

The women were very patient; yet in their hearts they longed for friends and home.

There were many dangers to be braved on this journey into new lands; attacks were made upon them by the Indians; rivers had to be forded; steep ascents made; deserts crossed; and they had to be constantly on the alert for wild animals and snakes.

Food supplies were carefully guarded and divided. At times halts were made so that the men might fish and hunt.

Many moons crossed the heavens before these pioneers reached their destination; but the beautiful trees and the glorious rivers, the freedom, the thought that this was their new home made them realize that they had not searched for it in vain. The covered wagon that had been their home for the past months was deserted now for a somewhat crude, but more comfortable, house.



Wings—
Eagle-strong,
Stained with dawn's flush
And youth's dreams
Of tomorrow.

Katharine Wagner

THE MURDER OF THE MATE

WILLIAM BRASWELL

'Twas midnight on the deep blue sea;
The crew was all a-sleeping
When a startled moan from some man's lips
Set my blood to creeping.

I climbed down from the dark crow's nest;
The cabin I dashed behind;
The sight that greeted my eyes there
Sent shivers up my spine.

The mate was dead, no doubt of that;
His lips were drawn apart.
A bloody knife with handle red
Was buried in his heart.

I stood o'er him till morning came,
Then quietly slipped away.
They buried him in a watery grave
At the very close of day.

Time sped on; the crew forgot
The murder in the night,
But I vowed I'd never give it up
Till the killer was brought to light.

I carried the knife where'er I went,
Whether through sin or strife,
Till the cabin boy's shout rewarded me:
"Why that's the captain's knife!"

The captain confessed; I knew he would.
He almost was a wreck.
The crew that very day hung him
By his worthless neck.

They made me captain of the boat;
And even if I'm not great,
He didn't get away with the bloody murder
Of my good pal, the mate.



A MODERN GALAHAD

HARVEY ANDERSON

He approached the church alone. As he mounted the steps, his heart faltered. Would he be received here in the big city, the city which he had chosen to be his home? This was the place in which he would seek happiness. This great building, shaped like a cross, was to be his workhouse.

He entered the celestial abode. Surely this was the place where angels trod. Surely all troubles ended at that sanctum of peace, the altar, which he saw dimly in the soft light. Was he alone? He knew he was, for not a sound pierced that haven of silence. Slowly he made his way toward the altar. Surely God was here to receive him. He knelt at the soft-cushioned rail and prayed.

"My endeavor is young—I've goals to reach—I've battles to fight, battles of soul, battles of honor—Give me strength. Hold me as true to my purpose as was the knight of old, Sir Galahad."

He rose, and as he turned to go, he seemed to hear a voice from the depths of the deep chancel saying, "Go, young Galahad. Fight as he did. Fight and die for me."

THE GOAL BEYOND

W. B. DAVIS

The way is long, the road is hard,
And the climb is steep and slow.
And there's only one way you can travel—
It's either the high or the low.

You cannot stop when you're half way up
And sit and rest awhile.
You must either be climbing or falling
And take either with a smile.

The world won't stop to help a man
Who lies down on the climb,
But gladly stops to lend a hand
To those who fall in line.

But when we've reached the mountain top,
What treasures do we gain,
And after all our cares are gone,
Are we still just the same?

For the goal beyond is within yourself,
And the helm is in your hand.
And your life is just what you make it,
With you alone in command.

WARP AND WOOF

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Man's Reach

WE all have a quest. We cannot possibly wander aimlessly without finding some day something at the end of our journey. The all-important question is just what shall we find at the journey's end.

It is useless to plod on and on without having a definite purpose in mind. Our purpose in life is a serious question. It is not to be chosen by a hasty decision; it is something to be considered long and earnestly. Many things may present themselves, and then, as we mature, we outgrow them and get worthier, better ideas. But now

we have reached a fairly mature age. It is time that we look for a definite treasure.

We should not try to do the easiest thing. It is not always the thing that we do best that counts; it is the thing that is best for us to do. We have to choose something that we love and that we can put our whole heart and soul into. We will never gain success unless we love our work.

We are still very young, but it is past time for us to amble along endlessly. We must go seeking a quest.

Susan Gregory



Life's Highway

"They say that life is a highway." It is rather a hard road to travel, one that is rough and full of pitfalls.

The trail is narrow. There is not always room for two people to pass. One of them must give way. But it benefits him to fall back sometimes. It broadens him and makes him unselfish. He gains more than he loses.

Around every corner in the road and behind every tree there lurk robbers or highwaymen waiting to seize anyone who strays off the narrow path. They beckon to him eagerly, and it takes great will power to resist their motioning fingers.

Along the way are shady spots which rest the traveller and make him forget his past trials. But he cannot stay forever in this shade. He must keep on and on.

As he marches steadily forward, he draws nearer his quest. Often he pauses in doubt and bewilderment. He wonders if, after all, it is worthwhile for him to continue striving, enduring hardships and misfortunes and sorrows. But then a ray of light strikes him from somewhere, and he is happy again. This time he runs eagerly, avoiding the bumps and knocks. It is these happinesses which make him persevere so that someday he may reach his goal.

Susan Gregory



TANGLED THREADS

THE HOUSE WITH A SECRET

ELEANOR RANDOLPH

Somewhere there is a little home,
A little house of white,
That looks as if it housed a gnome,
So changed is it at night.

For when the moon a-creeping comes
And twists the shadows 'round
While in a tree an insect hums
A mournful, sorry sound;

The stillness is so weird a thing
That one can feel an eye
That looks at one and seems to bring
A presence that seems nigh.

And in the house so old and sad
One feels the damp and cold
As if it never could be glad,
For it has stories old.

This is the story that it holds
There in the woodland drear
Among its dusty walls and molds,
A story ever dear:

For once there in it dwelt a maid
As sweet and pure as dew,
Who had a lover in gold braid
Who did a tempest brew.

When home from war, his love declared
To this sweet maid so dear;
And to confess her love she dared,
A whisper he could hear.

But one cold eve at set of sun,
A rival hid quite near
And killed her lover with a gun,
And she was there to hear!

For to the window tripping she
Had gone to look for him
With happy smiles and maidenly glee,
Which turned to sorrow dim.

And now on lonely nights out there
One hears her wooden heels
Tap-tapping to the window where
She looks and ever feels

The sorrow of that cold, grey night
When they did bury deep
Her soldier lover out of sight,
Which made her sob and weep.

And now on lonely nights out there,
One hears her silken gown,
Softly rustling in that room where
Her heart in tears did drown.

TO THE TOLLING OF THE BELL-BUOY

GRACE SMITH

IT was a dark, stormy night in Jordan, a town by the sea. The wind was strong, and it tossed the waves to and fro. The lightning flashed across the sky, and the thunder's roar shook the earth. Far in the distance, the glimmer of a lighted bell-buoy could be distinguished through the sweeping rain.

A little wooden hut stood on the shore, braving the storm. Every pane rattled with the wind. Inside a cheery fire lighted up the small dingy room. On a table a dim lighted lamp cast its weak rays around. Before the fire, in a chair, sat an old man.

For years old Peter Stevens had lighted the bell-buoys. Not a night in all the years had he missed. There was something mysterious about him, for he had suddenly left the city thirty-five years ago and had been living here ever since.

On this night of the experience which I am about to relate, we were sitting before the fire. I was his guest and intended to stay a while with him. As I sat studying the old man, he gazed dreamily into the fire. What was it so mysterious about him? It wasn't the hard, wrinkled old face, nor the small, black, beady eyes. It wasn't the beard, the snowy whiteness of some several inches, for many men have that. And it wasn't his white hair. What could it be? As I sat there in deep meditation, puzzling over this problem, I was suddenly startled by his weak voice.

"There is someone at the door," he said, speaking to me. "Quick let them in, for it is cold outside."

"Why Mr. Stevens," I exclaimed, "I didn't hear anything."

But he spoke on, not heeding my interruption.

"Quick, do you hear me? Open the door."

I arose to open it. The old bar was rusty, and it squeaked as I slowly drew it back. The wind was so strong that the door was immediately blown open and the rain poured in. But no one was there. I shut the door and went back to my seat by the fire.

I thought to myself, "What in the world is the matter with him?" I had never seen him act so queerly before during our

long acquaintance. Aloud I said, "That was only the wind, Mr. Stevens."

Again he commanded me to open the door, and again I did, but no one was there. As I returned to my seat for the third time, I glanced out over the sea. I strained my eyes for the faint glimmer of the bell-buoy, but it had gone out. I thought nothing of it. Finally I decided that I had better light it, else a ship might run on the sand bar that lay near there.

So I told old Peter where I was going. He begged me not to go, but I went anyhow. As I left he cried out, "I am afraid," and with shaking hands fell into his seat. I started to ask him what he was afraid of, but decided not to. As I walked out to the boat, I wondered why he was acting so queerly. I supposed it was only his old age. Even now, I can hear his pitiful voice crying out in his weak tone, "I am afraid."

As soon as I returned he related to me something very mysterious and unbelievable. He said that a voice kept crying out to him, "Oh Peter, Peter, open the door." Of course I did not believe it, as I am not the type who believes in such unnatural things. I was sitting by the fire, nearly dozing, when he heard the voice again.

Finally he shouted out, "My God, Elsie, come in." And with that he opened the door, hobbling feebly with his hickory cane, but of course no one was there. My curiosity was now aroused, for I wondered who Elsie was.

I slept a while—I do not know how long, but I was suddenly awakened by his cry. I ran to him trembling, for the fire had gone out, and it was frightfully cold. As I approached him, he rolled his eyes and said, "It is gone."

"What?" I asked alarmed.

"The voice," he whispered. "I am growing weak now; I will not live long, only a few hours. But before I go, I wish to tell you something that weighs on my mind and has for thirty-five years. Long ago when I was young like you, I fell in love with a girl named Elsie. One of my best friends did, too."

I was growing quite interested by now, so he continued. "She said she loved me and promised to marry me. The night of our wedding she fainted and declared the wedding must be delayed."

His voice was quickly fading, and I knew that he would not last, at the most, over an hour.

He continued: "I soon guessed the truth—she didn't love me, so I left and have been living here ever since. One day, after I was living here, I was looking through the paper and saw that she was married to my best friend, Thomas B I was not surprised, for I had been expecting to see the announcement for sometime, but my anger kindled as I thought of the 'Honorable Thomas B.'. One night I chanced to meet him at a road-side inn. He was nearly dead drunk and he jeered at me as I entered. Soon I began drinking, and the next thing I knew, I was out in a row-boat by a bell-buoy. Blood stained my fingers. For a minute I was scared. I thought I had killed someone. Then I remembered it was Thomas. I threw him down there by the bell-buoy." With this old Peter fell back. I thought he was dying and called, "Mr. Stevens!"

He rose again with my support and tried to continue with his story.

"I loved her, and she begged to come back to me. But I would not forgive her. Oh! what a fool I was. Two weeks later she died. I will never forget that night. It was dark and drizzling, with the lightning and thunder, just like this night. Every rainy night she has come back, haunting me, and begging to come in. Tonight, I knew it was the last night she would come, for the bell-buoy tolled as she cried out to come in. It was Thomas down there in the bottom of the sea ringing the bell, jeering at me. I killed him. Oh! yes I killed him," he cried hysterically. "But I am going home now. Home to my Elsie." Then he cried out smiling, "Yes Elsie, I forgive you." And with this he dropped off into the eternal sleep, his whole face transfigured with a radiant light. What he saw I do not know, but it was something wonderful, something beautiful, that only he could see.

It was dawn now. I stood alone looking out into the gray dawn, thinking, wondering what it was that old Peter had seen.

SAND DUNES

There are millions of them stretching over endless miles—a dazzling white fairyland of sand. Every shape, mold, and form is visible. There are ripples very much like ocean waves. Then too, there are the knolls, the pyramids, and the funny looking ridges.

They are beautiful; yet there is a dangerous characteristic hidden by their beauty. They are deceitful. The slightest breath of wind might cause a mountain to become a valley or a valley, a mountain. They hold a certain fascination over a person. From a distance one always desires to be among them; yet upon the fulfillment of his wish, he finds nothing but a wide waste of burning sand and still ahead of him, his beautiful mirage. Beautiful, treacherous, luring sand dunes!

Plummer Nicholson

Sand dunes—
Shifting, sliding,
Minute particles in the vast desert,
Apparently useless,
But
Placed here for a purpose of God.

People—
Shifting, sliding,
Minute particles in the vast universe,
Apparently useless,
But
Placed here for a purpose of God.

Foy Gaskins

A CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

SUSAN GREGORY

"Oh, mercy, here it is only two weeks before Christmas," grumbled Miss Kate Sparrow. "Oh, how I do hate it, and how glad I'll be when it's over!"

Miss Kate was a thin, scrawny woman of fifty-odd years. She lived all alone in a dark, gloomy house, and she had built around her a shell of isolation in which she sat and hated the world.

For a time when Miss Kate had first moved to town, everyone had tried to be friendly and nice, but she would have none of them and made it very plain that she wanted only herself for company. And the people were glad to let her alone. She was a hateful, spiteful old spinster, loving none and unloved by everybody.

It was rumored that Miss Kate had had a disappointed love affair. Others said she had had some serious trouble in her life, and still others said she had run away from a cruel father and despised home. But no one dared try to find out what was the matter with her. They were perfectly willing to let her alone.

On this particular morning Miss Kate was lying in bed waiting for Lydie, the maid, to come. Lydie was the only person Miss Kate allowed near her.

Soon she heard Lydie's familiar step, but this time there was something curiously different about it. It was half-hesitant, half-exultant. Suddenly it stopped altogether. Then, as though summoning a great deal of nerve, it advanced courageously.

"Oh, Miss Kate, Miss Kate, come look what I done found. Look what I done found!"

And Lydie held out before Miss Kate's astonished eyes a basket with a pink blanket over it. Then Lydie pulled back the blanket and revealed a tiny little pink mite, who grinned complacently.

"Lydie, what is the meaning of this?" gasped Miss Kate, with horror.

"I dunno, Miss Kate; I dunno. I was coming upon the porch, and I mos' stumbled over this here basket, and I looked in and seed this li'l' angel child. Ain't she sweet?"

“No, she’s not sweet—why what on earth is this?” And Miss Kate drew forth from the basket a letter, which contained the following words:

Dear Miss Kate:

Please keep my baby for me. I can’t support her, and I am weak and ill, and can’t live much longer, and I want her to have a good home. I know that you’ll be kind to her. I know that you aren’t mean as they say you are.

Please consider Shirley a Christmas gift and keep her for the sake of the One who made Christmas possible for us.

Sincerely,

Shirley’s Mother.

“Humph!” snorted Miss Kate, and again, “Humph!”

“Is we gonna keep her, Miss Kate? Is we gonna keep her?”

“Why, the very idea, Lydie! Of course we aren’t going to keep her. I shall ’phone the Children’s Home immediately.”

“But, look, Miss Kate, you kyan’t let this li’l’ lamb go to no Children’s Home. Why, look at her booful li’l’ blue eyes and her li’l’ bald head. She’s an angel fum hebben. Dat’s what she is.”

“Well, Lydie, it’s positively out of the question. Why, who on earth would take care of the child?”

“I will, Miss Kate; I will. Ole Lydie, she done take cyar of so many babies, she knows ’em mos’ as well as they know themselves.”

“Well, I’m sorry, Lydie, but it’s impossible, so call the Children’s Home right away.”

“Miss Kate, if I promise never to let her get in your way, will you let me keep her? I know what—let her be yo’ Christmas present to me. Please, Miss Kate.”

“No, Lydie,” but just then Miss Kate’s eyes again fell on the words, “I know you aren’t mean as they say you are,” and something happened to her heart and made her say reluctantly, “Well, Lydie, if you’ll promise not to let her get in my way, I’ll let her stay for a while. But mind, as soon as she bothers me, she will be taken to the Children’s Home.”

With a beaming smile, Lydie put Shirley down in her basket, and hurried away to warm some milk for the new member of the household.

Miss Kate tried her best not to notice the baby, but she could hardly help taking a little interest in her. In about two minutes the baby began to whimper, and her foster mother, not knowing what else to do, began to poke her, trying to make her laugh. Immediately the infant began to gurgle and to cling to Miss Kate's finger, lovingly. In spite of herself, Miss Kate's heart warmed to the tiny sprite of humanity.

But just then she heard Lydie's step on the stair, and she hastily broke loose from the cherub's grasp and grimly finished dressing. Lydie came in with a bottle of warm milk (the bottle she had bought at the corner store with her own money). The baby grasped it greedily, and it was not long before she was fast asleep.

"Miss Kate, dis li'l' angel needs some clo'es. Whar I gonna get 'em?"

"Why I'm sure I don't know, Lydie," replied her mistress. "But here are some old clothes of mine. You may make some for her." And Miss Kate handed Lydie some old garments.

For the next week young Shirley stayed in the Sparrow house. Miss Kate secretly envied Lydie's easy and knowing manner as she bathed and dressed and fed the baby, but not for the world would she let Lydie know it.

But Lydie was wiser than her mistress guessed. Often she had seen a soft look on Miss Kate's face, and once she had even seen her lean over and kiss Shirley, who was sleeping in her basket.

One morning, about three days before Christmas, Miss Kate took a trip down town, to see the doctor, she said.

That night, the door bell jingled, and Miss Kate hurried out and called Lydie. "Don't come, Lydie; I'll answer it." Then Lydie heard mysterious whispering and consultations and rustles of paper.

On Christmas Eve Miss Kate gave Lydie permission to have the afternoon off. When Lydie came back, about two hours later, Shirley was still peacefully sleeping and Miss Kate was reading Dickens' *Christmas Carol*.

The next morning for the first time in twenty years Miss Kate was up and dressed before Lydie. Then she hurried down to awaken the old negro. "Merry Christmas, Lydie," she called. And Lydie gaped to see Miss Kate holding in her arms the chuckling baby.

"Miss Kate, doan hol' dat baby dat way; hol' her dis-a-way." And Lydie fixed the baby more comfortably.

"Come on upstairs, Lydie, as soon as you're dressed."

And when Lydie arrived in the living-room ten minutes later, she saw Miss Kate seated on the floor playing—actually playing—with Shirley.

But what was still more astonishing was a Christmas tree, all decorated and lighted up. There was a complete baby's layette, not to mention carriage, blankets, and crib. When Lydie entered the room, Miss Kate handed her a \$20 gold piece, and said, "Thank you, Lydie, for teaching me the true meaning of Christmas and not to be just another Scrooge."

Then old Lydie, with tears in her eyes, put her arms around the happy lady and said, "It warn't me, Miss Kate. It war dis li'l' angel fum hebben!"



AT DUSK

EMMA WHITE CARLTON

The sun was set.
As dusk had heralded dark,
A flock of birds whose wings were fleet
Against the sunset skies
Went flying on their way.

The earthly insects,
With their evening hymn, had ceased.
A star shone in the twilight hour;
Sounds of the autumn breeze
Rustled through the trees;
Then silent was the earth.

MORNING

MANIE LEAKE PARSONS

The old Dominica rooster cocked his keen eye toward the sky and detected the first hint of dawn in the yet star-studded heavens. Crowing lustily, he flapped his wings and flew down from his perch in the chicken house. The hens, following his lead, flew down also, and walked stiffly around the small backyard as if still half-sleep.

Inside the dingy four-roomed house, so painfully identical with every other in the row of mill-houses, a woman stirred uncomfortably in her bed, opened her eyes with a frown, and lay for a moment looking at the ceiling. Then she reached out and picked up an old clock from the floor beside the bed. Four o'clock. Time to be getting up. Slowly, quietly, so as not to disturb the big man sleeping soundly by her side, she dragged herself about the room, dressing quickly and shivering in the cold.

She always rose at this early hour, for she had as much to do in two hours as most house-wives do in a day. First, she went into the little cold kitchen and started a fire in the stove, then went into the "sittin' room" and swept and dusted and straightened the cheap, Sears-Roebuck furniture that was her most treasured possession. From here she went back to the kitchen, cooked breakfast, and ate a frugal meal. Then, putting the bread back in the oven to keep it warm, she returned to her bedroom and called her husband. "Tim! Tim!" He was always so hard to get up. "Tim!" This time she shook him firmly. "It's five-twenty, Tim. You've just got time to eat."

From here she went into the room where her two sons, aged twenty and eighteen respectively, were sleeping loudly, and waked them. When they had dressed, she had their hot breakfast ready for them; and while they ate, she hastily straightened up their rooms. The real cleaning she would do after supper, while Tim read the paper and the boys were shooting pool. Then, at ten minutes to six, mother, father, and sons locked the door and set out down the dim road to work.

LADY DALTON'S DINNER PARTY

NANCY HUDSON

AT the dinner party of Lady Dalton, given to celebrate Neil Horn's return from Africa, the guest of honor, as is customary, sat at the hostess' right side; and next to him was placed Dr. Thompson, perhaps at the time the most famous surgeon in all England.

"Glad to see you once more," said the surgeon heartily, as he espied his neighbor, "Mr. Horn, or shall I say 'Sir Neil?' Ha, ha!"

"How did you find out my little title?" asked Neil, smiling.

"Why, my dear chap, I saw your father knighted. Even if I hadn't, though, I would have known," he wagged his gray head sagely. "I always said no one of your appearance could be an ordinary Englishman."

"Thank you," the guest of honor said solemnly. "Do you mean I am comic-looking,—er—otherwise?"

"Ha, ha, not comic-looking, oh, no, ha, ha! Otherwise, indeed, very distinctive looking," the surgeon said, and laughed boomingly. "Sir Neil,—ah—once I used to be called 'Sir' myself—just in play, of course."

"There are very many titled people in England, now," said Neil.

"Yes, a jolly well plenty," the surgeon agreed. "About two years ago I had a case where two titled Englishwomen died at practically the same time. At the same place, too. One, the Duchess S., suffered a heart attack; the other, Lady Du Pont, was shot while they were on a house party. You remember the incident, don't you?"

"I remember," said Neil shortly.

There was an uncomfortable pause. The surgeon was rather astonished, for an instant, at Neil's sudden coldness; and then a look of realization and contrition spread over his features.

"Oh, I say, I'm sorry. I forgot you were a guest there at the time. It—ah—must be a painful subject."

"That's all right," Neil spoke in a strained, resolute voice. "Every one knows I was in love with Lady Du Pont."

"But I was thinking about the sad memories that—ah—the subject would bring," the surgeon said.

"No," said Neil, "I stayed in darkest Africa two years, trying to forget it. Now the hurt has almost healed."

"Good," sighed the surgeon, "I was afraid I had blundered."

"Perfectly all right," Neil assured him. "It is interesting about the two prominent members of society's dying almost together. Tommy Altenwood, Gregory Thomas and I were guests there at the time." As he spoke the latter name, he smiled queerly—a half smile, half frown.

"Poor Tommy," the surgeon said, "he seemed such a decent sort of a chap. Not at all like a murderer. And then for him to have killed Lady Du Pont! You and Tommy were enemies, were you not?"

Neil spoke shortly again, as if some unpleasant memory crowded his brain. "We hated each other. I have often wondered if he had anything to do with the Duchess S.'s death, also."

"Oh, no," the surgeon said, "the Duchess was very old, very old. She died of a heart attack; she had been expecting it for some time. When I tested both women's blood, I found that the Duchess had died two hours and fifteen minutes before Lady Du Pont."

Sir Neil had been listening carelessly, but at the last words of the surgeon, he started, and turned a deathly white. "Say that again," he gasped.

"I say, Lady Du Pont was killed two hours and fifteen minutes after the Duchess. Why, what's the matter?"

His query was too late. Neil had risen, muttered a broken reply, and stumbled from the room. In the drawing-room he sank down into a cushioned chair, and stared with unseeing eyes into the fire. A cold perspiration broke over his brow, and the veins were livid in his waxen flesh. He closed his eyes and reflected, painfully organizing the tumult in his mind. Gregory Thomas, a good man, an innocent man—how he had hated him, hated him! hated him as only a rival can hate, . . . and killed him by his (Neil's) silence. He saw Gregory, a shapeless figure, hanging on the gallows in the gray mist of morning, swinging, swinging, and swaying. He saw again the happenings on that dreadful night when Lady Du Pont

had died. He had quarreled with her—a rather dreadful quarrel—about Gregory Thomas—and she had mocked him. In his pocket there had been a pistol, and his right hand, clenched with fury, had rubbed against it, and grasped the cold steel handle. Still Milady had laughed (the low insulting melody of that laugh rang in his ears, even yet), and his fingers had found their way to the trigger; but they had moved no farther, or—had they? Another figure had entered the room. This person had held a pistol in a bony hand, and had shot Lady Du Pont. The small deformed shape, barely perceptible in the darkness, had been that of the Duchess S.! It could have been no other. And the Duchess S. had died—*two hours and fifteen minutes before!*

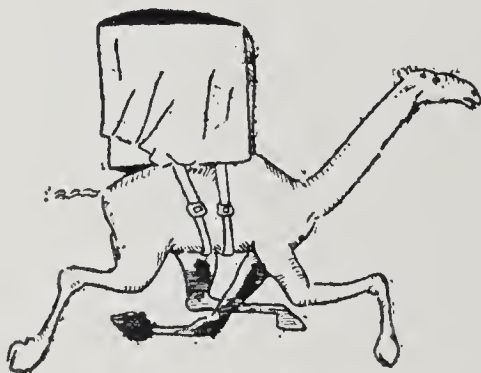


TO A BLUE FLAG

W. B. DAVIS

Little spirit of the grassland,
With blades of green, and banners blue,
On your softly waving petals
Rests a crown of crystal dew.

You, a misty king of spring time,
Are the soul of woodlands deep,
From the sides of rippling brooklets,
To shady rooks where orchids creep.





PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

My Magic Storyland—ROWE

“To all young hearts who believe in their fairy friends.”

Thus Nellie M. Rowe, well known librarian and educator of our city, dedicates her delightful fairy tales included in her recently published *My Magic Storyland*.

There are an amazing array of reasons why one reads and usually several causes for reading a certain book. Miss Rowe's book, of course, instantly attracts our attention because she is the author. Some of us perhaps have heard her relate these very same stories.

Altogether there are ten stories grouped in this volume. Each is charmingly illustrated. Pictures and cover are vivid reproductions of the ideas embodied within.

Canadian, Swedish, English, Art-land, Japanese, Friend-in-need, French, Ocean, Santa Claus land, Noble heart stories enchant old and young readers.

“Felice and the Hermit Thrush,” a Canadian Tale, is the first and one of the most fantastic tales. Felice, a little French Canadian, lives not far from Quebec. Winters there are very, very cold.

Mademoiselle Fontaine, little Felice's teacher, tells her class a lovely nature story each day—early every morning. On the morning of the story the nature tale is of a beautiful bird who sings with a clear, sweet voice. This bird, Mademoiselle Fontaine tells her pupils, lives in the deepest part of the woods and sings sweetest just at eventide.

Felice wants to hear the bird so much that she goes home a different way. She wanders farther and farther into the woods.

Just as she realizes she has gone very far into the forest and that the sun has set long ago, she hears the melodious notes of the hermit thrush. She is enchanted with the song.

Getting lost is not a great deal of fun, however. Felice gets more and more discouraged. She wishes she could see some fairies. Almost before she wishes it "the fairies were catching the moonbeams and putting them into the kettles." They present her with a necklace of moonstones. Drowsy, she falls asleep while the fairies guard her. Little Felice wakes as she hears the happy voices of parents who have hunted all night for their lost daughter.

Nine other equally interesting tales from fairy land are in this volume. Titles often promote reading. Certainly these in this book do induce one to read. Where could one find a more inviting title than in "The Magic Drop from the Fairy Fountain," an English tale, or "How Santa Claus Lost His Whiskers."

Children of Greensboro have clamored for more stories by Miss Rowe; children of the Nation will call for them now!

Margaret Kernodle

Ballads and Lyrics—BLISS CARMEN

One of the best collections of ballads and lyrics that I have seen is that by Bliss Carmen. The author has assembled between the covers of a book, entitled *Ballads and Lyrics*, a great collection of sea ballads. The lyric poetry is also of the highest rank.

The author sets out to describe life both on and near the sea. The ballads in this book have an atmosphere of the sea and its salty air. Some of the best of these are: "The Nancy's Pride," "Arnold, Master of the Scud," and "The Last Watch." "The Nancy's Pride" tells a tragic story of the sea. The *Nancy's Pride* was a ship that put out to sea, but never returned. The ballad describes the superstition of the people in a little fishing village. The people of the village claim that the *Nancy's Pride* can still be seen skimming over the sea on the wings of the night. "Arnold, Master of the Scud" is the story of a youth who proved his ability as master of the scud during a storm at sea. While making his first voyage at sea, a storm arose. He was placed in charge of the scud because of the

scarcity of men. During the storm the youth worked with such diligence that he earned the name of "Master of the Scud." "The Last Watch" is the story of a wounded sailor taking his last watch. The sailor wants to be buried like a true sailor in the depths of the sea, when his last watch is over.

The author has described the tragedies of the sea and the beauties of harvest time in a manner both charming and interesting to the reader. The golden phrases in the lyric poetry are delightful. One has a longing for the sea and its fortunes after reading these delightful ballads.

Roy Bradley

Street Scene—ELMER L. RICE

Street Scene is a drama of startling realism. It paints a vivid, although somewhat lurid, picture of life in a disreputable New York tenement house. The author brings in indirectly the struggle that is being made by individuals to rise above the sordid conditions of their environment. This latter idea compensates somewhat for the trashy vulgarisms that have to be read.

The center of action is in and around a typically shoddy tenement building. The efforts of two characters, Rose Maurant, and Samuel Kaplan, to amount to something versus the handicap of having an overly strict father and a mother of ill-repute in one case and that of race prejudice in the other furnishes the main theme of the play. A great deal of local color is added through the conversations of the other tenants of the house. Throughout it all, however, one is never able to forget the fact that he is in the midst of New York, pulsating with life.

In my opinion the book is well worth one's time. Mr. Rice writes with a freedom and a bluntness that is characteristic of the life which he depicts so excellently. His style of writing, while it is rather frank, has a note of sincerity that will appeal strongly to our present generation.

Isaac Gregory

A Few Figs from Thistles—EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

A Few Figs from Thistles is a volume of poetry written by one who is one of the greatest of present-day poets—Edna St. Vincent Millay. The name of the book implies the general trend of the poems; they are, with a few exceptions, about love. Miss Millay endeavors to portray this emotion in all of its various forms.

Unlike most writers, she does not tell of the supremacy of love. Instead, she dwells on the pain and suffering that it causes. She writes of its fickleness and of its staunchness, of its utter lack of reason, of its inexplicableness, and even of its absurdity. Certainly she treats every phase concerning the adoration of one individual for another.

The work is truly a masterpiece. The author vividly sets forth her personality, that is effectively magnified by the use of the pronoun "I". The poems are very short; some of them consist of only two lines. However, they are all very beautiful and expressive. A melancholy strain runs throughout; and if one reads intently enough to get the full meaning, he finds himself thrilled and possessed with an immense sort of pleasure that can never be described in words.

Charles Pratt



RAVELINGS

THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER

SUSAN GREGORY

MR. BUSBEE is the greatest person I've ever seen for telling people how to do things about which he knows nothing. This is particularly true when he's riding in a car. He hasn't the slightest idea how to manage an automobile, but he holds the world's record for back-seat driving.

Sam goes out for football, so it falls to Elizabeth to go for her father every day. Down the street Elizabeth goes, talking to some friend who is with her. She picks up her father and then, although she has driven a year, he proceeds to give her driving lessons. "All right, Elizabeth, keep behind that man there. Don't try to pass him."

Just then a car cuts out in front of her, and Elizabeth applies the brakes to keep from having an accident. "Elizabeth, what are you stopping for? Go on. There now, you've missed your signal. I told you if you stayed behind that man you'd be all right."

"But father—" Elizabeth began, "he would have run into—"

"No, he wouldn't. You had the right of way. I told you not to let him get ahead of you."

While this is going on, and while the signal is red, Mr. Busbee is sitting on the edge of the back seat, leaning toward the window and craning his neck to see the signal. As soon as it changes, he tells his daughter, who can see it twice as quickly as he can. "There, it's changed. Go on, Elizabeth, go on."

Elizabeth moves on while her father talks every minute.

"Now Elizabeth, keep your eyes on the road. Don't look at everybody that passes you, and stop waving at Harvey. You can't drive and do a million other things at once."

The car begins to jump when the clutch is let out, because it needs oil. Mr. Busbee speaks to his daughter, "Elizabeth, stop that jumping."

"But, father, it's not my fault. I can't help it."

"I know you can. If it jumps like that when Sam is driving, he pulls a little trick over here," vaguely waving his hands.

"Well, father, I'm not Sam, and I can't help it."

"Well, young lady, I'll tell you one thing. You'd better wish you could drive as well as Sam can. He's the best driver in the family."

Just at this moment a car turns suddenly out in front of Elizabeth. Mr. Busbee is checked in his praise of Sam to say, "Toot, Elizabeth, toot! That man had no business doing that. Why don't you toot? When Sam drives, he always toots."

"Father, the horn won't blow. There's something the matter with it."

"Well, get it fixed at once. Sam can always blow it."



A NIGHTLY QUEST

HARRY PHILLIPS

For several minutes I had been trying and fighting for that which I could not recover. Several times as I took a dive and felt around I was sure I had captured the thing I was in search of.

After several minutes more I became discouraged, but renewed my efforts and went to work like a South Sea diver. Taking another dive, reaching along the bottom, I felt it. I had it; no, I didn't; again it slipped from my grasp.

But I could not be down-hearted, so I went after it again. Surely I would end my quest this time. So I took a long breath and my efforts were rewarded, for I cornered the object and brought it to the top. Finding the soap and ending the quest, I resumed my bath. Next time I'll buy Ivory; it floats.

HAND SHAKES

MARION GOSS

Why do I shrink from hand shakes? Well, it all goes back to one of those horrid, embarrassing affairs of my early childhood, an experience I shall always remember.

I had just entered the fourth grade; and Miss Smith, the principal of the only school in the four-house town, had just issued a statement to the effect that all pupils found chewing gum were to be punished severely. Oh, what a jolly announcement for us, ambitious, prank-loving youngsters that we were! Immediately, we formed a club (meeting to be held under a tree), and each member promised to bring three cents the following day. They did—and I, as president, with a committee of three hastened to the nearest candy store and came out laden with a mysterious-looking package. Another meeting was held, and we came out, to all outward appearances, with the mumps or toothache or something that could be removed at Miss Smith's entrance.

Miss Smith did enter, and immediately ten little hands flew to ten mouths and thirty sticks of chewing gum simultaneously came from the human cavern to lodge in the dirty hands. But woe to the president of that defiant clan of gum-chewers! For with Miss Smith came two other prim old maids—you know the type that measure their smiles and hold up their hands in holy horror at anything human.

"Class, these are my friends, Miss Darling and Miss Primrose. I want you all to form a line, and as you go out, shake hands with them. All right, Mary, you may start."

Mary did as she was told, and all of a sudden it dawned on me that I, too, must shake hands—I, with a wad of chewing gum stuck tight in my right hand! I was horrified—my temperature ran up to about one hundred and fifty degrees and then down that much below zero. I was stiff with fright—I pulled frantically at the gum, but in vain—my pulling only made matters worse. It was my turn—the first of the guilty victims whose hands disappeared under the desk in an effort to get rid of the gum. I walked up,

stuck out my hand, and Miss Darling took it. She kept it. We were holding up the line—she could not withdraw her hand—not because I possessed such a charm or magnetism, but because it was stuck fast to the gum!

“Marion, don’t hold up the line,” came Miss Smith’s brisk voice, as she stood glaring at me.

I pulled—Miss Darling pulled—and—well, draw your own conclusions!



A POLONIUS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

HARVEY ANDERSON

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies’ Society for the Uplifting of the Younger Generation was opened by the president, Mrs. Adolphus Alexander Smith. After the regular discussion of the evils of movies the speaker of the evening, a very distinguished-looking man, was introduced.

“Ladies of this honorable society, I appreciate very much the invitation extended to me of expressing my views on the younger generation. Since brevity is the soul of wit, I will make my remarks short, for I certainly want to make a forceful impression. After spending my entire life studying the younger generation, I have come to the conclusion that every day our children are becoming worse. It seems as if their minds are set on imitating the devil himself. All they think of is something to irritate their superiors. They talk of nothing but card parties and dances.”

Thirty minutes later, after having expressed the same sentiments in thirty different ways, he took his huge gold watch from the table and slowly placed it in his pocket. He said that his closing remarks would be few. Fifteen minutes later the ladies applauded his speech just as they had applauded the same speech many times before. The meeting was then closed by the president, Mrs. Adolphus Alexander Smith.

“ROLL ON, SWEET CHARIOT”

RIGDON DEES, JR.

With a thunderous roar the fast Mid-Western freight pounded around the bend, four miles above the junction at Kellysburg. Up in the cab of the mighty engine the vigilant engineer leaned back with a sigh. It hadn't been such an unusually hard run; but—well, this particular sector of the Great Northern, with all its dips, twists, and turns, wasn't exactly soothing to one's nerves, especially on a black summer night. He slowly eased up on the throttle and leaned back in his seat again, to rest after the long strain of the four-hour run. From now on to the junction, it would be plain sailing on the gentle downward slope of the last four-mile stretch. Except for the one-half mile sector, where he would have to run at quarter speed to make the Moose Head Valley bridge, the going would be easy.

Forty-eight cars back of this scene there was another picture. As the great freighter slowed up for its slow speed section, a dirty, disreputable-looking personage on the rods beneath the car stirred himself, half rolled over, and surveyed the slowly-moving panorama with two mild blue eyes. “Jake, the Hobo” was riding the rods again.

As the train lurched around a sharp bend, and became even slower, Jake roused himself, and with a quick tumble, rolled from the rods into the thick patch of weeds. He scrambled to his feet with an astounding amount of agility, and after brushing off his clothes, quickly started in the direction of a farmhouse, the windows of which glowed with a soft mellow light.

On nearing the dwelling, he quickly took stock of his surroundings, and not seeing any dog about the darkened yard, made for one of the outbuildings that was unmistakably the kind of outbuilding that correctly suited the visitor's taste.

A muffled squawk, a flutter of feathers, and Jake's supper was in the making. A few ears of green corn, along with a half-dozen hastily-dug Irish potatoes, and the forthcoming meal took on the aspect of a banquet to the hungry forager.

After a crudely but efficiently cooked supper of roast chicken, corn on the cob, and fried potatoes, the contented wanderer produced a vile-looking old corn-cob pipe and proceeded to have his after-dinner smoke. What cared he if the chicken was roasted on a green stick, and the corn boiled in a battered old coffee can? What mattered it if the whole supper was eaten in a little hollow under the shadowy trees, sans silverware, sans linen, sans everything but the joy of it all. Wasn't his stomach full, and the world before him? Slowly a sigh of deep content escaped his lips.

On hearing the 11:40 freight rounding the bend, just above the quarter speed sector, he knocked the ashes from his pipe, picked up his little bag of cooking utensils, and slowly ambled through the woods to the nearby track.

With an ease born of long practice, he vaulted into the open door of a box car, as it slowly lumbered by. Three minutes later, he was settling himself for a night's sleep on a pile of sacking in one corner of the car, going he knew not where. As he dozed off into hobo dreamland, he sleepily mumbled, "Roll on, sweet chariot."





THE SHUTTLE

CHERRY AND WHITE

Williamsport High School, Williamsport, Pa.

Cherry and White, Cherry and White,
I like to read you thru,
To see your illustrations,
And editorials, too.

Cherry and White, Cherry and White,
I like to read your news,
To read your thrilling stories,
That chase away my blues.

Cherry and White, Cherry and White,
You're interesting to me,
I like to see your crimson front,
It draws me right to thee.

MAROON AND WHITE

Bay Ridge High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The cover design of *Maroon and White*
It's as pretty as it can be;
The contents of it are not so good;
They are too childish, you see.

That the stories are fine, I can not say;
They do not interest one;
Of serious things it has a lack;
And the drawings are not well done.

KARDINAL

Kearney High School, Kearney, N. J.

The *Kearney Kardinal*

Chock full of stories and news,
And jokes which should be guaranteed
To shoo away your blues.
The cover is so nicely done,—
A very attractive one—
“Cute,” as the girls would probably say
Of a thing appealing in such a way.
And we learn, as we look,
News of all sorts,
Class notes, news, school, and sports.

RETINA

Morrison R. Waite High School, Toledo, Ohio

While the attractive make-up
Of *Retina* helps it through,
It is a pleasant task indeed
Slowly to read of you.

The cover is a Viking ship,
Giving thoughts of lawless bands;
Makes us want to go on board,
And sail to foreign lands.

Editorials are fine; but say,
Did it ever occur to you
To make 'em longer? We take a bite
And then, alas! we're through!

The titles run from good to fine;
They seem to smack of sea.
Memories of ancient salts
Come floating back to me.

THE WEAVERS' GUILD

MY PINE TREES TALK NOW

MARGARET MURCHISON

I WAS standing one afternoon on the steps that lead down to the little spring just across the road from my home, waiting for a cool drink of the mineral water, when a man, whom I knew to be a Methodist minister, came up the steps from the spring and spoke to me.

"Hello there, little girlie," he said. "Do you live up there on top of the hill in those pines?" And he pointed to the little cottage across the road and up the long hill surrounded by tall pines.

"Yes, I do," I said politely, wondering why he had asked and what he saw in a little old brown cottage like that up on a hill. "That's my home," I said a little wearily.

"My, how beautiful it is up there! How I love the message of the pines!"

So! It was the pines he was admiring. How could he? I thought it over and over. What did he mean? Do pines have messages? Had I lived up there in the little cottage completely surrounded by pines for one whole year and had not known that they send forth messages? I just decided that he, being a preacher, could imagine many such things that just ordinary folks do not. But I resolved in my mind to find out if they truly did have messages. I had never thought of our pines' being anything but just old trees standing there on the hill because God had placed them there, having no other place for them.

In the winter when it is so cold I cannot sit on the little front porch, I can wrap myself up and stand a few minutes on the steps and look out on the snow-covered pines and almost drink in their beauty. No artist has ever painted a more beautiful picture. Even on the coldest day in the winter I find welcome companions among the pine trees.

In the spring when little bits of dogwood begin to bloom, dotting the woods around the cottage here and there, they seem more beautiful than ever. I can imagine little snowflakes are falling in the spring and have become fastened between the tops of the trees and the ground—little snowflakes that the sun shall not melt until spring has gone.



FRANCOIS VILLON

HELEN E. FELDER

Francois, sing again!
King of Beggars! Poet-king!
In the beggard hearts of men
Love—adventure—reigned supreme
When you sang.
Ah! Sing again!
Live again, Francois!

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