

Homespun

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THE WEAVE

THERE IS MUSIC

LOUIS BROOKS

There is music stirred by the moon's pale flame,
Music, and longings, and dreams.
Often the strain is soft, and sad, and low,
Hinting of things long past, of forgotten ages,
Of the splendor of mighty empires.

Again the notes are turbulent and joyous,
Shouting of the power of youth;
Of roads to adventure and fame,
Of worlds to be conquered;
And life, free and exultant life.

At times the melody is mystic and alluring,
Whispering of love and romance,
Of intrigue and clandestine meetings—
A strain amative and elusive,
Rekindling ancient fires, igniting new.

Sometimes the song is weird and strange,
A force compelling and urgent.
I hear, and looking, \\
Am tempted to throw back my head
And voice a reply.

* * * * *

There is music stirred by the moon's dim glow,
Music, and longings, and dreams.

THE ORIGIN OF THE OPERA

ANNE MCKINNEY

THE custom of enacting sacred events goes back to the middle ages. The church felt the need of more effective religious instruction for the ignorant class, so it arranged to dramatize Bible stories on some of the important festivals of the church. On Good Friday, for instance, a crucifix would be buried in a tomb made for this purpose, and on Easter morning, after the image had been secretly carried away, the people would celebrate around the empty tomb. Later on, music and dialogue were added to these scenes. These simple dramatizations were called "Miracle Plays."

From the church the plays passed to the public squares. These in turn gave way to other types of plays which were given in the common language and later the comic element was introduced.

The devil's part was nearly always represented. There was an immense dragon-mouth, belching forth flame and smoke into which the devil—a character with a hairy body, hideous masked face, fiery red beard, horns and forked tail—pitched lost souls, dressed in loud, elaborate costumes. Then again he had the burden of entertaining the people.

The parts of these actors were almost always sung in a dull, monotonous chant with no rhyme. This, however, finally gave way to recitations.

In England there was also another kind of play—"Morality Play." The Miracle Play attempted to confirm faith while the Morality Play endeavored to strengthen virtue. The Morality Play always represented the conflict between good and evil.

Between the acts at these plays music was rendered, sometimes connected with the action of the play and sometimes not. It was used only to divert or to entertain the people. Finally, though, they began to have music to accompany the actors in their parts. The instruments were, at first, any which they happened to have, and it made no difference if it did not suit the voice or the part of the actor. Later compositions were written especially for each voice and the instrument chosen accordingly.

As the people began to understand the value and importance of music they put it first and made the voice more of an accompaniment. Thus we have the origin of our modern opera.

THE GREAT ORCHESTRA

IRENE McFADYEN

MARK BROOM was a promising young musician—a violinist, to be more exact. He played in time and he played in tune; and in a large orchestra in one of New York's largest theaters. He would rise. Everyone said so, and he himself knew it.

One night he played a solo. It was the beginning of his career. Afterwards he was spoken of as Mark Broom, the violinist.

Mark had one great love in his life—orchestra. To play in an orchestra was paradise to him. To play in the greatest orchestra in the world was his ambition. A perfect orchestra was his one dream—one in which each member gave his all to music.

But Fate had a little song of her own. While dreaming of perfected music, Mark stepped in front of a swiftly-moving car one day. After days of darkness and pain and uncertainty, he was told by a bland and triumphant doctor that he would live—minus his right arm. And the doctor whistled as he went out, rejoicing over his battle against death.

Mark was no coward. As soon as he was able he went to hear his old orchestra play. Only a football man with a broken leg who is watching his team play knows how he felt. He tried for six months. Life to him was torture. He wanted to be in the orchestra—playing. It would all be so simple to end—go to his apartment and straighten out his affairs. It did not matter who got his money—any school of music.

But Fate's little song had another verse. As he entered his apartment he found a young boy trying to make a get-away with his beloved violin. Odd for a thief to steal a violin. Curious, Mark quizzed the boy. His story was unusual. An orphan, he was a great lover of music although he knew little about it. His desire to become a musician had become a passion. He had decided to become a thief in order to get money for lessons. But when he saw the violin he wanted only that.

"The only music I know," he cried, "is that I learned from the orchestra of life."

Mark started. The orchestra of life! Life an orchestra composed of all humanity and he had almost thrown away his instru-

ment! His face lighted up. His highest ambition was realized. He was a member of the greatest orchestra in the world—life.

The boy is now a promising young musician—a violinist, to be more exact. He will rise. Everyone says so, especially Mark Broom, his benefactor, beloved by everyone.



NEGRO SPIRITUALS

GRAHAM COCHRANE

America is such a young nation that she does not have any pure folk-songs. The folk-songs that we sing are those that our ancestors sang while they still lived in Europe. Perhaps the nearest approach to folk music in our country is the religious songs that the negroes of the South sing. These songs are called "spirituals" and were composed by the negroes of the period before the Civil War. These old songs were used for all occasions; namely, camp meetings, all forms of work, and social gatherings.

The negro spirituals have several distinct characteristics. They possess a very accurate rhythm and repetition is very frequent. These qualities make the songs rather weird, but at the same time the native sense of harmony makes them very beautiful.

The conditions of life which the negro of today is used to are so different from the conditions existing in the days of slavery that their spirituals are perhaps not as popular with their own race as with others. The lessening of emphasis on religious life has also played a great part in bringing about their decline in popularity. Nevertheless, the time when negro spirituals will be totally unfamiliar tunes is very far away because there are many groups of negro singers who still produce these songs with true fervor. Recently the glee clubs of the leading universities have been helping to immortalize these weirdly beautiful spirituals. They are still deeply appreciated by all lovers of good music; they are best interpreted by the negroes themselves.

TO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE

ELIZABETH BOYST

FRANK loved his mother. Throughout all of his childhood days she had been his best friend—his pal. There were few secrets which these two did not share. In everything they stood side by side. Perhaps it was because his mother was like a child, full of kindness and eagerness, which caused him to love her so. But Frank did not know the thing which bound him so closely to her. His only remembrance of his father's death was that his mother had cried, and that had almost killed the boy.

A cloud of mystery hung about his father's death. A man in the prime of life, rich, successful, the father had nevertheless been subject to fits of despondency which came upon him for no apparent reason. Life would become suddenly distorted, menacing for him; the smallest mistake would be sufficient to shatter his faith in himself. His associates in the business world miraculously became ogres bearing down upon him with eyes hungry for his destruction; he would go home and try to sleep off the black mood. But the fits came more frequently, for he indulged them too much. And one rainy night, wandering the streets, head-down, plunged in the terrible world of his fears, a speeding truck crushed him on the muddy cobblestones. He lived a few hours and passed away without regaining consciousness.

His wife, watching by his bedside that night, made a resolution to do all in her power to prevent Frank from falling into that habit of introspection that had finally overwhelmed his father. She listened to the rain dripping on the metal roof of the hospital and the labored breath of the man before her. No, Frank must never be like him. She would devote her whole life to making him happy and healthy.

And she had. As far back as he could remember she was always encouraging him to play the game squarely, and to give to it all the energy of his vigorous young mind and body. She had taught him the meaning of life. His comradeship with her had become his whole strength and the center of his existence.

And now she was gone! His mother—his friend—his pal! It did not seem possible! But, yes—it was on the day before that

they had buried her beside his father. Would he never see her again? Could he never again stroke her soft, gray hair as he sat by her bedside and talked with her? What would he do? He had a big home—only a house, cold and gray—but it was empty without her. He had money, thousands of dollars, the lawyers had said, but he would rather have only a penny and her beside him. And now she was gone!

A year passed. Two—three. A man could be seen slouching along a back alley in an old part of Chicago. His cap was pulled low over his eyes and his coat collar turned up. It was cold. Already snow was falling. A corner light showed the man's features clearly. Young he was—about twenty-two years old—hardly more than a boy. His nose and chin were clear-cut and beautiful to behold, but the eyes—they had a look of hatred, and a look of fear. Frowns wrinkled his forehead, and his hands, as he lighted a cigarette, were unsteady.

Someone whistled! At once he was alert. He dropped the match and turned quickly around. A shadow passed from the darkness of the next building, and he followed. The gang was gathering, and soon there would be enough to do to keep all of them busy.

* * * * *

Mary was twelve years old. As her mother, pale and tired, watched her at the supper table she realized that she was growing up. Next year she would be in her 'teens, and then—well, soon she would be a famous singer and all the fine people would pay to hear her. She would create much excitement, for her voice, when she sang, sounded like the chimes of a cathedral. And she was pretty, too, with that combination of auburn curls and shining blue eyes.

When supper was over Mary cleared the table, and washed the dishes while her mother wiped them. They were great chums—these two. Wholly unconscious of it, Mary began to hum. Soft and low it was at first and then increased until she burst out in song. Then the mother put her head in her hands and cried. It was so pretty. She only wished that Jed had lived, for together they might have been able to scrape up enough money to send her off to study. She did so want that wonderful voice to become well-known and do some good in the world. Since she had first heard her as a tiny tot she had wanted this, and now when that beautiful

voice filled the room the worn mother felt all the more her helplessness.

* * * * *

Mary was now seventeen. She had stopped school and gone to work. And she got so tired of pegging away, day after day, at her typewriter. Only on Sunday did she really have any freedom. On that day she would go with her mother to a little church nearby, and, looking at her sitting on the front row, Mary would sing, for she was in the choir now, and her music brought tears to many eyes as she sang those sweet old hymns.

But her mother did not see her there. She imagined her singing in one of the big churches, arrayed in fine clothes—dressed like a queen—with head bared—for that beautiful unshorn hair must be seen. Then she would sigh a heart-breaking sigh when she realized that this could not be. Her Mary was born under an unlucky star and the big people would never get to hear her.

* * * * *

A year passed—two—three. A small group of men and women—young and old, were standing on the corner of a poorly-lighted street in Chicago. Around them were a few people, poorly-clad. But there were tears in the eyes of one or two, for the music they heard was sad in its sweetness. Every evening on the corner this little band of people would sing. They were not rich. In fact, they were very poor; but they were happy because they were trying to make others happy.

In this group was one whose head was bared. In the half-light her auburn hair seemed like a halo around her face. When she sang people always looked, though they might seldom stop, for her voice sounded so clear and beautiful.

Several nights later, when this devout little band of Christians was singing, they seemed to have a larger audience than before. Back of them all in the shadows of a store was a man, but he attracted no attention.

The next night he came again—and the next. At first it was merely curiosity which caused him to return, but finally when he realized that somewhere he had heard that music before he came because he couldn't stay away. But he could remember no more. Those old hymns, "Rock of Ages" and "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Me" had no other meaning for him.

But one night when it was extremely cold he was the only one who came to the corner to hear the music. When the singers, shaking with cold, saw only one they decided to go home—that is, all but one. But when Mary saw this boy standing all alone, waiting for them to sing, as cold as she was, she stayed. With the snow clinging to her hair she began to sing. To the boy, standing there listening, it was a voice he had heard long ago. He remembered now vaguely. It was too much for him and his cheeks grew wet with tears.

Then Mary led him to the curb and they sat down. As he looked at her his eyes begged for more. So, sitting on the curbstone by this young man, still half-boy, she sang again.

There in the driving snow she sang the old songs that spoke to him of his nearly-forgotten past—the songs his mother had sung to him. They brought back things that had slipped completely from his mind—his mother's smile, her silvery hair curling above her forehead, her eyes, direct, eager. He saw himself an awkward, sturdy little body rushing out into the garden to pick flowers, dragging his mother along by the hand; starting for school, his mother in the doorway waving good-by; when he was older, talking quietly and seriously with her on still evenings; all the details of that happy, far-off life. It came over him with a rush what a long way he had come since those times, what a miserable failure his life had been. He wanted those times back; he wanted to be again the clear-minded, healthy boy, looking life in the face. Something great surged within him. He felt he could make this vision come true.

Late that night in her little bedroom Mary knelt by the window. Her hair fell over her shoulders, and the moon, shining on it, made it more beautiful than ever before. Above the city the stars were twinkling. But Mary was not thinking of them. She was praying to her mother:

“Dear mother of mine, at last your greatest wish has come true! I have sung before the highest of the high—God, and he heard my song. I have sung to one of the lowest, and he has been found. Oh, mother, what more can you want? I am so happy now to think that I have helped to save a lonely boy for his mother and for Christ.”

In another room, kneeling at another window and looking at the heavens dotted with stars, someone else was praying. As that

boy lifted his soul in prayer, he spoke to his mother for the first time in three long years. He told her all, and when he arose there were tears in his eyes, but there was a joyful light on his face, for Frank—the man—knew his mother loved him still.

Then he knelt by the side of his bed, and once again, after so long a time, he uttered the prayer of his childhood—

*“Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.”*

And as he closed his eyes that night, Frank knew that his mother was with him.



THE BUGLE

DIXON THACKER

“Ta-ra-ta-ra, ta-ra-ta-ra,”
The bugle calls both near and far,
And eagerly the brave ones meet
To fall and worship at its feet.
They love its voice so clear and strong,
Which calls them out to right the wrong;
They grasp this chance which they await,
March on through war to heaven’s gate.

“Ta-ra-ta-ra,” it calls once more,
And soldiers follow, score on score.
“And where to now?” ’Tis well you ask.
Their work is done; they have no task.
They’ve fought and fought amid the din,
Suffered wounds, and died to win.
’Tis God who calls them, one by one,
Calls them home; their work is done.

NORTH CAROLINA'S PART IN THE REVOLUTION

FRANCES COBLE

(Awarded Morehead Cup at June Commencement)

PROBABLY North Carolina's part in the Revolution is not stressed as much in history text-books as that of some other states. Nevertheless, she played a most important role in the long and fierce battle against the mother country. If for nothing else she will be remembered for that group of red-blooded men who sprang up within her midst and undertook to regulate matters themselves, thus winning the name Regulators. They were the first company of men banded together for the interest of home rule, and they considered the American people perfectly capable of managing their own business affairs. Public sentiment was freely expressed at the meetings which they held in different sections of the state. An open rupture with the government was caused when they refused to pay illegal taxes or fees. Three members of Dr. David Caldwell's congregation—Herman Husbands, James Hunter, and Rednap Howell—were guiding spirits of the Regulators.*

Some historians have said that the fighting of the Regulators was not a fight again oppression but a resistance to law and order. "It has also been maliciously claimed that the Regulators were a band of outlaws, illiterate common people, and that the better class of colonists had nothing to do with them and did not countenance their organization or the purpose for which they existed, all of which is utterly false and without the slightest foundation of truth."† The Regulators were made up largely of farmers who were brave as lions and did not know the meaning of fear. Undaunted bravery and crack sharpshooting were the only two qualifications of soldiers that they possessed. They had no commander-in-chief, they were ignorant of military tactics, and they were not even divided into divisions for battle. They were without artillery and many of them had never seen a cannon. The same spirit that provoked the resistance to the Stamp Act in 1766—when the British sloop-of-war, *Diligence*, arrived at Cape Fear

* Stockard—*History of Guilford County, North Carolina.*

† Fitch—*Some Neglected History of North Carolina.*

loaded with stamps, but was refused permission to land—culminated in the Regulation Movement.*†

Just a few days before the battle of Alamance, on May 10, 1775, the Regulators had a little encounter with General Waddell after he broke camp at Pott's Creek and started towards Hillsborough with the intention of joining Tryon's army at Haw River. Shortly after crossing the Yadkin River he received a message from the Regulators demanding that he either halt or retreat. Knowing that many of his men were averse to fighting with their own countrymen, he hastily retreated to Salisbury. But the Regulators overtook him, and after a short skirmish, most of his men were taken prisoners. However, General Waddell with his officers and a few men escaped. Probably the reason that no lives were lost was that there existed a great deal of sympathy between these fellow-countrymen, and they were reluctant about fighting against each other. But all the fighting that was done between 1776 and 1780 was between the Tories and the Whigs, because North Carolina was otherwise free from the enemy.‡‡

But there were other forms of resistance to British authority outside of the realm of actual fighting, which were really some of the earliest movements for independence. The first Provincial Congress in North Carolina was held at New Bern on August 25, 1774, much to the chagrin of Governor Martin, and an agreement was drawn up by the members to the effect that if their grievances were not redressed they would discontinue all trade with English merchants. This was our State's first great step in the Revolution. At the second Provincial Congress, held on April 4, 1775, at New Bern, all the members but one signed a pledge to stop all commerce with British marts.§

The news of the Lexington encounter was received by the people of Mecklenburg County on May 19, 1775, exactly a month after its occurrence. Because of the lack of a printing press in that section of the country, the people of Mecklenburg County had frequently assembled in Charlotte and it had generally been agreed upon that Thomas Polk, Colonel of the Militia, should call a con-

* Stockard—*History of Guilford County, North Carolina*.

† Fitch—*Some Neglected History of North Carolina*.

‡ Connor—*History of North Carolina*, Vol. I.

§ Moore—*School History of North Carolina*.

vention whenever it should appear advisable. And so having heard of the trouble with Governor Martin concerning the assembling of a Provincial Congress, Colonel Polk had seen fit to call together between twenty and thirty representatives of the people in the courthouse of Charlotte. Thus it was that while the assembly, presided over by Abraham Alexander, was attempting to organize for business, a report of the battle of Lexington was received. This produced a great deal of excitement, and the people shouted, "Let us be independent!" The meeting was held all night and at noon on May 20, when the Convention reassembled, a group of resolutions, somewhat amended by the committee after having been drawn up by Dr. Ephraim Brevard, were submitted to the representatives. The response to the question of the Chairman of the Convention, "Are you all agreed?" was a unanimous "Aye."*‡§

Another meeting was held by the men of Mecklenburg on May 31, at which a system of government and military commissions was adopted. Thus, these fearless men of North Carolina publicly declared their independence of the mother country nearly fourteen months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia.§

These bold steps of the North Carolinians alarmed Governor Martin, and he hastily left New Bern. His family went to New York by water, but he himself reached Fort Johnston by land. It was at this time that Governor Martin visited the Scotch settlements on the upper Cape Fear and began an insurrection which resulted in the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge. Martin, fearing for his safety, left Fort Johnston and boarded the *Cruiser*, which was lying in the river before the fort. It was a wise act on his part, too, because on that very day the fort was burned to the ground by Colonel Ashe and his men.§

The Congress at Hillsboro, or the third Provincial Congress, was called to meet on August 20, 1775, by Samuel Johnston, who was now president due to the death of the beloved Colonel John Harvey. By this Congress the last vestige of royal authority was swept away. Governor Martin sent a warning to them saying that it was an unconstitutional assembly and a violation of the law for which they would be held answerable. But this note was scorned by the colo-

* Foote—*Sketches of North Carolina*.

‡ Connor—*Makers of North Carolina History*.

§ Moore—*School History of North Carolina*.

nists, who suggested that the paper be burned by the common hangman. Since Martin had fled, Congress considered that to mean the end of the government of the Crown, and they set up a government of the people, which would today be called a provisional government, at the head of which was Cornelius Harnett. §

Troops were ordered, a census was taken, money was issued for expenses, and every function of government was exercised from that time on in the name and by the authority of the people of North Carolina. §

More trouble was had with Governor Martin when it was found that he, together with Lord Dunmore in Virginia, was causing an insurrection of the slaves. So, in December, 1775, Colonel Robert Howe was sent to Norfolk with the Second North Carolina Regiment. They defeated the British at Great Bridge and they were soon driven from the "Old Dominion." About the same time troops were sent to South Carolina to crush a Tory insurrection of the "Scovillites." Her readiness to rush troops to both Virginia and South Carolina caused North Carolina to stand high in the estimation of the Continental Congress. §

He was a man so devoted to the American cause that he won the name of "the Samuel Adams of North Carolina."

But to the Halifax or Fourth Provincial Congress was left the glory of being the first in all the colonies to declare for foreign alliances and for absolute independence of the mother country. No halting or hesitation was shown in admitting their desire for absolute independence of England. §

However, the first bloodshed in the Revolution was at the battle of Alamance on May 16, 1771. On May 14, Tryon's whole army was encamped on the west bank of the Great Alamance River, just six miles from the Regulators' camp on the opposite side of the river, to wait for the arrival of General Waddell's detachment. His men had been diminishing daily while the number of the Regulators was rapidly increasing; so he knew that nothing but a bold stroke could save him. Longer waiting for Waddell and the detachments from Bladen, Cumberland, and the western counties would mean sure defeat. §

The Regulators were encamped on the plantation of Captain Michael Holt whose residence was used for a hospital after the battle. Although they had sent useless petitions to Tryon before,

§ Moore—*School History of North Carolina*.

the Regulators again sent a petition on May 15, 1771, imploring relief from oppression and extortions. But Tryon did not even heed their petitions or redress their grievances, but instead he wrathfully killed Mr. Robert Thompson, who was interceding for the Regulators.†

On the following morning Tryon's army left their camp and marched very silently, hoping to attack the Regulators unawares. He formed his line of battle within a half mile of the Regulators' camp. Tryon had about twelve hundred trained soldiers who were ready for war while the Regulators were two thousand strong with only a thousand bearing arms. "Many were present not expecting to need arms, others did not take their rifles for fear the Governor would not treat with them if they bore arms, while others went out to see what was going on."† Most of them did not expect to see any bloodshed. It is said that even Herman Husbands did not want a fight. The Regulators presented a last useless petition when they were marching towards each other.†

Captain Montgomery, who was the officer of a company of mountain boys, and who might be called the principal commander of the Regulators, led the charge. Although Montgomery was killed early in the battle, the Regulators put up a stubborn fight until their ammunition was exhausted, for they had "only as many balls in their pouches as they were accustomed to carry with them on a day's hunting."*†

There are varying accounts as to the exact number of lives lost but it is known to have been a great many. Tryon showed unfor-givable brutality to the prisoners taken by him, especially to James Few, a half-witted boy, who was hanged without a trial. Twelve others were convicted of treason and hanged.*

The only things that might be considered as gains for North Carolina as a result of the battle were that Edmund Fanning and others who were largely responsible for its disorders left the state, and that Tryon was appointed Governor of New York.†§

But contrary to the battle of Alamance there was not a more complete victory for the colonists during the war than the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge. At daybreak of February 27, 1776, the

* Foote—*Sketches of North Carolina*.

† Fitch—*Some Neglected History of North Carolina*.

§ Moore—*School History of North Carolina*.

Scotch Highlanders, numbering about two thousand, marched out to attack the Americans, led by the brave Donald McLeod. When the bridge was reached, there were no Whigs in sight; so, with a bunch of broad-swordsmen, he charged across the bridge. Then the Whigs opened fire and McLeod fell dead, pierced by twenty-six bullets. All the rest who tried to cross the bridge were shot down, and the rest soon became panicky, and fled, followed closely by the Whigs. They were soon overtaken, and eight hundred prisoners with all the camp stores were seized. Thus nearly two thousand dauntless Royalists were defeated by eleven hundred undisciplined Whigs. This wonderful victory was due in a large part to the brilliant strategy of General Moore. §

Early in 1779 some of North Carolina's troops were in South Carolina helping that state in some of her battles. Stony Point, a strong American fortification on the Hudson River, was recaptured from the British, mainly because of the gallantry of the North Carolina troops. In February, 1780, North Carolina was stripped of all her defenders when all her regular troops and a thousand of her militia were taken prisoners at the defense of Charleston. § ‡

A very bloody and heroic affair in our State was the battle of Ramsour's Mill, but this encounter between old friends caused sadness in many North Carolina homes. Loche, with four hundred of his neighbors, charged boldly upon the Tory camp near Ramsour's Mill (in sight of the present village of Lincolnton) at dawn on June 20, 1780. Although the Royalists fled at the first charge, they rallied on a hill and checked the horsemen of the Whigs. But the pedestrian forces of the Whigs soon routed the Royalists from the field. §

But to counteract this victory, the American troops were terribly defeated at Camden Courthouse. On August 15, 1780, General Gates started out from Cheraw to meet Lord Cornwallis at Camden, but they unexpectedly met the British at midnight. This collision threw the Americans into confusion, but nevertheless both sides halted and prepared for battle. The battle was so fierce that many Whigs deserted, thus causing a complete defeat of the Americans. Two thousand men were either wounded, killed, or captured.

§ Moore—*School History of North Carolina*.

‡ Connor—*Makers of North Carolina History*.

General Gates fled to Hillsboro. "His defeat nearly ruined the American cause in the South, and his reputation as a military leader received a severe blow."§

But the battle of King's Mountain, October 7, 1780, was a glorious victory in the South, second only to that other great victory for the Americans at Moore's Creek. Ferguson and his men were brave fighters but they were no match for the guerilla-fighting backwoodsmen. They killed four hundred and captured seven hundred of the British while only twenty-eight of their men were killed and sixty wounded. It was deeply humiliating for the British to surrender to this "crowd of dirty mongrels" as they called them.‡

A hot welcome was given Cornwallis when he entered Charlotte in September, 1780—so hot that he nicknamed Charlotte "the Hornets' Nest of the Revolution." Davis with a band of one hundred and fifty men held the British at bay for four hours, and Cornwallis thought the whole American army must be in the courthouse.‡

A furious conflict took place at Guilford Courthouse on March 15, 1781. It was here that British valour was probably best displayed, for with less than half of Greene's forces they won the battle. However, it was a costly victory because at least one-fourth of the British were either wounded or disabled.‡§

But when General Greene returned three days later to the scene of the engagement, Lord Cornwallis had fled to Wilmington for safety and it was not long before he surrendered at Yorktown, Virginia.§*

On September 8, 1781, Greene redeemed himself at Eutaw Springs, South Carolina, in the hardest fought battle of the war. The British were forced to retreat to Charleston.§

Thus, by delving into history books many remarkable incidents are unfolded which took place in North Carolina during the Revolutionary period and her truly great part played in this critical time is unquestionably established.

* Stockard—*History of Guilford County, North Carolina.*

‡ Connor—*Makers of North Carolina History.*

§ Moore—*School History of North Carolina.*

IN AN EMPTY CHAPEL

DICK DOUGLAS

Sunlight, sifting in through stained glass windows,
Flooding with pale glow the empty chapel—
A glow of amber, violet, and red.
A strain of music drifts down from the organ,
Down from where, in the choir's balcony,
The belated organist, loitering o'er the keys,
Makes sure the notes of the following Sunday's mass.
The organist, young, dark-complexioned,
But possessed of that pale, white, haggard face
That marks a man harassed by some emotion
So he scarcely knows what to think or do,
Sits, staring blankly at the organ pipes,
Nor knows, nor looks to see where, on the keyboard,
His fingers wander softly from chord to chord.
Then from out the organ's pipes there drift
The notes, foreign to that chapel, of
"Salute d'Amor," then Schubert's "Serenade."
As the beautiful notes of these two fill the church,
A look of peace steals o'er the young man's face.
And as they slowly die away in silence,
With a look of gladness, to his work he turns,
And from out the organ's throat there quickly swells,
Filling the chapel, "Te Deum," grand, triumphant.

THE DRAGON IN A ROSE GARDEN

RUTH HEATH

(Awarded the O. Henry Prize at the June Commencement)

THERE is something rather fascinating about drinking tea in a rose garden. Even Malcolm Grey, brusque and worldly, found it almost disturbingly charming. It rather annoyed him to have it affect him thus, for Malcolm considered emotion as purely a womanly trait. He sat strumming absently on the little wicker table, his heavy eyebrows in a frown. Presently he set his cup down and stared intently at the woman opposite him.

"Do you know, Margaret," he said in a quiet voice, "I don't believe you realize that I am going away—perhaps forever."

Margaret fingered the roses pinned on her dress and said nothing. Malcolm found himself wishing she had not worn those yellow flowers. He looked at her for a moment and then rose with such violence that the chair fell back and caught on a bush. He made no move to pick it up. He was watching the smile on the woman's face as she looked towards the gate.

"Is she," he said, indicating the golden-haired child who was coming in the garden, "your dearest possession?"

Margaret looked at him startled for an instant; then she dropped her eyes.

"My dearest *possession*? Yes."

She began pouring tea with a hand that trembled slightly, and Malcolm turned to set up the chair. With great deliberation, he greeted the two intruders. They all seemed to fit in the picture, he thought, as he watched the proud old white-headed gentleman take his place at the table and the little girl with golden curls fling herself by her mother's side. The curls were a shade lighter than the roses that Margaret carried. He reached for his hat and said his goodbye to the man, and then turned to grasp Margaret's outstretched hand.

"Perhaps I shall see you again, Margaret," he said gravely.

The child looked up from the bunch of flowers she was playing with.

"Oh, are you going away, Mr. Grey?" she asked.

Malcolm nodded and smiled.

"But you are coming back, aren't you? My father went away once—Mother," she turned to the woman; "you said that he was coming back when the roses bloomed."

A dull flush went over Margaret's face. She rose nervously.

"I said perhaps, dear. Malcolm, I will walk—walk to the gate with you."

Neither of the two spoke until they reached the gate. Malcolm very quietly took her hand and stared at her searchingly.

"Margaret, are you—do you still think of your husband?"

She looked at him steadily.

"Five years is not long, Malcolm, and one cannot forget—some things."

He smiled.

"A pity—Margaret. If he came back, would you—*take* him back?"

The eyes under the wide-brimmed hat filled with tears, but she did not answer.

"Would you—and let the world laugh? Would you care what people would say?" the man persisted.

After a long silence Margaret spoke.

"If he was sorry, it wouldn't make any difference what the world would say. Haven't I been laughed at and pointed at anyway?" She turned impulsively. "You would understand if you had known him."

Malcolm sighed.

"I cannot ever tell you what this month of friendship has meant to me, Margaret. It has made me see things so differently."

He walked away a few steps and came back.

"Margaret, since I have known you, I have always thought of you as a princess in this garden. I wonder about the prince that has left the princess and the roses."

He turned and abruptly left her—Margaret, in a large-brimmed hat, standing among the yellow roses with the late, golden sky as a background.

* * * *

It was raining. Malcolm, his teeth clinched, turned up his collar a little more. When he reached the flats, his face was stern and set with determination. He entered his apartment and slammed the door behind him. The room seemed as desolate as the gray

world outside. Malcolm sank down in a chair. He did not see the man in the opposite side of the apartment hurry to him.

"Hello, Miles!" he said, shaking Malcolm's rather limped hand. "Just got in? D'you enjoy your vacation?"

"Yes. No. That is, of course." He slung his wet hat down and looked at the other angrily. "Why did you ask me?" He asked with sudden irritation and suspicion.

The man looked surprised.

"Ask you? Why, I suppose—well, isn't it the right thing to do?"

Malcolm strode to the other side of the room.

"Everything all right?"

"Quite."

"How's business?"

"Fine. Sold that last play this week."

Malcolm appeared not to be listening.

"Say, Roy," he broke off, "have you—decided to do what I wired you to?"

The man was silent. He frowned at Malcolm.

"I got the yellow roses you sent me, Miles," he said, avoiding the question. "Why did you send me *yellow* ones?"

Malcolm was taken off his guard at the sudden question.

"Why—I just thought you'd like them. Say, Roy," he was watching the man intently, "*do* you like them?"

Roy smiled bitterly.

"They have hurt me—horribly. They reminded me of a rose garden that I once lov—lived near."

Malcolm gritted his teeth in silence. Roses
Margaret

Roy had turned to his friend; his eyes were bright.

"They have made me decide. I never would have done it if you hadn't sent them, Miles. I'm going back to stay—if she will have me."

The hands behind the other's back were clinched, but his lips were smiling.

"Great," said Malcolm. "I knew you would do the right thing."

Roy looked at his watch.

"Before I go—I am going tonight—I want to ask you something, Miles. Why do you want me to go back to my wife?"

Malcolm looked at the floor.

"I've been thinking a great deal, Roy. Her picture kept on telling you to go and you didn't go—and, well, I saw how you needed her."

"That was the only reason?"

"Yes."

"And you advise me to go, knowing that I am a——"

"Yes, that you committed a crime five years ago is a small matter. A woman like," he pointed to the picture, "that always forgives."

Roy looked at it tenderly.

"Perhaps. At any rate, I can try. She didn't quit me then. I just left. I couldn't stay when she found out that I was a thief."

"It is queer that you were never caught," said Malcolm in a casual voice.

"No—you see it was from a fund that I stole the money. They wouldn't have found it out until a few years. They know now that it is gone, of course. But they would never suspect *me*. Margaret was the only one that ever knew. It was she from whom I was fleeing. Now, after all these years of——" his voice broke off.

Somewhere a clock chimed five, and Roy started violently.

"I must go . . . can't miss . . ." he mumbled incoherently as he disappeared in his bedroom.

Malcolm walked over to the picture smiling there beside the bunch of withered yellow roses.

"He'll get there before they all wither, Margaret. The dragon has withdrawn from the garden and the prince can come—is coming back again."

Roy came in, ready to go.

"I forgot the picture," he said, smiling; "I'll put it in my pocket."

Malcolm reached out his hand in protest.

"No, let it stay. You'll have her, and I won't have anything——" He flushed, confused, and hurried on. "That is, let me have it to remember you by."

Roy reluctantly gave it up and the two went silently down to the waiting taxi. There was scarcely a word said between them until Roy was safely on the train and Malcolm was standing beneath the window.

"Good luck, Roy," said Malcolm.

"Thanks. Thank you for everything, Miles."

"She'll be waiting," Malcolm said, jerkily.

There was something in his tone that made Roy look at him curiously, but the train was already moving and Malcolm became a blurred outline in the gray rain.

Malcolm turned away from the train with a feeling of hopelessness. He looked back to see Roy going towards the rose garden and—Margaret. He was so deep in his thoughts that he bumped into a big red-faced man.

"Hallo, there! Well, Smith, old man, I've been trying to get in touch with you for a month." He fixed his sharp black eyes on the man opposite him. With a little movement, he smoothed his coat and as he did so, a police badge gleamed out.

Malcolm shook his hand wearily but in a friendly way.

"Been out of town," he said shortly.

"On the case?"

"Yes."

"What's the sum-up?"

"Absolutely guiltless."

"Not the man, eh?"


"Certainly not. Roy Fleming never did a wrong deed in his life. I've investigated thoroughly."

The red-faced detective sighed.

"Guess it's all called off then. Can't go on forever looking up a criminal of five years ago. All dead dug-up stuff anyway—no definite proof. We'll keep our eyes open, but it lets the fellow off at least. You can report for a new case tomorrow, Smith."

"Yes, sir."

Malcolm squeezed his way through the crowd and began to walk fast. He had a vision of Margaret in the big, drooping hat, standing among the yellow roses with the late golden sky as the background. He brushed the rain from his lips, and as he did, he tasted tears.



COLORS IN THE WEAVE

AS THE NOTES DIE AWAY

HENRY BIGGS

Rhythm,
Click of the castanets,
Crash of the symbols,
Timed with slippered feet,
Urging,
Compelling.

Tone,
Rich in its mellowness,
Sad, then suddenly triumphant,
Time spring of emotions,
Deep,
Inexpressible.

Music,
The cry of immortal dreams,
Expression of nations of men
Aspiring toward Truth,
Melodious,
Inspiring.

MICKY

FRANCES CARTLAND

THE four doctors shook their heads and looked sadly at the young girl in the chair.

"Our decision is that you will never sing again."

The girl arose slowly, and without a word walked out of the office. Her face had a very strained look, and she walked down the street as though she saw nothing. She clenched her teeth to keep from screaming. It was a terrible blow to her, for she had had such a future before her.

She thought back on the night when she had been proclaimed the youngest opera-singer of the country. Why, the very silence after her songs had paid tribute to her voice. Then the hand-clapping and the many curtain calls made her know the more that she had succeeded in her great aim.

When she had gone to her dressing-room, she had found many notes and flowers. There had been invitations to dinner, but she had slipped off with Gene to their favorite little restaurant. She had appreciated his, "You were great, Micky!" more than the tributes of any audience. But the look in his eyes told her more. Also, had he not helped her to become what she was? When she had been discouraged, it was he who cheered her blues away. It was he who had persuaded her to keep on with her singing lessons when Herr Von Burgen became angry with her.

The next day the newspapers had called hers the golden voice of the world. But her triumph had been short-lived. Two days after that wonderful night, misfortune overcame her—the world blackened before her and at the thought of it now, she instinctively gritted her teeth. On the way to practice in the afternoon, she had been almost run over by a car. It had frightened her very much. She had stopped absolutely still, and had been unable to move, for what seemed hours, but was in reality only a few seconds. However, she had been able to go on to the theater, but when she started to sing not a note would come. She had tried again, but it was in vain. She had been very much frightened, but the manager told her that perhaps it was just a bit of stage-fright, and she could

try again later. However, when she had tried later, she still could not sing. Then she became quite alarmed and had gone to a throat specialist. He would not give his decision, but called in many other doctors. So, in turn, all the great throat specialists had examined her and they, as the last four, had said that she would be unable to sing again, that her vocal organs had been paralyzed by fright.

Looking up from her reverie, the girl suddenly found herself in front of her home. She went into the house and up to her room. There she locked the door. She did not cry: this was too great a thing to cry over. She just sat down and looked despairingly in front of her. For days she would not speak to anyone. She would not see any of her friends or even let her mother come in the room. She ate a bit, and slept a bit, and thought the rest of the time.

One night, a week later, her telephone rang, and she tried not to answer it, but it rang so persistently that she had to. A gruff voice spoke to her quickly and told her to come to Gene Lane's home immediately, as he was very sick with double pneumonia, and was calling for her.

All thoughts of her own misfortune left Micky, and she literally ran all the way to Gene's house. The doctor opened the door, and she tried to rush right by him, but he stopped her and said, "Miss Dane, his case is very serious, because he moves all the time in his delirium and calls for you. Perhaps, if you are able to quiet him, we can pull him through."

Before the words were hardly out of his mouth, she had gone up the steps and was searching for Gene's room. She soon found it, for the door was open, and she heard his voice. She went in, but stopped at the foot of the bed.

He had changed so much since she had last seen him. He was very white and thin, and his eyes were wide and staring. His hands never ceased to move restlessly over the bed-clothes and he was moaning something to himself. Suddenly he sat up in bed and cried out, "Micky!"

"Micky, Micky, please sing for me—you know, 'Russian Lullaby.' Micky, don't you hear me?"

She knew she could not sing, for all at once she remembered her loss. But she went to him, and took his hand. She talked to him, hoping that it would do some good, but he would not be denied. He wanted her to sing. He insisted so much that she thought she

must try. But when she did try, only a hoarse croak rewarded her efforts.

"I've got to sing," she whispered to herself; "I've got to do it for him."

Again she tried. Again it was but a croak. She made a last effort, and this time a marvelously clear note came. Then she sang the song he begged for. This quieted him; the crisis was past.

In this way Micky Dane regained her voice. All the papers gave the credit to the physicians; but we, who read this little story, know how Micky's voice returned.



THE VOICE OF THE VIOLIN

HELEN SHUFORD

It was a bitter Christmas Eve night. The streets were thronged with last-minute shoppers. Here and there one occasionally caught a glimpse of a well-clad figure, but for the most part the crowd which thronged the sidewalks consisted of day-laborers, who had had no opportunity until now to make their meager purchases.

Altogether it was a drab, bleak crowd. More than once one saw horror and absolute hopelessness etched on grim faces. It was going to be, it seemed, an unhappy Christmas for more than one family.

Suddenly, above the war of traffic and the voice of the people, the clear notes of a violin, playing Victor Herbert's immortal "Kiss Me Again," echoed in the air. The music was unnoticed at first, but gradually, a spell crept over the crowd. Faces softened, the ghosts of long-forgotten memories were stirred, and as the blind violinist played, now snatches from *Aida*, *Mignon*, *La Traviata*, the operas; now, bits of jazz; now, some of the classics—love songs, war songs—the crowd listened with tense bodies. Gradually the music grew calmer, quieter, and as the crowd was lifted far beyond the roaring traffic, the blind violinist—so peacefully—ended his concert with "Silent Night, Holy Night."

For a few seconds the crowd was motionless; then gradually it came back to reality, stirred and passed on with radiant faces.

NATURE'S SYMPHONY

DICK DOUGLAS

THERE is a great variety of powerful music in the elements of nature. In the thunder, the rain, a soft breeze in the pines, and the rushing of the wind up some steep canyon, there is found music that cannot be equalled by the human voice or by any human agency. It is not, perhaps, music as the term is commonly used, but to one who stops to listen and who sees with more than his eyes, it is a divine interpretation of some beautiful thought or feeling.

To the unseeing, unfeeling person, the rain and the thunder are only the falling of water and the playing of lightning among the clouds. But to one who understands, it is beautiful music. Sometimes, it almost seems to be the voice of God, speaking to His people through the great symphony of nature.

In the singing of the wind among the tree-tops, the melody of the joy and happiness of life is heard. It fills the listener with a desire to live and be happy. In the night, there is a difference. The music then is soft, deep, and sweet, yet somehow, infinitely sad—the night wind singing to the stars it cannot reach. The song seems to be wrenching forth the innermost longings of the soul of nature.

The maker of the first violin must have received his inspiration from the rushing of the wind through some deep canyon or valley. Now the wind is high, as the treble notes of the violin; now low, in the deep, thrilling tones of the cello, changing often, yet always expressing some emotion far too mysterious and grandly solemn for human intelligence to comprehend.

Some great musician once said that music is a divine method of communing with God. What holds true to this more than the music from the organ of the Almighty, having for its bellows the sky itself, and for its pipes mighty valleys and eternal hills?

But in the storm is the true music of nature found. Here all the elements combine into one immense and mighty orchestra, crashing out a grand and majestic symphony. There are the drums of thunder and the cymbals of lightning, rolling, crashing, and echoing through the sky; the violins and their kindred instruments

expressed by the rushing of the waters and the howling of the tempest; and the deep, solemn tones of the basses interpreted by the moaning of the wind among the trees and hills.

It is strange, inspiring reverence. It is the voice of the things of which we are made; strong things, indefinable, yet eternal. It is the link connecting us with eternity, immortality. And if this be not music, then what is?



A SWAN SONG

IRENE MCFADYEN

The beauty of the young singer was reflected in the silvery tones of her voice; the audience sat spellbound. It was something more than an ordinary concert and an ordinary singer. It was the swan song of June Ware. And it was tragedy, stark tragedy.

June Ware was a young artist who had made a place for herself in the world of music. But the end of her career had come. It was reported that she was losing her voice, and tonight was her last night. So June was singing her farewell song to her beloved public.

Sobs rose in the throats of the audience as her bell-like voice broke on the last note. There was no sound of applause. A sorrowful crowd made its way slowly out of the hall. A slight, dejected figure stood for the last time on the deserted stage. It was tragedy, stark tragedy.

As he drove slowly homeward through the wet, slippery streets, Dr. Mason, lifelong friend and physician of June, mused aloud:

"Her art was June's chief interest until she met this young architect. And to think that she would invent this idea of her losing her voice. Of course, she could not marry him and have her career. Not that he ever wanted her to give it up. But, God! the dreams and ambitions that she gave up tonight. And all for a plodding young architect. It's love, stark love."

THE ORIGIN OF JAZZ INSTRUMENTS

RUTH LEWIS

THE more conservative people of today bitterly criticize jazz, saying that it is barbaric and contains really no musical qualities. As a matter of fact, there were after all some very distinguished persons who started the use of those bizarre sounds that are so often heard in a jazz orchestra. Schubert used to amuse his friends by singing "Erlking" through a comb wrapped with paper. Tschai-kowsky used the same method in order to get his effects in the "Dance of the Mirlitons." Even a century ago Eulenstein received a decoration from the King of England for playing sixteen jew's harps, which were considered excellent musical instruments at that time.

The saxophone, the despair of every opposer of jazz, was invented by Antoine Sax about seventy-five years ago, being at first used only for church music. It must have differed greatly from what it is now, for it is said that Mendelssohn refused to use it in his orchestra because it was too mournful.

The banjo, though, comes from a more common origin and is entirely American. It is supposed to have been invented by a negro slave from an old cheese box. Although it is condemned by foreigners, it has taken its place in the American jazz orchestra and is often given parts that no other instruments would dare try. The tone of the banjo carries far and serves to harmonize the whole dance orchestra.

The origins of the various instruments, though simple, are rather ingenuous. The Kazoo, which is often used in a dance orchestra, is simply a result of the paper-and-comb combination of Schubert. Many of the other instruments have just such ordinary origins, and so it can be concluded that the jazz instruments of the present day are not as uncivilized as is often thought.

“MUSIC HATH POWER—”

JAMES LASSITER

OLD Colonel John Cameron slowly but grandly strode into his library, seated himself in his favorite armchair, and prepared for an evening of solitude. He lit his pipe and slowly pulled the chair up to his radio. He fumbled with the dials until an announcer's voice broke the silence. Soon a crashing jazz piece started off. Once more he worked with the dials until the melodious tunes of a pipe organ were heard. Satisfied with this, he stretched out his stiff frame and seemed to muse over the melodies.

The music stopped, but in a few moments began anew. This time it played over the old song of his childhood, "School Days." He looked back over the misty years to where he could see himself a little barefoot boy wearily trudging to school. He slowly smiled when he remembered how he scared the teacher one day by putting a rat in the desk. He smiled again when he thought of the lickings the teacher gave him for his mischievous pranks. The music stopped.

Again the pipe organ started playing. This time it played the full strains of the "Overture from William Tell." As he listened, he thought of himself as he grew from a small boy into a well-built man. He had always kept clean physically and spiritually, and tried to be a real man. As the music slowly broke into "Sousa's March," he swelled with pride, remembering the time when he saved the day for his alma mater on the football field, when he raced ninety yards through the full opponents' line for a touchdown.

With a crash the organist started on "The Star-Spangled Banner." The Colonel sat up straight and smiled grimly, for it brought back memories of "ninety-eight" when he fought side by side with Theodore Roosevelt in the Spanish-American War. He recalled the famous charge up San Juan Hill. He had been wounded in the scrap and nearly died of fever, but nevertheless, he could proudly exhibit a medal for bravery.

The organ quieted again, but soon began on "O Sole Mio." The Colonel settled back in the chair and closed his eyes, but still he puffed on his pipe. The organist played on. Soon the pipe dropped from the Colonel's mouth and he fell asleep.

MUSIC

VIRGINIA MCKINNEY

Music of the Wind

High staccato—low, moaning—a whirlwind of sound, as rhythmic as any composer's masterpiece—beating around obstacles, as an accomplished musician beats, with ever-changing technique, upon the piano—slow, moaning in the country, thrilling the children of nature—snappy, jazzy, tantalizing in the city—sweeping up streets—whirling around trees—swishing—whistling—singing—music—

Music of the Rain

A lazy, steady drip-drop—pattering on house-tops—gurgling along streets—beating upon passers-by, caressing upturned faces with ever-increasing rapidity—splashing in torrents down empty streets—each drop a lovely tinkle—glistening—warm—fresh—each patter a welcome note—bubbling—wooing—lulling—each beat an eager hope—joyous—enchanted—splashing—swirling—confused—rustling—and always Music—Music—



HARMONY

MARGARET HIGH

Shuffling feet and clapping hands,
Nodding heads and swaying bodies,
Brawny negroes singing—
Harmony.

Guitars, bones and harps,
Tenors, basses, and altos,
Wooly heads bent low together—
Harmony.

THE UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

ED STAINBACK

*"Heard melodies are sweet,
But those unheard are sweeter."*

Nothing brings out the truth of these words so clearly as Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony." Sweet as are the notes of this wonderful composition, how much richer and purer is the melody which continues in the imagination! The composer could hardly have added a more graceful charm than the imagination supplies in the unfinished masterpiece, and though thousands have attempted to complete the melody, in every instance it falls short of the perfection at which they aimed.

Is this not true, more or less, in everything that we see or hear? There seems to be an abstract of perfection in the mind that is never fully reached in reality. Just as there exists a perfection in music which is never realized in any composition, so in goodness and beauty there is also an ideal which can never be obtained. We are conscious of this, and consequently, our imaginations supply us with pictures and sounds that are far beyond those that actually affect our senses. We have thoughts that we cannot express, and we dream dreams which we know can never be realized. Who, though, can deny that these are the sweetest of all?



If all the music hushed on earth,
How empty life would be,
For all the very best in life
Would break its harmony.

—Le Grand Johnson

MY MUSIC

ELVIE HOPE

Now, music's a consolation, seems to me—
Of course, I mean the music that I know:
The harsh, monotonous pounding of the sea,
The soft, the quiet sound of falling snow.

Sometimes when weighted down with sense of wrong
And weary-worn with the struggle called life
I gain a quiet rest in some bird's song—
A calm, safe harbor from the sickening strife.

There's peace and quiet and contentment all around
In just the pit-a-pat of April rain
That falls so sweetly on the fresh-turned ground,
And breathes of life, boundless life, out again.

The roar of surging waters fills my ear,
As darkening clouds gather far out at sea,
And mighty songs from out the deep I hear—
O heart, awaken! There's music there for thee!

There's music in the twinkling of the stars
On frosty nights in silence I can hear,
And not one tiny imperfection mars
The beauty of those lights, so bright, so clear.

My soul grows peaceful, just glad to wake at morn
And hear the sigh of west winds, soft and low,
So like a small, sweet lullaby, that's borne
To me from out the treasured long ago.

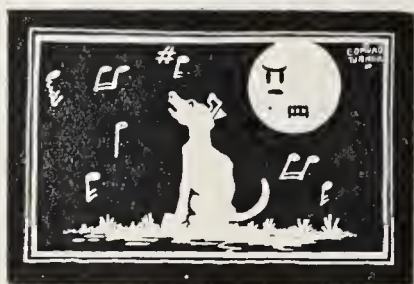
Seems to me there's music tone in these,
In just the things that happen every day—
In just the sound of rain, the roar of seas—
To make me happy when I'm sad and gray.

MUSIC ON THE SEA

DAVID STERN

The world is full of music of all varieties, but nowhere will there be found music like that of a mighty ocean liner as it ploughs its way through the trackless sea. The great engines of the monster ships throb continually with an even and regular beat, and give to a lover of the sea a feeling of the greatest contentment and happiness, which can not be obtained in any other way. The gentle rolling of the ship from side to side makes one rather lazy since one has nothing to do, nothing to worry over; it gives one an exquisite sense of ease. The soft splash of the waves one after another, as they break against the iron sides of the boat, the faint whirr of the propeller, as it forces the ship onward, can not be equaled by the work of our greatest musicians. The blue and white of the sky above and the blue of the endless waters below add a pleasing touch to the ship's own music.

This is the most pleasing and fascinating music in the world, the tune of a great ocean liner.



WARP AND WOOF

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Romance

EACH one of us is more or less a denizen of two worlds. In the first place there is the serious, matter-of-fact world in which we conduct our business, study our lessons, eat our three meals a day, and go through all the motions of a routine existence. Then there is another world—a world unreal and glamorous, in which we dream, vaguely plot out our futures, live over again the now-enchanted moments of our past. Each one of us must be something of a romanticist to live, in the true sense of the word.

This romance by which we live is of various types. Some of it is part of the traditional mass of romance which has lived and grown in the dreams of men for centuries. This is of a peculiarly charming flavor—associated with the mysterious, splendid past of legend, or exotic, incense-breathing lands across the sea—the romance of far-off things. Old ballads chant of it; old men in

salty-fragrant ports tell of it with low, reverent voices; it lives in the sensuous, compelling words of certain writers; it lives more keenly in the eyes of young men feeling for life. Then there are some things close at hand which are so wonderful to us, so removed from prosaicism that we must class them as belonging to our world of romance. There are just a few moments, real or unreal, like this in our lives, perhaps—a momentous discovery, a glorious achievement, an irresistible passion.

Romance comes to us in various ways. Sometimes it comes in direct experience, more often through literature or the arts. A great deal, in particular, comes through music—perhaps the most flexible of all forms of expression which man has devised. All the charm of far-off things, all the vivid emotion of things close and tender to our lives are captured in music. Music is our escape, our respite from the grim machine-drive of existence. Under the spell of flowing sounds we transcend the limitations of our environment and realize ourselves completely. Perhaps we are only the victims of a joke—one of the ruses employed by Nature to accomplish her ends. Nevertheless, knowing that the spell is an illusion destroys none of its charm for us. Before long most of us come to realize that the things in life worth the struggle are the tangible, illusory things.

Carlton Wilder



Our Third Year

With this issue's appearance is ushered in HOMESPUN's third year of existence. The beginning was hard, tedious, and slow; it was like a young child seeking expression, at times awkward, handling itself rather clumsily, but obstinately determined to attract attention and succeed. It was the inspiration of "Bobby" Wunsch, past-teacher and the student's comrade and beloved friend; and it was sheltered and encouraged during those early days by Miss Laura Tillet and others interested in Greensboro High School's literary and intellectual growth. Blessed with such a background and guarded by this protecting care it grew.

The second year brought HOMESPUN renewed vigor. There was a firm foundation to build upon; experience suggested numerous improvements. The art work grew stronger as Ed Turner's brush became more mature. Original departments were improved upon. New ones were added. Thus two years ended with a degree of local and national recognition.

Another year presents itself. There are new plans, new ideas, new editors; plans that will more permanently entrench HOMESPUN as a Greensboro High School institution; ideas that will unify in one expression the pith and substance of the year's endeavors; a staff, competent, energetic, and interested. HOMESPUN once more stands ready to reflect the thought and express the creative impulse of this student body. It only remains for the student body to co-operate by offering its whole-hearted support.

Henry E. Biggs



Looking Forward

With this issue HOMESPUN initiates a new plan. A single theme for the year has been adopted—The World of Romance; and each of the five issues published is to be a step in the development of this theme. Each will attempt to express the romance found in a particular phase of our life, as this one attempts to do in the field of music. The subjects for the next four numbers will probably be chosen from the following list: The Rialto Pit—Romance of Stage and Screen; Tarheelia—Romance of Our Native State; Fantasy—Romance of Make-Believe; Sea Poets—Romance of Roving Existence; *Vivo*—Romance of Life and Living; Humble Lords—Romance of Prosaic Toil.

We feel that this is a step forward for HOMESPUN. It has been a distinguishing mark of this magazine since its first appearance that each issue is planned with a definite purpose in view, a definite idea to be developed. Now the purpose for a whole year is defined; the issues while covering a variety of subjects will be linked by one idea, dominating all. We are striving for a singleness of impression, a harmony of tone which before has been impossible of achievement. We believe that a more artistic product will be the result.

We would like to enlist the entire school in this project. Those who have been interested in HOMESPUN since its earliest days have had to struggle against the idea that the magazine was intended for a minority-product. Possibly this view is still held by a large number of students today. Nevertheless, it is wrong. Contributions will be welcomed from any member of the student body. Of course certain standards must be maintained by which all material is accepted or rejected. But these standards of literary work are worthwhile goals to strive for. Self-expression is part of the basis upon which our civilization rests; the person who cannot express himself clearly and convincingly loses out in the shuffle. We are glad to say that more and more students are finding these goals worth while as time goes on. Our list of contributors grows constantly; but we cannot too strongly urge the fact that its growth is something which we will do all in our power to encourage.

Carlton Wilder



TANGLED THREADS

“THE MINUET”

HENRY BIGGS

THE soft, sweet notes of a violin crept across the park; so gently did it fall upon the human ear that one was hardly aware of its existence; it seemed to ride upon the meekest summer breeze and intermingle with the faint rustling foliage. The moon projected long shadows upon the benches and the white gravel path. With the rhythm of the “Minuet” these shadows swayed and danced like half-hidden nymphs whose forms are obscured in the darkness, dancing on a green.

I.

Across the river in a scant black hole used as a room that abutted on the river sat a rather young man, his face and shoulders just visible in the narrow shaft of moonlight admitted by the window. He was bent forward, allowing his chin to rest on the inturned palms of both hands. His eyes were closed, and an expression of great pain fixed itself upon his somewhat drawn face.

There was a shudder. He fell upon the bed; arose again; staggered toward the window, feeling his way blindly. He appeared not to know that he had reached it and swayed far out over the slow-running river that glided by, a story and a half below. An arm braced against the window-framing—and then—music.

In the midst of his despair he became aware of an inner light—a vision—music—an old love. She never knew; it never seemed possible that she could ever know. The hand clutched the sill in a straining grip; the face became more bright. To her he had appeared unapproachable, peculiarly indifferent, extremely unfathomable, most uninteresting because of his seriousness. He had ven-

tured to take her out just once. Then there had been excuses, excuses that were evident gestures. He was proud—the “Minuet”—her face. He had fought on, conquered, been conquered, but had never loved again. His mouth tightened, and the music seemed to tear at his soul.

The music ceased. All was sunken in eternal blackness.

II.

A trim figure stood upon a balcony and wondered at the magnitude of the night about her. Strains of the “Minuet” came to her ears, and she became strangely lonely.

“It must be the beauty of the moon,” she whispered as the notes melted away.

Within, an orchestra struck up a dance. Shadows of the dancers crossed between the bright lights and the windows.

III.

An aged hand laid aside an old violin. The strings still quivered as the case was closed. As the strings had ceased to tremble, so did the day. Morning found the nimble hands stiff and cold.



“AMERICA SINGING”

HELEN SHUFORD

Among the memories stored away in my treasure-house, there is an especially vivid one which comes again and again to my mind.

I see a throng of people, packed in a great auditorium—the mighty and the low, the wealthy and the poor, the homely and the beautiful, the great and the small, singing—“Keep the Home Fires Burning.” As they sing an undercurrent runs through the crowd; slowly they move closer to their neighbor; a feeling of sympathy, of understanding, of kinship steals into the hearts of all. Truly, they kept the “home fires burning.”

So was it in the World War—so shall it be in Peace—so shall it be forever—men will go forward—drawn together by the voice of music, the song of life—we shall see—America singing.

PAN

MABEL BLOCK

Of course it was only a fairy story—that story which the people of Greece used to tell their children, years and years ago, about the queer little fellow called Pan. Pan, so they said, had the head and body of an old man, a tight, curly beard, and horns sprouting out of his forehead. From his waist down—a marvelous thing—he was like a goat. The Greeks worshipped this queer little fellow.

One day (it's only a fairy story, I know) Pan happened to pass by a beautiful river, on whose banks were growing tall reeds. He tore off a handful of these and made from them something that looked like a pipe, and since that time have been called the "Pipes of Pan." The reeds were hollow, and when he blew through them pretty sounds came forth. The Greeks thought that this was one of the ways that music first began, but—dare I say it—they were greatly mistaken, for music of some kind has been a part of the life of men from the earliest times.



RAIN AT NIGHT

CARLTON WILDER

I like the music of rain best at night. One of the most soothing sensations of which I have any knowledge is to listen to gently-falling rain when one is drowsing off beneath the warm cover. There is a light, caressing patter on the roof—a rhythmical patter of many tiny taps. Mingled with this is a softer rustling note—that of the drops striking the matted leaves outside. Then there is the water dripping from the roof, splashing as it strikes the soggy ground. The air is full of wet, pleasant sounds—dripping, splashing, gurgling, sucking sounds. And occasionally a gust of wind

breaks the rhythm of it all. The trees shiver and shake off a volley of drops like wet dogs drying themselves. Then the breeze subsides; the same gentle song of the rain continues. It is so soothing. One drowns

A storm coming up at night furnishes a very different sensation. It is the music of the elements turned loose—wild, free, expressing themselves madly, grandly. At first there is only an ominous muttering and the air is silent, oppressive. One turns restlessly. The storm creeps up nearer, nearer, till it breaks suddenly with a crash. The wind screams. The trees sway; they bend; they groan. The rain pours down in a hissing flood; a gurgling stream splashes off the roof. Everything is overflowing with water. The thunder rends the air with its explosive crashes. Dizzy lightning reveals a weird world that appears and vanishes in a second. So it continues.

But the storm subsides as rapidly as it came up. The thunder fades into the distance, growling sullenly; the rain grows more gentle; it ceases. Still the roof drips, drips, and the trees cast down an occasional shower. But the rhythm of the dripping grows slower and slower. It will stop soon. A fresh, clean smell of wet vegetation floats in the window. Night insects chirp and hum. The concert of the elements takes up another theme.



THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES

RUTH YARBOROUGH

The planets small do swirl and swing,
Up in the air, they say;
They move and twirl and drift along,
And music queer they play.

They sing of secrets old and new,
Of treasures to be found.
But though we tune our radio,
We never catch the sound.

THE TROUBADOURS

HAZEL JENKINS

IN Southern France, Spain, and Italy a class of poets, the troubadours, were distinguished from the minstrels and strolling musicians by the fact that they indulged in verse-making for the love of it, and not for money. Their group included many nobles and kings. By far the largest number of the troubadours belonged to the noble class, while no fewer than twenty-three of their number were reigning princes. These noble troubadours were distinguished by their wealth and independence from those who made their song their profession. Generally speaking, the latter was composed of men from all ranks of society.

The majority of the troubadours led a wandering life, frequently traveling beyond the limits of their own country. Others, mostly those who were tired of wandering, attached themselves to the households of great feudal lords and to the courts where they played an important part.

There were no fixed schools of poetry for learning the troubadour's art. They acquired it either by attaching themselves as pupils to some celebrated troubadour, or by visiting the great chateaux which the more distinguished poets were accustomed to frequent. The convent, too, was a great school of song; the monks had both the means and time to cultivate the taste for poetic composition, and there were many monks among the troubadours.

Composers of charming love poems, expressed in the musical Provençal dialect, they stand out in literary history as interesting figures of the romantic age of chivalry. However, as love is the most powerful of human emotions, it is in the *canso* (a love-poem generally addressed to some lady) that we shall expect to find the fullest expression of the troubadour spirit. It need hardly be said that the great feature of the troubadour love-poetry is the glorification of the married woman. It is said that the great work of the troubadour was to raise the married woman to a higher stage, to draw the *femmo* from the low esteem in which she was formerly held and which she still obtains in the East. They idealized beauty, grace and courtesy, and in their verses praised the

romance of war and adventure; but more than all, they sang of the beauty of love.

The poetry of the troubadours shows an increasing refinement and delicacy of sentiment. Among its special features, we are struck by the influence of external nature, of the seasons, and especially of spring, upon the poet's mood; by the fact that secrecy from all men is an essential to the lover; he dare not boast abroad of his conquest. Especially noteworthy is the stress laid upon the fact that without love there can be no song, an idea which led to the personification of love; and also upon the fact that by love a man is ennobled, is spurred to greater effort, is superior to all other men.

These singers had great privileges of speech and censure. They entered into questions of politics and also sometimes ventured to upbraid the evil customs of the times. Their compositions were intended to be sung to the accompaniment of some musical instrument. In most cases the poets themselves composed the melodies for their pieces. There is no doubt that many of the troubadours sang and accompanied their own compositions. But those who were unable to do so were obliged to have professional musicians to accompany them.

Sometimes the troubadours were accompanied by "jongleurs," who sang their masters' verses, to the accompaniment of the guitar. It was usually considered beneath the dignity of a troubadour to be his own fiddler. If the "jongleur" was a man of originality, he might rise to be a troubadour; and similarly, if the troubadour disgraced himself or fell upon evil days, he might sink to the "jongleur" class.

The classic period of the troubadours lasted until about 1210, and was contemporaneous with the magnificence of the nobles in the south of France. The great cause, however, of the fall and ruin of the troubadours was the struggle between Rome and the heretics. This broke out into actual war in June, 1209. Most of the protectors of the troubadours were, if not heretics, indulgent to the heretical party, and shared in their downfall.

A SIREN'S MUSIC

MARTHA SYKES

"Don, dear, don't you care at all? You know that I care and always have! I would adore to go through life with you, dear. Just us two."

"Alice, my own Alice, do you really mean that you care? You can't mean that it's me you love! Why, I never dreamed that you honestly meant it. With you to help me I could do wonders. I'm the happiest man alive. Alice, say you love me and that you will be my wife!"

"Don, I love you. Now, let me sing you a little song. All for you, dear."

So there in the garden Don listened to Alice's lovely voice as she sang: "*C'est vous, c'est vous*; I have whispered adieu to the others; *c'est vous, c'est vous, c'est vous!*" And Don, thrilling at the touch of her hand, left Alice.

But she was not alone long, for Sam appeared.

"My heavens, Alice, I thought you were an angel standing there. You are so beautiful, Alice. Come, sit by me and let's talk."

"Sam, it seems so good to see you. I have waited so long."

"Alice, do you mean what you told me long ago? Have you considered my offer? Do not let it be 'no' this time. Please tell me quick!"

"Sam, dear, I have waited and considered and it is 'yes.' I have always loved you. Even when I refused you last year, my heart was saying 'yes.' I am yours, Sam!"

"Alice, I can't talk now. My heart is too full of joy. Sing to me."

And again that evening, Mr. Moon smiled down on the two below, and the soft strains of "*C'est vous*" floated to the man in the moon.

After Sam had left, Alice remade her face while waiting for Jack to arrive. Sitting in the most becoming attitude that she knew, she hummed to herself.

"Ah, Jack, how you startled me! I was thinking of you. Isn't it funny how your heart will tell you?"

"Alice, I don't believe in beating around the bush. To be frank with you, I am in love. The girl doesn't care and I have no idea whether to propose or not. What should I do?"

"Why, silly, propose, of course. She couldn't help but accept you, you're such a dear!"

"All right then; Alice Martin, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Jack! I shall not say that this is sudden, because I have been dying to say 'yes' to you all the time. You were just too stupid to see it! Of course I'll marry you now; shall I sing to you?"

And again Mr. Man-in-the-Moon sleepily turned his head as he recognized the familiar "*C'est vous*" below him.

Three hearts were broken and all because of a girl and a song. And yet, the music of the siren lives on to entice.



DAYS

IRENE McFADYEN

Dreary dark days,
Heavy hot days,
Slow pattering rain—
Depression.

Bright shiny days,
Long lazy days,
Warm gold sun—
Unrest.

Damp misty days,
Cool humid days,
Low grey fog—
Dreams.

Piercing cold days,
Brisk snappy days,
Biting blowing wind—
Pep.

THE BUGLE'S SONG

CARL LANE BROWN

Into the hearts of a nation's peaceful people suddenly there came a call—"to colors—to colors!" The whole world was plunged into a horrible war to satisfy the demands of a selfish German ruler.

Reluctantly, at first, the notes sounded; then bravely and snap-pily echoed the call. The bravest of America's fathers, brothers, and sons, with determined ambitions, undaunting courage, with grim smiles on their lips, and homeland songs in their hearts, joined that fighting throng.

In cold weather or warm, cloudy days or fair, the sound of "Reveille" called these men to a veritable inferno, to march to the front and fight in driving storms in the already blood-red "No-Man's-Land." There they fought under shrieking shells, amid groans of the dying and ghastly faces of those who had already passed to where no bugle sounds retreat or charge.

The shades of many dawns deepened into shadows of night over "No-Man's-Land." Still the shells shrieked; still the cannon moaned, and men plunged headlong into death. Out beyond the battlefields stalwart American soldiers, with tears trickling down their faces, lowered the remains of their comrades and brothers, and covered them over with the soil for which they died, while the bugle sounded its sweet farewell:

"Day is done;
Gone the sun
From the lake,
From the hill,
From the sky.
All is well,
Safely rest,
God is nigh."

FROZEN MUSIC

JOSEPH HENDRICKS

Architecture, one of the finest of the fine arts, was long ago graced with the name of "frozen music" by some lover of beauty. This I regard as the most fitting and appropriate compliment ever paid to the art. The more one studies these two words, the more he is fascinated by them as they apply to architecture. He visualizes, in his mind's eye, the beautiful music of centuries suddenly metamorphosized and crystallized into towering structures of all kinds: temples, churches, palaces, and tombs of kings.

Under the fingers of the musician, the voice rises, falls, and is lost. Under the pen of the master architect, the voice is regained, molded, and transformed into an enduring and everlasting monument to the art.

The lure of beautiful buildings has irresistibly drawn travelers from all parts of the globe in all ages to the tombs of the mighty Pharaohs of Egypt, to the temples of the golden age of Greece, to the state buildings of imperial Rome, to the mysterious mosques of Constantinople, to the luxurious palaces of Venice, and to the hallowed cathedrals of France. The traveler stands on the stone floor of a cathedral in Paris while his eyes wander upward and upward to the vaulted roof. Here floods of golden sunshine pour through the stained-glass windows and flow down to the floor, casting haloes of light on the statues of the saints grouped along the walls. The traveler leaves the great building with his soul flooded with this wondrous beauty and with a greater appreciation of the majesty of God. Truly, then, is there power in this "frozen music"!



Music, that is God's gift to man
Handed to us from ancient Pan,
Throbbing and pulsing through eons of time,
Appealing with rhythm to souls sublime.

—Charles Root, Jr.

MY AIDE-DE-CAMP

JOHN FOSTER

Ever since I was old enough to wonder—and being a normal boy, that was pretty soon after my first birthday—I wondered why all the other boys had one, and I didn't. Surely I had been slighted!

Gee, it would be great to have it to play ball with. Maybe it could help me play football. Often I had heard of the advantages it had given other boys. Really, I must have one!

My imagination ran wild on the subject, and often I would imagine orally, which did, naturally, make me the object of much fun.

Soon, my imaginings were changed to realities. I really had it now, just like the other boys. It was really my own, even though I had not yet seen it.

Hurriedly, I tore up the closet getting my mitt and glove. But, oh my, where did I put my ball? The last time I had it was when Jimmie's *it* and I were in the front yard. No, it's not in the front yard now. Oh, yes, that's right; I remember putting it in the punch bowl on the serving-table. Oh boy, now for some real fun with it!

"Where is it?" I asked.

Into the bedroom I was directed, but as I opened the door, I couldn't find it at all.

"Where is it, mother? Please give it to me; I want to show it to Bill."

A nauseated feeling gripped me as I peeped into a big, pink basket by the bed. Ugh, how red, and goodness, it wasn't half the size of Skinny's. Surely I was born under an unlucky star.

At this moment it let up a long yell, "Wah-ah-ah-ah!"

Again I had been cheated! This thing was no good for a football or baseball aide. But then, as I stopped up my ears with my fingers to try to plug out this extraordinary disturbance, gradually regaining contact with my injured ear drums, I thought that surely there was one good feature. He would make a knockout cheerio!

THE FLUTE

REBEKAH LOWE

Far away from the footprints of the white man, near the banks of an unknown river, the raging fire was sending its hungry flames almost to the tops of the sighing pines surrounding it.

It was the night of the great Caribou Carnival! The meat was frizzling and would soon be done. Men, women, and children thronged around the big fire. Almost every wigwam was empty; both old and young attended the great feast. Above the shrieks of the hungry Sioux could be heard the continual beat of the tom-toms keeping time to a weird melody.

The warriors had been very lucky that day, and at dusk had brought in five large cariboux—hence, the bountiful feast. So seldom were they able to behold such a sight, that when an opportunity was given there were few who remained in their wigwams. Thoughts of other tribes were banished. Every savage mind was centered on the celebration.

However, at the other end of the village, in the shadow of a long leaf pine, stood a beautiful Indian maiden. Did she dare on this night of nights to remain in seclusion? Yes! Why should she attend the festival? They were not her kindred. She was not a Sioux, but a Cherokee. Neither did she waver at the dull shrieks of her enemies, nor did she heed the beat of the tom-toms.

Her thoughts were of Iowaka, the brave—idol of his tribe—her lover. She had seen him the night before. He had told her in tender words to be beside the rock facing the edge of the steep precipice. There he would give her his answer. Would it be yes or no? Had Iowaka's father consented to the union of his son to a girl from another tribe? Would Iowaka break the laws of his kindred? Would he remember the tryst? At the thought of his failure to do so, the cold Indian blood in Mabella's veins began to boil.

Love overcame doubt, and quietly she slipped over the rocks and through the pines. The yelping hounds and the weird melody were unheeded. As quietly as a mouse and as stealthily as a leopard, she made her way to the rock. There she would wait. As she

paused in the shadow of the rock, again came the reminder of the Caribou Roast—the music, the yelps and shrieks. Mabella wondered.

As she turned her eyes back toward the great precipice, her heart stood still! There with his perfect form silhouetted against the pale blue glimmer of the September moon was her lover! As a statue he stood. His gaze was far away. For a moment it seemed that not a sound was made. Not a leaf stirred. Not a bird chirped. All was breathless silence to Mabella.

Finally, Iowaka moved a fraction of an inch. Then slowly, as he brought his arms upward, the outline of his flute could be recognized in the distance.

As the murmur of a stream and the sighing of the pines it came—that song. The light stacatto notes were perfect. Following them, Iowaka's fingers, resembling the wings of a moth, trilled one note and then another. A pause! Mabella held her breath. A light minor melody was whispered through the flute. A faint, soft portamento reached Mabella's ears; then a gradual crescendo.

As the last trill faded, Mabella awoke from her blissful trance. Then it was that she realized the answer which Iowaka had given.



THE MINOR CHORD

MARGARET BAIN

Blair peered through the window of the moving train. No wonder Elizabeth had been so elated at first over the South; for it was beautiful, he had to admit, with its tall, green pines, brown and white cotton patches, and rolling cornfields. But, no, she had been disappointed. She had as much as confessed it to him in her last letter. Poor little girl! What a tough time of it she'd had. She who was used to money, could not have been happy stranded here in these woods, away from her home, her family, and her music. And how she loved her music! He wondered how Elizabeth had been first attracted to Dick—possibly because he could play a violin. But does a violin mean food—and a home? With all of his money, he thought, he could have given her these.

As the train moved southward, the air grew warmer, and by the time he reached Elizabeth's station an almost summer day had settled over the countryside.

An old man, between chews and spits, showed the stranger the direction of Elizabeth's house.

As Blair approached, he could see Elizabeth within, busy with the dishes. A large room, more like a hall, and a tiny kitchen constituted the whole downstairs. Upstairs—probably the bedrooms.

"Blair!" She had turned and seen him.

"Elizabeth—Gee, but I'm glad to see you. It's been nearly four years. Stand still; I want a good look at you."

"But, Blair—why—why are you here? I didn't know——"

"Where's Dick?"

"He's out. Practicing, I guess. But you didn't answer my question."

"Practicing—always practicing. Elizabeth, I've come to take you back home with me. Don't say you won't go. I've come after you."

Elizabeth did not answer. It was getting dark, and from within the pine thickets Blair could hear the shrill voices of crickets and katydids.

"Blair, wait until morning. Wait until you've met Dick."

* * * * *

Blair sat before his window, staring out at the stars. Well, that was over, meeting Dick. He wasn't such a bad sort, after all. Just queer. He wondered what Elizabeth had meant. Blair could hear them stirring around in the next room. A door creaked. Someone was going down the stairs. Dick. Where could he be going? Probably—by God, he'd see; he'd follow him.

Elizabeth came down early the next morning. She planned to prepare breakfast before waking Blair, and before going after Dick. Dick would be asleep out there in the pine thicket with his violin. When he was worried he always did that. Probably he had guessed the purpose of Blair's visit. But didn't he know that she loved him too much to leave him—ever? She must hasten to waken Blair.

She smiled when there came no response to her knock at his door. He was sleeping peacefully despite his declaration that he

would not. She opened the door quietly. Only a small white note stared at her from the bed. Trembling, she picked it up and read:

Dear Elizabeth:

Last night after we had all gone to our rooms, I heard Dick go out. I don't know what possessed me, but I followed him. And, Elizabeth, I thank God I did. He had his violin with him, and when he reached the thickest part of the forest he began to play. God, how that man played! Elizabeth, I can't explain it, but that changed everything for me. You can understand, for you love him.

I am leaving before you awaken. Forgive me for being so selfish.

BLAIR



ECHO

WINONA HORRY

There is music in the air,
But where?
It is always slipping
Here and there.
It will skip among the trees;
It is wafted on the breeze;
But you'll never, never catch it,—
It's not there!

It will fool you, oh, so often—
So it will.
If you sought it, you'd be hunting
For it still.
If you were looking high or low,
It would say, "I told you so."
For it's nothing but a jolly little
Echo!

THE PIPES OF PAN

MAUDE HOBBS

In the wondrous days of long ago, when the gods walked on earth, and the nymphs filled the world with their merriment, many odd things happened. It was during this time that the god, Pan, fell in love with the wood-nymph, Syrinx. Queer it may seem, but the love of Pan frightened Syrinx, and she called on the water-nymphs to protect her.

They wished for no harm to come to this delicate nymph, so they changed her into a lovely water-reed that whispered as the winds blew over her. Pan, hearing her beautiful voice, lifted a handful of the reeds to his lips, and then, no longer hearing her voice, he sighed; when, lo! the breath of his sigh on the hollow reeds made music!

Pan was overjoyed, and wishing to hear the voice of the beautiful Syrinx always, bound the reeds together, and from that time was never seen without them. Pan blew these reeds at all times and in this way the other nymphs became acquainted with the lovely voice of the reeds, and called them the "Syrinx" or the "Pipes of Pan."



THE LULLABY OF MY CHILDHOOD

HELEN HAYNE

I remember that when I was a child, mother would rock me to sleep in the favorite old armchair that was used when she was a tiny girl. Of the many songs that she sang, there was one that held me spellbound. This was "Humoresque." No matter what childish troubles I had had, this enchanting music seemed to soothe me, and finally to send me away to Dreamland happy and contented.

I still feel enchanted by this song and often when my little sister goes to sleep, I sing for her "Humoresque"—the lullaby of my childhood.

ENCHANTMENT

FRANCIS SINK

The vast crowd was hushed. Not a sound could be heard except the soft wail of the violin as the slender figure on the stage played and swayed, as if touched by a gentle wind. The melody swelled louder, louder. The tones became fuller; then, there was a sudden break, and that quiet wail, those sobbing, crying tones began again. Everyone seemed to hold his breath, so compelling was the sound. With a last pitiful cry, the music was gone, leaving the audience hushed. Not a sound could be heard; there came no thunderous applause, and the slender figure felt that she had failed.

Silently, that vast crowd filed out lest they should break the spell which had been woven around them. Silently they went, but each one knew that never before had such music, real music, been played in that theatre.



A SONG OF DEATH

CATHERINE DUFFY

Upon the silvery waters glide
A fowl of beauty, a bird of pride.
With graceful neck and lifted wings
She glides o'er waters as she sings.
Her song is plaintive, soft and low,
Her plumage ruffed and white as snow.
A royal bird meant for kings;
A bird that sings of wakening springs;
My soul responds to her air,
As it floats here and there,
For I know it's the end of her song's last breath
As she sings this tune—a song of death.

TO THE HANDS OF A PIANIST

CARLTON WILDER

Reach for the keys,
You hands,
You slim white nervous hands;
Feel the polished surfaces,
Wander over them,
Strike here,
Strike there,
Idly, leisurely, with languid wrists.
Softly, gently,
Caress the gleaming keys,
Slow, careless hands.
Now dance on them,
Sure, darting hands,
Airily, fantastically,
Pound on them,
Violent, vigorous hands,—
Savagely, magnificently.

Do you feel the music flowing at your touch,
You hands?
The music sighing, crooning, ringing, roaring, shrieking,
Do you feel it in those fingertips,
You white, active things?
What matter?
You are music in yourself,
In the endless grace of your motions—
Slow, dreamy music;
Swift, vital, dancing music;
Passionate, yearning music;
Sad, terrible music,
Low, tender music;
Wild, shouting music;
Dumb, soulless, you are all.
Reach for the keys,
You hands



PATTERNS

FROM THE BOOK SHELF

WILL DURANT, *Transition*

To me the most interesting figure in modern literature is Will Durant. He has such a profound faith in life, such an understanding of human nature, such a wealth of knowledge, and such a marvelous vocabulary that he appeals to me as no other writer does. To read his work is to have a new faith in the value of life, to appreciate a broader view of things, and to fall under the influence of a great and optimistic philosophy.

Durant's new book, *Transition*, is written with such a classic simplicity that it seems to me to be a real contribution to literature. In the author's own words, "It tries to show the effect, upon one growing mind, of the profound transformation which modern science and research have brought in the faith of the western world." This end it has achieved with a large measure of success.

The story is concerned with the author's own life, we are led to believe. From high ideals and Utopian aspirations, he loses faith in religion, in politics, and in life. While in this dissatisfied state of mind he gets a new conception of things and builds up a certain measure of contentment and reconciliation.

Durant writes with a simple, clear, concise, yet powerful style. He grips the mind of the reader with his keen insight into so many things, his ability to write so convincingly, and his ready knowledge of history and literature. He carries us with him, no matter what his subject is.

To me, *Transition* is a masterpiece. It is throbbing with life, alluring in its simple beauty, gripping in its intensity, uplifting in the author's conception of things, and convincing in his presentation of them.

David James

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, *The King's Henchman*

Stories of knights and ladies have been told many times. They constitute what is to many people the only romance in literature. Many masters have concentrated their best effort on stories of the knights of early England. Tennyson has achieved the greatest success in his *Idyls of the King*. But I believe that Edna St. Vincent Millay has achieved as great a success as Tennyson in her new book, *The King's Henchman*, a drama of the tenth century.

The story is very similar in many respects to the tales of Arthur. Eadgar, King of England, wishes a bride, and sends his most trusted knight and best friend, Aethelwold, to woo the lady of his choice and bring her home to him. Aethelwold has never been known to care for ladies or even to give them a thought. He speaks thus of them:

“So many dry leaves in a ditch they are to me,
These whispering girls,
A little fairish and a little foulish,
And all alike, and mightily underfoot.”

He goes to seek Aelfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Thane of Devon, and fairest among women. In a strange meeting with her he falls desperately in love with her and marries her. He sends a messenger back to the king telling him that she is not worthy to be a queen.

After about a year Aelfrida becomes unhappy. Aethelwold tells her how she might have been queen had not he loved her. That day the king comes to visit them. Aethelwold asks his bride to appear sick and in a very drab dress so that the king will not know that he has been betrayed.

The king, however, discovers the fact that she is very beautiful and knows that he has been betrayed. He rebukes Aethelwold, who, realizing that his wife does not love him and that he has lost the friendship of the king, commits suicide.

Every character lives in Miss Millay's pages. We come to know them in a very short time and feel that they are real blood and flesh. They are drawn with a master hand.

I have yet to read a poem by an American author that can equal this in sheer beauty. The author possesses an idiom all her

own. Master of her words, she forms them into lines that are as beautiful as any in literature.

The strong friendship of two men is depicted with powerful insight. Here there is friendship really defined in the words of Eadgar and Aethelwold, who say, respectively—

“Life, that is stronger than I, is not so strong
As thou and I!”

and “Death, that is stronger than I, is not so strong
As thou and I!”

The lyrics—the speeches—the scenes—all present as beautiful a whole as I ever expect to read.

“Worthy of Shakespeare,” I thought, upon first reading this. While this may be false enthusiasm, I can say with certainty that here is a masterpiece.

J. D. McNairy, Jr.

JAMES BOYD, *Marching On*

Marching On is written in a simple, easy style that will make enjoyable reading for everyone. The author portrays the characters and scenes in the most vivid manner. The reader seems to live with the main character throughout all his thrilling experiences.

The scene is laid in North Carolina and several other Southern States during the Civil War. The plot is the love of a poor boy for a rich, aristocratic Southern belle. The hero, James Fraser, fights in the Confederate ranks at Chancellorsville, Petersburg, Manassas, and Gettysburg. The battle scenes are full of swift action and give tense moments of a soldier's life.

The real theme of the book is chivalry, portraying the true life of the Southerner. It was written, I think, to illustrate to the citizens of our country the horrors and futility of war. The author, in my opinion, has accomplished his purpose in an excellent way.

James Lassiter

JOHN MASEFIELD, *Poems*, Vol. I

John Masefield is perhaps one of the greatest of living poets. Certainly he is one of the best known, and with reason.

This volume of poems is written with a simplicity and a force that is a characteristic of Masefield's work. The poet is very fond of the sea, and some of his "Salt-Water Ballads" which are presented here are very refreshing. "Sea Fever," "The Wanderer's Song," and selections from "Dauber" are good examples of these. His descriptions are excellent and it is easily seen that the poet knows his subject thoroughly.

"The Widow in Bye Street" is a long poem telling of the life of an old English country woman and her son, written in a straightforward, forceful style that presents the story vividly. "Cargoes," "Cardigan Bay," and "Tomorrow," which has a flavor of Kipling in it, are also worthy of mention.

The most interesting poem of the whole collection, at least to me, is "The Vagabond," the story of a simple, uneducated tramp, and his views of life:

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,
Can't say's I ever will.
Dunno about God—He's jest the nodding star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life—it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin' time to doss.
Dunno about Death—it's jest a quiet stone
All over grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed;
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

Elvie L. Hope

RAVELINGS

A SERENADE?

JOSEPHINE LYLES

What a wonderful night—the round, yellow moon was peeping over the lake, and flooding the earth with its mellow glow. The stars seemed to laugh at the world below. The flowers in the Spanish garden boldly nodded to the flirtatious stars; the age-old fountain sang a merry tune; and to this music the young blossoms danced gracefully, as the summer wind passed by.

Being too sleepy to gaze at the magnificence of the moon any longer, Delores retired. Suddenly, there on her vine-covered balcony stood Jose, her sweetheart. How handsome he was as he stood there with his guitar under his arm. Slowly he raised the instrument, and from its steel strings twanged the soft melody of a Spanish love song. The notes were most appealing, and the low tones of the bass chords thrilled Delores even in her dreams. For a while, she peacefully slept, her mind filled with the romanticism of the music. Suddenly, the soothing chords broke into a wild and weird shrieking; no notes were alike—each clashed with the other.

What could have happened to Jose, causing him to produce such awful sounds as these? Was he angry—in a fit of rage, or what? There was a troubled and vexed expression on Delores' sleepy face. Although she tried hard to arouse from her disturbed slumbers, her efforts were fruitless. As a last wail pierced the still night air, the Spanish maiden forced herself to awaken. She hurriedly ran to the window to see Jose. But—instead of her gallant lover, she found sitting very demurely upon the railings of the balcony, two black cats.

A WOMAN'S WAY

ELIZABETH WOOD

As Policeman O'Hara rounded the corner at Smith Street, he heard a loud scream, which seemed to come from the third floor of a rather dilapidated boarding-house.

Rushing up the front steps and almost pushing the door down in an attempt to get in, he made his way to the third floor. A head had popped out of each door, and one old man was standing near the entrance to room 48 with a revolver in his hand.

"What's wrong?" inquired Officer O'Hara.

"Oh, officer, do hurry," piped a shrill voice at the end of the hall. "I think she's being murdered."

"All right, I'll see what's wrong right now," replied the officer.

He then tried to open the door, but found it was locked. Then he threw all his weight against the door. After several attempts he finally broke in.

On the floor just in front of him he saw a tiny brown mouse nibbling a piece of cheese, and on a chair behind it was a young girl jumping up and down.

As he appeared she cried, "Oh, officer! A mouse!"



FORD MUSIC

FRANCES WILLIAMS

One attraction of a Ford is that it always plays a tune. The fenders never fail to rattle and the top usually squeaks. The hood, generally speaking, is loose on one side, and the tools rattling in the back seat add to the selection. If the Ford is driven more than thirty miles an hour, the steering-wheel vibrates and whirs so that another chord is struck. But, really, when all the squeaks and rattles are put together, there is no music like the music of a Ford.

A MOURNFUL TUNE

WILLIAM TROXELL

I have found out why the cat's mew is so mournful. A little bird told me this morning. My little feathered friend is dead now—the cat killed him out of revenge—but I have heard the whole story, and I tell it to you.

In the late Stone Age, the cat found that it had a voice—don't ask me how, for I don't know. And the cat, proud of its wonderful mew ability, practiced hard—very hard. And one fine moonlight night, when he thought he had fully conquered the art of singing, he went to man's house to delight him with a concert of the most modern classics. The concert started peacefully enough, but the man rudely interrupted him by hitting the poor animal with a well-aimed rock. The cat went back to the forest, sorrowfully, wreaking vengeance on all weaker creatures and meekly asking the man to give him another chance. So this is why the cat's mew is so mournful. My little feathered friend, for whom I weep, told me so.



A CABARET DANCER

ELIZABETH BETTS

"Gaily the troubadour
Touched his guitar";
Out danced Elaineore,
Splendid as a star.

Tripping ever airily,
Nimble as a sprite,
Blowing kisses merrily,
She blended with the night.

VENUS'S SPEECH TO JUPITER

(Translated from Virgil's *Aeneid*)

Oh! thou who rules o'er earth, and sky, and sea,
I pray, oh! wielder of dread thunder, hark!
Pray tell what crime has my Aeneas done;
Why, to his men, the gates of nations close.
Will not the Romans spring from Trojan tribe,
Who, both on land and sea, shall reign supreme?
Oh, father! Why do you not keep your vow
To guide these poor Trojans safe home at last?

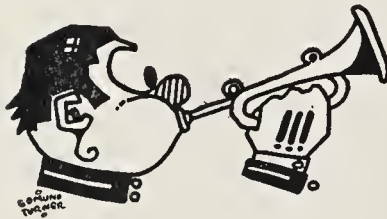
Frances Sink

ATALANTA'S SPEECH TO HIPPOMENES

(Translated from *Ovid*)

The fleet foot maid heard his boast,
And looked with softened face,
And deep down in her maiden heart
Longed not to win the race.
"Try not, O foolish youth," she said,
"For you cannot wed with me;
This race means not a bridal bed,
But merely death for thee."

Kathleen Lasbley



THE SHUTTLE

Edited by EUGENIA ISLER

IMPRESSIONS OF A YOUNG CRITIC

I SIT down at my desk. Piles and piles of magazines meet my gaze. There are gay-colored ones with inviting covers bearing the command: "Please Exchange and Comment" scribbled or stamped on them. There are still others of more sober and dignified appearance, tempting me to look inside their covers.

The very texture of the paper of some of these magazines entices me and I read from cover to cover. However, the glazed paper of some, I find, tires my eyes and pretty soon I discard such a one, so much am I impressed by the physical appearance of a magazine.

As I glance through these exchanges, I find that intermingled even with short stories and poetry an ambitious taylor, mayhap, broadcasts beneath a melodious poem—much to my disgust.

One magazine, I find, has a splendid idea of seasoning each page with some famous quotation—a touch of spice, as it were. I like this.

The spring number of the *Goddard Record*, with its cover outlined sober green against a light brown background, is soothing to my tired eyes, so much have I gazed on covers, gay and brilliant. This magazine from Boston, Massachusetts, is unusually neat and does not use, I am glad to say, slick paper.

In *The Polymnian*, from Newark, New Jersey, I find the following description of quaint Quebec:

In the market place of old Quebec, each Saturday morning, one may see the peasant women in their picturesque costumes, with their dark skins, high cheek-bones, and shrill voices, bargaining and buying, each with a child behind to carry the purchases. The husband is rather somberly dressed in his blue jacket, boots, and little cap. He is left on guard at the family cart.

The cities, such as Quebec, are often exact replicas of old French villes. The streets are dark and narrow, while the houses rise three or four stories

without a break, except for windows. Children play and even sleep, in the less frequented streets of the city. Old landmarks, historical places, and churches furnish abundant material for interesting sidetrips and visits.

There is a worthy challenge to new editors in *The Budget*, Elizabeth, New Jersey, in an editorial prelude. I quote the following:

Yet the *Budget* of today, fine as it is, must grow larger, better, and finer in order that future Vail-Deavers can say "Our *Budget's*" history is one of advancement.

In *Port Light*, Port Washington, New York, there is this delightful little poem:

Out of my window I watched two trees
 Against the dawn.
Neighbor trees they were,
Clad in scant foliage of early May.
It was as though two women
In pale green lingerie
Had paused to chat
Of this and that.

The Quest, Minneapolis, Minnesota, is, I think, a splendid magazine; but I wonder why this journal is published only semi-annually. The poem in this journal called "Night" is good, especially the line:

Night is a lovely lady in a black gown spangled with stars.

There are also some unusually good stories in this magazine. I enjoyed, too, "In the Land of Scott," an account of a high school pupil's visit to Abbotsford. The special feature, "The Everlasting Whisper," is very appropriate to a magazine with such a name as *The Quest*. This magazine is decidedly one of the best I have seen.

My pile of exchanges grows smaller, as one by one I read, judge, and pass on.

THE WEAVER'S GUILD

Edited by MARGARET SOCKWELL

DERELICT

HELEN FELDER

THE plate of juicy, steaming corn made a hasty circuit of the tables and went the way of all excellent corn; only the empty dish remained, to be deposited at the end of a row of similarly empty vessels on the sideboard. Meals at Mrs. Bender's were fast and furious affairs. Each boarder had to see to himself; none of his fellows inquired as to whether he would have this or that; he must take what he wanted.

Most of Mrs. Bender's boarders were not unusually particular as to the method which they employed in eating. It mattered not to them that they conveyed chicken to their buccal cavities with their fingers, that they drank in noisy gulps, or that they clanged the silver loudly against the china. Moreover, they cared not that the lively fusillade of talk they kept up was through mouths which were already sufficiently occupied in masticating the immense amounts of food within them.

However, one boarder who frequented the Bender table was not of that strident, voracious type. Mrs. Swinburne was a gentle, anæmic little woman with large eyes out of which there always peeped a kind of consternation, engendered largely by concern for her small son, Billy. It was over the younger Swinburne that Mrs. Bender was leaning as the dish of corn passed down the table.

"Billy, child," she asked kindly, "would you like some peach ice cream?"

"Oh, no, no, no, Mrs. Bender!" cried Billy's mother in dismay. "Billy's digestive system is too weak for ice cream. He just mustn't have it, thank you," she finished, helping her son meanwhile to his tenth slice of cucumber.

But Billy was not so inclined. "Yes, I am, too!" he screamed lustily. "I want some ice cream!"

"Why, Billy!"

"I will have some ice cream! I will have it! I will!" he demanded, punctuating every word with a banging of his spoon against his plate.

"Sh!" whispered the embarrassed Mrs. Swinburne. "Billy, don't make so much fuss, darling. You shall have it."

Mrs. Bender started for the kitchen. Just half-way around the horseshoe table she chanced to let her gaze fall upon a lank, greasy-faced unshaven figure sprawled at leisure in a chair and discoursing grandiloquently to his neighbors.

"Ye've jes' gotta make these here women stan' aroun'," he was saying. Suddenly he looked up suspiciously—and sheepishly, but Mrs. Bender passed on without speaking, leaving him to shiver in remembrance of a piercingly vacant stare from cold, tired eyes. His knees began to undergo the sensation of feeling like jelly. The braggadocio oozed from him like air from a pricked balloon; he shrivelled up and said no more.

Back in the kitchen the landlady sighed as she dished out Billy's ice cream. How had she ever married that dirty, bragging pretence of a man, she wondered. She must have loved him far back in the corridor of the years, she supposed; she couldn't remember when. All she could remember was what a fool she had been to marry Jake Bender. He had never lifted a hand to work and never expected to do so. Her money and the sweat of her body had kept him in indolent comfort for twenty years; but for Winnie's sake she would have divorced him long before. After all, he was Winnie's father, and Winnie was all she had to love.

She replaced the lid on the ice cream freezer; then thought the better of it and took it off again. Billy was an only child, just like her Winnie; and an extra helping would do him no harm.

"Mrs. Ben-der!" The call was from the next room.

"Yes, Billy, I'm coming," she answered.

On her re-entry into the dining-room she noticed the addition of a late-comer to the table. Val Williams again! The fop seemed to consider himself especially privileged. She would have to speak to him about coming in at all hours. Winnie was serving him, Mrs. Bender noticed. Furthermore, Winnie hated him, and he knew it. Perhaps that was the reason he was holding her wrist so tightly in his soft, pink hand.

"Got a date tonight, honey?" he leered.

"Winnie's got to help me tonight, Val," announced the mother casually, setting Billy's ice cream before him and removing the child's soiled plate.

Val released his hold. Winnie breathed a sigh of relief and fled precipitately to the kitchen to find shelter within her mother's arms.

"Ugh!" she shuddered. "Mother, what would I do without you?"

A tear steered a middle course down Mrs. Bender's cheek, then veered a bit and ran into the corner of her mouth.

"Fudge, child! Don't be foolish!" she admonished. "And you be extra nice to young John today when he comes to dinner. He loves you."

"Mother! Really?"

"Of course! But there—the boarders are leaving, and we'd better clear them tables. John'll be here before we know it."

John's business was such that he could not get off to meals at the time for Mrs. Bender's boarders. Being an architect, he could never set a specific time for his meals, and always be able to arrive at exactly the right time. For this reason (but not for this reason alone) Mrs. Bender and Winnie very solicitously saw to it that, no matter what time he came, he was supplied with food—much better food, in fact, than was served to the other boarders.

In anticipation of his arrival, therefore, Winnie set about clearing the table of all extraneous crumbs. Whisk went the brush, and a pile of crumbs accumulated on the platter held in readiness for their reception.

"I love you, truly, truly, dear," carolled Winnie, throwing a biscuit through the window at a sleek black cat who was licking his paws in boredom.

Mrs. Bender closed the connecting door. She did not like that song. The rattle of dishes in the sink became more pronounced.

"Winnie!" A young man appeared in the doorway.

The girl turned quickly. Pulling off her apron, she ran to the kitchen door.

"I'm going to eat my dinner, now, too, mother," she called.

Mrs. Bender placidly continued her work. Nothing ruffled her. She would have seen to it that the dishes were scraped and washed, the garbage emptied, and the place tidied, even if the house had been on fire. It would have chagrined her deeply to feel that rescuing firemen would find the house out of order.

While she was thus engaged, a scraping sound on the back porch came to her ears, but she continued working without looking up. She knew that sound. It was her spouse's footstep; being too lazy to pick up his feet, he dragged them. Probably it was money again that he wanted. Well, he would get none.

"Mag," he whined uncomfortable, "I'm agoin' tah find me a job. I ain't done right by ye."

His wife did not turn her head. No sound issued from beneath her grimly sealed lips.

"Yuh don't b'lieve me?" he queried.

"You've had them spells before," was all she said.

A peculiar ferocity grasped him.

"Then, begabs! I'll show ye!" and he picked up his feet and walked out.

Mag finished her dishes, put things to right, then sat down on a chair and laughed weakly. The spasm was brief, however; soon she grasped a broom, and sallied forth to sweep the front porch. On the way, she peeped into the dining-room. John's arm was about Winnie. Mrs. Bender closed the door softly.

The front porch seemed to be unusually littered with boarder's trash. Mrs. Bender vigorously applied the broom to the cigarette stubs and ashes strewn over the rough planking of the floor. The next centers of attack were the piles of newspapers and magazines. Such untidy people these boarders! She wondered whether her boarders were any more so than those at Mrs. Greaves, just up the street.

Suddenly, in her vindictive broom campaign, she came upon a pair of old shoes standing on end around the corner of the porch. The soles were almost worn off them. Mrs. Bender knew those shoes.

"Well?" she remarked.

Jake Bender sprang to his feet, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"Eh?" he stuttered. Then thoroughly awake; "What the Sam Hill are ye doin', Mag? Can't ye see I'm asleep?"

With a "Don't let me disturb you," his wife resumed her sweeping.

Jake sat down again and stretched out his legs.

"I thought you were impelled by husbandly motives," commented Mrs. Bender, knocking the broom against the porch railing.

A snore answered her.

Miriam Todd

