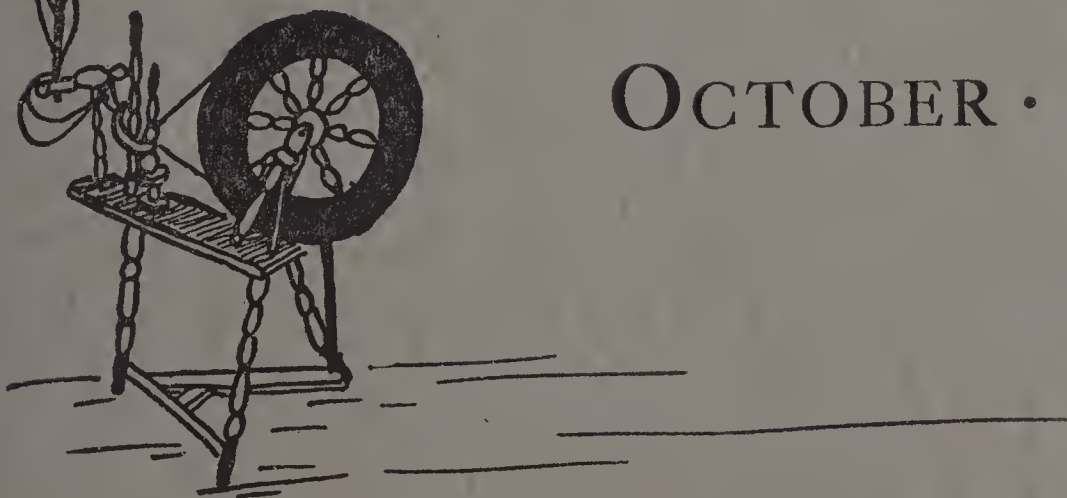


Henry

Homespun

O. HENRY NUMBER

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HOMESPUN

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O. HENRY

*He felt the laughter,
It rippled in his heart;
He felt the tears.*

The Genius

O. Henry photographed the life story of the poor and enlarged it so that the whole world might see it. He showed the universe how its neighbors lived. His stories do not paint the lights of the glorious four hundred but the glorious light of the unknown and obscure millions.

—WADE HOBBS

O. Henry

By CARLTON WILDER

He lived; he felt the pulse
Of life throbbing in his sensations.
He knew the laughter,
The tears—
The tears of hot impulsive sympathy,
The silent tears of loneliness—
And the laughter:
It could be blithe, lost in its illusion;
And yet it could sting
With the tinge of tragedy.
He felt the laughter;
It rippled in his heart.
He felt the tears;
Their hot bitterness burned him.
At last both clamored for an outlet,
Feeling, struggling a little at first;
Then leaping,
Pounding,
Tugging,
Insanely straining
Till they were relieved in a flow of expression.
He wrote
And in his writings rang the laughter
Of life rippling clearly
Through the hot mist
Of the tears.

O. Henry of the World

By HENRY BIGGS

If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—EMERSON.

SIDNEY PORTER started his brilliant but varied career as a young drug clerk in Greensboro, then a tiny village, only to be known to the world years later as "O. Henry", the gifted interpreter of life in dingy Central American sea towns and in the subways of huge cities, seething with their countless millions. As a boy, he told stories to lazy bystanders at the old Porter Drug Store. From such a humble beginning he wrote his way into the literary world. His two hundred and fifty short stories have won the interest and admiration of the reading public, because they portray the emotions, both good and bad, of that throng of human souls which trudge their lives away on dirty pavements, or drag wearily homeward hanging from the straps of crowded cars. These snap-shots of tired, bustling humanity are not peculiar in application to any one city or country; they are representative of the fagged business men, the struggling stenographers, and the tired shop girls of all big cities, in all lands. For that reason William Sidney Porter's short stories have demanded the attention of readers the world over, and he has become the O. Henry of the world.

Perhaps, the opinion of America should first be considered in ascertaining a general attitude toward Sidney Porter's works. In 1916 one million copies of O. Henry had been placed upon the American market and this number has steadily increased with the years. Sufficient time has passed to reveal any hasty decision of the American public. If his writings were shallow, one may be sure that the people would have cast them aside years ago, disgusted. On the contrary the concensus of the American opinion has been that O. Henry shall live.

This is not the opinion of America alone but represents the position of the other nations of the world. Translated into eight different languages, O. Henry has marched triumphantly through

Europe and South America. Ask the Italian, the Englishman, the Frenchman, the South American, and the Spaniard if the creator of "Jimmy Valentine" wrote "trash." The French Academy that possessed only a few of his books in 1916 is an ardent supporter of his writings today, aiding in the translation of many of his books. Indeed, one critic has gone so far as to place upon the writer the title of "the American Maupassant."

Add to this the opinion of another well known European critic, who holds that there are two great modern writers noted for their remarkable ability to draw characters and play upon real life, uncolored and unspoiled, as did Dickens. These two men are Joseph Conrad and O. Henry. This is indeed a compliment to have come from the pen of a foreign literary connoisseur!

In England as in America, the case has been definitely settled by the public. Of course, some Englishmen still hold to the position that "O. Henry recounted anecdotes instead of writing short stories." Incidentally they charge their own countrymen with being so stupid as to eagerly grasp a book of anecdotes and calmly digest them without a murmur. No, the English public is too well trained in the appreciation of lasting literature and too jealous of its own literary honors to blindly bite at "just anecdotes." The English have recognized in Sidney Porter the genius of a great writer; and, in the words of Leacock, "The time is coming, let us hope, when the whole English-speaking world will recognize in O. Henry one of the great masters of modern literature."

This hope has more than come true. The proper appreciation of O. Henry is not only evident among the English-speaking nations, but among all the important nations of the world. It is just another trick of fortune. William Sidney Porter told stories better than his fellows, and the world has made a beaten path to his door.



Tarheelism in O. Henry

By GLENN HOLDER

THERE is something in O. Henry's works that breathes forth the clean, pure atmosphere of North Carolina's far-reaching pine forests, wooded mountain sides, beautiful valleys and rock-strewn sea-coast. The simple, beautiful things of life, such as are uppermost in the minds of the great majority of the true North Carolinians, are the themes of nearly all the writings of the great master of the short story.

The collection of short stories called "Rolling Stones" perhaps has more Tarheelism in it than any other of O. Henry's works. At the time of their conception he had only recently come to Texas from Tarheelia, and the effects of his early environment and training were still uppermost. The result was a collection of stories, which, although somewhat crude and unfinished, since his style was not yet fully developed, brought out to the fullest extent that characteristic of O. Henry's, namely the portrayal of realistic and keenly humorous and novel situations. They have an intangible air of free, energetic expression which is native to North Carolina.

"What's around the corner?" was the question forever in O. Henry's mind. His native Carolina curiosity led him in quest of the situations and plots in which the laughter, merriment, tears and heart throbs of humanity are expressed. The never-ceasing striving to answer this question led him from his little home town and set him wandering through Texas, South America, Ohio, and the West and finally directed his feet and heart to the glorious city, "the world within itself"—New York; it compelled him to delve deeply into the very heart of human nature; it made him a peer of short-story writers. This Tar Heel characteristic of faithful striving to unearth the wealth of literary treasure in the hearts of all men dominated his stories.

An undercurrent of almost provincial humor runs through all of O. Henry's stories. His sense of humor is unique and distinctly North Carolinian. Such passages as " 'Then', says I, 'we'll export canned music to the Latins; but I'm mindful of Mr. Julius Caesar's account of 'em where he says '*Omnia Gallia*

in tres partes divisa est which is the same as to say 'we will need all our gall in devising means to tree them parties'"; "If you know anything about the thief, you are amiable to the law in not reporting it"; "A straw vote shows which way the hot air is blowing"; "The duty of the Statue of Liberty is to offer a cast-ironical welcome to the oppressed of other lands"—all have a delightful little flavor of humor in them.

Simplicity, directness, honesty—all are Tar Heel characteristics and all are basic principles of O. Henry's works and style. He includes his absolutely honest deductions, comments, and views upon life in his stories; they are direct and are not ruined by a flowery and effusive style—to the contrary, they are basically simple in matter and form.

Although O. Henry took some of the characteristics of the various places in which he lived, especially New York, he remained true to the ideals and traditions of his native state, and the rich red blood of North Carolina flowed in his veins to the end. He retained most of the native characteristics of his state; and to one familiar with the general environment and atmosphere of Tarhelia, it is evident after reading his works that O. Henry is a true son of the Old North State.

O. Henry

By GERTRUDE UNDERWOOD

He walked the streets that we have trod;
Beneath our stars he worshipped God;
But fields that caught his boyish feet
Are now a crowded busy street.

Miss Lina taught him how to read;
From men he learned the city's creed;
From prison walls he learned that life
Is one part joy and ten parts strife.

Today we read his prose romances
And find in them a thrill that dances.
Because he found the good in ill,
A million people love him still.

Greensboro's Own O. Henry

By J. D. McNAIRY, JR.

O. HENRY, the man of letters, the genius of the short story, belongs to the world; but Will Porter, the youth, the cartoonist, the drug clerk out of which grew this O. Henry, belongs to Greensboro.

He was born in "the little somnolent Southern town", as he described it on September 11, 1862. His father, Dr. Algeron Sydney Porter, was described at one time as "the best known and best loved physician in Guilford County". His mother was a poet of some local fame. Her people settled in Guilford County long before the Revolution, and her father was at one time editor of *The Greensboro Patriot*.

When Will was but three years old his mother died. His father soon after began to tinker with an invention and neglected his young son; so his aunt, Miss Evelina Porter, better known as "Aunt Lina" became the moulding influence of his life. She not only managed the Porter household, but also conducted a school, adjoining her residence on West Market Street.

Many stories are told of Will's experiences in Miss Lina's school. He was a mischievous youngster with a keen sense of humor. Being quite an artist, he would often, while Miss Lina's back was turned, draw funny pictures of her with one hand and work his "sums" with the other. Then when the pupils laughed and the teacher turned around to see the reason for all the disturbance, Will would quickly erase the picture and be quietly bending over his slate. His bent for mischief led him into other pranks, but the school-room was nevertheless a splendid discipline to the youth; and Miss Lina left a profound impression upon Will's character.

Will stopped school at the age of fifteen and entered his uncle Clark Porter's drug store as prescription clerk. It was there that his genius first gave promise of future greatness. He became a cartoonist and artist of much local fame. Many of his drawings were exhibited in the show window of the drug store.

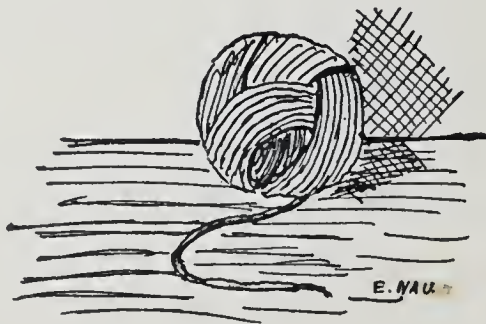
One day when a customer asked to have some articles charged Will could not remember his name; so, instead of asking the man and showing thereby his ignorance, he drew a sketch of the debtor along with the list of items. His uncle had no trouble in identifying the likeness.

The drug store in those days served as a social club for the entire town. The Judge, the Colonel, the Doctor, and other local celebrities gathered there to discuss affairs of state. Will talked with them all, heard their stories, sympathized with them, and later in his stories gave them to the world.

In 1881, when Dr. and Mrs. J. K. Hall went to Texas, Will accompanied them because of his own poor health caused by close confinement in the store. He never lived in Greensboro again; yet he never forgot the city of his birth nor ceased to love her.

It is peculiarly striking that North Carolina's chief literary son has never been greatly honored except commercially by the city that claims him as her own. Greensboro has erected a hotel and a drug store to his name, showing thereby her interest in him; but these are her only towering memorials.

The time will come, however, when Greensboro shall honor her most illustrious son by erecting a monument whose stately dome shall rear itself above the hum-drum of the city life and stand as a tribute to the great works of a greater man. Such a monument in itself would not be a fitting tribute to one so noble; it would serve only to inspire with a love for him those who saw it. Then will O. Henry of the world be Greensboro's own O. Henry.



Magnolias and Moonlight

By GLENN HOLDER

OUTSIDE the wind whistled a mournful melody as it whirled around the deserted street corner. It tugged at the creaking apothecary's sign bearing the words "Porter and White's Drug Store" and rattled the doors and windows as if seeking admittance. Fleecy flakes of snow could be discerned falling against the glass panes; and a thin trickle of pure white sifted under the door.

The big stove in the rear of the store roared and crackled its defiance to the Snow King. Rows of shining glass jars, jugs, and bottles of every size and shape lined the walls. The polished counters reflected the light from two swinging oil lamps, whose feeble rays scarcely penetrated at all to the group around the glowing stove. A stone mortar and pestle occupied the end of one counter. Mingled odors of peppermint and castor oil, assafatida and rose of attar, perfume and tobacco, cod liver oil and licorice produced that conglomeration of smells peculiar to the old-time drug store.

Tobacco smoke drifted hazily above the group about the stove. The atmosphere was one of comfort and good fellowship and of mighty tales in the telling. The gathering was duplicated that night in thousands of cross-roads grocery stores and corner drug dispensaries throughout the country. Such an atmosphere made braggarts of modest men and tremendous liars of habitual boasters.

The seat of honor, a broken-down arm chair with badly worn upholstery on the arms and back, was occupied by a dignified, yet humorous and kindly-faced man with a flowing white beard and shaggy hair of the same shade. The others deferentially addressed him as "Doc Hall". When he arose he towered fully three inches above his son, a red-headed, slender six-footer who was seated on a soap box on the opposite side of the circle. (The youth was to become famous in later life as "Red" Hall, the terror of all evil-doers in the Lone Star State.)

“Clark, where is that drawing of old Uncle Jim Jackson that you told me Will made?” Doctor Hall inquired of a middle-aged, white-aproned man with a short, jet black beard who wore a pair of gold-rimmed glasses on his nose.

The proprietor of the store arose and went behind the counter where he opened a drawer and took out two sheets of drawing paper. “This one here is old Bob Wilson from out at Reedy Fork, and this one is Uncle Jim, that old nigger that lives out in Warnersville—that old nigger that was Stonewall Jackson’s only servant during the war,” he explained as he passed the cartoons around to the interested onlookers who examined them by the flickering light.

“That’s natchaler than old Bob hisself”, observed one man, “Will shore can draw.”

The caricatures were restored to the drawer and story-telling again began to make the rounds. Doc Hall with a twinkle in his eye had a rare anecdote to tell; and he told it in his characteristic way to the upturned eyes and mouths that made up the circle. There followed a pause interrupted by a song of winter wind in the flue. Then one of the group addressed a rather full-faced heavy-set youth of about seventeen. The latter was sitting on a crate around the outer edge of the circle. He had a shy, wistful, yet wholly attractive air about him.

“Why don’t you never tell anything, Will?” the man asked, “You can spin better yarns than any man here. Why don’t you give us one now and then?”

Will was noticeably embarrassed. A dark, handsome lad of about Will’s age, an inseparable companion and his best friend, quickly sprang to the defense, “Aw, Will don’t like to tell a story before a gang like this. It ud be better if you was more like him, instead of always boring us to death with them crazy tales of yours, Jack Smith. Anyhow, it’s none of your business whether Will wants to or not.”

“All right, Tom Tate, tell one yourself if you don’t like mine. I’ll leave it to the bunch which one is the best. Mine couldn’t be any worse than the kind you usually unwind.”

“I’ll show you. And it won’t be one like your fool imaginings. I’m going to tell you a real adventure me and Will had one night.” With this the crowd settled back to chew their tobacco and enjoy the magic of words and the glowing stove.

“Remember that night sev’ral years ago when old man Snow that lives out on the Guilford College Road came into the store hunting Will and me threatening us with bloody murder if he ever caught us? You didn’t never know what we’d done, did you?” he began. “Aw, shut up, Will. It won’t hurt you none to have me tell about it”, he added turning to the youth who was trying to silence him.

“Sally Coleman was in Greensboro that night visiting her aunt on North Elm Street. You know, Will was always flying around with Sally, and he’d promised to bring her some magnolias, having in mind some ‘specially fine ones he’d seen out at Snow’s place the last time we was out that way stealing watermelons. He asked me to go with him, and I promised I would.

“When we started, the sun was just goin’ down. We started hiking out West Market Street, making good time. The road was dusty as everything, but the soft dirt felt good between my bare toes. Pretty soon it got plumb dark and we could see the moon all reddish and about twice as big as usual rising up above some big pine trees back toward town. An owl hooted from a tree close beside the road, kinda mournful and shivery. It seemed like there was something follerin’ us and I begun to wish I hadn’t come.

“The moon had risen a good little ways above the trees and shrunk down to normal size when we got to Snow’s. I could see the magnolia trees about a hundred yards up the driveway that led to the house which sets a good piece from the road. They were entirely too close to the house to suit me. The house itself was all shining and silvery in the moonlight, but there wasn’t a light in any of the windows.

“Will climbed up into the biggest trees to get the blooms while I watched underneath it. He made an awful lot of racket breaking them off, and I cautioned him to be quieter. He promised that he would, and I turned again to watch the house.

There wasn't a sign of life anywhere about it, and I began to congratulate myself that there wasn't anybody at home.

"'All right, Tom', Will called from the tree, 'I've got enough now. Catch 'em'.

"Just as he let them fall I heard something behind me and whirled around. There stood old man Snow with two of his niggers behind him. In the light of the full moon I could see his face all snarled up with a mean kinda half grin; and his eyes were shootin' fire. I yelled to Will to get gone, and then lit out at top speed through the woods. Looking back over my shoulders but not slacking up any, I saw Will fall smack on top of the old man. I didn't have time to wait to see what happened, for one of the niggers was racin' along right behind me. After a while I gave out of breath and had to stop. I listened to see if anybody was following me; but everything was silent. I crawled through the barbed-wire fence that separated the grounds from the road and waited in the shadow of a tree to see what would happen.

"In a few minutes I heard a terrible noise, and Will burst out into the moonlight with the old man and the niggers right behind him. He made one of the prettiest jumps I've ever seen when he came to the fence; but he didn't quite make it. There was a loud ripping noise and the seat of his pants was left hanging on the wire. He kept on going, faster than ever, and I followed at his heels.

"Pretty soon we left everybody behind but old Snow. He's old and skinny, but he sure can run! He was hoppin' mad and if he'd a caught us he'd a fixed us. We saw something lying half in the shadows and jumped over it. It was a log. Old Snow, being near-sighted, tripped and sprawled headlong in the dust. Of all the assorted and lurid cussin', that old sinner done it as we sped on down the road.

"After a little the twinkling lights of town came into view. We slowed down to a panting walk, and Will gleefully told me of how he had knocked the wind out of old man Snow when he fell out of the tree on him. One of the niggers had caught him and held him until the old man caught his breath. He was

taking him up to the house where he was going to send for the sheriff and have him arrested when Will managed to wriggle loose and started to make tracks for the road.

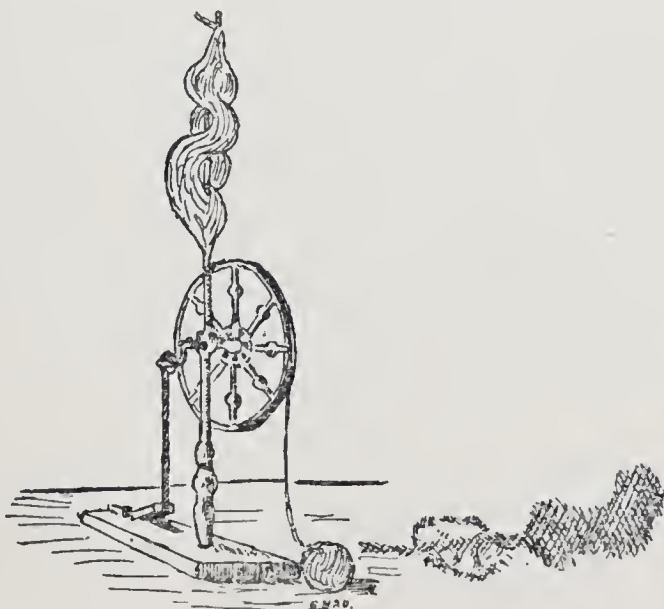
“When we reached the first street lamp Will stopped, and asked me to see how bad his breeches were torn. The chimney was smoked so bad that the light was dim but I could see that there was a hole big as your two fists in them and I told him so. He reached inside his shirt bosom and pulled out a big magnolia with its petals not even crumpled, in spite of all the falls and rough going-on he had been through. He stuck it up to my nose. It sure smelled sweet and romanticy.

“‘Tom, lend me your pants’, he pleaded, ‘I promised Sally this magnolia, and she’s going to get it!’

“I reluctantly assented, and we went over behind a fence and made the change. I went with him to the corner where Sallie was visiting and watched him while he thumped the brass knocker on the door. A little white-clad, curly-headed figure came out into the moonlight, and Will held out the magnolia bloom. I left for home. That was no place for me.”

A silence fell upon the group as the speaker ceased. Jack Smith sat in ruminative silence. At last he accurately and with the skill of long practice directed a stream of amber juice into the open ash box of the stove and spoke.

“Well, I reckon that’s got me whipped. Still it was Will that done all the things in that story and furnished the material for it. He’s the one ought to get the credit, not you.”



Sketches

The Making of O. Henry

O. Henry started, as a small boy, telling stories. He would observe very closely every stranger who came to town, hoping thereby to find some characteristic about which to weave a story. He would listen closely to his parents when they were discussing the news of the day, ever hoping to find some fact that would fit into a story. These incidents colored and recolored with inks and dyes of his own would be related to the numerous playmates who would flock about him.

As O. Henry grew older he began to see stories in everyone and everything. Into the children's listening circles there crept an occasional adult to listen and marvel. While his list of short stories grew, the number of children decreased and the adults became more numerous.

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When O. Henry was in his teens, large numbers of admirers begged him to write stories and send them away to some publisher. He listened to their suggestions, now and then writing a story that had pleased him in the telling of it. Invariably, however, as soon as he had written it, he would tear up the manuscript and burn the scraps.

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Years later, after the experience of roughing it in the West, fleeing from justice to Cuba, and living the life of a prisoner in San Antonio, O. Henry began to write stories and to send them away. There came refusals at first, but publishers soon saw the errors of their ways and sought to get his manuscripts. The nation began to wait for the stories; magazines used them as features; in a short time O. Henry was declared the peer of American short-story writers.

—Wade Hobbs

A Whale Story

As a boy, William Porter enjoyed mischief and adventure to the highest degree. Anything anyone else could do he also would at least attempt. On one occasion Robertson, one of his friends, ran away from school and went to sea on a whaling vessel. On his return he told tales of the money he had made catching whales.

Full of a yearning for adventure, Will and his friend, J. D. Smith, decided to go whale-catching. They gave up Indian fighting and set out for the ocean. Their beginning was full of fascinating discovery but their money gave out before they even got to the coast. In Raleigh their few dollars dwindled to pennies and the hunger urge sent them to the railroad station to learn the way back home. Fate was kind to them, for there they found a freight conductor whom they knew. They asked permission to "brake" for their fare back home. Permission granted, they climbed upon the top of the train.

At first all was well; but when the train began to speed into the woods Will and his companion became frightened. They fell down upon their knees and began to pray.

It was good to get back into the home town again. Both boys were embarrassed when anyone questioned them concerning the whale story and they sought in vain to forget it and to make their friends also forget it.

—Inez Murray

Will Porter and Uncle Charlie

It seemed that in the days when Will Porter was a clerk in his uncle's drug store there lived in Greensboro an old negro known as Charlie Hill. Now Uncle Charlie was not exactly what one would call a lunatic; but I would not be fair to myself to say that he had a normal amount of gray matter. At any rate Uncle Charlie was convinced that there were snakes in his legs. His colored friends, especially the younger ones, liked to laugh at Uncle Charlie's vagaries.

Of course, the young drug clerk did not believe the old darky's story about the snakes; but he did not like to see the old

man made a laughing stock, so he decided to turn the tables on his scoffers. Accordingly, Will Porter procured a small reptile from the neighboring woods and confined it in a bottle of alcohol and placed it in the drug store window on the following day, labeling the bottle, "This snake was one of the several taken from Uncle Charlie Hill's legs yesterday. The operation was performed by Dr. W. P. Beall."

The young negroes did not doubt the truth of this statement; so Uncle Charlie was at last allowed to moan and groan in peace.

—*Cecile Lindau*

Light and Dark Threads

O. Henry saw that life was made up of black and white threads closely woven, one into the other; he reflected this observation in all his writings. Strange it is that even at his funeral this mixture of shadow and sunlight should play a part.

The author was buried from the Little Church Around the Corner. By some mischance a wedding was scheduled for the same hour. The error was not discovered until the two parties reached the church. The wedding party waited in the consistory room until the funeral ceremonies were completed.

It was just this tangling of the light with the dark threads in life that O. Henry gloried in.

—*Dorothy Lea*

After Death

Once when a friend asked O. Henry what he thought of the hereafter, he replied: "I had a dog, and his name was Rover; and when he died, he died all over"—a polite way of saying, nothing. Views on immortality he may have had; but it was not like him to divulge them.

By some people this reticence to express his views on certain subjects is attributed to shyness. His daughter, however, says, "Against the intrusion of more aggressive personalities an invisible barrier was erected." It was a polite "No Trespassing" sign.

—*Dorothy Lea*

The Guv'ment 'll Git You

By MARTHA JANE BROADHURST

(*The 1925 O. Henry Short Story Award*)

OUT of the mysterious shadow that began at the very edge of the ice-fringed creek and abruptly reared its mountainous shape into the night heavens to end in an irregular peak, whose rocks were sharply outlined against a ragged sky, two men appeared, riding slowly.

Their mounts—the first, a graceful blooded horse, which bore the slim, brawny form of one rider; and the second, almost gigantic, as he must needs be to carry the bulky burden of the man who bestrode him—splashed through the turbulent waters of the creek, now swirling about its many boulders in scrolls of frosted silver; two misty silhouettes thrown momentarily into relief against a shadow background by the cold light of the mid-winter moon.

The plodding horses lurched up the opposite bank and approached the spot where, at the base of another precipice of Ozark Mountain, whose rock-and-forest-clad slope was clearly revealed a slender line of golden light, disclosing the entrance to a mountain log cabin. Its low, log structure and slanting roof could be vaguely seen nestling on a plateau amid leafless poplar trees and mountain laurel.

The younger man swung himself lightly from the saddle, turned and called to his companion, "Better get down, Billy."

"Don't guess I kin. You come down with me", the large man drawled grumblingly.

"I can't tonight."

"Reckon I'll git along. Ho-a, step on, Lizzy."

The big horse moved on and disappeared amid the shadows.

After putting his own mount in the shapeless wooden building which served as a stable, the man entered the cabin by one of the two doors that faced each other diagonally on either side of the little porch.

"That you, Judd?" The question was uttered in a sleepy, girlish voice behind him as he stepped to the fireplace built of old field-rock to thaw his numbed fingers over the embers which still glowed on the hearth. A young woman of perhaps twenty-two years appeared in the doorway, having come from the other of the two rooms which comprised the lower floor of the double cabin. She was little and slender and was clad in a one-piece dress of faded gingham, which served as a night-gown, and was evidence of her advance over most of her neighbors, who doubtlessly were asleep, fully clad.

"Go on to bed, Mary!" commanded the man. "It's cold tonight, and you'll freeze standing there that-o-way."

Instead of obeying, the girl shook back the mass of unbound chestnut brown hair and pushed forward a handmade stool of split hickory bark, and dropped upon it with her bare feet extended to the comfortable warmth. Tossing an armful of pine bark onto the quarry-stone slabs which served as andirons, the man knelt and blew upon the embers until the wood blazed merrily and lighted up the simple room. He, in turn, drew up a stool.

"What luck?" asked the girl.

Shrugging his shoulders, he laughed a little harsh laugh.

"Them damn revenue officers have quieted down since the killin'."

At this the girl shuddered involuntarily.

"Don't have ter be so chicken-hearted over that, Girl. I had ter git him, er he'd of got *me*. Shore did fix 'em. They ain't none of them been 'round here of late". A pause; then, "Ed went to town with nigh ter forty gallon today."

Little Mary Amos looked appealingly at her husband with a pair of great blue eyes. "Judd, how come you keep on a-doin' this? The gov'ment has got all the others: Tim, 'n John an' Mose is all gone; an' it'll git *you*, too."

"The gov'ment 'll git you!"

Poor little woman! For five long, weary years she had toiled among her people. She was of the mountains, yet something down deep in her craved for better things. How she

had worked to keep up her cabin and little yard clean; her pitiful efforts to be neat and pretty were all lost upon Judd, who seemed to need her only to cook and take care of him.

Now, as she watched him, a look of pride crept into her eyes. Oh, she was proud of his stalwart body with youth's easy swing and the bronzed face out of which his eyes gazed piercingly black and the unruly black mane. He was her man, and it was her place to stand by and serve him—not suggest or advise.

Thus the code of the mountain woman was made evident in this young girl.

“I reckon I kin look out fer myself, Girl, without you interferin’!” This was said almost brutally as the man bolted the windows and doors; and behind him the girl's lip trembled piteously.

After blowing out the lamp, the big fellow tramped up to a loft, where he quickly fell into a deep, exhausted sleep. Mary followed quietly and lay down to think, and think, and think.

Night skies are kind to those who love the stars; to others they are heavy with brooding fears. All of the poetry had been crushed in her soul and night was only a time of brooding fears.

Early the next morning Judd rode away to meet Ed Martin at the Pine Cone Settlement. There the “white fire” money would be divided into equal shares.

Mary was surprised when Judd returned earlier than usual.

“Honey, we doubled our price, and the old fellow *paid* it. Soon we'll be a-havin' some fixin's aroun' the place like you want. I bought you *this*, too.”

With her eyes streaming with pent-up tears, Mary took the package with shaking hands. So long, so long since he had been in such riotous spirits and so boyish! Her prayers were answered—Judd had come back—*her* man!

The days wore on, the weeks, and the months. Spring came, bringing its glorious new hope and new life. But the rains—the dread of the mountains—come too. The sullen, soggy nights, with their bursts of fury and periods of calm, would settle down, apparently, to a drenching, businesslike rain. The natives knew how to estimate such weather. By daylight the streams would

be raging rivers, on whose currents trees and animals would be carried ruthlessly to the lowlands. Roads would be obliterated and human beings would seek shelter wherever they could find it. These would pass and the perfect weather from May until September would begin.

Mary Amos was strangely happy and grateful, for had not the changed weather and freedom from the worry of "revenueurs" brought the old, gay Judd back?

Into this blissful joy came Lady Dianne Jordan. A letter of introduction had come from Mr. Greyson in Oracle. "Her ladyship needs rest and quiet, so I am sending her to you. She wants to 'rough it' and gain back her lost strength", thus ran the old man's letter.

Mary was overjoyed at the thought of having a woman to talk to and to have with her. Judd, however, was a little suspicious. In the end it was agreed to clean out the pack room, which constituted that part of the house across the little porch. This would give "Her Ladyship" a whole house, so to speak, to herself.

All was excitement in the little cabin on the day set for Lady Jordan's arrival. A great creaking of wheels and disjointed springs announced the arrival of Judd, bringing their guests.

Mary ran out to greet her with all the simplicity and lack of self-consciousness of the rural woman. Suddenly she stopped short—what was it? Intuition? Something she did not know seemed to sharpen like a pointed tooth in her heart and a silence fell on her happy spirit like a blackened garment. She felt almost as if she were choking. With faltering steps and an unnatural reserve she welcomed her guest.

The slanting, almond-shaped eyes of Dianne Jordan appraised the girl's simple dress and innocent face. With a proud look and stately bow, she acknowledged the greeting of her hostess. Turning, she nodded to her maid to follow and slowly turned her luminous brown eyes on Judd. Having never had any contact with the outside world he was overcome by this exquisite woman. He had completely succumbed to the soft voice and

beautiful, unusual face. Judd bowed and gave her one of his flashing smiles, disclosing perfect teeth. Mary, seeing this, felt a stab and an added twist of the knife in her heart.

A month passed. Judd had built fences and hung gates. Flowers blossomed everywhere. Why? Mary, in her agony, had forgotten that Judd had promised "fixin's", and, woman-like, attributed it all to his wanting to please Dianne. Ah, for Mary, the age-old pain!

Dianne's well-modulated voice led all the conversations. All her remarks and questions were addressed to the flattered Judd, accompanied by lifted brow, a soft gesture or a curved smile. The little hostess was an outsider—kept at a great distance by this attractive woman. After the meal, Dianne usually rested, while Judd pretended to read and Mary worked with a bursting heart.

As to Mary—she went on doggedly. The dimples disappeared. The mouth fell into the pathetic, drooping lines that by and by, unless something saved her, would become permanent and mark her a hill woman—one to whom visions were denied.

Money was needed. The blue smoke was again curling up between the hills. Soon the moonshine would be ready. Judd, flattered by her interest, showed Dianne his hidden still in the valley. Even the dense *path* leading to his secret was of *unusual* interest to the woman. That night and far into the morning hours Dianne wrote letters.

The next morning Judd went down to mail them, though, for anyone else, he would have refused—the mountain folk are afraid of mail and postmen.

Dianne was preparing to leave a few days later—unexpectedly. Judd watched her with heavy heart as her trunk bumped out of the sagging door. The horse, rubbed sleek and shiny, was hitched to the cart. All was ready to take Dianne away.

"No, no, Judd", said the woman, "that is far too much trouble for you. I hear someone coming. Perhaps they will give me a lift." Turning, quickly, Judd saw three men riding up—one led an extra horse ready saddled.

“Well, you turned up a ‘find’ this time, thanks to your long, white hands and womanlike face!” exclaimed the sheriff as he dismounted and quickly handcuffed the stupified Judd.

Throwing off his feminine garb, Jake Brunson, Detective for Prohibition Enforcement League, mounted the extra horse and followed the prisoner.

Two faces looked back to see Mary, white-faced and frightened. *Judd* saw the mountain woman—determined to stand by her man. *Jake* saw the pathos that for weeks had been on her face!

“Sheriff”, said the detective, “there to the right in the valley is the still. Seize the worm!”

Autumn Leaves

By DORIS VANNEMAN

Leaves, brown and sere,
Torn and turned, like dying butterflies
Upon the earth;
Pricked with tiny holes,
Fairy messages, perhaps,
Or, like as not, life stories of the trees
That Autumn kissed.

H O M E S P U N

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Our Heritage

IN the year 1905 the High School of Greensboro, North Carolina, stepped out into the literary limelight by placing in the hands of its enthusiastic patrons the first issue of *The Greensboro High School Magazine*. This issue was the beginning of the interest in publications which have since that time made a name for the school.

For the first three years—that is, from 1905 to 1908—the *Magazine* was published only three times a year, each issue covering a wide scope not only in stories, poems, and jokes but also in school activities. Budding young artists furnished the cartoons necessary for an attractive make-up. Moreover, the number of advertisements scattered through the *Magazine* attested to the fine co-operative spirit of friends outside the school.

For the initial number the *Magazine* was fortunate in securing an article written especially for the Greensboro High School by John Charles McNeill. Naturally, this was an added attraction.

In perusing the editorial "boxes", we come upon several familiar names. During the year 1905-'06 Wilkie J. Snell was editor-in-chief; in 1906-'07 Capus Waynick's name headed the list of editors; and in 1908-'09 Newman White was chief editor.

Sometime in the year 1909 the *Magazine* was re-christened, this time receiving the name of *Sage*. At the same time, on account of necessary improvements in the publication, the subscription price was raised to the exorbitant sum of fifty cents a year. At this time four issues were put out during each school year, one in October, one in December, another in February, and a last in April. It was the customary thing for the annual, *The Reflector*, to come from the press in May, thus avoiding conflicts.

Between the years 1909 and 1919 the following served in the capacity of editor-in-chief: Edward Eutsler, Harry Morris, Adelaide Van Noppen, Nellie Jefferson, Magdeline Monroe, Doub Kerr, Elbert Lewis, Woodrow Clark, and Charles Mosely. Not only are these names well known to us, but also are the names of the associate editors of that period. Some of these are: Sigmund Lindau, Lillian Merrimon (now Mrs. Homer LeGrande), Alfred Lindau, Jean McAlister, Love Ireland, Elizabeth Smith (now Mrs. Lehman), Oscar Boyst, Blanche Sternberger, Madeleine Stafford, Roland McClamrock, and Walter Rowe. These, however, are merely a few of the long list of magazine editors who gave literary work a start in Central High School.

As we come to the present day, we find that Central High School has the same need of an outlet for literary talent which formerly culminated in a magazine; these literary aspirations are our heritage. The passing years have impressed upon all young high school writers the need of some way of expressing themselves. To this end the fibres have been picked from the raw material and brought together to make—HOMESPUN.

An Innovation

A NEW COURSE has been inaugurated at Central High School this year, which is probably unique in the entire state. Its primary purpose is to furnish a creative literary training for those who have a liking or a capacity for this type of work; but incidentally it forms an aristocracy of talent, from which material of high quality can be drawn at all times for the magazine. By this we do not mean that the members of the class will be exclusive contributors to HOMESPUN for that would be contradictory to the real purpose of the magazine. They will serve, rather, to set a high standard for literary work in the school and encourage the contributions of the student body as a whole. This innovation in North Carolina high school curricula to which we refer is the class in Creative English.

This class has been organized only a month. It could therefore only have begun in a very small measure to work toward the ideals set forth above. It is no aggregation of literary "lights", but just a group of hard-working students interested in literary endeavor and willing to make an effort to achieve the highest standards in that art. Though not many, probably, have chosen this field for their life work, they are in the class for the good effect it will have on the scope of their general attitude toward life, no matter what vocation they may follow. As we have said, little has been accomplished yet; but there is about the class already such an atmosphere of absorption in the work that it has become the class ideal.

The group has set for itself many standards. First, we should say, it is trying to develop the poetic insight into the everyday occurrences and sensations of life, to see the beauty that is veiled by long contact and familiarity with these so-called "prosaic" things.

It used to be said that "poets are born, not made"; time is proving differently. Already we can see signs of development in the members of the Creative English class. Whatever be the work they take up in life, this broadened attitude toward the

monotonous details that largely compose it will be an advantage to them. The poet is he who gets the fullest enjoyment out of life.

Again, the class is working to obliterate all traces of triteness in their literary efforts; to achieve originality; to step out from the old worn ruts of expression and make new paths for themselves in a field that is practically unlimited,—the English language. Each member is striving to develop an individual style that will be recognized everywhere as the work of that person. In this way the students will become masters of self-expression—a thing that has become more than ever such a necessity for material success in life as well as for the fullest enjoyment of existence.

The accurate photography of details which is essential to vivid writing is another standard the class has set for itself. The students are studying the works of authors, famous for this ability; they go out, observe for themselves in the everyday walks of life, and record what they see; for practice must be added to theory if any real achievement be desired. However, it is their determination in the photography of details not to lose sight of the poet's part in the portrayal of existence—the use of the imagination that sees far beyond the veils of mystery which the eye can never hope to penetrate, that draws from the apparent monotony and futility of life a real, beautiful, and inspiring significance. This is the supreme aim of the course in Creative English. We venture to say that it should become the supreme aim of this publication—the supreme aim in the literary expression of Greensboro Central High School.

O. Henry

SEPTEMBER, the eleventh, was the birthday of O. Henry, Greensboro's short-story writer. Very few noted this significant fact; fewer still staged a celebration. If anyone, previously ignorant of the anniversary, chanced to be informed, he probably dismissed the matter without a thought. It is singularly unfortunate that O. Henry's own birthplace seems to appreciate him

so little; it is next to pathetic to realize that so few people in Greensboro are well informed concerning the great short-story artist.

This city should be a shrine of information on O. Henry, undoubtedly her most famous citizen. Millions know O. Henry intimately through the medium of his stories, distinguished for their keen insight into human nature and for their skillful blending of the tragic and the humorous. In literary circles he is looked upon as one of the masters in the short-story field.

Possibly we are entirely ignorant of his life and works. We should read them. The first is a long tale of the struggle of genius against misfortune. The last are a number of brilliant flashes into the intimate workings of life. One cannot help being gripped by these tales, for they are reality; and what is real is always interesting. After one has read these stories he will possibly, during the next few days, pass one of the several places about town that are in some way or other related to the man. He will be caught by a certain intangible glamor about them, now that he appreciates the greatness of O. Henry. And probably he will say: "So a great genius lived and struggled here; made his first contacts with life, and planted those germs which later developed into the works of art over which millions of people have laughed and cried. And I have been passing by here day after day and never given the matter a thought."

Estimates

O. Henry, the gifted barrister, plead the cause of forgotten men. He rose from drug clerk to a mighty druggist, mixing balms and strengthening medicines for a tired humanity.

—*Henry Biggs*

Into the woes of common folk
 He dipped his magic pen,
 That all the world might see revealed
 The romance hid in men.

—*Cecile Lindau*

Peppermint

By CARLTON WILDER

THE rather intense fragrance of peppermint always brings to my mind numerous recollections. They are varied: some colorful, some drab and stifling. All are faint, incomplete flashes illuminating in short moments scenes that once were vivid with the reality of life.

Peppermint reminds me sometimes of the sick room; of four dingy walls closing in day after day until the monotony of their presence became appalling; of moments that seemed years in their emptiness. Sometimes I recall, too, when my nostrils catch the familiar breath-taking odor, dingy hotels with long dark corridors on rainy days when brick walls took on an added look of grayness and age, and seemed to exude moisture from their very depths.

Then, as if by the force of contrast, my mind flashes to rainy days in the country, far from the black, gloomy cliffs, pock-marked with their dingy, soot-streaked windows. I see fields of bright sparkling green in refreshing summer showers, rusty brown in the autumn. I see the woods in November, on misty days, with the restful secluded dimness of the light filtering through the network of bare branches above and the softness of those airy corridors padded with a wet, elastic cushion of long dead leaves. For a moment I feel the old elusive fascination for hours along dim paths that lead, no one knows where. But the sensation passes like the waves of intense fragrance that suggested it. And I go on, conscious only of a vague sense of regret.

Aquarium Fantasy

By ZAIDEE SMITH

A spritely sunray caught you
In the Occidental sky;
He caught you and he brought you
When the day began to die.
He brought you through my window
And he gave you filmy wings;
He blew you and he threw you
In a globe of ferns and things.
The globe is silver water
And you know it all by heart;
It's gilded and it's colored
By each graceful quirk and dart.

You, Solis Occasu,
And you, Tia Fa Min,
Why the lurching and the searching
For the place where you got in?
Aren't you happy in your beauty,
You restless little fellows?
Start thinking and stop drinking
With those tiny gulping bellows.
I'll tell you what is wanting—
You've a heart, a wrigly spine,
Two veins, a brain, a liver,
But not a soul like mine.

On the Death of a Friend

By SHELTON DRY

IN personal appearance he was somewhat insignificant and for that reason failed to attract the casual observer. A short acquaintance, however, gave a different impression.

He was always bubbling with happiness, and good cheer radiated from him like warmth from the sun. Never in all the time I had known him did I see him down-cast. In age he was about sixty; but in personality he was a youth, ever optimistic. Among young people he was the center of attraction, for he made himself one of them. In all parts of the state, they, as well as their elders, knew and loved him.

To me he was always a true friend. Whenever we met he would eagerly grasp my hand as a token of loyalty and friendship; and he had the same warmth for all he knew. He believed in people. He always spoke of their finer qualities which he was sure to discover.

He believed in the precepts of Christ. On one occasion he held a meeting in a convict camp and converted nine hardened criminals. He was the founder of an orphanage and always took a personal interest in its inmates. He was not a minister of the Gospel; he was the kind of man who does not merely talk about religion but lives it. His very countenance portrayed a man of sterling worth.

These were some of the thoughts that crowded into my mind as I stood before the casket banked with flowers, tokens of love and respect from friends who had known and appreciated him. As I stood there and gazed into that peaceful face my first thought was that my friend was dead. In the next instant I was realizing that my friend was not dead, that such a man never dies. His memory lives and will continue to live in the hearts of those to whom he had been an example of true living.

As I turned away I resolved that I would take a lesson from my friend; that I would strive to live so that it might be said also of me, "He has left the world a better place than he found it, and has influenced others to do likewise."

Ships

By CECILE LINDAU

I sat on the shore where the waves roll in
And fingered the shells and the sand,
And felt the tang of the ocean wind
That danced from the sea to the land.
And while I sat on the sandy beach
With the sea salt in my hair
I sought the edge of the ocean's breast—
Three ships were sailing there.
I watched them move till the gaping mouth
Of the hungry savage sea
Had swallowed the sails of the pretty ships
And left not one for me.

So as I sat on the sandy shore
And watched the waves and spray
I thought how like the sea is life;
How like the waves, each day;
How like the ships are all my dreams—
My lovely wingèd things—
Which life must always take from me
While mockingly she sings.



A Morning's Impressions

By CARLTON WILDER

I AWOKE after a night of heavy drugged sleep that had made the senses feel like lead. It had been too short, that sleep—only six hours. The preceding night I had captured four hours from the duty-laden flow of time. Only by great effort of subconscious will did I awake at all. Having done so I had not sufficient moral energy to get out of bed. I felt drained, exhausted of all strength, physical and moral. I felt as though I wouldn't have left that bed to save my best friend from the worst fate imaginable. The yellow sunlight was streaming in through the transparency of the lowered shade and transfiguring the worn walls with its magic glow. But that sunlight only seemed to dazzle me and increase the drugged sensation. I turned over, drew the cover around my shoulders and closed my eyes. In the luxury of that moment I revelled deeply. The warm bed felt so comfortable, so restful to every muscle, to every nerve in my body, and to my drugged, fatigued brain.

I thought of the work on which I was so far behind, so far, indeed, that I never hoped to catch up—of the articles to write for the paper, of the oral theme that must be delivered that morning; of the notebooks and parallel-reading and of all the thousand other exacting duties connected with school life. They swept around my mind in a confused whirl until they became dreamy unconscious phrases without reason or meaning; and I realized suddenly that I was drifting into sleep again. By an effort I brought myself back to the world of reality. I turned over on my back. I looked upwards and tried to trace the grotesque designs on the ceiling, cracks and blots which reminded me of strange animals, shapes born in the weird misty region of fancy, until they blurred; and my eyes closed from the horrible intangible weight that hung over the lids. Once more I was floating in the borderland.

My mother entered the room and spoke to me, "It's six o'clock." Last night I had told her to wake me, but it had

proved a useless procedure. At the time I had experienced a subtle feeling that I would be too stupefied to get up. I knew it now. It was the only thing I did know in the whirl of confused sensations. No, I wasn't going to get up. I would let the school work "go hang"; I would let my reputation "go hang." I was going to remain in bed as long as I could.

I heard the rattling of pots and pans. My mother was preparing breakfast. The aroma of frying bacon floated up the stairs into my room, but it had no effect on me. I was not hungry. All other sensations were buried completely in the overpowering desire to relax every muscle and nerve and indulge in sweet, soothing, effortless sleep. That became the only thing desirable in life.

So it went on. At seven-thirty the appalling thought of the passing of time, bred in me by the habits of years, forced me from bed in one tremendous effort. When I was outside of the warm shelter with the chilly nap of the carpet tickling my toes, I regretted the act. But I could not turn back then. I tip-toed to the window and looked out. Everything was soft in the morning light. The whole world seemed refreshed; but it had slept and I had not.

With bitter hatred for all the conventions of modern life I pulled on my clothes. They felt stiff and unpleasant. They hung on me loosely; and I conceived a hatred for them, too. I performed the daily ablutions and felt no invigorating reaction to the tepid water dripping from my skin.

I applied the morning "shine" to my hair. The clinging sensation that the greasy stuff left on my hands made me itch with a mad desire to rub it off. I did so—on the towel, hoping my mother would not notice the grimy marks stamped on the fresh-looking folds, an unstained white after the weekly washing.

Tying the tie came next. After several attempts, accompanied by ferocious thoughts, quite unfit for print, I gave it up, leaving my tie in a knot that had about as much grace and shapeliness as a wad of chewing gum. I donned my coat; it, as well as my pants, had lost whatever shape it possessed months ago. I looked at my watch. Ten past eight, it registered. "Time to

go!" I crammed my time-piece, my pen, and my spectacle-case into the loose pockets of the bulgy trousers, seized my books, fiercely reviling the loose papers that tried to fall out of the note-book, and strode out the door, slamming it behind me with a magnificent crash.

Half asleep though I was, I managed through the subconscious control of habit to reach school safely. As I stalked into the crowded session-room a host of loving friends gathered around me and plied me with questions at bewildering speed.

"Have you got your English?"

"Didja write those articles?"

"Have you got up that note-book?" And so on to infinity.

I was annoyed. "Don't talk to me of work", I said icily, "I consider myself lucky to get to school at all today."

Thus began the morning.

A Diamond

By HELEN FELDER

"Hello, Mabel, old thing! I just ran in to show you my diamond. Isn't it wonderful? This little circle promises a lot of excitement for your frisky old pal. It means a marvel-trousseau, oddles of parties, a huge wedding, and a nice steady steady life with a nice, steady husband.

"Who'd have thought that a flippant flapper like me would be willing to settle down and be a sweet, demure little wife for substantial old Frank? That proves that you can never tell.

"Now don't say I ought to take it seriously. To tell you the truth, I am being more serious right now than I've ever been—Just a minute, Frank! Frank's waiting for me. How obliging he is! He'd wait all day for me if I'd ask him to. But, so long, old dear. Don't forget that your brides-maid's dress is to be green!"

Two Nights in April

By ZAIDEE SMITH

FIRST NIGHT

Thick, oppressive night; there's only Neptune in the doubtful sky.

A black floor spans the north,
And 'neath it phantoms of shimmering light eddy up the dome
And break in reality over all drowsy earth.
Frog and cricket mills ran all hands
Last night; they smell thunder in the air!
Creep underground tonight—can't guarantee this April weather.

And

Somewhere in the city, somnolent,
With the settled smoke around the 'scrapers clinging
There are murderers plotting
And wild revelry whirls in hidden dens,
And thugs break in and rob banks—
And ardent couples everywhere
Murmur soft and lovely things
Under cover of night darkness.

SECOND NIGHT

A sieve is turned over the recumbent world,
And pinholes of ethereal light
Stream from the Celestial City—
We call it starlit night!
Lilies on the pond spread bare their waxen breasts
To the kind sky
And night birds tell low serenades.

And

Somewhere in the city, somnolent,
With the settled smoke around the 'scrapers clinging
There are murderers plotting;
And wild revelry whirls in hidden dens,
And thugs break in and rob banks—
And ardent couples everywhere
Murmur soft and lovely things
Under cover of night darkness.

Florida's Mantle

By CHARLES GRAFF

I LAY NO CLAIMS to being a prophet; but judging from the speeches I have recently heard, combined with the sights I saw this summer, I am convinced that in the next two or three years the solemnity of our mountains and the whistling of the wind in our elevated pines will be somewhat disturbed by the footsteps of humanity itself. In other words, western North Carolina is on the verge of a land-boom, a boom that will surpass even Florida's much-talked-of and amazing land values.

"Impossible", we say. But nothing is impossible. The same over-worked adjective was used when it was predicted that Florida would surpass California in real estate values. Everywhere was heard the exclamation, "Why, how absurd!" I grant you that this did seem a thing of exaggeration when you consider sunny, fruitful California as compared with Florida, the land of swamps, the guardian of the Everglades, the land of logging camps, and a country noted for its hot, humid climate and those pests, the mosquitoes. However, time has proved to us that the land boom of California is not to be compared to that of Florida.

Taking these facts into consideration, it cannot be denied but that western North Carolina with its tremendous mountain ranges, its majestic peaks, its sparkling, mountain streams, and its vitality-giving climate has more natural charm than Florida. Nature has dealt kindly and generously with "The Land of the Sky." It has made this portion of North Carolina as picturesque as any place in the world. It has given this section a delightful climate with cool, breezy summers and mild energy-producing winters. In fact, western North Carolina is the "Garden Spot" of America.

This state has also other attractions besides those of natural beauty. Two-thirds of the entire population of the United States and nine-tenths of the wealth of this country are situated within twenty-four hours' ride from Asheville, a growing

North Carolina city in the heart of "The Land of the Sky". Furthermore, the largest cities of America, such as New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago are within this short radius.

We have the people at our very doors and North Carolina has some of the best highways of any state in the Union. Probably nothing except people create such good real estate values as good roads do. This state, due to its far-sighted citizens, is renowned for its good roads which are hard-surfaced in most instances and of sand-clay construction in the others. Already North Carolina, because of these fine highways, has become a thorough-fare between the North and South and already wide-awake Middle Westerners are finding this route advantageous to them in many respects.

It is the people, themselves, that make land values. A crowd causes a demand and a demand creates the value. History shows that this is true. The land in the original thirteen colonies was more valuable at first than the more fertile land beyond the Appalachian mountains; this was because the density of population at that time was exceedingly greater in that eastern section. However, as pioneers opened up that fertile region beyond that range of mountains and as the tide of humanity swept in that direction, land values began to rise in proportion to the crowds that pushed into that section.

History shows that land values have moved in a cycle. Beginning with this northeastern section, it moved across the intervening mountain ranges to the Middle West where there was good corn and wheat land that now cannot be bought for a thousand dollars an acre. It next swept on to California and other western states during the gold rush of 1849. Then came Florida's day, a day whose sun has not yet set, a period of light turned to gold in which there has been a quick gathering of those golden flitting sunbeams. The wheels of fortune are still lingering, somewhat doubtful in the land of quick fortunes; but by all set laws and by the events of the past North Carolina will be the next resting place for those continually moving wheels of fortune.

As the old saying goes, "History repeats itself"; and the wise are quick to see their chance. Years ago far-sighted men bought huge tracts of land in western North Carolina. Vanderbilt, the great financier bought thousands of acres near Asheville from old mountaineers who considered themselves very good business men in charging him from ten to fifty dollars an acre for the land that today can not be bought for tens of thousands. Lately great developers from Florida have bought considerable acreage in this mountainous region of North Carolina.

This state lies directly across the path of the advancing gold wheel; and, considering the fact that each of the preceding land booms has been greater than its predecessors, it would not be merely speculation on our part to say that the coming land boom of Western North Carolina will be greater than them all.

My Real Self

By CECILE LINDAU

I HARDLY KNOW in which of my many moods I am my real self—for I admit that I am a creature of moods. Whether I am my real self when I am coldly dignified, harshly critical, overly reserved, or when I am the dreamy, generous, friendly girl I would like to be always, I know not.

When I am in a brilliantly lighted dance hall, flitting gaily among the other dancers, I am perfectly contented; I feel that I have found at last my real self and the one way in which to express my innermost feelings—happiness, gaiety, loveliness. But, then, is it not my real self who on a cold, stormy evening loves to sit before an open fire and see in the flames pictures more beautiful than any ever painted?

I do not know my real self. Perhaps I am not my real self—just a personality on the rack between a nobody and an interesting human. That personality may develop into a degenerate or into a really worth-while person. Who knows?

Autumn's Entry

By HELEN FELDER

LAST NIGHT summer fled; and this morning, long before I thought of crawling out, Autumn danced out upon the tree-tops and blew her breath over the land. The sky responded with the bluest of blues; a maple near my window blushed. I was coaxed out of bed to get a glimpse of lofty city spires striving to pierce the blue.

Autumn was such a jolly companion. She ran before me with her tongue in her cheek—such a playful rogue! Perhaps I was especially in her favor as I sauntered down the elm-bordered streets—perhaps, she was not even aware of me. At any rate I escaped the snobbery of her hand-maidens. True, they whispered to themselves as I passed—but all things whisper.

At each step I crushed under foot a few faintly-struggling little autumnal people. It was probably better for them to die quickly than to linger as outcasts beyond the pale of Autumn's favor. In their youthful beauty Dame Nature had been delighted to consider them her daughters; but when they grew old and shrivelled she disowned them. She ordered Autumn to drop them from her calling list.

I walked up the street and sang blithely. Why did I sing? I suppose that, womanlike, I sympathized with Autumn.

Autumn

By RODERICK MACLEOD

Maple flame and an azure sky;
Purple grapes in a field nearby;
Gold in corn-field; on the hill
A mist; and in the air a chill.

Stamp Collecting

By EDGAR KUYKENDALL

THERE was a time when I thought that to collect stamps was to waste time. I could see no possibility of a thrill in assembling bits of paper varying in colors from deep purple to light lemon and bearing the faces of men, women, and children strange in form and feature. But that time is past. I was caught in the current; and once caught, I have been unable to free myself. Really I am not desirous of freedom, for I have found the collecting of stamps most interesting and fascinating.

My collection started in the usual way. One of my most intimate friends paid me a visit and suggested that I get into the game that he had already found very interesting. I did not like the idea at first, but finally agreed to try it for a while—only, however, after he had brought me a handful of stamps from all countries of the world for a beginning.

I soon learned that there are many ways to become a possessor of stamps—the convenient way, the friendship system whereby a fellow and his neighbor make exchanges. Another method, more popular, I soon learned, is the purchasing of the desired stamps from other collectors, local and those of the mail order variety.

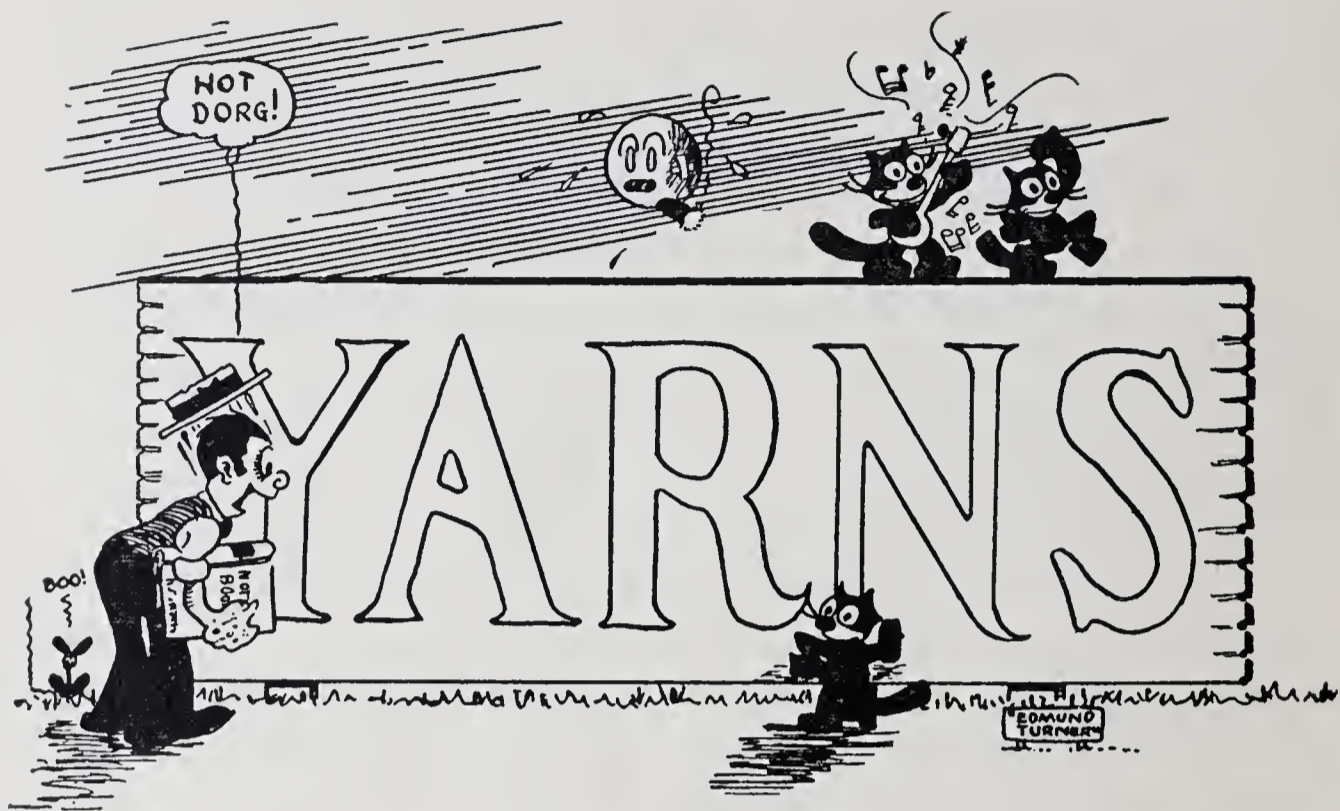
Eventually I learned what every stamp-collector knows—that sacrifices must be made in order to obtain a good collection. Many nickles, dimes, and quarters that I should like to have spent seeing Al. G. Field's great minstrels and first run pictures, I put into my stamp collection.

I began my career as a stamp-collector with the mere desire to save stamps, but as time passed and my collection gradually increased in quantity and quality I became interested in the history and geography revealed by the bits of paper. I took a greater interest in them and the objects printed on them. I began to find in deciphering the figures and inscriptions a peculiar sort of pleasure. One can not imagine until he has become

one of the fraternity of stamp-collectors just what may be learned from this assembling of tell-tale paper bits.

I must admit that with success comes a kind of conceit. When one begins to realize that his collection is among the best in town he swells with pride as he presents his album on all occasions for his friends' perusal. I am always interested in my friends' collections, but rarely let any of them put anything over on me if I can help it. So mere collecting has grown to be a regular competitive pastime and I find that my desire to save stamps, instead of diminishing, is ever increasing in intensity.

I may add that there is a bond of sympathy and fellow feeling among stamp collectors. It is like the fraternal grip among lodge members. This working together in the same field makes for real friendship, a thing which is not to be scoffed. I shall always feel kindly to all stamp-collectors.



A Joy Ride

By ELIZABETH UMBERGER

IT was a heavenly night. The moon peeped down from behind the wandering clouds upon the couple in the little roadster; the stars played hide-and-seek in the heavens; the wind was still. It was indeed an ideal night.

Our hero was a tall, handsome brunette, and our heroine a coquettish blonde.

As the car glided along in the moonlight at a moderate rate of speed, our feminine character spoke: "Is this a speedometer?" she asked, as she tapped on the glass which covered the instrument.

"Yes, dear," replied her companion in a sweet, gentle voice.

"Don't they call this the dash light?" she queried, fingering the little nickle-plated illuminator.

"Yes, honey." His words floated out softly as before.

"And is this the cut-out?" she continued to inquire.

"Yes, dovey," he answered as he took his foot off the accelerator; for the railroad crossing was just in front of them and the searchlight of a fast-approaching locomotive was playing upon the tracks.

“But what on earth is this funny looking pedal?” she asked in a curious tone as she gave the accelerator a vigorous push with her dainty foot.

“This, sweetheart, is heaven”, he said in a soft, celestial voice as he picked up a golden harp and flew away.

A Catastrophe

By ELIZABETH UMBERGER

She was perfect, Herman. I tell you, I won't be able to live without her. O Berta, Berta, why did you do it? Why did you leave me? Listen—I can hear her humming as she breezed in and out of the hollow rooms. Yes, it was a way she had, buzzing about, Herman, so quietly and naturally. Yes, I am sure Berta was made for me; without her everything seems dead. The house is uninviting with its vases of faded flowers, which before her departure actually brightened and lighted this dark place by her skillful arrangement. It was her matter-of-fact manner that won me on that eventful visit to Charleston—so sensible and clean she was. Then this had to come just on account of some foolish whim concerning another man—I could strangle him!

You know, Herman, that creature was never like any other of her kind; she never cared about having the jewelry and the fancy clothes that other women crave—no, just the simplest things she wore, including low-heeled shoes (I always did admire that about Berta); never roamed the streets; never cared for the so-called gaities of life; always was contented to sit at home with her little “joblets”, as she would say. O Berta, to get you back I'll do anything—room and board both of you—just anything. Oh, what a housekeeper. Won't you come and cook for me, Berta?

The Twelve Million

By BEN KENDRICK

Solomon probably thought he had established a new record when he married his one-thousandth wife. Brigham Young had only twenty-six notches on his totem pole. But the true champion polygamist of the universe is sitting in his cottage waiting for the busy world to wear a beaten path to his doorstep.

However, where most wives incur an outlay, this man's wives concur an inlay, as he hires them out to the balance of us poor humankind. In fact, our family has achieved the petty distinction of employing one of these wives, who, to quote from Lewis, "in the full matronliness of married life is as sexless as an anemic nun."

Our Elizabeth Ford is a bedraggled spectacle. Even when she was fresh from the harem, she was not an overwhelming beauty; and, now in her middle age, she would actually be repulsive if it were not for intimate familiarity with her. She has, in late years, developed a case of the croup which is particularly in evidence when she arises of a cold morning from the hard floor of an outhouse or when she is endeavoring to ascend to the summit of a more than usually steep elevation. At these times she hems and haws and raises her voice to an angry chatter; and occasionally she will even balk.

Such is one of the twelve million. Very similar are the remaining eleven million nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine. Now the husband of all these, this breaker of all records, this modern Ishmael of Egypt, this man whose horde of wives make even Napoleon's *Grande Armee* fade into insignificance and oblivion, is unheralded in the Hall of Fame, unrecognized and hidden in the deepest hole of obscurity. True, he has attained a certain degree of prominence, but it is as nothing compared with that which will descend upon his noble brow when his true worth is realized.

In conclusion, I merely wish to call your attention to the fact that it is unnecessary to start a benefit fund for him as his income is approximately twelve dollars a second.

The Shuttle

Our Policy

By DOROTHY LEA

WE have an ideal for this department. We would have it a meeting place for friendly chatter, a back-yard fence sort of place for neighborly gossip about the new styles and new patterns and the new ways of working over old things.

Our Mail Bag

We publish below our exchange list for this issue — for the most part names borrowed or stolen from the Exchange Columns of other magazines that have come to our desk. Most of these names mean nothing to us but names; but we hope before the end of the scholastic year to have every one of them mean the beginning of an interesting literary friendship—a friendship based on a sincere give-and-take.

We shall await with interest the arrival of the introductory issues of our literary neighbors into whose province we have lately moved.

Albanian, Washington, D. C.
Alpha, New Bedford, Mass.
Attic, Nutley, New Jersey.
Breeze, Ashburnham, Mass.
Chatterbox, Wells River, Vt.
Chronicle, New Orleans, Louisiana
Crimson and Grey, Southbridge, Mass.
Cycle, Woodsville, New Hampshire
Deerfield Arrow, South Deerfield, Mass.
Dial, Battleboro, Vt.
Enfield Echo, Thompsonville, Conn.
Franklin Hi-Broadcast, Franklin, Penn.

- Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn.
Great Blue, Milton, Mass.
Hi-Spirit, Enosburg, Vt.
Item, Amsterdam, New York
Laurel, St. Bonaventure, N. J.
Mohonk Sentinel, Mohonk Lake, New York
Orange and Black, Middleton, Conn.
Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.
Passamaquoddy Oracle, Eastport, Maine
Philomath, Framington, Mass.
Proviso Pageant, Maywood, Illinois
Purple and Gold, Milbon, New Hampshire
Ranger, Chelmsford, Mass.
Ratler, Neligh, Nebraska
Recorder, Brooklyn, New York
Review, Washington, D. C.
Somonhis, South Manchester, Conn.
Spotlight, South Hadley Falls, Mass.
Student's Pen, Pittsfield, Mass.
Trident, Ocean Grove, New Jersey
Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.



