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Perry Laukhuff	



For all who love a cheery fire,
A candle at the window,
Pure snow, crystal ice, clear stars
of which to dream,

CHRISTMAS!

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THAT'S CHRISTMAS

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

CITY streets lined with lighted spruce trees, strung with ropes of white pop-corn and red cranberries. Shop windows displaying in holly wreathed splendor gifts for Dad and Mother and Sister and Brother. Huddles of children looking, with blinking eyes, into the gay windows at fire engines and tractors and miniature kitchen cabinets and electric irons. A jolly Santa Claus walking up and down the crowded streets—the delight of the very young and the very old. Throngs of people hurrying home, arms loaded with awkward bundles. Poinsettas in profusion in florist shop windows. Somewhere a little Salvation Army Sister almost lost in the great mass, appealing to the hurrying people with her tinkling bell.

Then holly wreathes swinging from window shades and beckoning candles flickering through newly scrubbed windows. Home lights gleaming out on the softly falling snow. Twin spruces guarding the entrance wrapped in their downy cloaks of snow.

Inside a fire crackled cheerily on a cozy fireplace. Three stockings and a big sock hung from the mantel. Baskets of apples and oranges and nuts. A mound of waxy pop-corn balls and bowls of Christmas candy hidden behind the Christmas tree.

The Christmas tree, a fragrant cedar, standing in the most conspicuous corner, its silver star touching the ceiling, and almost drooping under its weight of tinsel rope, its gaudy balls, tiny Santa Clauses and peppermint candy canes.

Heaps of gifts under the tree, some wrapped in holly paper, some in white paper, some in red paper tied with frivolous bows of sparkling ribbons or topped with a perky sprig of holly and mistletoe.

Softly outside our windows tremulous voices singing Christmas carols.

Churches from whose dimly lighted depths there come the chimes of the organ in "Silent Night, Holy Night."

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

ELIZABETH LEE, '30

Last minute shoppers—crowds of
Business men, tired office girls,
Shivering newsboys, care-worn mothers—
All bustling, elbowing their way
Through the white carpeted streets
Into stores decorated with tinsel and holly,—
Life . . .

The mellow glow of lamps,
Polished floors that mirror sliver slippered feet,
Soft rustling taffetas,—almost sweeping the floor,
Beautiful tantalizing music,—
Couples—gay, lighthearted, hopeful,
All gliding rhythmically 'neath the mistletoe,—
Love . . .

“Silent night, holy night”
In deep contralto tones.
It is a mother singing to her babe;
The fire in the hearth lights up
The faces of little ones at her side
Hanging up faded baby stockings,—
Happiness . . .

A BUTTON AND A STAR

ROY A. BURKHART

"STERLING! Mr. Greedor called a moment ago asking that you be in his office at four o'clock today. He spoke with a tone of bitterness—said that there has been a great deal of criticism of your last Sunday sermon, and he was alarmed over the subject you had announced for Sunday!"

"Come here, dear!" spoke a kind and reassuring voice.

Feet found their way up the steps into a little study where Sterling Loorin sought peace and rest after ministering to the hungry souls and bodies of the multitudes who had learned to love him. His church was an old established church, located in an old settlement of Chicago where once the wealthy lived, but where now only the poor would stay. But the wealthy came there to worship—to show their fineries, to magnify their egoistic spirits, and satisfy the dying protests of conscience, long since warned and bent to fit the desires of the lesser life instead of the visions of love.

Since this new prophet of Heaven had come, the poor, the unfortunate, the clotheless, the debauched, began to look to this church, formerly a place where only people with fine clothes came once and occasionally twice a week to "worship", as a ministry of love and as a place where they too might worship and find health, work, food, God. Before, baskets had come from this place on Christmas and Thanksgiving, only baskets. Now, through this pastor, love, sympathy, help day and night, came to them. They wanted baskets at Christmas but they needed them all the year. And they had to have love!

Sterling Loorin and his gentle and quiet Mary gave them both of these. At first his personality and love intrigued the wealthy members of his church. His social gospel sounded good. But when his love for the poor led him to fellowship with them; when his sermons were for

the rich in behalf of the poor, then the tide turned. The current became stronger and stronger; soon the dam would break, and this young prophet and his wife would be washed away—unless something unusual were to happen!

Mary felt the approach of the flood as she walked up those steps and entered her husband's study. Sterling knew it.

"Dear, you fear for us, don't you?"

"Yes, Sterling, I do. The women gossip. I was defeated yesterday in the election for the presidency of the Women's Club of the church. Eyes winked; lips sneeringly smiled."

"But you are still happy, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"You believe I am right in my attitude—don't you?"

"Yes, dear heart, but maybe you moved too fast. And yet, my brother in New York City is all burned up because he is passionate to find a cure for cancer. Daddy wrote me yesterday that Samuel cannot live long, he knows and yet he goes on, living out his life to find a cure for cancer."

The young wife nestled in her husband's lap and loved and was loved. Two hearts bound together by the Heart of Love beat out a great purpose. Lips held, eyes were closed, a prayer! Then Mary's head rested quietly against Sterling's breast. A symphony! Stillness—quiet!

Words failed.

Sterling Loorin with his young, brave wife came to the Deserted Center Union Church a year before. Just out of college and seminary, he came with all the glory of an idealist and the power of a great spiritual prophet. He had undertaken a great task by the installment plan. First, he refused to enter his father's business where a few got a thousand times more than enough and where 1,800 employees received less than enough to provide for the bare necessities of life. Yes, he refused and was promptly disinherited, for which he was quite proud.

Then, when he had graduated from seminary, there was no church for him. His own denomination said: "If

you know the Truth, you cannot have a church of ours. We fear the truth." So, along came a large business corporation with a staggering offer. But Sterling Loorin paid.

Now he was facing installment three! He had gotten this church, because there were no other available preachers to be crucified. Here he was—loved by the hungry of body and soul and hated by those who controlled the purse-strings of the church.

"Mary," spoke her husband, "I completed the conclusion of my sermon when you called to me. May I read it to you? I need your help. You see I'm preaching tomorrow, Christmas Sunday, on the subject 'There Is a Famine in the Land'."

"Yes, read it to me—"

"The thing I'm trying to show is that there is a famine of love and I want to close my talk with these words—maybe it's too frank and too long:

"Oh, there is a famine in our land! This land called Christian and on Christmas Eve with a hundreds needs eliciting pity but baffling, even maddening, the soul for help and sympathy.

"Street urchins stand hungrily at the gate of a very rich man, happy even for a chance to look at his pampered chick wallowing in El Dorado opulence. But their poor stomachs remain empty.

"Women, haggard and weary, with faces shallow and eyes dimmed, souls shriveled and hearts cheated of unborn baby's kiss and caress, hurrying along to keep abreast with the demands of a social and economic order that is selfish.

"Children, millions of children, having glutted their eyes before a bright colored Christmas window, walk sorrowfully towards home in a dark corner of a black wall, by tenement alley. They saw—then home heart hungry!

"Youth blind to beauty, ignorant of love, bound by ignorance, yearns for a New World with its color of love, its winds of promise, its sunrise of hope, its sunset of perfection. A few find it; the mass are overcome by the forces of greed, lust, vice, ugliness.

"Our world is bitter, it fears, it hates. Love is going. When the last drop has gone away, then men will go mad and massacre all who have ever thought of love.

"Oh, there is a famine of love in the land. May we, this Christmas day, find the spirit of Christmas and give to the world its greatest need—the rulership of love!"

There was silence. Mary was a good critic.

More silence!

"Tomorrow is Christmas, we say," spoke Mary. "But dear, it won't be Christmas for most people around here. For them Christmas hasn't come. Do you think it ever will? These people are starving for love—there is a famine."

"It will come," spoke her husband, "in the fullness of time. Only God could have thought of Christmas—only He will bring into the hearts of the people and the homes of the world. It will come—if not in this world, the next. But you and I are going to follow the star into a number of homes this night and early tomorrow. Maybe we can bring Christmas into a few homes where it never was before."

"How sweet—we will, we will even give the turkey—we can eat milk and toast. But, dear, you must go to see Mr. Greedor—it's nearly three now—he said you were to be there not later than four."

"I better go, I suppose."

"Honey, be careful—let him talk, say as little as possible. Jesus even said nothing at times."

"I'll go, dear, but you sleep, for tonight we will be out all night—'bye!"

"Blessings, dear!"

Sterling Loorin hurried out of the house, down the boulevard to Logan Square where he boarded the "L" for the Loop. He found himself torn asunder by mingled emotions. This was the second time the president of his official board had called him in to reprimand him and then tell him what to preach and what to do. It was a bitter experience but he overcame it. What was in store now?

At least for a time he forgot all about himself. Opposite him sat a mother and four little children. Each little face was sad, yellow, pale. Eyes looked blank and little hands uneager. "Why they are hungry, bless them—they need food for the body—also, perhaps, for the heart," thought Sterling. He watched them. Just then his eye was caught by a picture on a card in the advertisement column in the car. It was a the picture of a child that looked for all the world like the ones that sat there partly alive before him. Under the picture he read: "Help the Cheated Child." As he looked down again, one of the little ones slipped down from the seat and wobbled over and stood, holding to one of Sterling's knees. A little child knows a heart that loves. Its little eyes looked up into the face of its newly appropriated friend and they seemed to say: "I am a Cheated Child; eyes weak, mind slow, nerves raw, body twisted, too weak to make a winning fight. I am the Cheated Child—sixty-five per cent of the children of this country—the future of the race."

"Randolph and Wells!" shouted the conductor and Sterling leaped to his feet, for he had gone six squares too far.

He led the little child to its mother who, with hurt eyes, apologized, saying that the child was lonesome for its father who had been in the hospital eight weeks.

Sterling knew *need* when he saw it. He reached into his pocket for a card and gave it to the lady with the kind words, "If I can be of any help, let me know."

Out through the door of that car he went, carried along by a large crowd of last minute Christmas shoppers. He was conscious of all the people, but eager to face Mr. Greedor.

"You wish to see Mr. Greedor?" asked a little voice.

"If you please—I came by appointment." Sterling waited.

"You are to go into Mr. Greedor's private office."

"Thank you!"

Sterling went.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Greedor! Mrs. Loorin said you desired my presence today. I'm glad to be here!"

Mr. Greedor sat, playing with his watch chain and looking out the window.

As yet, he merely had recognized his young pastor in silence. Then he turned with a fierce little smile and spoke quietly:

"Loorin, apparently you are working for a release from our church. If that's your purpose, let me say it will soon be granted."

The young preacher began to play with a button on his vest—he had no watch chain. He said nothing!

"When I pay an employee, he does what I say—you know I provide over one-fourth of our church budget."

Sterling continued to pull at the button on his vest.

"Therefore, I demand that you change your subject for tomorrow—it sounds dangerous!"

"Brother Greedor, I am eager to manifest the spirit of Jesus here. You have invited me here, I am glad to get your suggestions, I will think them over and decide."

"You will decide as I say, or by tomorrow noon you will be out of a job. My word is final!"

"Thanks," spoke Sterling sincerely. "By the way, Mr. Greedor, Mrs. Loorin said you were not pleased with my sermon last Sunday. What was wrong with it?"

"Everything—what you said and the way you said it. If any of our government officials had heard that speech, you would be locked up. You said that our government was running along the same lines as when conceived, that American democracy, so called, was unchristian, that it was in process of decay, that the British Labor Party had something for us which we need to learn.

"All your sermons during the last month have been a mess. I hate the words, 'If you know the truth'. For goodness sake never use them again. You are a modernist and a dangerous socialist. You take your salary from well-to-do people, but you love the poor. There, do you understand me?"

Mr. Greedor stood and began to handle papers on his desk.

"Mr. Greedor," spoke Sterling Loorin, "I appreciate

your frankness. There is something I'd like to say but I know it would just add to your unhappiness."

"You have heard my final word!"

"Yes, but would you permit me a word?"

"I'll give you one minute."

"Tomorrow is Christmas Day, but it will not be Christmas for over 1,800 people who live in an area of five blocks from our church. Has our church a right to exist in their midst without helping them? . . . I so wish . . ."

"Well, don't we help them?"

"We give them baskets, but we don't give them love—they aren't welcome in our church! If we could have an employment bureau, a nurse, an industrial group, a gymnasium, a friend to help poor young people from our church community to college, then I'd feel that our church is justified to be there!"

"Of all the crazy, impractical ministers we have ever had!"

Sterling walked out of the office without a word. The button of his vest lay on the floor of Mr. Greedor's office. He left the button, but brought his self-respect with him.

A hurt but crushed spirit found its way to Deserted Center. Sterling was hurt but strangely happy.

As he turned up Hope Street, boys and girls began to join him. He stopped here and there, and again, talking, chatting, and just smiling. Men, women, boys, girls, and even dogs knew that this young parson loved them. He did. He loved and was loved. He did not hate but he was hated.

At last Sterling was home.

"Honey, there is a button off your vest," said the observing young wife. "I'll sew one on for you right after

It was a good supper. Dishes were cleared away. Two lovers sat in front of the fireplace in silence. Mary said nothing about her husband's visit. He was silent but apparently happy.

"Dear, play for me—the piece I love most!"

Then Mary knew.

Her fingers trembled—her feet were numb. But she played—played as she never played before.

A loud rap on the door!

Mary's fingers stopped but the music continued in Sterling's heart. He had made his decision. Mary knew it.

"Good evening, Mrs. Loorin," spoke a voice, "could you come over, my mother is very sick?"

"Yes," and Mary was gone.

Sterling went to the basement. He counted the baskets—seventy-four. They were standing one against the other. Out in the back yard there were twenty-seven trees. He had received fifty dollars at the church party, and Mary got some presents and twenty dollars. All of this money and more went to buy those baskets.

He had asked four older boys to help him. A sound on the back door told him they had come. Baskets were being delivered by the boys. Sterling and Mary were going to make as many of the seventy-four family calls as possible.

Soon the last basket was delivered. One by one the boys returned to join their idol at the fireplace of the parsonage. "I never saw anyone so happy," said one. "Why, some of them cried for they were so happy," said another. "They said you not only helped them at Christmas but the whole year 'through,'" reported another. "Didn't I tell you not to say who sent the basket?" Sterling asked. "We didn't, but they knew," came the unanimous answer.

"Out in the kitchen is a basket for each of you. Take them home and tell no one where they came from. And thanks, Pals of mine, for helping. Someday we will have a big gym, a friend to help boys and girls through college, an employment bureau, a nurse—some day we will have a world where all boys and girls will have the opportunity to realize their full powers. Go now, and sometime we will make more plans."

Sterling was alone.

"Sweetheart, why didn't you call me—I could have come for you!" said Sterling as Mary came in.

"It was just across the street at Poorland's. A Christmas gift—no clothes; little food. Let's take something over and then go on our pilgrimage," spoke Mary.

"All right."

They went—Sterling took a tree. With them into that house went a joy never known there before. The tree! Little children thought it was a bear!

To the church, then to a house with a tree. Twenty-five round trips—twenty-five trees in houses where before baskets had gone. Happy faces—big-eyed children. In those houses no to bed for children and no setting up trees by parents. For they eat, sleep, live in one room. One tree was left in the back yard.

From house to house they went, sorry because they had no more trees. But they took *Christmas*—love. In each home they left happiness—wonder!

Seventy-four homes! The pilgrimage was completed. It was long after midnight. Hundreds of children were asleep but would soon get awake to a morning that was not Christmas. But they did their best. At least seventy-four families would have dinner—if they didn't eat their gifts of food for breakfast.

"Mary, I've decided to preach that sermon and pay the price. I must. Otherwise it would be hell. 'If you know the truth, the truth will make you free'."

"I want you to preach the sermon—I want you to use that conclusion. I love you," spoke Mary's soul.

"Dear," continued Mary, "my heart is just broken for all the little children in the city who will awaken and find that there is no Christmas after all. I could cry. If it would help—I'd be willing to die."

"Mary,—you are the spirit of Jesus—I love you."

A muffled rap on the door—retreating footsteps.

The clock struck three.

Sterling opened the door and found a little package. On it these words were written: "For the only ones who care."—J.

"Mary, that's poor Johnny. He sells papers down in the Loop till two in the morning and gets home at three."

"The dear boy," said Mary.

"You know he and his mother and sister live in a room over on Pale Street. His mother works from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. His sister works from 3 to 11 p. m. and Johnny works from 4 p. m. to 2 a. m."

"Why, Sterling, they never see each other."

"Mary, I'm taking that tree—we don't need it—over there, and can't we fix up a little basket? It's seven blocks, but I can walk it in thirty minutes. Maybe I can catch up with Johnny."

"All right, dear, I'll sleep here till you return. Make the fire first, will you?"

Sterling packed another basket of little things that were left and put the turkey in and started out with the basket and the last tree—their tree and their Christmas roast. Soon he was out of sight, finding his way along the trail followed by Johnny.

Mary slept peacefully on a chair before the fireplace. It was a real sleep. Little did she know that a large, determined-looking man had come up on the porch, looked in through the window, and then disappeared, to stand waiting in the shadow of the church.

An hour passed!

The morning was clear. Sounds were clearly heard. Footsteps came nearer to the church. Sterling Loorin walked past the church to the steps of his house. There he stood as if held by some force wholly unknown to him. He stood looking at the Morning Star. It was so clear—so like the Ever Glorious Star of long ago.

A hand touched his shoulder. Sterling turned almost in terror.

"It is only I," said Mr. Greedor. "I brought you this button—you left it in my office. It has brought me a Star!"

"Mr. Greedor—you bring me a wonderful gift!"

Two men stood, heart in heart, with faces turned to the Morning Star.

Mary joined them to watch it, too.

A DREAMER

ETHEL SHELLEY, '31

A CHRISTMAS candle in the window, shining out on a sparkling world. A dark sky twinkling with innumerable stars. The moon had come up early and already it had disappeared in the west; but it had left the world drenched in its beauty. It seemed to have left a trail of splendor behind it. The snow had caught some of the radiance of the "Silver Goddess" as she had passed over, and now it was tossing sparkles up to the stars.

The candle in the window beckoned to me. Hypnotized, I drew nearer. Soft strains of music drifted out to me—"Silent night, holy night"—Some mother must be singing to her child. I came closer and the words were clearer—"All is calm, all is bright," By what pretext could I make my entrance on this scene of home life in its truest, best form; on this rare occasion when the whole family is gathered 'round the fireside singing? For now the song was taken up by more voices and the music swelled with the ecstasy and glory of the Christmas spirit, "Round yon virgin, Mother and Child."

But, of course, I could not disturb this group. It was impossible to think that the entrance of a stranger would not spoil the picture. Yes, I would remain here in the shadow of the tree and listen. There could be nothing wrong in that—just borrowing a little happiness that had slipped by me this year. "Holy Infant so tender and mild," all the wonder of that night in Bethlehem was renewed in the voices of these carolers. I held my breath awaiting the next strain and then for one moment I really lived when the clear tones called me outside of myself. "Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace." A pause and then sharp and clear, "This is station W—broadcasting a series of Christmas carols . . ."

Before I could go I could not repress an impulse to take a step forward and look into the pretty living room. There in a big arm-chair sat the only occupant of the room, an old bald-headed man, and he was snoozing!

CHRISTMAS

J. GORDON HOWARD, '22

Windows glowing in happy homes shine with
A cordial light,
Where serving hands and ringing laughter
Bring happiness.
A friendly star sheds warming rays
Across the scene, for it is Christmas.

Counters cluttered high with merchandise
Are everywhere;
And milling humans, long since overloaded,
Buy and buy.
Tired clerks, with jaded nerves all frayed,
All wonder why there must be Christmas!

Two smudges of flat noses pressed
Against plate glass;
Four big round eyes peer longingly
At Santa's fairyland.
Then trudging on, two little heads
Cannot but wonder if there will be Christmas!

At tables reeking with unneeded food
Some people sit,
And glut themselves, while waiters
Bring new dainties.
Callous to but what concerns
Their carnal flesh; they forget Christmas!

And He, the Cause of Christmas, walks
Along the streets.
His eyes are sad, his heart is sore;
He grieves, he grieves.
With people rushing, brushing, crushing, all about,
He whispers, "This is not my Christmas!"

THE PARROT

CHARLOTTE M. OWEN, '27

THE curious, yet indifferent, Londoners were unaware of him. He was merely one of the kaleidoscopic humans who thronged the wet streets. The bronze of his face was nearly covered by a coarse growth of beard—but the black beads of his eyes held all the shiftlessness of the East.

A cold drizzle of rain was falling. He shivered beneath his shabby coat. London in winter time is a sorry place for one who thrives on sunshine.

A passerby jostled him and he slouched into the shelter of a shop doorway. The rain did not reach him here. He glanced about him. His refuge was the doorway of a bake shop. A customer brushed past him and entered. Weary and half starved, he would have followed, but the exploring hand that he put into his torn pocket encountered only a two-penny piece. It was a worn and much-scarred two-penny piece—he had snatched it from the pavement that morning just as a little urchin had spied it and dived toward it. One could buy bread with a two-penny piece, but on Christmas Eve one longed for other things. All day he had gone from shop window to shop window, but the things he sought could not be bought in fashionable English shops—only in little tapestry-hung bazaars where turbaned merchants squatted on their heels and offered viands of spicy fragrance.

With a deep-drawn sigh, the dark-skinned wanderer left his doorway and stumbled out into the rain again. He walked with shoulders hunched and downcast eyes. He saw none of the busy shoppers about him. Dusk fell, and the little shop windows, one by one, were lighted. Still he lurched on. Suddenly a child's delighted laugh attracted him. Three well-dressed tots were standing before the windows of a pet shop. He paused behind

them and watched the capers of a family of pups behind the glass.

The door of the shop opened and a little bell tinkled. Before it quite closed again, another sound reached the ears of the watchers at the window. It was a shrill, angry voice.

"Shaitan! Shaitan ka batka!" it screamed.

The man was startled. His little black eyes fairly popped. "Ka batka," he echoed sharply.

"Where is he?" he cried as the bell's tinkle sounded behind him. "Where is the pretty one?"

The little Italian proprietor of the shop looked at him in amazement. "Where is who?" he asked gruffly.

"The lovely one. I heard his voice. The little Hindu."

"His voice? You mean the parrot?" He pointed toward a brightly plumed bird swinging from a perch. "That's Sasha."

The bird was regarding them both from baleful red eyes. The Easterner's bronzed skin suddenly glowed with color. He rushed across the little room and stood beneath the perch. He raised both arms to the bird above him and then poured forth a perfect torrent of language. His voice was first eager, then soothing and pleading. The bird looked at him fiercely, and then turned its back in disgust.

"Shaitan," it muttered.

But the swarthy man was delighted. "How much?" he asked the shop keeper. "How much? I buy him."

"You buy him?" The little Italian was delighted too. "I no could sell the fool bird. He talk only jibberish. Nobody like him. I sell him to you cheap."

The Hindu drew his brown hand from his tattered pocket. He laid the two-penny piece on the counter.

"Tu-pence," the little Italian said quickly. "I ask you only tu-pence," and he dropped the coin into the till of his money box.

Sasha protested, but was lifted from his perch. The brown hands smoothed his ruffled feathers. A soft voice whispered, "My little countryman! You and I will spend

this Christmas night together. We will dream of sandalwood and—home."

And Sasha was thrust beneath the worn coat and carried out into the rain. The shop bell tinkled behind them.

* * *

"Ho, there! Wake up," the London bobby poked his stick against the ribs of the crouching man. "Sure, it's Christmas mornin' and you try sleepin' on people's doorsteps."

The man did not move, but from under his coat came an indignant voice.

"Shaitan! Shaitan! Shaitan!"

"It's dead he is," he muttered as he felt the man's cold hands. "And it's no wonder, what with all this cold and snow. But who are you." And he drew forth the ruffled parrot.

"Shaitan ka batka," screamed the bird.

"Ho! Shut up, ye little heathen. Such talk on Christmas mornin'. To the station house wi' ye." And he thrust the bright feathers under his own warm coat.

"Ka batka," muttered Sasha sleepily. And then still more sleepily—"Ka-bat-ka!"

THE DAY

ALICE FOY, '30

Peculiar thing!

That day seemed known to me,
Ordained by ages, binding my life
To an unbounded past which
Peered into the future—portending
Incidents of weight, familiar yet so strange.

When it had passed, I recognized its outlines.
The haunting shadows born of love and fear
Had long since shaped its form for me.
And yet so new it was, I wonder
At my boldness to link that day
With what had been but dreams.

A PAIR OF WINGS

MARCELLA HENRY

BARNABY was a queer child. He was even just "a bit odd, you know," according to Miss Price, the ever practical directress of Northwest Children's Home.

For Barnaby had said—and said it so eagerly and earnestly that even Miss Price couldn't doubt him, when asked, a week before, what he wanted for Christmas—"I want a pair of—wings." His dark, quiet eyes glowed softly. He was drawing visions for himself, of great white wings, dipping in the sky, of wings sweeping against a cerulean blue. He could hear them flapping, flapping.

Miss Price looked at him a moment, speculatively. Then she drew her lips together, just as the mouth of a bag is gathered up by a wrapping string. "You might as well ask for the moon, Barnaby," she said disapprovingly, and went on to the next one.

"But I do want the moon, too," said Barnaby softly to himself. He didn't say it aloud. Somehow he felt that Miss Price wouldn't, well, just feel about things the way he did.

But now, mother, mother used to talk about wings—something about a white feather falling from God's hand. Was it mother, or someone else? . . . It must have been mother, though. Always he had felt an incompleteness, a sense of something bound in memory, a vague, haunting restlessness, whenever his thoughts turned to his mother. And these times were often. His mental picture of her was lost. And yet, inexplicably, strangely, in these searchings, the glide of white wings in a sky that was blue always tangled itself in his thoughts. He felt that if he could catch those white wings—his mother would come back out of the sky to earth again. Did he think

that? He didn't know. Only, he knew that white wings were real to him, and he wanted them.

There came the Sunday morning before Christmas. He was downcast—alone, and apart from the holiday gaiety expressed about him. Listlessly he marched to chapel, listlessly he joined his small boy voice in the singing of the carols. His wings seemed very, very far away.

Then, the tip of a sharp white arrow seemed to strike him. He sat intensely still. For, "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." Miss Price was reading. Not Miss Price, but his MOTHER, before a winter fireplace, holding him in her arms, reading. Her dress was white, of soft wool, and her eyes were blue. "Little son, never be afraid, for God, who loves us, will cover us with his feathers, and under his wings we can always trust." . . .

Could Miss Price have heard Barnaby's prayer that night she would have been more confirmed than ever in her belief that the boy was "queer." All he said was, "Dear God, I thank you for—my wings."

WINTER TWILIGHT

MARTHA J. SHAWEN, '30

THE world is new fashioned tonight. It looks as if it had been carved out of Parian marble. The houses, trees, and bushes are only forms, snow-covered. The white of the earth and the pearl grey of the sky meet, bounding all division. Soft gold lights glimmer out across the snow from frosty windows. The blackberry bushes, low hung with ice, jangle in muted merriment like a chorus of bells, the music of whose chimes seems to ring—

"Underneath the snowdrifts the blossoms are sleeping,

Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June

Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping

Trills from the throstle's wild summer-song tune."

CHRISTMAS MEDITATION

ALICE FOY, '30

IT will always be Christmas Eve that I love. Night of mystic stillness, hushed blue of sky and dazzling silver of starlight. Christmas! What a word of magic connotations. There are toy shops and eager children, department stores and frantic shoppers, mailmen delivering scores of Christmas greetings, Christmas trees brilliant with transforming ornaments, and there is the Christmas feast of cranberry sauce and turkey with the other delicacies that "belong" to this occasion.

But for me none of these are the essential features of Christmas. When my Christmas tree is trimmed, the lights turned low, and the fire glows in the fireplace, then a strange quietness possesses me, and I seem to know indeed a solitude of the soul. Sometimes I softly play a Christmas carol, or I may drop into a seat by the lamp and read a Christmas story, but more often I sit by the window and keep vigil with my Christmas star. "Star of wonder, star of light." Back through the ages I follow it, to thrill with the shepherds on the holy starlit plain. It leads to crowded cathedrals sweet with incense and candle light, it guides to sleeping tots whose dreams are freighted with visions of unending loveliness, it compels me to haunts of wretchedness and despair. And my heart tightens strangely and throbs fiercely in the deep stillness.

Night of searching and of finding, land of dreaming, beyond, yet in the realm of human care. In the light of the Christmas star I enter the empire of vast silence and bow my heart before the Love that has endured through all the ages.

TIME

MARVEL SEBERT

One flake of snow
Whose shadow-lace
Of spotless white
Soon melts
Today.

One year of life
Whose filmy cloak
Of colored edge
Soon fades
Away.

One sheet of snow
Whose soft-packed flakes
Will shape to touch,—
Soon turns
To gray.

One span of life
Whose arcs of days
Will shape one arch,—
It's time's
Own way.

BY OLD LAS PINAS

LESTER MITCHELL

By the beach at old Las Pinas,
Looking westward at the bay,
I left a brown-skinned maiden
And I seem to hear her say:
"Come you back, Americano,
Come you back Manila way."
On the road to old Las Pinas,
Where the church bells still chime on
And the rain comes down in torrents
From the mountains of Luzon.

In my dreams I see her sitting
'Neath the spreading mango trees
In the 'witching, tropic moonlight,
A guitar across her knees,
As she sang of love and loving—
Tender, world old, mystic theme—
While I watched her dark eyes laughing
In the moon's soft, silver gleam.

Now I seem to hear her calling,
Hear the swish of whispering palm,
See the rich-hued tropic sunset
And the rapturous burst of dawn,
Feel the thrill of mellow moonlight
Sprinkling through the mango trees,
And my heart is yearning, yearning
To return to scenes like these;
On the road to old Las Pinas,
Looking westward at the sea,
Where my brown-skinned maiden's waiting
By the wide-spread mango tree.

So I long to cross the ocean,
Bask 'neath far off southern skies,
Watch the languid, limpid love light
Gleam in Oriental eyes.
Know the thrill of love's wild passion,
Soft caress and burning kiss,
Yield me up to gay abandon,
Drink my fill of ravishing bliss.
And I'll hold my brown-skinned maiden
With her cheek pressed close to mine,
And we'll learn of love and loving
In that far off tropic clime
On the road to old Las Pinas,
Where the church bells still chime on,
And the rain comes down in torrents
From the mountains of Luzon.

MOONLIGHT

EDWIN SHAWEN, '30

Look yonder, love, the night has opened wide
The gates of heaven. The moon's a pearl tonight;
It hangs at heaven's throat. It is so white
That all the stars are tears the gods have cried
Because they could not have it though they tried.
I cannot grasp a moon's ray: quick its light
Goes out; my hand has tarnished its bright
Ethereal flame. Let your eyes be my guide
For pent up in their depths I see the moon
And holding you I hold it. All too soon
I see the clouds steal over, white and grey,
Then night sits down and puts her pearl away.
Let clouds come now and cover up the skies,
I still see moonlight, dear, it's in your eyes!

NAHANT IN NOVEMBER

PERRY LAUKHUFF, '27

THE day was of that sufficiently crisp and altogether delightful kind with which November is so prodigal in New England. A few scattered grey cloud-masses were lounging out to sea, by way of accentuating the blue loveliness above, as our ferry swung across Boston Harbor. In the distance the spire of the Old North Church and the obelisk of the Bunker Hill Monument reared themselves in a valiant effort to throw an air of glamour over the sordidness of the North End.

Disembarking in East Boston, Denny and I boarded the Narrow Gauge for Lynn. Once the cars were pulled by puffy, dirty, jerky little steam locomotives. Then the road had Atmosphere. Now electricity does the work of the pigmy engines and the road has only an abominably large degree of convenience and comfort.

Arrived in Lynn, we changed to a small trolley for Nahant, the afternoon's objective, and tried to shut our eyes to the hideous grimness of the looming piles of brick and dingy glass which we, perforce, must pass. Shoe factories. On we crept over none too firm rails, out across the long two-mile hawser of sand that keeps Nahant from being an island. In the village, we descried the ominous outline of a coast defense gun, blackly silhouetted against the sky. At last we reached the end of the line and set off for the "cliffs", up the sleepy village street and on into the section of boarded-up summer homes, set in their spacious grounds. Up the path we trudged and over the brow of the hill.

Ah! A long sigh. What else can one say or do, in the presence of such beauty? Overhead arched the now clean-swept blue, and at our feet, far below, heaved the mighty North Atlantic, in boundless expanse. Nothing, unless it be the stars on a cloudless night, can make mere man so small, so impotent, as the mystery of the restless ocean. So we said little, but contemplated the soul-stir-

ring scene in silence. After a bit, we clambered down over those jagged masses of solid rock which stretched away to east and west, the strata distinct and diagonal, cast up in aeons past by some awful cataclysm.

Far down, near the ceaseless surge and flow of the swell which battered away in a cloud of spray at the unyielding rock, we found a placid pool of clear salt water left by the receding tide. Its floor was a mottled amber. Here and there within its depths were green forests of little sea plants, in and out of which darted the tiniest of fishes. Most exotic of all were two little starfish, beautiful in their perfect proportions and in their soft orange-pink coloring.

The disappearing sun reminded us that it was time to return to that hurrying civilization, which, dreamer-like, we had forgotten for a few moments, out there amid the silent noises of nature. As our trolley swayed its way along the peninsula, our gazes wandered off across the water toward the mainland, where was painted a most gloriously indescribable sunset. The smoke and dust of a man-dirtied atmosphere had combined with the last rays of God's sun to produce what no painter's brush has ever yet set down.

MATINS

GERALDINE BOPE, '33

O, one bright star
Hanging far,
Crystal clear
Angel's tear,
Clean above the smoky streets
How your beauty throbs and beats!

O, Infinite gleam,
Unfathomed dream,
Shimmering dew
Set in blue,
Hushed I stand in awe before you
Singing praise to God who formed you!

QUIZ AND QUILL PRIZES

First Prize—Geraldine Bope, '33.

Second Prize—Carl Starkey, '31.

First Honorable Mention—Marie Hobensack, '33.

Second Honorable Mention—Mary Ruth Oldt, '31.

Third Honorable Mention—Gladys Frees, '32.

CHILD

GERALDINE BOPE, '33

She sat beside me in the dim old church—

A tiny girl with silken hair, and eyes
Quite amber in the filtered light.

She looked up at me with her shy, half-wistful smile,
And framed against the colored glass,

She seemed a cherub come to earth for just awhile.
And I bethought me of the child I used to be,

And of the things I dreamed and played;
And all quite suddenly, with bated breath,
I bent my head—a little child—I prayed.

SHE HAS LOST HER DREAMS

CARL STARKEY, '31

Was a time

She yearned for the stars.

But in the struggles of living

She has lost her dreams.

The stars now,

When she might notice them,

Are but sharp points of light

That come when the sky has darkened.

METEOR

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

I would not be content, if I were a star,
To gleam through endless ages there afar.
I would startle all the peaceful sky
With showering meteor, then die.

DIFFERENTIATION

MARY RUTH OLDT, '31

Chairs sat in even rows,
Each chair filled with a person
Whose eyes looked straight ahead
At numbers on a board.
A voice droned steadily on and on
Talking of numbers.
For time on end I sat and listened,
Then wearily turned to a window;
Suddenly,
I saw a black pine against a maple's flame,
And back of both a sapphire sky .
Yet the chairs still sat in even rows
Facing integrations.

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