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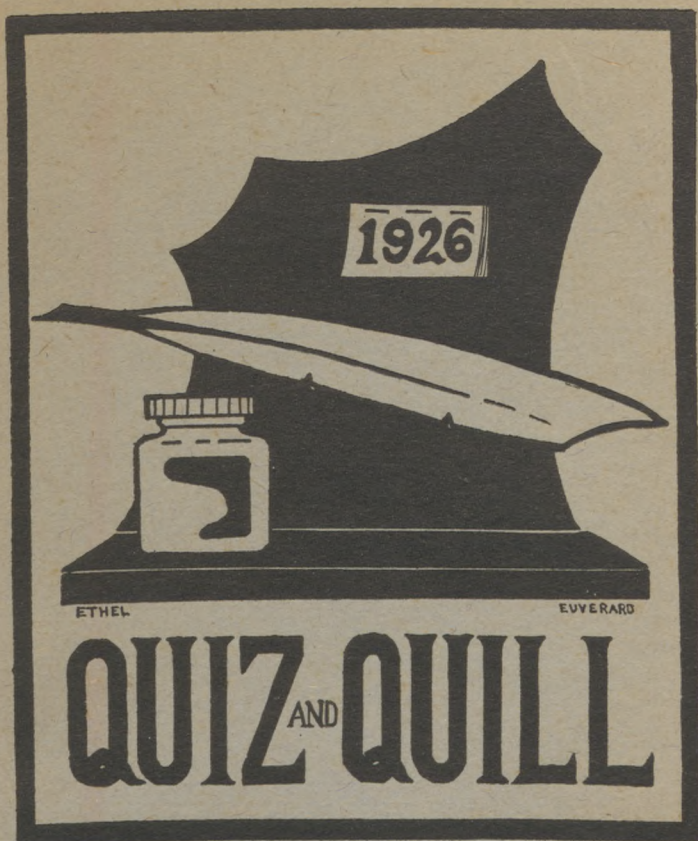


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ETHEL

EVERARD

QUIZ AND QUILL



THE QUIZ AND QUILL



Published Annually
by
The Quiz and Quill Club
of
Otterbein College

THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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FOREWORD

With the coming of May the Quiz and Quill Club again presents the spring number of the Quiz and Quill Magazine.

The editors have attempted to make it representative of the best literary effort of the Quiz and Quill Club, the literary societies, literary and forensic contests and classroom work during the past year. The magazine is not alone the Club's, it is yours. In it we have striven to attain the high standard set by former numbers. Feeling that "Ho-Bohemia" in last year's "Quiz and Quill" was greatly enjoyed by our readers, we have continued this section.

We wish to thank our subscribers for their support in making it possible to publish the magazine and we hope that they will read it with as much pleasure as they have read previous issues.

—The Editors.

WASTRELS

THELMA SNYDER, '27

First Prize, Barnes Short Story Contest

PALE-GOLDEN sunbeams chasing in and out the richly stained, half-open window of the great St. X. cathedral lighted up dim aisles, and the dusky blue hangings that draped an old painting of the "Madonna and Child." Occasionally they hid in the meshes of soft, brown hair that had slipped from under the close-fitting hat of Joanne Colvin. Joanne herself sat with bowed head; white, jeweled hands clasped tightly together. From time to time frank, gray eyes lifted from the flowered pattern in the carpet at her feet, their gaze wandering through the open window to the low bough from which a cardinal called playfully, "Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo!"

The chimes of a sister church struck off twelve. Joanne glanced nervously at the tiny, jeweled watch on her slender wrist. As if suddenly recollecting herself, blushing, she directed her attention to the venerable form of Father Hays. He was speaking now of the war, and she leaned forward in her seat listening closely. His voice, deep-toned, startled the nodding audience with its vibrant earnestness. "I repeat, war is never in harmony with Christian principles; but now that America has accepted her share of the responsibility, we must not fail her!" The hushed quiet that had so long held the crowd, snapped; people stirred restlessly in their deep cushioned seats, their erstwhile complacent faces telegraphing back and forth, "We're tired of 'war sermons,' give us something different." But Father Hays, his voice growing louder, went on. The golden crucifix that hung from a black guard about his neck swung back and forth as he paced up and down the platform. Suddenly he stopped, his searching, black eyes fixed accusingly upon them. Joanne shifted nervously. Then it came, the thing that had been troubling him for weeks; in sharp, biting words that flowed unflinching. "Babbling wastrels, I

loathe them, and yet our country is full of them; men and women, old and young, idling away their time, God's time, seekers of sin and folly. The call of service comes to us here this morning; shall it find us men and women ready to carry on, or mere derelicts, wreckage of what might have been?" He waited breathlessly, expectantly, for some outward expression that the cause which had already claimed scores of New York's finest youths would find them loyal. But he waited in vain. There was a supercilious raising of eyebrows, an escape of weary, long-drawn sighs, nothing more. Wiping the moisture from his warm face, he sank down into the softly yielding chair, bowed his silvered head and prayed. Softly from the great throat of the organ drifted the postlude; a sudden ripple of cool air from outside caught up the flame of the tall, white candles; they flickered and softly went out.

The service ended. Stiffly the crowd arose. Men paused while drawing on white kid gloves to exchange casual nods with friends; women smoothed down folds of stiff taffetas, adjusted bonnets, and with stately bearing, as became New York's *élite*, all filed out—all save one, Joanne, who a little apart from the others, glanced furtively about her, the bright color coming and going in her pale cheeks. Turning quickly, she darted up to the platform. With eyes soft, luminous, she knelt before Father Hays saying simply, "I am going, Father Hays. I shall find peace no other way," and a look of determination settled about the young mouth. Softly to Joanne, like the echo of a long-wished-for dream came the answer in benediction upon her bowed head, "The kind Father be with Thee and Give Thee Peace!"

* * * * *

Moonlight sifting thru green poplars fell in sweeping shadows upon purple Buddleias gracefully arching the broad white pavement leading up to the Colvin home, where a gay party had gathered for

their customary dancing, cards and a little "harmless" drinking. As Joanne, lovely in green, a narrow band of pearls in her brown hair, flitted here and there adjusting bowls of flowers, smoothing out the velvet draperies, one girl remarked testily to another, "Really, Joanne is becoming something of an enigma to me. One would think she had a lover or two in this horrid war," and with a shake of her curls, without waiting for reply, the little lady tiptoed over toward a white moth that had alighted on a pink snap-dragon. Others there were who lately puzzled over the far-away look that came and went in Joanne Colvin's eyes—eyes that held secrets too deep for trifling friends. Gayest among the gay she had been since coming to New York, dancing madly, gladly, divinely, but recently a new mood possessed her; something of the sparkling spontaneity friends liked so well was missing. True she still retained a reputation for bridge, parties, dances, late hours, but occasionally she confessed they "bore me to death anymore." Some suggested that perhaps she was in love—others who knew or thought they knew Joanne Colvin dismissed this with, "she likes all men but no one of them." And yet Tonight Joanne seemed to be curbing by the hardest effort some inner excitement that shone in her gray eyes, and bloomed in pink cheeks. She stood for some minutes looking out the long French windows, an impatient frown settling on her smooth brow. Stamping a silver-clad foot, she swung around, motioned to the orchestra concealed behind a wall of ferns and orchids. Swiftly the glare of lights faded, the great dancing floor yielded to a soft perfumed twilight of rose-violet; a crescent moon swung in veiled blueness, yellow stars blinked sleepily. . . . the music began, soft, languorous, dreamily. Young bodies swayed, laughter came and went,—soft, tinkling like far off bells.

The dance would doubtless have continued endlessly had not a little stir near the door, the quick

intake of breath, announced the arrival of Rhys Doyle—a late comer as usual but with no word of apology. Already a score of pretty girls had pounced upon him, clinging to his arm, chattering and giggling. Tall, dark, he might easily have been called “handsome” but for the indolent look in the half-veiled eyes, the sensuous droop of the thin lips. His shoulders stooped slightly as he moved about the room with easy, listless grace. Newspapers said women “went mad, stark mad” over Rhys Doyle and even hinted that more than one fond mamma had her eye on the Doyle millions. “If only he weren’t so indifferent, so . . . so impervious to one’s charm” was the lament of more than one languishing beauty.

The room was becoming warm with the scent of crushed flowers. Rhys glanced about him for a sight of Joanne but she was conspicuously absent. “Hum, any other girl would have held up the dance until my arrival,” he mused ill-humoredly, “but not so Joanne; I could bet on that.” Perhaps it was this very indifference of hers that piqued his conceit, that made him admire her above all women, made him half afraid of the warmth of her gray eyes. “She’s lovely,” he admitted to himself, “yet there are plenty of fair dames here tonight,” and he glanced admiringly about the room. “Hang it all though, Joanne’s just different that’s all,” and as though settling satisfactorily something that had been long bothering him, he gave his arm to a dark-haired sprite who whispered, “the ferns on the piazza.” He evidently understood for together they passed out into the cool night.

A half hour later when Rhys and his companion returned, a noisy group had gathered about someone. Voices were raised excitedly; there was a click of glasses, and “Here’s to Joanne, ‘Joan d’ Arc’” chorused gaily around the room, “Bully for Joanne.” “What is it?” whispered the girl at his side. He shook his head, and sauntered up to the group in

the center of which stood Joanne, smiling, eyes shining, tearful. Coolly he looked on. Joanne, feeling rather than seeing him, glanced his way, flushed and smiled. But it was Barry, his young brother, who-white-faced slipped from the crowd, grasped Rhys' arm and whispered, "Gad, Rhys, she's enlisted . . . Joan's enlisted in the Red Cross service." Rhys with customary poise now stepped forward holding out a slim, well-groomed hand, saying in a patronizing, off-hand manner, "Why my dear Miss Colvin this is unexpected, but we're proud of you," adding, "It must have required nerve to arrive at this decision."

Joanne, puzzled at the flatness of his tone, not knowing just how to reply, moved over toward the group gathered about the mantel, sipping punch and laughing boisterously. Without entering into their mirth she stood looking into the fire. He might have been just a little gracious this once, she argued to herself; but then what can one expect of his type—selfish, like his mother, a spendth—she caught herself before the last word fully slipped out. It was hardly fair to accuse him of that, for too often, she remembered, she had been the recipient of this habit of his.

"Why, Jo, life won't be worth living with you gone," the men about the fireplace interrupted her thought.

"Come along with me," Joanne came back, but they only looked glum and swore softly under their breath.

"You're crazy to leave a life like this for the sake of a 'thrill' over there. Lit'l' ole New York's good enough for us."

A little hurt, a little of her bravery slipping from her, Joanne ran out upon the piazza. Some minutes later Rhys came upon her gazing straight ahead into the purple twilight, a small hand nervously plucking at the wild honeysuckle leaves at her side.

"A nice way to treat your guests, running away

from them,' Rhys began. Joanne shrugged her bare shoulders. Silence fell between them. Finally in a perfunctory manner and as though expecting him to follow her unexpressed thoughts, she exclaimed, "It's wonderful, isn't it, Rhys?"

"What's so wonderful, my dear Miss Colvin?"

She frowned at the name and said sharply, "I'm Joanne to my friends."

"All right then, 'Joanne to my friends,' what's wonderful—the night, this party—you?" She ignored the attempt at joking and replied, "Why the war, the part we Americans have in it—our war," she added softly. Rhys remained silent and impulsively she turned to him. "Rhys, I wish you saw things differently—I wish you would try to understand how I feel about this whole matter."

Rhys looked into the lovely eyes, the flushed face. His own face went white, his right arm came up and he imprisoned in his the small hand of Joanne Colvin—something no other man had ever dared try before. "Joanne . . . " He hesitated, his mood changed swiftly as begun, he dropped her hand and added instead, "The war's not for such as I. There's no place over there for me . . . It's for men like . . . oh like big Jim Norton, for instance," and he laughed a low, meaningless laugh.

Joanne stunned, hurt, only stared at him, her eyes burning. The words came at last—hot, rebellious words leaped to her lips, waves of heat coursed through her young body, and when exhausted of nervous energy, she flung at him in parting—"Oh, you . . . you idler, you coward! Just as Father Hays said, you and your kind, wastrels, do you hear? WASTRELS!" and then she was gone, only the delicate fragrance of mimosa to betray where she had stood.

* * * * *

Perhaps one of the many reasons why people misjudged Rhys Doyle was the fact that he so closely resembled in looks and mannerisms his mother, the

haughty, aristocratic Mrs. Irvin Doyle, Jr. Her husband, finding no relief from her mercenary claims in this life, sought it in another. She boasted of her church support, her charities, but when asked for a contribution on the war-chest drive, had shrugged her shoulders, drawn her costly imported shawl closer about them and refused quite flatly, adding, "this war makes me so tired." It's really becoming a bore. New York had nodded sympathetically to her face, but out of her hearing said "a snob." The fact that Rhys was such a good spender served to estrange the two. The eldest boy, he had been pampered from youth, and now Mrs. Doyle disliked in him the very qualities which she as an indulgent mother had tried to cultivate in him. As years flew along, all the affection of which she was capable centered on the younger son, Barry, fair-haired, lovable, with a passion, inherited from his grandfather, for war. Rhys was the silent, un-demonstrative one. Sometimes he would glance oddly at his mother, then drawl in his lazy voice, "No wonder I'm such a spineless jelly fish, mother," to which Mrs. Doyle would reply spiritedly, "Yes, you have inherited your poor father's temperament."

* * * * *

Late the same night of the party, before the log fire in his bedroom Rhys sat pipe in hand, eyes fixed moodily upon the red flames, spurting up, falling back, finally burning down to white ashes. Just life over again, he mused, pushing on, falling back, and in the end . . . ashes. The scenes through which he had passed on a certain morning two weeks ago came to disturb him. American troops were needed in France and quickly. Uncle Sam had called for the first selective draft, taking in those between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. Rhys was just 31, but he had gone before the local board of examiners. At 31, tired of life, bored with it, "anything," he reasoned, "would be better than the continuous round of insipid parties and . . . girls."

The physician before whom he passed for his examination seemed considerably surprised on seeing him. "Why not?" he asked, "I'm pretty much of a rotter, not good for much else" and he arched his black brows. "But the army doesn't want that type of men, only the best may serve." Painfully, bitterly he now recalled step by step the careful examination that followed, then the unbelievable words that came frankly from the physician—"not even good for fighting, my boy. Bad lungs, too much smoking, no exercise, country air would do you good," and with a brisk "Next" he turned away. Baffled for the first time in his life, he recalled the feeling of utter uselessness that had been his as he gazed down the long line of stalwart men, fine looking men. "Not even good for fighting," the irony of the words lingered with him; his arms felt like weights tied to his sides. Again and again his thoughts reverted bitterly to his own mother—she had made a fool of him in teaching him to despise work, in not permitting him to play like other boys. He had lived to curse the life of ease and luxury that had always been his and which was responsible for making of him a "thing unfit even for war." After the first few days of hurt and shame had passed, he had taken the philosophical attitude of saying, "what does it matter—nothing matters." But tonight before the fire it came to him forcibly that it did matter—Joanne cared, cared at least enough to feel concern about him. "Angry? Wasn't she though, but she had a perfect right to be," and he smiled bitterly as the sight of Joanne when he last saw her flashed through his mind. "Oh, well," and idly he picked up a magazine and tried to read, but the words refused to register, and at last tired out from his old habit of introspection, he fell into a troubled sleep in which great slimy creatures crept out of the sea, their mouths strangely like Joanne's. Fastening themselves upon him they droned away in his eyes—"taking, demanding, draining society always;

giving in return—nothing, that's you Rhys Doyle!"

* * * * *

A rainy evening . . . Mrs Doyle sat reading, Rhys drummed on the piano. The door opened and closed with a bang and Barry broke in upon them, his eyes shining. He cried excitedly in his boyish vernacular which even his eighteen years and his mother's untiring efforts had failed to correct—"Rhys, mother, I've gone and done it enlisted with the Red Cross." And he threw his cap to the ceiling, then grabbed his mother and bear-hugged her until she cried for breath. That was Barry's way when anything pleased him, and even his mother secretly enjoyed it and sometimes commented to Rhys on Barry's "little fetching ways." Her first thought now was that he was teasing her, but a look into the young face before her convinced her of his earnestness. A series of heated, hysterical arguments began, ending in Mrs. Doyle leaving the room, her eyes red and swollen, her extravagant plans for Barry's future crumbling about her. Rhys, pale, bent nervously over the music before him. Barry coming up slapped him on the back and demanded, "Are you glad, Rhys, old boy? I've been waiting for this."

Rhys raised a face lined, worn, but his voice came naturally enough as he replied, "I'm proud of you, Barry, you know. You're strong, optimistic, everything I'm not."

"I wish, Rhys, you were going too; it's the one thing that makes it hard for me."

"Barry, I wouldn't be good even for that."

"Oh no, I might have known that anything suggesting work or change would hold no appeal for you," Barry teased.

When Mrs. Doyle saw it was useless to argue further with her younger son, she began busying herself collecting sweaters, coats, books, pictures, a thousand and one things "that you might not be lonely over there" she told him. When sure neither his mother nor Rhys was looking, he slipped in his

kit a small, worn testament that held between its printed pages a single white curl which he had purloined from his mother's head. He looked handsome in his khaki uniform and his mother between sobs gazed at him fondly, proudly.

Weeks, whole months slipped away; spring with its breath of lilacs melted into summer. Barry and Joanne had been in France almost a year. Letters came only infrequently from Barry. He had not seen anything of Joanne, he wrote, as he was always too busy to hunt her up. He would have so much to tell them on his return, but night and day his every minute was given to hauling back the wounded to Evacuation Hospitals, driving supplies to dressing stations and anything else that came his way. He had so far received no injuries, he added, but had seen many hospitals destroyed and had himself more than once slipped to the ground and waited in breathless suspense until the shrieking bombs carrying death in their trail, had passed over him. Barry's letters had the opposite effect from what Rhys had expected upon his mother. She soon became resigned, almost cheerful, taking great pride in his letters, carrying them to all her friends that they might read for themselves "the perfectly thrilling, marvelous experiences my dear boy is passing thru."

Rhys had heard from Joanne just once. Months after her arrival in France came a brief note. It read, "Just learned of your splendid gift toward the new hospital. I cannot tell you how glad it has made me." That was all. She had not even asked him to write her. Annoyed, sullen he crumpled the note in his hand and threw it into the burning grate at his feet. He hated himself because of her having learned of his secret contribution toward the new Soldier's Hospital. "A paltry contribution and then have it advertised. It makes me sick. Anyone can give money I guess. It requires little sacrifice to do that."

Day after day the streets were crowded with women and children, hurrying into music stores for popular war pieces, gathering about department store counters, buying yarn for sweaters and socks. Eyes unaccustomed to tears remained red, swollen; faces bore the strain of continued worry. The idler restlessly sought this place and that in the hope of escaping thoughts of the war, but every movie house, every play company in the city was capitalizing the war theme. Little children, anxious to be of service, paced up and down the streets selling Red Cross Seals. The spirit of self-denial was beginning to show markedly on the poorer classes of people. Barry wrote once in his boyish scrawl: "I ran into Jimmy Compton the other day, our old ice man you remember. Gee, but I was glad to see him and vice versa I guess. He squeezed my hand hard and said, 'Barry, we'll make little old New York sit up and take notice of us before this thing's over.' But he was among the wounded the very next day, and I guess it's almost over with him. But that's the spirit of the boys over here." In the lower left hand corner was appended a post-script: "Over here a fellow is known by what he does and not by his mother's money."

The hot days of the long summer found Rhys paler, more listless than usual. Even his mother noticed it and in a kinder tone than was her wont suggested that he run up to the "Springs" for a few months' rest. But Rhys stoutly declared that he was "all right—just a bit lonesome for the kid." They both missed him undoubtedly. No one could live with Barry Doyle and not miss him when away. They even missed the carelessness that characterized him, missed the way he disturbed the nicety of their routine. In the absence of Barry, Mrs. Doyle sought companionship in Rhys, and one day she awoke to the conclusion that she had a problem on her hands,—getting acquainted with her eldest son.

* * * * *

Twilight in France. Long, purple shadows falling lightly on blood stained fields hid bulks of human wreckage. In the door-way of one of the first-aid stations stood a tall girl in white apron, a white cap, bearing the Red Cross symbol set jauntily upon her brown hair. The gray eyes pierced the darkness, forgetful for a moment of the scene of suffering in the ward behind her. Before her tired eyes faded the experiences of the past months and others came to replace them; pictures of the old, carefree life that had been hers in America. Long days and nights of patient nursing had robbed her cheeks of all color, her form had lost much of its rounded beauty; but a new beauty, an ethereal beauty had succeeded the unsatisfied look her face once owned. Her eyes closed now, the long dark lashes sweeping the pale cheeks, and there came one—tall, careless of bearing, cynical, who had tried to tell her war was not for such as he. A tear slipped from under the closed eyes. A sudden confusion at the side entry, loud voices and a gruff "Careful there, lift that end higher," broke in upon her little reverie. Turning quickly she saw them bringing in two more stretchers of wounded, perhaps dying men. The sight was not a new one to her. The physician turned to his assistant. "Doyle's his name," he remarked pointing to the first cot. "Help me here with this one. I think he's dying." Joanne caught the name,—the world, her world, swayed giddily before her; she clutched at the open door, little shivers of hot and cold running up and down her back. "Suppose . . . Suppose it were Rhys" repeated itself over and over in her tired brain. She closed her eyes and breathed a little prayer. The physician taking her roughly by the arm said, "Come out of that; no time for day-dreaming here" and he pointed to the stretchers. Joanne, a basin of hot water in her trembling hands, sank upon her knees before the cot supporting the soiled, blood-stained form of . . . Barry Colvin. The blue eyes opened once, slowly, wearily and

smiled up at Joanne bending tenderly over him, then closed again.

Barry lived just three days. Joanne, busy as she was, found time each day to slip up to his cot and talk, sometimes jest with him. Once he spoke of Rhys, "Tell him I'll always be glad I came . . . and Joanne be patient with him." She had no idea what the latter part of his request meant, but she nodded assent, the hot tears falling unashamedly down her tired cheeks.

The afternoon sun was streaming in the small, open window when Joanne sat for the last time with Barry who clung tightly, childishly to her hand. "Tomorrow at this time the long shadows over there will find me gone," and he pointed to where soft gray shadows moved on the white walls. He continued with something of his old zest, "I'm not afraid to die—but it's deucedly tough when one's so young." He looked up into Joanne's face, puzzled. He believed she was crying, crying over him, strong, brave Joanne who had come first. Gradually she seemed to fade from his vision, for he called to her, "Joanne, Joanne, I don't see you . . . please don't leave me." He clutched wildly at the covers, and then he slept.

* * * * *

Mrs. Doyle, her face betraying the inward suffering, stood silently caressing a small, worn testament—all that remained of the boy that had left her a year, a short year before. After the first great shock and its accompanying outburst, she had become strangely quiet. This silent form of grief worried Rhys more than the customary, demonstrative display that had characterized former occasions. Rhys was deeply touched, he felt keenly that fate was tricking them all. "But life is queer that way. Why should Barry have been taken and I, perfectly useless, spared?"—but the answer never came.

* * * * *

In October, 1918, after America had been in the war almost two years, Rhys' opportunity came. There had been weeks of careful diet, plenty of fresh air and now he was stronger than he had been before in his whole life. "Why, mother, I'm fast becoming the man I might have been had I not been born with such a lazy streak." They were kinder to each other these days. An understanding, not wholly complete but a very great improvement over the old, existed between them since Barry's death.

Rhys coming in with the Journal pointed to an ad—"Wanted—Volunteers for Work in the American Chemical Laboratory. " "Perhaps it isn't too late yet for me to have a share in this war. You know they can't continue without the aid of explosives," and Rhys' hand covered the white, blue-veined one resting on his knee.

They sat and talked, those two, until long quivering shadows crept stealthily upon the lawn and the air grew cool.

* * * * *

The American Chemical Laboratory stood, an imposing stone figure, on the corner of Jefferson and 23d Sts., Boston. Rhys entering the well-furnished office had not long to wait until the plant Superintendent, a jovial, kindly faced man of fifty or more, entered. "Yes, we are sorely in need of help," he replied when Rhys inquired about work. At the end of thirty minutes Rhys left the building, his face somewhat crestfallen. He had been interested in scientific experiments when in the University, had even confided to his mother that if he were allowed to choose his own profession it would be of that nature. He had hoped his new work would have a bearing upon what he had acquired in the University. Briefly the Superintendent had given him to understand that his work would be "menial labor"; he was to be something of an all-round man, firing the furnaces, washing test-tubes, mixing ingredients and anything else that happened along. He turned

very red at the suggestion and was on the point of handing the Superintendent his card and stepping out, when the other broke in, "You know men are scarce now, and someone must do this sort of thing to keep the works going. It's all for the same cause, you know." Without further hesitation Rhys had accepted with the best grace possible. The other held out his hand, "You're white, boy, clear through."

"Poor mother," were his first thoughts on leaving the building. "She'll be dreadfully disappointed, but why should she know? Some day perhaps, but I'll not worry her now with it."

The days slipped by. Night-time always found Rhys tired, so tired he could scarcely move; but a new consciousness of the meaning and purpose of life had suddenly turned his viewpoint around in a new and satisfying direction. Occasionally men dropped out for sickness and their work had to be turned over to him. In time he became invaluable to the institution, "as a janitor," he might have added. From time to time the old pain returned to his side to hinder him in his lifting and he had to be put on lighter work. He coughed frequently, a dry, hacking cough. The bad air and concentrated fumes of gases disturbed the lining of his already weakened lungs. He had been there only a month when the Superintendent came to him and said kindly, "Doyle, you're not well, better get out of this for a few months, we'll manage somehow."

Rhys agreed that the best thing for him would be to return home, "but not until after the big experiment comes off" he added, referring to the secret formula which the head chemist was working on and which if successful would be the means of supplying the American army in France with the most deadly, poisonous gas that had ever been produced. Occasionally on very busy days Rhys slept in the tiny bedroom on the third floor that he might be nearer his work which oftentimes started as early as 4:30

in the morning. A week passed and he still remained. He would leave on Saturday, he decided, for the success of the experiment would probably be determined on Friday.

Leaving the Laboratory late one evening he decided he would wire his mother yet that night. A slow rain had set in, the walks leading from the building were already holding tiny pools of water, and stepping out onto the grass to avoid them, he saw a few feet ahead of him the form of a short, heavy-set man, body bent close to the ground, zig-zagging in and out among the bushes of shrubbery that skirted the entire length of the walk leading from the building. When far down the walk the man straightened up, began running and was lost in the darkness. Rhys was puzzled at this strange action. He thought about it until it worried him. Next day he spoke to the Superintendent about it who promised to notify the officers and then promptly forgot the matter.

Friday was to be the big day at the Laboratory. Everyone about the place was excited, busy. Rhys shared equally in the excitement which had a somewhat disastrous effect upon him and he was compelled to run out for fresh air from time to time. He decided to remain at the office that night, be on hand for Friday, return home on Saturday. He was being forced to return home, "not even good for this" he thought. He slept fitfully that night, a half hour at a time. Once he awoke, a cold sweat breaking out on his entire body. He glanced at his watch—2:00 o'clock. He had been dreaming of Joanne who had called to him, trying to warn him of an impending danger; he had tried to run but his breath failed him, then he had awakened suddenly without any apparent reason. The room was cold, he sat up in bed trying to collect his thoughts. Faintly came the soft tinkle of glass . . . quiet. He listened, ears strained to catch the faintest sound; then again, louder this time came the sound

of something falling from a considerable height, the shallow jangle of . . . test-tubes, he was sure. He sprang up quickly, quietly thrust his bare feet into his bedroom slippers, threw on his bathrobe and started down stairs with no definite idea as to where he was going or what he would do. His first thought had been that Steavens, the head chemist, had returned, but every light in the building was off, and anyway there would hardly be anything so important to call him there at that hour. Suddenly he remembered . . . the formula. Perhaps he had become worried about its safety, or perhaps . . . someone else. His heart pounding, he hurried along the dark hall, the cement floor icy-cold to his feet. The soft jingle of glass came again; this time directly from the head chemist's room. His own safety had not for the moment occurred to him . . . instead he saw only a bit of paper that represented weeks, months of nerve-racking work. He would save it at any cost! He caught his breath. The descent down the long flight of stairs weakened him; he leaned against the railing for support, his throat dry, parched. It suddenly occurred to him that he was unarmed, and he looked anxiously about in the dark, as though half-expecting to find something which would serve his purpose. He thought once of trying to make the first floor and sending in the alarm; but he knew the intruder, whoever he was, could be gone a dozen times before he reached the first floor. He recalled seeing a piece of iron lying in the window of the work-room. Feeling his way softly, carefully in there he passed around the wall. About half-way around, his foot rather than his hand encountered the blunt piece of metal. Had it been any than a very heavy object, the sound would surely have betrayed his presence. As it was, he listened closely, but only the sound of footsteps walking about the room across the hall, the occasional opening and closing of a drawer, broke the deep silence that enveloped the dark building. He crept out thru the

room, across the hall and up near the door from whence the sound had come. A thin ray of light showed beneath the door, but even it shifted from time to time as though the person was making diligent search all over the big room. Faster and faster came his labored breathing. He tried holding his breath while he twisted the knob in his hand and slowly opened the door. The room was in complete darkness save for the feeble blue-white light that came from the direction of the safe, but it was enough to show him that the safe was wide open and that a man, heavy-set, was kneeling before it, his hands full of papers. Something about the broad shoulders, the man's entire build, suggested familiarity; then he remembered the slinking form of the man who ran out from behind the shrubbery. He raised the iron weapon in his hand. He had done little more than aim, when an uncontrollable, dry cough broke from his burning throat. The man before the safe wheeled around quick as a flash and fired, at the same time receiving in the left temple a great heavy piece of steel. There was for Rhys a sickening, dizzy pain in his head; then what seemed a long, long drop and darkness.

Three minutes later the Laboratory was flooded with light; a rush of heavy feet up the stairs and Policemen O'Day and Millett came running down the long hall. Silence greeted them. "Strange," said O'Day, "thought the shot came from this direction." A feeble light still showed beneath the door of the head chemist's room. They flung this door wide open at the same time flooding the room with light. And there, almost in the center of the room, his ghastly face upturned, lay the inert body of Rhys Doyle. Over near the safe another body was stretched out, that of a strange man, breathing deeply, blood flowing freely from a deep wound on his left temple. O'Day, scarcely believing his eyes, bent over the man who still clutched tightly a bit of white paper bearing strange symbols. At the same

time Millett stooped to pick up the gray felt hat that had fallen from the intruder's head. He turned it over slowly in his hand. A bit of white satin tape on the inside bore in heavy black print the name—"Karl VonBoning—Germany."

* * * * *

The great liner Monette was homeward bound—the Armistice had been signed, war had virtually ceased. The very air was tense with the excitement. The blue waters of the ocean beat joyously against the white boat. Tonight on board the Monette there was dancing, singing, talking, laughing. Two more days and the lights of New York would welcome them. Joanne paused for a moment in her walk on deck, her eyes fixed on the tiny points of yellow lights in the blue sky above her. She was coming back—it didn't seem possible that she had ever been gone at all . . . only when she glanced around into the worn faces, encountered men on crutches or saw an empty sleeve pinned up. Despite the horror and brutality of it all, the time had passed quickly for her. She had gone over restless, dissatisfied with herself, disgusted with the meaningless life about her—she had returned . . . "disciplined"—that was the right word and she repeated it. The stars paled, the air grew chilly and the ship swept from under her; she felt herself lifted to a far-flung plain, wind-swept, brown, the blue skies bending closer and closer. She felt suddenly carefree, soft breezes lifted her hair. But she was not there alone—dark eyes were searching her face, reading there a secret she had long guarded. They laughed together, clung together until a great white cloud sweeping down caught them both up . . . up into the blue heavens.

"Pardon me, Miss Colvin?" and a tall uniformed man standing at her side held forward a broad, white envelope. "We overlooked this this morning. It went all the way to France then followed you here, name's a little blurred," and touching his cap apologetically, he passed on.

* * * * *

Twilight . . . Down the deserted street with slow step passed the gray-clad figure of a young girl. The paleness of her face accentuated the dark circles under her eyes, the deep lines about her mouth—a woman that life had “disciplined.” Slowly she entered a pretentious-looking house set far back from the street. A middle-aged woman, hair snow white looked up as the door opened and the girl entered “Joanne!” . . . that was all and they were in each other’s arms. After a long pause, tearfully, hesitatingly came the question . . . “You know, Joanne?” . . . The girl nodded. The East Wind passing by, a song of laughter on his lips, saw them standing thus, arm in arm, gazing out into the darkened sky. Slowly, softly the rain clouds lifted and one single, golden star shone faintly in the tender field of blue. The girl caught the older woman’s arm “Look, mother, God’s service flag He gave His only Son!” . . . Soft and sweet, like bells at eventide, the girl repeated. . . . “His Only Son.”

INVISIBLE CHAINS

EARL R. HOOVER

First Prize, Russel Oratorical Contest
Third Prize, Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest

THE distinguished name of the United States has been seriously challenged. Recently through the New York World a coal miner called the casts dishonor upon the nation's virtue. This man entered the mines as a mere lad to work ten hours a day for twenty-five cents. He stood at the top of the shaft as his father was brought out mangled and nation's attention to a condition so shameful that it lifeless; he saw his two brothers near death; he has been injured a dozen times himself. Now a man of fifty he looks back over his life and writes, "I have seen those who own the mines live in luxury and I have seen whole towns where you could not get a dollar if you ransacked every house. The mine-owners once bought the land for a few paltry dollars and took the riches beneath. Then we poor, ignorant, uneducated souls did the rest. We dug and we died doing it making multi-millionaires out of those who never understood." Then with a touch of pathos he asks, "Don't you think that I have a mind and a soul?"

The most blighting tragedy which ravages America is the utter base conditions which surround its laboring people. Their extreme degradation is a cause of alarm. Millions and millions of them are passing through life without living. To countless multitudes life is but a barren waste. True, there is no definite American standard of living. The gulf which separates the extreme levels of existence here is as great as that abyss which differentiates man and animal. But if you examine this vast gamut, you cannot fail to see that the lowest standards of life and the oppressive weight of the world's bestial drudgery are always borne by the laboring masses. They are the ones who crowd the slums, who swell the tenements, who wear the shoddy clothes, who

know hunger. They are the ones who dig the ditches, who mine the coal, who stoke the furnaces. Wherever shabbiness, wherever scantiness, wherever cheapness, wherever bareness, wherever drudgery exists, there enduring that shabbiness, enduring that scantiness, enduring that cheapness, enduring that bareness, enduring that drudgery, you will find the laboring people.

This deprivation of Labor is not a hallucination, not a creature of the fancy—it is a deplorable actuality substantiated by fact. Squirer, in his book, "Old Age and Dependency in the United States," points out that three-fourths of all adult males and nineteen-twentieths of all adult females in our great industrial army receive wages barely enough to provide food, clothing and shelter of the poorest sort. That is all that life is to the great industrial masses. It is a grinding battle for mere existence. No sincere attempt has ever been made to bring real happiness to the nation's toilers. It has been taken for granted that all a laboring man needs to make him happy is just existence. What blind selfishness! Does not the laborer have the same burning desire for peaceful leisure, the same fondness for wholesome recreation and amusement, the same longing for comfort, for luxuries, for conveniences, that other men have? Yet when he receives wages barely enough to provide food, clothing, and shelter of the poorest sort, what opportunity does he have to realize these desires? What opportunity for medical care, for legal justice! What opportunity to educate his children, to place them in society on an equal standing with other children! To him these doors are closed and barred. To him this world is but bare existence.

There is a plight yet more hopeless. It is the bitter condition of those who have been dragged below the margin of subsistence into the very clutches of want. The life of the laboring people is bare enough at its best, but ten millions of them have been forced

so low that they do not even have the means to provide the mere physical necessities to maintain brute existence. This vast throng is one-tenth of the entire population of our country. They are crying, not for comforts but for clothes to warm their bodies, not for luxuries but for bread to mitigate the pangs of hunger.

There is yet another cloud which throws gloom over Labor. An old man who had worked for a company most of his life was beginning to slow down as industry was setting a faster pace. Last December he received as a Christmas present the little blue envelope telling him that his services were no longer wanted. He tramped the streets of a large city looking for work. Door after door was closed upon him. His white hair, his bent back, broken down under the brutalizing weight of excessive toil, no longer could stand the competition of youth. He was not wanted. He realized it. He was too old. Yet his very existence was dependent upon the money he was able to earn by his labor. Oh, the tragedy of old people who have worn out their bodies in labor! Most of them approach old age bereft and destitute. At last, discouraged and broken-hearted, he wrote a note to loved ones saying the struggle was too great—he could no longer resist it. Not long afterward this note was found in the pocket of an old man who had sought peace beneath the wheels of a railroad train. As if life had not always been a struggle, as if they had not suffered enough, as if existence had not been bare enough during morning and midday, industry casts aside in the evening those who have torn down their lives to build up its profits, and leaves them without means of sustenance.

Ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed, ill-used, his finest sensibilities blighted, his hopes blasted—this brutal environment which scourges Labor from cradle to grave has forged upon its soul an inhuman ugliness. How bare is life which men strip of everything but that which just supports stark existence. Mark-

ham's immortal poem, "The Man With the Hoe," describes it thus—

"The emptiness of the ages in his face

Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Down all the stretch of hell

There is no shape more terrible than this—
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World."

Heir to all the genius and achievement of the past ages from the crude discovery of fire to the peerless ethics of the Sermon on the Mount, itself the creator of matchless wonders which have revolutionized the world and presented the unthinkable before man—the United States in this twentieth century, can offer no possible excuse for the colossal degradation which surrounds its laboring people. The greatest production ever known; a national wealth of three hundred and twenty billion dollars; twenty-five thousand millionaires; countless factory machines doing the work of three billion slaves; every conceivable device to promote comfort and convenience; oceans, continents, deserts conquered; hours, months, years traversed in a flash—all these the objects of our boast, and yet the lives of millions of our people are as arid and barren as the desert.

How can there be so much of want in the midst of so much of plenty—so much thirst at the foot of the spring? Someone has said that one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives. But when it is considered that the most abject poverty and the richest wealth exist side by side in our large cities, it seems more probable that one-half does not care how the other half lives. The cause of this groveling privation of Labor is greed. It cannot be doubted when a man like Roger Babson says that in

our present industrial system "money is put ahead of men and our cities are organized to make goods rather than to protect souls." The fortunate men of the age—those who were born with brains, those who have been born the sons of a Rockefeller, those who happened to own land where oil was discovered—these fortunate have amassed the greatest part of the nation's wealth and have robbed the commonplace of humanity of their very bread. They own the factories, the mills, the railroads, the national resources; and by virtue of their ownership of these means upon which life is so dependent, they hold in their hands the power to lift the laboring masses from want.

The standard of life of any family is determined by its income. If the standards of the laboring people are to be raised, their incomes must be increased to place within their reach the things which elevate life. The objection is made that Labor is not worthy of this move, that some of the wealthiest and most influential men have risen from the lowest depths, and that any man can do the same if he will. This objection is superficial. It forgets that all men are not born into the world with the same endowments, that all men do not have the same opportunities, the same environment. It does not see that if every man were trained for leadership, manual labor would still have to be performed. As long as manual labor must be done, the man who must do it, is as worthy of as full and abundant a life as other men. The greatest masses of the people are born into the world laborers. Now and then from their ranks a Lincoln, an Edison rises to celestial peaks, but most of them remain laborers until death releases their tired hands from the pick and plow. It is for these that I make this plea.

Thus far we have seen that laboring people live but a bare existence, that ten millions of them have fallen below the subsistence level, that in this age of plenty there is no tolerable excuse for their degrada-

tion, that their suffering is caused by greed, that the way out is to give them higher standards of life by increasing their wages, that justice demands it, that Labor is worthy of it. Now if this solution is an economic possibility, only greed stands in its way.

Fifty years ago during the famous Monday lectures delivered at Tremont Temple, Boston, the great Joseph Cook pointed out very clearly that if the wages of Labor were raised, Labor would have a greater purchasing power; that a greater purchasing power would elevate Labor's standard of life; that Labor's increased demand for commodities would give a decided impetus to industry; and that industry, thriving and expanding, would not only make Capital more prosperous but would also absorb the nation's unemployment. Fifty years ago Joseph Cook explained it, today Roger Babson believes in this solution so thoroughly that he declares "the result will be to increase the prosperity of all to the point of full saturation to the limit of human want."

Socially practicable, economically feasible, will greed now stand in the way? Must wretchedness exist where happiness is potential, gloom where cheer waits to replace it? Captains of industry, humanity turns to you. In your hands is the power to create a fullness of life where there has always been emptiness. The miner lays aside his tools, the factory worker pauses by the rumbling machinery—these for whom blossoms have never opened, these who have known no habitude but the wilderness, no sustenance but the dross, atoms of humanity bound by invisible chains—and looking up to you ask you to give them a chance to live, to live, to really live. How much longer will you ignore these human cries of distress?

AS OUR DREAMS ARE

MARTHA JANE SHAWEN,
Philaethea, '28

"As our dreams are, so are we;
Our dreams are but the mirrors of ourselves.
We shape in thought what soon we shape in deeds,
And what we daily do within the heart, we grow
to be:

Our visions are ourselves."

THERE was an artist once, envied of all others, because he had painted a picture so rare and beautiful that it hung alone on the walls of a great art gallery. Other artists had costlier pigments than he. There were a thousand brushes as good or better than those he used. A finer canvas might have been purchased at any place of merchandise. Yet no other artist could imitate the marvelous picture which hung alone, nor produce one to equal it. "Wherein lies the secret of such art?" men asked.

At length the artist died. The other men came and looked among his materials, but they found nothing they had not. They rubbed their hands across their foreheads in puzzled bewilderment. Then one man, more eager than the others to learn the secret of the picture, chanced upon a packet of old letters among the dead man's possessions, written to the woman he had loved, and they explained all. The picture was not in the color of the palette; it was not in the brushes; it was not in the canvas. *It was in the soul of the artist who painted it.* Because he had put more into his life, more sacrifice and labor and love, he could draw more out of it—this the artists learned when they read these passages from the dead man's letters:

June 3

I began the picture today. Conflicting emotions of hope and fear sweep over me when I think of all that depends upon this. I am more hopeful and glad than anything else, though. There is something ex-

hilarating about starting on the work you have always dreamed of doing. It's a venture and an adventure. "Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark." The best of me shall go into this picture, I know. The battle may go hard for a time, but I'll fight on to the end, for I *cannot* die with this Dream—God's message—hidden in my breast. Tomorrow will be the song! And that song. . . . I'm thinking it will be as sweet as mortal ever heard!

June 12

The West tonight was like a grey-blue sea, with each wave tipped with flame. I sat on the porch to rest until dusk gathered. A new slender, crescent moon, dipped and sailed among the grey clouds. How little one man's life seems, how minutely insignificant one individual, in comparison with the universe, the moon and the stars! Yet somehow I was aware of music in my own soul that must mate with the pulses of God. And down every fiber of my being poured the love in my heart—quickened, eager, passionate, holy. "If a human being can feel like *this*," I thought, "how measureless, how boundless, is the love of God beyond all comprehending."

June 28

Tonight the winds are lashing on the sea. The roads are blind with storm. I am weary—yes, and heartsick. But the day-star you lighted in my heart is always shining with an unfaltering ray to keep me steadfast. Somehow, I believe that

"Behind the night

Waits the great unborn, somewhere afar,
Some white, tremendous day-break."

so even in the dark I am on the way! Men have called me a Dreamer and a Fool. Perhaps I am both, but this is no idler's fancy that has possessed my soul. I will work on.

July 26

A miracle has happened. I am living in a new

world. Before I was in darkness and despair. I received no letter from you for so long; others could not understand; my picture did not progress as I thought it should; even God seemed to have forsaken me. I stood alone by a dark sea and saw my ships of dreams lose themselves in the blackness! My anguished spirit beat against my lips. I prayed until something like a strangling sob caught in my throat to silence me. There was a hush in which I suffered death but could not die. Then I heard, like a chord of music, a great heart throb down the vibrant strings of my ascending prayer. In a flash, my soul rent the sky, and I knew that there is nothing between heaven and earth to separate man from the love of God. Who, henceforth, can slay me, or my Dream, which is also me, must overcome the world of now and hereafter! A sunless sepulchre can never suffice to imprison this winged spirit. Because I have loved, and have labored in that spirit, from my work shall rise a silent and speechless testimony of me. From dream to deed and deed to dream, I go from the base of the mountain toward its summit. I am only a poor artist. Yet angels worked with me once, and in me the breathings of an Inner Spirit stirred, lifting me above Time and Space. And so, like a bouyant child, my dreamer's soul shall ever run and rise and love.

Aug. 1

Do you remember how I always liked fairy stories? I believe I shall never be too old to enjoy them. Let me tell you the one I read today:

"There was an artist once and he painted a picture. Other artists had colors richer and more rare, and painted more notable pictures. He painted his with one color, there was a wonderful glow on it; and people went up and down saying, 'We like the picture, we like the glow.'

"The other artists came and said, 'Where does he get his color from?' They asked him; and he smiled and said, 'I cannot tell you'; and worked on with his head bent low.

"And one went to the far East and bought costly pigments, and made a rare color and painted, but after a time the picture faded. Another read in the old books, and made a color rich and rare, but when he had put it on the picture it was dead.

"But the artist painted on. Always the work got redder and redder, and the artist grew whiter and whiter. At last one day they found him dead before his picture, and they took him up to bury him. The other men looked about in all the pots and crucibles, but they found nothing they had not.

"And when they undressed him to put his grave clothes on him, they found above his left breast the marks of an old, old wound, that must have been there all his life, for the edges were old and hardened; but Death, who seals all things, had drawn the edges together and closed it up.

"And they buried him. And still the people went about saying, 'Where did he find his color?'

"And it came to pass that after a while the artist was forgotten—but the work lived on."

Aug. 12

Did you see the sun-set tonight, I wonder? To me it corresponded to the human soul, so indescribable in its great expanse of coloring and sublime beauty. The fire, the ice, the shadows and the light places, the high points and the low, the rosy haze and the somber cloud—all the impressions of contact with life were represented there. Out and upward my spirit soared. I could feel myself being swept along in a cloud of glory that was my Dream—on, on toward achievement, success, victory. I testify this night that, "He whom a Dream has possessed, knows no more of doubting."

"As our dreams are, so are we;

Our dreams are but the mirror of ourselves.

We shape in thought, what soon we shape in deeds,
And what we daily do within the heart, we grow
to be:

Our visions are ourselves."

FACES

HELEN PALMER, '26
Cleiorhetea

IT was a dull gray morning in November when I set out for the big stores down town. This was just the time to do the Christmas shopping for all the distant aunts, uncles, third cousins and other unimportant relatives to whom we always give gifts, but whose presents do not require much forethought or consideration. I would get it done early this year, and avoid the usual rush and excitement at the last minute. As I was saying, I set out so early in the morning that the first rays of the sun had not yet even thought of peeping into our city. I was reminded of my college days when we had to make a mad dash to seven or seven-thirty classes, the only difference being that then I was laden with books and a college girl's carefree air, instead of carrying a huge shopping bag and the family purse, not to mention the proud carriage any woman would have who was the mother of two sets of twins like mine.

You may be thinking that the stores would not be open yet, but it was a forty-five minute ride from my home on the outskirts of the city to the downtown section. I boarded the street car and seated myself almost in the center. It was one of those cars that have one long seat on each side, and the people sit facing each other. From my place, I had a good view of everyone who got on, and before I knew it, I was having a lovely time all by myself, guessing what that person's name was, or where this one lived, or in what business another one was engaged. Almost every type was there,—the flapper, the stern businessman, the girl of the department store, the "sheik," the old, old man who you know has had bad luck or he would be home by his fireside instead of going to work this early in the morning; and last, a little frail-looking girl of about sixteen or seventeen years, with yellow hair and blue eyes, who looked as if a slight breeze would blow her away.

She was not especially pretty, but reminded one of an ornament that should be put up on your mantle piece to be gazed upon, instead of trotting off to an office in some downtown skyscraper.

I became so interested in studying every one, that I was almost sorry when I had to get off at the dressmakers and have my measurements taken for a new dress. Miss Robinson was a dear little old lady who had done my sewing for years and sometimes I wondered what I would ever do when I wouldn't have her any more. Her hair was snow white and her big blue eyes would light up with happiness whenever anyone did something especially kind for her. I have often wondered if she ever had a love affair. It always seemed too bad that some valiant knight hadn't borne her off to be his bonny bride. In spite of her advancing years, she did beautiful sewing, and always was well informed on the latest fashions. I watched her as she hustled around hunting her spectacles, which, by the way, were at that moment resting on her forehead; and I thought how different she was from the people whom I had seen on the street car.

During our conversation, I made some remark about my watch having stopped. She said the very person to fix it was old Mr. Lawrence whose little shop was just around the corner and who, as she said "had a way with watches and could fix them in a twinkling." Just out of curiosity I decided to stop in and see this watch wizard. The minute I entered the little shop, I was glad I had come. Scarcely had I closed the door when a little man who reminded one of a withered leaf, appeared from a door in the rear of the shop. He came forward with a pleasant "Good morning," and "Is there something I can do for you?" I showed him my watch and he said he could fix it in about ten minutes, and would I care to wait? I assented and he motioned to an ancient but comfortable looking chair. I sat down, and Mr. Lawrence disappeared into his work shop. I began to

look around. There were clocks and watches of every description in the show cases and on the shelves. As I sat looking at them and wondering why I had never realized how many different kinds of clocks there were, I thought of the many different kinds of people I had seen on the street car that very morning. Why, there was an old, old grandfather's clock that looked exactly like the old, old man whom I had seen on the street car. The face looked so kindly with its crazy old hands and it seemed so battered and tired out, yet it ran because it would be thrown away if it didn't. Right next to this old grandfather's clock was a beautiful mahogany one. You can imagine the striking contrast. The dial of the latter was neat and plain and looked exactly like the stern business man on the street car. And then my glance fell upon two little alarm clocks side by side and exactly alike. They come the nearest to resembling the eldest set than anything I have even seen,—that is my eldest set of twins, Donald and David. They are identical and the only way that I, their mother, can tell them apart is by looking for the one with a wart on his right hand and I know that's Donald. If the wart isn't there, it's David.

Next was a little white ivory clock. The numbers on the dial and the hands were a golden color. It seemed to have "Handle me with care" written all over it. My game thus far had gone smoothly, but whom in the world did this clock resemble? Have you guessed? It was "the little frail looking girl of about sixteen or seventeen with yellow hair and blue eyes, who looked as if a slight breeze would blow her away," whom I had seen on the street car. This girl must have a sister because right next to the little white clock was a pretty blue enamel one and it, too, had gold numbers and hands. But wait, I believe it best fits my dear little dressmaker. The blue on the clock is exactly the color of her eyes, and it, just like Miss Robinson, looks rather timid.

This almost exhausted the supply on the shelf and I began peering into the show cases. Such an array of watches! Large ones, small ones, good, bad and indifferent, I suppose. My attention was attracted at once to a rather large watch almost entirely covered with engraving. Among the ladies' watches was one similar to it, only smaller. These two stood out from all the rest because of their decorations. Yet I wondered if the works hidden in these elaborate casings were any better than the others. Probably not so good, I thought. What would *you* call them? I called them the modern "sheik" and flapper.

I heard a door open, and turning saw Mr. Lawrence coming toward me with my watch. "Nothing serious," he said, "just a little dirt in one of the wheels. I think it will be all right now. No charges for such a trifling matter."

I insisted on paying him something, but whether it was for fixing the watch or for some enjoyment I had received from being in his shop, I hardly know. However, he refused to accept any money and said that perhaps he could help me again some time.

Again I climbed on the street car to continue my way downtown. This time, however, I did not notice my fellow passengers. I was trying to think what watch resembled Mr. Lawrence. Finally I decided on this one. A lovely watch with a plain but beautiful gold case and with exquisite works.

Loyal and true, never missing a minute or two.
Small, yet steady, always a friend to you.

EVOLUTION OF THE RADIO

FLOYD RAZOR, '26

Philomatheia

IN this wonderful age of prosperity and modern conveniences we Americans, as well as the most civilized peoples of the earth, are prone to receive the luxuries handed down to us and to enjoy the many comforts of modern civilization, without stopping to think of the vast amount of human energy and money expended in the development of these sources of human happiness. We ride about in fine motor cars on paved and well lighted streets and highways and when this ceases to afford us the satisfaction we desire we return to a home which is heated by a furnace, lighted with electricity, equipped with bath, gas, telephone, iceless refrigerators and luxurious furniture, where we can lounge with our friends and listen to music, speeches, and current news from all parts of the country on the latest and at present, most popular of modern inventions, the radio.

It is my purpose in this paper to review the past history, the present applications and to look into the future of this great invention.

The modern radio, as we have it today, is of quite recent development and it is because of this that we are apt to overlook the fact that the ground work for its development began as early as 1873. It was in this year that James Clerk Maxwell, a British physicist, published the results of his work, in which he stated that light was both a wave motion and electromagnetic in nature. Out of these assumptions grew the theory that any vibrating electric current sends out waves of some kind, just as a vibrating violin string sends out sound waves.

Later, in 1887, a German physicist by the name of Hertz, conducted the experiments which resulted in scientists accepting Maxwell's theory of electromagnetic waves as a fact, and in engineers developing the practical use of these waves in radio. The

waves created by Hertz's crude apparatus could only be detected at short distances from the apparatus. It was necessary that two things be done before Hertz's methods could be adapted to practical wireless telegraphy: First, it was necessary to devise some powerful means of propagating the waves, and second, a better detecting device than the simple wire loop and spark gap that he had used had to be worked out. Marconi solved both of these problems. He found in his experiments that if one electrical terminal of the transmitting or receiving apparatus were connected to the earth and the other end connected to a metal plate or wire suspended high in the air, the range over which transmission and reception could be accomplished would be multiplied many times. He also perfected a detecting device used in receiving and known as the "coherer."

As a result of these improvements, in 1898 permanent stations were established for communication between Alum Bay and Bournemouth, England, a distance of fourteen and one-half miles. A year later communication was maintained between England and France, and as early as 1901 communication across the Atlantic was established.

Up until this time very little progress was made along the line of radio telephony. Among the first detecting devices which became most popular were the crystal detector, developed by Dinwoody and Pickard, and the "valve" invented by Fleming, a British physicist. This valve was the forerunner of the audion radio tube which was later developed by DeForest, an American. By the proper use of this tube a current is supplied which can be used as a carrier for voice and music. Following the perfection of the radio tube came the period of development of radio circuits. As most folks know, who have any knowledge of radio, there are a great number of types of radio circuits today each having their advantages and disadvantages. The first great step along this line was taken by Edwin Armstrong who

invented what is called the regenerative circuit, which simplified the construction of radio and hence made possible the manufacture of efficient sets at popular prices.

During the World War the use of the radio was prohibited in the United States. So that when we see that its popular use dates from the close of the war, we begin, at least, to realize how rapidly it has taken possession of this country. It is estimated that there are now about five million radio sets in operation in the United States. Of course when we remember that there are approximately twenty-two million homes in this country, we see at once that the radio market is still very large. The total for radio is small compared with the eighteen million automobiles, about fifteen million telephones, and twelve million phonographs. There are at the present time six hundred thousand radio receivers on farms in the United States and the number is rapidly increasing. There has been a three hundred percent increase in radio sets on farms since 1923. Twenty-four Agricultural Colleges maintain broadcasting stations, and they cooperate with the Department of Agriculture in sending out weather, crop and market reports. Practically every principal city in the United States contains one or more broadcasting stations in addition to the large number of smaller stations scattered throughout the country. Thus we see it is possible for residents of our land to be in constant touch with all that is important along the line of current events, speeches and various forms of entertainment.

The use of the radio, however, is not confined solely to this phase of activity. We find that it is now being extensively employed in the instruction of the deaf. In this connection it is used to determine the degree of deafness and also by means of the radio amplifier remnants of hearing are being stimulated so that the capacity for receiving sounds is widened in pupils not entirely deaf.

One of the more recent applications of radio which has been developed by Marconi is one in which the beam system in the form of a radio beacon is used for the purpose of guiding ships. Signals are projected in a narrow beam and a different Morse letter is flashed as the beam points to different points of the compass. The observing officer on a vessel listens in and hears a series of Morse characters as the beam sweeps slowly past the ship. The letters he hears tell him, by reference to a chart, the direction the beam is pointing at any given instant, and therefore, the middle letter of the series of letters he detects gives him his exact position.

The field of radio in which scientists are spending most of their energy at the present time is that of radio vision. The main problem has been to produce a device which will treat a shadow as the microphone does a whisper. The photo-electric cell is the important link in the chain of developments which will make television and radio vision possible. The principle of the cell is based upon the fact that certain metals give off electrons when their surfaces are illuminated. A physicist of the Westinghouse Electric Research Laboratories has combined this cell with the radio vacuum tube amplifier. The cell is built into the tube, one end of which is coated on the inside with potassium or an alkaline metal which throws off showers of electrons when light falls upon it. The electron flow is feeble if the light is weak; heavy if the light is intense. Thus the variation in light governs the strength of the electron shower. The device is so sensitive to light variation that a thin veil of cigarette smoke was utilized to ring a bell in the initial demonstration. It is understood that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company are developing a process for broadcasting pictures and that this new tube is the basis of the system.

Thus we see that some of our wildest dreams are being put into realities. Who knows but that in the

relatively near future the energy used by factories, railways, ships, automobiles and aeroplanes, will be generated at waterfalls, coal mines and other natural sources of energy and broadcast throughout the country to be picked up by energy consuming devices and turned into useful work.

OTTERBEIN BATTLE SONG

G. G. GRABILL, '00

We're here to win for dear old Otterbein,
We'll never let her colors trail,
We'll play the game to win for Otterbein,
Hang up the score, we cannot fail.

Fight!—Fight! Fight to win!
Fight!—Fight! Fight to win!
Fight!—Fight!—
Fight to win the game for Otterbein.

Come lads remember now we've got to win,
Our colors shall not touch the ground,
For Alma Mater we will do or die,
In vict'ry let our cheers resound.

AN APPEAL FOR THE CLASSICS

C. E. CUSIC, '26
Philophroneia

THESE are practical days. These are days when we look askance at things which we can't turn directly into cash or some other form of material prosperity. Only a few days ago Mr. Hoover, in speaking to an assembly of mechanical engineers, bewailed the fact that pure science in America receives shamefully meager support in comparison with applied science. He charged us with being one-sided in endowing huge laboratories and establishing vast foundations for practical research to the exclusion of inquiry into the field of pure science. Why this one-sided development? Why has America only two Nobel prize winners in the field of chemistry and physics out of a total of nearly fifty? It is because we forget that the pure science of today will be the applied science of tomorrow, that energy expended in that field is not lost, but that it will return to us with interest, tomorrow. It is even so in other fields of intellectual endeavor. We ought to feel a sufficient interest in the widening of the bounds of the human mind to be willing to devote a portion of our time and energy to the cultivation of those things which at first sight do not seem to have any close relationship to our welfare and happiness. I think for a moment of the case of the classical languages and literature in our American colleges and schools. We look with disfavor upon the study of them because the values attached seem too intangible. And there are those who would abolish the study of them altogether. Why? "Because they don't get you any bread and butter." But let us look at the facts of the case. We must not forget that we are to live a life,—not merely to exist, to eat, to sleep, to work. And the real living of a life presupposes the fullest possible knowledge and understanding of ourselves and our development, as

well as the greatest amount of enjoyment as we go along. Then whatever contributes to these things is worth while.

Classical languages and literatures have a permanent interest for those of us who are interested in the development of the civilization of today. Here is the thought of the past embodied. It was true, in the old days as it is now, that poets and writers put into their lines the things that are uppermost in the lives of the people. Then if we wish to understand ourselves, to know the influences which have made us what we are today, we must go back and trace our development through the centuries. All that has come down to us from the remote past is the language and what is imbedded in the literature. This is the only bridge from the twentieth century to the centuries before the birth of Christ, and on this bridge we find all we know about civilization, customs, beliefs and racial movements.

In the group of classical languages Greek alone has so much of interest within itself, and so much of value to every modern generation that it must never disappear from the college curricula. As long as there is life there will be philosophy, and the mother of modern philosophy was Greece before Christ. How can we understand ourselves and our mental processes or how we reached our present state and forms of activity, unless we go back and see how the mind of the man way back there reacted? What would a history of philosophy be without Socrates and Plato? And how much poorer would be our understanding of the developments of types of literature without Homer, Sophicles, Aeschylus and a host of other men of Greek times!

And yet great as should be our interest in Greek languages and customs, our interest in the Latin with its priceless contribution to civilization should be even greater. We have become so much accustomed to thinking of Roman life in terms of the later Empire with its distorted outlook on life and

morals, its lustful pursuit of whatever might produce pleasure, that we forget the wonderful gift to the world of the early people. The degeneracy of the later days was not produced by any inherent characteristics of the Roman nature, but was merely the result of too much material prosperity.

The true Roman character was one of great strength. In him was the robustness and brawn of the Assyrian of the East, and in him harsh vigor always predominated over gentle delicacy. He was intensely practical; a man of business. Resoluteness and unswerving steadfastness and persistency of purpose characterized him in his pursuit of an object. To him no defeat was final. He renewed the conflict. Natural barriers served only to delay him in the accomplishment of his purpose. He regarded himself as a man of destiny whose state had been assured him by supernatural powers, and consequently he scorned all opposition. In the early career of the Roman people there was something of that resolution; born of a belief in destiny that marked the course of the Mohammedans of the seventh century.

His ambition was bounded only by his horizon. He hungered for power. Thrown upon the western frontier of the world, surrounded by barbarism, far from civilization and luxury, he desired to create a new world greater than the old, to build an imperishable state. He came as a man of war. But with his love of war there was also an intense love of order and unity—a quality which has been of inestimable benefit to the world. Antiquity was chaotic—the Greek ruled by art, not by order. His mind seemed incapable of entertaining a vast and orderly scheme. Plato and Demosthenes had but little appreciation of a cosmos in society. There was much development of the individual, little of the state. But the Roman marked the transition point; it was his work to build the first great state. The Roman law givers were the fathers of society. Roman law was an adaptation of means to ends. Under the Roman enact-

ments society became a body politic, and the race attained solidarity, and the attainment of unity among people of such fierce types as constituted the Roman state is a significant tribute to his love of order and ability as a law giver.

It will always be the glory of the Roman that he succeeded in uniting in human consciousness the two antithetical notions of devotion to life and property for the state, and absolute freedom and independence within the limits of his private property. He had the law giver's mind, and he gave to the world a civilization of practicality, of adaptation, of solid construction, which promised durability to civil institutions and order to society. Herein was the priceless gift to all men of all time.

Not only in the realm of law and politics did the Roman mark the transition from the old conceptions of things of the Eastern nations, but also in public and private morals he was an innovator. He was strictly fair in his contracts. He adopted a new code of ethics for his home life. Monogamy was the law of the state, and there was a consequent elevation of motherhood, and a recognition of domestic ties well calculated to preserve the purity of the foundation of society. Rome was the builder of the state and the home.

It was characteristic of the Roman that he built for strength and permanence. The massive grandeur of his cities, his public buildings and his highways bespeak the mighty energy of his race. Under his hands Rome attained a massiveness and a grandeur never before equaled save in the valley of the Nile.

I will leave with you the question as to whether there is anything worth emulating in the old Roman character,—the strong, perserving, dominant, progressive character. If there is and if we are to draw from it to the utmost, we must read the language, enter into the spirit of the people of the Tiber. Then let us live again in the glories of the race with Sal-

lust and Virgil, let us delve into the witty satire-philosophy of Horace, the brilliant comedy of Terence, the splendid essays and orations of Cicero; and our lives shall be fuller, richer and happier, because we shall be better fitted to know ourselves and the society of which we are a part.

TEMPORARY LOVES ARE BEST

JEAN TURNER, '27

Mean not much in any love,
Play half-sincere and half in jest;
Imperil not your fancy's freedom,
For temporary loves are best.

Loves that stay a little while
Unhurt hearts will soon forget;
'Tis loves that too long linger
Bring bitterness—tears—regret.

Fling away before 'tis ashes
Love that lasts a few short hours,
As you discard a faded ribbon
Binding withered flowers.

Entangle not your heart in memories,
Let broken dreams, unwearied, rest;
New loves wait you for tomorrow,
And temporary loves are best.

DREAMS

LILLIAN SHIVELY, '29

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

I will dream tonight:

I will dream of tall cryptomaria trees,
Straight and strong and beautiful.

I will dream of rain,
And lantern-light on the wet street.

I will dream of home,
And window-eyes shining through the darkness.

OLD MAN MAC DOUGAL

MARY THOMAS, '28

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

"Old Man" MacDougal, "Crazy" MacDougal, they call him, and tap their foreheads or cross the street when they see him coming. In summer he wanders about, flourishing his rustic cane and talking to those of the tourists who will listen to his stories. In winter when the tourists have gone, and the hotel windows are boarded up like so many eyes behind smoked glasses, he lives in his little house, eating deer meat that the Indians bring him, and going every Sunday to the white frame church, where he sits in the second pew and says "amen" loudly and very often. They are his friends,—the Indians, and the little church that he helped to build.

It will soon be eighty years since young Douglass MacDougal and Marget, his wife, left Quebec to become the first missionaries to the Kootenays. And now their son is Old Man MacDougal who walks the pavements where forests grew in their day. Once he was the strongest white man in the province, and his name was famous among the half-breed trappers of the Hudson Bay Company. They used to say that Bruce MacDougal, the parson's son, was the only man in Alberta who dared to cross The Pass during a storm. The old-timers could tell, if they were here, how young Bruce saved King George's life,—he was the Prince of Wales then. He was hunting in the Rockies, when his horse balked on a ledge, and only the Scotchman's presence of mind saved him from plunging over the cliff.

The old-timers are gone now—all but Old Man MacDougal. And those other years are more real to him than the present. When the big snow has come, and the northern lights sometimes tint the sky behind the mountains, he sits by his fire and dreams that he is young again.—Fifty feet more to the top of The Pass! Can he make it? The snow is

falling faster now. He can hardly see the chasms in the ice.—Tom, tom! Tom, tom! Yaa---a! The Kootenay pow-wow. There goes old Yellow-Eye doing the medicine dance. Yaaa--a!—What's that black thing crouching in the shadow? If it's a grizzly—Quick, the gun!—Tom, tom! Yaaa---a.

But in summer when the big snow is gone, and every train brings its horde of tourists, then, Old Man MacDougal enjoys himself most of all. Up and down the streets he goes, a distinguished figure with his broad, straight shoulders, and short, white beard,—up and down the pavements looking for someone to talk to. He likes to tell of the Kootenay War, and the building of the railroad, and the avalanche on Goat Mountain.

"I know where there's gold in the mountains. Tons and tons of yellow gold. Not even the Kootenays can find it; but I know where it is, and someday I'm going up to get it." His eyes are kind and blue like those of a child. He laughs often and points with his cane when he talks.

All the Kootenays love Old Man MacDougal. Even the children have been told of his wonderful deeds, and know that he is the Indians' friend. The Kootenays remember the summer when everyone in the tribe was ill with the fever, and he made them well again with his nursing and brown medicine. They remember the time when white men came from Ottawa to make them live on a reservation with a high fence around it, and he argued with the men till the Indians were allowed to be free again.

The white men used to say that Bruce MacDougal was the greatest pioneer in Alberta. The Kootenays did not know that, they only knew what he had done for them. But now the white men have forgotten, and the Indians still remember.

I PITY ME

MARCELLA HENRY, '28
Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

I'm blue. It's raining outside. It's not a cheerful rain. But, what rain ever is? There are flies in the room. Also mosquitoes. Also gnats. They buzz at me. They bite at me. But then, what bugs don't? My hands are inky. They've made my letter all smudgy. I can't remove the smears. My eraser doesn't erase. But then, what eraser ever does? I lick the lap of the envelope. It doesn't stick. It hasn't enough mucilage on. What envelope ever has? The folks have left me to myself. I'm all alone. They've turned out the fire in the grate. The room is cold. And so am I. They don't care if I die. They don't care for me at all. But then, whoever does? Oh—Life!

A SONG

RUTH SEAMAN, '27

You made what we were together:

A song

Full of laughter

But brief. . . .

For all that is left

Is a sigh,

And a tear in my heart

That cries aloud to be free.

I could not say I loved you—

The word is frayed,

Soiled with use,

And weighs down the feeling

I would express—

But I like you

In a way

That I have liked no other one. . . .

. . . So I breathe a prayer

Into the ear of God,

That you will come back

And make what we were together:

A song.

SOLITUDE

THELMA SNYDER, '27

A bent and lonely pine
On a brown and wind-swept hill!

But once when daylight kept
A lover's tryst
And twilight took her place,
A blind and lonely blue-tipped wind
Groped her way up
Toward that silent figure,
And caressingly brushed
Thin, restless fingers
Thru the silver spaces
Of his drooping branches.
And the wind and the pine
Crooned to the earth that night
A melody sweet, half-sad
The litany of two lonely hearts!

A waiting, dreaming pine
On a brown and wind-swept hill!

MARCH AND APRIL

ELIZABETH LESHER, '29

Violet and grey mist over all
And wind moon scudding high.
Spring green trees arching into heaven
And the tintured straining thrill
Of springing life in everything.
Plastic softness in the earth,
Bright sharp grass like a shooting pain,
Bird cry and the potent force
Of great things lying latent.

Ho-Bohemia



Where We Do As
We Please

PRIVATE JOHN PRICKETT, U. S. A.

LAURA WHETSTONE, '27

UP "Possum Holler" the tall white oaks sink their roots deep into clay, the smooth, gummy, impeding clay of the south Ohio hills. Tender green leaves on their topmost branches strain upward toward the flawless blue sky above the Hollow, but as the leaves strive upward the groping roots push blindly downward through the clay, which is at once their internal source of life and their prison forever. And in the little clearings along the spring-fed creeks which brawl noisily down stairways of shale live men and women rooted no less firmly in the clay than the towering oaks. But a clay-hill oak, should it be transplanted, can grow as tall and straight in another soil, so long as the earth wherein it sinks its roots is sweet and deep, so long as the rains fall upon it in spring, and the birds nest among its branches in summer, and the sky is blue over all.

Young John Prickett, ceasing his plowing to mop his perspiring face and sun-burned neck, and standing with his feet firmly planted in the red, steaming newly-turned clay of his little cornfield, had much of the white oak's sturdiness about him, a blonde-haired, tanned clay-hill oak, clad in washed-out blue overalls; not a sapling, not a patriarch, but sound with the strength of maturity just attained. And in his heart surged something of the white oak's love for his clay-hill home, for the new, unfertile, clean earth, with a tang and a savor to it like a whiff of a thin perfume.

As he stood there on the steep hillside among the rows of corn there came faintly to his ears the sound of a dinner-bell. Hurriedly he stuffed his faded bandana into his pocket and unhitched his horse from the rude plow. The old animal turned his head and watched John expectantly as he unhooked the traces and looped up the lines. The plow horse was scarcely

free from his encumbrance when he set out energetically in the direction from which the sound came.

"Gosh, Dix," said John with good-humored crossness, "sure seems like you come to life when Granny rings that dinner-bell. You're showin' more speed in five minutes now that you're headin' for your nubbins and fodder than you've showed plowin' out here all forenoon."

The old horse plunged into the walling forest, and, followed by the young man, walked hurriedly along a little path bordered with ferns and scarlet fire-pinks. When the path curved sharply to the right they could look almost directly down upon the weather-beaten roof of a small log house. Slipping and sliding over the loose shale of the steep path, man and horse ended almost running in a tiny yard at the back of the house, where an old woman was pottering over a small bed of marigolds. She looked up when the disgruntled horse and laughing man landed precipitously in the yard. Her gray eyes, still keen in her wrinkled face, looked affectionately at the young man; then she said abruptly, "Eph Van Gundy come up today from Mooresville. He brung you a letter."

"Did he?" John exclaimed. "Is he still hyar?"

"Uh-huh. He's settin' up to eat. Hurry. The victuals is on the table."

John slipped the harness off the horse,—he had plowed enough for that day, and besides Eph Van Gundy was visiting in the Hollow with news of the community on his lips; with strangely twisted versions of a great war across the ocean in France; and with strangely confusing accounts of incomprehensible dealings at Washington, of notes, and scraps of paper, and what the President had said.

Still damp from his splashings in the tin wash basin, John seated himself upon the bench behind the oilcloth covered table. As a little boy he had sat there, his babyish chin scarce clearing the rim

of his plate and now at twenty-three he still occupied the same place. His sister sat beside him on the bench, giving her chair to Eph Van Gundy. Father, mother, sister, old grandmother, and two younger brothers all listened attentively and eagerly to Eph's news and comments. When the meal was finished Eph drew John's letter from his pocket and handed it impressively across the table to him. It was a long, official-looking envelope, and John took it hesitatingly.

"Go on," shrilled the littlest brother. "Open your letter, Johnny."

"Let Johnny take his time," admonished the grandmother, "It minds me of the letter they brung me when your gran' pappy was killed at Shiloh."

John fumblingly tore open the flap of the envelope. The paper rustled crisply as he drew out a single sheet with a few typewritten words upon it. Tracing with his forefinger he slowly spelled them out, for five grades in a little country school does not make of one twelve years later a glib reader.

When he had haltingly read the letter aloud the mother was the first of the group to realize its full meaning. "It's the draft," she said, starting up from her chair. "The draft's got Johnny," and, throwing her apron over her head, she hurried from the room, weeping.

"I 'lowed it would be that," said Eph sympathetically. "But you don't want to let her take on none, Granny, because 'tain't likely the war'll last until Johnny gits to France."

The old woman looked at him scornfully. She had vague notions as to the whereabouts of France, but she knew Johnny. "Johnny don't need to wait for the other boys," she said. "He kin start marchin' tomorry and git thar that-away before it's over. 'Twon't last long after he gits thar, neither."

The war was not over before Johnny got to France, though many long months elapsed. There were weeks of ceaseless routine in the hastily erected

barracks of a great training camp; there were hours of painful drilling beneath a broiling sun; days of kitchen police, repugnant to John, trained to regard such labor as women's work. There were nights when he lay shivering under his one thin blanket in the incompleated barracks, while sleet and snow struck the frail, tar-papered sides of the unheated building. There were other days of grilling rifle practice, where the eye and hand trained in hunting squirrels make his score a thing at which to marvel. Then there were a few days of rushing movement by train through towns where flag-waving, rose-scattering crowds madly cheered the long cars whose sides bulged with khaki, and a few more days when a great floating fortress slipped down a harbor past a mighty bronze statue and out silently and furtively upon an ocean full of lurking death. And then at last—France, a strange muddle of brown uniforms and blue, of grim faces, strange tongues and the surging push of an indomitable purpose.

To John there was no reality—all was a blur, a thing he was imagining, a brief dream from which he would awaken. After Cherbourg came Dourgues, and then his quarters. They took him there with four others on a late afternoon. All the little shell-wrecked village, a bit of driftwood left afloat in the backwater of the great flood of war, was quartering American soldiers. Private John Prickett, scrambling through the ruins of sixteenth century monastery, entered a little yard where stood a tiny stone cottage, still miraculously intact among this maze of ruined masonry and yawning shell holes.

"Bon jour, grandmère," said the sargeant, and an old woman in the yard turned to smile at the tall, bronzed boys. She was little, and stooped, and wrinkled, and in her hands she held a battered tin tomato can from which she was watering a straggling bed of flowers. Private Prickett cleared the little yard in two strides. "Marigolds!" he cried.

And then came Madelon, the granddaughter, into

the yard to see "les Yankees" who were to be quartered there, and at once John knew that it was spring in France, and the peach trees were in blossom, tho' most of their limbs were shot away, and their twigs trembled ceaselessly with the cataclysmic, all-pervading roar and concussion of heavy shelling close at hand. Madelon could sing a gay song, and wind a bandage; kiss her grandmother's tears away, and keep a pot of soup steaming for mud-caked, din-crazed men.

It was a great drive that the Eighty-Third Ohio made there in France, but John knew only that he hated the rushing whine of a shell above his head and the red sacrifice about him with a hatred that sickened his soul. He hated not at all the enemy, of whom he saw little or nothing; he only knew that they must not come past his gun-barrel and bayonet because back of him lay the little village, the lace-capped old grandmother, and Madelon. But most of all he hated the mud—the foul, crimson-streaked trench mud, wet with the ceaseless rains, and with a richer, purer liquid, which adhered to him gummily, and which tenuously sucked his feet into its cloying, hungry depths, only to give them up with a reluctant snap when he stumbled out of the trenches.

One night the rifles crackled more venomously, the machine-guns spat death more relentlessly, the big guns hurled destruction more frequently. And Private John Prickett went up and over with his mates, until he was poking with his bayonet at a gray back in another muddy trench below him. And that was the night that he hated the mud most, for it was sickening to one who crawled on his face in it, and chilling to limbs already weak from loss of blood.

Madelon found him lying in a mud-puddle outside the cottage gate, the grime of the trenches pelted cleanly off him by the November rain—and when he opened his eyes later she smiled into them. He smiled back, wanly, and then his brow wrinkled.

Plainly he had heard—a strange, new silence, sweet, impossible, imaginary, it must be.

"The racket," he whispered faintly,—"*le bruit*. It's still. *C'est calme*. Pourquoi?"

Madelon's tears dropped warmly on his face. "*La guerre est fini*. The war—how do you say?—The war is over!"

"Grandmother saved some marigold seeds, didn't she?" he queried faintly after a little. Then he added, "Wonder if pap's got the corn all shucked,"—and then came unconsciousness again.

Long weeks passed before Private John Prickett was able to move about the little yard. Madelon and the fragile old grandmother humored him and uttered soft little exclamations of delighted wonderment at his first few limping steps. And when spring came to France again, Private John Prickett received another official correspondence.

He was holding his sailing orders in his hand when Madelon came to him carrying the first peach blossom.

"Madelon," cried Private Prickett without hesitation, "Honey, I'm goin' home. You're goin' too, ain't you?"

Her cheeks grew a deeper pink than the peach blossoms and for a moment a happy light shone in her eyes. Then her face clouded and she shook her head slowly. "To America?" she said, with a little sigh, "Oui, Johnnee,—me, I go *volontiers*, glad—but *la grandmère*—she has lived, she die here in Dourgues, in the cottage of her. And I alone of all am left to care for her. Non, non, Johnnee, *es impossible*. You must go to America,—*la grandmère* and Madelon,—they stay in France."

Clearly across the seas John saw the ferns nodding where the wild rabbits hopped among the trunks of the leafing white oaks. He heard the nesting bluebirds splitting their throats with love songs, and he smelled the thin, spicy tang of freshly-turned clay. And he saw his old grandmother lay-

ing aside her corncob pipe and rising, martially erect in her old-fashioned black calico dress, to ring the dinner bell, and work the pungent soil where young marigolds sprouted lushly.

And then he looked about him and saw the shell-wrecked village and shattered peach tree, heard the low voice of grandmère crooning an old French chanson as she bent over a little bed of tiny, growing green feathers, and felt Madelon looking at him with her heart in her eyes. Then he slowly crumpled his release in his hand, and let it fall to the ground. Why, there was work here for a man, and love, too. Stooping, he caught up a handful of soil, the rich brown soil of France, mellow with a thousand years of cultivation. Crumbling it between his fingers, he cried, "Madelon, no! You and me'll take keer of Granny together here. See those old boards over thar? I'll build a stake-and-rider fence, and we'll put in a field of corn!"

Now a clay hill oak delights to sink its roots deep into the red soil of some creek-watered hollow among the hills, binding itself ever more firmly to its home as its branches, wherein the wood warblers nest, mount ever higher. But a clay-hill oak, should it be transplanted, can grow as tall and straight in another soil, so long as that soil is sweet and deep, so long as the rains fall in spring, and the birds nest among its branches in summer, and the sky is blue over all.

LITTLE LOVES

JEAN TURNER, '27

A while I keep my Little Loves.
We tryst on the star-lit lawn,
I give my troth half-heartedly,
But I ran away at dawn.

When True Love calls a-down the way,
I must forsake them, quite;
But, oh, I shall miss my Little Loves
That are only fly-by-night.

COMPANIONSHIP

MASON HAYES, '29

Companionship
A man must have.
And I would pray
That God
Would give to me
Or let me find
The One.
A being to worship
A soul-mate to love. . . .
An Artist
Who can neither carve,
Nor paint, nor play. . . .
A Poet
Who can neither verse,
Nor read, nor sing. . . .
A Woman
Who, lacking expression,
Longs for it. . . .
A Soul
Which would encompass
Space and Eternity,
Bound the Infinite
And return to me—for Love.

SCATTERED GLIMPSES OF AN ORGAN PICTURE

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

The wind was blowing softly through the trees
lifting the leafy arms to and fro in little crooning
waves. . . . On the crest of the hill a little brown
cabin squatted under the warming sun. . . . In
the bending doorway sat an ancient man, black, and
fuzzy haired and wrinkled. . . . Little black chil-
dren slumbered in the yard, tossed in careless aban-
don one upon the other. . . . The sweet fragrance
of flowers filled the air. . . . The stream at the
base of the hill trickled slowly over the green misted
stones. . . . It was a summer day in Georgia, and
life was crooning on.

IN SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO LOVE

WAYNE V. HARSHA, '27

DON'T be too sudden about it. Many a girl has said "no" simply because her lover didn't choose the right time and pop the question gently.

Take a dark night for it! The fire escape on the south side of Saum Hall is an excellent place. But be sure all the blinds are down on that side of the building. Sit near enough to her so that you can hook your little finger in hers. Wait until the conversation begins to flag, and then quietly remark:

"Susie, I want to ask you something."

She will fidget around a little, reply "yes," and after a pause you can add:

"Susie, my actions must have shown—that is, you must have seen,—I mean you must be aware that—that—"

Pause here for a little while but keep your finger firmly locked. She may cough and try to turn the subject by asking you how you liked the Junior Frolic, but she only does this to encourage you. After about ten minutes you can continue:

"I was thinking as I walked up Grove street this evening, that before we leave school I would ask you—that is, I would broach the subject nearest my—I mean I would know my—"

Stop again and give her hand a gentle squeeze. She may give a yank to get it away, or she may not. In either case it looks well for you. Wait about five minutes and go on.

"The past year has been a very happy one to me. But I hope that future years will be still happier. However, that depends entirely on you. I am here tonight to know—that is, to ask you—I mean I am here tonight to hear from your own lips the one sweet—"

Wait again. It isn't best to be too rash about such things. Give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and then put your hand on your heart and continue:

"Yes, I thought as I came up to the door tonight, how happy I had been, and I said to myself if I only knew you would consent to be my—that is, I said if I only knew—if I was only certain that my heart had not deceived me, and you were ready to share—"

Hold on—there's no hurry about it. Give the wind a chance to sob and moan around the bushes. This will make her lonesome and call up all the love in her heart. When she begins to cough and grow restless you can go on.

"Before I met you this world was a desert to me. It didn't matter whether the sun came up or not. But what a change in one short year! Speak, dearest Susie, and say—and say that—that—that—"

Give her five minutes more, and then add:

"That you will be—that you will—I mean that you will—be mine?"

She will heave a sigh, look at her wrist watch, and glance over the bushes, and then as she slides her head over on your vest pocket, she will whisper:

"You bet your life I will!"

I CAN'T EAT CHICKEN

ELIZABETH LESHER, '29

I can't eat chicken.

Neither can my brother.

I always remember the times in the country

When we had to pick the chickens

Pulling wet, drabbed feathers

Out of cold, dead hens;

And my brother always

Witnessed the executions,

Therefore when we celebrate

Instead of chicken

We eat—bologna.

KOLA WAKALII

CHARLOTTE M. OWEN, '27

I NOTICED him not at all at first. My passing glance in his direction showed me only a man who was very poorly dressed—probably a tramp, who, finding the park benches uncomfortable in such weather, had come into the Art Gallery for the sole purpose of escaping the cold. But, making the rounds of the great hall, I came finally to the picture before which he was standing. It was a Hawaiian scene—called “Moonlight on the Sands of Tahiti”—I think. I should probably have passed by both it and him had I not been attracted by the intensity with which he was gazing at the picture. He stood motionless before it, clutching in his hands a shapeless black hat. His face was swarthy, dark, foreign-looking, and its expression was one of rapt interest.

I wondered from what country he came, and what there was in this picture of moonlit sands that so affected him. What connection could there possibly be between a representative of New York's lower East Side and the moon-swept shores of Tahiti? Was he dreaming of lazy, golden days spent on those shores, or of pale, silvery nights when the waves crept softly upon those blue sands?

In a distant corner of the gallery a hidden orchestra was playing. The music came to me faintly—dreamily. Even as I listened, the quality of its tone changed slowly from tripping joy to a gentle crooning. I did not recognize the new melody immediately, but the swarthy stranger did. He drew a quick breath as if someone had touched him; an expression of heart-hurt crossed his face. The shapeless black hat was crushed between hands whose knuckles had gone white. The moistness, which I thought I had detected in his eye, became a great glistening drop. He tried to blink it away, then turned helplessly toward the door. I watched him as he stumbled out into the cold. The music of

the orchestra came to me plaintively—and the melody it played was "Aloha Oe"—"Farewell to Thee."

As I turned back toward the picture I saw lying on the floor beneath it a crumpled bit of paper. Supposing that the stranger had dropped it, I stooped to pick it up—wonderingly. I saw that it was nothing more than a piece torn carelessly from a newspaper—an announcement of the exhibit at the Art Gallery. Several of the pictures to be seen there were described in detail, and one of the descriptions was marked with blue pencil. It was the picture before me—"Moonlight on the Sands of Tahiti" by Joan Hasard.

The man, then, had not wandered into the gallery aimlessly. He had come with the definite purpose of seeing this picture. He was a foreigner—without doubt a native Hawaiian. The picture probably represented a scene that was very dear to him. As I pondered these things, my interest in the man's identity and in his past doubled in intensity. But to find him again in that astounding portion of New York's population that is foreign seemed an impossibility. So, thrusting the crumpled paper in my pocket, I left the Gallery, closing the door behind me upon the picture of Tahiti's moonlit shores and the man who had looked on them so longingly.

I would probably never have opened that door again had I not chanced to read in the paper a few mornings afterward something that startled me. The words were:

"Robber makes odd theft. Picture stolen from Gladstone Art Gallery. No clue."

There followed a few lines that said that Joan Hasard's famous picture, "Moonlight on the Sands of Tahiti," had been maliciously taken from the gallery the night before. The thief had worked so skillfully that he had left not the slightest clue. There were no suspects.

The words as I read them recalled immediately

the incident which had so deeply impressed me a few days before. Almost unconsciously I connected the two. Ah! I had a suspect—I also had a clue.

Going to my wardrobe, I took from the pocket of a suit hanging there the crumpled bit of paper I had picked up in the gallery. Without doubt, the native son who had gazed longingly at the picture of his homeland, and the man who had stolen that picture, were the same. But the motive?—I could think of none.

The hangdog expression I had seen in the stranger's eyes kept me from giving over my information to the authorities,—but it also prompted me to do some amateur detective work on my own part.

I really had a clue—the scrap of paper—but studying it from a professional viewpoint, I saw that it was practically worthless. The story it told was too indefinite. I needed something more concrete upon which to work.

Going back to the Art Gallery, I stopped in the little ante-room just inside the door—it was customary for all visitors to register here before going into the exhibit proper. I asked the man at the desk if I might glance over the records for a few days back, and unsuspectingly he showed them to me. There I saw my own name and just a few lines below it that of “Kola Wakalii”—a name unmistakably Hawaiian. This was the man I was looking for, without doubt.

In a city directory I found his name again—and his address on East Cherry Street. I set out immediately to find him. What I would do if I succeeded I did not bother to think out. Enough just to find him and to learn something about him. I confess that I felt much as Galahad must have when he set out for the Holy Grail.

The squalid, maze-like streets of the lower East Side proved confusing to me. Several times I lost myself, but somehow I finally arrived at the poor little home that was Kola Wakalii's. I walked back

and forth past it not knowing what to do now that I had tracked my quarry. The appearance of a slovenly-looking man in the doorway of the hovel next to my friend's rendered further indecision on my part unnecessary.

He eyed me suspiciously when I addressed him, but when I mentioned Wakalii his expression grew kind.

"Yeh, he live there," he offered.

I did not know what to say next for I did not dare mention the only thing I knew about him—the picture. I ventured another question.

"He is sick, isn't he?" This proved a happy thought for immediately the man answered:

"No, his wife sick. She ver' sick. Mebbe die."

"What a shame! But I understood that it was Wakalii who was sick," I lied brazenly.

"No. Kola not happy, but he not sick. His wife sick"—then he explained further. "His wife ver' young. She just come yesterday—no—two yesterdays from Hawaii—Tahiti, I think he say. She ver' sick."

"Homesick, you think?" I asked.

I had expected that word—Tahiti—but, somehow, when it came it startled me. This whole adventure was beginning to seem unreal—like something that had happened in a book—not in life. Luckily, the man could not read my confused mind. He talked on volubly.

"Mebbe a little—homesick—but ver' sick. Something eat her heart like—I do not know."

Homesick? Ah! The picture—his young bride, —Tahiti. In a flash I knew all—understood all. And, understanding, I turned away.

I often wonder if Joan Hazard's painting is still hanging on the walls of that squalid, old tenement—or whether Wakalii took it with him when he went back home. What do *you* think?

LINES

J. Q. M., '25

I wooed a far off destiny,
Amid enchanted isles;
My youthful joys and happiness
I bartered for her smiles.

A little maiden loved me
And she was passing fair;
I shunned her for my destiny
And lo, she withered there.

I wooed and won my destiny,
But tired I was and old;
I ran and clasped my destiny
And found her kiss was cold.

FACES

LILLIAN SHIVELY, '29

Faces,
Faces,
And more faces!
Old faces,
Young faces,
And faces that should be young
But never have had a chance.

Beautiful faces,
Plain faces,
And faces that would be plain
But for the soul shining through
That makes them beautiful.

Like open books,
Faces!

SPECIAL WEEKS

E. H. HAMMON, '27

In an eastern city a few years ago a certain merchant found that he was overstocked with a particular commodity—prunes. In order to reduce his stock and at the same time reap the full profits from it, he conceived the idea of having a Prune Week. It worked. All the housewives in the community flocked into his store and before long his entire supply of the delicious fruit was exhausted and every household in the neighborhood lived on a diet of prunes for days.

The wonderful idea spread rapidly as all wonderful ideas do. It took the country by storm with a great westward movement. Not a village nor a hamlet in this extensive land of ours but what felt its tremendous influence. There were special weeks of every description, and they have become so numerous that now we suffer keen disappointment if we can not call each week as it comes by a specific name.

The most remarkable feature of the Special Week Movement is the fact that as many special weeks can be run off during a calendar week as there are sponsors who wish to run them. Not long since in our own fair village a bookstore exhibited ostentatiously a placard announcing "Read a Book Week." Simultaneously a drug store was engineering "Garden Court Week," and a music store was calling attention to the first annual "Buy a Record Week." Probably there is not a villager within the confines of the town who would not have taken great pleasure in observing all of these weeks, yet such a thing would be practically impossible.

In the combining of special weeks to be run off at the same time, great care should be taken. It is conceivable that very disastrous results could come from inexpedient combinations. For instance, most men can appreciate what would happen if someone

should declare a "Necktie Week." Experience with birthday and Christmas ties from aunts, sisters, or even sweethearts, has schooled them in what could be expected. We can see men leaving home or going mildly insane. But what, may I ask you, would become of the male of the species should Fate decree a "Shirt Week" along with the tragic "Tie Week?"

In the light of this discussion we find new grounds for the argument that another month should be added to the year. Estimating that there are on the average three special weeks per week, this additional month should provide for at least twelve more special weeks a year.

SWIMMING AT NIGHT

JAMES GORDON, '27

I like to swim in a river at night and alone. There is an air of mystery about walking through dismal woods to a river's brink, piling your clothes on a fallen tree, and plunging into cold water half-lit by a dying moon. You feel as though you have left the world of things and facts to explore a deep mystic world of your own making. You yield to the beckoning of Romance and Adventure and allow yourself to succumb to the lure of the night with its witchery and mysticism. The faded moon sends phantom streams of light, ghostly and ill-defined, across the water. A thick mist covers the river like a ghost's blanket stretched over a bed of glimmering spirits. Bullfrogs on opposite banks send hollow and melancholy "chugs" at each other.

You wonder at your daring. Surely what you are about to do was never done by man before. At last you straighten, grit your teeth, and dive; then, sailing one breathless moment in mid-air your fingers touch the chilly surface and the thrill is complete.

WHAT'S THE USE?

KATHRYN EVERETT, '29

THAT satisfactory feeling that I had last night when I closed my French book with the sense of a lesson well prepared has disappeared. Another assignment is before me, one even more difficult and lengthy. It will always be that way. When I finish this theme there will be another to write; and then there's always this business of waiting for an inspiration. Sometimes it is a long wait. That dark gray laboratory disgusts me too. What if I should find the right constituents to my second unknown tomorrow? I'd just have to start in on the preliminaries to the third group. Of course there's not much chance of my being successful with the second before the last of next week; I'm so slow.

Such a life, nothing nice and exciting ever happens to me. The alarm rings in the morning, just as it rang yesterday morning and will ring tomorrow morning. So far I've had enough self-control to keep from hurling it through the window, but I won't promise that I will always be as patient. I rush to breakfast; rush to classes; same classes I've been going to for eight months, same professors, same students. I drag home at night with three assignments to get out before 10 o'clock and probably spend two hours trying to decide on a subject for my theme, as I have often done. What's it all about? Why must I lead such a humdrum existence anyway? Oh, well, what's the use?

JIM'S GHOST

IVA THORNTON, '28

ELEVEN o'clock at night is not a pleasant hour to go through a country graveyard. Jim White knew it wasn't, but he also knew it was safer to go through the graveyard than around by the pike, for Big John Buck lived over there. Jim had reason to fear him far more than any graveyard ghost, for he had stolen John's girl and John had threatened to get even.

Jim had been calling on his girl and was going home. He was approaching the graveyard. Although he wasn't exactly afraid, every sense was alert, on guard.

The night was cloudy; an uneasy wind blew across the hill-top. The broom sedge growing in the pasture outside the burial plat whispered softly and mysteriously. Some wild thing awakened by his footsteps scurried away. An owl flew by with a sinister swish of wings. As he opened the gate, the rusty hinges creaked eerily. He felt his flesh creep.

Everything was quiet. It was no wonder one listened for things. The thought came to him that it would be tough on a fellow to be dead and have to stay in such a place all the time, but of course if he were dead, he'd be a ghost and one ghost wasn't afraid of another. Gee! those tall, white grave-stones looked for all the world like ghosts. He knew they weren't but his fancy persisted in thinking that he saw them move.

There! he was sure he saw something move that time. A prolonged sigh came to his ears, "o-o-o-o-hoo-o-o." Over on the hillside an owl began his mournful questioning, "Whoo-who - - who-who-oo-ow!"

Thank goodness! he was nearing the other end of the enclosure. A vault over the fence, a run down the hill, and he would be home.

Horrors! Directly in front of him a long, white thing was coming up right beside Old Miser Greer's grave. A sepulchral voice spoke: "I've laid here a good many years, but I'm a-comin' up now!" Jim stood paralyzed for a second, and the shape crept noiselessly forward, its long, bony claws stretched out to him. With a guttural cry of terror, Jim fled, the horrible laughter of the ghost in his ears: "Huh-huh-huh!" and over the hillside the owl took it up, "who-who-huh-huh-huh!" until all the night was echoing with ghastly mirth.

Late that night as Jim lay in bed still wide-awake and excited, he wondered why the ghostly laughter had seemed so familiar to him.

FREE VERSE

L. S., '29

This is to sorta
Give you
An idea of modern poetry.
It looks
Awfully hard to write, but
It really isn't,
You know.
Some of these new-fangled poets
Will have a line with just
One
Word on it and then
The next line will stretch clear across the page,
Or mebbe more.
What are we coming to!

Gosh!

MY CALENDAR

BESSIE LINCOLN, '27
SPRING IN THE HILLS

EVEN a blind man sitting beside that little run could not doubt that spring had come. The water itself disclosed the fact as it swept along, gurgling as only a snow fed mountain stream can gurgle. Here and there the cool clearness of its surface was flecked with white foam, and on each side rose a steep bank, covered with faded autumn leaves, dotted with spring blossoms.

Scenting every breeze were the Mayflowers, as modestly lovely as we fancy the maids of that ship of old,—pink as a baby's cheek, blue as a summer sky, or white as an Easter lily. Above them raised the tawny bells of striped adder's tongue and the flaming red or dazzling white of the wood lily. Feathery fern tips cautiously swayed in the breeze. Tree buds were swelling; happy birds were carolling their mating songs. All in the woods was youth, hopeful, waiting.

THE COMING OF A STORM

THE August afternoon had been hot and sultry. The sky had been clear, intensely blue, as the sun beat relentlessly upon the baked earth. The dark clouds began to gather in the south, spreading over the sky with slaty grey scales. An ominous hush, almost audible, seemed to press down upon the little valley. Dusty leaves swayed, then branches tossed, as the hot breeze became a rushing storm wind. Jagged darts of lightning pierced the grey. From the distance came a soft whispering patter like a musician's slide across the keys. The patter grew louder, swelling, as a white line of rain swept down the hillside and the storm raged in the lowlands.

OCTOBER

NATURE was sad with that deep, calm sadness which is closely akin to joy. She was elusive, too, hanging a purple haze across the beauty of

the hills. The sky was a vivid blue, the sun a mass of gold and yet, nature was sad. There seemed to hang about the earth a vague melancholy haunted with memories. The hills were jewel-crowned, gleaming, —red, green, and topaz. Squirrels hid nuts in secret cupboards; song birds began to wing southward; and feathery seeds drifted on every breeze.

A FROST HYMN

Whiteness—pure frosty whiteness everywhere. Whiteness beneath in the thick piled snow carpet, fluffy whiteness about on the tiny fur branches. Ermine draped terraces rising toward a white mansion on the crest of a pearly hill. And, bathing all in its cool, clear rays, shone a frosty winter moon.

GYPSY LOVE

JEAN TURNER, '27

I clad me in gypsy colors,
I followed where sandalled feet led;
A twilight mist enscarved me,
And my romany star was red.

I met you as I crossed the highway,
I garbed you as I was clad
Gave you comraderie of hidden trails,
And my star—'twas all I had.

Dusk nightened my gypsy colors,
The bleak scarf of twilight grew damp;
I was lured from your traveled highway
By a flickering firefly lamp.

Do you go alone on the highway?
And, perchance, as you wander far,
Do you sometimes seek my colors
By the light of my romany star?

THE VANITY SOCIETY

ESTHER SULLIVAN, '26

IT has been said that one common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. This applies equally well to women. There is absolutely nothing that concerns women, especially young women, more than personal beauty or lack of it. Because of their intense interest in the matter of personal appearance and charm, a small group of very aggressive young ladies at Otterbein have organized themselves into a secret club known as "The Vanity Society."

The membership of this organization is very limited on account of the nature of its requirements. In the first place, it is astonishingly true that there are only a few of the so-called fair sex (although all confess to be vitally concerned) who actually care enough about their personal appearance and attractiveness to avail themselves of any opportunity to improve. Then, all who think they are so beautiful that improvement would be impossible, are disqualified without consideration. Only those who manifest a passionate desire to be beautiful and are, in fact, very anxious to take the matter of good looks seriously, are qualified for membership.

It can readily be comprehended that the charter members had no selfish motive in view when this élite club was organized. These high-minded young women were inspired by that noble piece of poetry written by Keats:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness."

Immediately they decided that by achieving beauty they could render a real service to mankind by bringing them joy forever. So based on the idea of service these young women are studying deeply into the subject of "Good Looks" and are applying the Golden Rule by sincerely pointing out their de-

ficiencies to each other and by exchanging beauty secrets.

Excellent opportunities are given at their meetings for the members to exclaim and moan over their personal deficiencies without ever being accused of being vain and frivolous. Consequently, all of the members are acquiring skill in the practice of forbearance and patience.

The atmosphere of their place of meeting is especially uplifting. The members have wisely chosen the great goddess Venus for their patroness and have put her bust in the most conspicuous place in their club rooms. In addition, inspirational paintings of great movie actresses like Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, and others deck the walls. Perfumery, powder, rouge, lip-stick, eye-brow pencil, and various other necessities are displayed on a large dressing-table. The delicate odors issuing from these rare oriental ingredients pervade the room like the fragrance of sweet flowers in early spring. The classical pictures combined with the delicate odors result in creating a poetical and uplifting atmosphere.

To be active in this select group, a member must become an adept in the use of the afore-mentioned articles; but to be conspicuously outstanding a member must relate sublimely and passionately some tragic experience which was the outcome of the careless appliance of or negligence in the use of these cosmetics.

I can hardly relate more about this society without betraying most sacred confidences, so in concluding I only wish to express an appreciation for a modern, progressive club whose value to science and art can hardly yet be estimated.

A ROOM-ANTIC TALE

DWIGHT EUVERARD, '28

IT was dusk, and they were alone,—alone for the first time in weeks. Just beneath the open window grew a lilac bush teeming with bloom. Its delicate fragrance filtered into the room as together they gazed silently upon the twilight scene. Somewhere a lone, brazen-breasted singer was crooning his lullaby song. The gilt-fringed clouds faded to rose, then finally to mauve.

She sighed contentedly as his hand slipped over her soft warm one. Could he, oh, could he understand the fire that was engulfing her soul?

Intently he studied her features. The dark lashes were lowered. In the dusk the unnatural glow in her pale cheeks was barely noticeable. The enchanting haze lent an added charm to her natural beauty.

Presently she lifted her dark eyes to his. Such eyes! deep, limpid, and unutterably expressive. His hand tightened upon hers. For a long moment they remained thus, lost in the depths of each other's eyes. Her breath came quickly—he understood! She leaned toward him, her lips parted expectantly.

Long, long seconds later he turned from her toward the window and appeared to be examining very closely the sparkling little object that lay in his hand. She returned his smile with a brighter one. Once more his eyes caressed the little object that reflected the silvery sheen, then, he said, as he reached again for her hand,

"Your pulse and fever are both better—take just one tablet an hour, now."

MASTERY

ALICE SANDERS, '26

HER slender fingers toyed carelessly with the stem of the goblet. Languidly she lifted it to her lips, touched them to the liquid once or twice; over the brim of the glass her eyes answered his question. The careful, deliberate movement of the smooth lashes made the tingling blood scorch his face. There was not distaste, not even mere indifference in her look,—it was the patent weariness of the gesture that stung him.

"San, you can't mean it,—not that way," he protested. He leaned toward her across the table with more of command and less of appeal in his attitude than she had ever surprised in him.

Yet her eyes refused to be forced. Cassandra Leigh knew her own powers. Particularly she knew her power over the man opposite her. It had long since ceased to thrill her,—if indeed it ever had. The learning of her twenty odd years had comprised some reckless lessons. Somehow, she acknowledged with a queer little mental grimace, having climbed the sharp-stoned path of experience the plateau of knowledge she had attained had proved flat country. Philip Straddock was merely another, consigned to the impartial if not distinguished category of decent sort and something of a dancer. Her cool composure granted him nothing more even in his wilder moments and this was one of them.

Her eyes returned from their slow wandering among the dancing couples on the floor. The music had ceased; a spatter of applause died away. In the little interval that fell between, her well-modulated tones broke like another cadence of notes, yet remote, aloof, strangely out of harmony with the tender, near appeal of the waltz the orchestra had been playing. The man sensed the contrast and stiffened against it.

"Philip, you're perfectly aware how foolish you appear. I remember quite clearly some promises you

made to me about this. Please recall." The tiniest tip of mockery edged the last words. She had not sensed it, but he did and whitened. For a long minute she let him suffer in silence. And then a vague, self-reproaching pity stirred somewhere deep within her. Her lips relaxed, became essentially feminine and she continued more gently, instinctively rather than consciously.

"At least let tonight be unhampered, Philip, from—that is, let it be without—" It was unlike Cassandra to hesitate in her speech and yet she did it for his sake, to seek those words which would hurt least. "Let it be without things we shall regret later," she finished evenly. Her eyes and voice dropped harmoniously together and she resumed a dainty attack upon her melting fruit ice.

Philip Straddock was a man of responsive fibre. Her mockery he had borne in silent pain, but against her returning indifference he rebelled hotly. It was his inability to move her, to shake her from her cool self-composure that filled the same moment of his feeling with desire and despair. Now it angered him. His eyes held a queer, frightening intensity.

"Unhampered—regrets!" he echoed, each word a stinging little missile. "Cassandra, you would be free of it,—of all this." He included what he meant in a quick, spreading gesture of his hands. "Can't you see what a blind little fool you are? Can't you see your dearly-bought freedom is the most slavish kind of prison—"

"Philip," she interrupted. The word was neither entreaty nor command. Yet the warning did not serve the purpose she had intended it for. He went on heedlessly.

"Cassandra, you *must* listen to me. I will no longer be put off, as you have done with me these past months. I may be capable of dog-like devotion,—you've accused me of it,—and I don't deny it,—but I will have a fair showing!"

Only the spontaneous warmth and rush of his

vexation kept him from bitterness. Here it flicked upon her tender woman's pride. He had at last moved her out of herself. With a single action she gathered herself and her shawl from her chair. She deigned neither look nor word, only her upper lip trembled. He followed her quick retreat to the outer balcony overhanging the lake. She leaned tentatively against a shadowed pillar. The unblurred softness of the June evening leaped suddenly and disturbingly into their consciousness. The night had the unblemished texture of a moth's wing.

For Cassandra the incisive sweep of the clean, sweet air like a keen-bladed lancelet cut from her all the throbbing maze of whirling impulses Philip's impetuosity had aroused. Her indignation and resentment dropped from her as dead things and, robbed of their false strength, she found herself suddenly lacking support, unaccountably weak,—almost afraid. She relaxed more completely against the pillar that she might with its cool, round firmness steady this quaking moment. With the action her soft shawl slipped down, revealing the curve of her bare shoulder.

Philip Straddock stood near her, yet not touching her, breathing deeply, audibly with the pent force of things said and unsaid. And at the high pitch of his intensity when he would have bent every faculty to the struggle of winning her, he found himself supremely incapable of any single thot save the striking, vital likeness between the thin young moon and the ivory crescent of her revealed shoulder. In the sheen and blackness of the night these two things seemed set like brilliants with the sole purpose to fascinate his eyes and trick his thots. He attempted vainly to gather his scattered arguments.

A long time they breathed together in silence; neither trusted speech. The clear, luminous night dissolved them in its sweet breath and cast sparkling star-pricks more bountifully into the water to surprise anew their widened eyes. It purged them pure

—to utter simplicity. In the fresh vigor of this spirit, Philip uttered one word, tremblingly—her name. Every fibre of her responded with a vibrant rush at the sound. She fought back a primal impulse to let him take her in his arms. Desperately she summoned all the powers of her prudent intellect. Had she lived thus long and wearily learned—to crumple—thus? Where at least were her womanly conventions of conduct, her code of conquest? She turned her head sharply and caught an instant's glance of whirling couples upon the floor within. Her thots whirled in as giddy a maze. The faintly swelling cadences of the music now beat upon her ears and with them she was suddenly, poignantly aware of the renewed, broken murmur of Philip's voice, insisting, appealing.

The calmness of her intellect wavered treacherously. She felt an inward rallying of her powers to meet this emergency. A swift vision of impending ruin flashed in her mind,—the cold, gray fortress of her feelings, impregnable she had thot, thus easily shattered. To be vanquished at a blow,—the pantomine picture clung,—she could not rid herself of it, and her pride rebelled in a panic of fear she would not own. She would *not* be vanquished! She stood upon her visionary walls and poured down buckets of hot oil; they swept across her face in rising waves of color.

Philip looked and knew. His whole possessive triumph leapt up. She felt it as his hands closed over her wrists in the gentle strength of assurance.

"Come, let's dance," he whispered. He gained much by asking little. She gave herself to him with a silent gesture which was her surrender. And quite suddenly Cassandra Leigh had another vision,—herself upon a dim plateau beholding higher mountain peaks.

DARN BILL

VERDA EVANS, '28

T'other day
me an' Bill—
Bill's m'beau—
went in to
th' city t' see
a show

We went t' see
the Shakespeer
plays
But Bill
didn't lissen
much t' what
they hed
t' say

An' when I
sed I liked
Pelonyus
fer he hed
a well-shaped
head
Bill
sed he'd
git thet
freshman
if it wuz
th' last
thing
he
ever
did.

Darn Bill.

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