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### 1927 Spring Quiz & Quill Magazine

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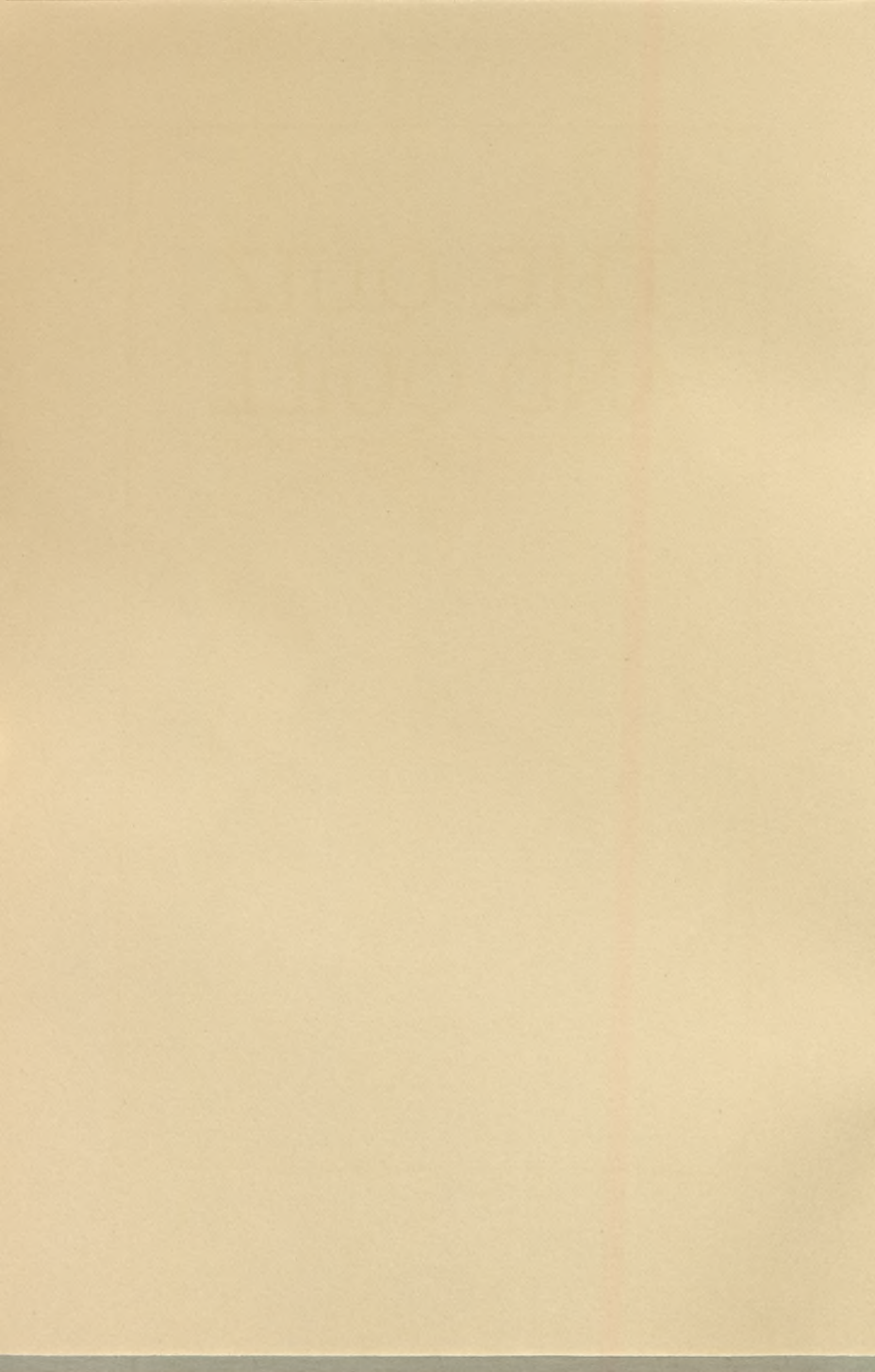
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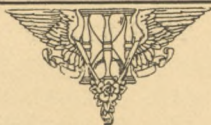


SPRING 1927



# THE QUIZ AND QUILL

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## PREFACE

“When daisies pied, and violets blue,  
And lady-smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight”—

**T**HEN Spring is come and with it the Spring Number of the Quiz and Quill Magazine, representing in its selected literary effort the entire college.

To all who believe in the universal Spirit of Youth and Creative Writing—GREETINGS!

—The Editors.

## THE PALMETTO FLAG

LAURA WHETSTONE, '27

First Prize Barnes Short Story

MISS DELIGHT GORHAM turned away from the long window, her lips a thin line of disapproval. "Janice," she said sharply, "Just look out there. Another rebel going down to Institute Hall."

Janice trailed her hand caressingly over the top of the handsome carved oak table whose graceful contours she had been admiring, and came across the big room to the window where her aunt stood. With interest she watched a carriage, drawn by a pair of high-stepping horses, roll smartly down Legare Street. The liveried negro coachman, the spanking bays, the entire equipage, had an air of opulence in no wise dimmed by the heavy rain which glanced ineffectually off its glittering sides. Across the back of the vehicle was draped a large banner, somewhat sodden now from the downpour. Miss Delight's hostile glance fixed itself upon the latter.

"See that ugly green rag, Janice?" she said. "I hope the color runs, I really do. That man ought to be ashamed—but these wicked Southerners have lost all sense of decency."

Janice's brows came together in a little frown. "I just wonder," she mused soberly, "what—what the old table would think, if tables thought, of course. I believe it's glad we're here—when everyone else in South Carolina is loving that green flag so dearly. I'm afraid no one's paid any attention to our table for a long time. But then it has its memories to keep it happy."

The older woman placed her arm about the waist of the girl and led her over to the table. Proudly, gently, she rested her hand upon it. "Yes, it has the memories" she said. "Our country's Declaration of Independence lay here when the signers, our ancestor among them, put their names to that historic docu-

ment, eighty-four years ago. This is an altar whereon was made a covenant with the Lord—a covenant of loyalty to one flag. And now—you saw a moment ago that other flag of rebellion, the flag that spells bondage to millions of souls. Oh, I tremble for my wicked country-men."

Janice crept nearer. "A green flag, with a single white crescent in one corner, and a bristling palmetto in its center," she said softly, "Aunty, I know it's silly of me, but I can't help thinking those leaves ought to be red—they look so like sharp knives, or bayonets."

Her last word died in a little whisper of nameless dread, and the wide room with its lofty ceiling, luxurious furnishings and majestic fireplace, was very silent. Suddenly, Miss Delight started, "Janice," she said nervously, "I hear that noise again. I've been hearing something all morning. I tell you there's some one at the back of this house—there on the porch. Hush, I hear them moving about now."

"I'll look again Aunty," offered Janice. "But you know when I went out a moment ago there wasn't a soul in sight. That's the rain running down the spouts."

Miss Delight drew her knitted shawl more closely about her erect shoulders. "Rain! I should think rain! Rain and more rain. Where is that climate that Uncle Caleb used to write to me about? Who would have thought it would rain so much in South Carolina? I prefer Boston to this eternal deluge, it's so—so dampening."

Janice smiled. "Well, December is the rainy season here you know, Aunt Del. They have rainy days in Charleston instead of the bracing snowy ones we are used to in Boston. And besides, since we've been here only three days, we hardly dare form a final opinion of the climate. But this lovely old house makes up for a lot, don't you think?"

Miss Delight's hand brushed a gilt and brocaded chair with grudging approval. "Yes," she conceded, "Charleston has its compensations. But the wealth

is sinfully gained and I cannot forget that for an instant. I feel as if a beaten negro cowed behind every one of these cushioned chairs and looked at me accusingly from every picture-frame, and—Janice, I hear footsteps on the back porch of this house.”

Janice pressed her aunt's hand reassuringly. “There Aunt,” she promised, “I'll run this minute and look again.”

She disappeared toward the kitchen in a swirl of crinoline. Miss Delight stood tense. Two lone women in a great house in a strange city,—appalling possibilities of danger. What might not Janice encounter? Her apprehensions were put to rest by Janice's return. The girl's lips were tremulous and a lurking dimple appeared in one cheek and quickly hid itself. “You were right, Aunt,” she said solemnly. “I tiptoed quietly, and there was someone there. I think you'd better come.”

Miss Delight stalked through the house to the back veranda. Upon the steps sat an ample and rain-drenched negress. She scrambled to her feet when she saw Miss Delight and made a queer, bobbing bow.

“Saphira,” exclaimed Miss Delight.

“Y's'm,” answered the woman guiltily.

“I thought I gave you your freedom yesterday,” said Miss Delight severely. “As long as my misguided relative was living you were his slave, but when his estate fell to me I cut the chains of your bondage. Both you and your husband are free to go wherever you like.”

Saphira looked out across the garden where the December rain fell in widening puddles. “Y's'm,” she said helplessly, and stood still.

Miss Delight's stern glance travelled past Saphira and picked out an elderly negro man huddled uncomfortably at the corner of the house where a rain-spout disgorged its contents upon his battered hat. Evidently the two had been hovering in this inadequate hiding-place during Janice's previous visits to the back of the house and had been surprised by her surrepti-

tious approach.

"Jed," said Miss Delight accusingly.

He started and touched his hat.

"Why don't you go home?" she queried in a tone of annoyance.

The man shuffled his feet and a worried, puzzled look crossed his face.

Janice touched her aunt's elbow lightly. "Don't you see, Aunt, this is the only home they've ever known? They're cold and wet. I think it's cruel to turn the poor things out of the house."

"But they're slaves," cried Miss Delight with horror. "I don't care if everyone else in Charleston has got them. I will not besmirch my soul by continuing to condemn them to servitude. I have always opposed the unutterable crime of forcing bondage upon one's fellowmen, and I always shall. Uncle may will me his house, but he cannot will me his sins."

"We might let them stay on as servants," suggested Janice. "We really need someone about this great house."

Miss Delight considered. "Well, yes," she agreed. "That would be Christian, wouldn't it?" Raising her voice she said, "Jed, Saphira, you may stay and work for me if you wish. Come in now and dry off, and I will pay you every week for your labor."

A look of delighted amazement spread over Jed's face. "You means we kin stay heah ef we is free?" he asked. Miss Delight nodded, and Saphira, her ebony countenance wreathed with happiness, turned to Jed triumphantly.

"I knowed hit," she cried. "I knowed Ole Marsa's relations wouldn't tuh'n us out ob de ole house. De Go'ham's is quality."

The great, echoing mansion seemed less lonely to the two Bostonian exiles, the old abolitionist and the young, with Jed and Saphira in it once more. These two slipped unobtrusively at once into their familiar round of tasks, with no comment upon their new status, Saphira merely confiding to Jed, when Miss

Delight was out of ear-shot that "dey ain't nuthin' been done up right aroun' heah today, 'cept maybe de dustin' ob dat ole oak table in de pa'lah."

All morning the rain fell. Noon saw no cessation of the downpour. Miss Delight and Janice had disposed themselves near the parlor windows with their embroidery. Unfamiliar as they were with the city, they could not fail to note the unwonted activity outside, so unusual for languorous old Charleston, and doubly so for stately, unhurried Legare Street. Carriages and riders, scurrying negroes, cloaked gentlemen, and caped ladies with billowing skirts hastened by, all going toward Institute Hall. The green flag was much in evidence. A look of expectancy was on every face; people, happening to encounter each other, paused and conversed eagerly with many gestures.

Miss Delight embroidered faster and faster. At last she laid her sewing in her lap. "Oh, Janice," she burst out, "the delegates from all South Carolina are meeting down there to discuss, perhaps to sanction, one of the most infamous crimes in history. And I am compelled to sit here and cannot raise a hand to prevent it. I can only pray that some divine spark of wisdom and loyalty will yet snatch these South Carolinians from the grasp of the evil power which has enthralled them."

She had scarcely spoken when the wild peal of a bell rang out. Sirens and whistles took up the sound, until the air rocked with the tumult. All the bells of Charleston swung in rhythm with their ringers' gleeful hearts. "Joy, joy" chimed Saint Phillip's, and "Joy, joy" sang Saint Michael's. And above it all rose a steady, swelling, pervasive chant—exultant throats on a hundred street-corners catching up a message, and shouting it aloud.

Miss Delight sprang up, spilling her embroidery in a riot of snarled silk upon the floor. "Run, Jed," she called fearfully. "Run, and see what's happened."

He was gone before the words left her mouth. Miss Delight stood praying. Janice could see her

white lips move soundlessly as she uttered words futile to over-balance the heavy sense of injustice smouldering in every Southern heart. They heard Jed's hobbling run as he returned. In the doorway he paused, struggling to control his breathing, then he panted, "De gem'men at Institute Hall hab voted, eb'ry man ob dem to secesh."

Miss Delight's face grew colorless. "Jed," she cried in a choked voice, "never, never let me hear you call those men 'gentlemen'. They have forever by this act forfeited the right to that title. They are rebellious traitors, gluttoned and puffed up with ill-gotten riches exacted by the lash from the helpless souls whom they enslave. They will live to rue this day, and I for one will pray that their punishment be hastened."

The sun crept through the clouds that afternoon to look upon the new sovereign nation of South Carolina. No omen, more the flocking throngs told themselves, could have been more favorable. How symbolic of the birth of this new republic was the rain, followed by the golden sunshine.

"And now, Auntie," queried Janice whimsically that afternoon, "just what is our position? Are you and I now citizens of a foreign nation, or are we alien visitors within one? Won't we need a passport?"

"You and I," replied her aunt, "are citizens of the United States. The new nation, in my opinion, does not exist except upon paper signed by some few self-styled 'delegates' who originated the scheme. Jed," she asked, turning to the old servant who had just returned from one of his periodic trips to the center of activity, "how many men signed these wicked Articles of Secession?"

"I dunno ef I hearn anyone say ezactly how many gem'm—how many men dey is. But I knows dey ain't signed no Ahticles yit,—dey's gwine to wait till six o'clock tonight an' make it a big doin's. Eberyone am invited to de Hall. I hearn Mistah John Dahlin'-ton tellin' annodder gem'man dat."

"Flaunting their sin," commented Miss Delight

bitterly. "Is there nothing at which these will stop? It would not surprise me if a thunderbolt from Heaven would strike them and—"

"Aunt Del," excitedly cried Janice gazing streetward, "whatever is this coming? It's—it's, yes, a parade of some sort. Carriages, and a company of soldiers in the most gaudy uniforms. Hear the drum? A boy is carrying a big new palmetto flag. They're slowing up and—Oh Aunt Del, they're stopping here."

The procession had indeed halted before the impressive gates of the Gorham mansion. From the carriages descended several elderly men. These were joined by five of the brilliantly uniformed soldiers, and the whole company moved toward the door. Miss Delight, after motioning Jed to admit the visitors, waited quietly in the parlor. "What do you suppose—?" breathed Janice. Her aunt shook her head.

Certainly no more distinguished group of callers had ever crossed the threshold in the many years that the doors of the house had been open in hospitality. There was a brief pause while the foremost of the silver-haired gentlemen bowed very low. Then, looking inquiringly at Miss Delight, he asked, "Do I have the honah to address Miss Delight Go'ham?"

"You do," she answered. "May I inquire to whom I am speaking?"

"My name is John Dahlin'ton," he replied. "I was a deah friend of youah Uncle Caleb. We were boys together. He often spoke to me of his niece, Delight, and his little grand-niece, Janice. Believe me, he had a very great regahd foh you both. I take pleasuah in extending the hand of welcome to you, and I may add that nothin', absolutely nothin', would have prevented an earlier call on my part save the momentous occurrences which have occupied my time recently."

Miss Delight stiffened at these words. Her doubtful gaze rested upon him, and then upon the silent men who filled the doorway. Mr. Darlington smiled.

"I do not wondah that you feel somewhat at a loss as to why I make this call thus attended," he said.

"As a mattah of fact, this is a call of some impo'tance. I, as spokesman, represent the rest of this company. As you may know, tonight has been set aside foh the signin' of the Declaration of Independence of the state of South Carolina. No discernin' person can fail to note the rema'kable similarity of that immo'tal document to the Declaration of the Colonies in seventeen seventy-six. To emphasize this resemblance, and to launch our maiden ship-of-state yet more propitiously," he paused impressively, "we have come to do you the honah of permitting you to donate the use of youah Independence table foh the signin' of the Articles to-night."

There was silence in the room for the space of a deep breath. Then Miss Delight said, half incredulously, "You mean—you wish to use that table in your ceremonies tonight?"

"We do most hea'tily. Not everyone can participate so directly in the event,—that is a privilege reserved foh the few. But, deah lady, you are fully entitled to the honah."

Miss Delight stepped close to the table and laid her hands upon it. "Mr. Darlington, all of you," she said clearly, "this table is my property, entirely within my control, and I wish to state that I would rather see it shattered into kindling-wood, and, with all its historic traditions, see it destroyed by fire, than have its sacredness violated by the hands of a group of traitors setting their seal to a convent of iniquity."

There was utter stillness. Then a hot young voice cried, "Madame, I question youah right to absolute ownership of that table. Who would dare say that the Liberty Bell belongs less to one Ame'ican than to anothah? And as foh traitors, that other Declaration of Independence was signed by traitors, traitors to a rule of despotism and injustice, even as we are proud to call ouahselves."

The speaker had stepped out, his eyes blazing. He was one of the young soldiers, handsome and stalwart in his bright uniform, and now he stood facing

Miss Delight defiantly across the table.

She gasped with indignation, but before she could speak Mr. Darlington laid a hand on the young man's arm.

"Rob," he said with dignity, "You must not forget youahself. Such expressions are unwo'thy of a gentleman. The lady is, of co'se, quite wrong, but she is still a lady and a Go'ham. And now gentlemen, let us not impose our presence longah in a house where we once were welcome, but which now is unfriendly to us. We bid you a good afternoon, Miss Delight and Miss Janice."

As the door closed, Miss Delight dropped into a chair. She was trembling violently, and two red patches showed in her cheeks. Janice whirled to the window, where she could watch the departing visitors. "Jed," she asked, pointing, "who is he—that tall young soldier who talked so rudely to my aunt?"

Jed's mouth spread in a broad smile. "Why, ebery body knows him! Dat am Mistah Rob Fulton ob de Cahlton County Fultons." And then, apparently thinking of something else, he left the room muttering. "Lawdy, Lawdy, ef ole Marse Caleb could ob hearn dat."

Miss Delight raised her head. "Did he say the name was Fulton? Well, I must say I like his rebel impudence!"

Janice's blue eyes followed the erect figure swinging along in the shadow of the green flag. "So do I, Aunt Del," she murmured. "So do I."

It was some minutes later that Miss Delight, glancing out of the window, saw a puzzling sight. The street before the house was entirely blocked by a restless throng of somewhat poorly dressed men, whites and negroes, with an occasional flash of a brilliant uniform. Over and about this crowd hung a low, rumbling ominous wave of sound, a buzz of angry voices, full of a new note far different from the exultant shouts of noonday. It was not until a thick-set man, pressing close to the fence, had flung a cobble-stone

into the yard that Miss Delight understood.

Then she marshalled her meager forces. "Evidently my refusal has been noised about, and those persons intend taking what doesn't belong to them," she said calmly. "Well, we'll see. Saphira, heat as much water as possible in the kitchen, and throw it at anyone that sticks his head around the corner of the house. Janice, you go up stairs and stay,—I think there are good bolts on most of the doors. I'll take care of the front door. Jed, get an ax, and if necessary, chop the table to bits." Her final words were broken, but resolute.

"I should say I won't creep off and hide," cried Janice. "I'll stay here with you, Auntie Del."

The burly man had not been long in following his stone over the fence, and the others, like a pack of hungry wolves, swarmed over it after him. Miss Delight saw that the churning mob had paused a short distance from the front of the house, a restlessly waiting semi-circle of crouching forms. The blows of the leader hammered insistently at the door. Miss Delight flung it open, standing directly before him. The man's hot breath reeked with whiskey. "We want that table," he said thickly, "and no damn abolitionist is goin' to stop us."

"You and your men are trespassing on my property." Miss Delight's white lips moved with crisp decisiveness. "And as for the table, it will be destroyed the moment you lay finger on it."

The men lurched toward her, clutching hands seeking her throat. With a harsh whoop, the mob poured across the little space toward the house. Flaming torches reached hungrily for dry fuel; clinging hands groped for holds on shutter and veranda rail.

At the same instant a tall figure, in the gay uniform of one of South Carolina's newly-appointed army officers, broke through the dense throng. The looters fell back before him as he leaped past the foremost ones and upon the veranda. He jerked the leader about and breathed quick words in his ear. Their ef-

fect was immediate; the man vaulted over the railing and slunk around the house.

And then Miss Delight saw why the young man had been permitted to press thus to her side. In his hand, on a standard, he carried a silken palmetto flag, and he who bore it was Rob Fulton, her impudent rebel opponent.

Wheeling to the steps he spread the great flag before him, and, with head held high, he shouted, "Fellow citizens, theah has evidently been some mistake, bettah remedied by time than by the torch. I assuah you of the guiltlessness of the inhabitants of this house, and in token of my confidence in them I plant heah the flag which we all se've. Gentleman, I appeal to youah bettah judgement!"

Across the veranda railing he draped the green flag where it rippled silkenly in the breeze. The mob wavered indecisively, hesitated, melted slowly away.

Fulton bowed to Miss Delight. "You will do me the greatest kindness," he said, "if you overlook my hasty wo'ds of this afternoon. My wish is that I may in a small measuah have atoned foh my behaviah. The late threat of violence is traceable to the fact that the undue excitement of the day has unbalanced the less stable element of society. I hope that you will not think too ill of—Chahleston." His eyes sought Janice.

Tears of relief glistened in her eyes. "Thank you, thank you," she breathed. "Our home would have been ashes—we were entirely at their mercy." She shuddered. "That awful man. How did you ever send him away?"

Rob smiled. "He happens to be Sam Woods, a notorious character, whose record I know—to his fear. He's likely so fah away by now that—"

His words were lost in a loud howl of pain, intermingled with tinny clatter, and a shrill feminine voice crying, "Take dat, you nasty white trash."

Janice flew toward the kitchen. "Heavens, Aunt Del," she called back, "that man came around the house

just now and Saphira threw a boiler full of hot water on him. He ran away out through the garden."

Miss Delight turned stiffly to Fulton. "I'm sure we are both very grateful—" she began.

"I beg of you," he said, "not to reproach me with thanks. Youah forgiveness is all I ask."

He bowed, and turned away. Miss Delight stood very still alone on the veranda. Stones and clubs and a few blackened torches were all that was left to remind her of the terrible danger just past. But she saw nothing of these things; she saw only the rippling banner looped across the railing. And she heard only a small insistent voice within her which whispered, "Saved, saved under the green flag. Not your own courage, nor your own effort has preserved your life and your property. Yonder is the shield that stood between you and destruction. You are a debtor at the sufferance of the palmetto flag, and the young rebel. Saved, Delight Gorham, by the palmetto flag."

\* \* \* \* \*

The days flew swiftly in Charleston in sixty-one. Late March brought the magnolias and jasmine to the old Gorham garden and in their perfumed shadows a crinolined abolitionist and a young Confederate lieutenant lingered often through the purple dusks. Miss Delight gravely received Bob; one dare not be rude to one's creditors.

April brought the booming of the guns at Sumter, and then, fast on the heels of the bombardment, the beginning of the coast blockade, and the virtual siege of the city, a protracted torture of four years' duration.

And in time, long gray columns mobilized, and poured out of Charleston. One bright day Wheeler's cavalry trotted down Legare Street, crushing flung blossoms under spirited hoofs, to the fife's shrill-piped "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Janice, on the veranda, her eyes blinded with tears, watched only one erect young horseman, and Miss Delight, with a thrust of pain, knew that Janice's heart went north with Wheel-

er's cavalry.

Miss Delight's days knew no happiness and her nights little repose. She was bitterly an outlander in a city singularly concordant in feeling and purpose. And ever the clamoring voice prodded her, saying, "Have you paid your debt?"

Every Bostonian fiber in her being loathed the sight and significance of that green flag. It revolted her even more than that later Confederate banner; it, at least, at casual glance, showed only the old well-loved colors. But equally powerful was the stern, New England sense of indebtedness, of value received. Her rock-bound conscience flayed her. "Have you paid your debt?" it asked her. "You owe your very life, and Janice's, to the palmetto flag and to Rob Fulton. Have you paid? An ungrateful spirit is an abomination unto the Lord."

"And now Janice loves Rob," she thought miserably. "What shall I do?"

In the end she found the answer very simply. "Heaven could not wish me to sanction the cause of these wicked rebels" she thought. "But I would sin as much as they if I returned them evil for good. I will pay my debt, the Lord being my guide."

Thus it came about that the princely Gorham mansion threw open its doors once more for Southern gentlemen,—gray-clad salvage from the shock of Antietam, Shiloh, or Lookout Mountain. Tender hands led shattered, crazed wrecks back to health, or gently closed tired eyes, forever quit of the struggle. No house on Legare Street welcomed more gladly Charleston's rebel daughters, bent on deeds of mercy.

And when bandages failed, Miss Delight wound more. When medicines were imperative, Miss Delight procured them. What if they were smuggled through? That made them none the less effective to relax pain-convulsed figures or heal deep wounds. Day after busy day, she directed the merciful work of her little hospital, tirelessly, unsparingly, with all the energy of her forceful nature. And day after day

Janice, with tightening heart, scanned each new patient—but Rob Fulton never came limping, or borne on stretcher, to the big house on Legare Street.

And so, through the pinched, unhappy days of war, amid the groans of the suffering, Miss Delight sought to work off her debt.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Jed," queried Miss Delight apprehensively, "did you bar all the doors and windows carefully tonight?"

"Yesma'm," replied Jed with emphasis. "I sha' done dat." The old servant's hair was somewhat whiter than on that day four years previous when his mistress had given him his freedom. Miss Delight's figure, as she moved toward the big front door, was as martially unbowed as ever. Only her skillfully mended black silk dress showed the effect of time, yet she did not in the least desire another. No one in Charleston had worn a new gown in four years. Why should she want one?

The tall clock in the hall chimed three. Janice's voice came suddenly from the inky parlor. "Aunty, the glare over toward the wharves is getting fiercer. Who do you suppose set fire to the cotton and warehouses?"

Miss Delight sighed. "It might have been anyone," she answered. "I had hoped that, since the in the harbor, Charleston's citizens would be spared their homes. But the worst element of either army thinks now of nothing but loot, plunder and spoil; and Sherman, with fire and sword, has set the example. Mrs. Darlington told me today that Columbia has in truth been entirely destroyed, and that Sherman's hangers-on are saying, 'Charleston is next. The hot-bed of Secession is next'."

"How fortunate, then," said Janice, "that all our patients were able to be moved. Everyone of them is safely out of the city, and on his way home." After a little, Janice spoke again. "There are more men passing in the street now; the fire seems nearer, too. Can you hear the men yelling and running about?"

Oh, Aunt Del, if only we can come through this night without harm! I think the sky is beginning to get a little gray in the east."

A sharp fusillade of shots suddenly rang out with startling clearness. "Aunt Del, Aunt Del," cried Janice faintly. "Some poor man out there in the street—the others are shooting at him. I saw him for an instant running down the middle of the pavement, and then he disappeared."

Miss Delight hurried to Janice's side. Snarling voices called inarticulately from the street. Men hastened this way and that, shapeless splotches of denser black in the black night. It was evident that their quarry had for the moment escaped them. Two of the dark shapes outlined themselves for an instant against the sky on the top of the iron fence, then dropped to the ground inside of the Gorham lawn. The listeners huddled in the parlor heard the groping of exploring hands on the shutters, and the heavy tramp of feet beating through the shrubbery at the side of the house.

And then they heard faintly the scraping, dragging sound of something creeping painfully across the floor of the veranda—a body, perhaps, wherein there was not strength to stand erect.

The searchers outside thrust their bodies noisily through the bushes with grunts of baffled wonder. The old brass knocker stirred faintly, and fell with a muffled thud,—a hand too weak to raise it had struggled to summon them. Plainly, a call of distress cried to them from the trembling knocker.

Miss Delight went directly to the door. With a quick movement she unbolted it and swung it inward. A thin form clad in gray rags sagged forward across the threshold. "Janice," breathed Rob Fulton, weakly, lifting a ghastly face. Then recognizing Miss Delight, "Pahdon me, if I do not greet you as befits—" And then, with a great effort, "Theah is a little blood on the veranda—my trail,—might cause you trouble—" and he crumpled limply, and lay face down at Janice's feet.

The little cot under the eaves was clean, cool and unbelievably soft to Rob, when he opened his eyes. Janice was there, capably attentive, lovingly tender. "Janice, deah Janice, I wanted you so," he said softly.

Her eyes understood. "I know. I wanted you that way too. What you must have risked! You're safe now though!"

"That man Woods recognized me when I turned down Legare Street. But youah aunt—shuahly she nevah consented to this."

Janice laughed happily. "Why, she suggested it. She was afraid the Union soliders would capture you. They came in last evening you know. It was terrible last night, but it's getting light now."

Rob's thin hands knotted together on the coverlet. "Chahleston too?" he said. "Well, then, this is the end. I was with Wheelah, you know. We tried to stop She'man, but we were weak, weak." And after a little, "It's getting light, you say? It's been a red dawn foh South Ca'lina—but I think she'll find the noonday brightah even than yeste'day."

"We will strive to make it so" said Janice, her cheek against his.

Down Legare Street in the early light swung a column of bronzed, blue-clad men, searching every dwelling for lurking enemy stragglers.

Miss Delight paused, and turned to watch them. She was draping over the veranda railing a much-wrinkled American flag. The leader stared with astonishment, and then led four of his company up across the garden to her. She saw the look of inquiry in his eyes. "My name is Gorham," she said proudly. "Of Boston."

The blue-uniformed man looked closely at her for a moment, then his face broke into a smile. "I recognize you now madame," he said cordially. "I am Charlie Lowe, the son of your old Boston neighbor. I can well imagine the sensations which flood your heart, as you dare once more to stand unafraid beneath that banner." Turning to his men he said, "No need to

look here. Forward march."

Miss Delight stood still a moment gazing after the soldiers. "I can see now about having my subscription to the 'Liberator' renewed," she thought. The progress of the blue-clad men seemed a bit hazy and erratic to her eyes, perhaps because there was more than a bit of moisture in them to distort her vision. That was probably why, when her eyes rested upon the gently swaying folds of her flag, it seemed as if through it, woven thread with thread, gleamed the green silk flag with its bristling palmetto.

She gave herself an impatient little shake. "I'm wasting time," she said to herself. "I must see how Rob is resting." The little deception she had practiced for his sake troubled her not at all. She had only the satisfying sense of a service well done. And then before her eyes seemed to unroll a long vista of service, the services of peace yet to be done there in the proud old house on Legare Street. With buoyant tread, she entered the door.

And the strange thing about it was that she had never thought of her debt.



## SYMBOLS

RUTH SEAMAN, '27

You have spread your dreams under my feet :  
One is the color of an August sunset ;  
Into another is woven all the pastel shades  
Of a sunrise in the plains ;  
Two of them are bright as the day,  
And even more fair to look upon ;  
But the one that is most precious to me  
And makes the colors of all the others blend,  
Is that little dream, that little dream . . .

See, it is smaller and less vivid than the rest,  
But O ! the strength in it !  
The wonder, the beauty of it !  
It will hold its color  
Forever.  
Its color ? That velvety blue only a poet sees  
When a flame takes its dying breath.

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## CUPID

MARGUERITE BANNER, '28

O my Billy Boy of the blue, blue eyes,  
Just half-past five years old !  
He's not as high as my heart in size  
But he's my Prince Charming, bold.  
O my Billy is Cupid himself, disguised,  
And I am his Psyche true,  
And his only darts are his blue, blue eyes  
With the love-light shining through.

## I AM A DREAM

EVELYN EDWARDS, '30

Cleiorhetea

WHEN you were a wee, wee, lassie, and the world was new, I came into your life and you knew me not. I am a dream—a dream of the happiness that comes to those I especially favor.

Down in an apple orchard that has long since ceased to be true to its name, under a massive tree with low-hanging boughs, I found you in a low rope swing. There had been a gathering of many friends and relatives and you had slipped away, but not alone. There was one beside you whose brown eyes said far more than the words, "Come on, let's go down to the orchard and swing, you and I."

I am a princess—at least I live in the Castle O' Dreams. There it was that you found me often during the weeks that followed.

Then you left me and went away to school. At college, one has little time for dreams of things far off.

The next time I appeared to you, you had returned, the sweet girl graduate. There was to be a party in honor of your eighteenth birthday. Surely on such an occasion you would have no time for me. But alas, I seemed always to come with the brown-eyed boy. He was to be there too. Perhaps that was the reason your mother had to call you to come and receive your guests. Perhaps, yes, just perhaps, that was the reason you took so long to comb the curly hair that once he had laughingly pulled when he pushed you in the old rope swing.

The next moment you were surprised, although you shouldn't have been. You had expected that he would remain a brown-eyed boy forever. But when you descended the broad stairway to meet him, you saw at the foot of the stairs a tall straight youth in evening clothes. At sight of you, the eyes that had not changed took on a new and wondrous light to imitate that in your own. It was then you thought that I,

your Dream, would leave my mask, would be a dream no longer, but a lasting joy.

But no, little girl, I am not easily persuaded. Several more long years for you—I saw you less and less. Yes, you were busy and had not much time for me, but I came a few times to remind you of the youth at medical school and to find if you waited still. I was not disappointed.

Once, you remember, you found my Castle in the leaping flames from the wood on the hearth before you, on a cold winter's night. We were there together until the dying embers sent you shivering to bed.

Then, in another year, Oh fickle woman, you admitted another to the Castle of Dreams. She was a dream of wealth, and she whispered of all that life would hold for you if you would follow her. She, designing creature, led you down the stairs that day to meet another. But I — for I am the heroine in this story—I walked on the other side and dropped into your heart the seed of discontent and a wilfulness which I knew would grow out through the “windows of your soul.” That other, with the eyes that were not brown, tried to guess but could not understand the change that had been wrought.

'Twas the very next year that we met, dear little woman of twenty-three, and there was a veil of filmy white, the scent of orange blossoms and the deep tones of the wedding march. I was well pleased. I had given to you what I knew must bring you happiness, but there I could not cease my vigil; I must abide a little longer; I must be sure that I had chosen well.

For ten short years you cherished me in that happy home. I saw there lover, and three, small, brown-eyed children with curly hair, and then I knew that all was well.

I have not told you all, and I shall not. I shall not tell you how often and how well I knew the dark eyed boy, the tall straight youth, and the happy young doctor, for I will not betray the trust he placed in me.

Now I must leave you, little grandmother with snowy hair, for your dreaming days are over. I am almost a stranger, for no longer do you frequent the stately Castle of Dreams but, instead, the dear little cottage where dwell the sweetest of all things for you—Memories!

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## PROPHECY

MARTHA SHAWEN, '29

A harsh cruel wind whips the tree-tops wildly against mean low clouds that sweep about like black eagles. It moans desolately around the corners of the house and will find no rest. Winter outside tonight—bleak, unrelenting, with no hint of Spring.

But in my room, here, I entertain prophets who whisper the old, old hope of the West Wind:

“If Winter comes—can Spring be far behind?”

My prophets are a vase of French pussy-willows, folded to slimness in furry textiles of silvery-grey over creamy satin touched with rose. They have a dream of Spring wrapt mysteriously in their silken forms—a far, faint fragrance of distant music untroubled by the snowy far-off days. I have set them in the East window where I can see them outlined against the light. Each little shape seems to drowse in its lissome, warm shell, as secure as a wingless moth in a brown cocoon, waiting for Spring’s “joy a-blush”. Can Spring be far behind?

## HEAR YE THEREOF!

PERRY LAUKHUFF, '27

Philophronea

**B**EHOLD there was a mansion in which lived a wise mother and father and a group of happy, bright children. There was a flower garden back of the mansion. Many beautiful flowers grew therein, but in the very center was one—a rose—which surpassed them all in beauty. It was the pride of parents and children. The wise mother and father allowed the boys and girls to care for it as their very own. This they did with great joy, watering it, keeping it free from insects, and weeding the ground round about. No other plants were allowed to grow near it and thus it stood apart, exquisitely lovely. It grew larger and stronger, bearing always but a single rose so that strangers, when they abode at the mansion, exclaimed at its rare and wonderful beauty.

Years passed. The mansion and garden changed hands many times. Families moved in and families moved out, but the rose remained, retaining its charm, though sometimes not quite so well cared for, and always cherished. Through the years, the many children who played in the garden were made happy by it and were unconsciously inspired by its grace and virility, for it never seemed to grow old. But, alas, the rose finally fell upon evil days. The parents who now abode in the mansion did not encourage their children to care for the rose; it was too old-fashioned for them and they allowed many other plants of far less beauty to be planted around it so that its glory was dimmed. It no longer became the chief object of admiration for it was hidden. The children deserted the rose for the other plants—they cared not for it; they watered it not; they tended it not. The weeds flourished all about it and were choking the rose to death. Its beauty faded; it withered; the petals fell off one by one; its leaves turned brown and sere—it was dying! And the children, finally noticing it,

thought to keep it alive but they knew not how. They cut parts of it off and grafted other flowers to it till it was scarcely recognizable as the erstwhile thing of beauty. But it grew not, for the children in their youth and ignorance had only hurt the rose more.

The rose is not dead; a spark of life still lingers but its only hope is that the mother and father and children may grow wise with experience and may protect it, care for it, remove the grafts and nurse it back, so that it may once more stand there in the center of the garden alone—a rose, brilliant, and a thing of beauty.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear; lest hearing, he understand not, and seeing, he perceive not!

## WINTER

HAROLD BLACKBURN, '28

There's snow on the hedge—  
A cold, white moon  
Illuminates the snow.

Quietness;  
Bitter chill lies o'er the land.

Quietness suggests the wolves:  
Ages ago their eerie yelps  
Were heard at night.

Cold snow  
Bears down upon the hedge.

June moons are of silver;  
Poised above, they bathe the hedge  
With melancholy light.

Lovers,  
Faint-hearted, take courage then.  
Winter moons are pitiless;  
They penetrate to the blood  
And freeze with hate.

Beauty  
Abounds; there's snow on the hedge.

## A NIGHT IN A DREAM FOREST

HUGH STECKMAN, '30  
Philomatheia

THE black-shrouded, hooded old woman, keeper of the mysteries and warden of the dark hours, whom men on earth called Night but whose real name will never be known, was going through her daily round of duties. First she had blown pink and gold and creamy-white dust into the face of the flaming sun, and almost smothered him so that he hid his burning visage behind the hoary, wooded mountain. Then she spread a soft amber veil of twilight over all the land, and scattered evening perfume among the trees and in the valley, and sent a love-song into the hearts of the birds that they might beckon gentle lovers out to see the mystic, tranquil, silent magic of Dame Night's work. She was proud of her powers, and sometimes very lonesome and sad because men did not trust or understand her.

Out of the tiny green and white village, arm in arm, wandered two lovers—obviously dreamers. Then Dame Night stirred into the veil of misty light some blue power, a little at a time, and as it grew darker she unlocked the bronze gate and called softly, and the dancing, sparkling little fairy stars skipped out and scattered across the sky gleaming pink, and gold, and electric blue, and icy green, and snowy white, against the piece of purple velvet that Night had spread across the heavens for them. And as the lovers wandered up the path into the woods, the old moon set on her nightly voyage across the sea of fairy stars, beaming in perfect delight upon every man and beast on earth.

When the evening light was thickened to the right consistency by the blue powder, Night brought forth her gentle winds and sent them to play among the trees, whispering to each other secrets of Nature, and of Life, and Night, and Love, and God.

Then the twain sat down on the mossy banks of the bubbling, busy brook, to listen and to commune with Nature. The moon slunk lower, lower, down to

the tops of the giant trees and there she hung, peeping, half pitying the two below who could never fully understand her beauty nor appreciate her light. As a gift she tossed some magic chips of sliver upon the surface of the stream where they gleamed in the white rays of moonlight, and danced and frolicked for the pleasure of the silent watchers.

The towering trunks swept the purple heavens with a rushing, swishing sound, and the still pools along the shores of the brook caught and magnified the reflection of the stately pillars, and the arched canopy over the channel. Down on the ground not a frond of the lacy ferns was swayed by a passing breeze, and not a blade of the long woods' grass moved to break the awful hush. Back from the enchanted shores the buck laurel groaned and moved, making a gentle rhythm with the throbbing silence that almost hurt the listeners.

"What, ah, what?" breathed the man.

"Yes, and why, and how?" sighed the woman. Then the dancing stars became suddenly still, and crept down, and down, in mock familiarity with the dreamers, but speaking not. The playing winds stirred the hair of the twain, and whispered in their ears, and their words were like weird music from another world, singing of a lost civilization, and of unseen things, and of deep mysteries.

With a little sob the moon moved on across the sky, and Night began to prepare for the coming of the King of Day. But something whispered into the souls of the dreamers, "Beloved of God, when thou canst read the plainly written secrets of Life and Nature on your hearts, then shalt thou know. Nature interpreteth not the tongue of the midnight breeze, and whispering trees, and purple skies, and noisy brooks. All is within your souls. Seek and ye shall find."

From deep in the valley came the faint call of chanticleer, and the twain descended the inclined path, awed but wiser.

## A PRAYER!

FREDA KIRTS, '27

Dear Creator of mine,  
Who put into my heart  
A tiny touch of the divine,  
A passionate desire to create,  
A magnificent unrest,—  
Surely Thou wilt not suffer it to die;  
Rather, Oh Father, out of this travail of birth,  
Let there come something of worth,  
Some new child of the brain and the soul,  
To take its small part in the composite whole,  
Grant me faith to believe, Oh Giver of all,  
That Thou hast sufficient to answer the call  
Of this yearning, this exquisite pain,—  
Give me will to work, to yield to the strain,  
And find through this labor—reward!

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## HOUSES THAT STAND ALONE

MARY THOMAS, '28

Dust of the prairie,  
Dust of the wheatlands,  
Fields that are free—  
Houses that stand alone  
Brown and bare,  
Dozing in the heat of noon-day suns,  
Sleeping in the sunshine;  
Dancing at night in the moon-  
gleam  
Laughing, windblown, singing,  
Singing at night  
In the dust of the prairie,  
Dust of the wheatlands.

## ANOTHER CIGARETTE

MARTHA SHAWEN, '29  
Philaethea

ETHEL STROM toyed petulantly with her feather-top pen. She regarded the carved walnut desk before her out of narrowed eyes. She was thinking again of Gerald Delaney, the talented young tenor. His ingenious, ill-concealed admiration gave promise of another conquest. Association—that was all that was needed to bring it about.

Mrs. Strom's designs upon Gerald dated from the night he had made his debut at the All Star opera company. She recognized him then as the favorite artist, the most talented, the finest looking in his dark, dashing way. It was her determination to draw him into her circle of the wealthy elite, to which painters, musicians and writers were welcomed, not always because of the artists themselves but because it was a mark of culture as well as fashion to patronize art.

Ethel's husband entered her sitting room while she was writing a gracious note to Gerald, inviting him to be present with some other guests at a dinner on the following evening. Mr. Strom's appearance annoyed her. She shrugged her thin, expressive shoulders and drew herself aloof. As she sat regarding her husband out of cold blue eyes, she might have been a beautiful statue, clothed in fluffy soft lace and placed in warm surroundings.

Mrs. Strom received undivided, jealous devotion from her husband but she regarded him merely as one of the indispensable furnishings of her well-appointed mansion. Hard, gold chains, forged from his fabulous wealth, were all that sufficed to bind her to him. By bearing his name and living beneath his roof, she found she could satisfy the vain, superficial desires of her nature. Marriage meant nothing more to her. And when her husband wanted to hate her for her compromise, she proved master of the situation—she managed him, dominated him, led him about like a docile, well-fed poodle.

"Did you desire something?", Ethel asked with unyielding hauteur.

"Only to wish you good-night, Ethel"—there was a pathetic note in his voice.

"Good-night," she said frigidly, allowing him to kiss the tips of the fingers of her left hand which she extended as if to hold him—at arm's length.

The next evening Ethel found that she had managed the plans for her dinner-party perfectly. Dinner was finished; the guests were dancing; she and Gerald Delaney had slipped into the drawing room unnoticed—were alone.

Mrs. Strom rested her gay head lightly against a rose cushion. The soft folds of her rose-velvet gown, split back from a shimmering silver-lace petticoat, clung languorously to her limbs and supple body. Through half-closed eyes she watched the log fire on the grate glow, shoot forth a flame of sparks, and then die down. That was the way she was—animated, scintillating, brilliant when she chose; elusive, distant, freezing when her transient light was extinguished.

The walnut-panelled walls of the room were finished in soft grey-brown tones with an ornamental cornice treated in the effect of wood. The marble pilasters harmonized with the color of the cornice, while the mantle was of stone, after an antique model. The curtains were of deep rose velvet; the furniture carved walnut; the upholstery of mohair velvet. There was perfect harmony and color tone that made music burn in Gerald's brain. Ethel seemed a part of the setting—the gown, the misty fair hair of spun gold, her beauty of face and figure, her wayward charm of personality. She studied her companion covertly, as his dark, burning eyes scanned the room and then rested upon her.

"It is much easier to talk here," she said at length, laying a white hand on his coat sleeve. "Your singing, Mr. Delaney . . . superb. Your tones—rich and soft and sustained. So fortunate for us to have you sing tonight."

"I thank you for this evening," Gerald said. "You have been most gracious to me—a stranger."

Ethel lay back against her pillow, crossing her silver-clad feet with slow indulgence.

"To me music is an expression of all rhythmical culture," she breathed contemplatively, "but only a master can make dull ears hear the murmuring of fountains, the rustling of trees, the voice of love—"

"Ah, you are right," Gerald exclaimed, leaning forward in his earnestness. "Only a master can reveal the internal murmuring fountains, rustling trees, song of love! It is only the sensitive, sympathetic soul that finds a spontaneous delight in music."

Gerald's ardor and delicate flattery pleased Ethel. She had struck a true chord to bring forth response from his whole innermost nature.

"Crowds—," she continued, "how incapable of finer apprehension they are!"

"Yes," Gerald replied, "in any group there is only an occasional person of artistic sensitivity—I cared nothing for the storm of applause at the concert last night. I watched for the approval or disapproval of your face there in front of me. Your response inspired me—I played for you. What did those others know?"

Gerald was silent. He adored this lovely woman with all the warmth of his quick, eager nature. He did not see her as she was, a sophisticated, heartless, superficial woman of the world—treacherous, deadly. To him she was the embodiment of charm and exquisite feminine loveliness.

Ethel wearied of his silence. In a quick change of mood she took a cigarette from the silver case at her elbow.

"Come, have one!", she insisted. She placed it between his lips and lighted it from her own with exasperating finesse.

Still Gerald was silent. His long sensitive fingers were clenched at his side, his body rigid with intensity.

Ethel took three puffs at her cigarette, contemplatively watching the smoke circle out, then she flung it

fitfully into the grate. She tapped the toe of her slipper and looked squarely at Gerald.

"I thought you would have something different to say to me than this," she cried, with the shadow of a challenge behind her rebuke. . . . "I would be glad if you would tell me—something nice." She drew near him with a sinuous, subtle movement.

Cold drops of moisture stood out on Gerald's forehead. Wild, hot blood gushed in his veins—the fierce free beat of life throbbed in him. He loved her ardently . . . ardently . . .

"I adore you," he said, his voice strange with overpowering emotion. "Of all my songs, none is like to you or so beautiful."

There was a stirring within the woman at this expression of real devotion such as she had never felt before; a sudden consciousness of what a love like Gerald's might mean rushed through her. But she never really felt anything, except satisfaction when her desires were gratified, and extreme dissatisfaction when they were not. Life—it was an illusion anyway. There was nothing to live for but what best might bring one delight, ease, pleasure. She never knew her soul could respond to another in such a manner. It awed her for a moment, held her breathless.

Then she aroused herself. What nonsense! Like life, love was an illusion. The voice within her had been too feeble. Her soul had gone unused too long; Gerald Delaney was no more to her than a diverting pastime.

Ethel laid her head on his shoulder, turning her face and eyes up to his with baffling directness. He had not meant to kiss her, to embrace her—but her wayward charm shattered his self-control.

Ethel leaned back with a half yawn. She had inflamed Gerald to the maximum of her desire. Now that his passion made him flexible to her will, she ceased to be interested. Beyond a certain point this game proved wearisome rather than alluring. She changed her tactics.

"This house bores me," she complained. "I'd give anything tonight for a ride in a high-powered machine. I love the motion, the purr of the motor, the sweep of the wind." She knew while she was saying it that Gerald's new Minx stood in the portico without; that he would take her out in it.

Gerald was like a child with fever that night. He drove madly and talked madly. And Ethel, enjoying herself, intoxicated him as completely as if he had consumed highly spirituous liquor.

Telephone poles and houses resembled shadowy ghosts as the machine whizzed along. The slippery road seemed to come up to meet them and fall away; the curtains flapped, the swift damp air rushed against their faces.

"This is glorious," breathed Ethel. "You drive superbly!"

A red streak burned in Gerald's brain; he was on fire. The Minx dashed no more madly through space than did the conflux of emotions surging within him. Ethel—Ethel—every nerve tingled hotly as he felt the warm pressure of her body beneath her seal-skin coat. He turned once more to kiss the upturned face.

It was only an instant that his hands lessened their grip on the steering wheel. But in that instant the fast-moving car skidded. Dizzily it crashed against a telephone pole and tumbled sideways down an embankment.

Men rushed from a nearby farm-house, swinging lanterns. The concussion had been violent. With some effort they pulled two forms out of the wreckage. The man was dead; the woman nearly so.

They carried Ethel to the farm-house, laid her on a bed and removed the torn, blood-stained velvet gown. The old doctor shook his head. "Skull fracture . . . internal injuries," were his words to the kind, well-dressed woman who waited on him. "She cannot last long . . . Too bad. So young, and pretty! The man was dreadfully mangled. Must have been killed instantly."

Ethel was conscious when the doctor spoke. His words "cannot last long" rang dully in her brain. She heard what had been said of Gerald. For a moment the thought of his fate—of her own—death, darkness, decay—the end of all—filled her with a revolting horror that made her forget her injuries. She saw the whole of what had been her treasure crumbled to ruin—her wealth, name, her brilliant life of sensuous joyousness, her beauty . . . A convulsion of fear, irony, despair shook her. Then she roused herself. Deliberately, flippantly, she brushed it all away, as she had always cast aside everything unpleasant or depressing.

"Give me another cigarette!" she begged.

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## THE DUCHESS

Thelma Snyder, '27

Every day you see her,  
Bonnet lace a-flutter,  
Drive down the old, shaded  
highway,  
nod and smile.

But then you cannot know  
That for me the blue eyes  
Break the sameness of their  
greeting  
once in a while.

Yesterday, they veiled high courage,  
Today, a thousand fears;  
Tomorrow—girlish laughter,  
Or maybe woman's tears!

## BEETLE FARMING

MARGARET BAKER, '27

Science Club

I started the summer enthusiastically, with a killing bottle in one hand and an insect guide in the other. But my collection of insects grew very slowly, for whenever I went on a collecting trip the flowers by the wayside bewitched me so that I forgot what I had come for and was soon busy studying and classifying the flora of the surrounding country. It was while I was wrestling with the classification of *Rumex crispus* that I suddenly remembered I was supposed to be studying entomology instead of botany. The occasion of my awakening was the discovery of a small mosaic of cylindrical, yellow eggs on the under side of a *Rumex* leaf which I had brought home with me. There were about twenty of these tiny yellow eggs and they made such a pretty, shining pattern on the dull green leaf that I picked the leaf up to look at them more closely.

Several of the eggs were broken at the end and small, black heads were beginning to emerge. They worked their way slowly out of the opening, dragging their fat, yellow bodies after them. They crawled about the surface of the leaf, raising their heads inquiringly, sniffing at the dry, green leaf beneath them. Certainly that was not the kind of food that Heaven had designed for them.

Perceiving their plight, I put the leaf in a box and started out to find some fresh *Rumex crispus*. Having collected a dozen of the youngest and greenest leaves I could find, I hastened back and coaxed the newly hatched larvae to explore the surface of one of the new leaves. With a good deal of trouble I finally got them all on the same leaf, but was afraid to place the stem in water for fear some of the larvae might fall off the leaf and be drowned. I, therefore, put the leaf in a small hole in a cardboard disc that fitted over a glass of water and insured my twenty infants of the security of terra firma.

There was no hesitation in the way they all fell to eating the leaf. Their black jaws worked tirelessly and judiciously, eating every bit of the leaf except the fine network of veins so that the leaf soon looked like a sieve. It was really incredible what short work that hungry family could make of a leaf. Whenever they had about wrecked one leaf, I placed another near it so that they could easily move. They never left the leaf they were on until they had eaten it clean. Fatter and fatter they grew and their bodies became as black as their heads.

About this time my family assumed an exceedingly unpleasant attitude toward me and insisted that I remove my voracious family from their pleasant position on the dining room window sill. I was forced to carry them to the cellar and there placed the glass that held them in one of the laundry tubs. Not in the least disturbed by the change they still continued to devour the leaves I gave them with undiminishing appetite.

On the twelfth day after the hatching of the larvae I happily brought some new leaves for their consumption. What was my dismay on coming to the laundry tub where I had left them to find that they had disappeared. With careful, but trembling fingers I searched every leaf in the glass but there was no sign of the larvae. Frantically I searched the tub and discovered eight of the twenty runaways. What had become of the others I never knew. Perhaps they had fallen down the drain pipe.

Up to this time the larvae had never shown any inclination to quit the leaves on which they fed and I could not understand this sudden change of behaviour. After some strenuous thought I decided that they must have reached their full size and, desiring nothing more to eat, were hunting for a good place in which to go to sleep. I placed them in a box with a little soil in the bottom, and left them to sleep off the effects of their twelve days' orgy.

On looking into the box two days later I found that there was no sign of the little black larvae, but buried

in the soil I found eight little bright yellow mummy cases, in which those fat, black larvae slept. Thinking that they would probably like to sleep for a long time I did not look into the box again for two more days. This time I was greatly surprised to see two little beetles crawling about. They were a brilliant, metallic green. The other pupae were in the process of shedding their skins and I sat for some time watching their efforts to rid themselves of the pupae cases.

I was forced to sacrifice one of the beetles to the cause of scientific investigation. The rest I moved to a new home on a *Rumex* plant in the garden. I found that the name of this beautiful beetle was *Gastroidea cyanea* and I have often found them since running over *Rumex* leaves. I always feel that I must stop and chat with them a while because I am so well acquainted with their family history.

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### MAUPASSANT'S "MOONLIGHT"

CHARLOTTE OWEN, '27

The delicateness of theme, poetic quality of description, intricacy and charm of style, make "Moonlight" a vivid and wholly satisfying tale. So carefully are the descriptive words chosen that the garden and the mist above the river, silvered by moonlight, present a picture filled with beauty and romance. So poignantly defined is the character of the priest, and so clearly drawn his beliefs, that his change of heart is all the more appreciated. There is just enough of the element of romance in the story to make you, too, feel that "moonlight is made for lovers," and not as a seduction to slumber.

## SAMURAI

LILLIAN SHIVELY, '29

A Japanese Tragedy in One Act (after an old legend).  
Presented by Cap and Dagger April 30, 1927

Place—Feudal Japan.

Time—Evening in early autumn.

### Cast

Akana, a samurai ----- Edward Hammon  
His mother ----- Lillian Shively  
Hasebe, his younger brother ----- Robert Bromeley  
Musicians

(The curtain rises on an old-fashioned Japanese garden. At the left is a typical Japanese country house with plaster walls, thatched roof, round, barred windows, and a door of sliding paper screens above a wide doorstep. A high picket fence broken at U. R. by a roofed gate surrounds the stage. The garden is of conventional design, with close-clipped, gray-green grass, shrubbery trimmed into fantastic shapes, a stone lantern or two, and a sand path running from the doorstep to the gate. Behind the fence, gnarled and twisted pines are silhouetted black against the evening sky. The garden is lighted only by the harvest moon and the dimly-lit windows of the house.

For limited stages, the setting may be much simplified. The garden and pines remain the same, but the fence may be replaced by a clipped hedge, broken at U. L. to suggest the entrance to a house, and at U. R. by the same roofed gate. Moonlight comes from off stage.

The costumes may be either simple or elaborate. If armor is used for Akana, the other two should be the ceremonial black with white crest. In any case, the costume for Akana should be the most elaborate. The musicians are dressed simply in black, with or without head-dress. They sit cross-legged one on either side of the stage, facing the audience.)

(Enter the Mother and Hasebe from the house.)

### Mother

How dark it is! The moon is sick tonight.

**Hasebe**

She saves her smiles, and you shall see her shine  
In all her splendor when Akana comes.  
Think you that she would sulk behind a cloud  
When he is here, dear mother?

**Mother**

You are sure he comes today?

**Hasebe**

He swore to me an oath  
That he would come to share the feast with us.  
His very words are graven on my heart;  
I see it all as it were yesterday,—  
The palisaded courts, the stamping steeds,  
The armored knights, and glint of sun on steel,—  
Akana was the noblest of them all.  
"I swear to thee," he said, "by all my honour,  
The feast of Choyo in the early fall  
Will bring me back to thee."

**Mother**

But it is late!  
Cease from this fruitless watching of the road.  
Have you not heard the saying of our sires,  
"A man's mind changes with the skies of autumn?"  
Your brother will not come, behold, 'tis night.

**Hasebe**

Doubt not and hope, dear mother, never yet,  
The word of samurai was known to fail.  
He gave his word,—he will be here tonight.  
(Music. Moon becomes gradually crimson as she  
speaks.)

**Mother**

Izumo Ken is far, and hard the road.  
They talk of robbers, cut-throats, and there are  
A thousand other hazards on the way:  
A swollen torrent of thundering avalanche—  
Perhaps his horse slipped on some precipice—  
The night is ominous. Look! the bloated moon  
Is streaked with blood, as if some awful hand  
Had clutched it in the agony of death.  
There is something warns me,—what, I know not.

(Music stops.)

**Hasebe**

Your mood is mad, yet what you say is true.  
There are those perils, but his life is charmed.  
Have you not seen him face a thousand dangers  
And yet come forth unharmed? He is by far  
The skill'dest swordsman in the royal realm;  
If he must die, 'twill be by his own hand.  
Have you not told us how our father died?  
How that he swore an everlasting oath  
He would not leave his lord one waking moment,  
And how he never failed that sacred promise?  
How when his lord died by a traitor hand  
Our father threw himself upon his sword  
So that his soul might yet fulfill his word?  
And still his spirit lives. There is no death  
For those who die to keep their honour pure.  
A samurai loves honour more than life,—  
Akana promised; nothing can keep him now.

**Mother**

You speak of him as if he were a god!  
Youth's heroes are immortal, but to us  
They grow more earthly with the graying years.

**Hasebe**

Mother, you speak as in a waking dream!  
What future can you see, what stars divine?  
What fate speaks to me through your hopeless words?  
Akana is your son, my brother, doubt him not!  
Go to your rest, but I will keep my place,  
I will keep watch while you dream pleasant dreams.  
May his face smile upon you when you wake!

(He leads her to the house. Music plays as the curtain is lowered for an instant to indicate the passing of several hours. When it rises again, Hasebe is pacing up and down the path. Enter Akana, noiselessly. Music stops.)

**Hasebe**

At last, Akana! Here with sinking heart  
I waited till the autumn night grew cold,  
Hoping against all hopes that you would come.

Tell me the story,—why are you on foot?

**Akana**

Know then Hasebe, since our father's time  
The province of Izumo hath fared ill.  
A bold usurper with his followers  
Hath ta'en possession of our ruler's castle,  
Girding himself with might and cruel power.  
None dares to make a stroke for liberty,  
For many knights have tried, and all have failed;  
Death is their portion who will not obey.  
This traitor tryant heard of my arrival,  
And knowing that I served his lawful lord,  
Seized me and chained me in a dungeon cell.  
In vain I told him of my pledge to you,—  
He would not set me free until today.

**Hasebe**

Today? Only today! Man, are you mad?  
Izumo is three hundred miles from here,  
You have no horse,—have you then come on foot  
Three hundred miles? I tell you, you are mad!

**Akana**

Do you not know the proverb of our faith:  
"The soul of man may travel in a day  
A thousand miles?" My trusty sword was keen.  
(Musing) This sword of mine has served me to the  
end,  
More faithful than a friend, than friends more dear.  
How many times in battle it has sped  
Straight to the enemy heart, and now at last  
To mine. Farewell! (He snaps the sword in pieces.)

**Hasebe** (starting forward)

I do not understand—

**Akana**

Within a week there will be messengers  
Come from Izumo telling how Akana  
Upon the feast of Choyo killed himself  
In prison there. It is my spirit speaks.  
Thus only could Akana keep his promise.  
Console our mother, faithful be and true,  
Cherish the untarnished honour of our house

Until we meet again in Paradise.  
Farewell!

Hasebe

Akana! You mean—(Realizing by this time the full significance of his words and rushing wildly toward the house.)

Mother! Mother!

(Music. A cloud obscures the moon for a moment, and when it passes, Hasebe is alone.)

Curtain

Copyright 1927, Lillian Shively.

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## MY CREED

ROY BURKHART, '27

I believe in young people for in them lies the promise of future attainment. In their hands rests the power of new achievement; in their eyes flashes the light of new visions; in their hearts burns the purpose of new convictions.

I believe in the Jesus Way of living, because it is the Christ challenge to love God wholly and man unreservedly.

I believe in the Christ way of growing. As Jesus grew, so I desire to grow, "in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man," reaching the full measure of development which belongs to the fulness of Christ.

To this I dedicate my life that I may "be my own self at my very best all the time," bringing youth into the Jesus Way.

## THE PAINTED ROOM

RUTH SEAMAN, '27

First Prize, Chaucer Club

"The Painted Room", a recent novel by Margaret Wilson, shouts modernism in the treble clef. The title is apt; the description of the painted room is powerful, and verily symbolizes the modern expression of independence. The author's pictures of small town life approach those of Sinclair Lewis.

The heroine of this novel, Martha Kentworthy, is a typical American college post-freshman, none too reverent of rules and almost regardless of conventions. She is utterly selfish in her own unselfish way. When she returns home for summer holidays she "does over" her room. "The book-shelves had absurd little cupboards at each end, which Martha opened to show her friends, and an electric stove on a little tray which you stood, so, on this little shelf which pulled out, so. She had gathered a primitive sort of crockery bowls from New York, which were called 'just too quaint', and the coffee things from the Chicago Ghetto . . . . The purple floor and the glow of the rug left her visitors quite mad with envy and surprise. 'It's just Martha all over!' one girl sighed."

After the fervor of this whim has cooled, things seem to be drab enough until Martha falls in love with a married man. She sacrifices everything in her devotion to her lover. She confides nothing to her mother, and soon becomes a mystery to both her parents. Her only reason is that they won't understand. The story rises to a dramatic climax in which the burden is thrown upon the mother, who solves the problem with a tolerance and wisdom which proves that the older generation is capable of understanding the younger—when permitted. Martha finds the next few years a trial and error process. The turning point for her is the moment in which she gains courage to re-baptize her worst qualities as the very best in her. Finally she realizes her love for Johnnie Benton, her childhood pal, who has always loved her. Together

Johnnie and Martha "do over" the painted room, and life for them really begins.

A man could not have written this book. The analysis of the psychology of the modern girl is distinctly feminine. Margaret Wilson thoroughly understands her subject. Her mastery of swift characterization is evident, although she has more power to depict female characters than male characters, except as they respond to women. The male characters are not portrayed in a masculine way.

The trend of the modern family is clearly shown in this novel. The family is no longer a stable institution as it was several generations ago. Martha has absolutely no need of her parents except as they furnish her with money. She does not want her home, she prefers the painted room. Home for her is a place to keep her tooth brush; she eats, sleeps, and amuses herself elsewhere.

The ethical value of "The Painted Room" is sound. The author handles delicate situations with artistry. Her method is very frank; there is nothing subtle in it. She gives us the modern girl as she sees her—on the street, at home, and at social functions. She teaches a lesson without preaching. She does not excuse the modern girl her faux but explains her by means of her actions and environment. Martha is at no time wicked; she is suffering from mal-adjustment.

"The Painted Room" is Martha's story, although the mother occupies a prominent place in it. She desires for Martha all the freedom and joy of living that she herself had been denied. "For she knew, when she sat looking at that child, that she was seeing bodily before her eyes nineteen years of her life; and not the quantity of it only, but the very quality, the very fervor of it."

The sympathetic and sensitive perception displayed in "The Painted Room" whispers of great reserve powers, and readers have every reason to expect many more interesting novels from the realism-dripping pen of Margaret Wilson.

## TO THE RAIN

LILLIAN SHIVELY, '29

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Rain on the hoary mountains,  
And over the thirsty plain,  
Rain in all the tree-tops  
And rain in my heart again!

Rain through the singing valleys,  
And out to the surging sea—  
Rain in my face, rain in my hair  
And rain in the heart of me!

Song of the rain, be with me  
And I care not where I go;  
Whatever I find in Heaven  
There will be rain, I know!

## LIFE

EDWIN SHAWEN, '30

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

One little taste, one little sip  
Of this life that puzzles me;  
Give me that and I'll not waste  
My thoughts on Eternity.

Ah! to drink that drop is death  
And I cannot draw away  
From the hideous face of life unveiled:  
After I drink I must stay;  
Trammelled in life I cannot flee  
The whip-lash scorn of fate,  
It cuts the tender flesh, and sneers  
At the writhing face of hate.

Ours is a wee bit of life to live,  
A portion of love, I think,  
A taste of duty—life gives it to us—  
Come let us smile and drink.

## UNDER COVER

ROBERT BROMELEY, '30

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

HE was in a long narrow cave—dark with an inky blackness. He groped his way along trying to find the end of the cave. Quite an adventure, only he did not wish for darkness. What made him think everything was dark? All was not black, but bright red. He couldn't see anything, however. Just that bright red persisted. Why, there was blackness again. That was funny. He started to laugh, but somehow his laughter sounded high pitched and bothered him and he instantly became sober. He had forgotten how he had ever come into that cave. What difference did that make, though? He happened to think that there might be some treacherous pitfalls in the floor of the cave so from then on he was very careful, extending one foot at a time, slowly, very slowly. He reminded himself of a slow-motion picture he had once seen of an ice-skater.

He must have been going this way for a long time, yet, strangely, he wasn't a bit tired. Suddenly he bumped into a solid wall, the end of the long cave. He guessed then he was tired. He might as well sit down. There was all the time in the world to find an exit. He might as well sit there for a little while; so pleasant, with his back against the wall, looking into the darkness that felt so good to his eyes.

And then he heard the oddest sound—a sound that reminded him of a stiff sheet of paper being dragged over a brush. The noise was creepy, eerie. Why should a sound like that frighten him? He could feel the roots of his hair tingle. He remembered something about electricity and he wondered if that tingling was caused by electrons in his hair and if they had a difference of potential. That noise again! A grasshopper with a broken leg, dragging itself over sandpaper. What a funny notion. He had never heard a grasshopper with a broken leg dragging itself over

sandpaper.

The cave was black, but he began to see something even blacker. A spider—yes, a big spider, as big as an elephant! He had never liked spiders. There couldn't be such horrible creatures in there. He must be dreaming. He tried rubbing his eyes, a trick he had used as a child when pursued by nightmares, but the thing was still there. The creature was not a spider now, but a gigantic woolly caterpillar. He never had liked caterpillars either. Horrible! To watch it made him sick. Then the beast began to creep upon him. His feeling now was worse than mere fear, as when someone suddenly jumps out on you from behind a corner at night and yells "Booh!" like that, only all the time. He didn't know there was such panic, or that fright could last so long. He tried to back into the wall. The thing was nearly touching him; he flattened himself against the wall; the thing advanced—

\* \* \* \*

The patient on the bed in the hospital had just been operated upon to relieve a pressure from his brain. It was a fairly serious case, but nine chances out of ten he would emerge from the ether all right, provided he was not frightened or disturbed. The surgeon had given explicit instructions that nothing should be allowed in the room that could possibly frighten him. But the patient had died. That was the queer thing, because, as the nurse said, "I know nothing frightened him. He was kept under cover all the time!"

---

### WHO?

B. S. R., '27

To love a man is weakness,  
To hate a man is greater weakness:  
Only indifference is strong,  
Only indifference is happy,  
And who has indifference?



# Ho-Bohemia

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"LET YOUR OWN DISCRETION  
BE YOUR TUTOR!"

## TODAY'S HOROSCOPE

Children born today will be either male or female. They will look like their father or mother, or someone else. They will take great delight in walking in the rain as long as they don't get wet, and will undoubtedly succeed in life if they have no misfortunes. Their guiding star will be the policeman's badge. They are destined to attend college for four years where their parents went, and will show a great liking for professors who will admit there are some things they don't know, provided there are any. All will end happily married if an equal number of both sexes are born.

---

## YOUTH'S SONG OF JOY

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

Today exaltation catches my heart—  
The wind blows the leaves of the trees  
And I know that God is moving here.  
The spirit of life is in my veins and  
I lift my voice with the birds. Life is  
Good! The wind is strong. It is like  
My heart, strong with feeling. Sunshine  
Flecks the green, and there is beauty  
Of amber and jade!

## BLIND DATES

COLLEGE life is full of disillusion. Take for example the blind date. Professionally speaking, the blind date is a situation where a young man spends an evening with a young lady—someone a friend has recommended as the ultimate in perfection—wondering why he ever believed the party of the first part was a friend of his. A blind date is like getting caught in a downpour of rain with a new straw hat; there's nothing to do about it and the evening is bound to be ruined—as well as the straw hat.

Blind dates are said to have originated in Turkey, where the women wear veils and it is considered decidedly improper for a man to see a woman until he marries her.

---

It is in her home. Soft lights mingle with the dull furnishings as he sits waiting. Nonchalantly he smokes a cigarette, carefully placing the ashes on the tray. After fifteen minutes she comes tripping down the stairs—all blind dates come trippingly into the room—and in his confusion he drops the last ashes on the rug. Instead of the small armful of blond perfection he has envisaged, she is a tall, lanky brunette with as much charm as a clothespin. The evening is a blur in his mind and if he had a nickel for every time he contemplated violence to someone and something, he would be able to supply the whole fraternity with gum for a week.

---

Blind dates are as much a part of a person's education as physical hygiene. Who shall say they do not tend to make bigger and better men—better men because they have known the worst, and bigger because they have learned their lesson.

## BEHIND SCENES!

VERDA EVANS, '28

It was backstage.

The curtain was up.

The play was on.

And she . . . . the beautiful one, whose pearly teeth gleamed bright from between her vivid red lips, whose eyes, bright and sparkling, were equalled in brilliance only by the stars; whose smooth cheeks were tinted by delicate spots of color; whose white throat was as a marble column, beautiful beyond compare; whose hands, well-shaped and tapering seemed modeled in wax, whose every movement was grace incarnate; whose arms, delicately curved and molded, bespoke the nymph rather than the athlete; she, worthy descendant of Aphrodite, was not there. He searched for her like a madman, raging up and down the narrow passage-way where all were huddled together, but he found her not. He rushed to the window, peered wildly into the blackness without, turned hopelessly to the end of the alley-way and then dropped weakly against the curtain.

Then suddenly as tho dropped from a heavenly body, she appeared in the doorway. He rushed to her. He clutched her as Romeo must have clutched his Juliet. It was with supreme effort he kept his fingers from her marble-like throat. He pulled her to him, then thrust her roughly away. Then, holding her at arms' length, he shook her as an impotent deity must shake the universe at times, and muttered between clenched teeth:

"Think you're Madame Fiske that you can wander off as you choose. Sit down, darn you, and watch for your cue."

## INTELLIGENCE TESTS

PARKER HECK, '30

I T all started that evening at the supper table when I announced:

"All the freshmen took an intelligence test today."

"O-o-oh," drawled my sister, aged five, her eyes opening wide, "What grade did you get?"

When I explained that the papers could not possibly have been graded in such short time, she decided she would test my intelligence for herself. Accordingly, she brought out a page torn from a magazine which was headed—"Have You the Mentality of a Five-Year Old?" Easy pickings, I thought.

"You have five minutes in which to do these six problems," announced my self-appointed examiner. "Go ahead."

At the end of five minutes I had completed just three of the problems. Checking with the correct list, held by my sister, showed that two of those were wrong.

"Oh, mamma," screamed my sister, delightedly, "he isn't as smart as I am."

Although both my father and mother laughed heartily, I failed to appreciate any humor in the situation and was extremely well pleased when little sister trundled off to bed. All that night I dreamed of intelligence tests, and not one did I pass even in my dreams.

My first thought after breakfast in the morning was that I would settle this intelligence question once and for all. What mattered a few classes? I set out for the public library, accordingly, instead of school, and asked the librarian for some references to intelligence tests. There were enough to satisfy anyone, but I started in with another test for five-year-olds. One thing at a time was my motto.

After twenty minutes I had completed the five-minute test, but checking showed I was sub-normal. I tried tests for master minds of four and three years

in order, with no more success. Then I had a bright idea. "Here I am," I said to myself, "wasting my time with these tests when I should be trying an examination for my own age. No wonder the tests show I do not have the mind of a child—I am no longer a child!"

Even this proved to be an incorrect solution, however. At the end of the day I was still more puzzled. Days and weeks went on; I was dropped from school, but still I could not solve the tests. All my time which I did not devote to sleeping and eating was spent laboring over intelligence tests. Finally I would fly into a rage at the mere mention of intelligence. Even today, as I look from the window of my padded cell, I imagine every passerby is bringing another test for my supposed mentality.

---

## I CANNOT WAIT

B. S. R., '27

I want a whirlwind to sweep  
me out of my path;  
I want a strong love to hold  
me fast;  
Be thou that wind, be thou  
that love,  
And I am yours.  
  
But you are blind to all love's  
mystic wonders,  
Too busy with your work  
to think of me.  
I cannot wait!  
I am looking for a whirlwind!

## OF HIM WHO PENCILS PURPLE PASSAGES

WAYNE HARSHA, '27

**O**FTEN have I found books marked, with dots, or checks, or with lines—precise or wriggling—beneath words and sentences. Always has it been offensive, at first in a vague way, for the atrocity did not appear to me at the beginning as a first magnitude sin; but as from time to time I came upon more books marked with such thoughtful and painstaking vandalism, the affect piled up in me this evening on finding some of Emerson's essays intermittently underlined.

A member of the people, reading movie titles aloud, is nearer to God and his winged pages than one who marks a book. It is as though one were to go up to a painting and put a few marks upon it, placing a circle or a square about one or two of the heads, and say, "Ah, this is fine and that also. Isn't that superb? Do you know all that it means? It's deep, it's profound, it's wonderful." So they proclaim it, mark it, ruin it.

No one owns a book privately, for himself. If he treats it as though it were his own he becomes a slaveholder; that is to say, he offends, he goes beyond the freedom which the nature of a book allows.

---

## TEARS

MARGUERITE BLOTT, '30

This day is not unlike tears—  
Grey sky, grey mist, grey sod;  
Sad and still  
Like a bird  
That has sung its last song  
At evening;  
Moist,  
And filled with aching peace,  
As, after a silent storm,  
Tired eyes feel the cool splash  
Of tears!

## WHAT AM I?

ELIZABETH BAKER, '30

What am I?  
A bit of sand in a great desert,  
Blown by the wind hither and thither,  
To rest an instant only in one place—  
To know for so short a time  
Other grains of sand,  
And then to leave, dancing gaily away,  
Forgetful.

What am I?  
Perhaps a dash of foam  
That tops a wave far out on a shoreless sea  
Poised for a second, white and joyous,  
Then buried in a tumultuous flood  
Of dark waters.  
A wanderer—held by no bonds.  
Ah! I would not give my freedom  
For all the gold of the rich man  
Caught in the dark labyrinth of his mansion!

---

## SHADOW CHILD

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

There is a child who, when the shadows fall softly upon the garden, comes to heal my heart with touch soft as rose petals. The child walks with me quietly in the shadows and only breaks the stillness with her fleeting echoes of laughter. I like the feel of her small hand in mine, and the beauty of her soft brown eyes. We walk in the garden, the child and I, until the twilight turns to night. And then she goes out thru the garden gate and leaves me alone with the echo of her fleeting laughter seeking utterance in my saddened heart.

## FLESH AND THE DEVIL

WAYNE HARSHA, '27

SOMEbody said that women would be better occupied if they would cease constructing traps and build a few cages. While this is undoubtedly a very pretty axiom, an empty cage was never worth much.

Every woman is justified in setting traps. Her success in life usually hinges upon her catch. The funny part about it is that men usually like to get caught. A few see how many traps they can snap without getting hurt, but most, when they feel the bite of the steel about their heart, sink down in blissful stolidity.

No one objects to a woman abbreviating her dress, both in length and in thickness, providing she does it to catch a husband. No one objects to marcelled hair when it makes the woman easier to look at. The big kick comes in when co-eds commercialize their art in order to get better grades.

Perhaps, to be fair to all, the college should employ only far-sighted professors so that those in the back seats would stand an equal chance with those in the front row!!

---

## SITUATION

RUTH SEAMAN, '27

You tilted my chin and looked into my eyes,  
And said you saw the real me—  
But what you saw was reflection of yourself,  
Because you dropped your mask.

I picked it up and gave it you,—  
And adjusted my own more tightly,  
So that I alone might know  
We both were playing a game.

## RAIN IN THE NIGHT

Elizabeth Baker, '30

The dark veil that hides the beauty of the sky  
Is a beauty in itself;  
And the sharp lightning that pierces it  
Stings the heart—  
Painful in its ecstasy.

Thunder mumbles low: a sound  
Harmonious with the mystery  
That shrouds the world,  
Its long-continued rumble ominous  
After the first startling crash.

A thin sheet of rain, unseen in the darkness of the night  
Comes with a rush to bathe the trees  
Making their green leaves wet and glistening  
So that, fresh-washed, they wait to hail the Dawn  
Which soon comes riding over the hill,  
Clothed in rose-colored garments,  
Driving a chariot of flame.

## 1927 LITERARY PRIZES

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### BARNES SHORT STORY

"The Palmetto Flag," Laura Whetstone, first prize, \$40.00.

"Victor Galbraith," Charlotte Owen, second prize, \$20.00.

"Making Kentucky Safe," Elward Caldwell, third prize, \$10.00.

### CHAUCER CLUB

#### Criticism on Modern Novel.

"The Painted Room," Ruth Seaman, first prize, \$10.00.

"The Great God Brown," Marguerite Banner, second prize, \$5.00.

### QUIZ AND QUILL

"To the Rain," poem, Lillian Shively, first prize, \$10.00.

"Life," poem, Edwin Shawen, second prize, \$5.00.

"Under Cover," sketch, Robert Bromeley, third prize, \$3.00.

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