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The Quiz and Quill



1927
Christmas

The QUIZ *and* QUILL



Christmas
Number
1927

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PREFATORY

Realizing that the "mark of the beast" is upon the literature of the day, we cast a golden apple at the feet of the Atalanta of Romance, Whimsy and Fantansy, as we haste on exulting in the thinking of youth and the glory of creation. We answer only to the Critics, Truth and Artistry, fearing none other as we unreservedly express our creeds pulsing with buoyant rhythm and the frank realism of life.

The Editor

THE THIRD CAMEL

Marcella Henry, '28

THE third camel was very tired. He had traveled swiftly at the command of his master through a day and a night, and through another day. It was night again. The cool desert air swept past him like the rush of a soft whispering song.

He looked over to the first and second camels, his mates in travel. In a way they were fortunate. They never thought or saw the beauty of nights and so they were never sad. They lived on the earth. Even now they were probably thinking of the food and water awaiting them in Bethlehem. They never questioned, and so were satisfied.

The third camel lifted his head, glad for his restless spirit even if it did mean suffering. He looked about him, reveling in the night. The desert was still and white in the moonlight; the sand grains shone like fragments of stars shining back at the one great moving star above. Occasionally a low murmuring came from the lips of the men, but except for that, and the rhythmic thud of the camels' feet, all was silent, beautiful and white.

The third camel was bearing the greatest of all the three wise men who were hastening to the town of Bethlehem. He was dressed in the richest robes, in his hands he carried the most costly gift, in his face was the greatest dignity and power.

The third camel was tired. He had slackened his pace. Down came the whip on his trembling limbs. He groaned, but quickened his stride. To Bethlehem! To Bethlehem! To worship a new born king. The heart of the camel was bitter. The sting of the whip was still on his thighs, but the scorn of his rider was the hurt of his heart. Life was for those who were born well. For those who were not—then the lash and slavery. On! On to the king!

On to injustice, to the rule of power! On to good birth! And pride! On! On! His hoofs beat the rhythm. On to a well-born babe!

The gates were reached. The star was still. The wise men descended from their camels.

They had stopped at the door of a stable, for above it the star was hung. The wise men went in to the place and knelt before a manger, wherein was lying a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, and they laid down their gifts before it.

The third camel crept closer. His heart was beating excitedly. Surely, they had made a mistake! A king was never born in fashion like this. He drew nearer.

And then he saw the child's face, the mother's eyes. It was the king! A great joy flooded the heart of the third camel. A sudden joy. He fell to his knees in worship. A king—born where were oxen and camels—a king for him at last! A king, not for him alone, but for humble things—for everyone.



CHRISTMAS EVE

Martha Jane Shawen, '29

The night when "the dayspring on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet in the way of peace." Snow lies thick as white wool. I walked to the crest of the hill just at dusk, when the lights of the city were twinkling and blinking on the opposite hill. The crisp cold silence echoed with the voice of God. All doubt and fear went out of me—only a great love, a deep joy, and abiding trust. Thrust out in the clear sky beyond one star shone steadily—one brave, lone star—the Christmas Star—with the courageous power of magic in it, fighting on its course, upholding a principle, a truth, a universal law.

MUTE

Lillian Shively, '29

My soul was a virgin harp
And you, careless and gay,
Tightened the quivering strings
And stroked them for a day.

Trembling with new-found passion,
I breathed at your command
Songs that found birth at the sound of your
voice
And thrilled to the touch of your hand.

Music that rended my spirit—
It pleased you for a day,
Then you snapped the strings with a careless
hand
And flung the harp away.

Do not ask me now why the voice is mute
That so often in song has spoken.
You have forgotten, perhaps,
But the strings of the harp are broken.

SOUL OF MINE

Roy A. Burkhart, '27

Soul of Mine—Withdraw from the noisy world. Seek poise and quiet. Trust thyself with God. Dare to fellowship with God that in thee there will be the beauty of humility and a separateness from the things that perish with the using.

Soul of Mine—In solitude and meditation thou wilt advance with speedy steps and learn the unattained truths of the voice of God. "If I do not always keep step with my companions it is because I hear a different drummer," said Thoreau and hied himself off to Walden Pond to listen to another and higher music. And so, look thou into the lives of the saints—from Augustine to Aquinas, from Fox to Fenelin—there are countless testimonies of a pure technique in the quest of life. Bunyan cast into prison, made his cell forever glorious with the dreams of Pilgrim's Progress.

Soul of Mine — Bring to reign in thy domain the rule of the Kingdom of Beauty. Adam fell in his garden as I fall in mine, blind to the perpetual persuasions of beauty. Beauty broods over me, seeking to enter my life and give form to truth, color to love, and romance to holiness—and I do not see. Even in rags and in sin, I live under a radiant sky which, at sunset, uplifts an altar of prayer. Browning feels it in the words, "Nature needs beauty in the life of man to fulfill her own beauty. She is but the framework for the picture." Yes, soul of mine, win for me a place in the Kingdom of the Beautiful.

Soul of Mine—Lead me back to seek for that elemental virtue, fundamental to beauty and harmony, strength in character. It is purity I seek. "The pure in heart shall see God." "My strength shall be as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure." In the face of the appalling eruption of vulgarity and debasement of morals in the wake of the war, flooding all of God's people with a cheap and flippant cynicism, and emptying the gutter into our fictions and the brothel on the stage—surely all of God's sons need a Crusade for Purity. Lead thou me into the Kingdom of Purity.

Soul of Mine—May a dream enslave thee, a passion, a daring to live, a willingness to die for a purpose. Be not one to travel paths that others travel; to climb only heights that others achieve; to sail where others sail; to be satisfied with what has been achieved. But oh, *Soul of Mine*—dare to make new trails; sail on uncharted seas, win thy way to heights yet unachieved; and be forever dissatisfied in the face of the unattained.

And most of all, *Soul of Mine*, find the very life of God himself and make it thine that some day in thee He may create another soul still more like Himself and thy dream for thyself.



DUSK SNOWFALL

Mamie Edgington, '25

Outside my window
Snowflakes—
Dream children of the air—
Hurry homeward
Dragging by the hand
Their reluctant playmate
Twilight.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

Martha Jane Shawen, '29

The little house waits for you, laddie,
Untenanted through passing days,
Aloof . . . defying change . . .
And the white gate out there
Beneath the rose-arbor
Will yield to no touch but yours.
Through all the dense-grown groves without,
Time has built a lonely lane of years;
But still the house stands patient—apart,
Quietly watchful,
And never is the gate unswung.
At day-end when other shades are drawn
Against the night,
A sleepless candle mocks at crouching shadows
From the east window
With vestal-faith.
Neither yet has the hearth-stone been cool
From steadfast flame . . .
For you'll come down the winding path
In the dark sometime,
Droop-shouldered, your feet dragging in the dust,
With need of warmth and cheer.
There will be heart-break tugging fierce,
To bow your proud head low;
And hunger.
But then there'll come love in the wind
About you—
Kiss of lilies from a moon-lit garden—
To point out hope denied.
And the gate will leap back, laughing,
And the little house will smile to take you in,
Unquestioning, tender—
Your home, your heart's home—
Heedless that you tarried long.

LINES

W. H. Camp, '25

J. T. Camp, '27

(As the same incident would be related by
various notables).

The Public Opinion (from the files of 1727)—
“ and she came through the door.”

Shakespeare—

“Alas! Her footstep! I knew it well.”

Alf Noyes—

“The moon was a tarnished 'arf-crown
Afloat on a sudsy sea,
When my dark-eyed love came tripping,
With a tankard of ale came tripping,
Thru the tavern door to me.”

Omar Khayyam—

“And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
By many houses with their plots of grass,
And enter at my door (for I have one),
Bring not an empty glass.”

E. A. Poe—

“Once upon a midnight dreary,
While I drank IT weak and bleary
Came a stepping and a trepping,
As of someone slyly crepping,
Crepping thru my cellar door.”

Francois Villon—

“Fat Margot came into the tavern;
Two wants she had, perdie!
A tankard of ale, and a lover—
But no censure for that from me.”

Paul Lawrence Dunbar—

“Thar comes mah Lindy Lou,—
Mah goodness, evehmore!
Ain’t she the sweetest thing,
A-swingin’ thru that door?”

Amy Lowell—

“Footfalls.
Feet encased in tiny shoes—
Footfalls slowly moving homeward,
Leaving painful marks upon the threshold dust.
God, what are tight shoes for?

Carl Sandburg—

“It was an oaken door,
And had carved panels,
And she came thru the oaken door
Once, twice,
A hundred times a day—
Well, what of it?”

Buckeye—

“The roses rambled and bloomed some more,
As she came thru the open door.”

Alice—

“The candle splutters sick and flips
Some tallow on the coleus slips.
As she comes in her shadows crawl,
And climb inanely up the wall.”

Joe—

“You entice me and inflame me
To a thousand songs, or more—
By the great Archangel Michael!
When you enter thru the door.”

Us—

The finer frenzies of youth have passed;
We stew and fret and write at last—
“She came in.”

YELLOW SOAP IN WATER—HAPPINESS

Marcella Henry, '28

In a golden flash it floats from me
Dancing in sparkles of light—
I clutch for it eagerly; it skips from my fingers,
But still it's yellow in sight.

My fingers sweep the water's depth
I want that floating sunshine!
I touch it. Ah! My hands are on it!
But no. 'Tis gone! Not mine.

I stretch my hands for golden amber,
Slipping through waters of blue;
I place my hand in careless grace—
I touch it! I have it. I hold you!

You drip in golden shower tears,
But you're mine, gold thing, you're mine!
You're captured now, elusive gleam,
Phantom fall of sunshine.

I place you safe within your box—
But horror clouds my brow!
Your amber flash of beauty's gone,
There's nothing lovely now.

ON CLEVERNESS

Verda Evans, '28

“CLEVERNESS is the level of mediocrity today and we are all too infernally clever.” This caustic bit of philosophy has the confessional tang of a one-time columnist. Granting that a columnist is the most artistic cynic the world owns, I bow before the penetrating wisdom of the statement.

Having allowed the possible wisdom of this newspaper sage, I feel free to differ. “We are all too infernally clever”—Maybe we are, but there is nothing so stimulating as the pungent remark or no one so deadly to boredom as the clever man, be he cynic or humorist.

This paper is not a defense of cleverness per se, but I feel impelled to query—Who has suffered from the all-pervading presence of the embryonic Don Juan, sincere but clumsy, for an entire evening and not entreated Allah for some saving grace even though it be in the form of the Scientific Monthly or the Delineator.

Personally, I hate being bored and hold no brief for the boresome. The dull man has not lived, although he may have been in a state of existence these many years past. His experiences are not broad enough to carry him past the “weather” stage in conversation or the thrills of a Harold Bell Wright novel in his reading. I do not pretend to be one of the intellectually jaded, for I am not, but I do relish and enjoy one who has the gift of the gods in being able to say the obvious differently.

Critics commend Thackeray for his chattiness, his conversational asides and his interpretive comments. May I suggest that Thackeray is my guiding star during this lapse.

Webster is sometimes a great consolation. He has told me that “clever” means adept, dexterous,

capable, or artistic. He likewise assures me that "cleverness" is not the antithesis of "sincere" and I have rejoiced in my heart. I should suffer, were I really obliged to admit that Charles Merz, Stephen Leacock, and Don Marquis all possess clay feet in this matter of sincerity. From my study of Shakespeare, whose works, by the way, should serve as the English Major's Bible, I have deduced that even the gruff, blustery and tactless Iago is a supreme example of insincerity. I gather from this that cleverness and sincerity do not always travel as partners, for not even the above-mentioned English Major could present the palm of sincerity to our friend Iago. This discovery leads me to raise the stock of a few of my literary heroes of the day and I find myself granting O. O. McIntyre, Heywood Brown, and H. L. Mencken, standing room on the Olympus of Sincerity.

I like the word sincerity. It is a clean word. It has never been toyed with. I should be afraid to do so. One cannot toy with things and keep them. In the very nature of things it is decreed that all things have their price. Personified Sincerity to me would be much like Dame Nature—never solemn but always serious.

Can one ever forget Oscar Wilde's statement—"the cynic is a man who knows the price of everything but the cost of nothing." We admit the cleverness of this phrasing and would never question its innate worth and sincerity. The clever man does not need to be a humorist. The sad part of our present day humor is that so much of it is not clever. Rather we are often overcome by the immensity of its stupidity.

I think even the Fates must pity those who talk about bread and butter in terms of loaves and pounds all the time. I prefer a "dainty, tempting morsel of white dressed in sweet, golden butter" once in a while, although a plain sandwich is nectar and ambrosia after a basketball game.

Cleverness is not new. This form of artistry, found in the deft handling of words, has been a necessity from the time of Prehistoric Man. Can you imagine our Cave Man stalking to his cavern entrance at 3 o'clock in the morning after a heavy session with the fraternity boys and bluntly telling the ever inquisitive female of the species all the interesting details? Ah, no, he creeps in quietly and, if discovered, uses words in such wonderful and startling array that the final impression of the waiting one is that her hero has been taking a midnight gallop on a Dinosaur at the doctor's orders.

Jumping ahead an eon or two we find in France, embodied in the persons of Racine, Moliere, and Corneille, a delightful freshness of statement as evidenced in the abundance of mots found in the literature of this period. You will be interested in observing that the artistic way of stating a truth has by this time been dignified by the name "mot" growing out of this we have the "mot d'esprit," "mot de situation," and the "mot de caracteur."

Early in the 18th century, we find Sterne, English clergyman and humorist, making his concession to cleverness in literature by leaving blank pages in his novels to allow the interested reader to furnish his own description of the heroine. I commend to all students of advertising a bit of research during this period if they would secure new ideas in the matter of the attention device.

I hold that the word "clever" should be kept above common traffic. Its use should suggest a setting apart from the ordinary mortal rather than a handy word to be used indiscriminately in describing a sandwich, a poem, a dress, or a mot d'esprit. I contend that the word should be a special appellation conferred only on those who have been proven worthy.

De Casseres tells us that "Sherwood Anderson and Carl Sandburg have Kleig eyes from observing the obvious too closely." I grant that. However, as

I think of Sherwood Anderson I should never think of him as being clever. He is too heavy. His methods are those of the broadside rather than those of the rapier. In "Dark Laughter" he enthralls, but not by his artistry. Cleverness may prick, but it never bruises.

Were it within my power to confer a boon upon my ill-starred companions in this eternal search for the new and the interesting, I should beg of Diana, ever my personification of things hoped for and things attained, to grant the Muses leave to quit their home on Old Parnassus to dwell on earth and lend impetus to the pointed pen and ready mot of the really clever man.

If my newspaper sage be correct in saying that "cleverness is the level of mediocrity" then today we have few mediocre people.



THIS LOVE

Alice Sanders, '26

What love is more,
That love is death—
To be some star
His spinning breath,

A universe,
Beyond, apart,
Compelled about
One sovereign heart.

A love too great
Lacks power to bless,
And yet, dear one,
Is this love less?

SPRIGS

Ruth Roberts, '25

Happiness comes like sunbeam flowers
On a golden spray;
Sometimes I catch a perfumed whiff
Before it fades away.
"You ought to go in search of it,"
I'm often told,
But I'm content with sprigs of joy
Rose, blue—gold.

On cloud-white days, I see soft dreams
Go slipping by;
Perhaps there are whole fields of them
Beyond the sky.
I do not think I'll long for them
As some folks do,
But be content with sprigs of dreams
Gold, rose—blue.

One lovely day a flower fell
Down at my feet;
I trembled as I stooped to touch
A rose so sweet.
Perhaps His garden is too fair,
Our Father knows,
And so He sends just sprigs of love
Blue, gold—rose.

Quatrain

R. R., '25

Last night into my dreaming
The moon-boat dipped her bow
And sailed, dream-laden, theeward;
I wonder—did you know?

♦ ♦ ♦

EVOLUTION

Thelma Snyder, '27

There be three things which are too wonderful
for me. Yea, four which I know not:

The way of an eagle in the air;
The way of a serpent upon a rock;
The way of a ship in the midst of the sea;
And the way of a man with a maid!

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

Time—1924—1927

Place—Otterbein College

Characters—Any Freshman Lad
and Lassie in Embryonic Stage.

AS A FRESHMAN SPEAKETH

Act I, Scene I.

Setting: Winter Garden Theatre showing
"Ain't Love Wonderful?" Theatre in soft
darkness—the charmed silence broken by a
high-pitched voice reading moving picture
titles aloud, and the occasional crunching of
peanut shells followed by the grinding of liber-
ated peanuts.

Freshman: (Squeezing companion's hand as screen
hero embraces heroine).

Gosh, Paddie, 'ain't this a thriller!
Say, you're ten times prettier than the heroine,
Gee, I'm wild about you, freckled nose and all;
Mercy, look there! Is he gonna kill'er?

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AS A SOPHOMORE PROCLAIMETH

Act II, Scene II

Time—One Year Later

Setting—Science Hall Steps.

Sophomore: (Gazing passionately into the velvet blue heavens, dotted with innumerable stars).

Pat, by the luminary brightness
Of yon cold satellites,
By the transcending brilliance
Of yonder restless void,
I swear the great mystery
Bearing me sublimely to blue and airy flights
Is love—undying, fathomless, penetrating,
unalloyed!

AS A JUNIOR DIVINETH

Act III, Scene III

Time—One Year Later

Setting—Shrock Bridge—A full moon peeping slyly from behind saffron clouds; a tit-willow calling softly from the darkened woods.

Junior: Oh, ma chere, Je vous adore,
Ah, deux coeurs battant comme une,
C'est le vieux, vieux conte—
Pourquoi Je me repete encore?

AS A MAN PLEADETH

Act IV, Scene IV.

Time—One Year Later

Setting: Gondola on Alum Creek.

Late afternoon sun turns maiden's hair to bronze-gold and paints a wide beckoning path up the silent creek. A blue-bottle wasp drops lightly on the cream petals of a full-blown water-lily. The soft swish of paddles ceases—

the gondola comes to rest in the sweeping shadows of an old willow. The man smiles down at the maid—a lovebird trills gaily—"we two, no more, whee two, whee!"

Seniro: Patricia:

Thou art like a dream
In a silver mist,
That follows a long white trail,
Where shadows lie cool
And fragrant winds
Drift out of an amber vale.

And my only wish
As I follow the trail
On, on, where the white meets blue,
Is to find you there
When the moon hangs low
And tangled dreams come true!

♦ ♦ ♦

FALL BLOSSOMS

Mamie Edgington, '25

Today my cup of happiness
Is filled and overflows,
For at my feet I found this morn
A bowl of Golden-Glows.

I touched them very carefully,
And in a mellow light
Upon a lacquered pedestal
Kept them within my sight.

Underneath I've spread my mat
And spent the live-long day
A-sipping of their beauty,
Before it goes away.

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FREE VERSE

By Helen Bovee Shear, '19

Oh, the maple leaves are turning,
Adaline,
And my heart for you is yearning,
Girl of mine!
And before the trees are bare,
'Ere the frost is in the air,
Be my bride, oh sweet and fair
Adaline!

"In my estimation that rime is only one thing, hooley, and why I spent most of a perfectly good, round, innocent, unprotected minute reading it is more than I know. There must be a weakness in my get-up which has hitherto lain dormant."

Thus rapidly meditated Morrison Whitney as he shoved some papers under a weight, lifted his hat from a nearby peg and took strides toward the office door. If he had allowed himself more honesty in his meditations they would have run something like this: "Why didn't I, having allowed my roving glance to fasten itself upon the word, 'Adaline,' on the desk of a fellow laborer, immediately recall said glance before it had absorbed all that was written on the paper? Why did I fear for even a second's fraction that the innocent poet who practises accounting at my left was addressing Miss Adaline Jackson, in whom I am so profoundly interested?"

Having satisfied his curiosity and registered suitable contempt for the verse, Morrison had, he thought, flicked the incident lightly from his mind. He had not reckoned, however, with the power of iambic pentameter upon a mind recently cleared of the day's mental debris. Adaline—girl of mine—in the air—sweet and fair—there it was, pounding away so perseveringly that he was actually forced to keep step to its vigorous accents as he started walking toward his restaurant. He was actively an-

noyed by the insistence of the rhythm and tried strenuously to fasten his thoughts upon some theme which would put the rimes to rout. But that preposterous doggerel would not be put down; it continued, instead, to throb away at Morrison's consciousness until it achieved the prodigious feat of generating therein a bristling new idea. It was an exotic conception, something which never could have entered his standardized intellect by any process of reasoning which was native thereto.

Acting upon it, Morrison at once turned back in the direction of the office he had recently left. As he strode along he selected from his mental repertoire an assortment of phrases, tried and true with which he strove to convince himself that what he was doing could be accounted sane, even smart. He was the Victim of Circumstances. The elusive Adaline had Entered His Life, but she had a Strong Mind of Her Own and against this mental strength his blonde good naturedness had made little headway, even though he wished more than all things in the world to make that very headway. Then Across His Path had been flung a lyric (maybe it was a lyric, he thought hopefully) and lyrics were Age-Old Weapons used in the Game of Love. Moreover, his fellow worker, the accounting bard, was ceaselessly tossing off tunes from his typewriter just to hear them jingle. He would merely dignify this one little handful of rimes and accents with a real "raison d'etre."

He entered the office and walked over to the accountant's desk, where, having pulled a memorandum book from the conventional vest pocket, he copied the lines laboriously, painstakingly, even to the twist of the commas and the depth of the indentations. He had become a plagiarist, which is the scrivener's name for a thief.

II

Adaline was sitting under the georgette lamp shade trying to see the joke. By her side on the

davenport was a letter from her boy friend, Morrison Whitney, which had come in the afternoon mail and which contained what must have been intended for a rimed proposal built up around her name. The verse itself had seemed somewhat off character, but she knew that the little note which prefaced it was straight-from-the-soil stuff. When she had opened the letter she had giggled happily and had reflected that he was even more deeply engulfed than she had dared hope. "The darling Victorian boyishness of him," she had thought. "Why, he's the rarest and sweetest thing this side of King Arthur's Round Table. Imagine sending verses to one's sugar sheba in these days of direct contacts!" The rimes had worried her a little, however, for she hadn't supposed him capable of even a couplet. "I do hope he hasn't an aesthetic complex," she had reflected, wondering how any kind of a complex could have remained hidden behind that bland brow and sleekly parted hair, "a yearning for Higher Things. I'd dislike having to compete with a poetic impulse for fifty years."

All of these meditations had taken place before the arrival of the evening paper which was now lying open on her lap. She was glaring viciously at a column on the "Friday Evening Page of Comics," headed "Delirious Ditties."

♦ ♦ ♦

Delirious Ditties

*We will pay five dollars for every verse foolish
enough to be printed in this column.*

Oh, the maple leaves are turning,

Adaline,

And my heart for you is yearning,

Girl of mine!

And before the trees are bare,

'Ere the frost is in the air,

Be my bride, oh sweet and fair

Adaline!

That's why Adaline was trying to see the joke. Or why she was trying to keep from seeing it. "Not so Victorian as I too hastily concluded. Not so sweet. He wishes to tell me as that as far as he is concerned, I'm funny. He would have me know that what heart throbs he may once have had for me he is now disposing of as so much per throb. And I might have prevented this by only a few properly inflected syllables or by a single glance, skillfully manipulated! But it is plain enough now that friend Morrison has become a reminiscence, while there remains for me the role of forsaken heroine who will dissolve in tears and flow out of the picture. Well, at least I can do my act inside a good starched and enameled exterior!"

III

Morrison Whitney, in the clear, cold light of a bond office on Saturday morning was dredging the depths of humiliation. A turbulent reaction from the poetic orgy of the evening before had set in and Morrison realized that if ladies' hearts in days of yore had been won with verse it must have been a different kind of stuff from those rimes (darn 'em—Adaline—girl of mine—in the air—sweet and fair) which he had sent his sweetie the day before. She had thought him almost an idiot all along; this would round out the estimation admirably. Why hadn't he been content to plod along making what progress he could with the talents Providence had allotted him? And there was the other chance, almost more ghastly, that she had liked the thing (you never can tell what nonsense a woman will take up with) and would expect him to follow up the cue and write bigger and better verses in her honor. She was probably looking forward to sonnets or epics already and he didn't know either variety from a Mother Goose rime! He could sketch out for himself only one course of action, the leading event in which would be a confession to Adaline. He'd tell her that he wasn't a poet, that he was instead a petty purloiner of doggerel and that above and beyond

everything he was a fool. And he could see clearly with his inner sight the look she'd be wearing during the telling.

IV

He had been right about the look, but there was even more of it than he had expected.

"Ad, well, you see," he began that evening after she had deigned to let him enter her home, "the truth is, Ad, that I'm really not a poet at all."

"You startle me," she replied in a voice matching the look.

"I thought it might please you, Ad, I only wanted to show you that I'd try anything—"

"You succeeded. I consider it a dangerous type."

"—that I'd try anything to interest you."

"Even the comic supplement."

"Oh, I know I'm that and a couple of Charlie Chaplins besides."

"Well, if you think I'm going to play opposite you in your little comedy any longer—"

"Oh, I know this is the last act, Ad."

"You're speaking the truth. This is the last act and the last scent, but there's an epilog. Please explain, my quondam poet, what thought, if any, was uppermost in your mind when you sent my name, with the trimmings, to the funny editor."

"Why, Ad—"

"I don't object to being the inspiration for verse, but I'm particular about my classification in the public prints. I'm apt to come out under 'Bilious Ballad's in the final edition."

"Won't you give me the password, Ad, speak a word of enlightenment—?"

She pushed the paper toward him, pointing to the item of controversy. He read, wondering as he did so whether he'd ever again take interest in the light of day.

But over Adaline had broken a great light, such a light as one sees when emerging from a movie on a sunny afternoon. By means of the dazed look on

the young man's face, his stammering protests and the Philo Vance which is in every woman, she had patched together a piece of the truth.

"Morrison," she said, "You didn't write that poetry, did you?"

The unfathomableness of women! They didn't need reason. It would have cramped their style.

"Why, no, Ad, I was trying to tell you—"

"And you didn't know it was in the paper, did you—"

"No, but—"

"Then you're just what I thought you were, a—"

"I'm not even that. You haven't heard the worst. I stooped to pilfer. I embezzled those end rimes!"

"Why, whatever made you think that such carefully rimed and accented lines could possibly be 'free' verse?"

"Oh, that was poetic license," he retorted recklessly, wondering whether it was or not.

"Anyway, I'm glad you aren't a poet. As a foundation for a family, bonds are much to be preferred to ballads."

"Why, Ad," stammered the erstwhile voluble bond salesman, "You don't mean—you aren't saying—that is, Ad, you're taking me up—you'll marry—"

"'Before the trees are bare.

'Ere the frost is in the air—.'"

She waited expectant.

pectant.

"Oh, Ad, and it's August already!" he boomed in answer, thus proving to her conclusively that there wouldn't be any poetic impulse around to clutter up the house.

♦ ♦ ♦

AFTERGLOW

R. R., '25

There's an amber light in the west
Where the warm sun used to be;
Can it be that only an afterglow
Can call so clear to me.

Page Twenty-five

LIFE

Verda Evens, '28

Life,
A room for three in a dormitory
With one clothespress and one mirror
Seven chairs and thirteen pictures.

Love,
As brave and hopeless as a co-ed
Watching her man make a touchdown
The day after she gave back his pin.

Laughter,
A cynic's moan for a broken heart
A child's tribute to the king's fool
A brave man's creed, a coward's taunt.

Life, love, and laughter
For these we wear our masks
And hurt our hearts.

♦ ♦ ♦

SILENCE

Lillian Shively, '29

I cannot say the word that I long to say
For the fear that clings at my heart,
Nor speak of my love when it cries within me for
speech
But walk in silence apart.

How can I sing the song that I yearn to sing
Or glory in singing more!
I bring you my homage of silence, and silently wait
All trembling at your heart's door.

A MATTER OF SIZE

Marcella Henry, '28

SHE enthralled him. Fat people always did. He couldn't take his eyes from her. She was so huge. They were at an antique sale of priceless things. He was buying pictures. And so was she.

Very little, very prim, and very exact, he walked around the place examining the articles with extreme care. He touched the furniture critically, then stood off, looking at it speculatively. He must be very sure before he bought these things, very sure. He walked around some more and then stopped. He lifted one little hand to his very correct tie, with the other he swept back one little hair that had fallen from its perfumed mold. She must see him in all his beauty. He watched her.

One looked at her and knew that she was jolly. One talked to her and knew that she had a big heart. She shone all over, but most of all her eyes sparkled because she laughed so much. She hustled around as if she were a great buyer and a prosperous business woman. People looked at her, she was so big. After they saw her, they saw her clothes. She wore a wispy black hat that rocked on her head like a spring wagon seat. Her cheeks were painted so that one could tell it. Streaks and dabs and spots! Color on one side was higher than the other. Her skirt hung out at the bottom, like a sagging sheet from an unmade bed, and her dress was torn under her heavy arm. But she meant well, this fat lady. He could see that.

His eyes clung to her, especially to her arms. It sent feelings through him. To be so big! Unconsciously he pressed his own manicured little hands over his chest with downward rubbing strokes. He assured himself that he was still dressed as he had been when he started out. He sighed wistfully. He looked at her arms. To be so big!!

Then he looked at something she clutched in her hand, wielding it proudly, triumphantly, for everyone to see. He gasped. It was Raphael's Madonna Di San Sisto. That was what he wanted. It was for that he had come. And she had it.

He made even little steps up to her side. Very politely he addressed her.

"Madame, if the picture is for sale I shall buy it from you for much more than you paid for it. I shall give you two thousand dollars."

The fat lady gasped. Her cheeks billowed with more red. "Well, well," she exploded, waving her treasure around excitedly. "Think I'm going to sell this after all the trouble I had to get it? No, indeed."

The little man smiled indulgently at her. She didn't understand.

"I am sure, Madame, that if you knew how great was my desire for this picture you would not hesitate in selling at once. I am sure you will understand."

He pressed a neatly folded check into her hand. Her eyes dropped to it unconsciously and she saw between the folds the small neat figures he had written there. She drew herself up and looked at him coldly. "My dear friend, I am afraid it is you who does not understand. The picture is not for sale! I will not take any price for it."

He looked at her curiously. She was strange. He hadn't known fat women could be so queer. He signed again. To be big and yet so unreasonable.

"But, madam," he persisted. "If it means much to you, it means that much more to me. Why, I've been looking for this thing all my life. It is the great thing in my life. My dream. And now you would take it from me. Now?"

She looked down at him, oddly. He was strange. So little and skinny! A swift compassion for this funny little man swept over her. She sighed enviously, pityingly. To be so little—and yet so unreasonable.

"May I ask why this picture means so much to you?" she said, not unkindly.

"Must I say?" he asked slowly.

"I'd like to know," she answered. "I can't imagine what this picture would mean to anyone else besides myself."

"His little hands were trembling. His voice came in whispers. 'I'll tell you. I want this picture because—of the two little baby cherubs at the bottom—looking up. They're so wicked, and chubby—like I never was.'"

"And so small, and cunning — like I never was—," she murmured.

They looked at one another long, startled.

* * *

Today, the picture of the Madonna Di San Sisto rests above the fireplace in their home.

♦ ♦ ♦

AND THEN . . .

Verda Evans, '28

He laughed
Shrugged his shoulders
Bought a new tie
And forgot.

She laughed
Lied to her friends
Took up social service
And remembered.

GARDENS

Mamie Edgington, '25

My garden, yes I have one,
Is quite different I know
From your bright flashing gardens,
Where such gorgeous blossoms grow.

Outside only dark brown branches;
Mingled with them you will see
Faded dreams with once-gold centers
No one knew belonged to me.

Now and then a bright red blossom
Springs up quickly mid the rest;
But these never seem to linger;
They find other gardens best.

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