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THE QUIZ AND QUILL



Spring 1928

The Quiz & Quill



M A Y 1928

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THE QUIZ AND QUILL CLUB

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SPRING GREETINGS

I am the bard of Otterbein
The Minnesinger gay
Who gathers all that you have writ
And turns it to a lay.
I've tried to be the whole of you
The singer of the clan
The maker of your happiness
As reigned in days of Pan.

QUIZ AND QUILL.

DECISION

First Prize Barnes Short Story

MARY THOMAS, '28

ARLAN was born late in October of 1912. It was a week of beautiful Indian summer, hazy days when a blue mist hung over the hills, and crisp nights colored with the brown odor of dry leaves. Hildegard loved it. She was so glad that everything was fair when Arlan came into the world. She could never forget that week. Or the summer that went before. Everything had been perfect. Too perfect. She used to wonder in later days why she had not felt the evil foreboding of too much happiness.

In April Karl had taken her to the country. To a little cottage that might have belonged to a story, it was so quaint and full of simple charm. A cottage surrounded by such an old garden as never grows except where human love has lived. No wonder that Hildegard was happy there as she waited through the long days for the divine coming that was to climax her womanhood.

There was a path that led from the worn door-step between drooping syringa and bridalwreath, to the stream, a drowsy canal, completely arched with trees. It was there that they loved to spend the quiet days. Sometimes drifting in the green boat, or, when it was warm, Hildegard in a wicker lawn chair near the water while Karl sat on the grass with his back against the trunk of a great elm. Oftenest it was Karl who talked. He had so much to tell. Hildegard never tired of listening to the slow rhythm of his words. Because she was young, and most of all because she loved him, she never failed to enter into the spirit of his mind. It was of Germany that he spoke.

Karl Brenner was older than Hildegard; he would soon be thirty-four. Born in Germany, he had lived there until he was twelve. A great sense of loyalty to that land had marked the training of his childhood. Years in America could not make him forget

his reverence for the fatherland. America was his home, the world of his every-day, but in his dreams he turned to Germany as the ideal country, a place shrouded in a gleaming veil of romance, golden with the memories of a happy boyhood, colored bright with the glamor of his reading.

He must have been an attractive young man. Hildegarde often wished that she might have known him in those days. She could imagine him, eager and longing, as he saved his earnings for a journey to the land of his dreams. Germany was his hobby. He read of it, and thought of it constantly. The trip lasted nearly a year. It was the fulfillment of his dearest yearning.

It was characteristic of Karl Brenner that the greatness of Germany as a world power should impress him only indifferently. Imperialism, militarism, commerce, and science did not interest him greatly. In America, too, one heard of such things. It was the old-world romance which thrilled him. The Germany of storied rivers and ancient cities, crumbling castles and stately cathedrals. The magic land of the Nibelungenlied and the fairy tales of gnomes and giants, storks and turreted ring-walls, of Gothic houses in rows, and the glamor of medieval courtyards.

Through the yellow afternoons while the green boat bumped lazily against the bank and the bees droned among the flowers, Karl pictured for Hildegarde the scenes which he loved so well. She saw the gabled houses of Hildesheim, the cathedral towers at Ulm, the glory of old Heidelberg, the castle-bordered Rhine, Danzig, mysterious in a Baltic fog; Meissen, the city of bright flowers, and the mighty blue Danube on its way to the Black Sea. The music of Germany Karl knew, and the romantic legends, and myths.

There was something very fine about Karl Brenner, aesthetic, and loveable, and impractical. He lived so much in his dreams. He was like a tall flame, flashing brilliantly, and flickering with artistic eagerness. Hildegarde was a little flame, but she burned with a

steady glow.

Day by day she came into a stronger realization of his dreams. His love of Germany obsessed him. It was a dream land more vivid than the scenes surrounding him. Perhaps if Hildegarde had been older, or less in love with her husband, she would have found a place for fear. But young love is not afraid.

Such a wonderful, beautiful summer, watching the flowers in the garden bloom and fade, seeing the mother birds teaching their young to fly. The heavenly contentment of drifting down the canal; warm arms and renewed vows in the moonlight.

Once they talked of the legend of Undine, the virgin water-nymph, who by her marriage with a man received a soul. And because the knight, her husband, spoke harshly to her when they were on the river, her kindred drew her from the boat, and she vanished, weeping, into the arms of the Danube.

"It was because the knight let something interfere with his love," Karl had said. "Hildegarde, darling, nothing in the world shall ever come between us."

His eyes were mistily gray.

"No, Karl, nothing must ever make us forget that our love for each other is greater than all else."

Arlan was the sweetest baby in the world. Karl and Hildegarde were both certain of that. His hair was a sunny gold, like his mothers, but his eyes were dark and sometimes unexpectedly wistful. He had a quaint way of talking which Karl laughingly tried to explain as the German brogue. Karl told the boy many stories of that far-away land which he loved so well—all the beautiful fairy lore of Hans Anderson and the brothers Grimm. After Germany went to war in 1914 Arlan used to play at being a German soldier, an adorable tot with an aluminum bowl over his head for a helmet.

Karl had an illness that autumn which left him weakened and a little irritable. By spells he was like his old self, and again Hildegarde wondered if he could be the same man that she had married. He took

the war very seriously from the first. But somehow he seemed never willing to face the facts. Hildegarte, at first sympathizing with his every sentiment, was finally forced to admit to herself that Karl was surely unreasonable in his view of the war. She loyally blamed the illness for this change in him. He simply wasn't well, she told herself over and over.

In the beginning it was no more than natural that his interests should be with the German side. Germany was the idol of his dreams; she could do no wrong. Criticism of his beloved land only made his loyalty stronger. He thrilled in describing Germany's literature, her music, her culture which ranked her supreme above the rest of the world. That this was apart from the question of her actions in war Karl was not able to understand.

In the early years Hildegarte agreed with all that Karl said. But she had a strong mind of her own, and gradually she came to the realization that their ideas could not always coincide. The breaking of her illusion was unpleasant, but at least it could be broken. With Karl it seemed that nothing could shatter the ideal. It was more real than reality.

By the spring of 1917 Hildegarte could feel the tension in the air whenever she and Karl went out together. They were no longer regarded as people who had queer ideas about a subject of indifferent importance. Now they were people who sided with the enemy of the land.

War for America was inevitable. Tho Karl was growing constantly more silent, Hildegarte read and heard the men talk. She knew what was going to come. In a way she was glad. An American declaration of war might be the thing most needed to awaken Karl's love for the land which was his home. If that could not prove the error of his dream . . .

It came sooner than she had expected. With an alarming suddenness America had gone to war. Everywhere flags were flying, men were marching;

what had been only an imagined dread in the mind of the nation was now a grim actuality. It was impossible not to be moved by the fever of the people. But its appeal to Karl had worse than failed. Before he had felt little but his own love for Germany; now he was learning to hate America because America hated Germany.

The day that Hildegarde realized the futility of her hope was longer than a year. She aged during the passing of moments. The birth of her child had been only a step toward the mountain of maturity which came to her now. There must be some way, something she could do. Because she was more than ever a woman she faced her problem in a woman's way. By twilight she had decided that her final chance of victory lay in the power of love. It was a desperate test.

In May they went to the tiny cottage where they had spent those heavenly months five years before. It had been easy for her to arrange everything. Undoubtedly the outdoor life would be fine for Arlan. Karl needed a good rest and Hildegarde, too, was thin and tired from living in town. Karl had felt very bad when she had showed him the circles under her eyes. Very remorseful that he had not noticed how pale she was, he caught her to him with a tender embrace that made a lump come to her throat. It was so like the old days of their early love. Oh, she could win him; she must, she must. Karl had no difficulty in getting permission to leave his work. That was one of the things which hurt Hildegarde most, for she knew he was a fine workman, unusually intelligent, and always respected for his extraordinary culture. But these were war days when a man who was supposed to side with the enemy was hardly an asset. It seemed that the employers were almost glad of a chance to rid themselves of Karl Brenner.

The little cottage was very much as it had been before. The roses grew in greater wildness, their long fronds twining in weird and beautiful tangles, sug-

gestive of a great goddess who had not combed her hair for a long time. The green boat was shabby now, and inclined to leak, Karl spent several days mending it, and giving it a coat of paint. Arlan had a wonderful time, exploring every corner of the quaint old place, and following his father as he went about the homely tasks which came to his attention. The world of the great war seemed very far away. Karl was becoming more like himself; life was simpler here, more like the old days. Almost Hildegarde dared to be happy.

Yet, behind all, was the knowledge that this couldn't last forever. No matter how far away it seemed, still it was true that American boys with guns in their hands were on their way to France, going to kill and be killed. Someday she must talk to Karl. She must make him see.

It was near the end of their third week in the country that the quiet of their life was broken by the arrival of a stranger. He was a short, dark man, with a thick neck and an unpleasant voice. Hildegarde felt an instinctive dislike for him, although he treated her with an attitude of extreme courtesy. Karl introduced him as Von Hermann, a business acquaintance. Clearly the new-comer was a German. Although he arrived when they had only started their evening meal, he would not dine with them, but insisted that he must speak to Karl at once. The two men went into the garden talking earnestly. An hour passed, two, three, and they did not return. Once Hildegarde walked down the path until she heard the sound of their voices in the arbor. When her foot kicked a pebble against the wall, Von Hermann gave an exclamation in German, and the men arose and moved in the opposite direction. She went back to the cottage. At eleven o'clock she threw out the food which she had been keeping warm for Karl's return, and went to bed.

Still wide awake when Karl came in an hour later, she waited for him to make some explanation, but he had nothing to say. By his breathing she knew that

he too lay sleepless until the dawn. In the morning when he said that he must go to the city on business, she packed his bag with a heavy heart. He was back in three days, silent about his trip, but boyishly glad to be at the cottage again.

That evening they drifted in the boat after Arlan, tired from play, had been put early to bed. The moonlight made a path of silver across the water. It might have been one of the nights of that other summer, except for a little strangeness between them which Hildegard tried in vain to break down. For long minutes the two would seem in complete union of spirit, then for a second something would creep in, and she knew that Karl's mind had gone out where hers could not follow.

Through the succeeding months that something grew; and with it the hurt in Hildegard's heart. Karl did not return to his work after they went to the city in the autumn. He was not well enough, he said. In a way it was true. He was nervous and singularly silent. Seeing the little new lines of worry above his eyes, Hildegard longed for the power to help him. Dear, dear Karl, so artistic, so impractical, giving his loyalty to a dream.

He was often away at night. There were secret meetings, she knew, with Von Hermann and other of the Germans. She didn't know exactly what they did, but at least they were plotting against the American cause. They weren't Karl's kind of men, they had no vision of beauty; oh, why couldn't he realize that? But they had an awful power over Karl Brenner. Blindfolded and trustful, he had become their tool.

Hildegard tried to counterbalance her husband's work with her own. She sewed weary hours for the Red Cross, she baked war cakes to save sugar, she bought Thrift Stamps for herself and for Arlan. But there was talk. She was Karl Brenner's wife, she felt it in women's attitude toward her. Some were rudely suspicious, others overkind. Once a strange woman came to her in a store. She grasped Hilde-

garde's arm very tightly with her own thin hand, and begged her earnestly to keep her husband at home at night, for if she did not something terrible was going to happen. Long after the woman had faded into the crowd, her mysterious warning haunted Hildegarde. There was something uncanny about it which made her afraid.

If Karl were really in danger, then he needed her now more than ever before. She was his wife, she must stand by him no matter what came. But, oh, it wasn't just duty. It was her own Karl, and she loved him with a holy, sacred love. And he was Arlan's father.

Arlan's father a German, and Arlan an American. One afternoon she found the boy playing soldier—a German soldier, the old game Karl had taught him in the early years of the war. Playing a German soldier, with an American flag in his hand. The irony of it. How could she make him understand? He was such a dear little fellow, with his great dark eyes, and a smear of dirt across the corner of his cheek. With a burning passion she gathered him into her arms and for an hour tried to explain to him what it meant to be a soldier for America.

That night she pled with Karl.

"Karl, dear, after all you are an American, you know. And Arlan is an American. We must teach him to love his country. Oh, please, forget these German loyalties, and help me to show our boy what real American patriotism is. You have thought only of Germany; can't you love America?"

Before he spoke she knew that he could not respond to her mood.

"But what has America ever done for me? All that I know of beauty, and of the finer things of life, I have gotten from my fatherland. And now your America is banning them,—German music, German plays, German opera. Glorious Wagner pushed out of the theaters without even a regret. Why should I love America when America hates me for my German

blood. Here is what your Americans have to say."

He drew from his pocket a little notebook filled with clippings. "See this from the New York Sun, 'The Germans are not human beings in the common acceptance of the term.' And the New York Herald advocates the hanging of German-Americans to the lamp-posts. It is an actual fact that a woman was knocked down in the streets of New York for speaking the German language, and the court discharged the brute without a reprimand. And you ask me to love these people. The Americans hate me, but I hate them more."

"Karl, I am an American."

"You are my wife. Does that mean nothing to you?"

Oh, it did, it did. She loved Karl, and nothing else mattered. Her first loyalty must be to him.

And still the clouds of menace rolled darker around them.

The night was stifling hot, oppressive with a potent stirlessness in the air. Hildegard could hear Arlan tossing in his bed. At her side Karl lay in hot, sodden steep, breathing heavily. The clock down town struck one. If only she could relax.

Why couldn't she forget things and go to sleep? Her mind raced in feverish phantoms. She saw the soldier boys marching, marching. Just boys they were, with bright eyes and smiling faces. Arlan would be that big some day. Would he have to take a gun and go out to fight? To fight the Germans? —Yes, that was it, to fight his own father. She could see them now. Arlan in his blue play suit and the toy gun in his hand standing up against Karl, the old Karl that she had first known. Arlan shooting at the Karl who had hummed the Blue Danube as they drifted down the moonlit canal. They were killing each other. No, Karl was killing Arlan.

"Oh, Karl, dear! Oh, no, Arlan my baby! Oh—"

She was sitting upright, her hand clutched to her throat where her heart thumped. In spite of the heat

she was shivering. There was much noise in the street. People were walking in the street and tramping across the yard. There was a heavy step on the porch, and the bell sent out an awful peal. Someone was pounding loudly. Above the incoherent babble of many voices Hildegard heard two or three voices shouting, "To hell with the Huns," and calling Karl's name with terrible oaths.

Karl was up now, dazed and silent.

"Hide in the wardrobe, quick," she called to him. "I'll go to the door."

She drew a robe over her shoulders. The men at the door were pounding louder. With shaking hands she threw the bolt. As the door swung open she planted herself squarely on the threshold, her heart beating madly beneath the muslin of her gown.

At the sight of her the men stepped back a little. One of them she knew as Jackson, a merchant, an honest man, and a fervent patriotic leader. He lowered his eyes a moment before the fury of her own. The people in the street were crowding closer, shouting angrily. She could see the faces of those nearest her; they were full of the hatred of animals.

"What do you want?" she said.

She was answered by a shower of oaths against Karl Brenner. Jackson tried to quiet the mob. "We are sorry, Mrs. Brenner," he said. "You must let us in. We want Karl Brenner."

"No, you cannot come in. He is my husband. You have no right—"

The crowd shouted threateningly.

Jackson could control the mob mere seconds more. He almost screamed to make himself heard.

"My woman, your husband is an enemy of America. We do have the right. In the name of America, in the name of the soldiers, in the name of the children—"

The animal faces closed around her. She tried to keep them from coming in. Rough hands thrust her aside, and a score of men were searching the house. In a moment they had dragged Karl into the street.

Arlan was crying upstairs. She went to him, and drew him to her as she knelt by the window, her hand over his eyes that he should not see. Should not see his father beaten and made to kiss the flag.

What a horrible night. It couldn't be real. But it was.

The half unconscious body lay very still on the bed. Occasionally a groan came from Karl's swollen lips, twice a curse upon America. The doctor worked in silence. At his side Hildegarde handed him cloths wrung from warm water. One would scarcely believe that that welted mass of flesh had been a man's back.

"Perhaps you'd better lie down and rest a little yourself," the physician said once.

"Oh, no. No, I couldn't do that."

So this was what came of a man's loyalty. This was what came to Karl because he had revered the legends and the melodies of his dream land. For Germany. But what was it the man had said?—"In the name of America, in the name of the children." They had done it for Arlan's sake. Arlan was an American. Now she saw stretching hard and clear before her the way that she must take. She wondered why she had not seen it earlier. Everything else must be sacrificed to her love of Arlan, and of America.

At last the physician was ready to leave.

"Are you sure, doctor, that he is in no danger?"

"Yes. All he needs now is rest and quiet. He will probably sleep all day. There is nothing more to be done."

"He will not need me today?"

"No."

"He will be much better tomorrow."

"Yes."

It was almost dawn. Hildegarde hurried about the house, setting everything in order. Fatigue meant nothing to her. Hastily she packed a few of her things and Arlan's. Karl lay silent, taking no notice of her movement. He had spoken to her only once since they had carried him back into the house. His

words had told her that his spirit was not broken.

The sun's first thin rays were touching the lawn when she opened the door. A new rose bud had opened during the night. It was deeply red, and heavy with odor. She went to cut it, arranged it in a vase, and mounted the stairs once more. She would put it on the stand where Karl would see it when first he opened his eyes. Then taking her child by the hand she closed behind her the door of her home.

IN THE SPRING

FRANCES McCOWAN, '28

What makes you feel so merry
 In the spring?
When you hear the bird-songs cheery
 In the spring?
'Tis the birds that sing so lightly;
'Tis the sun that shines so brightly;
'Tis the wind that blows so sprightly—
 In the spring.

What makes you feel so jolly
 In the spring?
What makes your thoughts all folly
 In the spring?
'Tis the time when birds are mating;
'Tis the time when youth is dating,
And Dan Cupid's always waiting—
 In the spring.

SHATTERED DREAM

VIRGINIA BREWBAKER, '30

A flash of golden sunlight,
A dream raised to the sky;
And then some creeping gray thing
That made our love to die.

THE FUTILE SEASONS

ANONYMOUS

Ours was a love that lasted long—
From moonrise until moonset,
Like an orchard song
Of pale gold petals in a silver net.
The moon is dark, and so we may forget.

There is another singer in the orchard now,
Singing of fruit and falling leaves,
Blind to the prophecy upon his lover's brow
Of naked trees over which the wind grieves.
Even as spring so autumn deceives.

UNFINISHED DREAMS

MASON HAYES, '30

Like a reflection in a quiet pool
That is distorted and vanishes
When a falling leaf disturbs the water.

Like an image one perceives
In the polished globe of an andiron,
Until a flying spark obliterates the vision.

Like the petals of a fragile rose
That wither in the evening stillness
Which a tiny breeze will blow to earth.

Like a dream untransferred to canvas
A bit of beauty but a thing quite mortal
Is a good deed undone, an idea unexpressed.

MY FACES

DOROTHY SHAFER, '29
Cleiorhetea

IT was dusk and I sat against my old log sifting the sand through my fingers. The daylight faded, stealing out across the water like a gull weary with it's dipping in and out. Off to the right were lights blazing from the campfires of gay picnics. Voices and laughter drifted down to me and I knew that life had struck a sportive note and it seemed good.

Yet I was not a part of it as I should have been. Could I make my eyes merry and my feet dance while my thoughts were skipping a thousand miles at a leap? I had tried and would go back to them in a few minutes. They would not know that I had been gone.

I dropped my head to my knees and heard only the measured swish, swish of the lapping waves. How like the beach back home. The same stars, the same fires, the same big darkness over it all. I closed my eyes and thought I saw the face of a girl fresh and young and strong. The forehead was high and white under the heavy light hair now blown by the wind. The straight chin, almost too forceful and certainly not a thing of beauty was a heritage from a line of forceful ancestors. The nose, heavy, also broadened at the end. As I looked waiting for the brows to raise and the old gleam to come to the eyes I thought the corners of the mouth twitched and the lips moved as though to speak, but before the words were formed the girlish curves slowly changed. It seemed as though time was spending years there in a single instant. The head lifted with a more certain poise and the deep-set eyes held a studied thoughtful reflection. Life was painting pictures there.

Behind, in a mahogany arm chair sat a short little woman well past middle age. Her feet were crossed and one hand lay at ease in her lap. The other, elbow

on the chair arm, supported her head holding her chin in it's stubby fingers. The face under straight white hair seemed especially fair to me and the lids drooping noticeably as though weary of their own weight, guarded eyes faded now but which seemed to have caught something better for each bit of color which had vanished. I could feel the myriad wrinkles under my hand as I tried to suggest what had caused each one.

But she, too, faded, yielding to a youth strong and sure of himself. Not tall, but well built he came with a characteristic tilt of the head as he strode along. How clear must be the brain behind the depthless eyes of blue; how true the heart which gives them feeling. He raised one hand to smooth the dark curly hair and as he did so the serious expression changed to one of lighter thought and the pure joy of living showed itself.

Then the measure of the waves broke in upon my reverie soon fading again, however, this time bringing the tall slender form of a young woman. Her body seemed very lithe, but so slim that it seemed not completely to fill the clothing which she wore. Her slender fingers, toying with a mass of dark hair, were long and she looked at me with a sadness in her eyes. Yet in the clear skin was promise of renewed rosiness.

Then I thought of a slight man with gray at the temples and a thin place in the once heavy hair. He sat in a big chair with his nervous, toil-worn fingers tapping against the chair arm. His features seemed sensitive to every change going on about him and the skin was clean shaven but for the small moustache. His chin was of the rolled variety and I think the thinness of the nose could have split a raindrop had it landed there. Soon, the restless eyes began to droop over their unconscious roving, his head dropped forward on his chest and he was sound asleep.

Not unlike him also was a stripling sitting at his side before the fireplace. The same expression and contour of the face, the same restlessness of the dark

eyes. The lad's hair was straight, however, and the features a little heavier. With a book before him and slightly bent over it he was deeply absorbed, until, at the sound of a whistle from the walk outside, he was gone.

But faces, friendly faces, you who have come with me through childhood and have been the real me, you travel far, meet new people and have varied experiences. Why cannot I go with you all? Why must I choose? But no, you are here tonight. You whisper in the wind through the poplars, in the sand in my fingers, and the lapping water tells me of you as again I drift back to the present.

A REQUIEM

JAMES HARRIS, '30

Remember me when I am gone
Like some choice melody whose chords
Have passed beyond; and leave to cherish
But golden hours and precious words.

Remember me when spring comes again
With the flowers, and the birds of the air.
I loved them; they were all my friends;
For God had placed them there.

Remember me when I am gone
Not for faults, though many they be;
But for the joy I tried to bring . . .
Remember, Oh! remember . . . me!



DRAGON FLIES

DONALD BORROR, '28
Philophronea

TO most of us the name "dragon flies" will probably bring visions of some marshy pond, perhaps on a hot summer afternoon, over which many of these insects are hovering or flying. No doubt we can picture them skimming over the surface of the water in zigzag lines, stopping and hovering almost perfectly still in mid-air, and starting again, seeming never to rest, or even to tire. As they are poised in the air, with the sunlight reflected from the iridescent surface of their bodies and wings, they are indeed a beautiful sight.

Unfortunately, these insects are called by a number of different names, and consequently have received a bad reputation. They are often called snake-feeders and snake-doctors, because they are said to bring dead snakes to life; they have been called devil's-darning-needles, because it is said that they will sew up peoples' ears, and they have been called many other things, such as horse-stingers, mule-killers, and the like; but in spite of all these silly names and superstitions, dragon flies are entirely harmless to man—in fact, they are very beneficial. Dragon flies cannot sting, they have nothing with which they can sting; and their jaws are not strong enough to pierce the skin. Their bad reputation is not based on fact, but only upon a few foolish names and ideas.

About three hundred different species of dragon flies are found in North America, and between five and ten thousand are known to science. Fossil dragon flies, or insects resembling them, are quite numerous. Some of them were very large, measuring more than two feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Dragon flies are usually found near water, but a few of the more powerful species may be found a considerable distance from water. In a single locality where they may be found, there may be as many as forty or fifty species. There are about a hundred species that may be found in

Ohio.

Dragon flies feed entirely upon other insects, which they catch while on the wing, and although they are quite harmless to man, they must seem like real dragons of the air to the insects upon which they feed. The hunting region over a pond or stream might be imaginarily divided into a number of zones, one above the other, each of which is characterized by the presence of a few particular species of dragon flies. Thus, the smaller damsel flies fly about an inch or two above the surface of the water; the larger damsel flies fly a little higher, possibly six or eight inches; and so on up to the most powerful dragon flies. Each species stays in its own zone. The reason for this is quite obvious; dragon flies prey upon one another; the strong destroy the weak, and if any species ventures into the zone of a larger species, it is apt to be eaten. Dragon flies are to the insect world what the hawks are to the bird world.

It is unfortunate that so many people have erroneous ideas about them. They are indeed very beautiful as well as beneficial insects. Specimens of dragon flies in collections are usually faded, but the living specimens are more or less iridescent, and when the sunlight is reflected from the wings and body of one of these insects that is flying over a pond, its beauty becomes apparent. If one will carefully watch a dragon fly as it flies, and notice the midges and mosquitoes that disappear from its path, he may get some conception of its practical value. In fact, were it not for dragon flies,—mosquitoes, midges, and many other species of flies would become so numerous as to be almost unbearable. In some parts of the world, especially in the tropics, they **would be** unbearable. If a person watching a dragon fly will stop and remember that all the tradition concerning the harmful character of these insects is merely the result of ignorant superstition, surely he cannot help but feel a greater interest and admiration and respect for these dragons of the air, the Odonata.

THE WAY OUT

CARYL RUPE, '30
Philaethea

CRYSTAL clear as the waters of the sea; soft as the echoes of the moaning winds in the top of the ancient pines resounded the chimes of St. Anne de Beaupre. They flung wide their call to prayer over the rocky shores of the turbulent waves.

Slightly within the sheltering walls of the massive shrine knelt a group of people. Halt and blind and sick though they were, their cares were left behind as they reveled in this ecstasy of music. Their hearts were filled with high hope as they contemplated their journey across the waters to the shrine of "Our Lady of Lourdes"—for there, they would be cured of all their infirmities.

Aboard the ship, they presented a queer and unforgettable picture of all the illusions of life. To this one, blind from his youth, the majesty of the ocean was described by one who had never walked. But he was thrice blessed—he could see! Yes, he knew the grandeur of the waves, the flight of gulls, the glow of sunlight and the grey of early morning; but the other's conception of beauty was as blank as his own sightless eyes.

As these two stood alone on deck, another approached them.

"You are blind; and you are unable to walk; but at least—you can live on without the hand of Death tightening its grip on your wasted throat as you draw each gasping breath! I choke and cough till I wish this last year of agony were over. One year. Yes, that is how long I am given. Only one year. And the blood and the slaughter of it all, I shall never forget them! The guns roared out the dirges of my fallen comrades and I was left alive. Alive, but better dead, for I die a living-death! I was gassed!"

"The water, it fascinates me—so green, so cool and inviting. To drown in its limpid depths would be

so easy and they would never find you or have to bother about burying you. Convenient. But that is the way of a coward! As long as there is any strength in these scrawny arms, I shall hold to the last vestige of life till it casts me aside in utter disgust, and I am dead."

"But still, I may not die. They say this shrine to which we are going now and the water we shall drink there, will cure you of any disease. They say that with faith and the aid of the Virgin Mary, I shall rid my soul of its cowardice and my body of this damned plague. But I doubt it."

Next we see them near the Pyrennes Mountains in France at the Shrine of our Lady of Lourdes. They came each morning to the statue of Mary which surmounted the shrine, and bowed in worship to the one at whose feet the crutches of their predecessor's lay.

Alone, in the morning came the soldier when the cold greyness of the marble was charged with a warm glow by the overhanging veils of mist that rose from the floor of the valley and slowly crept up the precipitous sides of the mountains like ghosts of a long forgotten day retreating into oblivion. The ruins of the castle and prison rose in the distance. Morose grey marble, monument to the sons of the God of War,—warriors in coats of mail—men with lengthy spears. He could hear the blare of trumpets and the thump of heavy feet echoing across the stone floor of the ruins. The martial beat awakened his pulses and took him back to the days when he had fought like the man he had then been. But look at him now. A derelict. A fool who sought to postpone death because he was a coward. And he had come here to be cured!

"Ah, God, there is no God!! Leave religion to women and fools and give me death! Let me die without this tommyrot of tears and repentance and faith! They called me a man once—now let me be man enough to die."

He returned to his native land alone.

"Perhaps those fools of blind men miss me but I

am glad I am no longer one of them. I shall go home and die, deliberately die, if I am no longer the coward I was. You dog, you are afraid to do it, simple as it is. Just a slight motion of your finger and all will be over. Ah, God, can I do it? Surely no deity could ask me to live in this hell of life. But I say, there is no God! Fool, you are only afraid to face what is to come! Ah, for a way out!"

Thus raged his soul, as he restlessly paced the deck of the ship, like a beast of prey in a cage. "A way out." Up and down, past the stairway, the captain's cabin and the mast. "A fool who says there is no God! If there is none, why don't you kill yourself?" The mast, the captain's cabin and the stairway—a beast of prey in its cage—a coward!

The fifth night out, he stood by the rail while his deadened mind sought the easiest way to rid itself of life. His frame shook, as he spasmodically coughed, till he felt the deck sway beneath him.

"But stay—was the deck lurching a bit?" And who was that man dashing like one demented from one side to the other? And that noise, God, how women scream!" Then a crash of steel against stone, the boat was sinking.

They called to him from the small boat tossing about on the waves, but he was oblivious to it all. The way out! How easy—merely stand here on the deck till it reached a sharp angle and then he would slide off into those maddened, beckoning waves! Just like a small child sliding down one of those odd little contraptions in the back yard. What were they now? Oh yes, a sliding board! Funny. Suddenly he burst into laughter—that of a mad man! Nothing but a child playing on a sliding board! The deck rose higher and higher and higher—and fell. Not that time but the next would cast him into his grave. A coward, God! this was the way out! No gun, nothing.

His screams of laughter were cut off by horrible coughs. And although his eyes grew bloodshot from

the agony of it all, and the veins on his forehead stood out like the cruel marks left by the lashing of a whip, his laughter rang out above the roar of the ocean. Frenzied, ghastly. A sliding board! That was all. And as his body sank beneath the waves, his laughter was stopped; but a gurgling noise came to the surface as he laughed on and on and on till he knew no more! Laughed at life—there was no God! All tommyrot! A coward—but a soldier. He had fooled God—for he had found a way out!

INTO MY LIFE AND OUT

FRANCES McCOWEN, '28

Into my life and out,
That's the way it seems—
Into my life and out—
Friends, and loves, and dreams.

Into my life and out,
Friends I thought were best—
Into my life and out—
Passed on like the rest.

Into my life and out,
The castles that I found—
Into my life and out—
Toppled and tumbled down.

Into my life and out,
The loves I thought so true—
Into my life and out—
Lingered, then passed on too.

Into my life and out,
I wonder—will you be
Into my life and out?
Or stay forever with me?

WOODROW WILSON—AN APPRECIATION

L. H. MORTON, '28
Philomatheia

WHAT a different impression one receives of our public men when we read newspaper reports about them and when we read what they themselves have said. I had formed decided opinions of Mr. Wilson before I began the study of his literary works, namely that he would be remembered as having been the Democratic President of the United States during the World War and the chief sponsor of the League of Nations. But to me now he is a great modern apostle of civic righteousness, liberty and peace who went about trying to instill a spirit of service into the hearts of his people.

Liberty, peace and service are the three outstanding ideas in his messages and the greatest of these is service. He longed for some great orator to arise "Who would go about the country making the people drunk with the spirit of self-sacrifice." A man has not come to himself, so he thinks, until he has found a place of service among his fellow men. True character, as he saw it, is built only by forgetting self in the service of others and one can never increase his powers unless he exerts them outside the circle of his own selfish interests. While president, he thought and spoke of himself as the servant of the people. He felt the need of that spirit of service in this great, complex nation of ours, where nothing but the will to serve one another can secure domestic harmony and peace. He has even gone farther and has held up to the world this ideal that nations should serve one another, that the stronger nations should defend the weak and, if need arise, should bear arms that the smaller countries be not oppressed by their more powerful neighbors. He looked to our country to exemplify this ideal, declaring that America was created not to obtain freedom for ourselves but for the service of mankind.

He has let those who care to take the trouble see how our representative democracy fails to operate as its founders intended. He has gone farther and has pointed out how, in time to come, patriotic citizens may alter our political machinery so as to obtain that freedom which the framers of our constitution hoped to establish in America.

Mr. Wilson was not only a statesman with political ideals that were far in advance of his time, for the changes which he saw were needed in America may not be actually brought about for a hundred years and the League of Nations, as he dreamed of it, may not come into being for a longer period; but he was a man who delighted in literature and religion, as well as in other interests of men. He chided the church for her neglect of the men whose need is dire, and for allowing herself to be monopolized by the more favored classes. He pointed out that religion is highly communicable; that children are readily led to be Christians by true Christian influences in the home and that they are very keen to detect any frauds in the home or church. He has shown that one cannot win men to Christ unless one sincerely yearns after them. The schools and universities must give their students a vision of the true God or else they have given them no certain motive to practice the lessons they have taught. He would point the world to Christianity for the perfect image of how a man should live. "Christianity," he said, "is the most vitalizing thing in the world." He rested his belief in popular government on the proposition that the moral judgment, which derives its chief support from Christianity, would be the final judgment in this world or the next.

He has raised the dignity of "Mere Literature" by showing that it is the only true index of the future, the only chart by which men and nations can safely direct their destinies. The world of books and men with whom he lived was his laboratory out of which has come his mighty works which the world will eventually view with more favor than they do today.

"Literature, in its essence," he said, "is mere spirit. The spirit of men in all ages struggling to give expression to those ideals which they hoped to attain and which they would pass on to succeeding generations." The spirit in which Mr. Wilson himself wrote and his clear, forceful style may well be studied by any aspiring author.

One more thought which may seem trivial to some but which is of inestimable value to those who heed it is found in his declaration that a man must travel fast to keep his present position and if he would get anywhere he must go twice as fast as that. This statement ought to be written on the wall of every school and college class-room.

The world will little note nor long remember what I have here said about Woodrow Wilson, but the principles for which he gave himself so freely will eventually meet the approval of that moral judgment in which he so confidently trusted and will be incorporated into the lives and institutions of men. The world's appreciation of his life and works will increase with the years until he shall have come into his own place and portion among the world's great men.

CONCLUSION

MARJORIE HOLLMAN, '29

I let my thoughts turn inward toward my soul,
The things about me all eclipsed from view
And the sweetly pensive memories that ensue
Like muted music through my being roll.
Some minor strains there are of pain and dole
Motifs recurrant, ever old and new,
And these returning, my porous heart imbue
As rhythmic, lapping waves imbue the shoal.
I would not lose my pictures of the past;
God gave me them to hang upon my wall
As something dear at which I'd look at last
And looking, happy, absent days recall;
And so I dust them carefully every day
To keep the spiderwebs of Time away.

THE ELITE BUREAU

HAROLD BLACKBURN, '18

WHEN Deke Lobkervold and I were starting our senior year at Kiawa College we found that we were somewhat destitute in a financial way. I assisted in keeping myself in school by scrubbing out the Green Front Restaurant every evening about ten o'clock. Deke, older than I and far more dignified, earned some money preaching. Every Sunday he would take the early train out to the Thurman Methodist Church where he often got six or eight dollars in the collection. It was a country church and they say Deke's booming voice would echo and re-echo through the building.

More than that, Deke kept up a kind of a college poker club which met Saturday nights and nights before holidays. I think he was an honest player but his wins were as consistent as the arrival of Sundays.

I entered our little room at Mrs. McGinsberg's at midnight once to find Deke pacing the floor smoking his big pipe.

"Say," he burst out, "I've got it. You and I are to start a new graft. A graft that pays. You've read about Wallingford and those guys. Well, that is my middle name, Wallingford. Old Reginald Wallingford Lobkervold is me."

Deke's first name was Walter and not Reginald. He was the kind of a chap who can talk with the eloquence of a Webster and—well, you know the type. He was a little be-spectacled senior. He was about thirty years of age and he had been everywhere and done everything. I have heard him relate his experiences as a sewer contractor in Kansas and as a book agent in Georgia, where I doubt if half the people can read. So in this outburst I thought it was one of his usual eulogies but he seemed to have hit upon a worthwhile idea.

Dignity and triumph were in his manner as he

showed me the following advertisement.

WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM?

Questions of love, romance, passion, religion, general information, education, economics, ambition, life work, appreciations and Freudian complexes taken up in order received and most valuable advice given for only two dollars. Enclose that sum, and you will receive proper advice at once. Don't trust quack astrologers and palmists. Let us help you. Everything confidential. Write THE ELITE BUREAU, 604 Seventh St., Kiawa, Ind.

"What do you think of that, fellow?" asked Deke. "Two bucks. One for me and one for you. What do you think?"

"Columbus took a chance," I said.

"There is no chance involved. Let me have your check for \$13.60 which is half what it costs to run this in The Southerner, The Blue Magazine, and in Barker's Fiction Stories. I've just figured the bill. All these magazines circulate heavily in the south and we'll be rolling in wealth before Christmas."

All this happened years ago and I can scarcely recall some of the details. I believe I put up only five dollars toward the foundation of the Bureau. We advertised in the November issues of those three magazines.

I did little of the work of the Elite Bureau. Deke took a mighty delight in the correspondence. Before a week after the advertising had appeared the personal problems began to arrive in the mail. Every day we got a dozen orders for advice at two dollars each. Sometimes twice as many. I severed business connections with the Green Front Restaurant mops and began to buy meal tickets.

Deke gave me one of every two dollars that came in if it was cash. If a check or money order arrived Deke put it carefully away in his capacious billfold.

Considering that I did no work I was satisfied. I was being rather busy entertaining the most beautiful sophomore co-ed in school. Her name has flown with the years.

I used to enter my room and hear Deke read the missives in his stentorian voice. On the arrival of the mail, Deke would extract the cash and that night he would compose the answer.

"Listen to this one, Buzz," he would boom.

Nov. 24. Robinson, Tenn. R. F. D. No. 2. Dear Bureau, I am a young man of 24. I wear good clothes and have some fine jewelry. Also have a jim dandy Ford. Am in love with a girl over near Clifton. She is a fine girl but her old father is a low-down, double-dyed, horn-swoggled crook. Should I marry her? If she took after her father I would have an unfaithful wife don't you think? Please advise at once.

Yours,

John T. Elford.

"Haw, haw, haw," would old Deke laugh. "I'll bet that beautiful sophomore friend of yours has a crook for a father."

Passing over the insulting implication with silence, I would say, "How are you going to advice Mr. Elford?"

"Take a turn on the typewriter," he ordered. Now I'll dictate very slowly. Dear Mr. Elford, Yours is a very serious problem and you are very wise to ask our expert advice. You offer no evidence as to the honesty or dishonesty of the party alluded to in the fifth line. A study of the map of your neighborhood shows that Clifton is so far away that you may not see much of the party alluded to in line number five. As to your future wife's unfaithfulness; that is a matter sine qua non as Caesar once said. Our advice is:

- a. Do not marry unless you are in love.
- b. Have faith in your wife, but watch her carefully.
- c. Avoid lending money to or trading horses with

the party you mention in line five.

Very Truly,
The Elite Bureau,
per Rev. W. LOBKERVOLD.

He signed it with a flourish.

Most of the letters were like that. Women kept us on easy street with their questions about love. We had to beware about legalities. "One of these days," said Deke, "the postal authorities are going to investigate us for using the mails to defraud." This alarmed me vaguely but effectively.

"I just resigned," I informed him.

"No, Buzz. Don't resign. I'll put some good old Puritan advice in each letter and then they can't convict us. I hope they can't. A jury might call it all a college prank and let it go at that."

My usual day's income was about five dollars, so I did not resign.

It seemed that all the women had troubles with the men and the men with the women. "Can we live on a section hand's wages and can he ever get to be a lawyer?" asked a childish wife from Alabama.

"Say gentlemen," wrote a Missourian, "I belong to church and so does my girl. Say gentlemen, does she love me? Say gentlemen, she is poorer than Job's turkey but I'll marry her anyhow if you say so."

In answering each letter Deke would quote some Latin, advise a heart to heart talk and point out the beauties of the home life, which is just what the customers always wanted.

One bleak December day the following letter came in from Florence, Alabama:

Dear Sirs,

Please help me decide what to do. My father died last week and left me a hundred thousand dollars in a Chicago trust company. My lawyer, Mr. Ephriam Holzer of this city has proposed marriage to me as he says I need a lawyer to advise me about investments.

I am a graduate of high school and for the last two years I kept house for father.

Very Truly,
Beatrice Hamilton.

The writing was beautiful. The testimony was tasteful and rich. A faint perfume hung about the neat letter.

Deke's usual Haw-haw-haw was missing. The letter was answered at once,

"Dear Miss Hamilton,

You are in a crisis of your life. As a part of our advice it follows that the party referred to as a lawyer may or may not be a fit subject for your consideration as a husband. Our Rev. Walter N. Lobkervold advises you as follows,

a. Marriage is not to be done hastily but deserves months of careful consideration.

b. Party referred to as a lawyer may only desire to add to personal bank account as happened last month in Okmulgee, Okla. to one of our advisees.

c. Chicago trust companies are very good trust companies in general as several of our clients have found.

d. Rev. Lobkervold feels that party referred to as a lawyer is somewhat undesirable.

e. The Bureau advises that you forward photo and receive further advice.

Yours, The Elite Bureau.
per Rev. W. Lobkervold."

It was not a week later that Deke showed me a picture of a Southern beauty. "That's Beatrice Hamilton." The photo showed that the young lady could make Hollywood take notice.

"She reminds me of _____," I said naming the sophomore queen whose name has faded with the passing years.

Deke wrote, "Dear Miss Hamilton,

Our Rev. Lobkervold can help you out of your situation. Your charming photo proves that. The seriousness of your case, *quod se factum*, justifies

your immediate journey to Kiawa where Rev. Lobkervold will personally advise you. Write the time of your arrival. Rev. Lobkervold is a young man despite his great experience in the world and is trustworthy in every respect. He is single and is noted for his personal good looks as well as his love of a beautiful home and children. He will meet your train. You can put every trust in his managerial ability in *casa in manus*.

Very sincerely,
Walter N. Lobkervold,
per Elite Bureau."

Christmas vacation arrived and I took two hundred dollars that I had accumulated and went over to Chicago to visit a bachelor friend who does not matter in this account. I had a fine holiday period marked by great freedom from my studies as well as by the development of a new appreciation of imported champagne and other imported liquors.

The night before school opened I remember Bob Barr, who was in my fraternity was on the train. He helped me home and to bed by the help of a taxi and a taxi-driver, a powerful man but low in the human scale.

When Mrs. McGinsberg gently, but firmly, awakened me it was eleven o'clock. My head was hurting. My tongue was dry, and a bit thick. The landlady handed me a dozen or two of letters.

"You are not going to attend classes today, Mr. Keetley?" she asked.

"No," I answered with some dignity. "I am rather under the weather. Where is Deke?"

"Oh, don't you know? He married a lovely girl from Alabama and went to Chicago on his honeymoon."

JASON AND MEDEA

LILLIAN SHIVELY, '29

HE was a peach, Jason admitted to himself, even if she was the daughter of Dr. Aetea, the old psychology professor himself. What if he had come to the University of Colchos to get his sheepskin? He could have a little fun on the side, couldn't he? And anyway, maybe he could get into the good graces of the crabby old man by paying some attentions to his daughter Medea.

Thinking back over the last three years, Jason never ceased to marvel that he had ever reached the graduate school. Of course, his uncle Peleus Superintendent of Iolchos Schools, positively would not let him take over the principalship of the High School until he had his Master's. What a fuss they made over a darned old degree, anyway!

But there had been the money to consider. He had come near losing every penny he had in the great financial crash of the Simplegades Banking Corporation, and then there were those dreadful mortgages on the farm. The lawyers, Scylla and Charybdis, had pressed him pretty hard for the money, and he had had a hard time to get through. But he just couldn't keep that little job in Iolchos all his life.

Jason had managed to economize, however, even to the extent of making the trip east in his little collegiate Ford that he had dubbed the Argo. So now he was there and work was to be done. Professor Aetes had taken a dislike to him at the start, and had warned him of the difficulties of the course. He could stick it out, though, even if it was a new course and a hard one, at that. Several fellows had tried it the year before and failed, they said, but that made it all the more interesting to Jason.

That Medea was a peculiar girl,—not a bit like any girl Jason had ever met before,—unique in fact. What a compelling personality she had! She simply

radiated life! She was brilliant, too, no doubt about that, and she had an uncanny way of knowing what a fellow was going to say before he said it. That wasn't so pleasant, but there was certainly no fault to find with her looks. Jason always fell for the brunettes, and this one was the queen of the order, with black curly hair, just wild enough to be perfectly fascinating. And those eyes! Jason rather felt that Cleopatra must have looked like a waitress at the five-cent lunch beside Medea. Somehow she reminded him of those witches you read about in fairy stories, and myths, and all that kid stuff.

But there was that degree to think about, now. Gee! a fellow's time ought to be pretty well taken up with preparing his thesis and everything. Perhaps Medea would help him, if he worked her tactfully.

Life at the University of Colchos was somewhat different from the routine at Iolchos. Jason liked the fellows, and enjoyed what little social life he managed. The bull-sessions were something new. He had never tried to philosophize much about life, and when the fellows got to bulling, he felt pretty much left out. Medea gave him some hot stuff, fortunately, and before long, he could bull with the best of them.

Jason could never quite understand Dr. Aetes, though. What connection gardening could have with psychology, he was unable to fathom, but according to his eccentric professor, botany, or plant psychology as he called it, was a very essential part of a high school principal's training. So Jason had to grow a crop of spear-grass for his examination. He didn't have the slightest idea how to go about it, but Medea showed him how to plant it, and helped him harvest when it was ripe. It was actually fun, with Medea helping.

The worst obstacle in his path, of course, was that monster of a thesis. He couldn't hope to carry off the sheepskin, of course, without mastering that. If Medea hadn't helped him, he could never have written it. She seemed to have the dope all right.

At last is was all over. He had passed his examinations, written his thesis, and had his sheepskin carefully packed in his grip ready to start back to Iolchos in Argo the next morning. He was having his last date with Medea that evening. True, he was getting rather tired of her always hanging round, but then she had been a brick to stand by him and all of that sort of thing. So he went around and whistled under her window as usual.

He hadn't expected to see her sneak out of the side door with a suitcase in her hand. Her crying on his shoulder made things all the worse and she couldn't calm down enough to tell him what was wrong. Finally he got it out of her. It seemed that her father, Dr. Aetes had found the drafts of Jason's thesis in Medea's desk drawer, and he had acted very suspicious at dinner, and had asked her whether that Jason fellow was coming around again tonight. She just couldn't stand it, and wouldn't Jason take her home with him in the Argo, and then they could be married and live happily ever after.

Gosh! How could a fellow help himself?

(Though similar in style to John Erskin's "Helen of Troy" this sketch was written previous to that work.—Editors.)

TRIOLET

MARGUERITE BANNER, '28

They love us while we're young,
Will they love us when we're old?
Now our praise is loudly sung,
They love us while we're young.
But after wedding bells are rung,
And our hair's no longer gold—
They love us while we're young,
Will they love us when we're old?

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

MARJORIE HOLLMAN, '29

THE man next door is a paradox. According to our Puritan standards, he is the epitome of all that a man should not be, but he is, strangely, one of the family's best friends. I wonder if you will see him as I do.

The "sweet disorder in the dress" of which the poet speaks best summarizes the man's personal appearance. His usual costume for "house and garden wear" is a pair of old tweed knickers, a once-vivid sweater and soft-soled, blue felt slippers. Rarely does he appear in anything else. We did once see him in evening clothes, the once being the occasion of his daughter's wedding. He looked very presentable, too, that night excepting for a safety-pin-like device that had slipped its moorings and was protruding at the back of his collar.

Even in these post-Volstead days the man next door drinks rather too much. At times when he has been imbibing freely, he does the most extraordinary things. His activity upon these occasions usually takes one of two forms. Either he paints the garage or he trims his shrubbery. At such times we pay very little attention to him, for we do not know exactly what attitude to exhibit. In our hearts we are sorry for him, then, but it does seem rather futile to sympathize with one so agile and happy.

For hours at a time, over the backyard fence, he will entertain his neighboring householders with stories and jokes. However, the ladies in the neighborhood are his favored friends. Throughout the summer, the man lays daily offerings of lettuce and radishes on their doorsteps. During the winter time, his less frequent gifts take other forms. Occasionally he takes them kettles of clam chowder, the sort he learned to make in his New England boyhood. In return, when Saturday comes, the ladies often bake him

special pots of beans, for they know that he prefers Boston baked beans to ambrosia. His favor extends even to us younger ladies. We seldom go or come without his special notice. No sooner are we at home after a long absence than he comes over directly to kiss us "hello." If we blush and are discomfited by his salute, he teases us, but if we appear pleased, he is delighted beyond measure.

Although my father says that the man next door is one of the best electrical engineers in the state, we are all really more interested in the rumor that he writes poetry. We have never seen any of it, but at least we think we know where he does his writing. He has a basement den filled with guns, queer looking knives and fishing tackle. There he keeps his companions, a radio, an Airedale, some books and perhaps his poetry. We are all the more inclined to believe in the truth of the report because we know that he has indeed the cently, and instead of sending a depressing, impersonal soul of a poet. One of his sincerest friends died re-spray of flowers, he took two intensely red roses to the door and asked that they be placed in her hand.

On Sunday mornings, when we are getting ready for church, the man next door is polishing his golf sticks for an all-day foursome or preparing his fishing tackle for a day in the country. He is, I am afraid, rather irreligious. He continually violates the third commandment and he reads Payne and Ingersoll, but he told my father once that he believes firmly in a life after death.

It used to be that we did not know what to think of the man next door, but we have come to believe that he is just one of Nature's paradoxes, and there we let the matter rest.



HEEL PLATES

LOUIS NORRIS, '28

O, Nature, where are thy talons,

O, Death, where thy purple ribbon?

THERE was never a more asinine piece of legislation passed than the law of the survival of the fittest. It is a fake—a miserable, blasphemous failure. St. Peter has issued reprieves to some of the most detestable specimens of humanity that were ever permitted to eat green apples. Sometimes I wish there would be another flood, my father could be the carpenter. God must surely have hit a streak of bad luck when he made the present generation of men, for they certainly comprise the twentieth century's most damnable black spots.

Would that I could die permanently, I feel so isolated. There no longer is such a thing as a man who rightly deserves the application of that term. We are fast becoming a race of women.

In the old days of the husking bee and barn raising, men were men and women were glad of it. A man was something to be sought after, though secretly of course. He was masculine, virile, dominant, masterly and reliable. But something must surely have slipped. With the evolution of women accompanied by knickers and short hair, man has been crowded aside. She has invaded his every domain. She has repeatedly refused to recognize him.

Inferiority complexes have resulted. Puny, cowardly, despicable weaklings of men are all one can find now. They are such vain, sickly things, with their spats and white-gold spectacles. They are afraid of women because they are physically unable to command their respect.

O, that Darwin might have known what would survive. Men have become such insipid morons. Unable to maintain the respect of womankind by physical

virility the male has resorted to the alluring methods once practiced by the female. Galoshes, toreadore trousers, and jazz-bow ties have had their day, but the will of woman goes on forever. She is bound to do the marrying.

Enraged at his failure to at least keep apace with the other three-fourths of the population, methods of enticement have been abandoned. Man has lost his temper. He has sworn, both literally and figuratively, that he will again assume his proper place of superiority. He has determined to force the boyish-bobbed sex to reinstate him in its conception of things strong and masterly.

After practicing for a long time, in order to stand the effects himself, he has gone stamping down the street with his pedal extremities freshly shod in steel-plated shoes. The old cringing, fearful attitude is gone. Pausing now and then to adjust the universe to himself, he effects the most stern and resolute air conceivable, and clatters triumphantly on. There is no longer a need for the alluring haberdashery, the nerve-jangling, rasping plates do the trick.

How I wish Adam and Eve had never been married, then this eternal struggle between pursuer and pursued would not have to continually annoy the sane. Heel plates are the result. How I detest them, they set my teeth on edge. They make my spine twitch and my eyes ache. Every time I hear their gritty rasp I start up, with fists clenched ready to let my animal instincts have free rein. They make my head ache and mouth dry. Many's the time Samson would have had nothing on me had I but the jawbone of an ass. There is nothing I would enjoy more than to hobble these blustering stallions, one at a time, and stretching them at full length borrow their shoes and stamp defiantly over their upturned faces. I would grind their very eyes out and mash their repulsive noses.

How could nature let such damnable failures survive. Hell is too good for them. They care not for

the grating nerves of their fellows—it is no one's business but their own how much attention they attract.

Of course it's all the women's fault. If they hadn't been so indifferent when man began his campaign and noticed him a little he would soon have tired of his stamping tactics. But the women are such contrary souls. Instead they have started to wear them too. The result is a stamping contest between the sexes. Women wear them for spite during the day then put on bedroom slippers at night to rest their aching calves. How unjust it all is. Both are fools but they will never unmask, they like to see us sensible folks writhe under their clattering barrage.

“Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
And so are the girls too.”

I thank heaven I am older now, I won't have to endure them many more years.

STAR-BIRTH

THELMA MANSON, '31

Wherever an angel has trod the sky,
A star blossoms forth like a silver dream.
Together they chant a soft melody
As they tremulously glow and quivering gleam.

The silver song of the blue midnight
Drifts down o'er the hushed, dreaming world,
Whispering of angels, crystal-white,
Whose flaming wings were there unfurled.



THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY

GRACE SHUFELT, '23
First Prize, Chaucer Club

IN the "Bridge of San Luis Rey" Thornton Wilder has given us not only an exquisite picture of life in old Spanish Peru but also a character study of a type that shows him to be a profound and sympathetic observer of human nature.

Five persons have been hurled to their death by the fall of a bridge. The catastrophe makes a deep impression upon the Peruvians, but to only one is it more than nine days' wonder. For brother Juniper, the little Franciscan monk, it has deeper significance which, if discovered, will bring order out of chaos and reveal the guiding hand of the Almighty. With a view to discovering this deeper meaning he searches out the hidden motives of these five lives. The result of these investigations and those of the author make up the main body of the novel.

The events of the story center around three main characters: the Marquesa de Montemayor, Esteban, and Uncle Pio.

The Marquesa, an eccentric old woman of considerable wealth, is dominated by her passionate love for her daughter, a Condesa of Spain, and her longing to receive some few grains of affection in return. There has never been understanding between the ugly unkempt mother and the lovely well-groomed daughter. The Marquesa, since her daughter's removal to Spain, has thrown her whole heart and soul into the writing of beautiful letters to her absent child. She falls into shameful self-neglect and takes to drinking to drown her cares. She secures for a companion a girl from the convent who is destined by the Abbess to be the future mother-superior. The woman and the girl go to a shrine to pray for the Condesa. While there a spiritual change comes over the Marquesa; she resolves to return and henceforth courageously face life.

The bridge snaps and the end comes.

The story of Esteban is one of a bereavement followed by despair and attempted suicide. The love of his twin, Manuel, for the beautiful actress, Camila, forces the brothers apart, then Death comes to make complete the separation begun by Love. Esteban wanders until he meets a sea-captain who persuades him that he still has something for which to live. Esteban, too, resolves to face life squarely. They start for Lima. The captain takes the ferry; Esteban starts across the bridge

Uncle Pio is an adventurer whose aims in life are three: to be independent and oversee the actions of men, to be near beautiful women, and to be near those who love the masterpieces of Spanish literature. He has satisfied all three by adopting the girl, Camila, and training her until she has become a great actress. But in the course of time adversity comes to Camila. Uncle Pio remains steadfast, a true friend, only to receive ingratitude for his pains. He is returning from an interview with her and is taking her son back to Lima in order to bestow upon him the love and care rejected by the mother, when he, too, answers the summons.

Is there an infinite plan back of all this? These are the questions which the author raises and which, if answered, would put us on the high road to discovering the riddle of the universe. The subject, which is so deeply philosophical, might have led many an author into a heavy involved discussion of theories. Yet, how lightly, how charmingly, Mr. Wilder has treated it. He raises his questions, gives us his evidence in the form of several powerfully drawn characters and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. There is no attempt to preach or thrust theories upon the reader. A great part of the charm of the book lies in the delicately tactful way in which the author leaves things just at the right point to make us think for ourselves.

In "The Bridge" Mr. Wilder shows himself a mast-

er of technique. There is absolute unity of plot. The way in which he brings in subordinate characters and minor incidents to weave together the lives of the three main characters is especially good. There are no superfluities of character or incident; everything contributes to the progress of the plot series.

Mr. Wilder has the happy faculty of saying much in a few words. He seems to cultivate intensity, rather than breadth, of observation and report. This is especially marked in his character portrayal. He goes to the very heart of the lives of the five, laying bare their natures before us. He makes us see all their frailties and short-comings, but he does not leave us there. He compels our sympathy for them through his sympathetic treatment. He introduces now and then touches of humor which deepen the feeling almost to pathos. Again, sometimes we wonder if there is not a faint thread of irony running through the whole. But, however that may be, we can say, after reading the novel, that the five are real individuals who not only have been worth knowing, but who are better known to us than many with whom we daily associate.

In conclusion, I am certain that anyone who has read "The Bridge" will eagerly look forward to future novels from the pen of an author who has showed himself so much a master in his field.

FOOTSTEPS

When you first came to me
Down the garden path
I did not know that you were
Love
Or that light would fade
When you should pass.
I did not know when
First you came
That you would walk
And leave but footsteps
On the grass.

KINDRED SOULS

CRESSED CARD, '31,

First Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

I sat in the day coach and watched them—a white woman and a black woman.

The white woman was refined and well-dressed and beautiful. Good taste and the money to make it elegantly possible were reflected in the close-fitting hat, the tailored spring coat, the traveling case and hat bag—all in harmonizing shades of brown. There was a little boy in the seat beside her; a manly chap who watched the passing landscape for a while, and then went to sleep with his head pillowed on her arm.

The black woman was neither good-looking nor well-dressed. A crumpled velvet hat, a frayed winter coat, and a suitcase which had for a long time lost its appearance of leather, were her traveling equipment. There were three boys with her in the double seat; dark-skinned, unattractive youngsters with full lips and kinky black hair. They were restless, unable to sit still, and attracted everyone's attention by their shrill cries and noisy actions.

"Dul-u-th!" the trainman called from the doorway, and I watched the two women prepare to leave the train. The man across the aisle took the white woman's traveling case from the rack. The black woman took her own and no one offered to help her even though she had difficulty in getting it down.

The white boy, just awakened from his sleep, allowed his coat to be put on, and then sat still, holding his cap in his hands. But the black children protested, cried, and finally had to have their wraps put on by force.

The train came into the station, and as they went down the aisle the oldest black boy managed to speak to the white boy. The two women smiled at each other, and exchanged a few words about the children. Someone behind me remarked in a half-whisper,

"You'd never catch me talkin' to a nigger, like that."

One was white and beautiful and rich. The other was black and coarse-featured and poor. Yet, they talked together, unconscious of class or color. They were kindred souls; each was a mother.

IF THERE WERE NO GOD

EDWIN SHAWEN, '30

Second Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

If, then, I really thought there were no God,
And all this great and glorious earth of ours
Were but the mocking handiwork of powers
That work our good and evil while we plod
Along a way of darkness till the sod
Had claimed us once again, then would I see
No vision glorious, whether star or tree,
But, like the blind man, groping with his rod
Among the cluttered streets, be unaware
Of peoples' faces and the smiles they wear;
And beauteous things no charm for me could give,
Nor any life seem worth the while to live;
The sun no power to brighten any day,
And lost in darkness, I should grope my way.



FLAMES OF DESIRE

THELMA MANSON, '31

Third Prize, Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Flames . . . curling heavenward
Wistfully . . . striving to reach
The stars . . . dripping silver mist
Down on the gold of their flaming dreams,
Quenching them.
Flames . . . dying . . . dying,
Covered with star-silver . . .
Sinking to ashes . . . gray, gray ashes.
From gold to gray, from flame to embers.
Ashes lie, cold and dead,
One tiny wisp of smoke, the soul of the flames,
Rising . . . rising . . .
Up to a faint, far star,
Trembling in the crown of night.
Flames are ashes . . .
Their soul has attained its desire.



Ho-Bohemia



THERE'S NO SEVEN-MILE
LIMIT HERE!

MARGUERITE BANNER
EDITOR

WHY NOT?

MARJORIE HOLLMAN, '29

STANLEY DE LANE burst into his room and flung himself across his bed, weeping bitterly. Something was wrong, vitally wrong, but Stanley could not quite discover what it was. He was not having the good times that a normal boy of twenty-five should have, nor was he receiving the attention of the girls as were the other boys of his age. Tonight, for instance, Corabel Vane had not even noticed him. She had gone home from the party with that Ronald Deane and he had always hoped that he and Corabel

Stanley rose and crossed over to the bureau. With tears streaming down his face, he looked long and searchingly at the handsome reflection in the mirror, but also he could not find the answer to his problem. He turned away with a sigh and wandered to the table and began to leaf idly through a magazine that was lying there. An advertisement caught his attention. He paused, became interested and began to read. It told of the wonderful work being done by the Men's Institute, of their six-week correspondence school courses in saxophone playing, card tricks and parlor magic. He learned how for a small sum each week, about two cents a day, he could enroll in the school and learn a few tricks himself. He learned how other boys had done so and had become instantly popular. He was aroused, excited. "The very thing," he cried.

The following morning, Stanley posted a letter addressed to the Men's Institute. Then came anxious days and at last a package containing the first lesson. He had been eagerly waiting for this. Within a few days he had mastered it. It was so simple; the directions were so easily followed. Why had he not heard of the Men's Institute before? At the end of the third lesson, Stanley could make a penny disappear and could balance a glass of water on the end of his nose.

But he told no one of his accomplishments. It would be such fun to surprise them all.

At last one day Stanley mastered the sixth and last lesson, and that night there was to be a party. He smiled to himself when he thought of how he was going to astonish everyone. He could scarcely wait for evening to come.

At last the time arrived. He reached the scene of festivities and waited for the time when the party would begin to drag. For Stanley was biding his time. Just at the moment when everyone was yawning simultaneously, Stanley pulled a white rabbit out of Ronald Deane's ear. This made Ronald Deane look very foolish, but amused the crowd greatly. "More," they cried.

Stanley quickly went through his whole set of tricks one after the other. When he had finished, the boys and girls crowded around him. "We never dreamed you could do such clever things. Where did you learn all this?" they demanded.

Stanley, smiling because at last he was the life of the party, drew a prospectus of the Men's Institute out of his pocket and passed it around. "That explains everything," he said. "What I have done, you can do. I owe it all to the Men's Institute."

Need we add that that very evening, Stanley escorted Corabel Vane to her home?

Adv.



HI LIGHTS

Dear to the heart of each Freshman

MARY MUMMA, '31

- Friday, Sept. 9**—A bare room, some chairs, a couple pennants, a trunk,—and a roommate. College has begun!
- Tuesday, Oct. 26**—Another adjustment to the “room-ies” personality,—the tears, the laughter, the love.
- Sunday, Nov. 6**—That first date with a college man. The spell of that slow-winding saunter under the trees, the stars; those hesitating words forming another link in these new friendships.
- Wednesday, Nov. 23**—The first vacation—and those first grades. Familiar sensations of exultation—and depression!
- Monday, Dec. 5**—That green bow,—the ban of paternalism from the Women’s Senate.
- Friday, Dec. 16**—A ragged tan and cardinal ribbon added to the ever increasing mound of—memories.
- Monday, Jan. 2**—New adjustments,—the desolateness of finding vacancies where formerly had been laughing pals. Finances, illness, death,—all combine to change the course of our social contacts.
- Wednesday, Jan. 25**—Exams! ’Nuf sed!
- Wednesday, Feb. 22**—Hurray for Washington! Had plenty of sleep, even if those lab notes are yet to write and those stockings still have holes.
- Saturday, Mar. 17**—One of the many—a push. Ten Freshmen girls, negligee of all sizes and descriptions, candlelight, chili, crackers, dill pickles,—a ukelele. Eleven o’clock—and the head proctor!
- Wednesday, Mar. 21**—War is declared! Limberger cheese, post toasties, macaroni, do havoc to the Senior’s beds. The janitor doth fumigate!
- Tuesday, April 3**—That Freshman cap,—at last the

long sought prize adorns the wall. Simply another addition to the feather, pirates' 'kerchief, and balloon, already residing there.

Thursday, April 26—The "frat" formal! What bliss and what agony.

Friday, May 11—Freshman-Junior banquet. "Take a peek at Molly"—and see if she's still there. Ten o'clock and all is well?

Thursday, June 14—Commencement. Here endeth the Freshman year.

THE QUESTION

CLARENCE BROADHEAD, '31

What shall I write? Now let me see,
It won't be as it used to be
When I would sit, and then I'd doze,
And think of nothing more than prose;;
I racked my brain, my hair grew white,
No worthwhile thought would come in sight.

What I shall write? Now let me see,
A spritely gnome or fantasy,
Some lovely fairy princess sweet,
With fairy bells on fairy feet . . .
But no, a college man must find
A subject deep, of thoughtful kind.

Who passed the law of gravity
Or when is there a war to be?
The answers are of use to men.
These themes are difficult—but then
A college man would say "Oh, well,
You see I do not choose to tell."

What I shall write? Now let me see,
It's worse than as it used to be—
But no, Hurrah! It's found at last,
The theme I choose from fields so vast.
To be inspired like that above,
Just sound a college man on love.

JUST DREAMIN'

MASON HAYES, 30

Just dreamin'
That's my reason
For a beamin'
Every season
Of the year.

Just dreamin'
That's the why
I'm not leavin'
On the sigh
Of anyone.

Just dreamin'
And it's well,
For a Beeman
Chewin' spell
Is on me
An' I'm broke.

LIFE

Competition may sharpen your wits
Sympathy may give you inspiration.
Joy and sorrow may open to you
Heights and depths undreamed of.
May the shades of Erato deliver me
From those who eat and sleep
And can't see why a man might want
To study, to meditate, to love.

ILLITERATI

VERDA EVANS, '28

NOW about this A. B. degree . . . One must first accept in the conventional manner that the A. B. has been the piece de resistance during our four-year picnic (minus the grasshopper and the tin cup). But really, my dears, one doesn't think in terms of degrees in college for it isn't done. No . . . one pays \$5.00 for the coveted bachelor's at the close of the incubation period and comes out full-fledged with an imitation parchment warning the world that this insignia of endurance has been conferred on one of the survivors.

Frankly, old cheerios, one may as well admit that four year's exposure to the elements of college teaches one what not to do rather than what to do; just which lines of Shakespeare to quote in public and which in the bosom of one's family; and, of course, the things not to know rather than the things to know. Never let your knowledge become so sure as to be boresome. College teaches one to do all things artistically. You see, there are two ways to do everything. And, if exposed as above suggested, one just naturally determines which is the accepted way.

And then again . . . never effervesce. It isn't done. Rather than show an undue interest in anything, sit quiet and look bored. You will be rated as a "deep one" and called "clever." Do not exert yourself. It too isn't done. And, after reaching the last course of this service, which it naturally follows is cavair to the general, you will have learned to smile with your eyes and not with your lips. Never laugh openly . . . unless it has a naive effect, some one may misunderstand.

Oh, and yes, one really should get engaged several time. Think of the clever snaps for the old scrap book. They'd brighten any Bachelor Apartment.

Then in the matter of language a speaking knowledge of English a smattering of French and an occasional bit of repartee of Spanish. This so enlarges one's speaking vocabulary. A languid, oui, oui, monsieur, will further mellowize any mellow moon A snappy diablo, senor will give a tone of reality to jade or black ear-rings and blast the lie of brilliantine on straight black hair. One must also learn to nonchalantly say "Bye" in bridge. And if losing, risk all in a no trump you might come through Never fool around with small deaths! Never neglect the social life!

Of course, one must learn to speak of the places to go. A certain shrug of the shoulder and a mention of the "Jolly Gargoyle" goes a long way with a frosh; as well as a nonchalant mention of "Jacques' Place" and the "Zulu Hut." Learn to say the words "trip-plingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many do."

Which brings us to think of Ko-Ed Kate's contribution to modern literature in the way of the Ko-ed's Decalogue:

1. Thou shalt quote Sandburg, feelingly; Amy Lowell, languidly; and Sara (not Sarah) Teasdale, passionately.

2. Thou shalt speak tolerantly and condescendingly of Longfellow as a kind old man (carrying peppermints in his pocket) and allow Whitman a reserved appreciation.

3. Thou shalt have a speaking knowledge of Elmer Gantry, a quoting knowledge of Mencken, and a decided opinion of John Erskine.

4. Thou shalt accept Michael Arlen's "Green Hat" and O'Neill's "Desire under the Elms" as are and stress their artistry and beauty.

5. Thou shalt have a bidding-knowledge of Bridge; a term-knowledge of golf, and a speaking-knowledge of the best brands.

6. Thou shalt speak in superlatives of the blue of a Maxfield Parrish sky and the conventionality of a

Landseer product.

7. Thou shalt accept "Chicago" as realism; "Rain" as atmosphere; "Diplomacy" as the last word in technique.

8. Thou shalt agree that all things artistic, creative and stimulating are acceptable; and suggest in blase fashion.

9. Thou shalt rate Guest, Wright and Grey with Sunday School literature and speak familiarly and feelingly of Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson and Jim Tully.

10. Thou shalt refer to Freud as back number and speak nonchalantly of the New Psychology.

INSPIRATION

ENID MICKEY, '31

A will-o-the-wisp, a bubble, or a rainbow— what is inspiration? Intangible but compelling. Just now it is here. But where has it gone? Whimsical, many-colored, fanciful.

And how incongruous is inspiration! Always should the laborer have the reward. But has he? No! This capricious visitor comes to most undeserving people at most unexpected times. Days and weeks may pass, precious time, and frantic hours of worry follow. But unconcerned, carefree, inspiration flits on its airy way. "The Muse does not descend."

Suddenly out of misty uncertainty inspiration dawns. A piece of work becomes a creation. Quickly, surely, vividly, thoughts take form, are given expression. Inspiration—may it not be the touch of God upon man's attempt at creation?

MEDITATIONS OF A MODERN OLD MAID

THELMA MANSON, 31

HAVING arrived at the age of discretion, I suppose I should lengthen my skirts, put up my hair on curlers, place a Yale lock on my hope chest and drape it in black. That is what my sister of twenty or thirty years ago would have done. Then, to provide all the comforts attendant upon the house, she would have purchased a stove that smoked, a parrot that swore, a cat that stayed out nights, and adog that tracked the floor with mud. Also, she would promptly have acquired an overwhelming fear of those tiny, furry quadrupeds called mice. This was another "raison d'être" of the cat.

But this is the twentieth century and women do not grow old in the present age. So, to begin the process of rejuvenation, I will betake myself to a pharmacy, where I will regain my school girl complexion. Then to the Rose Beauty Shoppe for a permanent wave. Also, I shall visit a French modiste for a wardrobe of the latest Paris fashion.

Thus equipped, I shall set out to ensare some unwary member of the strong sex. I believe that while there is life there is hope and I am still very much alive.

The way of a maid with a man being well known to me, I shall salty forth with high hopes of success.

Of course, beaux may be slow and none may ask me to leave the ranks of the unclaimed treasures of the world, but leap year, the year of women's rights, is now at hand and I shall have my choice of the entire kingdom of masculinity.

SAILORS IN PORT

LILLIAN SHIVELEY, '29

A day in port means to the average sailor much the same thing as a circus day means to a child, and with one exception,—it happens oftener. Nevertheless there is always that newness, that strangeness, that atmosphere of adventure about it, no matter how often the port has been visited before.

Some seek out the disreputable sections of the city, the drinking places, the lewd women, the gambling dens, as their way of coming into contact with land life again. They stumble along the street, in drunken embrace, or lie stupidly in the gutters looking up at strange stars and being looked down at by strange people. Splendid types of American manhood to bring western civilization to foreign shores!

Others seek the shops where native goods are sold. One buys a gray silk scarf and perhaps a tender look softens the hard blue eyes as he thinks of the white-haired old lady who will wear it. Another dashes his last pay money recklessly on the counter to buy an amber necklace for the sweetheart back home. They have hearts, these hardened, bronze-masked men, and there is not a girl in every port for all of them.

SAILBOATS

HAROLD BLACKBURN, '28

Sailboats, tall and white,
On a dark blue bay,
Like a moth among the clouds,
Blithesomely gay.

When the summer nights are hot,
And the air is still,
I dream of sailboats on the brine,
Drifting as they will.

LYE SOAP

HAROLD BLACKBURN, '28

A high sun beat down with pungent rays upon a cluster of log cabins. Children played here and there through the yards. A breeze now and then disturbed the green leaves of the virgin trees that surrounded the settlement.

It was Monday morning and washings were being put upon the lines by sturdy women. The only man to be seen was Daniel Boone who was sitting peacefully on his doorstep. His cabin was about the dingiest one of all. He smoked a long clay pipe which was very stained and burned around the top. Little puffs of blue smoke were emitted from time to time from his whiskered mouth. He was a rather uncouth man and a very bony, powerful one too. At the side of the cabin his wife was doing a washing.

"Dan," she called, "go over to Finley's an' borry me some o' her lye-soap."

"Well," he answered as he spat with distance. "I will."

For half an hour he sat unmoving, his pipe out. The wife called out again, "Some of the pickets is out o' the fence back here by Deskinses'. You ort to fix 'em this mawnin'."

"Cain't fix nothin' this mawnin'. My ax is too danged dull."

Again she called out, "Dan! Move out. You kin git that Deskins kid to turn the grindstone to sharp your ax."

"He hain't big enough."

"You hurry to get me that soap. Tell Liz Finley I'll pay hit back as soon as I kin git some made."

Boone rose slowly and with a grumbling mutter that was not loud enough to reach his wife's ear. As he walked to Finley's he day-dreamed of running gun fights with Shawnee Indians along the banks of the Scioto.

JUST A RED PENCIL

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

HE fingered it lovingly, the last careless thing she had given him. Just a little pencil, a common wood pencil with a lead point. And red. It was just like Mary—a quick flash,—and life, warmth.

He stood huddling in the trench, drenched in rain. Cold, drizzling rain that slashed down his neck and into his pores, rain that chilled, touched sensitive limbs. Grey rain and grey sky. Even the air was grey—and the mud. Grey!! He stood immersed in the sloppy, slimy substance that clung to him heavily. A step into its depth sent it rolling like mercury. It was cold—like snakes—and repulsive. But not too cold for the rats to slough through,—big grey rats with long tails. And through it all—he fingered the red pencil—which she had given him—carelessly.

Suddenly there was a terrific roar. The sky darted with lights. White lights and red lights. Cannons boomed. Strange fleeting things came out from the sky, dangerous because of their fleeting. Zeppelins slipped like wriggling worms through the microscope of clouds. Airplanes whizzed, and poisonous gasses clouded the air.

What were they doing it all for, anyway? Why did men kill each other? Why was the war? He didn't know—only that he had gotten into it. Into the hell—to protect Mary. He was fighting for her! The red pencil in his hand was her symbol. He clenched it tighter. She should never suffer. Thank God! This was the last war.

Someone was calling. He turned quickly. He could not move. There before him, lying in motionless, grotesque forms, twisted in hideous features sprawled the dead bodies of his own company. His company—all down! And he was left—standing. His buddy lay knocked in a crumpled heap, with blood flowing from his side from a gaping wound.

He gave one cry. As he did so he felt something hot strike his shoulder. He drew his hand up sharply, automatically. The leaden point of the pencil rammed through his shoulder where the bullet had pierced, and then snapped off halfway, from sheer impact. He stood—realizing. He felt the wooden splinters dangling,—hanging from his flesh like frozen threads. Slivers of wood streaked with red!

* * * * *

The city streets were thronged. People were going home, for it was five o'clock, and work was over. The corner of Third and Ludlow was jammed. Newsboys went yelling their news up and down the streets. Street cars rumbled. Bells clanged. Brakes scraped and groaned as cars came to a halt before the stop signals. People were all going somewhere, doing something, talking, laughing.

Amidst the hubbub a peculiar cry lifted at intervals above the noise of the street. People turned to look, and then looked away. It was only a sallow looking fellow with a horribly sunken breast pushed in behind thin shoulders that protruded strangely. He had on baggy khaki trousers and a khaki shirt. Probably a war veteran. He was crying: "Buy a red pencil! Buy a red pencil. Only five cents a piece! A flash of red! Something warm! Buy a red pencil!"

The people looked, and then passed on. War veterans are so common. So are red pencils.



1928 LITERARY PRIZES

BARNES SHORT STORY

"Decision," Mary Thomas, first prize, \$40.00

"The Last Gesture," Verda Evans, second prize, \$20.00.

"William Eaton," Claude Zimmerman, third prize, \$10.00.

CHAUCER CLUB

Criticism on Modern Novel

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," Grace Shufelt, first prize, \$10.00.

"Lazarus Laughed," Helen Wolcott, second prize, \$5.00.

QUIZ AND QUILL

"Kindred Souls," prose sketch, Cressed Card, first prize, \$10.00.

"If There Were No God," poem, Edwin Shawen, second prize, \$5.00.

"Flames of Desire," poem, Thelma Manson, third prize, \$3.00.



INDEX

	Page
Cover Design	2
Roster	3
Preface	4
Decision—Mary Thomas	15
In the Spring—Frances McCowan	15
Shattered Dream—Virginia Brewbaker	16
The Futile Seasons—Anonymous	16
Unfinished Dreams—Mason Hayes	17
My Faces—Dorothy Shafer	19
A Requiem—James Harris	20
Dragon Flies—Donald Borror	22
The Way Out—Caryl Rupe	25
Into My Life and Out—Frances McCowan	26
Woodrow Wilson—L. H. Morton	28
Conclusion—Marjorie Hollman	29
The Elite Bureau—Harold Blackburn	34
Limerick—Marcella Henry	35
Jason and Medea—Lillian Shively	37
Triolet—Marguerite Banner	38
The Man Next Door—Marjorie Hollman	40
Heel Plates—Louis Norris	42
Star Birth—Thelma Manson	43
The Bridge—Grace Shufelt	45
Footsteps	46
Kindred Souls—Cressed Card	47
If There Were No God—Edwin Shawen	48
Flames of Desire—Thelma Manson	49

HO-BOHEMIA

Why Not?—Marjorie Hollman	50
Hi-Lights—Mary Mumma	52
The Question—Clarence Broadhead	53
Just Dreamin', Life—Mason Hayes	54
Illiterati—Verda Evans	55
Inspiration—Enid Mickey	57
Meditations—Thelma Manson	58
Sailors In Port—Lillian Shively	59
Sailboats—Harold Blackburn	59
Lye Soap—Harold Blackburn	60
Just a Red Pencil—Marcella Henry	61
1928 Literary Prizes	63

