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QUIZ and QUILL



December
1928

QUIZ AND QUILL



CHRISTMAS 1928

THE QUIZ and QUILL CLUB

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GREETINGS



TO those for whom the Spirit of Christmas is still a living, tangible thing—who find great joy in a stocking hung by the fireplace, a candle in the window, a clear cold night filled with the echoes of carols, a lowly manger bed and a shining, guiding star—to those who really LIVE CHRISTMAS—Greetings from the Quiz and Quill!

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BETHLEHEM SLEEPS

Edwin Shawen, '30



BETHLEHEM sleeps The night wind blows cold and whips the sand into an ocean of ripples, and leaves the city like an island washed by the tide. Overhead shines the Star, so large, so close that one might almost reach up and draw it down by one of its bright rays. From afar over the purple hills—from another world it would seem—comes the drowsy tinkling of camel bells, faint at first and blending almost indistinguishably with the wind. Drip, drip, . . drip, the mellow music falls into the night.

The East is paling and the deep purple is changing to slate blue that presages the dawn. Through the dim light three camel riders, very close to Bethlehem, are urging their tired beasts. Then comes a faint breath of music as if it were heaven's soft strain, and the clear star burns brighter as the music of the camel bells falls dripping in the fading night.

There is a manger of hay and a baby sleeping upon it. Three Wisemen worship and lay their gifts at the feet of the adored infant. And a mother's soft voice says, "Peace, my baby is sleeping."

A dab of orange streaks the East, and a gong from the minaret wakes the sleeping city. From their hovels the people move, and not one ever looks up to see the Star of Hope, but goes his way in sullenness along the filthy road; and not one has heard the music that fell into the night while Bethlehem slept.

MYRRH

Evelyn Edwards, '30



What can it mean, O Bethlehem?
That your star will shine no more?
That the light in the face of that mother of men
Has gone from your stable door?

And can your shepherds no longer hear
The song the angels sang?
The voices of God through all the earth
In heavenly music rang.

Will magi no longer bring their gifts
To lay at the feet of their King?
Will they in homage bow no more,
As presents of love they bring?

O tinkling glass and gifts of gold,
What worth have they for Thee?
Bounty given from a plenteous store,
What loveless revelry!

O Bethlehem, thou blest of earth,
O shining Star of Light,
Bring back to men that wondrous joy;
Let Christ be born this night!

LALLA

Charlotte M. Owen, '27

I can finish that story now—the story of Lalla, the blue-eyed Moslem. For several years I had tried to delve into her secret, but I had been met by so many rebuffs that finally I had become lost in the maze of my business and had almost completely forgotten her.

I had been in Constantinople almost two years, you remember, when I saw her for the first time. I had been visiting the beautiful Saint Sophia Cathedral, and leaving its mellow quietness I passed down the broad flight of steps that led to the street. It was at their foot that I encountered my Eastern friend and business partner—Tushi Emmet. I was glad of the chance meeting for I wanted to inquire of the two rugs he had shipped that morning. Had he seen to it that the huge blue one, intended for the East Indian Rajah, Ben Senaron, had been officially registered and properly sealed?

My friend appeared disturbed at my addressing him. He answered me rather abruptly in the affirmative and made as if to move on. It was then that I noticed his cause for confusion—he was not alone. Behind him and a little to the right stood a woman.—His wife, evidently—or one of them, I conjectured.

I knew that men of the East seldom go abroad with their wives and are rarely seen in their company. Tushi Emmet was showing this woman great favor in allowing her to come on the street with him, so I could understand his displeasure at my stopping him and thus calling attention to her presence.

I would probably have given her no more than a casual glance and then completely forgotten the incident—had not my “casual glance” chanced to meet hers. From the narrow opening in her veil she was

looking at me interestedly. When my eye met hers, however, she looked down—but not before I saw that which made me draw in my breath sharply. Her eyes were blue—a clear English blue—not black and mystifying as were the eyes of all other Turkish women I had ever seen.

Who was this woman of Tushi Emmet's? Was she English? How came she to belong to him? These were the thoughts that tore through my brain. But I had not time to think others, for my friend had seen my startled glance, had noted the almost horrified expression that had come over my face, and he drew himself up proudly.

"Adieu," he murmured in a cold voice, and before I could answer, he and the woman had both passed me and were disappearing in the crowd.

I stood looking after them. I must confess that I felt queer—almost nauseated. An English woman in a Turkish harem—could such a thing be possible? I looked curiously at the other women who passed me. They were not many. Dark, lustrous, and serious their eyes looked at me. All alike they seemed. How could a Moslem tell his wives apart, I wondered—or how could he tell them from other men's wives? A blue-eyed woman would be quite a treasure in this dark-eyed land. I would be the last to blame Tushi for showing favoritism and jealousy toward his possession.

Interested and curious as I was, it was perhaps two weeks before I could learn anything at all about the blue-eyed Moslem. From Ata Hakim, a mutual friend and business rival of ours, I learned that her name was "Lalla", but more than this he would not divulge. It was not good taste, I knew, for a man to discuss the household of his friend, so I could not press Hakim further. But I liked her name. Somehow the soft sound of "Lalla" seemed to fit the blue of her eyes.

I think it was later on this same day that I visited Tushi Emmet at his home. While we were enjoying

his fine flavored cigarettes and coffee in the seclusion of the inner court, I talked to him of my home in England. He proved a polite listener. I tried to induce him to speak of Lalla, by vividly describing to him the beauty of my own blue-eyed wife. I have no wife, you understand, it was merely a stall. I must not have been very adroit about it, however, for all of my rhapsodies brought forth only one statement from Tushi Emmet. He smiled rather enigmatically, and then said slowly and with finality,—“Yes, the English are very beautiful.”

I did not give up after that rather discouraging rebuff. I continued trying from time to time to ferret out the secret. But as time went on with the lack of success, I thought less and less of the blue-eyed Moslem, and finally I thought of her not at all.

But just two days ago those blue eyes were forced back into my consciousness again with a startling vividness.

I had thought I was alone in that office of ours that has grown to such admirable proportions in the last few years, but when I glanced up from the letter I was writing I looked straight into that pair of blue eyes that had taken my breath once before. I didn't recognize them at once—and you will scarcely blame me when you know that there was not a hint of the Moslem in the faultlessly dressed young English woman who faced me. From the tilt of her small hat to the tip of her suede shoes every line of her denoted wealth and distinction.

“You know me, my friend, do you not?” she asked softly. And in that instant recognition came.

“Lalla?” I asked hesitatingly.

The blue eyes smiled gratefully. “Perhaps you are displeased to see me here,” she went on slowly, “but you are my best friend and I had to see you.”

I her best friend? I puzzled. I who had only looked into her eyes for an instant once several years before and then had been left to stand in the street dumbly staring after her.

"You knew, of course, that my husband divorced me," she said calmly, "and that he sent me back to England to find my people."

At the look of astonishment on my face, she nodded, and then said sadly as if to herself, "Then he didn't tell you. I was afraid he wouldn't. It happened, I think, about a month after we met you that day in front of the St. Sophia, do you remember?"

Did I remember? Only too well! At my nod she went on.

"He thought a great deal of you, my friend. I think he admired you more than you will ever realize. The expression on your face that day—it was when you saw that I was not a Moslem, was it not? Anyway, the horror in your eyes cut my husband as deeply as if you had turned his own dagger upon him. And he could not forget."

"I am sorry," I murmured, and I felt more sorry than I sounded. Had my friend really given up that which he loved most just because I did not approve? Never will I be able to understand these Easterners and their idealisms.

Lalla nodded politely at my weak apology and then went on.

"From his most cherished, I became almost abruptly his most abhorred. He took no more notice of me than if I had been his harem's homeliest. And it was about a month later, as I said, that he sent me away. I was miserable—for I loved him, and I knew that he loved me."

At the grief swimming in her eyes, I too was miserable.

"I went back to my people, just as he wished," she continued. "I found them, but everything was changed. Because I was no longer Christian, they seemed to think that I was no longer sane. My one-time friends had only contempt for me. I tried to believe that I was happy just to be in England again—but what was the use of trying? After all, my friend,

is the fault so much my own that Fate gave my heart to a Moslem?"

I could not answer that question, because I still had very firm beliefs about the East's and West's inability to meet; but I could be very sympathetic. Also this recital of Lalla's made me see my business partner in a suddenly clarified light. It explained his taciturnity on all conversational topics save rugs. It revealed the reason for the almost feverish intensity with which he worked, and his apparent agony when the stocks were low and the market moved slowly. I understood now why it was always Tushi rather than myself who tore madly about over the country arranging sales and shipments. And I realized that it was more his restless energy than my sound business principles that had put our business on its present prosperous feet.

Lalla brought me back from these reflections by a softly spoken question.

"Do you think, my friend, that if you spoke to him now that he would take me back again?"

Take her back? That question had long ago been settled in my mind. Indeed he would! If my unconscious influence had been strong enough to separate them and to cause so much unhappiness, I knew that I could smother my personal beliefs as to right and wrong long enough to bring back their happiness again. Besides I had a private conjecture that my influence might not be needed as much as Lalla supposed.

And that conjecture was right, for it is two days later as I write this. The reconciliation has been brought about, and it was not the influence of my spoken words that did it—but the eloquence of a pair of blue eyes. I waited just long enough to see Tushi Emmet take one deep glance at them—then I left them together.

What is this which men say? "For the East is East and the West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

THE MEASURE

Lester M. Mitchell



As twilight gathers around me,
And I sit alone and dream,
And let my memory wander
To things that might have been,
And garner up the years, and feel,
That somehow I have missed,
The things that life is meant for;
That might have brought me bliss;
That I have only gathered tares
Or scattered tears
Where blossoms, fruit and laughter
Should have crowned the passing years. I ask
Is this the end then, and the aim,
For which I strove and hoped and yearned?
Is life all Loss? Is there no gain?
Has the balance only turned
To find me wanting?
The shadows lengthen; the sun goes down
And the deep purple of evening
Thickens into night
And another day is done,
Less than others? Cheaper? Nay!
But just sufficient
In its own clear way.

A PRAYER

Martha Jane Shawen, '30

Tonight I shall lay up a treasure for you
In the blue jar of heaven
Where the stars are kept
To guide men's feet
In the Way of Truth.

TO DEMIMONDE

Robert B. Bromeley, '29

Though they're a bit unjust,
My scarlet ewe,
These moralists
Who revile your name
And insinuate
Those things about you,
Still you must admit—
You're not so tame.

Then why don't you reform,
My scarlet ewe,
This kind of life
Isn't best for you.
If you must sow and
If you must reap
Please let me be
Your little black sheep.

WRITERS

Freda Kirts Shower, '27

Writers are egoists.
They like to see their names in print.
They are fat, jolly people
And eat sauerkraut and wieners.
They like to see, smell, hear, taste, and feel.
They want to know everything.
They are Epicureans.
They love; but, most of all,
They love themselves.
I hate writers.

DREAMS—TO SELL

Marvel E. Sebert



“**H**UH!” Supt. Ellert dropped the letter on the immaculate desk, flattened the heavy Bond paper with one hot hand, while with the other he groped for a pencil, found it, and proceeded to massage his front teeth with the eraser. All this time he stared at the letter.

“Huh!” With that repeated ejaculation, he reached over and pressed the buzzer.

A door opened,—closed.

“Mary, will you read that? I believe this infernal heat is affecting my head.”

Mary, with limp fingers, wearily smoothed the crackling paper over her efficient notebook. “Neat letter,” she muttered as her glance slid over the typed address and salutation. A listless expression was displaced by a puzzled one, which in turn magically gave way to a delighted laugh that sounded at the end remarkably like a sob. “Poor Miss Hovey!”

“Then you knew her, too?” His voice sounded heated, harsh.

The plain wisp of a girl turned to the office window as she softly answered, “Yes, once when I was a child, just after—the accident—”

Mr. Ellert looked hastily at the girl, cleared his throat and noisily pretended to search for some item in the lower drawer. He didn’t care to remind the girl of that accident—the one which added two white crosses (almost three) by the express crossing. With a half-hearted bang the superintendent closed the drawer and pushed back in the swivel chair. From force of habit he mopped the moisture from below the fringe of almost-white hair.

"You can imagine how surprised I was." His first words were smothered behind the handkerchief. "A legacy of dreams! Why the whole thing's ridiculous!" Down in his pockets Mr. Ellert fingered some coins. "How could anybody will to a school a collection of dreams? They'd prove as unmanageable as that white elephant of a piano! Where'd we exhibit them? Here in the office, out there in the hall trophy case, or should we stack them with the books in the library?" His words seemed to stifle the room. Then in a voice which wouldn't have gone beyond the roll-top of his yellow desk, he softly added, "So Martha kept her dreams."

Mary stood unheeding. At the side of the window she leaned. The dreamy expression of her eyes and the half smiling mouth made her pale, homely face wistfully attractive as she musingly gazed out over the heated skyline. "I can't remember how she looked, excepting that there was a misty coolness around her; and once when her soft hand lay for an instant on my shoulder, I held my breath for fear the fairies would whisk their queen away."

Mr. Ellert opened his mouth to speak; but instead, after a shrewd look at Mary, brought his lips together noiselessly.

"She showed me her collection then—beautiful pastel-shaded dreams. She had some of the originals. There was one on a golden pedestal. I remember she said it had been used over and over again—but it didn't look old. It was the most beautiful one there; the **Dream of the Mother for her Child**. How it sparkled; and the clouds of rainbow colors together out and in and over and through like Corot's nymphs of Spring wrapped in one tender symphony of joy! I only saw that one once; for it was loaned out so often.

"She often laughed because she couldn't keep those mischievous dreams in their places. They were always changing corners or slipping over the edges and crowding each other.

"I've often cried over the broken dreams—Miss Hovey's own, especially. She called it her love dream. She had it locked away and not many knew she had it. I heard it once—a lingering, vibrating fragment from a Sonata.

"Once I asked her what she paid for 'dreams—that I'd broken all of mine. She said she'd teach me the charm—just a wee bit of magic poetry. I've often had need of it since.

"If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh;
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry or sad to tell,
And the sexton rang the bell,
What would you buy?"

Noiselessly Mr. Ellert wet his lips. Almost with reverence he regarded the transformed figure by the window. Just then his throat made a dull, barely discernible sound. But it was enough. Mary wheeled from the window.

"Oh, I know, Mr. Ellert, how you feel. You've forgotten that there were such things as dreams, or collections of them—great crystal dreams in frozen architecture. They have no place in your curriculum! You had dreams, once; but you've forced collectors to keep yours in storage. You laugh when Martha Hovey gives the most wonderful gift to your school—dreams, airy castles of beauty,—and not one broken."

Mary swayed a bit. Her eyes seemed framed in a damp, mystic pallor. She caught hold of the door-knob with one hand. The notebook and letter fell together with a thud. Dazedly the frail girl drew a hand across her hot eyes and beaded forehead. In a moment her figure straightened with an effort. With a puzzled smile she queried in a flat, normal tone, "Did you ring, sir?"

For just one second Mr. Ellert caught his breath, then in a quiet and kind voice replied, "Yes, Mary.

Take the rest of the day off. It's too hot to work."

The door opened,—closed.

Slowly the superintendent picked up the lawyer's letter from the floor. Slowly and with almost a caress his fingers removed a bit of dust by the name of Miss Martha Hovey, Donor. Outside in the hall the elevator bell thrilled joyously.

As Mr. Ellert dropped his head on the letter, three words flamed up, then fused together—Hovey, dreams, sell. Unconsciously his memory filled in:

"Merry and sad to tell,
And the sexton rang the bell,
What would you buy?"

ON BEING A CRITIC

Lillian Shively, '29

I'd love to be a critic
And with the critics sit
To irritate the artists
And rip them up a bit.

To glance upon a canvass
And see no genius there,—
"The right forearm's foreshortening
Is overdone a hair."

To read a high brow novel
Of polished style and fine,
To write upon it "Rubbish!"
And then step out to dine.

To hear one act of opera
And say, "I much regret
The Matzenauer's not in voice,—
Do have a cigaret."

I'd love to be a critic
And with the critics sit,
To irritate the artists
And rip them up a bit.

PROVINCETOWN

Mary Burnham Thomas, '28

PROVINCETOWN, at the tip of old Cape Cod! Provincetown! Perhaps you, too, weary of the world's realism, have found refreshment there. You know that narrow, narrow street that winds for three miles around the harbor. You have seen the crowd that passes endlessly along that fascinating way. The wealthy riding in their luxurious cars, . . . and Portuguese old men in their high, two-wheeled carts. The Broadway actors, fashionably attired, . . . and at evening time the young Portuguese fishermen, brown and strong-armed, with gleaming bare throats. And everywhere the nonchalant painters, in their dirty smocks, oblivious of the people that throng by, as they sit on the street corners, their easels before them, seeing only the vision which they are trying to capture with their colors.

You know the mystic beauty of the wharves, having watched their purple reflections quiver in the lapping water, as the tide moves in with the fall of a summer dusk. You have followed the road that goes out across the dunes, to that stretch of yellow beach where lies the weathered hulk of an old ship, cast on the shore by the mighty waves of some great storm. And, if you were very fortunate, you climbed to the top of the Pilgrim Monument one day when it was exceptionally clear, and you saw the Cape spread out there before you. To one side, the pine-blotched dunes, the bay, and far, far across, Plymouth where the Fathers had landed. To the other, the seaward side, the roofs of the village, the docks, the fisherman's nets, and the ocean itself, shading blue to the horizon.

It may be that you have known, most beautiful of all, a night in Provincetown. A night full of a warm, sea-scented fog, which dripped mysteriously from the

trees, and through which the light of the street lamps shone with an eerie blur. And minute after minute the fog bell sent out its doleful peal, while you, perhaps, lay sleepless through the hours, listening, and thinking strange, fantastic thoughts.

"THE PROESSOR"

Laura Whetstone, '27

HIS name is Paul, but he is so bright that all the other boys call him scornfully "the Professor". He did not sense their intolerance at first. When he was a not-so-tall little boy he even thought himself one of them, but now, wistfully, he knows that he is one apart. This is his tragedy.

Yet sometimes he can almost forget, as when he finds a dusty old book, relic of a more academic day, in some forgotten corner of the library. His teachers are wary on such days, and inclined to pass him hurriedly with busy steps and sightless eye. Such questions as the boy asks! "How do they **know** it's ninety-three million miles to the sun?"

The Big Boy with receding brow and jutting chin always robs "the Professor" of his arithmetic. Invariably before the arithmetic teacher comes, a grimy hand, in one lightning-like swoop, snatches the neatly folded yellow paper from "the Professor's" desk over to the ink-spattered one across the aisle. Then "the Professor's" frenzy of apprehension. Suppose the teacher should call for the papers before the Big Boy has finished copying the faultless lines of figures! The bereft one's near-sighted eyes dart again and again toward the door, over to the stumbling pencil in the big, grubby fist, back again to the door. Across the bridge of his thin little nose appear small beads of perspiration, the same earnest little drops that mark his frequent moments of deepest concentration.

Last week "the Professor" rebelled. There was no folded paper of "pro'lems" on his desk when the Big

Boy grabbed. For two days "the Professor" withstood the lowering glare of his tormentor, for two days the pathetic appeals of the Dumb Boy—red of hair, freckled, and toothless, to whom in a graceful spirit "the Professor" gives his work because he alone will march unprotestingly with "the Professor" at fire-drill.

And then on the third day the mathematics teacher was impelled to question. "No problems again today, Paul? I cannot understand it. Really, your past record won't carry you through the exams." Now the others would see that he was one of them! He had failed, like the veriest "regular guy". Let the teacher frown—the others would approve! But no. Respect, fellowship, sympathy,—none of those longed-for sentiments dwelt in the eyes of his classmates. Only impish glee, ghoulisn pleasure in his disgrace, enjoyment at his failure. That extinguished his momentary flicker of spirit. It was really quite needless for the Big Boy to flatten him in a corner at recess, as he did, twisting his wrist horribly, to hiss through cigarette-yellowed teeth, "Have them pro'lems worked out tomorrow, sissy, see?"

And so "the Professor" lives on in joyless isolation, working on algebraic equations while the others are still on compound interest. And every month he takes his report card, with its marshalled columns of A's, and tucks it hurriedly out of sight, with a puzzled, unhappy little frown, dropping his glance shame-facedly lest he see the curling lips of the other boys.

A CLOUD

Edwin Shawen, '30

A bit of lace,
Dazzling white,
On an amethyst sky.

HARVARD IMPRESSIONS

Perry Laukhuff, '27

THE Yard—serenely quiet, singularly restful in contrast with the noisy hurly-burly of the busy city streets beyond—peaceful with the peace that three centuries alone can give—The Yard—no breath-taking beauty of buildings, no perfection of natural setting, no trees like Alma Mater's—just peace and quiet and dignity incomparable—The Yard—the deep-toned bell on Harvard Hall, strangely suggestive of that other bell—the shuffle of hundreds of feet on the gravel walks—snatches of conversation, dropped r's, broad a's—thinning groups, belated stragglers—The Yard—quiet again, basking in the sun—surveyed by John Harvard, in bronze—contentedly aged—surrounded by its high iron fence, its massive beautiful gates—a thing apart—The Yard.

* * * * *

Sanders Theatre—a part of Harvard's Civil War Memorial Hall—semi-circular, lofty, vaulted, dimly lighted by its great, ornamental chandelier, gas-burning—Sanders Theater—on the stage, the Boston Symphony Orchestra—an audience recognizable anywhere, distinctively University—Old Cambridge in make-up—the pit and first balcony in evening clothes—dignified, white-haired old ladies and dignified, bald-headed old gentlemen—the latter bewhiskered—side whiskers, full beards, mustaches, goatees, but bewhiskered—the second balcony, not so old and dignified, with a liberal sprinkling of students—high up in the dim recesses over the stage, a curious little gallery—its railing surmounted by “an amusing fringe of young heads”—Harvard men—twenty-five cents per head—facing the audience, the Orchestra unseen—Sanders Theater—shadowy, hushed, raptly attentive to the whispering caresses of the great symphony orchestra—Vienna, Petrograd, Paris, Cambridge, Old World—Sanders Theatre.

ARTE-MODERNE

Robert B. Bromeley, '29

IF you are a successful, tight-vested business man, who thinks all literature begins and ends with the Saturday Evening Post, don't read this. If you do, you'll be disappointed, for the motif moderne in advertising has not yet invaded the conservative portals of that eminent Philadelphia publication. . . .

Now, dear unseen reader audience, since we are rid of those foolish business men who think that advertising should pay actual dollars and cents profits, perhaps we can discuss this new aesthetic movement in perfect freedom. It is such a comfort to know that I am writing to truly smart people—intellectuals who read only the "New Yorker," "Vanity Fair," Harper's Bazaar," and once in a great while, "The Tatler"—that is, if they have a slight touch of Anglo-mania.

As we, the cream of America's great minds, browse through the leaves of our favorite magazines, we come upon an advertisement of a prominent phonograph company. If this company had been unimaginative, it would have used a picture of the phonograph to help sell its wares. But this is all wrong, as you well know. Instead, we find a picture of a woman who has apparently been left to starve on the great Sahara Desert. Naturally enough, there seems to be a thunder storm around her and you can see jagged streaks of lightning crossing over the most beautiful and startling rainbows imaginable. She has legs such as El Greco would have painted, and her neck is like the swan, (I mean long like a swan's.) In the background, perhaps there will be a sky-scraper that is put in for effect, to lend magnificence to the page. You can see how such an advertisement will reach the pocket nerve of a customer and make him go deep down into his pockets to buy a phonograph.

We, the literati, admit that the moderne in advertising is not perfect. As far as I personally am concerned, I think that the illustrations are the final word and a closed book with any reference to further improvement. But the possibilities in copy-writing have been entirely neglected. We are still using essentially the same printed matter in our advertisements as we did fifteen years ago.

This is my idea—let us devise a “cotype moderne” to harmonize with our new pictures. Take for instance, Ivory Soap. Think how much money they waste every year in their advertising, just because they don’t use imagination. Then think how effective copy like this would be:

Soap
Bubbles
Lather
Mad dog
Soap
Elephants
Ivory
Wash an elephant
Ivory Soap.

An advertisement like that would start a new era in modern merchandising. It is for us, the intelligentsia, to keep on in our good work of appealing to the artistic sensibilities of the mob. Then, and only then, will we have our world of dreams come true.

I cannot love a quiet lad
Who clings to verdant hills,
Whose heart is true, whose life moves on—
Water that trickles but never spills.

But I must love a sailor lad
Who mounts the foam-flecked sea,
Who breaks my heart, whose soul sails on—
Nor even Death returns to me!

—Thelma Snyder, '27

I stood on the shore, drawing a picture in the sand with my toe,—an impish grinning face I drew, with crooked teeth and a derby hat. And I looked down. Down at the sand on the shore.

You came, touched my shoulder, and smiled. And now I stand looking up—up at the sky, where my fancy paints pictures in the feathery clouds. Now my pictures are mystic, and far-off, illumined by sunlight, wondrous in beauty. You have made me an artist by your smile.

Evelyn Edwards, '30.

BEFORE A DOOR

Marcella Henry, '28

Almost white
Almost black
Were you two
Before a door.
In all the crowd that passed
You by
You could not know
That by me alone
Your love was seen to shake
Himself
And grow to more.
And yet I saw you two,
Almost white
Almost black
Making love
Before the door.

THE GIFT OF THE GODS

Alice Foy, '30

WHEN fairies, goblins, and knights went out of fashion, fireplaces, I suppose, came in. This more modern fashion has its advantages. With a fireplace and a good imagination, you can possess more than all the fairies in the world could give you. Now a fireplace is a gift from the gods. Every house can't have one. Who could imagine a fireplace in a house with austere brown stone steps, or one with a bushy, massive hedges. Nor could you conceive of one in a modern two by two and one-half "apartmentette". A fireplace just wouldn't fit in the house of a fussy person. There must be love, courage, and hospitality in the home in which the gift of the gods has its dwelling place.

Of course when I speak of a fireplace, I mean a real one, one with big heavy stones that have known wind and sunshine, and which cherishes in its heart a glowing, dancing, mystic, friendly flame. Anyone can have a gas grate, but to really possess—not just own—a fireplace, you have to be born with a certain attitude. Something like being born with—well, curly hair.

Perhaps the ideal fireplace will never be found. It must be large enough to be able to eat up great, huge logs in winter time, yet it must not be so large that a cozy fire for a damp evening will be lost in its depths. It must be a fireplace of many moods. Sometimes it has to be almost terrifyingly strong so that it can form a stage on which the Witch of Endor, Lady Macbeth, Rob Roy, Charlemagne, the Black Knight and a countless host of others may enact their dramas. Sometimes a fireplace has to be almost dainty. Not "laven-der and old lace"—dainty, but at any rate not massive. This, in order that it will not spoil the charm of the water babies, elves, and all the little people who sometimes dance in its flames. Then again, a fireplace has

to be downright commonplace and friendly so that you can throw apple-cores and nut shells into it, and not feel you are hurting its dignity. A fireplace ought to be an odd combination of exclusiveness and cosmopolitanism. Sometimes it must open its arms to a horde of happy guests, but at times it must close its heart to all save one—or maybe two.

You must choose the fireplace that most suits your needs. For myself, I insist that my fireplace must be on good terms with books so that they may be read in its glow, and on good terms with apple-cores so that they may be consumed eagerly in the flame.

SOUL STARS

Marcella Henry, '28

Like the souls of great men
Are the stars in the
Sky.
The fireflies flit among
Them
And we think that they
Are stars.
But not for long do they deceive.
They are little souls.
But the stars are big.

LINES

Jean Turner Camp, '27

Love has passed and left me
Neither sad nor glad,
But only weary for the thought
Of what I had.

Oh, I might bide with sorrow,
Or I might live with mirth;
But where is home for a lonely heart
In all the earth?

THE EGOIST

Being the true story of my relations with Mr. Piano.

L. Shively, '29

MY first acquaintance with Mr. Piano was made at the immature age of five, and I must confess that I was then and for a regrettable length of time afterwards completely dazzled by his compelling personality. Whether it was his pompous elegance or his richly modulated voice which impressed me most, I do not remember, but my introspective powers being then not over-ripe, I accepted him as genuine and did not question my devotion.

However, the magnetic power which Mr. Piano exerted over me admits of no argument. In everything I did, Mr. Piano was first to be consulted. Did I seek that delightful childhood pastime of maintaining a miniature domestic establishment in the nursery? Mr. Piano reminded me of his claim to my attention. "Have you practiced your scale in G sharp minor?" he would insinuate,—or "Don't forget your Schmitt today." Farewell, housewifely excellence!

Again, hearing Mischa Elman at an early age, I yearned for the ardent companionship of Mr. Violin. "Not yet!" the jealous Mr. Piano would interpose. "You must first lay your musical foundation. Stay with me a little longer." Adieu the passion for the bow!

Later, as I struggled vocally with Concone, Vaccai and the attack of the glottis, Mr. Piano pined for notice. "Let me help you practice," he tempted, "I do so love to play for you!" And so, to the accompaniment of his vain chatter, my operatic aspirations were nipped in the oesophagus.

But Mr. Piano was not to glory in his deity for long. Gently but firmly, I questioned his right. "I am tired of your selfish meddling in my affairs," I protested, "Get thee behind me, Steinway!" Mr. Piano

raged. He roared, he rumbled, he wheedled, he cajoled. He threatened in his gruffest bass. He pleaded in his tenderest treble. In vain.

Mr. Piano is now merely a casual acquaintance. When we meet, we are pleasantly civil. I can enjoy his company on occasion, and he can be a useful friend. But his power over me is gone. I can call my musical soul my own.

THE PRESENT

Harold Blackburn, '28

Old Winter is a landscape designer.
You can see fairy etchings on the window panes.
Backgrounds:
A green bush is in front of a gray wood fence
And the snow is deep there;
The forest seems bare,
But the white snow sparkles in the sun-glints.

LINES

Jean Turner Camp, '27

Out of my laughter
I wove a song,
But folks went unheeding
All day long.
Out of my sighing—
How bitter—How sweet—
They made a song
To sing through the street.

DANCING

Parker Heck, '30

HAVING fallen down three flights of stairs one evening with a young lady on my arm, I feel perfectly qualified to discuss the evils of dancing, although I have never danced.

Of course I have made personal observations of the different phases of the dancing art. I once carried a woman from a burning hotel at two o'clock in the morning. I have stepped on women's toes in trolley cars. And I have listened to rotten jazz over my neighbor's radio.

The first of the dancing evils is the expense it entails in buying new shoes. I strongly suspect that the Paper Pulp Shoe Trust is responsible for these gliding dance steps.

Of course I do not wish to criticise without suggesting a remedy. Think how much shoe leather could be saved by having the young couples spend their time by themselves in an automobile. Gasoline is expensive, but any male between high school and college age can testify that even a Cadillac takes very little fuel when parked along a lonely country road.

Autos also would remedy the second evil of dancing, that of being always annoyed by someone looking on. It is easy enough to embrace a girl in public, but much more effective work can be done in private.

And then in doing away with dancing, there is the saving in chaperones which would be effected. While the younger generation is amusing itself hither and yon in couples and foursomes, the college professors would have much more time to devote to preparing chapel speeches.

Seeing as I do the evils of the situation, I will bring before the next session of congress a bill abolishing dancing. I am confident that it will promptly be referred to the committee on mines and mosquitoes and enjoy long life in a pigeonhole.

THE FIRESIDE

Edwin Shawen, '30

Ashes
Of other nights
Covering
Past delights.
Embers
Glowing through,
Love
Burning true.
Flames
Bursting bright
And—your face
In the light!

INCENSE

Martha Jane Shawen, '30

Like sweet and gorgeous fancies
That flutter about the brain
In twilight hours,
The bluish-white smoke thread
Rises—exquisitely fragrant—
Circling out in indefinite wreathes,
Faltering, hovering in the air,
And fading into space
In scattered dissolution.

An old teapot venetian-blue,
Small cups gold-rimmed,
Amber tea—
Such foolish things disturb
The lyric of my rosary.
For such a trivial thing we parted,
Drinking amber tea where violets hide. . .
You broke the blue wing of a butterfly
Then laughed because I cried.

—Thelma Snyder, '27

