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Contents

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EDITORIAL STAFF

The Gem

God has given me a precious gem
To polish, to cut, to shine,
He bids me tend it well for him
Until I approach his shrine.

My precious gem I will not hide
Away from temptations around.
But polish and shine on every side
Till the only true lapidary I've found

What is this gift I'm told to bear
Midst all this wordly strife?
What gift requires such ardent care?
Why, t'is the gift of life.

—*Elizabeth Welborn,* '23.

Free Verse In American Poetry

THE question of free verse, or "vers libre," concerns every up-to-date reader and every modern writer. The question is therefore a stimulus for investigation, and a vers librist, is reported to have made the following statement in an interview with Joyce Kilmer: "More than ever before, oddity and violence are bringing into prominence poets who have little besides these two qualities to offer the world."

Examining the terminology of this subject, one gains certain fundamental ideas. Vers libre is a verse-form based upon cadence, which, in poetry is the sense of perfect balance of flow and rhythm. The unit of vers libre is not the foot, the number of syllables, the quality, or the line, but the unit is the strophe which may be the whole poem or only a part. A simple illustration of free verse is the Oread by "H. D."

Cadence 1. "Whirl up, sea—
Cadence 2. Whirl your pointed pines
Cadence 3. (Splash your great pines
(On our rocks,
Cadence 4. Hurl your green over us,
Cadence 5. Cover us with your pools of fir."

The poem is clearly made up of five cadences. There are two methods of free verse: first, one may absolutely abandon the rhythms of metre; or may occasionally do so. In other words, liberty is the personification of vers libre. "To suffice the eye and save the soul of poetry beside," one meets face to face with the two questions of form and content: The content question is what has the poet put in; the form question—into what shape has he put it. W. W. Story wrote that nature, to be transformed into art, must pass through the mind of the artist and be changed. At once realistic and romantic would seem the aim toward which the new movement in modern American poetry is working.

Free verse seeks to renounce metre. The moment it ceases to be felt as rhythmical, it ceases to be felt as poetry. Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" (1855) remains a very interesting experiment with free verse, but its cause does not, of a truth, gain or lose its foothold with Walt Whitman. Rhythm and verse are familiarly known as the "poet's numbers." Rhythm has been defined as that only name for the ceaseless pulsing or "flowing" of all living things; poetry as the rhythmical imaginative language, expressing the investion taste, thought, passion, and insight of the human soul. (Steadman) There are four types under which the verse falls; (Perry)

(a) Sometimes what is printed as "free verse" is nothing but prose disguised by the art of topography.

(b) Sometimes the prose rhythms predominate, without excluding a mixture of recognized rhythms of verse.

(c) Sometimes verse rhythms and metres are used exclusively, although in new combinations.

Vers libre has many challengers; its faithful and highly respected leader is Miss Amy Lowell. In a copy of the Dial Miss Lowell says: "It is true that vers libre could be written as prose; for that matter, so could a sonnet.

"Vers libre has been with us some three hundred years already. The choruses of "Samson Agonistes" are in vers libre and also much of Dryden's "Thenodia Augustalis." To these may be added such writers as Francis Thompson, W. E. Henley, and Matthew Arnold, who consoles his poetic strain with the use of vers libre in the poem "Consolation."

"Time, so complain'd of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimm'd hours."

Miss Amy Lowell says that free verse has undoubtedly come to stay. Poet-critics like Coleridge and Shelly have shown us that poetry of the highest kind may be written without metre. Turn, for example, to Shelly in "Fragment; Rome and Nature."

"Rome has fallen, ye see it lying
Heapt in undistinguisht ruin
Nature is alone undying."

Much of the new poetry has been labeled enphuistic for: (1) its selfconscious cleverness; and (2) its keen pleasure in rediscovering what the ancients have discovered longe since. Different types of free verse are represented by Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, Mr. Carl Sandburg, and Miss Amy Lowell. It has been said that "Mr. Masters is a free verse poet by accident; Mr. Sanburg by fate; Miss Amy Lowell by choice; Mr. Sandburg by natural bent; Miss Amy Lowell by cleverness; and Mr. Masters by shrewdness helped out by luck." Miss Amy Lowell says that beauty in poetry today finds expression in three different stages; "in the first stage, beauty is a thing remembered and haunting, in the third stage it is rediscovered in intoxicating; but in the second, it is crowded out by the stress of travial, by the pangs of a birth which has not yet occurred." Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson and Mr. Robert Frost represent the first stage; Mr. Masters and Mr. Sandburg the second; and the imagist poets the third.

Miss Amy Lowell is the most satisfactory example of a vers librist to be found; for, she is "cosmopolitan, clever and self-conscious." There is a peculiar beauty and a strange but arriving closeness to nature and fancy in the poems, "Patterns," "A Lady," "Solitare," and "Madonna of the Evening Flowers." "Wind and Silver"

is a short poem very expressive of her point of view.
"Greatly shining,
The Autumn moon floats in the thin sky,
And the fish-ponds shake their backs and flash their
dragon scales,
As she passes over them."

Then, turn to "A Winter Ride," and you will feel as if you are sharing her thoughts with her.
"Who shall declare the joy of the running!
Who shall tell of the pleasures of flight!"

Everything moral has moments immortal,
Swift and God-gifted, immeasurably bright.

So with the stretch of white road before me,
Shining snow crystals rainbowed by the sun,
Fields that are white, stained with long, cool blue shadows,
Strong with the strength of my horse as we run.
Joy in the touch of the wind and sunlight!
Joy! With the vigorous earth I am one."

In her "Modern Tendencies" in American Poetry she has given us a clear conception of the following free verse writers from her point of the view.

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters is an epic poet of vers libre. The larger part of his works is composed in formal metres. His "Spoon River Anthology" has been characterized as an American "Comedie Humaine." Spoon River is a small town of the middle West; the poems are supposed to be the epitaphs in the cemetery of this town; and two-hundred fourteen characters make up the book. Mr. Masters sees life through the medium of sex. His life philosophy, "It takes life to love life," may be found in the poem, "Lucinda Matlock."

"At ninety-sixd lived enough, that is all,
And passed to a sweet repose.
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness
Anger, discontent and drooping hopes?
Degenerate sons and daughters
Life is too strong for you—
It takes life to love life."

To be honest, I think he is a pessimist in that his poetry is the poetry of horror or torture answering back to torture. The poem on the "Memorizing" of the "Encyclopedia Brittanica" gives the chill of a tomb stone.

"Out of the cell into this darkened space—
The end at twenty-five!
My tongue could not speak what stirred within me,
And the village thought me a fool.
Yet at the start there was a clear vision,
A high and urgent purpose in my soul
Which drove me on trying to memorize
The Encyclopedia Brittanica!"

He shows a thoughtful admiration for nature in these lines:

"And I said, What does God do with mountains
That rise almost to heaven."

Mr. Sandburg, the lyrist, ranks among the best contemporary poets when it comes to convincing war poetry. "Killers" is a typical example of his war poetry. He believes in joy in the midst of a joyless world; and cannot help feeling that virture resides with the people who earn their daily bread with their hands rather than with their brains. A poem illustrative of Mr. Sandburg's type of verse is "The Enchanted Years." His "Chicago Poems" is as a whole, unsuccessful.

The Imagists, "H. D," and John Gould Fletcher write poetry or romantic lyricism. The Imagist movement means a "re-discovery of beauty in our modern world, and the originality and honesty to affirm that beauty in whatever manner is native to the poet." One of its main characteristics is its power of suggestion, as for example "The Well" as is true, to some extent, of all vers libre forms. Amy Lowell says "we never find in "H. D's." verse a prose suggestion." Her cadences are very marked, but one finds no hints of metrical lines in her verse. "H. D.," or in other words Hilda Doolittle, is particularly a poet of flowers. Comparing her poem "Sea Gods" with Keat's "I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill," we find that almost all the effects Keats obtains are by the use of similes and metaphors, while we find only one simile in "H. D's." poem. She shows that movement has a fine opportunity for subtle expression in vers libre. I agree with Amy Lowell that her poetry is cold, but all her own. She expressed her sentiment toward the use of vers libre through the poem "Shettered Garden."
"I have had enough.
I gasp for breath."
Have you seen fruit under cover that wanted light—
Pears wadded in cloth,
Protected from the frost,
Melons, almost ripe,
Smothered in straw?
Why not let the pears cling to the empty branch?
All your coaxing will only make a bitter fruit—
Let them cling, ripen of themselves
Test their own worth
Nipped, shrivelled by the frost, to fall at last but fair
With a russet coat."

Mr. Fletcher's poems are refreshing. His sound effects are usually made without ode of rhyme. For instance,

"A clash of cymbals then the swift swaying footsteps
Of the wind."

He is also a writer of polyphonic prose, which form makes use of all "voices of poetry"—metre, vers libre, assonance, alliteration, rhyme, and return. (example, his "Clipper-Ships.")

Walt Whitman stands before us as the most typically original poet America has produced. Whitman's superb phrase is this: "A horn sounding through the tangle

of the forest and the dying echoes." The real Whitman enjoys most fully the "fierce French liberty songs, the Virginian plantation chorus of negroes." "The good gray poet" says tongues of violins tell this old heart that which it cannot tell itself." Musicians find fault with Whitman's musical references on the ground that they are more concerned with intellectual emotion than with any other particular quality of music. For instance, his verse "The pure contralto sings in the organ loft" is at once followed by "the carpenter dresses his plank," which is nothing more than the putting of music next to labor of a prosaic kind. His formlessness is one of the chief explanations why only cultivated minds can really enjoy his poetry; but it stands to reason that his poetry may grow in public favor if care is taken, either by the reviser or the reader, to separate the tares from the wheat in his poetry.

The vers libre form of poetry is unnatural, and in many attempts lazy. Of course, anything that moves away from ordinary forms, has an unnatural element in it at first. Some of the free verse writers seem to put a barrier between poetry and song, and further to live up to the accusation that poetry is stretching out to intellectual pleasure more and more. It seems to me that the difference in general between vers libre and other forms of poetry, as blank verse and rhymed metre, is comparable to the difference between a starched dress that has been ironed and one that is yet to be ironed. Vers libre needs to be sprinkled down and ironed. It need not necessarily be rhyme in the finished product. How it is to be done will be worked out in the future, I believe. The spirit of the modern lyrist is on this road: "My heart leaps joyously at the sight of the rainbow and dances with the golden daffodils." The above question expresses rather accurately the variance of Miss Amy Lowell's poetic atmosphere from that of Wordsworth. Rhyme has been described as one way of crossing the stream of poetic beauty; and beauty as a truth seen from another side. I would say the vers librists are on a ferry boat on the way across the stream of poetic beauty, but not all the way across. Let us hope that they will see poetic beauty in a new light when they reach the other bank of the stream, as they must then see it from another side. Americans are capable of outliving to some extent, the old adage that a prophet is without honor in his own country, and the idea that books become literature only when their authors are men of the past. The great American epic is yet to be written and who knows what poetic form its author will follow?

—Grace Long, '22

Chloe

O Chloe, why avoid me so?
You shy away just like a doe,
Or rather like her fawn that goes
A bouncing at each breeze that blows.

If e'er a leaf begins to shake
Your heart with fear begins to quake;
If lizzard hops out in the dew
Your knees shake like it's after you.

You seem to think that I am put
Here just to eat you head to foot,
But I'm no tiger nor a lion
But just a sport you can rely on.

Come Chloe, cut the apron strings,
That tie you 'neath your Mother's wings,
Come out and be a woman now
And I'll make you my lowest bow.

—Mary Lawton, '24.

"Caught In The Act"

THELMA and Dot were holding court in their large front room, on the second floor of a very select boarding school. A damp and chilly night wind, blew in through the open window, and both girls shivered as it reached their thinly clad bodies, yet they felt that the window must remain open in order that the fresh air might stimulate their minds. There had been times when Julia Rook, best dressed girl in school, Miss Hart, Dean of the school, and Lizza Morris, better known as "Pretty Baby," were severely criticized in this august court. But these were as nothing compared to the important matter before it now. Even the audience, which consisted of Fido, an immaculately clean rat terrier found by the girls a few days previous, seemed to feel the seriousness of the occasion. Not once did he wag his stub of a tail or show any desire to be dismissed from the room.

Never before had the court been confronted with such a problem. The "Milo" cigarettes were gone for the third time and today another box of gold tipped violet scented "Milo" cigarettes had arrived and how they were to be kept, was the problem. Jack Hollis, Thelma's older brother, who lived in Miama, Florida, had sent a box of these cigarettes to her and her room-mate each week for the past month and each time, the cigarettes had disappeared sometime during the night after their arrival. After the disappearance of the third box of "Milo's," the girls were not only consumed with anger, but they were also filled with fear over the mystery attached to the disappearance. Something must be done. The college officials would be horrified if they even dreamed that any of the girls smoked, therefore the girls dared not go to the dean for advice in the matter. They had to find a solution to the problem and find it alone.

Dot was perched on top of the writing desk with her feet resting on the arm of the rocking chair, she always sat thus, when she and Thelma were discussing any matter of importance. Thelma was reclining on the bed, with one hand supporting her head. Fido was lying on the foot of Thelma's bed looking from one girl to the other.

A light rain began to patter on the floor beneath the open window and the wind took up a dismal sound, but it was not until the shrill note of a mill whistle reached their ears, that either of the girls spoke or moved.

"Dot, what on earth could have happened to the cigarettes?" Cried Thelma frantically.

"Now that's just what we have asked each other hundreds of times, Thelma. I've gone around and around the problem and here I am again at the exact point from whence I started," replied Dot curtly. "However I'm determined that no one shall get away with our fourth box of "Milo's," if I have to sleep on them tonight."

"Good suggestion, Dot," said Thelma, "why haven't we thought of that before? You use the box for a pillow tonight and lo! our cigarettes shall be saved."

This idea of sleeping on a wooden box all night didn't make a very strong appeal to Dot, but then, she had made the suggestion, and she could not turn traitor. A loud rap on the door and a sharp voice calling, "Light's out," brought them the realization that they were in a boarding school, where lights must be turned out by ten thirty.

"Guess that means good night, dear. I'll try my luck as guardian over the box tonight, but I am promising you that if I can't sleep, I shall wake you up to keep me company," said Dot in a very subdued tone.

"All right, I won't mind," replied Thelma as she jumped into bed. "And luck to you. Nightie Night, Fido."

Scarcely ten minutes time had elapsed before Thelma was asleep and dreaming of the coming summer, which she and Dot were to spend with Jack and his wife on the golden sand of old Miami shore. Dot, on the other hand, was lying wide awake thinking and wondering about the disappearance of the "Milo's." Her head ached terribly already and she had no idea that she could sleep a wink with that hard box under her head. She was beginning to feel that she must awaken Thelma and tell her that she could not sleep and that she did not desire to stay awake all night, when a plan suddenly popped into her head. She would show Thelma that she could master the situation and not stay awake all night either. So she got up out of bed and stole softly across the dark room feeling her way until she came to the dresser. She opened one of the small drawers of the dresser, and rummaged blindly through it, until she found two articles which seemed to be ties. She came back to the bed, tied one of the ties around the box of cigarettes and the other around her wrist, then she joined the ties together by means of a strong knot. After these proceedings she placed the box down on the floor by the head of her bed and congratulating herself on having formulated such a brilliant plan, she crawled into bed for the second time.

"Oh!" she thought as her head touched the pillow, "what a relief to feel the soft pillow instead of that hard box under my head." With such thoughts as these she soon dozed off to sleep.

"Hello there, Kiddo!" said an abrupt voice from somewhere near the foot of Dot's bed. "Been having trouble getting to sleep, I see."

Dot tried to raise herself up, but after a few fruitless attempts at moving, she found that she could do nothing more than open her eyes. As she did so she noticed that, although it was dark outside, the interior of their room was faintly luminous and that she could see clearly a figure, tall and gaunt, sitting on the foot of her bed, puffing gently at one of the precious "Milo's," which she recognized as one of her own.

"Don't," said the figure as Dot opened her mouth to gasp.

"Don't what?"

"Yell. That's what you are going to do. My ears are sensitive and I don't like it. Besides that kid or the dog over there might wake up and then the 'jig will be up.' "

Dot stared at him, a bit uneasily.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," he said, "I couldn't hurt you if I wanted to, and any way my purpose here is of an opposite type."

He shifted one long leg over the other, and as he did so Dot noticed, with a start, that she could see through them and follow the outlines of the rocking chair arm beyond.

"It's lonesome life, I'm living," he continued. "I can't get any body to talk to me. If people would only converse with me I would tell them a thing or two, but some how few people will sit quietly and listen to me like you are doing. Why just last week the Chamber of Commerce was having a meeting at the Hotel, for the purpose of discussing town improvements. I didn't intend any harm, but I spoke up from my corner where I had been seated all the evening and began telling them about some modern improvements, which they didn't know anything about, but before I could get half way finished the place was empty."

He stretched forth a long arm and deftly removed a fresh cigarette from the box. Dot felt that the situation was a most uncanny one, yet she realized that she could not alter it. There was a faint smell of brimstone for an instant. The figure placed the cigarette in his mouth. A glow appeared about the end of it and it lighted.

"You see," he resumed, "I was born before you had any of these modern comforts and luxuries, and I enjoy them to the point of addiction. But I seldom can remain where they are to be had. In New York, people would run howling down the street, if I touched them on the arm and asked them the simplest question. In houses where they really understand the art of living, my presence kicked up such a commotion that I always had to leave. People would faint when I strolled through their rooms at night in quest of a cigarette, a cigar or a book. Even a taxi driver, who found me sitting in his cab, when he returned from a late supper in a lunch room, screamed so loudly that I had to forego the ride up town that I had so wistfully anticipated. They say that I broke up the male quartet that used to meet in the Old Townsend Hall, because three or four times I stood outside of the door and mingled my voice with theirs as they sang. I must have sung a tone or two off key, because everytime I tried to help them, the music sounded so rotten that they had to stop."

He ceased talking for a moment, took a long puff at the cigarette, blew a few rings of smoke into the room, and resumed his speaking.

"I've been so pleased to find some one who would talk to me or I should say who would listen to me talk, that I had almost forgotten the purpose for which I came here to-night. Your cigarettes have been disappearing for quite a while, I believe. And you and your room-mate have both been quite puzzled over their disappearance. Have you not?"

Dot nodded a slow, yes!

"Well," he said, "would you believe me, should I tell you that your room-mate has been stealing the cigarettes?"

"Thelma! Stealing! No! I most assuredly would not believe you if you told me that," breathed Dot rather heavily.

"Oh! But you misunderstand. I mean she takes them when she is asleep."

At this Dot fairly gasped. It seemed at first, to be perfectly nonsensical, but as she thought further of it, she saw more and more clearly the possible truth in it. She remembered that Thelma frequently talked in her sleep and probably she walked also. For a moment she had forgotten everything, except the fact that Thelma talked in her sleep.

"But what does she do with them after she has taken them?" Asked Dot in a weak little voice.

"She carries them down to the dean's office and leaves them on her desk."

"Heavens! What has Miss Hart been thinking, about finding those three boxes of "Milo's" on her desk?" Asked Dot eagerly.

"Oh well—you know what a fuss she has been making lately about girls smoking. She thinks some one has been playing a joke on her. She has been pretty furious over it too, but she dared not say anything about finding the cigarettes, for fear some of the girls would joke her, sure enough."

A loud noise as of something crashing to the floor, brought Dot to her feet in a bound. Her first impulse was to glance toward the foot of her bed, but the room was too dark for her to see whether anything was there or not. So she reached for the light, which was on the table by her bed, and punched it on. For a moment she was blinded by the bright light, but when her eyes cleared up she saw Thelma standing in the middle of the room, the cigarette box and the contents all over the floor.

Thelma herself had awakened, when she jerked the box loose, from Dot's arm, and allowed it to crash to the floor. Here she now stood, looking like the thief that she was, in the midst of her stolen goods.

Dot gave Thelma a full account of everything that had occurred, since they said Good-Night, omitting nothing. After Dot had completed the story and they had both almost laughed themselves into hysterics, they crawled into bed again, thanking the Giver of Dreams for the solution of their problem. —*Bessie Prickett, '22.*

Air Castles

DREAMS? Thoughts? Yes, both perhaps. Dreams of castles, wondrous castles, of unknown architecture, in an unseen but well known land; they are air castles. In the land of the sky, surrounded by lazy, drifting clouds, kissed by a sun that is ever shining, stands a castle. Inside this castle a king is enthroned, by name, Imagination, and the two which daily wait on him are Hopes and Plans. Each day about his banquet table, this king entertains thousands of guests. These are Human Thoughts. They are the only guests that ever enter the huge gates of that far off castle. That, is my idea of an air castle. And are they not all alike? They are similiar, be they great or small.

Your opinion may not coincide with mine concerning our air castles, but I suppose each one is entitled to his own ideas. How many times have our thoughts resided in that castle, I wonder? Yes, you and I have both been there. Though I may pass you on the street, face to face, and neither of us show any sign of recognition, I know that we have met before in that castle, that together our thoughts have flown to that king and communed together with him. You may have been in England, and I in the United States, but our thoughts were together, up there in the land of the sky. Sometimes though, when the feast is at it's height, a grim messenger will rush up to the castle gates, demand entrance, and call my thoughts down to earth. Have you ever met that messenger? I have, so many times. His name is Reality, grim, pitiless Reality. At times I feel that Reality is my worst enemy, I hate him. Again I want to call him friend, and bless him before all the world. But that is life I suppose, always changing.

How many times, in this changeable world, has Joy danced with me in that castle? Oh, the happy hours I have spent there. But, alas, how many times has Sorrow, clad in black, her eyes swimming in tears, forbade me to enter my castle gates? Then how dull the world seemed, how sunless my day, how dark my night.

But the world cannot always be bright for us. We must pass through, not shun, the dull shadows lurking in life's corners. How often do these shadows enter my life, making each hour a year, turning my smiles into tears.

Life is though, more or less made up of smiles and tears, of hours and years. They all have to be faced by each an every one. Pity the weak willed one, who can dream and plan, but is never able to enforce his plans because of a lack of will and character not because of adverse circumstances. When I anticipate and build my castles in the air, I suppose I should also build a fort here on earth, stable and unchanging, ready to try and win in the struggle—of life. Half of life is naught but anticipation and hoping; the other half is made up of realizing few of the dreams, of facing black despair, of recovering from the blows dealt by Fate. But these are thoughts of life, not air castles.

Life is hardly worth it's living to me without it's air castles, they are so intermingled, so close together yet so infinitely far apart. Our thoughts are more or less the source of our actions; and, our air castles, the source of our thoughts, our dreams, our plans. They originate there, then come down into our lives, to be sifted through the seive of life, tested, and so often lost or thrown away as useless.

Yet, away up there in my air castle, I find half my joy. I would not give up my castle, be it so far away, so impossible, so difficult to reach. "Wing'ed Fancy" leads me there each day, and though Reality daily calls me back, to-morrow I will return I know. Up there in my castle, there is no yesterday, it is like a buried memory. There is a continual to-morrow. Today does not exist. So, when my flesh has gone back to mother earth, and my soul to eternity, my thoughts will have fled to the land of the sky, to reign with my king in his castle. I feel as the poet felt who said these words.

"I gaze into distant vistas
Of beauty beyond compare,
I see stately mansions
My castles—in the air."

—*Frances Luck*, '25.

Les Etoiles

DURING the time that I watched the sheep on the Luberon, I stayed entire weeks without seeing a living soul, alone in the pasture with my dog, Tibri, and my flocks. Occasionally the hermit of Mont-de-l'ubre passed by in search of medical plants, or sometimes I saw the black faces of the charcoal burners of Piedmont, but they were simple people, silent by force of solitude, having lost the inclination to speak and knowing nothing which was being talked in the villages and cities below. Also, on the fortnight when I heard the bells of the mule of our farm carrying the provisions of a fortnight or when I saw appearing over the hill the head of the little boy or the red cap of old aunt Norade, I was truly happy. They related to me the news of the country below, the christenings, the marriages; but that which interested me most was the information about my master's daughter, Stephanette, the prettiest girl for miles around. Without appearing to be interested I asked if she attended many entertainments and if she always was with new suitors.

On Sunday I was anxiously awaiting provisions and found that they had been delayed. That morning I said to myself: "It is the fault of high mass," then towards midday there came a great storm, and I thought that the mule would not be able to make the journey over the rough road. Finally, after three hours, the sky was clear and the sun shone brightly over the mountain. I heard among the dripping leaves and the flood of the swollen brook the bells of the mule, very gay, very clear, as a great peal of the clock on an Easter morning. But it was not the little boy nor aunt Norade which drove it. It was—guess who!—our Stephanette! our Stephanette in person, seated between the wicker sacks, all rosy because of the mountain air.

The little boy was sick, aunt Norade could not leave him. The beautiful Stephanette told me as she descended from the mule and also that she had arrived late because she had been lost on the way; but to see her dressed in her Sunday clothes, with her flowered ribbon, her brilliant skirt and her laces, she had more the air of waiting for a dance than of having searched for her way through the dripping bushes. O the dainty creature! I could not move my eyes from her. It is true I had never been so near her. Sometimes during the winter when the flock had gone into the plains and I had remained at the farm for supper she would cross the room quickly, scarcely speaking to the servants, always adorned and a little haughty—and now I had her before me,—would one not lose his head?

When she had taken the provisions from the basket Stephanette looked curiously around. Slightly lifting her skirt for fear that it would be soiled, she entered the sheepfold, she was able to see the corner where I slept, the crib of straw with the sheepskin covering, and my great cape hanging on the wall near my staff and my gun. All that amused her.

"Then it is here that you live, my poor shepherd? Do you not get tired of living alone? What do you do? What do you think about?"

I would like to have replied: "Of you, miss," and I would not have lied but my heart was so full that I could not utter a word. I think she understood and the naughty girl took pleasure in increasing my embarrassment with her teasing.

Then with a jolly laugh she said "farewell, shepherd," and departed carrying her empty baskets.

As she disappeared into the sloping path the pebbles which rolled under the hoofs of the mule fell one by one on my heart. I heard them a long time, and just as at the end of day I remained as one in sleep not daring to move for fear of breaking my dream. Towards evening as the bottom of the mountain became clear and the sheep crowded into the sheepfold, I heard someone call in the distance and I saw Stephanette appear, no longer merry but trembling from cold, from fear, from wet clothing. It seemed that she had found the Sorgue swollen by the rainstorm and she did not dare risk crossing because of fear of drowning. At that hour of the night she was not able to return to the farm so she came back to the sheepfold, and I was not able to leave the flocks. The idea of spending the night on the mountain disturbed her. I did my best to reassure her.

"In July the nights are short, miss. This is not a bad moment."

I quickly lighted a good fire to dry her feet and dress all soaked in the water of the Sorgue. Then I placed before her milk and cheese; but the poor child could not think of warming or of eating and when I saw the great tears which came in her eyes, I could have cried too.

Then night fell. I wished Stephanette to sleep in the sheepfold. Having spread on the fresh straw a beautiful new sheepskin I wished her good night and took my seat near her door. I called God to witness that I did not have an impure thought, nothing but a profound feeling that in the corner of the sheepfold near the flocks whish curiously regarded her sleeping, my master's daughter—as a lamb more precious than all the others—resting, confined to my care. The sky had never seemed so profound, the stars so brilliant—suddenly the door of the sheepfold opened and the pretty Stephanette appeared. She was not able to sleep. The sheep stirred the straw and bleated in their dreams. She preferred coming near the fire. Seeing that, I threw my sheepskin around her shoulders. I stirred the fire and we remained seated near each other without speaking. If you have ever spent a

night under the beautiful stars, you know that in the hours when we sleep a mysterious world glides on in solitude and silence. Then the springs sing more clearly, the ponds are lighted with little flames. All the spirits of the night come and go freely; there are rustlings in the air, imperceptible noises as if one heard the branches growing , the herbs speaking. The day is the life of beings, the night is the life of things. When one has not the habit he will be of raid. Soon Stephanette was trembling and leaned against me at the slightest noise. One time a long, melancholy cry came from the pond which was below us. At the same instant a beautiful shooting star glided over our heads in the same direction as the wail.

"What is that?" Stephanette asked in a low voice.

"A soul that has entered paradise, miss," and I made the sign of the cross.

She made the sign also, and rested a moment her head in the air very pensive. Then she said to me.

"Is it true, shepherd, that you are a sorcerer, are other shepherds too?"

"No, miss but here we live very near the stars and we know what happens better than the people of the plains."

She looked up at the heavens her head leaning on her hand, wrapped in a sheepskin just as a little heavenly shepherd.

How beautiful are the stars! Do you know their names, shepherd?"

"Yes, miss, that is the *Chemin de Saint Jacques* (the milky way). It reaches from France to Spain. It is Saint James of Gallicia who led the way for brave Charlemagne when he made war against the Saracens. Over there you have the *Great Bear* with his four shining axles. The three stars in front are the *Three Bears.* Do you see all around you the shower of stars? They are the souls which are not able to pass to God. A little below is the *Rateau* (the Rake). Farther, below is the bright *Jean de Milan,* with the *Three Kings* and the Poussiniere were invited to the wedding of a star friend. La Poussinere parted in great haste and took the higher road. He looked down and saw the bottom of the sky. The Three Kings took the shortest road and overtook him; because of his laziness. *Jean de Milan* who had slept late was the last one, furious because of his delay he hurled his stick at them. That is why the *Three Kings* call him the *Baton de Jean de Milan.* The most beautiful of all the stars is the shepherds star, which shines at dawn when we go out with the flocks and at twilight when we return. We have named it Maguelonne, the beautiful Magulonne who married *Pierre de Provence."*

"Ah! Shepherd, do the stars marry?"

"Yes, miss."

Then I tried to explain to her all about the marriages. I felt something cool and dainty weighing on my shoulder. It was her head heavy from sleepiness which leaned against me with a pretty rumpling of ribbons, of laces and wavy hair. She rested thus without moving till the moment when the stars paled in the sky dimmed by the approaching day. As for me I regarded sleep a little troubled at the bottom of my heart, but saintly protected by the clear night which gives nothing but beautiful thoughts. All around us the stars continued their silent march, gentle as a great flock; and at that moment I thought that of all those stars, the most beautiful, the most brilliant having lost her way, had come to respose on my shoulder, to sleep.

—Jennie Scruggs, '23.
Beulah Farnham, '23.

"Persicos Apparatus"

The Persian luxuries I detest,
With fuss and frills and all the rest;
The gaudy garlands displease my taste,
As they make me feel it all a waste.

Come let us quaff the sparkling wine,
And praises sing that the gods are kind,
To place us far from the orient toys,
Which weigh on my spirits and smother my joys.

—Ruth Giles, '25.

Some Friends of Shakespeare

IT goes without saying that William Shakespeare, playwright and dramatist, has friends and many of them. It is interesting to look back and learn something of the personal friends of this famous man—people who knew, loved and admired him before he became the famous man that we know. It is significant to note, that so far as we can learn, all these friends and admirers were true and loyal, and did not claim friendship with him for selfish or vain reasons. The author in many of his plays and in his sonnets, especially, gives his feelings and regard for the place of friend. The modern definition of friend is "one who cherishes kind regard for another person" and lover "one who professes devoted affection or attachment" for another. In Shakespeare's time the two terms were interchangeable and love or lover is used where today we think of friend and friendship. In literature, at that age, the friend or lover was made much of and was a constant theme for writers and poets. The tendency to speak of love and friendship in figurative and extravagant manner came about through the classical influence in poetry. Shakespeare used the 'gilded' terms to laud his friends as was the custom of his day and his friends spared no words to give expression to their regard for him. True and sincere regard must be mutual and in the study of Shakespeare and his friends we find many instances of the true and mutual friends. Shakespeare was not alone in the tendency to write extravagant and patronizing verse. The lines of Spenser written to the Queen gives the best example of the true nature of this sort of verse.

"To her my thoughts I daily dedicate
To her my heart I nightly martyrize
To her my love I lowly do prostrate
To her my life I wholly sacrifice.
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she."

In the case of Shakespeare's dear friend Will, to whom he refers many times in his Sonnets, there is something of the adulation of the patron, as Will is generally accepted as the rich and prominent young Earl of Southampton. But in accepting the identity of Will as the Earl of Southampton, the statement of the author leads us to believe that they had been intimate and personal friends for a period of three years, before the Sonnets were written, and the feeling of patron is lessened if not erased. The study of the Sonnets leads to the belief that they were mutual and faithful friends. Shakespeare wrote in one of the Sonnets:

"Let not my love be called idolatry,
Nor my beloved an idol show.
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such and ever so."

The author would, by this, have us know that he was sincere and that his friend was in every respect worthy of his regard. He wrote further: "Three winters cold, have from the forests shook three summers pride—since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green." His memory of his friend was fresh and his devotion loyal during the years of separation. It is evident, however, that Shakespeare felt the need of his friend's personal presence and felt keenly the separation, for he writes:

"Yet seemed it winter still and you away,
As with your shadows I with these did play."

He made plain also to his friend his ideals of a friend and what he thought of the deceiver. The line—"Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds," leaves no doubt as to his opinion of the false friend—one who had played the hypocrite. One critic says of Shakespeare that he "knew something at first hand of the disloyalty of mistress and friend, but he recovered his composure quickly and completely." Shakespeare and Will were the kind of friends who could take advice from each other, and this is a true test of the friend. We have little to support Will's loyalty or feeling for Shakespeare but the author's many statements bear out the truth of the relation between them—It is hardly probable that Shakespeare would have written the immortal things he did about his friend, if he did not feel and believe him to be a staunch friend. He writes—

"Thyself away art present still with me
For thou not further than my thoughts can move."

His advice to his friend is found in his warning about the 'raven browed mistress'—

"Two loves I have of comfort and despair
Which like two spirits do suggest me still,
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman coloured ill."

Shakespeare evidently knew more of the other sex than his young friend and feared that this mistress would "corrupt my saint to be a devil, wooing his purity with her foul pride." Further evidence as to the identity of Will is found in Shakespeare's reference in one of his Sonnets, to his friend's 'painted counterfeits—fifteen different portraits of the Earl have been identified. The author's summary of this affair is found in the lines—

"This I do vow and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee."

Some of Shakespeare's more certain and intimate friends may be identified by reference to his will, as he made bequests to several of his friends. Among these was his friend Hamnet Sadler, who signed as a witness to Shakespeare's will and who was remembered in the will. His intimacy with Shakespeare was probably the

longest and the strongest, of which we know. Sadler acted as godfather to Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, in 1585 and when the will was drawn up in 1614, he was still friend to Shakespeare. The relation was strong and evidently honored by the naming of the only son for Sadler.

Another community friend and neighbor of Shakespeare's was Francis Collins, who also signed as a witness to Shakespeare's will and was remembered in it. Shakespeare remembered also, in his will, three of his theatrical friends in London—John Heminge, Richard Burbage and Henry Condell. We have evidence of the esteem of Heminge and Condell for Shakespeare, by the collection and publication of his entire works. They wrote of him and his works; "We have but collected them and done an office to the dead, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow allie, as was our Shakespeare." They not only performed an office to the dead in the collection of Shakespeare's works, but preserved for the world the writings of one of the greatest of writers. The eternal hosts feel gratitude to them for this deed. To the readers, whom they knew would be many, they said: "His wit can not more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him therefore, again and again—and if you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger, not to understand him."

As a dramatist, playwright, and actor, Shakespeare had many theatrical and literary friends. Among these was Richard Burbage, who was remembered in his will, and who acted at times with Shakespeare. Sidney Lee states that they were life long professional friends and cultivated the closest intimacy from the earliest days of their association. Shakespeare's humor is shown in an incident with Burbage. He learned that Burbage had an engagement with a lady in the audience, after the play—Richard III—in which Burbage was taking a part. Shakespeare presented himself to the lady before Burbage came out and on his arrival said to him—"William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third."

The successes and praises showered upon the poet while in London, and after his retirement to Stratford, did not alienate him and his fellow townsmen. The fact that they felt free to call upon him when in trouble is evidence of the fact that they counted him as a true and powerful friend. When Stratford was burdened with debt in order to buy corn, which had been very scarce, one citizen expressed the hope that "our countryman, Mr. William Shakespeare, would procure us money," on which errand Richard Quiney, the father of Shakespeare's future son-in-law, was sent. Quiney and Shakespeare were evidently good friends for Quiney felt free to call upon the poet to aid him in his own personal difficulties. Shakespeare, after ten years absence had accumulated enough money to act the benevolent friend to one with such a plea as Quiney: "Loving countrymen, I am bold of you as a friend, craving your help with 30 pounds. You shall friend me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London." He was the public friend and the private and personal friend.

Shakespeare and the renowned Meres of Cambridge University, were friends, and evidently passed 'praises' with each other—and at each other. Meres counted the playwright as the greatest man of letters of the day, and lauded him with the words "The Muses would speak Shakespeare's fine filed phrases, if they could speak English." He evidently passed verse with the poet, for in his writings refers to his 'Sugared sonnets among his private friends.'

The friendship of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson is one to which much significance has been attached. As the two foremost literary men of their time, much attention was given to their actions and behavior toward each other. Some critics try to make them jealous of each other and at enmity, but insight into the actual facts, will support the truth of their friendly relations. Fuller, who is supposed to have had access to oral traditions from men who knew Shakespeare, says, "Many were the wit-combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson." We have record of one of the pleasantries between them, in the incident when Shakespeare served as godfather to one of Jonson's children. He stood in a deep study for a few moments and then turned to Jonson with the words: "I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild. I have resolved at last—I'll give him a dozen good Latin spoons and thou shalt translate them." Evidently Jonson had been disparaging Shakespeare's use of Latin—and probably praising his own. Johnson's critical attitude toward the famous writer is found in his retort to a remark that Shakespeare in his writing had never blotted out a line, but this retort was in all friendliness. He said: "Would he had blotted a thousand," to which he added, "I had not told posterity this but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he faulted most; to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side of idolatry, as much as any." Jonson said further of Shakespeare; "He redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." Thus we see a trait of the true friend—one who could see the faults and tried to remedy them, as well as the good points and virtues. Jonson's old intimacy with Shakespeare continued to the last and in the spring of 1616 was entertained at New Place by Shakespeare. The Reverand Ward, who knew Shakespeare's nephews says, "He spent at the rate of 1000 pounds per year and his death was due to a fever following a 'merry party' with Jonson and Drayton at Stratford." However this may be, the immortal words of Jonson in his ode to Shakespeare supports the claim of their friendship and esteem for each other. The opening lines of the ode gives us the

rank of Shakespeare among his own people in his own life time.

"My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lye,
A little further, to make thee a roome:
Thou art a monument without a tombe,
And art alive still, while thy Booke doth live
And we have wits to read and praise to give."

These lines and the ones which follow state vividly the honor that was showered upon the Stratford poet.

"For if I thought my judgement was of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers
And tell, how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line."

Jonson further immortalized the memory and fame of Shakespeare in the lines referring to a brass engraving of the poet.

"This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had strife
With Nature, to out doo the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face; the Print would then surpasse
All, that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, Reader, Looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke."

These lines are truly prophetic of the fame that we know Shakespeare has today. The words of Jonson in memory of Shakespeare do not stand alone as evidence of the many friends of the great poet. The erection of the Stratford monument is evidence of true friends and it together with the immortal words of the poet himself inscribed on his tomb, are known and remembered by all who visit the shrine. Burial in the great national abbey could not have better served to preserve the last remains of the great man than this quaint inscription:

"Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Bleste be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones!"

The devotion of Heminge and Condell, the ode of Jonson, and the works of the man himself will ever be means of securing more friends for the great Shakespeare.

—*Lois Ballenger* '23

Evening Star

Bright evening star,
Shining afar,
A monarch—yet, but a light,
Silent watcher of the night—

Heaven's exquisite jewel,
Alone in the twilight skies,
Yon wait there alone, aloof,
Wait—for Paradise—

Gleaming in the pearl—grey sky,
Then in night's black sea;
A sparkling emblem to all the world,
A guide—to eternity—

Bright evening star,
Shining afar,
A monarch—yet but a light,
Silent watcher of the night—

—*Frances Luck,* '25.

Posts And People

POSTS have always had a strange resemblance to people for me. As there are all kinds of posts so there are all kinds of people Some posts are big and fine, and do a good work by supporting a building. These posts in my eyes are the big, generous-hearted men on whom the whole community depends for support. Men who are always ready to give their time, money or brains to some cause that is to make their community better. They lighten the load of the other people just as the big strong posts lighten the load of the weaker posts in a building.

Then we have the posts that are carved and decorated to add to the beauty of a building. These posts are the men and women who are not capable of being used in a community save as decorations. No one would ever think of turning to them for aid in a movement. They could never make an appealing talk, put over a drive or manage a movement of any kind. Their function is just to be there when the talk is made, to be the people on whom the drive is made, or to be managed in a movement. Never-the-less their presence is needed to make the event a success just as decorative posts are needed to perfect some buildings. In ways like these, these people do their part.

Columns are a type of decorative posts that are also useful; they correspond to people that are useful as well as ornamental. These people serve as supports and decorations too. This kind of person every community has need of, but he is usually rare. This character is a step forward from the big, stout posts that support the building, and a step backward from those posts that are merely ornamental. Everyone admires the beauty and appreciates the usefulness of this kind of posts. So with some people, they are always ready to stand out in front to add to the success of any event, or at other times they serve in the back ground and help hold up the movement.

People like the foregoing are similiar to those that I have called the hitching-post kind. This kind of person never takes any praise to himself or pushes himself forward, but just like a hitching-post he stands waiting for some one to come along and use him. No decoration is put on a hitching-post to attract the attention of the carriage driver only the plain iron ring to which the horse's bridle is clamped, no more is necessary and the driver can always depend on the ring being there. This is exactly the attitude of those insignificant people who never try to force themselves upon others, but just wait until some one comes along to use them. Perhaps there people have not attracted enough notice to be recognized, but they are perfectly capable of doing their work. So when the leader in any work needs a good, reliable man he can always depend on the hitching-post variety.

The resemblance of those loudly dressed, chatty people to barber shop posts is so plain that a child could see it. Just as a barber's post stands out in front of his shop to attract attention these people stand out in a community and attract the attention of every one. As soon as a person sees the striped pole he knows exactly what it stands for. The showy person wears his character on his exterior also. One look at him, or one chance remark from his conversation shows the kind of person he really is. The inside of the barber's post is hollow, all the paint is on the outside. The showy person if tested will be found hollow without any aim or real stuff in him. No person who pushes himself to the front and tries to attract attention can find time to decorate his inner self but he puts all his time on the exterior. It is amusing to watch this kind of person and find other little characteristics which indentify him with the barber's post.

In every community there are always one or two radiant personalities that shine out above all others, people whom the whole community admires and loves. These people are ever ready to help in time of trouble, to take part in joyous occasions and to lend a helping hand where the need may be. Something in their character shines so brightly that it cannot be hidden no matter how modest or shy the owner may be. Perhaps this radiance comes from serving others, or it may be the love that the person feels for his fellow-man. This shining light is a strange quality that attracts all, there is nothing else exactly like it. In this kind of person I find the lamp post. The post is the body and the lamp the spirit or that shining quality. It shines out to clear away the shadows of his friend's unhappiness.

There are many other posts and personalities that are almost identical. I find it a never failing source of interest to compare them and find their like qualities. Everyday I see new ones; sometimes I can't find a post that corresponds to a character, or a character that is similiar to a post; but later I come across them in every unexpected place. Try it sometimes, yourself, and you will find more facts about life than you've ever known before.

—Grace Alexander.

"Wanted---A Man"

THERE was an air of good fellowship and good nature between the two young men who occupied the East end of the veranda of Major Handel's stately old mansion. They seemed absolutely absorbed in each other and were the picture of comfort and contentment as they smoked and chatted to their heart's content. A newspaper and several books lay on the table nearby. A tall oak tree spread it's branches above them and shaded them from the bright glare of the sun. Around them in grand array were the Major's extensive, well-kept grounds, which were a constant source of delight and admiration to passers-by.

The two men furnished a decided contrast to each other. Ned Duval, the less serious minded of the two, was powerfully built, and had the much envied reputation of being not only the strongest but the handsomest man in the country. His companion, Ray Lansing, was somewhat smaller but to many none the less good-looking. He was more reserved in nature and so very often would not understand the impulsiveness of his friend. As gossip had it, he was the more 'sober minded' and was led into countless scrapes by his dashing companion. However it may have happened, it was not unusual to see them both either planning some adventure or working their brains to escape the penalty of one.

Ned began reading the newspaper, when suddenly he sprang from his chair and whirled the paper above his head as if he had discovered a gold mine.

"By jove, Ray," he ejaculated, "Here's some first rate fun for us. Just listen to this!

'Wanted—A Man

Call at 1036 Elmwood Ave.'

"Say, do you know who that is? I do. It's that rich widow who has just moved to town. Wake up, man, and look interested! It's a great chance for you. Why if she should happen to look with favor into your pretty blue eyes, you'd be worth a million dollars in less than twenty four hours. At the same time, you won't feel called upon to marry our pretty little Barbara, whom by the way I'm thinking of marrying." Ned flung the paper across to his friend without further ceremony; then he pushed his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, stuck his chin up in the air, and leisurely awaited the angry outburst which he knew was coming from his rival. That was the usual proceeding when Barbara Hallivell's name was mentioned by either of them.

"Now, look here, Ned," stormed Ray, his cheeks flushing with anger, "I'm tired of your laying claim to Barbara; she's mine, you know it and I wish you'd take your old newspaper and your widow and leave me alone." Ray's heart sank even as he uttered these bold words, and he fell back wearily in his chair. Why should he be so sure of her—Had not the town gossipers been trying to decide for the past twelve months which of these desirable young men would at last bear off in triumph the fair and winning Barbara? Oh, if he only could be sure of her, what a wonderful world this would be. He had always loved her, while Ned had known her but a year. Still she would not choose between them, and—while hope still lingered, each resolved to put up a brave fight till the bitter end.

"Don't even imagine that you're the only one in trouble, old dear," soothed Ned; "for I, too, am rather fond of her. I mean to get her, too, so please consider yourself fairly warned, and try not to break down under the strain—when, after I have placed the ring upon her dainty finger, you behold us actually floating away from here on the powerful wings of happiness—with never a thought of you or the other geese who have plead for her hand." Ned's brown eyes twinkled as he roughly patted the bowed head of his friend. Just then his gaze fell upon a white rose blooming below, and involuntarily he stretched his arms toward it. "That rose, Ray, reminds me of a little girl I once knew, who was even more beautiful than Barbara." Ned's expression was a mingling of joy and sorrow. He turned his head away, and for the moment, was conscious only of his thoughts.

"But, speaking of Barbara,—Really Ray, I don't see how we can both have her, do you? I move we forget her just five minutes and turn our attention to the widow, who has so kindly introduced herself to us through the newspaper. You may—"

"Forget Barbara?" retorted Ray, "You must be crazy now; I could sooner forget which shoe goes on my right foot. But let me see your infernal paper—*You* seem so anxious,—why don't you call on the lady yourself?"

"That is just what I'm going to do, my friend. I'll be the first one there and she'll probably try to make me her million dollar husband before you decide whether it would be proper to go or not. There's Barbara—if I shouldn't be the type of man the widow worships, perhaps she—oh, well, I'll lose no sleep over it. But I must go, old man, this calm atmosphere is rapidly taking on too much heat for me to be comfortable. 'Au—revoir'—See you tomorrow at the widow's."

"Good-bye," grunted Ray, as his friend sauntered down the street, seemingly unaware that he had aroused great heartache and jealously in the breast of his rival. "No, I haven't loved her all these years to hand her over to you, Ned Duval. You win in everything else—but this time, Ray wins—as sure as he stands here today."

Ray squared his shoulders so defiantly and looked so fierce and terrible that even Barbara would have failed to recognize her humble and devoted swain.

It was one of those delightful days in Indian summer when it is neither too hot nor too cold. Birds were

singing in the trees and every living thing seemed to thrill with life. No wonder Ned whistled merrily as he walked Jauntily up the path leading to Mrs. Ramond's home. He was somewhat startled when the door was swung open by the biggest, blackest negro he had ever seen or imagined in his life, but he recovered himself in time to catch the muttered words; "I seen yuh comin', suh, and I tell de mistis' an' she say she be 'acomin' right erlong. Dat does usually mean a long wait, suh, so git ez cumfutable ez yuh kin." Sam buttoned his coat around him and strutted off with the utmost importance.

During the interval, Ned had sufficient time to enjoy his artistic surroundings. The house itself was of the old Colonial type. The four, large white columns supporting it in front shone in the sunlight and made the shrubbery appear richer and greener. To his left, where the smooth lawn sloped gently down the incline, was the beginning of a rose garden, in which Ned could distinguish many different colors. He was straining his eyes to count them when he heard a faint, rustling behind him, when he turned and saw the mistress of the house approaching him, he fervently longed to fall down at her feet and worship her. Her auburn hair shone like fine spun gold; her skin had a tint impossible to secure in a beauty parlor, her deep blue eyes seemed to speak even before her lips moved. Ned simply stared with his mouth wide open. For the first time in his life he was at a loss for something to say—"Why-er-er" he stammered—"I've called in answer to-er-your-er——"

"To my advertisement?" she suggested, much puzzled.

As his tongue seemed to work with some difficulty Ned nodded his head in the affirmative.

"Are you well skilled in gardening?" she continued.

"Why-er-to tell the truth—"

"That's all right. Come with me and I'll try you for a day any way. This is quick work! Only yesterday I sent my advertisement to the press." She laughed merrily as she led him to the plot laid off for a winter garden and showed him the necessary implements. Then she left him without another word.

"Yes, it must be he," she murmured as she walked away, "there are no other eyes in the world like them—but, why the joke? He can't know me. I am so changed. How many years has it been? I'll see if he has learned to work," she said smiling to herself and glancing over her shoulder.

Poor Ned was so dumfounded that he could neither speak nor act—and for the moment he was sure of only one thing and that was that he had just had a vision of the fairest woman on earth, and she had called him her gardner. He thought once of leaving, but—those alluring eyes! No, he'd get to work so as to while away the time until she should return. He had just picked up the hoe to try his hand when, looking up, he saw smiling upon him his companion Ray. He was undecided whether to hug him or kill him for discovering his ridiculous predicament.

"Say, Ray," he asked with a mischievous grin, "are you my pal, the gardner or the million dollar owner?"

"Neither, my industrious friend, that Angel of a woman sent me out here with the remark that she was glad to have two of us as there was so much work to be done—she said I could begin hoeing right now. I don't catch the drift myself but I suppose you do," he hinted sarcastically. "It's a sight to rest the eyes to see you laboring in the Queen's garden, though. Good-bye—I'm off to see Barbara. Any message?"

"No, thanks, none that I can't deliver myself," he replied snappishly.

Oh, no offence meant. Congratulate me, old man! Barbara has almost accepted me." Ned's eyes shone with a new light.

"Almost but not quite. You big boob—I'll congratulate you when the almost is omitted."

Ray went whistling down the street without a word of 'farewell' to his kind employer.

Ned worked and waited but still the 'vision' did not return. He was getting very impatient,—when he saw beyond the side lawn, Sam, the butler. "Hey, there, nigger," he called, "tell your mistress I should like to speak with her concerning these plants. Be quick, I say or I'll wring your neck."

Sam turned around innocently and replied, "Be you de new gyrdner, suh? I be de butler and de mestses' fav'rite. Sorry, sur, but I knows yuh not." Sam straightened up and walked off with great dignity. "Whut de wurl comin'to." he muttered, "when new gyrdners does sass fambly sarvants?" He had just reached the corner of the house when something struck him in the head, causing poor Sam and all his dignity to roll over and over on the ground. He carefully felt himself from head foot and then decided to try his voice. "Oh, missus," he yelled, "I'se quite kilt—quite kilt. Oh! my brains! dey am all scatttered—an' my gol' watch, it am broke, too. Missus! come to yer fav'rite quick." Sam groaned audibly after this outburst.

"Sam, my poor Sam," said the 'vision,' rushing out to him.

"If I were only Sam," muttered Ned, standing near the scene of action.

"What is the matter? Did something hit you?"

"Hit me? Why, missus, a mounting done lit on my haid." Sam was very much hurt that she asked him such a question when he was experiencing such 'miseries' in his 'haid' from the blow. Being assured that no part of him was missing, Sam ventured to rise slowly and glance around him. Then his eye caught sight of a black slipper of the latest style, which lay several yards from him. "Hit's dat han'some gyrdner's shoe," he shouted. "You sho' ought to turn he off, missus, for busin' this hon'able haid."

At that moment the terrible owner of the shoe approached and calmly announced that if his shoe wasn't too badly disturbed, he had just as soon have it. Sam trembled visibly and stepped back a little farther. Ned, seeing that he had angered 'the vision' by offending Sam, and anxious to make amends, began hastily, "I'm exceedingly sorry to have offended you, Madam, and I'd like to make peace with Sam by giving him my own watch in place of his."

Sam's eyes beamed and some of his broken bones were forgotten at sight of the handsome gold watch which the gardner gave him. For one brief moment he forgot his dignity and put on the gardner's missing shoe for him. Then he marched away triumphantly, chuckling and muttering to himself.

"Now will you tell me why you have decided to be a gardner, Ned?" the 'vision" mischievously inquired.

Ned's heart beat dangerously fast. He regarded her intently for a moment then rushed to her side and clasped her small hands in his. "Rose," he exclaimed joyfully, "Why it's pretty little Rose Arrington of my childhood days! Well do I remember the day you fell in the river and how thrilled I was to rescue you. How your Dad did scold! Remember, Rose? And many's the time you made me jealous enough to bite my tongue in two."

The sun cast a golden glow over them as they stood between the freshly ploughed rows. Rose's eyes sparkled with delight at meeting her old friend once again. Black Sam, who was peeping around the corner was greatly touched by the beauty of the scene. His shiny, black, derby hat shook with emotion.

"Yes, indeed, I remember," she replied. "I'll never forget those wonderful carefree days. But Dad thought I needed a little of Europe, so off I went. I've never been back to our little home town since." Her eyes had a sad, faraway look. "This is my husband's old homeplace and before his death, I promised him I'd have it remodeled and live here. But you have not told me yet why you hired yourself to me as gardner." The joke was coming fine.

"That requires an explanation on your part," replied Ned laughing. "Why did you put me to work when I merely meant to call?"

"But you said—in answer to my——

"Yes, yes, and will you read your advertisement?" Ned pulled a faded paper from his pocket and handed it to her

Wanted—A Man

Call at 1036 Elmwood Ave.'

she read slowly. Then the whole situation dawned upon her and she burst out laughing. Then turning around quickly, she asked: "but where is my other gardner?"

"Oh, he's likely calling on his Lady Love," answered Ned, carelessly. He was thinking very little of the newspaper or the other gardner at the time. Drawing closer to her he began seriously;" I'll never forget the day your Dad took you away from me, Rose. It almost broke my boyish heart,—for even then you were all the world to me. You said you loved me, too, and your parting words have ever been close to my heart. Since then,—" he said reflecting, "but, Rose, it has always been you. Can't you love me a little again?" Ned was in earnest now, terribly in earnest. "Won't you try to love me as you once did? Tell me that you will."

"No, my impulsive lover, I can't tell you anything until this newspaper affair is straightened. Do you know that there is a mistake in my advertisement?" She could not keep from laughing as she again took the paper.

"I only know that I love you," replied Ned obstinately.

"Listen to this, anyway:" She read slowly and distinctly:

'Wanted—A Man

Experienced in Gardening

Call at 1036 Elmwood Ave."

Ned grinned sheepishly and hung his head.

"You dear old goose," she said softly, "to let a stupid newspaper fool you. You're the same mischievous boy, always getting into trouble or out. But," she said blushing, "you'll never get out this time, for I'm going to keep you."

"Rose!" he said impulsively. "You do love me—don't you?" Entirely forgetting that his clothes had suffered greatly from his heavy work, that one of his shoes had been badly cracked on Sam's head, and that his hands were covered with dirt, the gardner took the mistress of the house in his arms.

—*Annie Mary Timmons,* '23.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

The Joys of Being Profane Before the Consciously Pious

Gilbert Chesterton says, "A sane man knows that he has a touch of the beast, of the devil, of the saint, of the citizen, and of the mad man."

We believe this. But why is it that his touch of the devil is stirred up in him at the wrong time?

Every human being who comes in contact with another influences that person in some way; and it seems to be the mission of the consciously pious to stimulate in people the desire to depart from their early parental training, and to create in them a passion for profanity.

We may easily recognize this pious being by his great dignity, the solemnity of his countenance, and that curious lifting of the eye-brows which seems to say, "Thou art more sinful than I, and I am more spiritual than thou."

It is not wickedness—no, not real wicknedness which causes one to use profanity in such company—it is this—human nature enjoys being contrary. Just as a boy of sixteen insists on enjoying a cigarette, and a young lady of the same age insists on daringly short skirts and "too red" cheeks just to horrify the family, so Johnny, the same, twelve-year old son of a family who is entertaining the minister, is inspired to recite his whole profane vocabulary, just to be contrary to his pious environment.

Very seldom do we think of the consequences of the "outburst" of such language—the pious victim's opinion of our morals, the great disgrace brought upon our family, and the awful realization that we have sinned—for we have the thrill and joy of the situation!

Oh the joy of that instinct to shock—the pleasure of seeing our pious brother or sister frown with disapproval! But what is it that makes us enjoy such? A sensation? Are we not sorry we did not control our language before such pious people? No we enjoy the "shocking game" for it is the *touch* of the *devil* in our nature—which Chesterton is sure we have—that is performing in an unfavorable—or rather a deliciously *favorable* condition.

G. W. C. Date Card

March 11—

Living picture show given at the Grand under supervision of Miss Lulu Ross.

Chamber of Commerce Glee Club at the Grand also.

March 24—

Choral Club goes to Easley to give concert. The play "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy," is also given.

Chamber of Commerce reception at G. W. C. in the afternoon.

Furman Junior banquet.

March 25—

Fashion show.

March 27-29—

Y. W. Cabinet Training. Girls from Coker, Converse and University of South Carolina here. We all have such a good time rushing delegates.

April 1—

April Fool—No body does anything rash, however.

Sophomore-Senior reception is quite a success.

April 3—

Miss Paschal leaves for Kansas City to attend the meeting of the Association of University Women.

April 10—

Miss Paschal returns.

April 11—

Girls give the first part of Fashion Show at the Y. W.

April 17—

Eloise Montjoy and Dorothy Boylston go to Sophy-Newcomb to attend the meeting of Student Government Association.

Luncheon is given by Cooking B class. Fourteen guests were present. These were some of the most influential women of the city.

April 18—

Mr. Miller presents his more advanced pupils in recital at Imperial Hotel. This was given for the benefit of the organ fund of the Buncombe Street Methodist Chuch.

April 19—

Joint meeting of the two literary societies—Debate: Resolved: Labor organizations as they exist in the U. S. today, are essential for the welfare of the working man.

Affirmative:
Estelle Cooper,
Hershal Knotts,
Beulah Burnett.

Negative:
Selma Ballenger,
Ruth Jones,
Sarah Fickling.

April 21—

Lucile Nix and Ruby Woodward go to Hot Springs Ark. to attend the Y. W. Conference.

Senior original play "Frills then Thrills" given at the Grand. It proved to be a great success.

April 24—

Mr. J. Oscar Miller presents Miss Essie Mae Howard in graduating recital.

Mrs. Williams nearly worked the light "gym" class to death. This class is desirous to change its name to the "old ladies class! ! ! !"

April 27—

Seniors take a holiday—Go to Old Stone Church and pay the Clemson boys an unexpected visit.

The Interstate College News-paper Association meets with G. W. C. The delegates from the Spookesman Staff are Elna Brabham and Gertrude Vermillion.

April 28—

Miss Lusby presents her pupils in a very entertaining recital The little boys orchestra makes quite a hit.

Blue Ridge "slides" shown at Y. W.

April 29—

Seniors initiate Juniors into Senior class. Initiation begins at 6:45 A. M. and lasts until 10:30 P. M. "Woe be unto the Juniors."

April 30—

Institution Sunday—Last one—but to church we must go three times.

May 1—

Annual track meet.

May 2—

Holiday ! ! ! . Wonderful! ! !

May 5—

Choral Club and Chamber of Commerce Glee Club give "The Trial by Jury," a comic opera.

May 6—

Mr. J. Oscar Miller presents Miss Maribel Waters in graduating recital.

JOKES

"Have you some nice brown ties to match my eyes?"

"No, but we've some nice soft hats to match your head."

—*Shi-Hu-Mah.*

Examiner (questioning application for life saving job) "What would you do if you saw a woman being washed out to sea?"

Applicant—"I'd throw her a cake of soap."

Examiner—"Why a cake of soap?"

Applicant—"To wash her back."

—Panther.

Some love two,
Some love three,
But I love one
And that is ME.

—*Punch Bowl.*

Bone—"Will that watch tell time?"

"No, you have to look at it."

—*Lord Jeff.*

The height of ignorance is not necessarily, trying to start a cuckoo clock with bird seed, but it's some where near it.—*Wasp.*

The Flapper's Anthem—"Homme, Sweet Homme."

—*Life.*

"You big idiot, the train is leaving and my trunks aren't inside!"

"Well it seems you're the idiot, since you're in the wrong train."

—*Le Rire Paris.*

Because a girl stands in front of a mirror a great deal is not necessarily an indication that she reflects a great deal.—*Judge*

Angry Husband (to wife)—"You're a dumb-bell!"

Wife—"Well, dumb-bells always go in pairs!"

—*Ski-Hu-Mah.*

Sentimental Youth—"Do you know, darling, I used to kiss the very stamps you sent me, knowing they had touched your sweet lips."

His Light O'Love—"Oh, Jack, I used to moisten them on dear old Fido's nose."—*Bison.*

He—"I asked her if I could see her home."

He—"And what did she say?"

He—"She said she'd send me a photo of it."

—*Phoenix.*

Physiology Prof.—"Why didn't you come to class today? You missed my lecture on appendicitis."

She—"Oh I am tired of those organ recitals."

—*Mugwump.*

"Why does he sign himself just plain Izzenstein?"

"Maybe he hasn't a Christian name."—*Brown Jug.*

"My father weighed only four pounds when he was born."

"Great heavens, did he live?"—*Lampton.*

"She's an attractive girl."

"Otta be! She's daughter of a steel magnate."

—*Goblin.*

He (With a broad literal supine)—"I love you."
She (haughtily)—"Do you mean it?"
He—"Yes."
She—"You do?"
He—"Yes."
She—"Certain?"
He—"Yes."
She—"I just love to hear you say that."
He—"Then you love me, too?"
She—"No, no. It amuses me to hear you lisp."
—*Mercury.*

Traveler—"It's a nuisance—these trains are always late."
Resourceful conductor—"But, my dear sir, what would be the use of the waiting rooms if they were on time?"—*Numero (Turin)*

"Why is the little finger on the Statue of Liberty only eleven inches long?"
"Don't konw."
"Because if it was an inch longer it would be a foot."
—*Panther.*

"I think I have a cold or something in my head."
"Probably a cold."—*Widow.*

Editor—"Have you ever read proof?"
Frosh—"No, who wrote it?"—*Jester.*

"Buy your unbrellas when the sun is shining, they usually go up when it rains."—*Widow.*

Policeman (to disturbing banjoist)—"Young man you must accompany me."
He—"Awright, offisher, what'll ya shing?"—*Juggler.*

North—"The doctor says that deep breathing will kill microbes."
West—"Yes, but how are you going to make'em breathe deep?"—*New York Sun.*

Colored Rookie—"I'd lakk to have a new pair o'shoes, suh!"
Sergeant—"Are your shoes worn out?"
C. R.—"Worn out! man, the bottums of ma shoes are so thin ah can step on a dime and tell whether it's heads or tails!"—*Panther.*

"Doctor, I dream constantly of falling over cliffs, of being chased."
"'Uum! How often do you attend the movies?"
—*Judge.*

"Why does a chicken lay an egg?"
"Because if she dropped it it might break."—*Puppet.*

"One thing I imagine must puzzle the miliary authorities."
"What is that?"
"How to keep a standing army in good running order."
—*Gaboon.*

"David ver are my glasses?"
"On your nose, fadder."
"Don't be so indefinite."
—*Phoenix.*

"Lemme feel your pulse."
"I don't have any, the doctor took it yesterday."
—*Puppet.*

He failed in Physics, flunked in Chem.
They heard him softly hiss,—
"I'd like to catch the guy who said
That ignorance is bliss."—*Puppet.*

"How is it you spend your allowance so fast?"
"I'm helping out these poor Eskimos by buying their pies."—*Widow.*

"Sammy, you ought to be ashamed of yourself for chasing your Grandpa around like that. Don't you know he is short of breath?"
"Short of breath nothin'. He's breath'in more than I am."—*Jeter.*

"This fellow Skinner, tried to tell me that he has had the same auto for five years and has never paid a cent for repairs on it," said the Fat Man. "Do you believe that?"
"I do!" replied the Thin Man sadly. "I'm the man who did his repair work for him."
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

English Prof.—"What is your opinion of Cassio?"
Dtude—"I couldn't hand him an awful lot—"
Prof.—"Mr. Jones, please lay off using slang."
—*Record.*

Advertisements

Greenville Womans College

GREENVILLE, S. C.

The Greenville Womans College is an institution of higher learning established, controlled and supported by the Baptist Convention of South Carolina. It has to its credit sixty-seven years of successful experience in educating young women. The college has more than one thousand alumnae in this and other states.

The institution is a noble tribute to the faith, sacrifices, and loyalty of its friends. It is the second largest college for women in South Carolina, enjoying the distinction of having more of its alumnae teaching in the schools of the State than any other college save one.

The work of the College is strongly endorsed at home and abroad. For many years the number of boarding students has been limited by the capacity of the dormitories, and the annual income from college fees for local students alone is equal to the income of the endowment of any college in the State, which enables the College to give the best education at reasonable prices.

Believing that the aim of all training should be the development of heart, mind and body, the College seeks to give the product of symmetrical womanhood.

Greenville is located at the foot of the beautiful Blue Ridge Mountains and is on one of the great thoroughfares of the South. It is an old educational center and maintains the best ideals of our people in the midst of a great material prosperity The advantages and opportunities of such a community are educational by-products of no small value. Along with these must be mentioned Greenville's climate and health. The air and water are perfect. The college in all of its sixty-seven years of history has never lost a student by death and it has enjoyed singular freedom from epidemics of every form.

The College is giving the best modern education to young women. The faculty consists of men and women holding degrees from the leading colleges, universities and conservatories. Fourteen units are required for entrance. One major and two minor conditions are accepted , to be worked off before reaching the junior year. Our B. A. diploma has been accepted for graduate work at the universities. The degrees of B. A., B. S., B. Mus. are given. Diplomas are awarded in the Department of Art and Expression.

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For further information apply to

David M. Ramsay, Th. M., D. D., President

Or OSA C. PASCHAL, Dean.

Furman University

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