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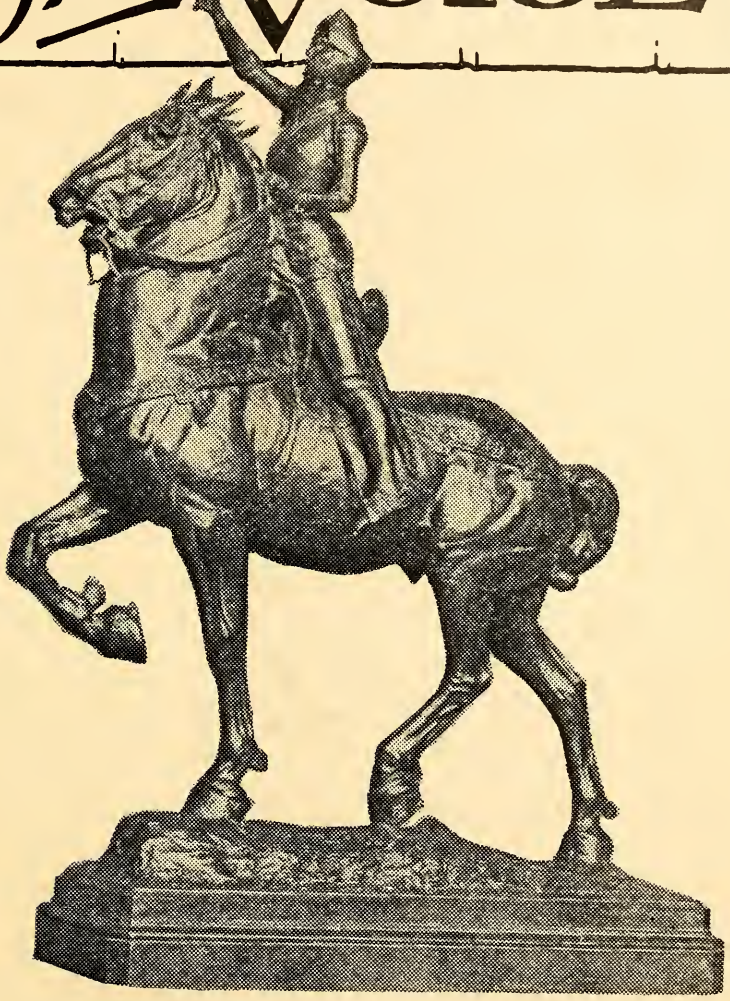
Longwood University

The VOICE



State Teachers College
Farmville, Virginia

February, 1929

Volume I. Number 1

The Voice

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CUNNINGHAM AND RUFFNER

LITERARY SOCIETIES

THE STAFF

State Teachers College

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

February, 1929

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THE END

The Voices

Voices, soft and melodious;
Voices, mystic and wordless;
Elfin airs scarcely audible,
Touches of fairy fingers
On harp-strings gloriously golden;
Music divine and angelic
Played on the violins of God;
Wind-whisperings, waves of air
Vibrant with pleadings for souls;
Voices calling to you,
To you with the dream-filled eyes.
Why do you smile, Joan of Arc?
Are there words in their wordless music?
Words for the pure in heart?
Secrets of God in your ears?
Unveil your eyes, Joan of Arc;
Hide not your secrets of life—
Poems of reality
Veiled in the grey mists of God;
Let me, even me, hear your "voices,"
Voices of beauty unspeakable,
Voices of love eternal,
Voices of service unrendered
Awaiting me, calling me, urging me
On to more perfect completion,
Till we can be sharers of secrets,
Dreamers of love and eternity.

Carolea Harris, '29

JOHN ATKINSON CUNNINGHAM
Our President
1887-1897

"Strong and True"

Aye, "strong and true" of him ye well may say—
Both strong and true to all that makes for right!
His modest, gentle nature found delight
In little unknown kindnesses each day;
To cheer the lonely stranger on her way
With word of sympathy, to bring the light
Of laughter to a saddened face—the sight
Would cause his eyes to beam with gentle ray.

So strong his influence o'er the minds he taught,
So true the love with which each heart he filled—
Though years have passed since last he wrought
On earth his kindly deeds, though stilled
The voice beloved—with tender thought
And loyal gratitude these hearts are thrilled.

Jennie M. Tabb

Read by Class President, Alumnae Night, 1917, when the Class of 1894 presented Dr. Cunningham's portrait to the College. This portrait hangs in the President's office.

Dr. John A. Cunningham

AS it is well sometimes to take a backward glance lest we forget, the Cunningham and Ruffner Literary Societies dedicated this year's issue of ***The Voice*** of 1929 to Dr. John A. Cunningham who toiled for the State Normal School, Farmville, Va., from 1887 to 1897, and died in its service. Coming to the school in the prime of a vigorous manhood, enthusiastic, original, sympathetic, and wise, he gave to the school the best thought and energy of the ten best years of his life.

Teaching, with Dr. Cunningham, was both a profession and a fine art: for with expert knowledge, tempered with a spirit of reverent ministry, he dedicated himself, with a passionate devotion to the work of training teachers for the public schools of Virginia.

He had an aptitude for vicariousness, sympathetic creation within himself of the limitations and conditions under which others were struggling. Perhaps this was his strongest point. With all his wealth of knowledge, he could easily carry himself back and understand how the subject would appear to one looking at it for the first time. He also knew the shortest distance between two points and the lines of least resistance in the minds of his pupils; therefore he could easily cut away the non-essentials and follow, along the line of least resistance, the truth until it was safely lodged in the minds of his pupils.

Besides sympathetic imagination, Dr. Cunningham had that which every teacher needs, an accumulated wealth of knowledge and wisdom. Truly his reserve power was rare!

He had more than sympathetic imagination and intellectual wealth. He had what is very essential to a great teacher, the power to stimulate or invigorate life through knowledge. He made his pupils use their own eyes, think, compare, combine. Often he cried out, "Keep

your eyes in your head!" Often on entering a classroom, he exclaimed, "I have my war paint on." This was his way of sending to each pupil present a challenge to a mental combat. Each girl knew that he was going to trap her, if he could. The result was that there were no half-awake girls in the room. When he did trap them, as he often did, the wonderful part was that they did not get angry with him, but with themselves for being so stupid. While his pupils were taking in facts, he made them feel that they must think, observe, and form their own opinions. In a masterly way, he developed vigor in his pupils, clipping the fetters and giving them the power of entering through the realms of thought.

In addition, he had an appreciation of the beautiful, a discriminating taste for the lasting and the true. The following is quite suggestive of the man:

One day, as he was teaching, a small piece of paper fell from his pocket. As he did not notice it, some one, thinking it might be of value to him, picked it up This attracted his attention. "Oh Miss — ," said he, "don't wait on me." When the person replied, "I thought it might be of some value to you," with characteristic spontaneity, he opened it to see what it was. With the simplicity of a child, he said, "This is indeed valuable to me, for it is a love-letter from my little child." Turning to the class, he said, "Listen girls! This is a genuine love-letter." Then with a quiver in his voice he read the following note written in a childish hand:

"Papa, I love you.

Mary."

Intellectual enlightenment with him was not the main factor in the advancement of the world. He held that character should be at the helm of every life and that intellect should be the instrument of character. He believed that goodness had the power to leaven, that life

filled with the spirit of the Christ was the most effective agency of progress.

The grasp Dr. Cunningham laid on life was strong: for he was true and strong. He is still a center of thought, hope and love: for "he had life and it flowed into those he touched." M. V. R.

Blue

Among the things of this great world
That do our worship woo,
Oh, can you think of a lovelier thing
Than just a bit of blue?

Be it babys' eyes or oceans' blue,
No matter what the hue,
There is not one thing lovelier
Than just a bit of blue.

How could the rainbow be at all
Without its favorite hue?
Why does the bluebird flaunt its share
Of evanescent blue?

Why does the ocean smile today,
As the sun comes bursting through?
Because there comes with the gladdened sun
Inevitable blue.

Oh, be it small, or be it vast,
It carries a message true,
God sends to us a bit of heaven
In skies and eyes of blue.

Kathlyn E. Johnson, '31

The Trend of the Modern Novel

O the reader who revels in the literature of today there is scarcely anything of more interest than the contemplation of the characteristics of the new literature, which is being produced in such quantities, and the predictions of its future development. Naturally, since the literature which we are discussing is so new and has not been tested by time, the trend which it is taking and its real literary value can merely be speculated upon.

The predominant characteristic is essentially realism, a very broad term which may apply satisfactorily to almost all types of modern novels. There is the stark, devastating realism, breaking down ideals and standards and plunging the reader into a sea of morbidness, sordidness and depression. Typical of this, are Huxley's ***Point Counter Point*** and Delafield's ***The Way Things Are*** or ***First Love.***

Then there is a safer, more human, less exaggerative realism which builds up as it tears down; a type of realism which; although it carries us through the wild waters of human experience, leaves us at least with a raft on which to escape. The novels embodying this type of realism, although they have their share of candor, crudeness, or sordidness, seem to have a "purpose of being" or a deeper vein running through them, however subtle it may be, which lifts the mind of the reader from the lower level to which it has been taken. There are a good many modern novels which fall under this classification. Chief among them stand Edith Wharton's ***The Children,*** Thornton Wilder's ***The Bridge of San Louis Rey*** and Willa Cather's ***Death Comes to the Archbishop.***

Added to these we find a third type of modern fiction which is creeping in more and more among the lists of books recommended by our most eminent critics and which presents an idea for speculation. Let us refer, for

example, to ***Abbe Pierre's People*** by Hudson. Here we find a simplicity of theme and of treatment that comes as a relief after the harshness and complications of some of the more recent novels. Can it be that this element heralds a sort of reaction against the so-called "modernistic element" in the novels of today? We might also pause to consider Warwick Deeping's novels—***Sorrell and Son, Kitty, Doomsday*** and ***Old Pyhbus***—which although thoroughly realistic in treatment, show a tendency to revert to the old romantic type of story with a bright and satisfying conclusion. Can this be interpreted as the merest intimation of a change in the thought of our modern authors? Is it an indication that the pendulum which has swung so far in the direction of stark realism has reached its limit and is beginning its backward swing toward beauty, and idealism?

Marjorie Codd, '29

The Master Poet Weaves

Interwoven with the dreams of yesterday
And with his hopes and fears of coming years,
Still stands the loom whereon the poet appears
To weave his magic art. With gentle sway
He tints the sombre hues with colors gay,
And softly now subdues the common fears,
And works rich beauty painting out the jeers,
And weaves a song his sadness to portray.
Intruding on his tapestry of dreams
Still scented with the spices of the East,
All that his eyes can see, all that he rhymes,
Wherein glow joyous shades and tints of themes,
Where linger threads recalling sadness ceas'd,
He weaves a broadening masterpiece of times.

Mildred W. Steere, '32

Francois Villon

Dr. D. B. Wyndblam Lewis

ONE of the oustanding tendencies of our popular literature today is the fictionized biography such as Andre Maurais's "Ariel" or "Disraili," and Lytton Stachey's "Elizabeth and Essex. In accordance with this tendency, Dr. Lewis has written a detailed biography of Francois Villon, "the Beloved Vagabond"—with this difference—rather than fictionizing the life of this picturesque character, he has delved deeply into old manuscripts and other first-hand material to obtain exact information as to his environment, works, and the spectacular events of his life.

The author is truly a scholar with real knowledge of the Middle Ages and has above all a genuine feeling for Villon's poetry which is shown in the biography from the first. Because of his research the author has been able to add details about the life of this vagabond-poet which are not found elsewhere.

The book is so magnificently written in such a rich, energetic style that its appeal is universal.

It contains a preliminary section devoted to the environment surrounding Villon in his early life; a second section in which the entire life of the poet is charmingly presented; a third in which his works are discussed with sincere feelings, including renderings of his verse by Rossietti, Swinburne, Henley, and J. M. Lynge. Whether the reader is familiar with the vagabond poet or not, Dr. Lewis makes him live for us in his natural setting in a way which should be interesting to all.

M. V. C., '29

Abbe Pierre's People

By Jay William Hudson. Appleton—1928

JAY WILLIAM HUDSON turns to picturesque Gascony for his setting. To those of us who are familiar with his earlier book, ***Abbe Pierre,*** his characters are old friends moving amid the same delightful scenes pictured before.

The simple life of the peasants reveals the folklore, superstitions, and customs of the villagers. These beliefs and traits are treated by Mr. Hudson in a sympathetic manner that wins the reader at once. Humor and pathos are mingled with bits of history to produce a pleasing whole.

The book is a background for character study. Each individual moving across the stage represents a type, and all are typical in their own province.

The author is a master of his subject. He writes slowly, and through his easy style, conveys the life as it really exists in the little section of France that he has undertaken to describe. His descriptions are vivid and one can easily picture the characters as they pass across the page of the book.

In the words of the New York Times, ***"Abbe Pierre's People*** is literature of a high order—a book to bring one back to the things that count."

Ann Carrington Stump, '30

Joseph and His Brethren

H. W. Freeman

IF the author of "Joseph and His Brethren" is a "discovery" then the book itself is a treasure. If one is looking for a novel entirely unusual he should read "Joseph and His Brethren."

It lacks the wit and sophistication of the so-called typical modern novel, though humorous at times and delightful in the natural development of the theme, showing the unity of human nature. Modern life does not enter into it at all, even though it is written in the twentieth century. It is simply another story about the great differences between city and country life.

The emphasis is placed, not only on the principal characters, but rather on their surroundings and the connection of their lives with a small poor farm in Suffolk. The five older brothers and the younger brother whom they all love deeply are like characters from an old folk-tale placed in a country setting, and they present the universal appeal of such characters through all the literature of the ages.

To quote the publisher: "Like an old folk-tale the story begins slowly and proceeds simply until suddenly the reader knows that he is reading a real story of life, and like life it must be carried on to the end."

R. L., '29

Faith and Love

EVERY person in Centerville who was able to walk or ride was waiting on the station platform for the two o'clock train. Old men shifted their quids from one cheek to another impatiently; bad boys played tag around the boxes and barrels; babies cooed, and ate cinders from the dirty flooring, while their mothers discussed the newest receipts or fashions; and young men paced back and forth restlessly, now and then straightening an already too straight tie. Presently, drowning completely the hum of voices, was heard the train whistle blowing for the station. The foregoing activities were suspended. Hearts began to beat more rapidly, for was not Amy coming home, Amy Holloway the village favorite since infancy? She was not coming alone, but with her baby daughter. Her husband had died the year before, and she was now coming home to stay.

When the train finally drew into the station the excitement was so great that a tall, well-set man, who looked at first glance to be about thirty-five, got off the last coach unnoticed. He had to step over several babies and dogs, before he was finally across the platform and standing on the opposite side of the street. No one noticed him; no one would have aided him if he had seen him, because this was a gala day—something too sacred to share with a mere stranger.

He did not seem to mind the welcome—or lack of welcome—he was receiving, but looked on the spectacle with a half-bored, half-cynical expression. Now and then, as some small urchin passed, a whimsical, yearning look would appear in his eyes.

After the excitement had died out, the town settled back into the same old routine, as if nothing had happened. Everyone seemed to have something to do except the stranger. He finally crossed the street and entered the

village store. After glancing around for a brief space of time, he addressed the owner who had been eyeing him over the top of a half-emptied crate of tomato cans.

"Could you tell me where I might get board and lodging?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Tilby is taking in boarders 'round on Elm street. You might try her. Come on the last train I 'spose? Well, my name's Wilson. Kept a store here for nigh on to thirty years so everybody knows ole' man Wilson."

Mr. Wilson wanted very much to know where the young man came from and why he happened to be at Centerville at this particular time, but from long years of experience, which came from living with a too energetic wife, he kept his mouth shut.

"I am glad to know you Mr. Wilson. My name is Lea, Jimmie Lea. If everything proves favorable, I may stay here in your little town for sometime so I want a nice place in which to live."

After finding the exact location of Mrs. Tilby's lodging, he left the store and went in search of it. Jimmie found out that he did not need Mr. Wilson's lengthy directions and descriptions to direct his steps thither. A large sign, which could be seen half a block away, told travelers, if any chanced that way, that Mrs. Tilby took in boarders. As a matter of fact she had none at this time, so Jimmie was given the choice of any one of the forbidding-looking rooms. He chose the one which had the most sunlight at the time, because he was looking for cheer.

Even though Mrs. Tilby was noted for her fault-finding she had no complaint to make against her new boarder when questioned by her neighbors.

He had been in town only a few days when Mr. Wilson offered him a position as clerk in his store. The last person who had filled this place having been fired for eating apples from the store's supply. Jimmie accepted at once much to the surprise of all Centerville. He went

to work with all energy available. He was so industrious in fact, that Mr. Wilson said he did enough work for both of them. As a consequence his employer spent most of his time smoking his pipe on the cracker barrel, and reading week and month-old newspapers. Jimmie Lea transformed the store to such an alarming degree that small urchins, who came to buy gum drops, actually wiped the mud from their feet at the door. He had very little to say. This often irritated Mr. Wilson, but he said nothing, because he valued the young man's services too much.

The only thing that seemed to arouse Jimmie's interest or to bring a bright smile to his face, was to have a chubby fist held tightly in his large capable hand, or to have some small piece of humanity perched on his back. No matter what his past history was, every mother in Centerville smiled with satisfaction and understanding when, with eager eye and happy voice, her small boy would announce that he was going fishing with Jimmie. Not a child ever refused to go on an errand to Mr. Wilson's store, because he would see and talk to Jimmie. Alas! the errand was often forgotten and the trip repeated—this time with reluctant steps and a tear-stained face. Jimmie never failed to comfort the ones in such dire straits. He would send them on again with the correct articles in one hand and a tightly squeezed chocolate rabbit in the other. This would disappear before the store door closed behind his back.

Of all the children in Centerville none was more loved than Amy's little girl, Gwen. She was Jimmie's one source of unbounding delight. The one child he worshiped with his whole being. She returned his love but it was so subtle and sweet that only he and Gwen's mother knew how deep the affection really was. Because of the interest he displayed in Gwen, a bond of sympathy and understanding gradually grew up between Jimmie and Amy.

After two years had gone by the people began to speak of Jimmie Lea, not as the stranger, but as one of Center-

ville's folks. It is true that they knew nothing about his past history, but they just accepted him as a queer specimen, who had a special fondness for children. Mr. Wilson asked him one day why he was so fond of the meddlesome little brats, and Jimmie had answered him by saying that they were so sweet and innocent, so free from care and trouble that he almost felt it his duty to keep them this way, and see that the trials which come to us in life were kept from them as long as possible.

One day while Jimmie was busy sorting over the various articles in the store, and making room for more, he heard Amy come in and speak to Mr. Wilson. Expecting to receive a greeting from Gwen, he turned around with a ready smile on his face. It slowly faded as he saw that Gwen was not with her mother and that Amy appeared worried. As soon as he was able to speak to her he asked about Gwen.

"Gwen is sick, Jimmie. I am afraid she caught cold last Wednesday on that picnic. She has never been real well, but she has seemed to be worse within the last month. It must have been too much for her weak constitution."

Ten days later an anxious Jimmie lifted the brass knocker on the front door of the Halloway home and let it fall with a sharp clatter. Before any one could come to answer the knock, old Doctor Jenkins came out. In answer to the query from Jimmy the old doctor only shook his head. A worried frown gradually drew his brows together, as he pictured to Jimmy the agonies Gwen was suffering under the relentless grip of double pneumonia. They went down the walk together; and in plain terms the doctor told Jimmie that if she did not improve by four o'clock there would be no hope. They shook hands at the gate and bent their steps in opposite directions.

Three o'clock found Jimmie walking up the broad stone steps of Amy's home with Doctor Jenkins. He did not lift the knocker and wait on the threshold as he had

done that morning, but went in and closed the door softly behind him. They went up a beautifully carved circular stairway and paused at a half-opened door on the right. Even here Jimmie could hear someone breathing deep and convulsively. He followed the doctor into the room and there on a little white bed lay Gwen. Not a single movement other than the faint quivering of her nostrils indicated that she was alive. Jimmie's thoughts flew back to a time not so far distant when he had sat by another little white bed on which lay another little girl with a halo of golden ringlets about her head, fighting desperately for breath, while her strength ebbed away with the waning twilight. Minutes and then gradually an hour dragged by. At that time the old doctor took out his watch, glanced first at it and then at the little pale face on the pillow, closed the case with a snap and walked toward the door, to try to console a wide-eyed, grief-stricken mother who was waiting in the next room.

"Doctor!" Jimmie, his face pale, but determined blocked the doctor's way. "Do you believe in love and faith?"

The doctor was puzzled. This was a new Jimmie; a new light shone from his eyes.

"Yes, Jimmie, sometimes, but what good will that do? I have done all in my power, but I must acknowledge defeat."

"Oh, no! Let me try. I once studied medicine. I just feel that I can do it while there is hope. I know I can."

Doctor Jenkins appraised Jimmie was a half-sympathetic, half-condescending glance.

"My boy,'" he began, "why battle against fate. I, too, love the little girl and wish that she might be laughing and playing about my feet at this moment, but what can be done?"

Pale, but determined, Jimmie held his ground. The old doctor gave in. He knew that no harm could be done. With quick, deft fingers Jimmie set to work. His face

was no longer pale, but a faint flush gathered on his cheeks, and a steel glint sprang to his eyes, as he leaned over the pale form of the baby girl. Neither of the two men noticed Amy as she stole into the room and stood at her baby's feet. Not a word was spoken, not a movement was made, except in a deliberate matter-of-fact way, because this was a grim fight,—one that tested all that was best in all four of the human beings in that pretty rose-tinted room.

At last standing with his feet apart and his arms folded the old doctor raised his head at the same time that Jimmie raised his. An understanding look passed between them. A look that caused the young mother's expression to change from grief to bewilderment. Doctor Jenkins stretched one lean and care worn hand, blessed by many a sufferer, across the now sleeping child and it was grasped by the smooth strong hand of Jimmie. The fight was won. All that was needed now was rest and care. The three left the room and passed into the hall. There, by an open window, Jimmie, for the first time, talked about himself.

"Doctor, ten years ago my name was called by a gray-haired man, in an academic cap and gown, who was standing on the rostrum of one of our largest northern universities. I, along with others, walked down a long aisle and received my medical degree. My father and mother, their hearts beating in unison for their only son, beamed upon me from the audience. Beside them sat my future wife. My heart and hand had been hers for many years, but now my life was hers. Yes, I hated that degree. No self-satisfied look suffused my face as I took my seat; no joy was felt when my name was read as one who had done his duty well. All my life I had dreamed dreams and seen visions. My name was to go down in history as a great engineer. Ever since boyhood I had played with mechanical toys, never with bottles or drugs. I saw bridges rise before my view, majestic structures,

greatest of all human achievements—Alas! all this was in vain. My father, as his father had done, wished that he might pass on the honorable title of Doctor Lea. I did my work well—yes, because I felt it to be my duty. As a young interne I was placed in the children's ward. Maybe that is why I succeeded as well as I did. I love children and as I hated to see them suffer, I did all in my power to help them. My sweetheart too, had wanted me to be a doctor, ever since I had put on her father's tall silk hat and visited her stricken dolls."

"I have one thing for which to be thankful. She never lived to see my failure. She lived only a year after our marriage, leaving a little girl, the miniature of herself, for me to care for. Of course, I went back to live with my mother as my father had died the year before. I knew all the time that I was a failure, that I would never be successful; but the supreme test came when my little girl lay like Gwen, fighting the dread pneumonia. She died—oh, the agony of that moment—I turned from her bed-side torn with grief and remorse; here, indeed, was a failure. A doctor who was so lacking in skill that he could not save his idolized baby daughter! I did not stop to argue with myself that the child was too frail and ill to fight the disease even if she had been under the care of a skilled physician."

"A month after her death, lacking faith in mankind and in God, I left Chicago and came, as you know, to Centerville. Here I fancied I would forget my grief and before many years had passed be able to start life anew. In Gwen I invested all my pent-up sorrow and showered on her all the devotion I had felt for my little girl. Her faith in me caused me to have faith in myself, and as a result inspired me to try what skill I had left in her behalf."

The doctor again glanced at his watch, snapped it shut; glanced in the open door at the little figure sleeping peacefully on the small white bed; and then turned

abruptly and walked to the head of the stairs followed by Jimmie.

"Young man, I want to say that your success is complete. I leave her in capable hands."

Jimmie turned back into the room and there, while the last faint beams of a golden sunset filtered through the staunch old elms and fell on a halo of golden ringlets, Jimmie and Amy built bridges and dreamed dreams even after "the virginal white evening star sank, and the red moon rose."

Mary C. Selden, '29

At Twilight

When the sun goes down in the west
And the trees sigh wistfully in the wind
The birds sing to the world at rest,
My heart calls to yours—
Your voice alone soothes the tumult within my soul;
Yours is the only touch that gives me strength to strive for my goal
Your virtue challenges my slinking spirit—
My heart calls to yours!

Martha von Schilling, '31

To My Dad

I've got the funniest feelin' down inside o' me—
'Tisn't just exactly sad, but then—it isn't glee!
It always comes when you're around
Or when I know you're comin'
And certain ways you look at me
Will start my heart to thumpin'
I don't 'specially wanta kiss you or squeeze you very tight
Jus' to know you're very near me makes the world safe and right!

Martha von Schilling, '31

Disillusionment

JESSIE WRIGHT walked slowly along the avenue and wondered what she would have for supper. Father liked chops, but they had chops yesterday. If she just had time to go by the Old Dutch Market, she could get some fresh veal. Jessie looked at her watch and decided she would take the time. They were out of baking powder anyhow, and she could get a bunch of celery while she was about it. Thus, she argued irrelevantly, as she crossed the street to wait for the car.

There were two others on the corner who were waiting for the car, but Jessie was so absorbed in her own affairs that she did not notice them. Not until she was on the car did she realize that the man who had taken his seat beside her was one of the two who had stood on the corner.

Now, Jessie was beyond the flapper age, but she was not beyond the age when women cease to become interested in men. It is my private opinion that there is no such age with women. At least Jessie was far from it. She opened her paper and at the same time stole a glance at the man by her side.

He was far from good-looking, but he certainly did have a nice mouth. Jessie couldn't see his eyes, but she decided that they must be blue. She began reading the paper, but stopped short when she saw the strange man pull out a prayer-book from his rather shabby pocket and begin to turn the pages.

In this present day and age men were not in the habit of reading prayer-books while riding on the street car; they were usually buried in the sport's page of a newspaper. Jessie could have understood it if the strange man had been dressed as a minister for he might have been working on his sermon for Sunday. Father often did that; she had even seen him write his whole sermon

on a street car.

But this man—well, one could tell by his thread-bare coat that he was no minister, or much of anything else. Probably a working man Jessie thought. His trousers were worn at the knee and there was absolutely no crease in them. Jessie wondered when they had last been pressed. His cap he had taken off, and he was running his fingers throught his hair. Jessie liked his hair; it was so thick, and one lock fell across his forehead almost into his eyes. She watched him as he read his prayer book. "Of all things," thought Jessie. "Reading the Catechism!"

She had become so interested in watching him, that she had completely forgotten about the veal and baking powder. But as the stranger closed the prayer-book and began to get up, Jessie came to her senses.

"Old Dutch," she murmured. "Veal for father's supper," and she hurried down the aisle behind the man in the shabby coat. For all his shabbiness he certainly walked like a prince. He hopped off and turning around quickly helped Jessie off the car. She thanked him as he lifted his cap, and then she watched him disappear into a store.

The following afternoon Jessie was preparing her talk for the literary club when the door-bell rang. She opened the door and was a little taken back at what she saw. There stood the man who had sat by her in the car, but today, somehow he looked different.

"Dr. Wright—er—is he in?" said the man looking straight into Jessie's eyes.

"Come in, won't you? And I'll see," replied Jessie. "That dark blue serge suit looks nice on him," she thought, as she went in search of her father. But her father was not to be found.

When Jessie returned to the library she found the strange young man standing at the table bending over an open book. At the sound of her footsteps he turned quickly and before she could speak, he burst out, "Oh,

and you love him, too!—Edwin Arlington Robinson. I see you have his ***Collected Poems.*** Aren't some of them treasures, indeed!"

His English accent was quite apparent. His blue eyes were flashing excitedly. And yet why should he be so interested in poets; for all his blue serge suit—he was nothing but a—a—

"Yes, aren't they fine?" Jessie heard herself saying. "I'm working on a report on Robinson for literary club for next Friday.

"I like this one—***Flammonde,***" said the man turning the pages. Jessie was watching his face. He was so enthusiastic—this stranger whom she didn't know from Adam—so unmindful of anything except this subject which interested him, that Jessie found herself becoming interested in the man himself.

There was a dead silence for the space of a minute, then Jessie taking a step forward said hurriedly, "Father is not in his study now, but he should be home soon."

"Oh, and you are his daughter. How extraordinarily convenient!" He was laughing now. "Reece is my name—Erdley Reece."

"Well, Mr. Reece, if you don't mind waiting, I'm sure father will be glad to see you." Jessie had taken her seat on the davenport and Erdley Reece stood near her.

"Oh, it was only a little matter," he said. He had picked up his cap and was moving toward the door. "I can see him again about that.'" He glanced at the table and Jessie saw him looking at Robinson's ***Collected Poems.***

"We could read Robinson's poems while you're waiting," she suggested.

Now, why had Jessie said that? That sounded as if she were trying to flirt with him—and she a minister's daughter. She flushed slightly. Her brown eyes danced, or so it seemed to Reece for he hesitated and then walked slowly toward her.

"Will I be intruding?" He asked simply. "It's so

good of you to suggest that."

Jessie reached for the book, and shook her head. "Why, of course, you won't," declared she. "And then I'll make some tea for us,'" she added with a laugh.

"That will be good," Reece exclaimed, "I don't think I've had my afternoon tea since I left England."

"When did you leave England?" Jessie asked with interest.

"Oh, about a month ago. You see, I'm a stranger here and everything is very different." He paused, "That was one reason I wanted to look up Dr. Wright, for he is a minister in my own church."

"I guess you've been right busy," decided Jessie. "And lonesome, too."

"I work from seven-thirty until five-thirty,'" said the man simply. But he didn't say where or how.

Jessie wondered what kind of a man he could be who had his afternoon tea in England, and yet worked in America from early morning till night. The fact that she had seen him reading the Catechism only served to make his character all the more mystifying. Yet Jessie would have said she liked him—oh, my, yes! Jessie had never seen a man with a more charming smile. Well, of course that wasn't strange, for Jessie had known very few men. She wouldn't have wanted anyone to tell her just that, yet it was undeniably true. And as for Jessie—a more romantic soul never lived! But, of course, Erdley Reece didn't know that. He merely knew that the minister's daughter was most entertaining, and he felt that he had made at least one friend in America. Romance was almost a thing of the past with him—now.

Jessie Wright never understood how the weeks flew by after her acquaintance with that strange Reece man. He was strange and yet he was most entertaining. He seemed to be so well-read and his literary tastes were most acute. Yet he couldn't have had more than an ordinary education. Jessie knew very little about Erdley

Reece, but she was sure he was a gentleman. At least he studied the Catechism. That helped, Jessie thought. She had decided from what he had said that he had had some love affair which had displeased his father and that he had come over to America to forget her. Erdley Reece had never mentioned this part of it. He had merely said that his father was displeased with the girl of his choice and he had come over here to forget it all. Jessie wondered if his father had disinherited him. Maybe that was why he was working so hard. Why, of course that was the reason.

And so Jessie with her romantic imagination built up a whole story about Erdley Reece.

"Good-looking young man—disinherited by cranky old father—had to leave England and his luxurious home—broken engagement—unhappy love affair—working in America—trying to forget. — —"

Jessie wondered how it all would end. And just then the telephone rang. It was Erdley.

"That you, Jessie?" she heard him say. "Ask your father to stay in tonight—there's something important I have to tell him. And listen, Jessie," he was so enthusiastic, "there's something I want to ask you—it's been on my mind for some time—it—I— Oh, I'll bring that copy of mine of Robert Frost, shall I?"

"Yes, do." That was all Jessie could say. Her heart beat fast as she hung up the receiver. So he loved her, and there might be a romantic ending after all. Jessie knew she had loved Erdley Reece from almost the very beginning, but she wasn't sure about him. Anyhow, he had been so strange. But he was not strange to her now. Of course, people who have had unhappy love affairs are a little different. You couldn't expect them to fall in love just as if nothing had happened. Erdley Reece had never acted as if he were in love with Jessie, but his eyes—oh, Jessie had seen it in his eyes. And the sadness that had been in their depths—she was sure that

some of that was gone.

When Jessie met Erdley at the door that night, she was not even surprised to see him holding his prayer-book in his hand along with the copy of Robert Frost.

"Father is in his study. Do you want to see him, now?"

"Yes, I'd better," Erdley said looking at her tenderly, she thought. "Then—I'll come—to you.'" He disappeared down the hall.

As Jessie looked through the copy of Robert Frost's poems, she happened to glance at the fly-leaf. She was startled at the words. "To Erdley Reece. Our First Christmas—From Barbara."

Jessie's head throbbed. What did it mean? Surely Erdley—and yet—it must be true. Erdley Reece was married and he had never told her. But the books they had studied together, the poems they both loved, the happy hours she had had with him—were—had they not been— —Jessie caught herself on the table. She thought rapidly. She must be cool now, and he must never know her true feelings. But the hurt in her heart; and she loved him so!

Jessie hadn't taken Erdley into consideration at all. Her heart that had yearned for romance had gone out to him and she thought it had found an answer in his eyes. She looked up and saw Erdley standing in the doorway.

"Your father was awfully nice to listen to my story," he was saying, "and now—I—have something I want to ask of you." He came toward her and, taking both her hands in his, looked into her eyes.

So he was going to ask her after all—the question. Jessie's heart pounded. Then it was not true; and his wife had died—or—something. And that was why he wanted to forget—and why his eyes had been sad What was he saying?

"—name her for you," she heard Erdley say indistinct-

ly. "We like the name Jessie—and—we want you—"

"What?" gasped Jessie.

"I was just telling you. Your father is going to baptize our baby girl tomorrow, and I wanted to ask you to be her godmother. Will you, Jessie?"

So *that* explained the prayer-book! Julia E. Wilson, '29

The Lady of the Sea

The blue black sea of sky above—
The green black sea of waves below—
And in between the silver sheen of rain—
The sheaves of white lily waves—
Conceal—
The Lady of the Sea—
Her face is rising above the wine waves—
Above the blossoms of foam—
Up to the silver sheen—
To drink at last the nectar rain—
The sweetened mouth smiles softly—
Some rain perfumes her sea-green hair—
Ships pass—
Tumbled by the storm—
All—but one—
She sends a star into the sky—
It goes but half-way up the silver sheen—
Then—falls, and falls, and falls—
Into the hand of The Lady—who fondles it tenderly—
Kisses it—and then gathers to her spacious bosom—
The ship—which gracefully goes down—
Past the green black sea—
Past the sheaves of white lily waves—
Leaving—
The blue black sea of sky above—
The green black sea of waves below—
And in between the silver sheen of rain—

Kay E. Schroeder

Drama

For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime,
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but a glance of time,
But by the mighty Actor brought
Illusions, perfect triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.

Selected (Thomas Campbell)

Night Sounds

THE scene is a bed room in the Brandon mansion. On spectator's left is a door leading to hall, center back is a closet door, on the right are two windows. Between these windows is a bed, by the bed a bed-side table holding a light and a telephone. Near bed is a chair. Other bedroom furniture may be used if desired.

Curtain rises on a darkened room. Door on left opens slowly. Some one enters, stumbles over a chair.

Man: "Damn!" (in loud tones)

The light on the bedside table is switched on. Light reveals a girl in bed, she is young, pretty. In her hand she holds a telephone. The man wheels, startled by the light.

Girl: "What are you doing here? You're surprised aren't you? You thought while we were all abroad you'd—"

Man makes a move towards her she waves the telephone at him.

Girl: "In one instant I can have the police upon you. Step back!"

(Man stands hesitantly)

Man: "Who are you?"

Girl: "I am Miss Laverne Brandon and now—Who are you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You look fairly decent. What brought you to this, sneaking into a house when people are supposed to be away? How cowardly!"

(Man moves up and takes seat in chair by bed)

(Girl gives him half-frightened half-haughty look)

Man: "Well, go on. Call the police."

Girl: "Are you mad? Out of the goodness of my heart I'm considering giving you a chance and you act like this. Step back instantly or I shall call."

(She raises telephone to her lips and puts receiver to her ear, but holds hook down with finger)

Man: (thoughtfully) "So you're Laverne Brandon. I thought you were abroad with your parents. In Switzerland wasn't it?"

Girl: "I returned this morning it was so boring."

Man: (nods) "I suppose you're bored by about every thing in the world aren't you? That's the penalty of being rich."

Girl: "You speak very feelingly. Perhaps it was a desperate need of funds that brought you here. I'm sorry—and because I'm sorry I will let you go."

Man: (Does not move) "You are generous but you let your heart run your head. Think what I might take while going out. You couldn't come to see because you couldn't leave the phone."

Girl: "Oh, but I trust you—you look honest."

Man: (laughing) "A burglar looking honest."

Girl: "I'm sure you couldn't have been a burglar long. You look quite decent."

Man: "Thanks."

Girl: "You're welcome—and now you may go."

Man: "Lady, I'm sure you've reformed me. Who could resist your kindness. Your purity and honesty is such that having once been in your presence I could not help

but reflect it to some degree."

(Girl flushes but assumes a haughty mien)

Girl: "A clever line, Mr. Burglar. I appreciate it, and now—"

Somewhere below a door slams. The girl starts.

Girl: "Good heavens, did you hear that?"

She jumps out of bed and is dressed except for her dress and shoes. She grabs up dress on the foot of the bed and slips it on talking the while.

Girl: "Wait, wait, I'm going with you. I lied, I lied. I never even saw Laverne Brandon. I found the pantry window too. I was broke and no one was here. I have no more business here than you. That's some of them coming home. I thought they were safe in Switzerland for a month at least. What, shall we do?" She looks about helplessly then hurriedly spreads up the bed and then opening closet door at center, motions him in. She runs, puts off light, then joins him in closet.

Few seconds elapse and they come out cautiously.

Girl: "It was someone!"

Man: "Wait, I'll go investigate."

Girl: (catching him by sleeve) "No!"

Man: (taking her hand down and starting for door) "Yes!"

They tip-toe to door, she just behind him. They open door and tip-toe out. After a second they return and close the door softly.

Girl: "He's a burglar."

Man: "Looks like it. A pretty bright boy to find that safe in that panel. I would never have thought of it."

Girl: "But you aren't a regular burglar."

Man: "How do you know?"

Girl is silent.

Man: "Would you rather I wouldn't be a regular burglar?"

Man: "Why?" Leans toward her and takes her hand.

Girl snatches her hand away and walks across room

to bed. Puts on light.

Girl: "We haven't time for foolishness. We can't stand here and let that man rob this house."

Man: "What's that to us?"

Girl: (scornfully) "It would be as bad as taking it our selves."

Man: "What of it? That's what I—"

Girl: "Hush!"

Girl takes up telephone. Man rushes over and catches receiver down.

Man: "What are you doing?"

Girl: "I'm calling the police."

Man: "You can't do that."

Girl: "I can!" She jerks at phone but he holds it.

Man: "What's come over you? You didn't turn me in?"

Girl: "But you weren't taking anything?"

Man: "Don't be silly—Have you had an attack of conscience and decided to turn us all in? That's what it would mean, you understand!"

Girl: "Are you a coward?"

Man: "No! You're a fool but have your way." (He steps back)

Girl: "Police station—1563W. Broadview is being robbed, hurry!"

Man: "Well, it's done, now."

Girl: "Can't we get out some way?"

Man: "You know damn well that pantry window is the only way out. We couldn't get by that guy to save our lives."

Girl: "Oh, what will they do to you?"

Man: "A lot you care."

Girl: (in tears) "I do, I do!"

Man: "You should—you caused it."

Girl: "Don't be so horrid. Think of a way to escape. They must not catch you!"

Man: "Why?"

Girl: "Because."

(Girl is half-sitting, half-lying on bed.)

Man: (kneeling by her) "Because what?"

Girl lays her hand impulsively on his cheek.

A confusion is heard below. Shots are fired. Girl springs up, catches man by shoulder.

Girl: "They've come, they've come. What have I done? What shall we do!!"

Man: "There, never mind. We'll come through. You get in the closet. I'll attend to this."

Girl: "The idea, I will not leave you!"

Man: (drawing her towards closet) "Please, dear,—Don't be silly. No sense in both of us being caught."

Girl: "Then you hide—I'll be the one caught."

Man: "You must have a fine opinion of me!" (angrily)

Girl: "Oh, but I'm a girl—they wouldn't be hard on me."

Man: "Well, I will if you keep talking such rot. I'll shake you till your teeth rattle. Be a good girl and promise not to make a sound."

Girl: "But, I feel so cowardly, leaving you, like this—"

Man: "What did I tell you?" (giving her a tiny shake) "In you go, darling." He kisses her quickly and closes the door on her.

Door to left opens simultaneously and police sergeant enters and draws back.

Police Sergeant: "Why, Mr. Brandon, I understood you were abroad. I beg your pardon—"

Mr. Brandon: "Don't mention it. I arrived just before the gentleman downstairs. You did very good work, Sergeant."

Sergeant: "Thank you, sir. Good-night."

Brandon: "Good-night."

Sergeant withdraws.

Man waits with eyes expectantly on closed door. It remains closed until he opens it. The Girl tosses up her head as door opens.

Girl: "Is it true?"

Man: (meekly) "Yes, ma'am."

Girl: "What are you going to do with me?"

Man: "Only one thing I could do, and that's love you, little silly."

Girl: (haughtily) "Beast, I hate you."

Man: "Hate me, why pray?"

Girl: (furiously) "Why! Why! You lied!"

Man: "So did you."

Girl: "Are you going to let me go."

Man: "I looked decent, you said, as a burglar. Do I look any less decent now that you know I'm not one?"

Girl goes over to closet and picks up a coat off of the floor and starts for door at left.

Man: "Where are you going?"

Girl: "That's nothing to you."

Man: "It is something to me. What have I done, why do you hate me?"

Girl hesitates but remains silent.

Man: "Can I help it if I'm not a burglar? Oh, my dear, you're the very first person who ever loved me for my self. Because you do love me, you know. Do you think I was heartless or cruel? If you only knew how sweet it was to me to have you cry over me!—me!! Not Jack Brandon's money, but me—a burglar!"

He moves towards her as he speaks and finally takes her in his arms. She is passive, unresisting.

Man: "I can not ask you to be Mrs. Burglar, but will you be Mrs. Brandon, little love?"

Girl: "But you don't even know my name!"

Man: "What does it matter, you conscientious, courageous little stranger."

Girl: (kissing him) "I do love you and I'll marry you whether you're a burglar or not—because you are one, you know."

Man: "What!"

Girl: "You stole my heart."

CURTAIN

Frances Whitehead, '32

Ordeal

Play in one act
Characters:
J. Harold Smith-Newton, Jr.
Diana Themes
George Buck Jones
Irenne Avonne (Impetuous French Girl)
Major T. Shelby Themes (father of Diana)

Scene I.

A shrub bordered path which leads to an exit at the left side of the stage. The front to a supposedly imposing apartment house. A door in the middle (main exit) with two low steps leading up to it. A huge knocker on the door.

The curtain rises: a man and a girl in full dress saunter up the path and stop near the steps to the apartment-house.

Time: After the opera

Place: Diana's home.

Diana: But Mr. Smith-Newton, this is so awfully sudden! Really—er, I must have time to consid— (Enraptured embrace on the part of both).

Harold: Not so sudden, my dear Diana; in fact, I've had it on my mind, ceaselessly, ever since I first saw you.

(The door to the apartment-house opens and George Buck Jones enters seeming huge in evening clothes. The two spring apart guiltily)

Diana: (Annoyed) Why, hello Buck, where did you come from? I thought you were still shooting lions in Africa or some other place.

Buck: (Mashing his opera hat flat and pushing it out again) Just home today. Fact is, I've been dining with your father. He told me (comparing his own bulk with the diminutive size of Harold) that you were at the opera with this gentleman.

Diana: (Introducing Buck to her newly acquired fiance) My cousin, George B. Jones, just home from Africa, Harold—cos, Mr. Smith-Newton.

Harold: How de do (Bows)

Buck: How de do.

Diana: Well, good-night. (Lifts knocker)

Buck: (Lifting hat) Good-night.

Harold (Bowing) Good-night.

Exit Diana and the two men start off together)

Buck: Mr. Smith-Newton!

Harold: Hello?

Buck: One word with you. I saw all.

Harold: All?

Buck: All. And you love that girl?

Harold (Gulping) I do.

Buck: Well, so do I!!!

Harold: You do?

Buck: I do! I have loved her ever since she was so high.

Harold: How high?

Buck: So high (making a measurement with his hand) and furthermore I have sworn, if ever any low, sneaking, slinking, pop-eyed son of a sea cook came between us I would—

Harold: (Uneasily) Er, what?

Buck: Did you ever hear of what I did to King Umbo Gumbo?

Harold: I didn't' know there was a King Umbo Gumbo.

Buck: You didn't? Well, there isn't now. (Laughing diabolically)

Harold: What did you do to him? (In a strangled voice) I really want to know.

Buck: Don't ask. Far better not—but you'll find out if you continue to hang around Diana Themes. Well, good-night, Mr. Smith-Newton (Exit)

(Harold lifts his hat; wipes his brow and totters off the stage)

CURTAIN

Scene II.

A room, comfortably and expensively furnished. On the right a door leads to the hall; on the left one which leads to a bed room. At the back, a fire place. A tea table and one chair near center of room. Two well-filled book cases. A carpet with futuristic designs. A cabinet filled with china and old pottery. The table laid for breakfast.

Time: 8:30 A. M.

Place: Smith-Newton's bachelor apartment.

Curtain rises. (Harold Smith-Newton is seated at the table and Ling, a servant, is serving breakfast)

Harold: (A sharp knock is heard) Ling, answer the door. (Ling crosses to the door to the right)

Major Themes: (Striding through the door, as it is opened, over to the table (with Ling protesting at his heels) Here, here, a word with you, Mr. Smith-Newton—

Harold: (Too weak to rise) Uh, ah, pardon me. Will you have a poached egg?

Major Themes: I will not! Poached egg, forsooth, ha, tish! My daughter Mr. Smith-Newton, has received a strange communication from you.

Harold: Then she got it all right?

Major Themes: Ah, she got it all right. You had omitted to stamp it and there was two cents to pay.

Harold: Oh, I say, I'm sorry. Very careless of me. I must reimburse—

Major Themes: (Waving down apologies) It was not the pecuniary loss which so distressed my daughter but the content! My daughter, Mr. Smith-Newton, is under the impression that you and she became engaged to be married last night. This morning she received this message from you. I have it here. (Pulling out a sheet of white note-paper; adjusting his eyeglasses and reading)

"Dear Miss Themes,

Owing to an unlooked-for and urgent call to China I will be unable to fill our engagement for dinner tonight.

I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance and if I am ever near enough to be of service in the future, which seems improbable now, I'd be only too glad." here now, just what do you mean by that? (flinging letter on table) after engaging yourself to my daughter last night? You did become engaged; did you not?

Harold: Well, er not exactly, that is, not as it were—I mean—you see—

Major Themes: I see very clearly, you have been trifling with my daughter's affections. I always have sworn that if ever any slinking, sneaking, pop-eyed son of a sea cook trifled with the affections of any of my daughters, I would—

Harold: Er, what?

Major Themes: Did you ever hear of what I did to Sir Duncan Brand?

Harold: I never knew what became of him.

Major Themes: Well, he trifled with the affections of my daughter, Julia.

Harold: What did you do to him? I must know, I—

Major Themes: Don't ask. Far better not—but the announcement of your engagement to my daughter, Diana, will be in the ***Morning Post.*** If it is contradicted— Well, good-morning, Mr. Smith-Newton,—good-morning.

(Exit Major Themes. Harold wipes his brow with his napkin.)

Scene III.

Same room in confusion. Traveling bags half-packed, clothes littering the prominent places. Time-tables in evidence. Ling rushing frequently from door on the left (bed-room) into the study and back again.

Time: 1:30 P. M.

Place: Study of Mr. Smith-Newton's apartment.

Harold: (Slinging shirts, ties, etc., into a handsome bag) (In excited voice) Ling, drop those clothes and go get me a passage for China—on a fish steamer, if necessary. It is important that I be in China as soon as

possible. (Consults time-table)

Ling: Very good, sir. (Exit, right door)

Harold continues to pack hurriedly. Hears knock on door. Rushes over with pajamas in his hand to open door.

Harold: Uh, Ah. come in!

Enter Diana with Irene. Diana looks around; sees evidence of packing. Harold tries to hide pajamas.

Diana: Thank you, Harold, I just had to come. Here's our announcement (Holds out paper) you put in the ***Post*** and if you leave we won't even be able to have our little dinner together. Oh, tell me it's not true, about your going away.

Harold: Er, you see—

Diana: But I forgot. Irene you must forgive me. This is Harold. Harold, my best friend from Paris, Miss Avonne.

Harold: How de do.

Loud knocking on right door. Enter Buck unannounced with a ***Morning Post*** in his hands. Stops short as he recognizes the ladies.

Buck: Er, ah, good-morning.

Irene: Why, Buckie Jones, where did you come from—how did you know where to find me?

Buck: It's this way—

Irene: Oh, Buckie, (not giving him a chance to tell) you can't know how glad I am to see you. Do you remember those nights at the carnival dances in Paris—what you told me (waxing romantic) how happy we were. And now you've come back to me!!

Harold and Diana in back talking in whispers. Buck seeing it is useless to try further for Diana)

Buck: Yes, yes, of course, how could one forget (turning to other couple) If you will excuse us we will be going. Mr. Smith-Newton, I just ran over to offer my congratutions. I saw your engagement in the ***Morning Post.*** Well, good-day. (Starts for door)

Harold: Thank you, good—good-day.

Exit Irene, after effusive good-byes, with Buck, triumphantly. Supports herself by hanging on his arm)

Diana: Oh, Harold, must you go away? Harold absently wipes his brow with relief and starts taking ties from his bag)

Harold: You don't want me to go?

Diana: If you only knew how much I care. I simply couldn't live if you left me.

Harold: Then I won't even think of going, my dear Diana.

Diana: Oh, Harold!

Harold: My Diana.

(Embrace) CURTAIN

END

Mary Frances Sheperd, '30

To a Lace Valentine

My prim, staid Valentine of lace,—
Perhaps you whisper softly,
Or, feigning that, you smile
At myriad trifling things;
Your lacy face, kissed lingeringly by violets,
Laughs bewitchingly at love.

But there,
Beneath the curious pattern
Of a laugh—
I find a tiny heart—
Blood red—and dripping tears . . . .
My lacy Valentine of smiles,
I hear your whispers now.

Willie Savage, '31

The Trend of Modern Poetry

POETS, since the beginning of time, have voiced the emotions of the people who live here on this earth.

Raphael with his many paint pots never painted more beautiful pictures than some of the poets with their choice of words. One touch of his brush changed the landscape, while with them only a word robed the sombre view in a golden light.

"Music has at its disposal precise instruments and a language peculiarly its own, which makes a clear distinction between tones and noises, and immediately puts the hearer into a receptive, almost ecstatic mood. Happy the musician! The poet must use a language common to all, made commonplace by its current usage for utilitarian purposes. In order to compel especial attention, to cast the spell he desires, he must triturate and sublime this common speech. Hence the absolute necessity of metrical construction, and th excellence of poems regular in form."

Modern poetry is free in expression, unhampered in choice of subject and penetrative in psychology. Therefore it gives the young poet a wider range and in most cases he has responded. They find fresh and vigorous material in a world of honest and often harsh reality.

Put a poet of a by-gone age in the world today, and he would be swept with a torrent of doubt, for the field includes things unknown to the poet of yesterday. He never learned to distinguish real beauty from mere prettiness; to wring loneliness out of squalor; to find wonder in neglected places, to search for hidden truths even in the dark caves of the unconscious, as the modern poet has done.

"With the use of the material of everyday life has come the language of everyday speech. The stilted and 'mouth-filling' phrases have been practically discarded in

favor of words that are a part of our daily vocabulary."

As the speech of the modern poet has grown less elaborate, so have the patterns that embody it. Therefore the forms have grown simpler. Besides,

"Finding tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

modern poets find it in such a way as to show it to their fellowmen.

Mary C. Selden, '29

Changed Dawn

In the crimson dawn we dreamed.
You whispered softly to me.
A breeze stirred my hair
And your hands smoothed it down.
Today I sit and watch the dawn
No longer red, but violet,
And I am—alone.
O, silver web of memory
Hold my thoughts in you!
I'll borrow a key from the sunshine
A key from the skies of blue
And I'll fold my dream within your heart
To keep the long years through.

Magic

Slim young trees reached up
To touch your orange gold loveliness,
Somewhere a nightingale called
Slowly an orange blossom fell
Giving to the air a strange, sweet perfume
It was night and you were alone—
Alone in the heavens.

K. W.

We'll Meet on the Other Side

'Twas early morn, the waning moon had scarce
Cast on the earth it's last lingering ray.
A faint glimmer barely brightened the east
To herald the approach of a new day.
A lone, pale star seemed to flicker and fade,
And vanish in the mists of hidden morn.
Then through the silence of the dawn there sounds
The clear, loud blast of far-off huntsmens' horn.
O'er the cold ground running so tense and fleet,
Sped the swift-footed fox in frenzied flight,
Straight toward the bend where the swollen creek
Had swept the banks with it's onrushing might.
The fox heard the roar, turned from the path.
He turned and safely escaped to his lair.
The pursuing hounds kept close on the trail,
Running as swiftly as a startled hare.
But the huntsmen followed the past they knew
Their prey had oft followed in days gone by.
Nor did they know that in the swollen creek
Were treacherous chasms; the water high.
Their horses they urged on, nor thought of fear,
But loudly they shouted, and with keen jest
Young Bob rode on ahead, a reckless youth,
Who, glancing back, called gaily to the rest—
"I'm first, but we'll meet on the other side."
And he reached the bend ere he heard the roar.
His horse plunged wildly, but too late he heard.
He shouted a warning to those on shore.
The boy fought bravely, but the maddening rush
Of the water swept him on with the tide.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

'Twas year ago, yet now comes o'er the stream
The echo, "We'll meet on the other side."
And oft in the quiet of rising dawn,
Ere the waning moon sinks below the hill,

The voice is changed by the whispering wind
To a low moan sounding hushed and still.

Elizabeth Epperson, '31

At Evening

When I was just a tiny child I curled in Daddy's chair,
At evening when the sun went down—
And thought about the strangest things while I was sitting there,
At evening when the sun went down.
I thought when I grew up I'd have a fairy dress to wear,
Just like the one the sky had;—I'd put star-things in my hair
(And if my mud-pies turned out wrong I shouldn't even care,
Because I'd have a lovely gown, and be so dazzling fair—)
When a breakfast-orange moon came up and found me dreaming there,
I'd slip down to my knees and breathe to God a little prayer—
At evening when the sun went down.

And now that I am almost grown, still at the close of day,
At evening when the sun goes down—
No matter what my hurry, then I leave my work or play,
At evening when the sun goes down—
To hear the songs of flying birds upon their homeward way
To see the blending colors, and the sun's departing ray,
To smell the fragrance wafted from the fields of clover-hay,
To feel the breezes blowing all my troubled cares away,—

My heart abounds with love and joy,—and I kneel down to pray—
At evening when the sun goes down.

Alice Harrison, '32

The Editor's Easy Chair

The Voice of Joan

THE chattering of birds is entertaining; the silence of mountains is impressive; but the Voice of Joan expressed through the spirit of the student body is entertaining, impressive, and thrilling. It is the embodiment of the ideals of our college; it is an effort on the part of the students to express these ideals in a publication which will carry, to other colleges and to new students among us, the spirit for which we strive in our daily lives.

To us, Joan of Arc represents Courage, Truth, Faith, and Love. Our courage is needed in facing the difficulties of everyday life; our truth for honor and loyalty; our faith and love in the student body and its activities for which, because of these ideals, we enjoy working. Thus shall we make our own lives fuller and those around us happier.

Listen, the Voice of Joan calls for your help and co-operation to make it a success!.

E. M., '29

The Well of Tears

I have a well within my heart where I may keep my tears
It was a gushing, overflowing, spring until the years
Dug down, cut bitter deep,—and now at last
I have a secret fastness there that holds for me the past.

Although I take each day that comes and live it through
Laughing, sighing, singing, according to my cue
At night when it is dark and all the world's asleep
I visit then the well of tears that in my heart I keep.

Frances Whitehead, '32