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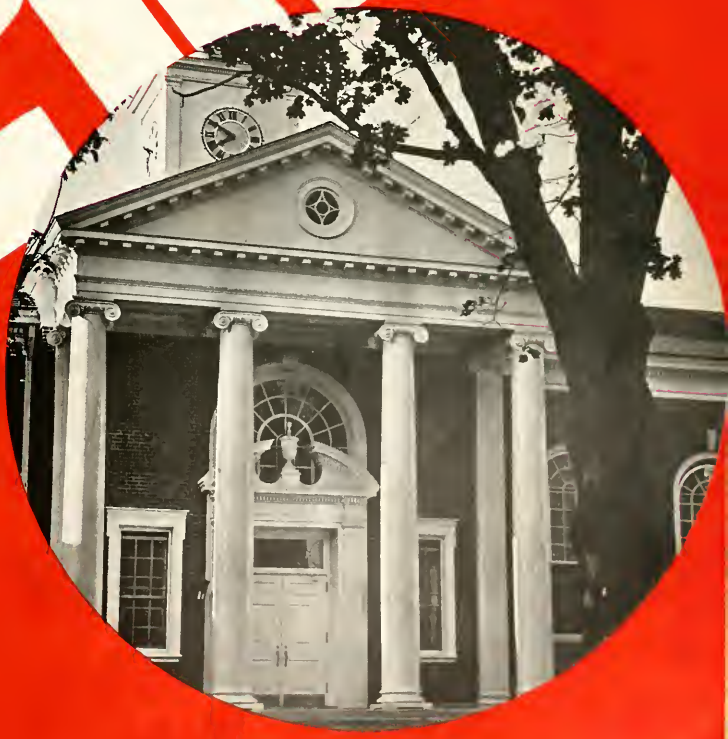
# The Colonnade, Volume ll Number 1, November 1939

Longwood University

STATE·TEACHERS·COLLEGE·

# The COLONNADE

ARMVILLE·VIRGINIA·



# The Colonnade

STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

FARMVILLE, VIRGINIA

VOL. II NOVEMBER, 1939 NO. 1

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# The Colonnade

VOLUME II NUMBER 1



## The Columns . . .

***On the Cover—***

is the new library, main entrance, showing pillars and clock. The building was completed in August, 1939, at a cost of $120,000 and has a capacity of 100,000 books. The picture was taken by "Mr. Mac" of the science department, our "official" college photographer.

***Beorc Eh Thorn Awards—***

. . . for last year:

Harriet Cantrell, short story, "Police Call"

Margaret Black, essay, "Letters from Abroad"

Katherine Roberts, poem, "Let No Bird Call"

All student stories, essays, and poems published in the Colonnade last year were judged. The same awards will be given again this year. Students are urged to try for them.

***Another Short Story Contest—***

is announced, which closes January 8. Rules will be posted on the bulletin board. The stories entered will be judged by two members of the English Department, two members of the Colonnade staff, and one member of the student body at large. The prizes will be:

First Prize—$5.00
Second Prize—$3.00
Third Prize—$1.00

Winners will also be eligible for the Beorc Eh Thorn short story contest.

***About the Contributors—***

Miss Grace Moran is a member of the college faculty and president of the Alumnae Association. A lover of nature, she is also an authority on the subject. Her article was illustrated by Chlotilde Jarman, artistic senior. Helen Reiff, an old contributor and a senior, is literary editor of the Colonnade. Mary Mahone, one time sports writer for the Rotunda, is a senior and a member of last year's creative writing class. Helen Gray, a junior, transferred from William and Mary. Bess Windham is a junior and poetry editor of the Colonnade who contributes faithfully to the cause. Dot Wright is another transfer from William and Mary College—a senior. Anne Cock, who is one of the twins on the Rotunda staff, is a junior. Mrs. Carrie Martin Pedigo wrote the never-to-be-forgotten "Patience Credulity" in the first issue of The Colonnade. She is an alumna teaching at Salem, Virginia. Betty Hawkins a sophomore, makes her bow in this issue; also Mary Lou Shannon, and Fredna Armfield of the same class. Nancy Dinwiddie of last year's freshman class, now out of school, offers her bit. Sara Cline, a sophomore, and Alice Lee Barham, a junior, reviewed the books for this issue. Theodosia MacKenzie, a sophomore, is art editor of The Colonnade. "Kappa Alpha—Hampden-Sydney" refuses to let us publish his name. The poem is an answer to Dorothy Parker's

"And in some spot Utopian,
Some day, perhaps, I'll find a man,
Who won't relate in accents suave
The tales of girls he used to have"

It would be interesting to have an S. T. C. answer to his poem in the next issue!

***About All of You—***

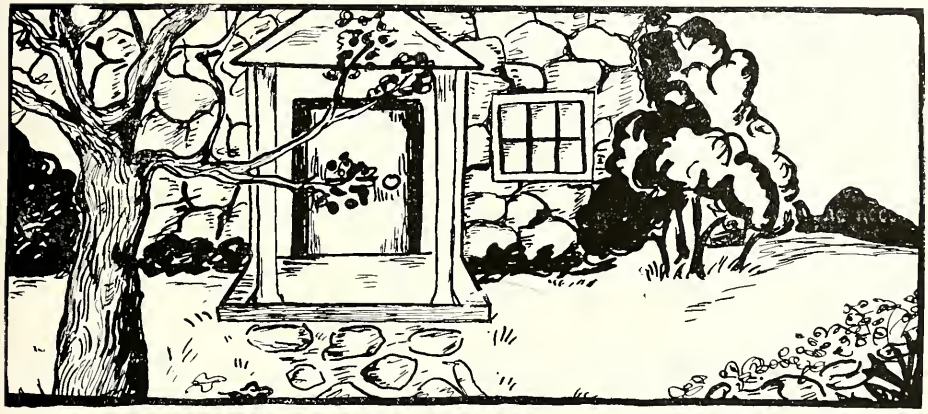
The staff wishes to thank you for your co-operation and urges you to put your contributions in the magazine box before Christmas. Your criticism is invited. Good luck on exams, and—Merry Christmas!

Johnny Lybrook

# Just Outside Your Door

GRACE MORAN

*To him who, in the love of Nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language.*



ARE you awake to the wonderful things that may be discovered by observing —really seeing—what takes place in the nature world just outside your door? And have you ever searched for the hidden meaning in these wonders? If not, you have not fully lived. There are intricacies that will cause you to ponder, fantasies in color that are feasts for your eye, and ecstacies in music that fill your soul with joy.

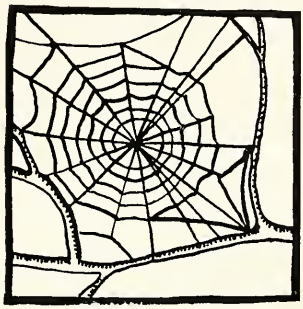
You are awakened in the morning by the clear, "Cheer up, cheer up!" of the robin as he sings to his mate, or the "tap, tap, tap," of the downy woodpecker as he searches for a grub in the bark of a tree, or the song sparrow's "sweet, sweet, very sweet!"

You blink your eyes as the rays of the sun dance through the leaves of the maple just outside your window, or as the raindrops trickle through them on to the roof close by. There's a new day dawning, a day filled with opportunities to search for those hidden meanings that will make your life fuller and richer.

Fastened securely side by side on a twig or hanging vine, you may find the jug builder's houses—such queer homes, each for only one baby. That mother was a great sculptress, too, for without any tools except those which nature gave her she mixed mortar with tiny hairs and molded it into cunning jug-shaped houses. They must be substantial to withstand the rain and the wind, and they must be provisioned with caterpillars which she has paralyzed with her sting, for there must be food and shelter for the tiny baby grub which will emerge from the one egg deposited in each jug before it was carefully sealed. In this snug house the new baby feeds and grows until it becomes very drowsy. Then it spins a silken cocoon around its body for a short, restful sleep.

How changed in form is this baby upon awakening! It finds that its jaws are strong enough to cut a door in the side of the jug and that it has wings which, when dry, can take it far away out in the world. Now, it is a full grown wasp with a thread-like waist

and yellow stripes across its abdomen. Yes, much took place in that lovely jug house. And what foresight and judgment that mother apparently used when she planned and constructed the setting for it all!



What exquisite workmanship and intricate design you find in the web of the orb spider, fastened vertically between two branches of a lilac bush. Watching the construction of one of these webs brings you close to those mysteries which are inexplicable in the plan of our universe. From a center of more solid silken threads, the radii or spokes of the web are connected by continuous spiral lines and are fastened to a silken frame work, which in turn is held by guy lines to the lilac spray. Here the spider, hidden in the center or on the side of the structure, awaits its prey. How fascinating to observe him capture a fly or a beetle, swathe him in silken threads, sting him, and hang him to the guy line of the web until meal time.

Along the path to the garden there's the dainty little day flower with its blossom bluer than the sky, peeping from a tiny heart-folded case. There are dandelions and buttercups brushed by the sun, and in the field just beyond there are daisies, clovers, asters, Queen Anne's lace, golden rod, thistle, and milkweed in colors blended more beautifully than man could ever blend them. And here and there a dainty butterfly or a busy bee, searching for nectar of a particular kind, touches these blossoms and carries the gold dust from the center of one to the center of another like it. Thus do these bright and airy creatures add beauty to the flowery setting and help make possible the blossoms of another year.

The sun sets behind a bank of rainbow colors. The cricket lifts his wing covers and draws the scraper of his under-wing against the file of the over-lapping one and thus sings you some melodious "good luck" notes. Your day is over, and you can say with Pippa,

"God's in His Heaven
All's right with the world."

# Life Is That Way

Helen Reiff

*In love, a girl may ask for advice with no intention of heeding it—her heart is sole dictator.*

"GLORIA Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto" caroled the matin bells. The distant hillsides caught the chiming notes and tossed back myriad infinitesimal glorias and the early golden sunlight touched the tiny dew drops till they looked like little crystal bells.

Down into the valley the sunbeams filtered, glorifying a convent garden and playing with the roses that were beginning to bloom there. A bird started up from its perch on a bough as a young girl slipped through an opening in the hedgerow and made her way quickly along the graveled path.

"Sister Rose-Theresa," she called softly, and then ran swiftly forward.

The solitary figure at the end of the path straightened up from a rosebush and turned to face the girl.

"Madge!" she exclaimed as her face lighted in a smile of welcome.

Sister Rose-Theresa was tall but not awkward, dignified but not austere, and her whole manner expressed grace and poise. And now as she stood half in the shade with June sunlight laying dappled shadows on her veil, "How like a saint she looks," thought Madge as she stopped and gazed at her in wonder.

But Sister Rose-Theresa on her part was thinking, "How young she is, and how I used to wish that some day I, too, might be as beautiful as she is. But then, life is that way," and she hurried forward with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Sister, I just couldn't wait," explained Madge joyfully from her place on the grass beside Sister Rose-Theresa's stone bench. "You see—Larry came last night, and, well—" she hesitated a moment in confusion, watching a tiny beetle's progress among the blades of grass. That was why she failed to see the sudden expression of pain which flitted like a shadow across the other's face.

"And oh, Sister," she continued breathlessly, "he wants me to marry him now—and—I do love him so!"

"And your answer?" queried the nun very gently.

"Well, I—that is, I guess I haven't really answered him yet, because of my singing." The words trailed off, and she gazed wistfully out through the blooming maze of the garden. When she continued, her voice was serious and her eyes grave as they met the clear gray ones of the older woman.

"If only Larry would see things my way just this once! I can't understand his method of reasoning. I'd do anything in my power to make him happy, but I don't see how giving up my music could possibly help him. Of course I understand why he wouldn't want me to earn money with my voice, but just singing because it makes me glad, and because I like to try to make other people happy, too—"

The Sister, who had been gazing steadily at the gravel path, now turned to look at Madge. For a moment she studied her face searchingly; then suddenly she rose and said simply, "Come. We must go now, dear girl. It is getting late."

* * *

Once again Sister Rose-Theresa came to the garden, but this time there was no sunshine, and this time she shunned the stone bench to walk up and down in the cool of the evening. The Angelus had rung, and the only sounds were those of the tiny night insects and the evening song of a little bird. As the nun paced the gravel walk with slow and even step, her thoughts whirled confusedly.

"What shall I do?" she pondered. "What can I do?"

Her thoughts sped backward through the years to David LaForge. There they dwelt a moment in dearest reverie as a crowd of memories rushed to the surface. Then they turned to his older brother Lawrence.

"How different he was," she thought, and she shuddered involuntarily at the comparison.

For David LaForge was noble and fine and true and all that a gentleman could be, but Lawrence possessed all of the fiendish characteristics for which there was no room in David's make-up.

"How strange it was that two brothers could be so utterly unlike. But these two were only half-brothers." she reflected. For Lawrence LaForge, the father, had married again after the death of Lawrence's mother, who was the acme of selfishness. The second wife, in direct contrast, was kind, lovable, and sweet—and David was her son. People had always changed the old adage to fit David to "Like mother, like son."

Then David's mother had died too, and from then on his brother Lawrence had drifted from bad to worse. After spending several years in the navy, he had married a sweet but nondescript sort of girl, and had finally died—probably from sheer laziness. He left his wife to support their son, Lawrence LaForge, the 3rd, by sewing, fitting, and making dresses. She had managed to give him all that he needed, and now that he had attained his majority, he was supporting himself.

This third Lawrence LaForge was Madge's Larry. But Sister Rose-Theresa knew that no good could come of Larry LaForge — at least, she amended — not enough good for Madge Conway, whom she had grown to love dearly. For the Sister knew that Larry was as selfish and as grasping as had been his father and grandmother before him. She decided that his reason for objecting to Madge's singing was that he was jealous of her talent and her popularity.

But the thought that kept running through her mind stabbed her and made her feel helpless. "She loves him! What can I do when she loves him like that? If she would only decide now, and not give him a chance to grow tired of her first — as he inevitably will, as that type of boy is bound to. Wasn't he already showing signs of wanderlust? But all she sees is his smile and the way he looks at her. Love *is* blind. But what can I do?" she queried desperately.

And then, even as she worried, she knew—knew that she must unlock those precious chambers of her heart that Madge might look there and understand. That was all she could do—and none could do more.

* * *

Another early morning, the sunbeams discovered the two again in the old convent garden. Again they sat as before, the little bird hopped about, and it hardly seemed possible that any time had elapsed since that other morning.

"You said you wanted to speak to me, Sister," reminded Madge gently. "Well, here I am."

With her characteristic dignity, Sister Rose-Theresa turned, and her glance took in the sunny golden head, the firm yet tender mouth, a nose that bore the stamp of the aristocrat, and eyes as blue as the October sky. Then, slowly, as though still trying to collect her thoughts while speaking, she began.

"Madge, I—there's something that I've wanted to tell you for a long time, and yet, there seemed no occasion for it. But now, I feel that what I have to say may help you a little—or comfort you I don't know which.

"Several years ago—ah, not so dreadfully many," she smiled, "when I was young too—yes, and happy to the point of delirium, and very much in love—" Madge glanced up quickly, and a low exclamation escaped her as the other continued, "I wanted more than almost anything else in the world to be a great singer. I like, you, had loved to sing as a child, and those who knew me best were fond of prophesying that some day I would have thousands—kings and queens and all their kingdoms—hanging breathlessly on my every note, and thunderously applauding as I answered curtain call after curtain call."

*Continued on Page 26*

# The Room Is Not the Same

MARY LOU SHANNON

*Many stories have been written about man's best friend, the dog—here is one that is sure to touch the strings of even the hardest heart.*

WHEN we went to the kennels, Dad and I had definitely decided to get as much dog for our money as possible —a Great Dane. We really didn't pick him, however; he picked us. We looked at the batch of puppies, which were now only three months old and about the size of full grown collies. Then one emerged from the mob. He loped over, sat down on my feet, and began chewing at my skirt — to test the quality, I presume. He was obviously admiring me. I was chosen!

Day by day we tried in vain to train him. Often we admitted, falling back into the nearest chair with our tongues hanging out, that he would never stand up and beg for his supper; that he would never leave the frayed end of the drapery alone; and that he had absolutely convinced himself that the middle of the living room floor was the most comfortable place for a nap, after he had dug a hole in the rug and lain down in it.

We learned a great deal about each other in only a few months, and neither of us regretted his choice. We named him Sir Humphrey, but the only word he would

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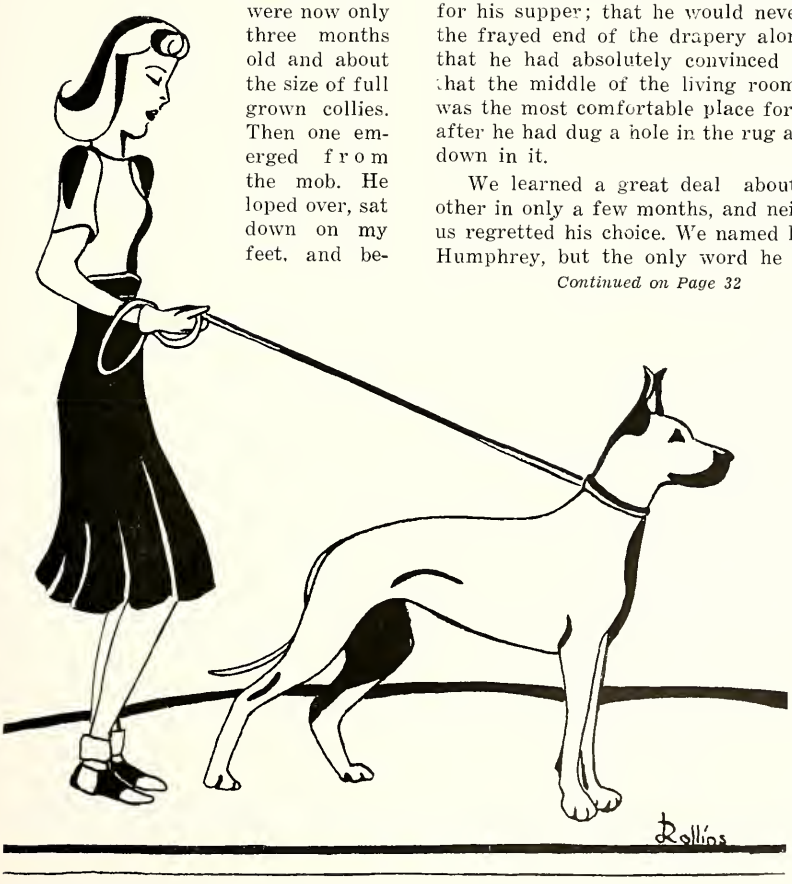


# Verses

Dorothy Wright

Under the wing
of your smiling eyes
I have little fear
or care . . .
What fear I have
is a thought
that once I may look
and shall not find
your eyes
smiling.

Indifferently,
a man can seem to know
he loves the blue clearness of the sky,
the brown rough bark of trees,
a vastness or a darkness,
the fellowship of dogs,
the remembered beauty of a woman.
But all such things
a man can hold
steadfastly to himself
and so contained
they are vital,
needless to explain.

# On Destroying Letters

Helen Gray

*Letters Make the out-line of*
*memory's silent speech*

SOME people do.

Others never save them at all, and some, poor things! never get them. I suppose they are resigned to their fate. Somehow, life has been kind to me. The postman always rings twice; once in the morning, and once in the afternoon.

And now I see in my closet the accumulation of years and other people's faded ink. What does one do when the closet shelf is full? Since the shelf refuses to go down, and the ceiling refuses to go up, there is but one thing to do—destroy the collected correspondence and silently dust the shelf. One must never forget to dust the shelf. It is the last final act that helps to ease the conscience.

It must be done. "Eventually, why not now?" So I stand on tiptoe and drag down my past friendships, mistakes, and loves.

Perhaps, for old time's sake, I ought to read a few of them but it's like bidding fond farewell to a part of me!

Mary and Jean used to write in French —their own inimitable style of French. I laugh to see how they have changed. So like Peg, whose letters even now are cynical and bitter. And here is Johnny. Johnny had a habit of writing in riddles, and misspelling words of one syllable.

What's this, a northern accent? Heaven forbid! I'd forgotten the quick, harsh tone Gerry used to brag with, as well as the time we fought the Civil War all over again. Oh, the power behind the pen!

And—oh no! Not pink and blue ribbons, actually! I was naive only a few years ago. I wonder if my letters were as silly as these. I do hope he didn't save them.

Oh, well, such is life. These later letters are something different. We're growing up. I'll never forget that summer. Absence never made my heart grow fonder.

Two hours since I began reading these old letters. Perhaps I should have kept a diary, after all. But I could never be egotistical enough to put myself into a diary. I always figure it was an advantage to re-live one's life from the other person's viewpoint. Even my enemies are obliged to say "Dear Helen" in letters addressed to me.

To burn, or not to burn? It really seems a shame. Who said "'Tis a woman's privilege to change her mind"? A woman, no doubt. I shall save the letters, just a little longer—I feel so refreshed. The shelf looks so bare. It doesn't need dusting after all.

Up they go again, my past—friendships, mistakes, and loves.

Ho hum. There is the postman's ring.

I can always get another shelf.

# Two Poems

Bess Windham

## Age Meditates

There are times when a walk on a shaggy hill is good,
And times when curling bark and forest wood
Bring sweet thoughts to a world-worn heart,
And places where one stands apart
In silence for an hour or two, before
A slow light comes to open the heart's door.

## Refuge

If I could go to some quiet shore
And trudge with rain-wet back before
An ocean wind,
If I could have a rocking chair,
And at bed-time climb a winding stair
To a kindly end; I know my heart
Would be no lighter there, for part
Of me would stay
Here anyway.

# The Note in the Bottle

Anne Cock

*It was a very small note—only five words—*
*Yet it brought more tragedy than an average volume of books*

"DOCTOR Johnson, Doctor Johnson!" Two small, dirty children in a ten foot rowboat that showed hard wear rowed with mismatched oars alongside a sailboat in which lay a tall, thin, kindly looking old gentleman with soft white hair.

"Look what we found in the water, Doctor Johnson."

Doctor Johnson loved children and was always glad when they brought him their troubles or their triumphs.

On this particular afternoon he had guided his sailboat out of Hampton Roads into Chesapeake Bay. A short distance out he cast anchor and pulled in the sails. It was late in June, the loveliest month of the year to be on the water. The cold bleak navy blue of winter had left the water, and that soft, warm, inviting blue of summer pervaded everything. Dr. Johnson stretched himself full length in the bottom of his boat to enjoy the last lingering rays of the sun while he awaited the arrival of the fishing boats. It was his habit to come out each day about sunset to administer any necessary first aid to the fishermen before they left for their homes. Often they caught fish-hooks in their hands, or smashed their fingers in some way.

Doctor Johnson, himself an apt fisherman, envied these men at sea doing the things he longed to do. Because of a weak heart, he had to content himself with only a few hours a day in his easily managed sailboat. Before the severe attack which he had when he learned of the sudden death of his brother, he had been able to enjoy the hard life of a deep sea fisherman. His friends now were careful not to let him have another sudden shock.

As he lay there in his boat taking life easy, he pictured the fishermen going through their daily routine, pulling and tugging at the nets which had been baited all night, hauling the fish over the side of the boat and dumping them on the deck to flop and squirm as they glistened in the sun. Then, after the nets had been re-baited and re-cast, they would have to sort the fish; for there were all kinds—spot, mackerel, trout, swell-toads, flounders, hog fish, and many others. They would soon clear the deck by throwing each kind into a separate basket. The swell-toads, and undersized fish they threw overboard. After the sorting had been done, they would make another haul, empty the nets, re-bait them, and throw them back. Then the sorting would begin all over again. This would keep up all day with only a short time out for lunch. Around five o'clock when the nets had been hauled in for the last time, they would start for shore.

"Dr. Johnson." Suddenly he was aroused by hearing his name called.

"Doctor Johnson," the children called again. "Look what we found." One of the children, a curly-headed, snaggle-toothed youngster, grinned in eager anticipation as he held up an old green-brown whisky bottle which he had taken from the water.

"Will you open it for us? The top is stuck." The little boys pulled their small boat up against the doctor's craft. While one held to the edge of the sailboat, the other scrambled up over the side and gave Doctor Johnson the bottle.

"Why do you want it opened?" he asked. The two children looked at each other.

"We hoped there might be a note in it," one of them ventured.

"Oh! I see." Doctor Johnson said as he worked unsuccessfully on the top. The children watched with eager faces. Finally he got the top off and handed the bottle back to the boy next to him. Dr. Johnson

watched him closely, for he was curious to see how the child would go about finding the note, for the bottle was brown and the neck narrow. He did not have to wait long, for the boy leaned over the side, filled the bottle with water and emptied it. No note. Disappointment was written plainly on his face.

"Poor kid," thought Dr. Johnson. "I believe he really expected to find a note in that bottle."

"Waiting for your father?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the child gloomily. He looked out over the water. The sun, now a huge ball of fire, was just disappearing over the horizon. Even the fisher boys paused to gaze at its splendor.

"Putt, putt-putt, putt, putt." The fishing boats were coming in now. The water rose and fell, causing the two smaller craft to rock back and forth.

"There's Daddy," cried the large boy as he caught sight of his father. He dropped the bottle overboard; they both jumped into their rowboat and rowed quickly away, leaving the doctor gazing after them, a smile on his face.

The fishermen hailed one another as they came within hearing distance, and some slowed up to exchange a few words with the doctor as they passed. One, holding up a flounder the size of a large dish pan, shouted, "How's that for a prize?"

"That's a beauty," answered Doctor Johnson appreciatively.

"I'll take that one home," called back the fisherman.

Another steered his boat alongside the Doctor's, almost capsizing it; and still another stepped from his cabin and greeted the doctor in a hearty manner.

"Hi ya, Doc! Got your kit on board?"

"Well, Bill Elliot! Yes, I have. What can I do for you?"

Bill slipped over the side of his boat and into the Doctor's. He held up his right hand. One of his fingers was mashed and bleeding.

"Think you can fix it?" he asked.

"How did you do that, Bill?"

"Oh, I caught it between the boat and a pound pole. I reckon I wasn't watchin' as close as I might 'a' been."

Doctor Johnson took his kit from under the seat and proceeded to dress the finger. Bill gritted his teeth.

"It looks ugly," said the doctor, "but not dangerous."

"I won't lose the finger, will I?"

"I don't think so. Come by tomorrow and let me see it again." Bill looked relieved.

"Thanks a lot, Doc! It certainly is sporting of you to meet us out here like this." With that he climbed aboard his own boat and headed toward the dock.

Doctor Johnson let out his sails and prepared to leave for home. As he pulled up the anchor, he saw a Coca-Cola bottle bobbing on the waves. It brought to his mind the keen disappointntment on the faces of the two children when he had opened that other bottle earlier in the day. A thought came to him. He leaned over the edge and picked up the bottle. It was empty, but the top had been put back on it. Removing the top, he took from his pocket one of his prescription blanks on which his name was printed. Hastily he scribbled the words, "Ship ahoy, Mate! Happy Landing!" He put the note into the bottle, recapped it and threw it overboard. By this time the tide was going out, and would carry the bottle far out into the bay. It would be some time before it could drift ashore. He hoped some child would capture it.

Happy in the thought of the pleasure the finding of it would bring to some child, he loosed the sails to the breeze and started slowly for shore. At the same time the bottle with its message started slowly out to sea.

Reaching the dock he again took in the sails, this time making them fast across the bottom of the boat. This done, he tied the boat securely and climbed up on the dock where the men were comparing their day's catch while they waited to have their fish weighed and put into the packing house. It had been a good day for them all.

Knowing he could be of no further help, Doctor Johnson walked on to his house which was not far distant. Day after day it was the same for him and his wife in this small town where everyone's life was centered around the sea, and where everyone was content to let one uneventful week pass

*Continued on Page 28*

# Sea Yearning

Oh, for the feel of spray in my face,
For the roaring wind in the sail,
Where the white gull dips with an easy
grace
And the sea booms into the gale.

I love the rush of the wind in my eyes
And the taste of the salty brine,
The golden glow when the long day dies,
And the feel that the clouds are mine.

But I have ceased from my sailing afar
To sit by the fire alone,
For an old man must leave his mast and his
star
To dream of the seas he has known.

And I'll never go back to the swinging tide,
Nor the foaming breakers that crash,
And I'll never scan the horizon wide
Nor again see the shore lights flash.

The ebb of the drifting tide I feel,
And the last fog dims my eyes;
A stronger Hand soon takes the wheel,
And I sail for unknown skies.

HELEN REIFF

# My Garden

My garden is a lovely place,
With dewy ferns and cobweb lace,

And boughs that bend above the pool
To keep the ferns and lilies cool.

My garden is a restful place,
With creeping vines to shade my face

And shield my eyes from dust and glare;
While I'm at rest in silence there.

In some bright, open, sunny spaces
I see sweet, life-like pansy faces,

And wonder as I beg their pardon,
What they are thinking of my garden.

My garden has long, winding walks,
Bordered by stately hollyhocks;

Nasturtiums twist their spicy stems,
Displaying colors rare as gems.

The goldfinch pecks the purple thistles;
The redbird thrills me when he whistles.

My garden is a lovely place,
With dewy ferns and cobweb lace.

CARRIE MARTIN PEDIGO

# A Bench in the Park

HELEN GRAY

*But was she happy?*
*That new look deep in her eyes,—was that happiness?*

STRAIGHT as an arrow he walked across the wide park to the bench overlooking the city's pride and joy —"the most beautiful tulip-trees in the state" as the inhabitants claimed. With a sigh, he gazed out on the waves of delicately tinted blossoms and soon, from utter weariness, drowsed off to sleep.

* * *

"Henry, stop the car! Wait here." A trim young girl, whose smart suit breathed Paris, flung herself impulsively from the town-car, and then, almost as if in a stupor, threaded her way across the park. Oh! A man was slouched at one end of the bench, his hat pulled away down over his eyes. But she would sit on the other end for just a minute. Surely he wouldn't mind. She sank down and apparently became engrossed in the fairy blossoms—yet her thoughts were miles away.

"I must have fallen asleep," he mused. "Funny the—"

He blinked, started, then sank back and closed his eyes again.

"Hmmm, guess I haven't waked up even yet!" he added. Experimentally, he peeped out from behind closed lids. No doubt about it. There she sat, tiny, gold and white, pert retrousse nose, fan-like black lashes, and sapphire eyes. Perhaps if he pinched himself—

"Ouch!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I'm afraid I usurped part of your bench." The girl turned towards him. "Forgive me, please." Sapphire eyes became startled as they gazed suddenly, deep into brown ones set far apart in a lean, brown face.

He laughed easily. "There's nothing to forgive. The trees are gorgeous this time of year, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes-yes—of course. The trees are very beautiful this time of year." Strange how dull her voice sounded.

"I come here every day during my lunch hour," he went on. "It seems that when I'm near them," he waved towards the tulips, "I recapture something I lost long ago." He laughed bitterly. "But noon-hours come to an end too soon, and back I go to my irate customers."

"Irate customers? Why, what do you do?"

"Head waiter at a little restaurant around the corner. Not much of a job"—

*Continued on Page 30*

# *Vogue on a*

THEODOSI

Farmville S. T. C.

Dear Mary:

I can easily see why you gained the title of "Most Original" at your college. You always look just a little different from the rest of the crowd! Not spectacular, mind you, but different just the same. Of course, I'll keep you posted on all the tricky little fads that spring up here—but turn about is fair play! Lately the trend has been to red nail polish . . . and I do mean RED! It was influenced by the new ***Stop Red*** sweaters that everyone is wearing. Say, Mary, if your nails are those extra long jobs—try painting the under side of them. You've no idea how much difference it will make.

Are you in the midst of a knitting spree down there? If you're thinking of starting a sweater, why not try a light weight Shetland wool? It really makes a better weight "boxie" type. Lots of girls who feel that they can't give up the time to a sweater are trying their luck with sox. The pattern comes from a well known magazine and the angora is cheaper if you order it straight from the mill. Give them to all your friends for Christmas and watch the smiles! In the line of evening wear come the little snoods that are featured in the latest magazines. I saw one not so long ago adorning the head of a young lady dressed in a swish new bustle-back taffeta. It was yellow to match the dress and simple enough to be copied. On top it was finished off with a bow of contrasting ribbon. Slick?

Also the very latest are floral earrings. They, too, can be copied if you wire tiny posies to a coupe of inconspicuous foundations. Try using either real or live flowers.

Do you use one lipstick the year round? Think it over and you'll see how important it is to have at least three shades. There's an adorable little case out containing evening, daytime, and grape lipsticks. Choose the one that suits your mood . . . I guarantee you'll feel like Lady Astor!

# Shoe String

cKenzie

Remember the last year's evening dress you wanted to brighten up? Well, I would suggest you get one of the little military jackets inspired by the war. A gruesome inspiration to be sure—but a practical gadget to have for dancing, these cold winter nights. I'm getting mine in velvet.

The war seems to be influencing headgear, too. More and more hoods are being featured. Along with them come the very continental tams that most of us wore in grammar school. Of all the new fashions these rate my most firm seal of approval. They're so becoming to most people—'n' yet, you can put them thro' a wringer without disaster!

Do most people wear stockings down there, Mary? I've just come to the conclusion that the general run of legs look so-o-o much better with stockings covering last summer's fading sunburn!

Now I know you have formed your own sweater tastes . . . (and who hasn't?) . . . so I won't influence you along that line; but about this skirt businesst—there are several unusual triped - silk skirts around here that are most attractive. They're the old standby pattern of circular-swing skirts or pleats. Paris can say what it will, I still think that these full skirts look lots cuter if they're ri-ight short! Another unusual idea I saw was a muff of white bunny-fur with a zipper purse set in the top. Now, before you start offering argument, let me say that it was a home-made job. The furrier will sell you a pelt; so get one when you go home and start struggling!

Guess I've just run out of ideas, Mary, so I'd better chase along to class. I'm about ten minutes late now! Write to me soon and give me the low-down on the fads down there.

Lots of love,

Dodie

# The Power of My Hand

*Withhold not good from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.*
PROVERBS 3:27

Oh, let me not withhold from her
The good that she is due.
My feet plod on the weary way
My hands are tired, too,
But hers is such a lonely lot
Where sunshine falters, lingers not,
And clouds are scattered through.

Oh, let me plant beside her door
Some blossoms bright and gay,
A source of peace within her heart
To melt the tears away.
And though my strength be very small,
Her spirit's need demands it all.
Oh, God, use me today!

FRANCES HUDGINS

# "Blessed be the Tie that Binds"

MARY MAHONE

*It is the little things that count and the recurrence of these little things that drive us mad.*

LISTEN to that hymn. It's funny how music brings things back. I can shut my eyes and see it all now—"Blessed be the tie that binds" it all comes back—our little house next to the church. "Blessed be the tie that binds" and Maizie frying chicken for Sunday dinner and me turning the handle on the ice cream freezer. The warm sun shining down and the smell of chicken frying. 'Bout the nearest thing to heaven I ever knew, specially when the Kid came in with her little Sunday School book in her hand. Her Sunday dress was white and starchy and she wore a pink ribbon on her hair. She'd come in and holler for a chicken wing, right off the stove, and Maizie would give it to her. Then she'd come out to find out what kind of ice cream it was, and to help me scrape the dasher. Maizie'd lean out of the window and say, "Bert Smith, you'll ruin Myrtle's dinner."

I tell you it was swell. We didn't have much money, but we had a Ford and a victrola. That was 'fore everybody had radios. Well, as I said, it was swell, just about perfect, see? Till one Sunday they brought Myrtle home with her little white dress all crumpled and bloody. Yeah, dead. Car hit her. Never knew how, she didn't have no streets to cross.

Well, Maizie was mighty up-set. I took it pretty hard myself, only kid—and all. But Maizie just lived for that kid; she couldn't get over it.

During week days she seemed all right, but Sunday was what got me. Every week the same thing—making ice cream, frying chicken, and waiting for Myrtle. Every Sunday for two years we waited dinner for Myrtle, every Sunday Maizie made me go out to look for her. Then when I came back she'd seem to understand, and she'd go all to pieces for the rest of the day.

Funny thing the way she was all right till Sunday. Only one day out of seven, you say. But two years, two years—that's a hundred and four Sundays. I couldn't stand it.

What am I in for? Manslaughter, five years ago. Ran over her, backing the car out of the garage. Seemed the easiest thing to do. Best for her and me both. God! You'd have killed her too, if you'd seen her like that for a hundred and four Sundays.

# Destiny

Bettsy Briggs

*We who exist as individuals are not so different*
*that Fate cannot unify us with something in common.*

THE Canadian Limited sped steadily onward. It was filled with people from different levels of society—people with such different ideals and ambitions that they had little in common, save that Fate had gathered them together on one train.

* * *

Awakened by the swaying motion of the train and the grinding of its wheels beneath her, Harriette sprang suddenly from her berth and with a swift glance at her watch, saw that she had only an hour in which to reach school. Fondly she thought of the many shining faces upturned towards hers in that little rural schoolhouse in which she taught. Then, she remembered that, instead of the beginning of another day in school, this was the first day of a much-needed vacation; and she laughed a little at her own stupidity. Once entirely awake, Harriette rose, expertly donned her smartly-tailored clothes and stepped out of her compartment toward the dining car for her usual morning meal of toast and coffee.

The diner was deserted save for herself. As she lingered over her coffee, a feeling of loneliness crept over her, and she began to wonder how the new teacher who was to fill her place would fit into the well-ordered program of the school, and whether or not she would respond properly to the needs of the children. Ever since Harriette could remember, she had wanted to teach school. She was attracted to people—and they to her—because of her sympathetic nature. A French-Canadian by birth, she had come to the States, and had taken a B. A. at Vassar. Then she started her career as a teacher in the little village of Tarrytown. Thirteen years of teaching had thrown her into contact with many personalities. Naturally a keen observer, she became a good judge of character and developed tact and discretion. As much as she loved her work, Harriette had such a burning desire to try her hand at writing stories of the French Canadians, that she applied to the school authorities for a leave of absence—a year in which to weave her girlhood knowledge and experiences into a novel. She had been granted that long-waited year, and now, here she was, sipping coffee on the Canadian Limited, bound for her native Montreal where she would give way completely to her creative urge.

* * *

Gradually the diner became filled with travelers, coming to eat a hot breakfast before settling themselves for the long day's journey through the snow-capped area of New England. Among the travelers were Donna and Jerry. Rather impatient at the though of food, they hurriedly gave their order to the confused waiter, and gazed, starry-eyed, at each other. Their lives had really just begun, and they were planning to accomplish great things in the future. Jerry would reach the highest step on the ladder of fame; Donna through her love and admiration, would inspire him and urge him on to greater things.

They were totally oblivious of the envious glances and chuckles directed toward them by the other passengers.

* * *

For a long time Marie had had one ambition—one goal toward which she aimed all her efforts. Some day, God willing, she would make it possible for Nina, her nine-year old sister, to walk once more on two strong legs, unaided by crutches. Since her attack of infantile paralysis three years

ago, Nina had been forced to wear unsightly braces on her shrunken limbs. Although she was uncomplaining and patient, Marie knew that the little girl yearned to romp and play with the boys and girls of her own age—to share their childish delights and take part in their frolicsome games. She had taken Nina to health clinics in vain—they could do nothing for her. She had skimped and saved every penny she could from the little she earned by selling flowers. She had prayed fervently and regularly for an opportunity to relieve Nina's suffering and reward her patience. Now the opportunity had come. For the merciful God had heard and answered her prayer. Through the benevolence of a sympathetic priest who had taken up a collection in their behalf, Marie and Nina were at last on their way to Canada to a famous bone specialist. While they absent-mindedly ate breakfast in the dining car of the Canadian Limited, Marie silently offered a prayer of gratitude and hope.

* * *

The world called him great, and perhaps he was great. His contemporaries and the art critics heralded him as the most gifted sculptor of his day. He had made busts of many distinguished persons, which were perfect in both form and feature. But to him they were little more than the cold blocks of marble out of which they had been molded. He took a natural pride in them, of course, but they gave him none of the ecstacy of creation that a true artist enjoys when a masterpiece is really his. But his latest statue—ah, words could not express his feeling for it. It was a bust of his wife, long dead. Into it he had poured all the yearning of his artistic soul, all the grace and all the charm his beloved wife had possessed. This latest creation of his was more than just a perfect design; for it he felt much more than pride or mere attachment. It symbolized to him the eternity of a beautiful love. So precious was it to him that he would not entrust it to the hands of packers and shippers, but was conveying it personally to an art exhibit in Toronto.

So here he was, breakfasting on the Canadian Limited, impatiently awaiting the hour when he would unveil the crowning achievement of his life.

* * *

To begin life anew, to forget the dishonor of the past and to make a fresh start was the thought uppermost in the mind of Henry Armetta, former convict No. X2434, as he gingerly ate his economical meal of doughnuts and coffee, in the dining car of the Canadian Limited. He surveyed his past and wondered if he had really been the murderer of the police captain. He had been convicted of the crime and had accepted the punishment. But which of the bullets fired by the gang had really been the fatal one, he never knew. The uncertainty had haunted him through his prison life. Now at the end of many years, on account of good behavior, he was free at last. The past he had determined to leave behind him. Perhaps on new soil, under an assumed name, he would be able to live an honest life and to attain some degree of respectability.

* * *

A shrill whining of an omnious whistle through the crisp morning air—the screeching and grinding of useless brakes—crash! The shattering of glass and the smashing of steel amid the panicky shrieks and shouts of human voices. All this—then silence, and individuals who had no bonds in life were united in death.

# Candidates for the Firing Squad

Among the things I hate the best
There is that girl, the perfect pest,
Who very boringly relates
The fun she's had with other dates.

Another on my list of horrors
Is the type with pent-up sorrows,
Sighing softly, wondering why,
I'm so much like the other guy.

There is, too, in my category,
The parlor wit who knows a story,
But as the plot gets under way,
She quits because it's too risque.

No roll's complete without the kind
Who has the hectic yen to shine:
Quite contrary to my volition,
She puts us both on exhibition.

And then there is the noisy chum
Who's ne'er without her chewing gum:
With irritating sound effects,
She turns us into nervous wrecks.

Another that's a sure-fire gripe
Is the "I've a secret" type:
She gloats on whispered conversation
And daily slays a reputation.

While getting this thing off my chest,
I guess I may as well confess,
I never think I could adore a
Girl who likes to wear angora.

I hope I'll never have the luck
To date the kind that's glamour-struck—
Who tries, with aid of too much paint,
To pose as something that she ain't.

But on my roster of pet hates,
That girl the top place surely rates,
Who tells me I'm "the one," if any,
And then I find I'm one of many.

In spite of all of this objection,
Men don't expect to get perfection.
So bring on the lassies, anyway,
And let the faults fall where they may.

K. A., Hampden-Sydney

# "That Is My Father"

Nancy Dinwiddie

*A boy's father is, to him, the essence of good and right—and no thoughtless word can shame such reverence and respect.*

IT was a summer morning when the six of us children slouched listlessly on the steps and talked at intervals. Mother had promised us cold drinks. Five of us were normal, healthy children from families with comfortable incomes and no outstanding heartaches. The sixth member of the group was a boy a year older than we, but frail and smaller. His family was pitifully poor, and an older sister was bedridden. Of his father he never spoke, and we never asked. Ira was a brilliant boy, careful of speech, careful of manners—too careful, we thought—and too considerate of others. I can not understand how he endured our boorishness.

On this particular morning my idle brain was truly the devil's workshop, and for lack of a more exciting occupation, I began to watch a man—a beggar apparently. He was wandering around an empty house across the road. His aimless footsteps had carried him up and down in front of the house too often for accident. Before I could say Jack Robinson, I had a wild story made up about the unfortunate man. He was a thief and was making plans for future depredations. In a theatrical whisper I called the attention of my friends to him. "Look at that awful old beggar. Don't you suppose he's going to break into that house?"

Everyone immediately focused sharp eyes on the man. In the stillness of our watching, Ira said simply and quietly, "That is my father."

His voice seemed to whirl in my mind. He had seemed neither proud not defiant, nor ashamed, nor apologetic. He had merely stated a fact—a fact that threw the others into a deathly silence and me into heart-breaking shame. With a red face, I attempted desperately to say some word of regret, but my throat was choked, and no sound came forth. In agony we sat there motionless, until I thought I should scream out for sorrow.

At last my mother came to the rescue with ginger ale and cake. The largest piece went to Ira. During the rest of our few years together, I tried vainly to make up to the boy for wounding him. Sometimes now, when I have a tendency to be vainly proud, I seem to hear a voice, "THAT IS MY FATHER". Even now the words echo in my brain until my spirit shrinks in deep mortification.

# Fragments

And so my love has taken flight?
Well, sorrow can be hid.
But how was I to know 'twould leave
This emptiness it did?

EDITH NUNNALLY

Forgive, forget those things I said
Let not your hate hold sway
I send to you my contrite heart
Please mend it, dear, some way.

POLLY HUGHES

I had a thought
That to kiss his lips
Would be heaven . . .
I had a thought
That turned into a dream.

BESS WINDHAM

Sunset on roof-tops and chimney smoke,
And windows glowing gold with autumn flame
The world is sweeter, and not quite the same
Now flushed as if it just awoke.

BESS WINDHAM

Life is
As smoke—going heavenward
On a windless day.

AGGIE MANN

You need a temple to stand by,
And Pigeons' wings:
Apollo!

BESS WINDHAM

The night is cold and still, save for
The murmuring and sighing of trees
That whisper goodnight to each other—

AGGIE MANN

# Talk

Betty Hawkins

*Is it true, then,*
*that silence is golden?*

I LIKE to talk. I like to hear people talk. Women talk too much. So do three-year olds. If you start your company talking at the dinner table, they don't eat much.

I like to hear men talk. I hate their small talk. That is boring. It fills in between pieces at a dance. Some people are dumb; they just stand and don't say anything between dances.

Some folks talk too much. In the long run they never say anything. Book salesmen who canvass each family are that way. Saleswomen in stores talk too much. It is their business to sell—not to talk. Young boys talk a lot. They tell stories, too. They call it a "line". That is why the poor girls are so dumb. They fall for lines. So do fish. I like to fish. I can't talk when I fish. A lot of people should go fishing more often.

The etiquette book says to be a good listener. Women at a bridge party never listen. They all talk at the same time—just like at a football game. I like football games. The coach does the talking then. Sometimes the boys talk on the field. It is bad talk, too. They get excited over the plays. Then they say ugly things.

I like to hear radio announcers. They say many words in a few seconds. I like a good masculine voice.

Maybe man's best friend is a dog, because a dog can't talk. Some dogs bark a lot. My dog never barks. I do not have a dog.

Polly parrots and old-maids are alike. They both have long noses. They also talk too much. Some women who aren't old maids talk too much. Some of them who do not have parrots and long noses still talk too much.

A man does not like for his wife to talk. He likes for her to listen to him talk.

I don't like to make after-dinner speeches. I can't eat very much. Singers can't sing after a hearty meal. I can't sing. I would rather hear a man sing than a woman.

I hate to hear high feminine voices. They get on my nerves. They never do anything but bull. They never study. They talk their way right through a course. 'Specially science.

I don't like to hear a grown girl talk baby-talk. It is nerve-wracking. Some boys like baby-talk. That is why girls talk that way. I don't like to hear boys talk baby-talk. It is not becoming to a gentleman. There are few gentlemen in this day.

I shall some day marry a gentleman. Then I shall be a good wife. I hope. I will not talk too much. I should like to marry a lawyer. Lawyers have to know how to talk. Then they get a number of cases. That leads to making money. Some day after we've saved our money we can talk baby-talk!

## Life is Like That

*Continued from Page 6*

She lifted her head, and the sparkle in her eyes was proof enough that one woman's greatest dream was being enacted in the imagination and memory of youth, while the same sparkle was reflected in the shining eyes of the young girl. She too had dreamed that way.

When she continued, her voice was low with an almost apologetic quality. "My parents were poor and there was no money for the masters I would need before my ideal could be reached — and then, I met David."

A long pause ensued, during which Made's hand crept up and found that of the nun.

"Yes?" she encouraged gently.

"David was—well, he was to me what the man of her dreams is to every woman in love. He was very young too, and very poor—he worked in his father's carpentershop—" her voice dropped nearly to a whisper, "but we loved each other very dearly—and that was enough for men."

"Oh, yes, dear Sister, I know. Go on," whispered Madge.

"He was so proud of my voice, he'd come in the twilight to hear me sing Ave Maria for him. He used to tell me that some day I'd be singing Ave Maria to him — in a mighty cathedral. Still we had no money, but it wouldn't matter so much about my not being able to sing—if I could have had David. And then came the war—and David went, but he never came back."

Her voice had sunk so low that Madge had to follow the words on her lips. Both were silent and the tiny bird hopped to within a few yards of the bench to capture the beetle which had strayed too far from shelter. The sunlight was still golden, but not misty, and the garden suddenly seemed very hot.

Slowly, the nun arose and said quietly, "We had better go in now."

Then, one day in late September, when leaves whirled down in the little convent garden, and the sunlight filtered through the trees like topaz jewels on dull green velvet, Madge came again to the garden; but this time she walked slowly and pensively. It was Sister Rose-Theresa's accustomed hour to walk among the flowers, and presently she came in sight beyond a chrysanthemum bed. She was so absorbed in studying the colors of a particular kind of chrysanthemum, that she looked up with a start of surprise when Madge touched her on the arm. One deep searching of the young girl's eyes showed her that things were not as they should be. So, with a smile she invited, "What is it, dear?"

In answer, Madge looked soberly, for a moment, at the Sister's rosary, and when she spoke, the words were very low, and her voice was spiritless.

"It's Larry, Sister. He's gone away—South America. That's why he was so anxious for me to decide in the spring. He—he had planned it anyhow, whether I went or not—that's why he didn't want me to sing. And then, when I told him of my decision not to give up my music—well, he just completed his plans. And oh, Sister," she continued, and her voice was on the verge of a sob, but her eyes were bright, "I just wanted to tell you how very right you were. And besides, I still have my music."

"Yes, dear one," the other replied, so very gently, "you still have your music—you'll always have that—now."

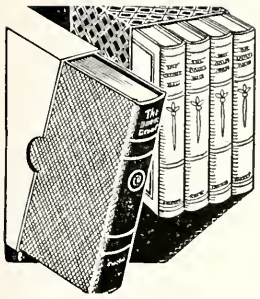
* * *

Christmas Eve in the majestic gloom of the old cathedral bore in its wake deeply carven images of saints, choir boys in snowy cottas, tall tapers whose golden beams pierced the night shadows which clustered high in the vaulted nave, and incense wafting the dignity of worship, beauty, holiness, and peace on earth.

From the heavy silence laden with expectancy, a clear voice stole forth on the cold air like a ray of moonlight on silvery ice . . . "—Ave Maria, Maria. Sancta Maria. Sancta Maria."

Among the nuns, the words sang themselves into the heart of one who sat with a light in her eyes. And yet, the candlelight did strange things to those eyes, and made them seem to brim with tears as the cathedral chimes echoed exultantly, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo, Gloria in Excelsis Deo. Amen."

And this time—a star kept watch out in the cold sky.



# BOOKS of VIRGINIA

## BETWEEN THE DEVIL

*Murrell Edmunds, Dutton, New York, 1939, 288 pp.*

VIRGINIANS will read with special interest Murrell Edmunds' ***"Between the Devil,"*** a striking novel of Virginia today. Having been born and educated in Virginia, Mr. Edmunds is especially well qualified to write of his native state.

This novel concerns the eventful career of Edmund Burton, a young minister in a mill town. Burton, a graduate from a Virginia college and theological school, is filled with ardor to apply his ideas of right and wrong. However, in the busy life of his own congregation, and in the attempt to organize a C. I. O. union in the mill, he finds an order of things which destroys or makes impractical his ideals. He is therefore forced to adopt new standards of humanity and justice. It is a broad canvas that the author paints filled with many characters, good and bad. But only one person really counts--Burton himself. Although powerful and humane always, he has his own problems, the chief of which is his young wife. Eventually he develops into more than a mere man with personal desires, despairs, passions, and spiritual victories; he becomes a symbol of the struggle toward a re-definition of faith in a world in transition.

The author's picture of Burton's environment is powerful and convincing, and the panorama he draws gives a comprehensive view of a conflict which is now taking place in Virginia as elsewhere. The mill workers and the more "substantial citizens" of the town, the mayor, the owner of the mill, and others, who comprise Burton's congregation, present a striking cross section of life in a Southern industrial town. Burton links the exploitation of the workers in the mill and the prostitution in Madam Cherry's house so closely together that he feels that to annihilate one necessitates the annihilation of the other.

Mr. Edmunds offers no final solution to the ills of his mill town. He portrays no ultimate victory by mill owners or by workers. He merely presents realistically a compelling story, which culminates in the sacrifice of Burton himself.

Mr. Edmunds has produced a novel of Virginia life as stirring as anything in recent fiction.

SARA CLINE

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## CARTER GLASS, A BIOGRAPHY

*Rixey Smith and Norman Beazley, New York, Longmans, Green and Co.—1939, 423 pp.*

"EVERY man's work is always a picture of himself." These words of Samuel Butler are especially applicable to Carter Glass, the distinguished man whose biography is under review. The authors, Messrs. Smith and Beazley, give an account of Glass's life, and a vivid and fascinating picture of the man himself. From the day when he, as a boy of seven, refused to give the road to the first Yankee cavalryman he had ever seen, Carter Glass realized that independence is a challenge—a challenge which he was quick to accept. He worked his way from a newspaper reporter to owner and publisher of prosperous newspapers. His services in both houses of Con-

gress and in the Cabinet have been long and varied. His two outstanding achievements are the creation of the Federal Reserve System and his administration of the Treasury Department during the World War.

The authors of ***"Carter Glass, a Biography"*** are most sympathetic toward their subject. They have described faithfully the Virginian's unforgettable integrity, moral courage, capacity, and energy, and above all the indomitable strength of his convictions. The book is interestingly written, though, in truth, the dullest author could hardly make a personality such as Carter Glass's seem dull or dry. Inspiring and alive with many dramatic political decisions and struggles, it is a gripping story. The biography aside from its own merit should be read with particular interest by Virginians since Senator Glass distinctly belongs to Virginia's Hall of Fame.

ALICE LEE BARHAM

## The Note in the Bottle

*Continued from Page 12*

into another.

Several such weeks had elapsed since the children had come to him to open their bottle. Having gotten home early one day, Doctor Johnson went to his room to read the newspaper while his wife finished getting dinner. She was a good cook, and tonight she had cooked his favorite dish—clam chowder. Now that everything was ready, she went to the foot of the steps and called him. He did not come. Thinking he had not heard her, she called again. Still he did not come, nor did he answer.

Mrs. Johnson hurried upstairs to his room where she found him slumped in his chair, apparently asleep, the newspaper on the floor beside him. She ran to him and shook him. He did not stir.

Doctor Johnson was dead.

The examining physician attributed his death to a "heart attack caused perhaps by some sudden shock."

The family scanned the newspaper he was reading for some light on his death. They could find nothing. They saw no article which they thought could possibly have had any effect on him. None of them read any farther than the headlines of the following article:

Child Drowns Recovering Note
in Coca-Cola Bottle

Eastern Shore, Va.—Betty Louise Cross, 10, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Cross of this city, drowned today while out in a boat with several small companions. According to the children with her, they all leaned over the side of the boat to pick up a floating Coca-Cola bottle containing a note. Betty Louise lost her balance and fell overboard. The swift undertow carried her beyond the reach of the other children. Before they could summon aid from shore, Betty had drowned. Her body has not been recovered.

The note in the bottle read: "John Johnson, M. D. Ship ahoy, Mate. Happy Landing!"


They do the job
they're meant to do

*They Satisfy*


Chesterfields are like that . . . they go about their business of giving you more smoking pleasure . . . *with a taste, aroma and mildness that's all their own* . . . the kind that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give.

# CHESTERFIELD

## A Bench in the Park

*Continued from Page 15*

a glance at his bravely polished shoes and frayed cuffs told her that—"but let's forget about the job, and enjoy the beauty of nature."

It was odd how much nearer she felt to this man sitting beside her on the park bench than she had to anyone for a long time. Her mind turned to Charles P. King, broker, of Boston, Newport, and England, buried up there in his Mill Street office. She, his wife, was after all just a lovely and prized possession to him. All he asked was the satisfaction of possessing her in exchange for all money could buy her. Was she so wise after all?

A sigh close at hand shattered her reverie.

"I'm afraid I've got to be getting back to my job. I never wanted an hour to last forever before in my life, but—why?"

"My car is still waiting for me around the corner." She made a wry face. "Poor Henry will think I've fallen into the frog-pond."

"May I take you to your car?" he asked.

Suddenly, this fresh young girl who had dreamed with him for an hour of things that could not be, became weary with the cares of a boring, pleasure-pursuing world. She hesitated a moment and then she answered, "Please don't—and I know this probably isn't necessary, but—don't try to follow me."

* * *

"Table for two? This way please." Mechanically he went through the routine of his job. His mind was in a turmoil. Why had Jeanne come to the park today? Did she remember other springs when they had been happy in their love for each other? Her gold and white beauty always affected him, but time had never healed that wound, and now he knew it never would. Never had he had any right to her exquisite beauty; Charles with his wealth and devotion could give her the happiness that is beauty's birth-right. But was she happy? That new look deep in her eyes,—was that happiness?

* * *

Jeanne, high in a luxurious apartment far from the rumble of the city, moved restlessly about the room. Why had she gone to their old trysting place in the park today? In hopes of seeing Jack? He was still just the same—tall, lean, dark, with that funny little crooked smile. If only he had changed! But he hadn't, and now she knew she still loved him, would always love him. Why had she not had the courage to stick when the depression came and Jack lost all his money. They would still have love. Now her life was filled with things and nothingness.

The telephone rang. Jeanne answered it wearily.

"Oh, hello Mary—A week from Thursday? At eight-ish? Are you going English on me, darling?—Charles and I should love to attend.

# Chips - - - *Picked up by Armfield*

Girl (Calling down to the Home Office) There's a rat in my room. What must I do with it?

Mrs. Davis: Have her come down and matriculate.

* * * * *

Waiter: How did you find your steak?

Man: Oh, I just lifted up the little potato and there it was!

* * * * *

S. T. C. Boners from Exam papers:

Anonymous was a noted Greek author.

A hamlet is an English breakfast dish consisting mainly of eggs and ham cooked together.

Soda-water is two separate words joined together by a syphon.

A simple sentence is a sentence that means nothing.

A myth is a female moth.

Sediment is what you feel for somebody you love.

Steam is water gone crazy with the heat.

A socialist is a man who goes to parties all the time.

Joan of Arc was a pheasant. She was caught by fowl play and burned at the steak.—The Woman.

A caviar is a tropical disease, sometimes red, sometimes black, and usually fatal.

* * * * *

A patriot is a man who is always willing to lay down your life for his country.

* * * * *

Man in restaurant: "Waiter, this cottage cheese has a splinter in it."

Waiter: "Well, what do you want for a dime—the whole cottage."—Hooked.

Alone in the moonlight is more fun if you aren't.

* * * * *

"Has Joe traveled much?"

"Indeed he has! Why he's been to almost half the places on his suitcase."

* * * * *

"Your'e the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said the senior, as he shifted the gears with his foot.

* * * * *

Old Lady (meeting a one-legged tramp): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

Tramp (looking down at his foot): "Well, I'll be darned if I haven't."—Varieties.

## The Room is Not the Same

*Continued from Page 7*

answer to was Food.

Food, or Sir Humphrey, had a short coat like all of his breed. He shed it, nevertheless, with the real success of a fox terrier. He was, also, very liberal with his ideas as to how to make love.

He liked to go out. In fact, he would answer the rattle of his chain with yelps of joy and dance with impatience as I attempted to attach the chain to his collar. At the end of a series of his leaps and bounds, I was breezed through the door and down the walk-way with my feet touching the ground only every now and then. After all, it did save shoe leather.

But Sir Humphrey would never learn about automobiles. And what we always expected finally happened. Fate made it clean, quick, and close at hand—in front of our own home, in fact.

We tell ourselves now how glad we are it happened as it did, instead of an agonizing death such as comes to so many of his kind. We try to console ourselves with the fact that we couldn't have had him forever in any event.

The muzzle, the chain, and the drinking dish are hidden from sight; the last muddy paw tracks have been swept away, and the nose smudges on his favorite window pane have been washed off. Still the rooms are full of his loving ghost.

I'd like to think that sometime, somewhere I shall again have Sir Humphrey to welcome me with a long clean lick from chin to forehead such as only Sir Humphrey could give.

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There had been several earthquake shocks in a certain district; so a married couple sent their little boy to an uncle who lived out of the danger zone.

A day or two later they received a telegram: "Am returning your boy — send earthquake."

# Famous Yachtsman calls Camels—"The best cigarette buy"

## "THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"

SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there *is* such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves.

For instance, "Jack" Dickerson (*above, left*), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

# 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK




Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY

# Camels—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*