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THE STAFF

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SPRING, I ASK,—

Of all your flowered dower
I do not make request—
For the red bud of your mouth,
Nor the pink buds of your breast,
Or the wet, blue flow'r that lies
In your ragged-robin eyes.

Is there a petticoat discarded,
A tattered filigree
That was early torn
From a fragile, leafy tree,
Or a scrap of ribbon grass
That you might leave for me?
Perhaps, from off your person
Some such delicate debris;
Springtime, could you spare
The pale gold combings of your hair?

MARY K. BURROWS.

ONCE

Once I found a hyacinth,
  Cool wax, powder blue,
Which I gently knelt to touch
  Knowing it from you.

Then I rose; the thin, new moon
  Was like a golden peel
From the golden apple
  Beneath Atalanta's heel.

That swift, bright pain near staggered me
  When beauty struck me through;
Atalanta's heel,—a golden peel,
  A hyacinth, and you!

MARY KATE BURROWS.

VERILY, I SAY—

Drops of clearest liquid
  From a drenched tree;
This is holy water,
  It baptizes me.

Miracle of miracles,—
  The morning glory vine
Has changed its drops of water
  Into purple wine.

Flower petal pulp
  Would make blind eyes to see;
Christ in one white blossom
  Resurrected me.

MARY KATE BURROWS.

TO YOU

I know it true
  That love will never go;
My love for you
  Is a thousand candle glow.

It beats my brow
  With incandescent beat;
It heats me now,
  With iridescent heat.

Oh flame, desire;—
  Lips with liquid sweet
Will cool this fire,
  Will slack this glowing heat.

MARY KATE BURROWS.

VALDOSTA, GEORGIA

DETOUR TO FRIENDSHIP

All light was centered on the stage—a soft light which reflected the green paper wrapped around the bulbs. Green and white flowers suggested the two colors respected by the class. In the center of the stage there shone one light reflecting a soft whiteness. All eyes were turned toward this one spot, and everybody within the dimmed audience was motionless except a few who craned their necks to see better. A girl beautifully dressed in white advanced and stood under the light. She had a message to give.

The audience applauded and a voice whispered, "That's Jeanette Adams, honor graduate. But you wouldn't think so to be around her. She's so indifferent."

"But, think how popular she could be if she wanted—," but the voice didn't finish, for by this time Jeanette was beginning her valedictory address.

In a few minutes she had turned the audience almost to tears. She turned to the members of her class, spoke to them—spoke to them things she had never spoken before, spoke of their past together, as "our happy past," and spoke of the sadness of the present occasion. The girls readjusted their flowers and slipped a handkerchief to catch the falling tear.

"Let's get her to help us with our program tomorrow," began the first voice, but it died away in the applause.

Jeanette had said all these things for others, not for herself. No, she had not felt the words, had not felt their meaning. Not a tear had she shed. No sadness did she, Jeanette, experience. In fact, she almost wanted to smile when her last word was said.

Jeanette had sat down and was now thinking, "Yes! I am glad, glad that my high school days are over. I want to get away—to express myself, my own thoughts and quit being what I call the tool for others, for others who take me as a tool to be used for their benefit."

Then she was conscious that a piano solo was being played. But her thoughts soon drifted back. "Yes, I consider I have no intimate friends—none except just the kind who come to me only when they have some need of me."

Soon the exercises were over, and the set was calling, "Come on, Jeanette, let's go to Mary's for refreshments. The whole class is going to be together and have some fun once more."

"But I," began Jeanette, "I mustn't keep dad and mother waiting for me." And she turned to go.

"Yes, but I'll take you home, Jeanette," put in Leroy.

"What!" thought Jeanette. "Why do they insist? Do they really

want me to go? They never ask me except when they want something of me—the detestful crowd! Of course, they just want me to play the piano for them to dance. But—oh, no—perhaps not, since they heard my speech tonight. Maybe, after all——."

She turned quickly and said, "Yes, I'll go—er—". She couldn't even think of the boy's name, but, anyway, that didn't matter. She didn't deny to herself the fact that she wanted to be popular, but not with her class set. She didn't understand them, and she knew they didn't understand her—just used her for their selfish ends.

On the way to Mary's, Jeanette didn't have anything to say. She was thinking, "At school I was popular—yes popular, trying to show Ruth that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and to teach Jane how to parse 'love' and James how to translate 'Je vous aime' and 'Ego amo te,' so that he would remember one was Latin and the other French.

"When the instruction was over, there was nothing more to be said, nothing of common interest between us; and they always went away, leaving me wondering why Ruth could have talked to James for a whole hour about 'Je vous aime.' But—I won't—I won't be friends with them until they help me in return and show their appreciation for me. But—this I never expect them to do."

Her thoughts were interrupted for they had reached Mary's home. As Jeanette soon learned, her job, as usual, was to play the piano.

"Come on, Jeanette, give us something lively," said Leroy joined by the others.

Jeanette didn't say anything but thought, "What! I had hoped, but there's no use." And she gave a slight stamp with her foot as she got up to play. "This is the last time they'll fool me into going anywhere with them—yes, me, Jeanette Adams—and the last time too."

She played only a few selections. Then, Leroy, in spite of the protests, was true to his word and carried Jeanette home.

It was late that night before she went to bed. She thought of her high school days with indifference and was making plans for her college entrance.

Three months soon passed away, and Jeanette was swept into the hurry of college life. She had said, "I hope to be nobody's tool there. I want to be popular."

One afternoon Martha came in asking for some one, and a conversation was started.

"And you're from where? Did you say?"

"Oh, I'm from Dartmouth," answered Jeanette.

"Oh, then you know Ruth Long, Mary Rivers, and—oh—somebody else—who is it I know? How do you like Ruth?"

"Oh, I'm not crazy about Ruth or Mary. They think they're it. Don't you think they're a little stuck up?"

But Martha was already leaving the room. She didn't answer, for she was excusing herself.

What! Surely Jeanette had said the wrong thing. Soon Lillian came in.

"And you're from Dartmouth, aren't you? Then I'm sure you know Ruth Long and Mary Rivers and all that set."

"Yes, I know them very well," answered Jeanette. But that was all. She thought if she couldn't say something good, she wouldn't say anything. The subject was dropped, and Lillian soon left the room.

But yet another girl was destined to ask her that same question. To Frances' question, Jeanette would make a different reply. Her roommate spoke well of her home town set and raved over them. So would she!

And when Frances asked, "Do you know Ruth Long from your home town?" Jeanette quickly and enthusiastically replied, "Ruth Long! I reckon I do! Do you know her? We finished in the same class. Fine old girl, Ruth is, and a good sport. Everybody's crazy about her."

"Ruth visited my best girl friend last summer. I met her then. I think she's adorable. I'm crazy about her," said Frances.

"Yes, Ruth rates well at home. She was voted the most popular girl in high school. Then you know Mary Rivers, too, don't you? They are very good friends, and Mary is a darling girl."

"Yes, I met Mary, but I was around her only a short time. I have been corresponding with Ruth, and, of course, I heard all about Mary."

Thus the conversation drifted on until it finally ended with Frances saying, "Gee! It seems good to find somebody who knows somebody I know. I've stayed lots longer than I intended," and Frances arose to go. "My room's on the next floor—number 412. You must come up to see me."

"Thanks! I'll be delighted, and you must come in to see me again. By the way, do you know Sue?"

"No, I don't think so. Well, I'll declare. I must go. I'll see you again later. Good-bye."

Jeanette made several friends in very much the same way. She and Frances continued to visit each other, go to town together, study

together and play tennis together. Then one day they were talking about Dartmouth again.

"Oh, can't you go home with me during the holidays? You know you don't want to stay here," began Jeanette.

"Oh, I'd be delighted—be simply thrilled to death to go. Do you really mean it?" questioned Frances.

"Of course, I do—silly!" But did Jeanette really mean it? Before she had realized it, she had asked Frances to go home with her—to Dartmouth. Being popular at college, she had thought of herself as being popular back home—with Ruth and Mary to meet at the train. But, only too late, she remembered that she had almost detested the very girls that for the last two months she had pretended to Frances to adore. It would never do for Frances to know what the home town girls thought of her. Yet, Frances had already accepted her invitation.

The time came, and the two were on their way. Jeanette prayed that all the set might be away when they reached Dartmouth. Her prayers were often interrupted by Frances, "How 'bout those wishes you've been making with eye-lashes? Have they come true?"

"It's not time yet," was Jeanette's answer.

The train had stopped at Dartmouth. Who should Jeanette see first of all but Ruth and Mary? She wondered, "Whom are they meeting? Oh, my wishes have been in vain. But, if they would only recognize me, and, at least pretend to be glad to see me. I have been avenged. I have used them as tools—to win friends. I have been repaid and am ready to be friends, now, especially, if they will come to my rescue."

But why would they be friends when they had never understood each other, when Jeanette had always been so indifferent?

"Oh, another eye lash! We'll just have to make another wish." Jeanette had thought she would attract Frances' attention and that Frances would look at the lash while making her wish. By that time, Ruth and Mary would be gone.

But it took Frances a long time to think of a wish. Jeanette was ready to face it all. She knew that Frances was looking beyond, was looking straight at Ruth and Mary. Jeanette was expecting Frances to have a joyful meeting with them, and was waiting for them to recognize each other and shout with joy, for in that small town all newcomers were certainly seen and even eyed with curiosity. Frances had said she had written Ruth. What would Frances think about Jeanette? After having raved, she pretended not to see them.

"Good! The wish is made."

But—neither Jeanette nor Frances told the other that she had seen

Mary and Ruth. They soon reached Jeanette's home. But neither one ever mentioned Ruth and Mary again, that is, intentionally. Jeanette only remembered that she had taught Ruth that a straight line is the shortest distance between points, but Ruth, in return, had taught her that she and Frances had made a detour to friendship.

DOROTHY HARPER.

SUNSET

A golden dragon in the west,
Some heathen temple's guardian
Is writhing downward to his rest—
Behind the dim horizon.

He coils his sinuous, golden length,
Across blue heaven's portals,
A fiery monster with the strength
Of twice-ten thousand mortals.

Until he plunges from his height
Into the purple cave of night—
One blinding blaze of golden light,
Then a trail of fading crimson.

LUCILE NIX.

ANY DAY

The morning had an unusual glitter. It was one of those first days when summer intrudes into a cool spring; a foretaste, premature. As Dorothy walked down Christopher avenue, the poplar trees were gay and jaunty in the sun.

Numerous house-wives were sweeping the small debris off their door steps and cement walks. One might well imagine that the debris consisted of white fuzz from new green leaves, or the discarded sheaths of buds.

The early sun shone on Dorothy dizzily down through the rising mists. Dorothy's dress was a wrap-around-flare, and her eyes were like blue larkspur after the rain, glinting in the sun.

She was a stenographer, but human. She sang, absurdly enough, under her breath until when nearing a house-wife sweeping, she ceased. The 8:15 street car was grumbling in the distance,—it neared,—stopped,—and Dorothy was on.

The conductor of the 8:15 car was comfortably stout and had grey hair. Dot was no judge of men's ages, but no doubt this one was nearing fifty and of no particular interest except that he was always on this car. She was not man-hunting; at least not any more than any other girl who had a good job. Dorothy didn't think this consciously, it was her general attitude except the times when she was interested in men, which were not infrequent. This morning she was rather indifferent as far as Eleventh Street.

Until the advent of Eleventh Street, Dot mildly interested herself with the new advertising placards in the strip around the top of the car. There were strawberries, yellow peaches, red ham, and white coconut. There was a placard with a poem saying that Georgia was the best place to live, and a test for eyes placed by a down-town optician. The test for eyes consisted of several rows of letters graduating from large to small; the smallest was to be read from the seat opposite on the other side of the aisle, failing this you needed glasses.

Eleventh Street came unheralded, but that was not necessary. Dot reflected that the man who entered the car was an eye-tester. A glance convinced her of an olive skin, sunny hair, and clear, light brown eyes. He sat down by her, she could not tell if it was by preference, since it was the last vacant seat.

Dorothy looked out of the window in order to seem indifferent. The view showed the morning as had Christopher avenue, only a little more expectant, a trifle more tremulously glad. The car went grinding swiftly along, none the less swift for its noise. It dived into a green covert and climbed a little hill; it was refreshing—those dips, and afterwards, the yellow morning.

As Dorothy viewed this from her place at the window, the stirring of leaves in their green buds found a response within her; a pleasing sensation. The young man read the morning paper, and she speculated.

Her emotions were such that they would warrant her wanting to touch his eyelashes as they moved slightly when his vision shifted. Had he looked at her now, Dorothy would have been embarrassed with her intent gaze, realizing the danger she fingered her handkerchief and folded it in several shapes.

He must have been a darling baby with such a sunny look. Sunnier even than now,—children are that way. His mother must have cuddled him, and said what he would be when he became a man.

What did he do, and where did he live? These questions rose before Dorothy. He had never caught the 8:15 before. His portfolio case might contain anything. It might contain samples, or important papers. He might be a lawyer, or even a designer. Dot believed he was a lawyer because of the way the very short hair of his temples brushed back as hair does that would curl if it were longer. He should have smiled or looked.

The window still gave Dorothy the same pleasant sensation; his eyes were still straight ahead.

When the business houses began to appear the man left the car at the corner of Main and Twenty-fourth Street. He swung off lightly, as he had swung on. Dot caught his eye and smiled; he did too, and she was glad.

At her corner Dot swung off lightly too, so lightly that the ruffle at her knees wrapped and flared again,—it moved briskly as she walked, was still on the elevator, and swirled again as she entered the office door.

"H'lo," she said to the youngster who was putting Mr. Wingate's desk in order.

"H'lo, Sheba, you're early."

"You are!"

"That's because you don't know."

"Don't fuss, Red, I feel good today."

"Yeah, you look it."

"I'm not fooling, I saw the darlingest man today"

"That's not unusual; what's he like?"

"Like Apollo"

"Who is Apollo?"

"He has wings on his feet."

"The man?"

"No, Apollo!"

"Where's the connection?"

"Oh, he's adorable like, that's all."

"Did he ask for a date?"

"No, but he will."

"I wouldn't be too sure."

"Red, you don't know a thing about women."

Red's nose was freckled, but he knew a thing or two. Sheba was going to get burnt someday.

"But Red, he's angelic. He even has a halo, a golden one."

Red chewed his gum and dusted, and refused to remark further.

Dorothy was not conscious of the dictation she took. Mr. Wingate had an extremely clean look and wore nose glasses. Dot took dictation from him every morning. He had a considerate voice, it was a pleasure to hear him clear his throat and begin in his considerate way; but after that the process became automatic and his smooth considerate voice blended into the morning to the extent that Dot asked him several times to repeat. This he did mildly enough, holding his nose glasses in finger and thumb. Dot sometimes ached to put them back on his nose, but this morning she saw him through a white fog and heard him from a distance.

At lunch time Dorothy walked down the hot pavement, past eating houses and clothing stores. The traffic sounds jarred and mingled with her thoughts, she walked out of it, into a blue sandwich shop. There she had amber-colored tea which reminded her of him, and orange marmalade as yellow and transparent as sunshine.

This was a golden day, and in March too. On the way back to the office she felt as though she would go skipping along were it not for that heavy sweet contemplation that held her back. Back in the office, the force thought something to be mildly wrong, there was.

The next morning Dorothy walked down Christopher avenue in a hurry in order to catch the 8:15 car. The stout conductor with the gray hair was not on. Instead, there was a younger man at the control. Dot felt inquisitive since the other man had always been there. "Where is Mr. Singleton," she said.

The young conductor looked serious, and said that the man's wife was sick.

Mr. Singleton had looked so self-sufficient that Dot had never thought of his having a wife.

The fluffy coconut placard was still up, but the red ham had been replaced with purple grapes. Eleventh Street seemed long in coming.

When the car slowed down, Dorothy's heart did the same. There

he was at the corner, but Dorothy had a faint sick feeling, and the light went out for a moment. The car went along, but not swiftly enough. It went swaying and grinding up little hills and down into green coverts and out of them on to little hills or stretches again. Dorothy looked blindly out of the window.

When she alighted from the car, she went slowly into the office building. She used the stairs. That providence should be so unkind was stupefying.

Dorothy walked limply into the office. Red was there.

"H'lo Sheba,"—he was dusting.

Dorothy looked dazed.

"What sa matter?"

"Red, something terrible has happened."

Red stopped dusting, Dot was really his favorite.

"He's married."

"Who is, Sheba?"

"Apollo is; he kissed his wife goodbye at the corner."

"You'll find another one."

"I know it, but this is awful, it really is D—bad! Red."

"What, Dot?"

"He isn't a lawyer either."

"Who ever said he was?"

"No one, I just thought he was; he looked like one."

"Aw Dot, don't let it bother you."

"And Red, I saw him give some one a sample. He's a salesman, and he sells orange marmalade."

Soon Mr. Wingate was saying, "In regard to the affair of the 10th."

Dorothy had not heard. Mr. Wingate repeated.

"In regard to the affair of the 10th—"

And so on, into a very ordinary day.

MARY K. BURROWS.

MOON MAD

Jack Spain and Joan Hewett lounged side by side in deck chairs, but this was not unusual, because Jack and Joan had lounged side by side in deck chairs the five days it took the "Zeeland" to cross the Atlantic three months previous to this warm September day. Jack and Joan were bored with each other and with the world at large. This particular trip abroad had been boring to them. First of all, Mrs. Spain, Jack's mother, and Mrs. Jordan, Joan's aunt, had arranged and managed the whole affair; that's why passage had been bought on the small boat "Zeeland," rather than on the "Leviathan," which circumstance was a disappointment to both Joan and Jack. They would have gone on the "Leviathan" had they gone alone to Europe, but they hadn't gone alone to Europe, nor would they have ever gone to Europe on the same boat had there been no Mrs. Spain and Mrs. Jordan. Jack and Joan were congenial all right—they were forced to be, having spent five days on a boat that carried no other passenger under twenty-five except a spec-wearing student who had a bad cold. But, the respective aunt and mother had planned this trip even before Joan and Jack were born. They had been born for each other—they were intended to marry, and this voyage was the culmination of their intention, although nothing seemed to culminate and there were only five days left before arriving in America.

"Ye gods, Jack,—and this is Paris, Naples, Rome, Lucerne, Budapest, Brussels, and Antwerp. I'm so sick and tired of dragging after a guide and studying this darned little red book I could die. Why in the world did Baedeker ever conceive of a foreigner's guide through those worm-eaten monasteries and art galleries. I loved it. Yes, I loved it all right, but it never ended. The Night Clubs are great, but what ever possessed Aunt Julia to drag me off to Europe just when Philadelphia was in full swing—I can't understand—to come to Europe on the 'Zeeland' and at an off season—ugh!"

"Joan, my love, you've said that before, I believe. Eat some hard candy, read your nice book, and let Brother Jack enjoy the quiet of the English Channel."

"Yes, that's just it! Even the Channel is calm. I tell you, these days can't go too fast for me. I'm quite fed up, and haven't seen one interesting person on board."

"There's England yet, cheer up!"

Jack got on his feet, whistled a snappy tune, and walked up the deck.

It was three in the afternoon, and all the passengers, save Joan, were in their cabins asleep. Jack thought it over—it had been "save

Joan" all his life. His mother expected him to make Joan Mrs. Jack Spain, by winter, and he had not taken the first step. He had had weak moments—once on the bay at Naples, once in Lucerne, once in Venice when Joan had hummed lowly as their gondola glided along in the light of the gay little lanterns on the Grand Canal, but Joan had been practical about it—had cut him off short each time and called him sentimental—and Jack had been glad of it. "Joan's a good sort," he thought, "I love her—but she's just my little sister—and always will be. She'd laugh at my proposing, and yet, I'm sure she knows that's what we're here for. Anyway, I'll propose—I'll be a good sport."

Jack shaded his eyes and looked out across the glare on the water. The cliffs of England showed tiny white mounds against the horizon. In thirty minutes the "Zeeland" would reach Southampton, would stop for an hour; then, start out across five days of constant eating, sleeping, dancing, reading—and just sitting—always with Joan. If Jack married Joan it would be always thus—three times a day and at night, too. Joan was pretty, sweet, a good sport, and intelligent—yet—Jack wondered.

Jack went down to his cabin for cigarettes, fell on his bed and read a story. Then the boat blew for Southampton, and yawning Jack went up to see the passengers come on board.

Southampton dock looked the same as it had three months before. The passengers on the "Zeeland" behaved the same as they had three months before. Those on the lower deck hung over the rail and shouted. Those on top greeted the English shore by waving. Ropes were hurled ashore; were caught and tied by men on the dock, to iron men. The gang plank was shoved ashore. Several immigrants with over-burdened bags and high top shoes hustled on board the "Zeeland." In the crowd on shore Jack singled out a fair-skinned girl smiling sadly as she fondly bid good-bye to a kind-faced minister, gentle, but firm featured woman, and little girl who cried. The fair young girl dashed a handkerchief to her eyes; ran up the gang plank; and was lost in the crowd.

Jack found his mother and asked about baggage, rooms, deck chairs, and dining-room space, then remained chatting with the old chief mate until the "Zeeland" again steamed up and left the shores of quiet, green, and fresh-lying England.

With a laugh at the irony of fate—no interesting characters—Jack put on his tuxedo, studs, and patent leathers; sent flowers up to Joan, and as usual went up to the smoker to wait for dinner. Joan was already dressed and writing a letter to friends in Europe when Jack found her.

"Well, how's the bored one now?"

"Quite the same as ever, thanks."

"Thought maybe it was the company, and that after three hours separation you'd feel relieved," said Jack.

"No, my dear, it's worse. Have you seen the list of old maid school teachers and made-over wives of cigar-chewing husbands? It's unpardonable."

Jack moved on, but Joan called him back.

"Thanks lots for the flowers; they're lovely! I'm ready to go in to dinner." She took Jack's arm and they entered the half-filled dining-room.

Mrs. Spain smiled sweetly on Joan and at Jack when she saw the flowers. Mrs. Jordan welcomed them both with a—

"And now aren't we sad to be on our way home? The trip has been perfect—almost."

Jack grinned; Joan scowled. She could do no more, because her aunt was financing the voyage.

The usual violins and piano were played in the usual way, and the usual conversation as to who is on board flowed as usual at the first dinner out.

Looking across the dining-room at a table for one, Jack saw a small, pretty girl. She looked familiar to him; so, leaning over to Joan he asked who she was.

"Why, how should I know? I'm sure I never saw her before. Rather typically English—from the fit of her clothes, n'est ce pas?" and the subject was dropped.

After the usual bridge until ten, the usual stroll on deck was followed by the very prompt "Good-night" from the mother and aunt at eleven.

Fifteen minutes passed then Joan spoke.

"Jack, I'm going in. I'm dead tired. I'm sure this night air won't stimulate the right attitude. It's gorgeous out, but so usual. Good-night." And the resolution was not fulfilled.

A full moon cast its pale silver light on the stern of the boat. Jack pulled his chair into the middle of the light and sat there looking at the white caps of the choppy sea. The sound of an accordion on the lower deck mingled with the steady clug of the engines in the ship's hull. The calmness was over-powering. It was restful after the constant go on the continent.

Presently, the light from the lounge room showed the form of a girl who had opened the door. She moved toward the railing without seeing Jack and stood looking at the moon. Her lips moved as in an humble prayer. Jack stared with fascination at her clear-cut

English features. She barely paused, then went back into the ship. "Probably going to America to study," he thought, but he could not dismiss her from his mind. Strange that an English girl should haunt his dreams that night!

After lunch, next day, he met her. Much to Jack's surprise when he found Joan she was talking nonchalantly with the English girl who busily knitted on a pale pink sweater. How bored Joan looked; how naive and energetic this fair girl beside her. Jack was introduced to Margaret Tuppley.

"She has been questioning me, Jack, on the habits of our big, bad America. Having formed all her ideas by Walt Whitman's portrayal, she believes the United States a burly Westerner," said Joan.

"Hope you've been re-informed by now. We aren't such cowboys. In fact, I've lived in America all my life and never have seen a true Westerner. Is this your first voyage over?"

"Yes, and more than likely, my last. You see I've left the Isles for a bigger home and it's rather hard to get straight on the vastness of it."

Jack thought he found a note of sadness, but determination in her voice as she said this. It reminded him of the picture she had made, standing in the moon-light.

All afternoon they sat talking. Joan monopolized the conversation by giving the life of a Philadelphia debutante as typical of life in the States.

"But surely, this is not all one thinks about; just going! Perhaps it's like London all over. I've never really known that life, being daughter of the minister of a small country parish. But I think you've missed a lot. You have no life in the country, no small white cottages, blue flowers, dogs, and living out of doors—"

Joan shifted uneasily in her chair—"Of course, if one cares for that," she said.

"I love it."

Tea was brought and after it Jack suggested Shuffle Board. Joan pouted at the idea; said the fat men passing up and down were even more amusing, but Margaret was delighted. She had never played before, but learned so quickly by applying her knowledge of golf that she came out of the game victorious.

"Gee," thought Jack. "I've found a real girl."

Soft damp curls clung to Margaret's head and softened the clear-cut features.

"Are you crossing all alone?"

"Yes, yes—I am."

"Well, by all means come and have dinner with us."

"Thanks, I'd love it. One feels so unnecessary eating alone in such a large dining-room."

Jack laughed and promised to meet her on deck.

Joan failed to come down to dinner. Mrs. Spain was disturbed, as was Mrs. Jordan. Both were cold towards Margaret, and dinner was a miserable affair, although Jack ignored the icy atmosphere. "Poor, dear Mother—I guess she believes me a total failure," he thought.

After dinner Margaret quietly declined Jack's invitation to dance. "You see, I must write a letter."

But Jack understood. "Mother was impossible," he thought afterwards. "I can't help Joan's being indisposed."

"Jack," his mother said as they sat on the cool, quiet deck. "Why do you behave this way? You've ignored Joan all afternoon to play with a total stranger. Not being satisfied with that, you have invited this person to dinner without my even meeting her. Our trip will be a failure—you have only four more days, then heaven knows if you'll get another chance like this. It's beautiful out here—surely—surely—you want Joan here with you."

"Mother, for goodness sakes—" He threw his cigarette overboard. "Joan cares nothing for me. Why should I propose?"

"Why—Jack—What can you mean? I—we've lived for this—You must love her—You're only irritated—I know—just like your father—Surely you're not blind. Joan would not come to dinner because she is jealous. Men are so ignorant."

This was too much. Jack walked off and left his mother gasping for breath. He was passing the bow of the boat, in front of the captain's cabin when he heard a foot fall. Looking up, he saw Margaret sitting on the top step to the bridge and gazing serenely out at sea. The wind tossed her curls. Her scarf rippled around her figure. Jack hesitated a minute. He felt it almost a sacrilege to interfere. He wondered why she was there alone. He wondered why one so small and young should start out alone to America. He swore at himself for wasting a whole afternoon without finding out about her.

As if he had spoken she looked down at him. Jack blushed in the darkness.

"Please pardon me for staring so rudely, but I couldn't help it."

Margaret didn't answer. He could see that she smiled, however. Jack had a most honest face.

He started to go away, but Margaret spoke.

"Of course—although you needn't apologize. Perhaps it is unconventional to be sitting here alone. It's so stifling inside, and so

glorious out here. I had to stay—It's new to me—the wide open sea, and it gives me such a wonderful feeling."

Then Jack went up on the bridge.

"Do you know that we're breaking a rule by coming up here without permission?"

"No—really—then let's go down."

"It's too pretty, Margaret. No one will find us here. We can sit in this life boat and talk—that is if you don't mind my boldness."

"No—really—but I do feel in this mood—I can't go below—As father would say, 'The devil take the hind most'—only he'd be shocked at me."

"I saw you coming on board. Was that your father you told good-bye?"

"Yes—and mother too—My whole family, in fact."

Again Jack was conscious of a tear in her voice, but she changed the subject.

"The ocean's so broad, and big, and powerful. How can a tiny ship plough through it? How can the moon look down on it all in such a peaceful way?"

She stopped talking for a while. Still she looked straight out to sea, and the wind continued to blow. She commenced to talk again.

"I believe all life is like this—built on faith. How does the captain steer us along in the right direction? How does he avoid the wrong course? How can he know that he's doing the right thing by turning the wheel a little to the right or left? How can anybody know? Suppose one had faith in the wrong thing. Suppose one failed to follow the right star. How can one know he is right?"

Jack shifted his position in the boat. Why did she talk like this. It was strange to him.

"Oh—Please forgive me—here I am philosophizing—thinking aloud again—I—I forgot you for a minute—"

"It's beautiful," said Jack. "I'd never thought about it. I'd never thought about anything before. I guess maybe I've had rather blind faith—or none at all—"

The music from the ball-room floated faintly up to them. In the pale blue haze above the water, phosphorus sparkled, and the motion of the ship rocked the little life boat from side to side.

"You American men seem to be that way. Of course, our church comes first in England. We are born and christened into the symbolism of the service, and it grows a part of us. With us the service comes first, but in America there must be diversion, division, and biased opinion. No wonder you doubt your faith. Can it be that

I will lose mine—in this distracting land of freedom—At least, one has it here in this vast, open ocean."

Jack hardly knew how to answer. In bull sessions in college he'd heard faith discussed, but he had left the bull session.

"I can't feel that you will lose yours—" he said timidly—then, "You are wonderful. I didn't know girls thought like this. You are brave, too, to start out alone to America. Please—Don't be afraid," he said, as a big protector, "We are hospitable people. We could never make you lose your faith—but—why are you going over there alone, and so young?"

Margaret had looked full at Jack as he said this. All day his face had been laughing and gay. Now, it was serious and strongly determined.

"I don't know yet. I—I can't tell you—I don't know you, Jack," she stammered. "I shouldn't have stayed here so long, we were so alone and away from the world. I must—I must go down."

She sprang out of the life boat and ran down the steps.

Jack's heart was pounding in his chest. He walked quietly down the deck—"We were so alone, Jack."

"Where have you been?" It was Mrs. Jordan. "Joan's head is better, and she wants to play bridge. She's wondered where you were. We have the table in her cabin, and have looked for you an hour or so. Where in the world have you been, my boy?"

Jack put his hands in his pocket and shuffled his feet truant-schoolboy fashion. Mrs. Jordan misinterpreted the act. Patting Jack on the shoulder she said, "Now, Jack, don't be angry with Joan. She was just a trifle hurt with you this afternoon. Come on down and make up." And Jack was dragged off to Joan's room at 10:30 o'clock. Again at eleven Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Spain withdrew, but Joan yawned, threw a book at Jack, and said it was stupid to be seasick, but much pleasanter than sitting on deck watching uninteresting people.

"How can you stand it?"

"Oh, I don't know, my love—Have missed you lots all evening. Don't leave me in the lurch again," said Jack as he left her room half laughing, because he'd enjoyed the night more than any he could remember.

Until five o'clock the fourth day out Jack played dancing attendant to Joan, but there was a reason. Margaret had not been on deck all day. At five Jack found Margaret in her deck chair—knitting on her pink sweater. He threw himself in the chair beside her.

"Where in the world have you been all day, and why did you run away last night?"

Margaret evaded his glance. Her eyes were held fast on her work for a minute, then she looked up and smiled quickly.

"I promised mother to go below promptly at 10:30 each night—that's why."

But Jack noticed her eyes were red. He realized, too, that she ignored his first question.

"Hope you haven't been sick, today. I've missed you on deck and at meals. Looked all around to challenge you to another game. Will you accept?"

"Would love to, but I must finish this sweater—"

Margaret had a tell-tale expression in her eye.

"Well, guess I'd better leave you alone. May I see you later?"

"After dinner, you mean?"

"If I may."

"Yes—yes—certainly."

But Joan came down to dinner and Jack had to dance for a while with her. Mrs. Jordan and Mrs. Spain drew a sigh of relief as Jack and Joan disappeared on deck. They believed the proposal a "fait accomplee."

Once outside, Jack said, "Joan, babe—I have to run below a minute, 'scuse me please."

"Sure—ole thing—I'm glad. I want to go finish my novel—ta ta."

Jack slipped in one side and out the other of the lounge. He ran around the deck. The sea was mild, the sky clouded and the dome-like clouds raced madly by in front of the large yellow moon. A star twinkled out now and then. The boat rocked back and forth in the seething waters.

Margaret was sitting deep in her deck chair. A rug completely covered her body, but her hair was blown wildly across her cheeks.

"Confound it all, I've tried all night to get away."

"But Jack, aren't you engaged to Joan?"

"Why, no, of course not—do I act like an engaged man?"

"I had thought you were—at dinner that night—"

"Oh Margaret, please! Let me explain. Darn it all, I knew mother had caused you embarrassment; she behaved terribly at dinner. Here, it's this way. Try to understand!" and Jack told Margaret his story, finishing with—"And Joan feels the same about me."

"Are you sure—a girl never knows until she's been asked outright, and perhaps, sometimes, even then, they make a mistake."

"Margaret," said Jack lying close in his chair, "I know you can't understand, it's strange, please listen—I love you! Ever since that day when I saw you come on board I've had you in my mind. It must have been love at first sight, but then I never realized it fully

until the other night when you said what you did about faith. You are my faith. You are what I've wanted all my life. Since you said what you did I've thought it all out. When you come out on deck and looked at the moon that first time, I saw you, and I felt it! When I watched you on the bridge last night, I felt it again. You were beautiful! I felt it then, but I never realized fully what I felt until this very minute—I love you, dear!"

All the while Jack was looking straight at the clouds race by, but he said all this in a steady voice. The moon showed on his serious face—rythmically as it peered out between the clouds.

Then he sat up and raised Margaret's hand to his lips.

"Please don't say that we don't know each other. I know that I know you. I've seen into your beautiful soul. In spite of my mother, and family, and all, it's not Joan but you I love, Margaret. You are different. You are ideal. I've never asked anyone to marry me before, but—"

Margaret put her fingers to his lips to stop the words.

"No—no—please—please don't say it—" and again Jack heard the tears in her voice, but she was crying now, truly.

"Jack—"it was only a whisper—"Jack—I'm on my way to America to be married—that's why I'm going alone. Maurice is waiting for me, and we are to marry the day I arrive—in two days. We, too, have grown up together; the families arranged the match. He left home in diplomatic service to America. I promised him to follow this year, but—but—Jack, I know what you're saying is true. That's why I've dodged you as much as I could. It had to be—I felt the same as you last night on the bridge. What, what am I to do?" She sobbed, "It's awful of me to have let you say these things, but I wanted you to so badly."

"You poor, poor darling. What matter is it? I love you, and you know it. We'll speak to Maurice and visit that preacher ourselves."

Margaret could not understand why, but this last remark stung her a little. The moon was gorgeous just then.

Jack took her in his arms, but Margaret thrust out her hand.

"Wait, wait, dear—tomorrow's our last day out, so you'll have to let me think!"

Jack stood up, pulled Margaret to her feet, buttoned her coat close around her, and arm in arm they walked against the strong wind and rolling boat.

Through a window Jack saw his mother and Joan's aunt. He chuckled inwardly, and held Margaret closer.

They laughed, together, at the strong wind and sticky, salt air.

At ten-thirty Margaret threw a kiss to Jack and went to her cabin.

Jack felt like shouting, but rather shame-facedly passed the window which showed his mother—"If she only knew—"

At eleven Mrs. Spain smiled to Mrs. Jordan and winked.

"It's time we retired—I think—those blessed children are happy without us, I know."

Jack fell on his bed and tried to rebuke himself. "I love her, so what's the difference? I'll marry her immediately and surprise mother. It will be a surprise all right! Guess the old man will let me rock along by myself. Who cares? Her hair, her eyes are sweet, innocent, lovely. Gosh, that sea was wild tonight, even the moon looked queer"—and swaying back and forth Jack rocked off to sleep.

In the morning Margaret was first on deck after breakfast. Her sweater was almost finished. By her side was Jack's candy. In her room were Jack's roses. This was the last day out.

She greeted Jack with a happy smile.

"Good morning, darling," he said quite low. "Did you remember to think it out?"

"Yes—and no—I thought, but can't tell you yet."

A slow drizzle made the atmosphere dismal, grey, gloomy. The weather was such as reminds one of home, family, fireside—and all that one may have done wrong.

It continued to rain all day. Joan stayed in her cabin, as did Mrs. Spain and Mrs. Jordan.

Margaret finished her sweater as Jack sat by her and talked.

"But, Jack, tell me more of America. I can't quite grasp it yet—Maurice says it's strangely free." His name had slipped out before she thought. "Is it always easy-going, indefinite, lazy—do the girls never think of anything except what Joan has said. What do you do on Sunday—It can't be like this, is it?"

"Why, yes, I don't know what you mean! Sunday's the same as other days. We go to cocktail parties, exchange gossip, and drive around."

"But don't you go to church?"

"Once in a while—but not often. They have it at such darned unreasonable hours."

"Oh, Jack, how can you say such things. We always go at home. Do you guess I'll ever get used to your ways?"

"Sure—it's easy." And Jack convinced her again.

All day they managed to dodge the aunt and mother. The day was happy, but Margaret kept busy. It's true he sent flowers to Margaret's room, but how strange that he never suggested waiting for her to come down.

By nine o'clock she failed to appear and Jack began to get worried. He walked up and down the wet deck. The canvas was kept up all evening. He sent to her cabin for her, and still she refused to appear.

Mrs. Spain found him covered head and ears in his blanket; the only person on deck.

"Jack, what on earth is the matter? Where have you been all day? Dear Joan is behaving most strangely too."

"Oh, to hell with Joan and every girl in the world!"

"But Jack, surely you have proposed?"

"Yes, darn it, I proposed, but not to Joan."

Mrs. Spain nearly fainted. "You—you—oh, my boy, you don't mean—you can't mean—"

"Yes, I can and I do mean just that."

They were quiet for a moment. Then Jack said.

"Mother, is there such a thing as being bewitched, and tricked by the moon into love?"

"Why, surely, Jack."

"Well, that's what happened last night. I proposed to that little English girl. She was beautiful in the moonlight, or maybe it was the moon that was pretty. At any rate, she seemed different, and I believed that I loved her. But today in the rain she looked different and talked about things she loved—the country church, quietness; dwelt on the subject of the peace and quiet of the home she loved; on Maurice and their childhood days."

"I understand, Jack darling. Come, let Joan fix a high-ball for you and tell you what we've planned for this week in dear old New York. Just think, we'll be there tomorrow. You're so much like your father."

It's needless to say, Jack got the high-ball.

The next morning at nine thirty-five, Jack stood looking at the grim outline of New York. There was a general confusion of packing on board. The "Zeeland" was rounding nearer the large, black docks when Jack felt a tug at his sleeve. He turned to find Margaret in coat and hat.

"Jack, weren't we foolish? I hope you realize that the storm came in time to remind us both—to remind me that—I'm awfully anxious to see Maurice."

Jack gazed long into the girl's honest eyes.

"You're right, my dear! Bring your husband to dinner with Joan and me Thursday night, and we'll try to teach you some of our ways. Perhaps you'll like us a little."

ROSE MORRISON.

"STACCATO CAPRICE"

"Good serve! Pat," said the tall young man who had just failed to return the swift, determined serve of his slender little opponent who was now within one point of winning the set. There was, however, a certain lack of enthusiasm noticeable in his sporting remark. Edward Holt was not used to defeat at the hands of a girl, and the sensation was far from being an agreeable one, in spite of the fact that the girl was a singularly attractive blonde, and the sister of his best friend. "Ready?" Pat broke in on his unpleasant reflections.

"Serve!" he returned grimly, taking a firmer hold on his racquet, he brushed the dark hair back from his damp forehead with his free hand, and squaring his chin into a hard straight line. He'd show her a thing or two about playing tennis. He swung at the ball with a vicious stroke—and missed it! The set was hers. "D—!" he said under his breath, then to Pat, "Let's quit! It's too hot—I've had enough—let's go back to the house."

"All right," agreed Pat, "We'll play some more later." Pat didn't mind agreeing. Her brother had told her to entertain his visitor, and she was doing her best. She had played tennis with him from early morning until late afternoon, except for frequent intervals spent on the sandy beach and in the foaming surf. She was on both the tennis and the swimming team at school, and was single tennis champion, but—strange to say—Ed had not seemed to appreciate her ability, or even her friendly suggestion as to how he might improve his tennis game. They got along together much better dancing on the breeze swept pavilion or strolling along the moonlit beach.

That night they sat in the swing on the narrow vine-covered porch of the little summer cottage, and watched a lop-sided moon like a distant sail rise above the dark rim of the ocean, glowing like a faint orange-gold lantern. Ed slowly slipped his arm about her, and drew her close until his lips were on her soft, shining hair. "Pat," he whispered, "You're the most beautiful girl in the world!"

Pat sat up straight, and stared at him in wondering amazement. "Why, Ed,—You know I'm not beautiful. I've even got freckles on my nose!"

Ed took both of her hands in his, and her dark eyes took on the dreamy, far-away look of a sleep-walker. "Hush darling—you're the most beautiful girl in the world to me—because I love you."

Pat withdrew her hands. "But Ed, you don't love me—you've only known me three days—the moonlight's just gone to your head, or somethin'."

Ed's eyes lost their dreaming expression. He looked at her rather queerly and muttered something which sounded strangely like, "Aw, H—!" Then he stood up wearily, "Come on, Pat—let's go back in the house." She wondered why he appeared so distracted the rest of the evening.

The next morning, following closely on the heels of her wire, came Pat's cousin, Vera Hancock, with a half-dozen hat boxes, and a sleek, sophisticated swirl of midnight hair framing a gleaming white oval of a face, slanting emerald eyes, and a small, insinuating, scarlet mouth.

Ed and Pat met her in the big family car. Pat knew from experience the amount of Vera's luggage, but she had forgotten her cousin's annihilating charm until she saw the expression on Ed's face as he acknowledged her introduction. He was lost—hopelessly lost—in depths of a pair of shadowed green eyes. She felt suddenly weak and sick—overwhelmed by the dreadful certainty of the thing. Ed had been hers—but Vera would take him from her for the mere joy of the taking. She felt a queer tauntness in the muscles of her face—it wasn't fair—it wasn't fair!

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Pat sat on the sand dunes beside the cottage, and watched Ed and Vera, on the white, sandy beach, gay with gaudy, striped beach umbrellas, and the hues of vari-colored bathing suits. Ed was trying to persuade Vera to venture into the curling white foam of the breakers, but each time as they neared her, she fled shrieking into his arms. It was all so obvious—really unworthy of the usually subtle Vera, but Ed seemed blind to the tricks and coquetries which were so clearly only that to Pat's watching, wistful eyes.

Vera had even had Ed on the tennis court helping her improve her game, when Pat knew that at school Vera's game had been almost as good as her own. But Pat's last hope was crushed when she saw them one evening—just at sunset—standing among the sand dunes—forgetful of watching eyes—silhouetted against the reddening sunset clouds in a clinging, close embrace.

Without a sound, Pat turned and went back into the house, walked quietly to her room, closed the door, and fell on the bed shaken by a series of quick, uncontrolable, hysterical sobs.

But the hysteria was of short duration—the sob gradually died away. Tears and thoughts do not mix, and Pat was doing some serious thinking. She tossed restlessly on the bed for a time, then jumped up, and ran to the dressing table. She stood looking—staring at her reflection in the mirror as if taking stock of every detail of her appearance. Then slowly—deliberately she picked up Vera's

expensive lip-stick and over the outlines of her sensitive, mobile mouth traced a seductive scarlet bow.

The next morning at breakfast Pat challenged Ed to a game of tennis. Vera had not yet made her trailing, negligee appearance, so Ed grudgingly accepted. Pat was unusually off her game. Several bad strokes, and one extremely wild one at a critical moment gave Ed the set. As they walked back to the house, Ed in a veritable glow of kindliness and good will, gave her a few suggestions as to how to strengthen her backhand stroke, and offered to help her with it that afternoon. Pat was learning.

During the afternoon practice, Vera sat on the porch, and watched with a cynical, fatalistic light in her slanting green eyes. At supper she announced her intended departure on the midnight train. It seemed that she had received an unexpected invitation to a house party at Pablo.

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Ed and Pat sat in the swing on the narrow, vine-covered porch of the little summer cottage, and watched a lop-sided moon like a distant sail rise above the dark rim of the ocean, glowing like a faint, orange-gold lantern. Ed slowly slipped his arm about her, and drew her close until his lips were on her soft, shining hair. "Pat," he whispered, "You're the most beautiful girl in the world—I love you!" Pat said nothing—she tilted up her piquant little face, closed her eyes, and waited for his kiss on her honest little mouth.

Pat was learning—fast!

LUCILE COLE NIX.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN"

It sounded rather bad according to the newspaper account. Of course, you know the method of newspapers,—sieze on an incident, magnify it, and dangle it before the public eye to thrill or to shock. But this was bad—no exaggeration about this story. Here was a young man of a fine family, not at all the sort of family mixed in affairs like this. The young man himself is the kind of chap who leads a usual happy-go-lucky existence, who ultimately settles down and becomes a fairly good business or professional man, be-

longing to the upper strata of the great middle class, that backbone of the social structure, seemingly not different from a thousand others of his type. And this young man, destined to live a normal life, like the thousand others, was going to be hanged. Gad, how it hurts to say that word! Hanged for putting a bullet through the heart of a girl he loved. Yes, I said loved. You see, she loved someone else, more even, than Brand loved her. Someone said, in writing of the case, for it had attracted quite a bit of attention, "The case is unusual in that a young fellow, going along the even tenor of his way, never waking by any word or action the slightest suspicion that he was at all capable of the thing which he has done. —— People just don't do such things."

I am thinking of Brand as the small boy who lived next door to us in that little town where we both grew up; Brand, the gardener. His garden was the pride and joy of his life, mainly because it was his own! One could see his chest puff with pride of possession as he strutted among the uneven rows. His garden consisted of one-half radishes and onions, and one-half watermelon vine. I hardly think he had planned for that particular division of his plot of ground, but being an inexperienced gardener, he didn't know that a watermelon vine had a way about it. Indeed, the radish and onion division of the land under cultivation was entirely excluded from the view of us next door, for the vine was on that half of the garden next our own yard.

This watermelon vine, never a home-body, sent one tiny green tendril through the fence to our yard. That tendril bore one yellow blossom, and that blossom, to differentiate itself from all the other blossoms which made their appearance, bore fruit—one, of all those blossoms, and that one on the wrong side of the fence. The melon, before we noticed it, had grown to the size of a large cucumber, much too large to be slipped back through to the right side of the fence, even had anyone thought of doing so. By the time the prize fruit had grown to eighteen or twenty inches in length, excitement ran high. Certain very definite plans of a watermelon cuttin' were formulated, Brand doing the most of the planning, the task of inviting being left entirely to him. It is remarkable how that guest list changed, dependent on the then existing degree of congeniality between Brand and the boys.

One day, after the melon had become mature as to size, and required only a little while to completely ripen, I went out to give that thriving fruit the benefit of my watchful care. (I too had become a gardener.) There on his side of the fence was Brand, in his right hand a knife, in his left, a long, thin piece of soft pine.

"What cha doin'?"

"Whittlin'." Brand's accomplishments were not restricted to gardening.

"What cha' gonna make?"

"How do I know? I haven't thought it up yet."

"Will you give it to me when you finish?" Gold-digging is not restricted to grown-up girls and forty-niners.

"Aw, it might be a dagger or sump'n. What does a ole girl want with a dagger?"

I did not that day see the completed weapon. Nor the next. Nor had I during those two days seen the melon. In the early morning, two days afterward, I again made a pilgrimage to the melon-shrine. There in the top of the fat green melon, extending deep into the pinkish yellow meat that soon would have become luscious red, was a long thin piece of soft pine!

CAROLINE PARRISH.

SENTRIES

Hoary frost upon the pines,
Shrill winds blowing, winter gloating.
Brown the trunks and turning darker,
Em'rald pines 'neath floating blue,
Pines that sway in winter wind,
    Watching—waiting.

Misty moonlight on the pines,
Moonbeams falling, thrushes calling.
Dark the trunks but turning lighter,
Pines that catch the falling dew,
Pines that sway with summer wind,
    Watching—waiting.

Stand forever, faithful pines,
Sentries at the college door—
    Watching—waiting.

JULIA MAE MURRAY.

MOTHER NATURE

IN HER DEFENSE

It ain't right. That's all. She's the best friend we've got, and here we've gone and deliberately low-rated her. It's Human Nature I'm championing. We haven't done right by her. We've blamed her for all our shortcomings without giving her one iota of credit for the benefit she's beladen us with. Sure, she's responsible for a lot of the meanness in us. She makes us do what we shouldn't, want what isn't ours, and be wishy-washy when we should be standing pat. Naturally we're going to ease the burden for our faults over on her shoulders. However, just because we can thus shine forth pure and innocent is no reason why we can crown ourselves with glory over all the good things in us. If we say, "Oh yes, I was negligent and failed—Human Nature, you know, to be lazy," then, when we've put something over big, why not say, "Oh yes, I was industrious and made a success. Human Nature, you know, to work for one's best." Where do we get our brains and energy and the craving to Be Something? Then why not say so!

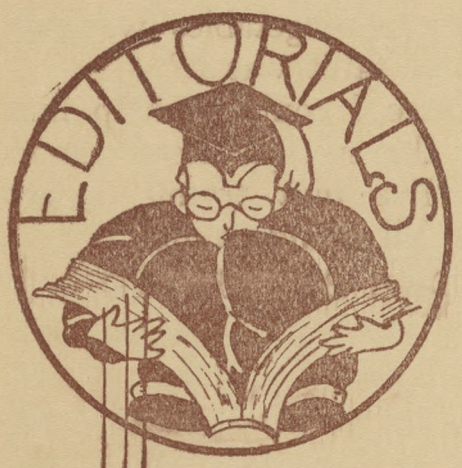
SHE'S TO BLAME

It's no use. I've tried as hard as the Lord a' Mighty would let me, and there's no getting around her. Human Nature is forever bobbing up in my way. There's nothing the matter with my intentions. Now just last week I deliberately changed all my sentiments against Neighbor Jones. Frankly, I—well, I just never have liked Jones. I can't exactly lay my finger on his faults. I've reasoned with myself about him. I've told myself he's a good fellow, and tried to act accordingly. Then along comes Human Nature in a sly, yet audible voice and says, "Son, quit worrying yourself about this Jones. Don't you know he's always rubbed you the wrong way—can a leopard change his spots?" But as I say, last week Jones came over to ask my advice about some gardening. We got to talking about that and I clean forgot about my old feelings. Jones left me on good terms, and I decided henceforth to lay my love down unconditioned at my neighbor's feet. All was going along smoothly when Jones ups and comes over with a great pan full of vegetables for us. Now do you know how I felt about that present? Grateful? No! I was jealous! Instead of thinking how fine it was that Jones

remembered me, I was thinking how fine the vegetables were in comparison to mine. Now, I ask you, whose fault was it?

I tried. Didn't I give Jones all the advice I could to help him with those vegetables? Then what under the sun possessed me to be jealous? Human nature, that's all. I've quit trying to get around her. When she changes her tactics, I'll change mine.

CORA BURGHARD.



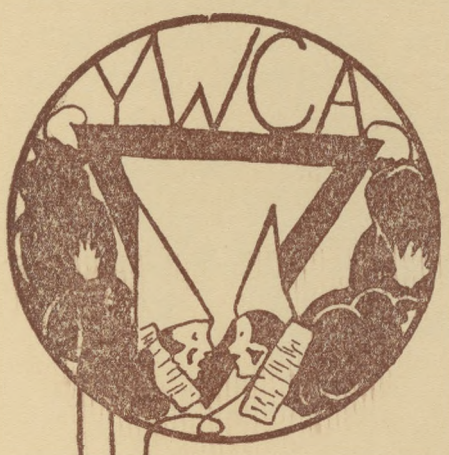
IF I WERE A LEGISLATOR

Youth has ever liked to muse about what it would do if it held an office. In a pensive mood Youth becomes a reformer and dreams of winning fame through some notable accomplishment. And so have I fired by the ambition of Youth dreamed a dream.

In my dream I would be a legislator and help to carry on the great work of the State. But as in all dreams I would aspire to something greater than anything before. And looking around at the various fields that are open to a legislator, I would choose the greatest of these—the education of the younger citizens of the State.

As ever in the dreams of Youth I would seek to solve the problems of this great field which is concerned with the welfare of Youth. I would seek to be the benefactor of educational institutions, to be someone who is known to help and back all progressive moves in education. I would concern myself with bonding the State for highways, but even more would I concern myself with providing more teachers for those who will use the highways and more worthwhile books so that Youth will find pleasure and growth in reading and studying. After all Youth does not allow a few bumpy roads to keep it from going if it wants to go—however it may be when Youth grows old.

But alas, all dreams end—even those of Youth—and I awaken to the realization that it is only a dream—a dream of what?—the future?—Who knows?



"That good thing which was com-committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."
2 Ti. I, 14.

The days of the "Y" cabinet for the year 1928-29 are passing swiftly. Three of the four big group headings which appeared on our vesper program have already been discussed.

* * *

On April 28th the new officers for the year 1929-30 were installed. It was a simple, yet impressive service. The members of both cabinets were dressed in white. They seated themselves in the form of a triangle and after a short program, each member of the old cabinet lighted the candle of her successor.

* * *

The program for the rest of the year is:

Needs and Ways of Worship—
- My Hymnal
- Worship through Music, Art, Drama, etc. (Faculty night)
- Mother's Day (Pageant)
- Worship through Nature
- Stars of the Summer Night.

Freshman Night—
- Teachers wanted.

Sophomore Night—
- We who are about to Teach.

Junior Night—
- How shall we choose our life work?

Senior Night—
- A job or a life work?

Each member of the old cabinet is determined to do her bit to make this last month the best of all.

We received the torch from the cabinet of '27-28 and, having held it high, pass it onward with the hope that our successors, in "Car-

rying on," will realize that the Past has given to them a heritage; that the Present, becoming Past, will to future cabinets another heritage; and that whatever the bequest is to be depends upon the height to which the cabinet of 1929-30 raises the torch.

"O Lord of life, to thee we kneel;
Maker of men, our purpose seal!
We will, for honor of Thy Name,
Pass on the torch, pass on the flame!"

KAPPA-LAMBDA

On March 27, the Kappas and Lambdas put on their annual Field Day. Although the Kappas won, there was much friendly rivalry and keen competition. The Freshman hoop drill was one of the outstanding features of the day.

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One of the first athletic events of April was the double tennis tournament. This was an elimination tournament and was for individual, not team, points. Louise McMichael and Virginia Clark won first place by defeating Grace Chastain and Farrar Elrod in the finals.

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Much interest is being shown in the single tennis and clock golf ladder tournaments. This gives team as well as individual points. Clock golf is a new game on our campus, but from the number playing it, is here to stay.

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Our baseball series has begun. The first game was played on April 23, the Kappas winning by the score of 20 to 10. In the next two games that will be played the winner of the series will be determined.

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The Phi Kappa and Phi Lambda Athletic Associations of G. S. W. C. closed their work for 1928-29 with a dance in Ashley hall on May 20. The evening was one of unusual pleasure. The music and dancing were peppy, and each Kappa and Lambda was anxiously waiting to hear the decision concerning the plaque. Those who were to receive individual recognition were breathlessly awaiting the great moment.

This moment finally came and Miss Ivey pronounced the magic words, "Phi Kappa." The house shook with the yells. It had been a spirited fight. The Kappas boasted of good material, but the Lambdas were aided by that mysterious sprite called "Spirit."

The association points for the year were:

	Kappas	*Lambdas*
Drive for dues	20	50
Volley Ball	57	57
Soccer	42	15
Basket Ball Goals	4	10
Scholastic Honors	25	10
Court Summons	0	15
Field Day	75	25
Baseball	39	18
Tennis	13	10
Court Summons	15	15
Awards	40	15
	330	240

The Awards for the year were:

Lambdas:

Cups—
- Eunice Chute
- Lillian Exum

Letters—
- Eunice Chute
- Gladys Arnold
- Margaret Bullock
- Katherine Harrison
- Lois Nichols

Numerals—
- Hazel Sawyer
- Milwell Minick
- Frances Keller
- Dee Dee Godbee
- June Fulcher
- Helen Brasington
- Eunice Seagraves

Kappas:

Cups—
- Myrtle Vick
- Mary Louise Maxwell
- Grace Chastain
- Elizabeth Hayes

Letters—
- Lillian Hopper
- Grace Chastain
- Margaret X. Brabham
- Elizabeth Hayes
- Joyce Roberson
- Dorothy Harper
- Rebecca Rabun
- Virginia Clark

Numerals—
- Elsie Quarterman
- Margaret Jennings
- Virginia Clark
- Helen Ryon
- Bernice Jones
- Dorothy Lile

The Kappas have talked a lot about putting "ditto" on the plaque this year, but now that the crucial time is here and after the competition the Lambdas gave, they think it better to write "Phi Kappa" all over again.

SOCIETY NEWS

On April 6, the Sororian and Argonian Literary Societies were entertained with illustrated slides on "Famous Gardens of the World." The lecture on the gardens was equally interesting. Those in charge of the program were Miss Mary Frances Robertson and Miss Virginia Fraser.

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There has been probably no society meeting this year in which so much enthusiasm and friendly rivalry was manifested as was evident on the occasion of the annual inter-society debate.

The timely subject for debate was "Resolved: That we in the United States are attempting to give too many people a college education." The Argonians were represented by Miss Ann Talbert and Miss Marguerite Ford, who defended the affirmative side; the Sororians, who were contenders for the negative side, were Miss Margaret Warfield and Miss Dorothy Harper. Both sides offered splendid arguments on the question.

At the conclusion of the rebuttals, the presiding presidents presented a volume of poetry to each debater of their respective societies. Just preceding the meeting, the speakers were given lovely corsages of rose-buds.

The final decision of the judges went to the negative exponents.

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"A Study of Modern German Literature" was the topic for discussion at the joint meeting of the two societies, May 13. The first number on the program was a short German story, which was well read by Miss Margaret Brabham. Following this, a group of poems, by recent German authors, added interest to the program. These were excellently read by Miss Rose Morrison. Miss Lucile Nix gave an interesting talk on the art which is characteristic of the Germans of today. The latter part of the program was devoted to music. A splendid paper on modern German music, given by Miss Joyce Roberson was followed by a selection by D'Albert, entitled "Gavotte Musette."

This concluded the programs on literature, art and music for the year which have been of much cultural value to the students.

ALUMNAE NEWS

Sounds of "Praise Ye the Father," a certain tenseness of atmosphere as the students and faculty prepare for exams and term papers, a growing fondness on the part of the seniors for their Alma Mater, letters from class secretaries containing bits of news and much enthusiasm, letters from individual alumnae members telling of their intentions to be with us during commencement, announcements of engagements, and even of a few weddings, all tell us that if June is not actually here, it is surely on its way.

* * *

A marriage announcement of interest to an unusually large number of the alumnae as well as to the students of G. S. W. C. is that of Verna Scarborough, who since her graduation in '26 has served for two years as Assistant Dean of Women at the College. Verna was married on the sixth of May to Dr. James Chanslor Thoroughman, of Atlanta. The ceremony was solemnized at the Theological Chapel of Emory University by Dr. W. A. Smart. Dr. and Mrs. Thoroughman have received an appointment under the Southern Methodist Missionary Board for service in China, and will sail early in August to begin their work in this field.

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Among the letters from the secretaries of the various classes is one from Mae Gibson McCall, of the class of '23. From her home in Rock Hill, South Carolina, Mae has written, not the usual form letter of a class secretary trying to collect dues from her class and arouse the enthusiasm of her former classmates, but a real letter, telling of the things that have happened to her since she left G. S. W. C. We shall be very happy when the two year old son of whom she speaks grows old enough to be carried on trains or in automobile from his home to Valdosta so that we may meet this grandson of the College.

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Announcement has been made of the marriage on March the twenty-eighth of Elsie Gunn, A. B. '27, to Thornton E. Stokes, formerly of Valdosta, Georgia, now of Kokomo, Indiana. After a short wedding trip, Mrs. Stokes returned to her home in Rome, Georgia, to be with her mother until the return of her sister from school. After June the fifteenth, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes will make their home in Kokomo.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gibson Smith announce the marriage of their daughter, Ferma Cathern, to Mr. John N. Deming, Jr., November 30, 1928.

* * *

Ida Groover, of the class of '18, who is now teaching in Andrews, North Carolina, and Clara Belle Penny, Mrs. J. J. Hurlburt, Jr., of the class of '23, wrote recently that they are planning to attend commencement this year.

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Among the recent visitors to the College were Frances Folsom, of the class of '25; Lucy Jackson, Mrs. C. W. Hagood, of the class of '25; Katherine White, Mrs. V. C. Jordan, of the class of '20, who is now living in Cuba; Naomi Prim, Mrs. H. O. Brockington, of the class of '26, with her small son; and Helen Palmer, Mrs. Iverson Bennett, of Camilla, who stopped here for a short visit on her way to Magnolia Gardens.

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Mae Crum, Mrs. W. K. Giddens, of the class of '22, is now living in Ray City, Georgia.

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Mary Crum, Mrs. Julian Robinson, of the class of '22, is now living in Lakeland, Georgia.

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Mildred Williams, Mrs. William Oettmeier, of the class of '24, is now living in Fargo, Georgia.

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Jewel Meeks, of the class of '22, is working in the Court House of Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

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Gertrude Moore, of the class of '22, Mrs. Charles W. Wade, is living in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

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Hester Bruce, of the class of '25, is teaching in Nelson, Georgia.

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Louise McLendon, A. B. '26, is teaching in Marianna, Florida.

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Eppie Roberson, A. B. '25, and Minnie Ruth Brown, of the class of '19, are both teaching English in the Junior High School of Miami, Florida. Minnie Ruth may be addressed at the Pershing Hotel, Box 869.

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Leo Prine, Mrs. R. K. Rouse, of the class of '24, is now living in Greenville, South Carolina. Her address is Apartment 2, Triangular Apartments, 5 Rutherford Street.

Morgan Majette Grant, of the class of '17, is again living in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, after a year spent in New York City, where her husband was engaged in research work.

* * *

Only one thing could have made a more delightful affair of the G. S. W. C. banquet sponsored by the Alumnae Association during the recent meeting of the G. E. A. in Savannah. If, instead of the twenty-seven who were present (though we must admit that for a first banquet of this kind twenty-seven is a good number), there had been just twice this number; or better still, if such a thing were possible, if we all could have come together for such a renewing of old acquaintance as the twenty-seven who were there indulged in—then the banquet would have been indeed perfect. Among those who were present were: Dr. Powell, Miss Hopper, Miss Lockett, and Miss Morrell of the faculty of the College; Miss Romana Riley, Principal of the Waters Avenue School, Savannah; Edith Patterson, of the class of '18, President of the Association; Ruth Harrell Ellis, of the class of '21; Alma Thompson Kneece, of the class of '21; Augusta Rentz, of the class of '23; Frances Faries Thomas, Margaret LaFar, Marie Clyatt, and Martha Youngblood, A. B. '26; Sara Mandeville, Emma Moore, Nan Smith, A. B. '27; Sara Thomas, Lucile Dowling, and Estha Freeman, A. B. '28; Derrille Armstrong, of the class of '28; Evelyn Purcell and Louise Tomlinson, of the class of '26; Miriam Stokes Williams and Irene Kingery, of the class of '25; Thelma Harrell Cantey and Clyde Jones; and Helen Bruce, of the class of '22. To Margaret LaFar and Emma Moore, who made all the arrangements for the banquet, are due many thanks for a very pleasant evening.

LOCALS

Busy days! exciting days! thrilling days! June the fifth is fast approaching!—and reunions, diplomas, degrees, and good-byes rush in to claim our attention. Though we regret to see our graduates leave us, they still hold a distinct place in the life of our college. Graduation inspires those who are not graduating with a renewed determination to continue at G. S. W. C. until their goal is reached—a degree.

* * *

One of the loveliest occasions of the year was the Freshman-Sophomore Prom on Saturday evening, April 20. The motif for the prom was "A Night in Venice," and one can imagine how beautiful it was with moonlight, and roses, gondolas, a Bridge of Sighs, palms, ferns, baskets of flowers, and many girls, and many men.

The guests were received in the rotunda by Miss Lillian Lively, president of the Freshman class, Miss Grace Chastain, president of the Sophomore class, Dr. and Mrs. R. H. Powell, and Miss Annie P. Hopper. The proms took place on the terrace and lawn. After the proms a program was greatly enjoyed. A group of singers and dancers from the Glee Club gave "Moonlight and Roses." The old-fashioned dresses and the garlands of roses used in the number were most effective. Miss Louise McMichael gave a reading, "Moonlight in Italy."

The Venetian idea was further carried out in the refreshments where gondolas were suggested in the ice course.

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Yes, the Freshmen were busy, and on February 19, which was their last chance, found the hat for which they had been searching on the nineteenth of every month. On Saturday evening, April 13, the Sophomores entertained the Freshman with a banquet. The dining hall was very effectively decorated in green and white, and yellow and white, the class colors; the hat was given emphasis in the decorations. Miss Grace Chastain, president of the Sophomore class extended a greeting, and Miss Lillian Lively, president of the Freshman class gave the response. During the meal a most entertaining program was given.

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On Friday evening, May 10, the Valdosta Club entertained at a banquet in the dining hall, the high school seniors of Valdosta. Miss Marguerite Langdale, president of the club, gave the welcoming ad-

dress, and the president of the Senior class, Mr. Alex Little, gave the response. During the meal an interesting program was enjoyed.

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On May 14, the Glee Club enjoyed a picnic at Twin Lakes Tavern. The club has had a very successful year under the guidance of Miss Alimae Temple, director, and Miss Ida Burroughs, president.

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On May 18, the Juniors entertained the Seniors at a dinner dance at Twin Lakes Tavern.

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On Wednesday evening, May 22, the Presidents Club had its final meeting of the year. They entertained the presidents of the various organizations for the coming year.

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On May 24, Miss Hopper entertained the Seniors at an evening party at the Woman's Building.

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An annual event of the year, and an event which is looked forward to with much anticipation and enthusiasm, is the evening the Rotarians entertain the Sophomores and Seniors. This year the Rotarians entertained at Ocean Pond, and such a delightful time everyone did have. Swimming, boat-riding, and the best of things to eat—that is what the Rotarians provided for their guests.

* * *

Another Alumnae birthday is approaching, and on the evening of June the first at the Daniel Ashley Hotel, the Alumnae Association will have its annual banquet, which will celebrate its eleventh birthday. There is a definite and compelling tie that binds together all G. S. W. C. girls. The Alumnae Association, an organization of which all graduates are members, serves to function in the life of a girl long after she has gone out from her Alma Mater, and given her place in the student group to others. This home-coming festival means a renewal of old friendship and a meeting of the new spirits that come in each year to make the association richer and finer.

* * *

The Student Government Association held its regular meeting in the rotunda on May 4. Miss Iva Chandler and Miss Mary Alexander gave a report of the meeting of the Southern Inter-Collegiate Association of Student Government held at Sophie Newcombe in New Orleans. Miss Chandler is the out-going president and Miss Alexander the in-coming president. Dr. Powell gave the oath of office to Miss Alexander. He gave an interesting talk on the progress of the Student Government Association at G. S. W. C.

Saturday, May 11, Miss Dorothy Dasher and Miss Helen Ryon gave their graduating recital, and on May 20, Miss Mary Eva Fambrough gave hers.

* * *

We have had several very interesting visitors during these last weeks of school. Mrs. Christy, of New Washington, Penn., gave a most interesting discussion on "Friendship," during the chapel hour. Mrs. Christy is field secretary of the Womans League for World Peace and Freedom.

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Senator Rivers spoke at chapel on "Georgia's Natural Resources." His talk was in keeping with Governor Hardman's proclamation that April 14-20 be conservation week.

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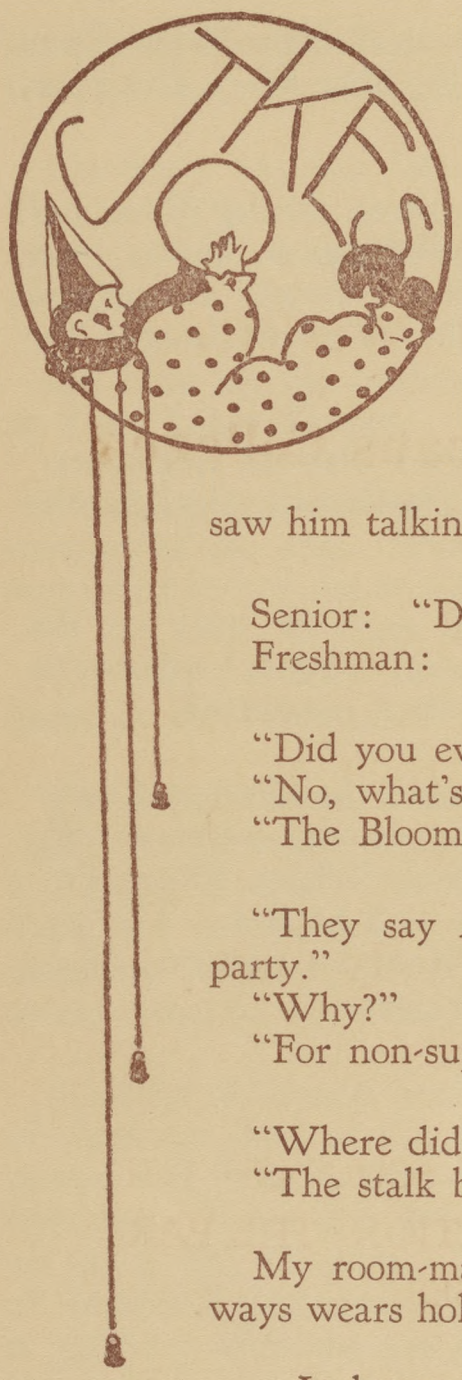
Miss Ruth Lockman spent the fifth and sixth of May on the campus. She spoke in chapel on Prohibition. Miss Lockman is field secretary of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition movement.

* * *

G. S. W. C. had a large delegation to attend the Georgia Educational Association meeting in Savannah. The faculty members who attended were Dr. Powell, Miss Hopper, Mrs. White, Misses Patterson, Youngblood, Lockett, Morrell, Rentz and McRee. The students who went as delegates were Misses Margaret Lawson, Mary Stewart, Agnes Ransome and Virginia Touchton.



Miss Meyers (In Biology Class): "Don't these trees belong to the Ulmus family?"

Florris Woodard: "Gee, no! They belong to the College."

* * *

Teacher (in Training School): " 'Early to bed and early to rise,' who said that?"

Johnny: "It musta been Willie. I saw him talkin'."

* * *

Senior: "Did you have a good time at the prom?"
Freshman: "Yes, I was on my toes every minute."

* * *

"Did you ever hear of the collegiate flower?"
"No, what's its name?"
"The Blooming Idiot."

* * *

"They say Al Smith is going to sue the Democratic party."
"Why?"
"For non-support."

* * *

"Where did I come from?" asked the rose bud.
"The stalk brought you," answered the rose."

* * *

My room-mate thinks every day is Sunday, as she always wears holy stockings.

* * *

In bygone days
It was the craze
To dress like Mother Hubbard.
But co-eds now
Dress more, I vow,
Like Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

* * *

Lillian Exum: "I couldn't sleep a bit last night."
Catherine Lee: "Why not?"
L. E.: "I dreamed I was pitching baseball and I tossed all the time."