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Joyce L. Strickland
Ursinus College

Sara E. Brown
Ursinus College


Harry F. Brian
Ursinus College

Ione B. Haussmann
Ursinus College

Sylvia Acri
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Joyce L. Strickland, Sara E. Brown, Harry F. Brian, Ione B. Haussmann, Sylvia Acri, Anna May Brooks, Edith Cressman, and Ruth I. Hamma

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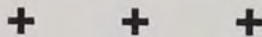
Looking Backward and Forward

WITH this issue, the second volume of THE LANTERN is completed. The staff is to add four new students to fill the vacancies which will be created by graduation, and the second editor is ready to pass the torch of responsibility to another. The outgoing members leave with regret, having been unable to see the fulfillment of their hopes, but with words of encouragement to those who carry on, hoping that the desired success may be realized in the near future.

It was a little more than a year ago — May of 1933 — that the Ursinus literary magazine made its initial appearance. It was a twenty-four page number, bound in red, and bearing as cover design the symbol of the Science Hall Tower, for which THE LANTERN is named. Both are representative of the progressive attitude which promotes definite activity directed toward the desired goals — the new structure presenting facilities for more adequate scientific study and investigation, and the new publication offering wider possibilities for the development of literary expression and art.

With a very small balance remaining in the treasury, the second volume of THE LANTERN was undertaken by the second staff, and a Christmas edition was published in December. The sale of subscriptions was not so large as had been anticipated, and it was necessary to limit the copy to sixteen pages. Because of the arrangement to print three numbers during the year, and the continued financial handicap along with limitation of manuscript, it was inexpedient to enlarge the following issues. Each one, however, contained some pieces of peculiar merit, and though the response was at times somewhat disheartening, the attempt was by no means useless.

The present staff passes on the work, not with a feeling of accomplishment, nor with a sense of defeat, but rather with the conviction that all has not been in vain — that it has opened the way for achievement by laying the foundation for an activity that is worthy of perpetuation, which should — and shall be — enlarged and improved, until it becomes an integral part of Ursinus life, a tradition, an institution of our liberal arts college, equal in popularity and importance with the established publications, and one of unquestioned excellence.



"Hahd on de Nerves"

"MARY, you en Damon stay heah whahle Ah go en git us some pop to drink. Ah don' lak tuh buy nothin' on Sunday, but it sho' is hot." And Colon Ray sauntered off in the direction of the ramshackle booth where two other negroes were doing a rushing business, selling soft drinks, ice cream, and other "refreshments." For this was the season of the camp-meetings, when each Sunday, negroes come from miles around, partly for out-of-door revival services, but mostly for a good time in eating, drinking, talking, and occasionally fighting. Since Colon and Mary had earned about ten dollars in the potato fields the preceding week, they had come to "camp-meeting" to spend the afternoon. Mary was tall and very black, while her husband was short and brown, and their small son Damon, like his mother, was the color of black coffee, his teeth startlingly white in their dusky setting.

As Colon came back with the three soft drinks, he saw a short, powerfully built, very black man, who seemed to have been talking to Mary, move away and mingle with the crowd.

"Who dat talkin' to you jes' now?" he asked a trifle suspiciously, as he handed her one of the bottles.

"Oh," answered Mary, "Dat was Thomas Cherry dat's been beauin' Thelma Douglas aroun'. But dey done had a fuss now en dey ain' go'n tuh-gehah no mo'." The sly smile on Mary's face did not escape Colon.

He frowned and said, "Di'n' he come to our house las' week when Ah was out in de fiel'? . . . Damon, be keerful en don' drink so fas'! Yuh'll choke yo'se'f . . . Huh?" to Mary.

"Well," said Mary mischievously, "Ah b'lieve he did come up . . . Yes, Ah 'membah now, Ah was cleanin' fish on de back po'ch en he come up en ask fo' uh drink of watah. En den he set

down en rest hisse'f a li'l whahle. Da's all—jes' pass de tahn a' day."

"Now looky yere!" Colon swelled like a pouter pigeon. "Ah don' want you messin' wid him. Yuh yere me? Ef he comes roun' again Ah's liable tuh git mad en tear sompin up! Ah means dat!"

"Looky yere, yo'se'f! Ah can' help it ef Mist' Cherry want tuh be nice tuh me. He nevah done a thing in de wohl', Colon Ray, but jes' pass de tahme a' day . . . Ah guess you mus' be jealous, but dey ain' nothin' tuh git jealous about," answered Mary, teasingly.

Colon subsided a little, "Jes' de same, Ah don' wan' you to have no dealin's wid 'im . . . Ef yuh finished Ah'll take back dem bottles. Is you 'bout ready tuh go home?"

"Yeh, Ah'm gettin' tiahed. Ise ready when you is," replied Mary.

"Daddy," said four-year-old Damon, "Ah don' wan' tuh go home yet . . . But Ah wood love tuh have one a' dem b'loons ovah dah," showing his little white teeth in an engaging grin.

Two or three days later, Mary sat peeling potatoes in the morning sunshine and gossiping with a friend.

"Yuh know," she was saying, "It sho' is funny, de way Colon is gittin' all puffed up ovah Shorty—Ah bettah say 'Mist' Cherry' in case Colon heah me—Shorty talkin' tuh me now en den. De funny paht of it is dat I'se only tryin' to be a frien' en help you two make up."

"Yeah," agreed Thelma Douglas, Shorty's former "honey", "It sho' is hahd on you. Ah hope mah man ain' go'n' be as jealous as yo's is."

"Colon sho is jealous. Sometahmes he skeahs me neah-bout tuh death, ca'yin' on, but sometahmes he jus' mek me laugh. Dey say," continued Mary, "Dat it cost fift' dollahs tuh git a di-vo'ce, and yuh know it only cost th'ee

dollahs tuh git ma'ied. Seems lak tuh me it ought to be jes' de yothah way 'roun'. If Ah had it tuh do ovah again Ah don' know if Ah'd git ma'ied or not . . . Ah guess Ah would do', 'cause Colon's all right 'cept he so 'tuh-nal jealous."

"Ah's go'n' kin' a' slow, mahse'f," said Thelma, "Ah don' b'leeve in gettin' ma'ied too soon. But co'se Shorty ain' jealous de way Colon is, thank de Lawd."

"Well," said Mary, as Thelma rose to go, "Yuh wan' me tuh tell Shorty dat if he come en say he sorry, yuh'll fohgive 'im. Dat right? Yuh still aimin' tuh ma'y 'im if he 'pol'gize ain't yuh?"

"Oh, yeh, Ah reckon Ah will," answered Thelma, "'cause Ah do think a lot uh him en Ah kin'a' think he likes me right much. But you make out Ah was jes' a-talking tuh yuh en di'n' think you'd tell it. Ah hopes you see 'im soon en' dat yuh don' git in no mo' trouble wid Colon. Ah'm sorry yuh can't tell 'im now but Ah don' wan' to tell nobody until eve'ything's settled, count of dat yothah gal what so crazy 'bout Shorty. Ah's feered if she knowed about things she'd git a razor aft' him. Well, goo'-by, en take ca'ah yo'se'f."

"Goo-by," called Mary, as Thelma set off down the lane.

That afternoon, when it was almost time for Colon to come back from work in the fields, Mary was moving around in the tiny kitchen, cooking supper. Little Damon was playing in the yard with a moth-eaten "hound-dog." Presently he called, "Mama, heah's Mist' Cherry. He say he want tuh speak to yuh."

"All right," answered Mary. "Be dah in a minute."

"Haddo, Miss Mary," said Shorty, as she appeared in the doorway, fanning herself with a turkey wing.

"Haddo, Mist' Cherry, how you? Did yuh see an'thing a' Colon? . . . He kin' a' mad 'cause he see me talkin' tuh you Sunday, en he say he don' wan' me tuh have no dealin's wid you so ah don' keer ef he don' see you heah."

"Yeh," replied "Mist' Shorty Cherry," "Ah seed 'im up tuh de big house talkin' to Mist' Brown. Ah heahed 'im say he goin' back to de hot bed befo' he come home . . . Ah guess yuh ain' seed dat stubbuhn gal, is yuh?"

"Oh, Ah done seen 'uh dis mawnin'," said Mary, "En—don' let on tuh her Ah tole yuh—but she say to me, 'Ef he say he's real sorry Ah reckon Ah still think enough of 'im tuh ma'y 'im.' Now don' yuh say Ah tole yuh but you go see 'er en 'pologize en ah bet eve'y-thing'll be jes' fine."

"Mama!" little Damon interrupted, "Ah see Daddy comin' . . . Ah'm go'n' tuh meet 'im!"

"Shorty! Hurry up en git down de road! Ef Colon see you, Ah sho' go'n' ketch it!" Shorty left hurriedly before she had time to finish.

Mary turned quickly and when Colon and Damon came in, she was just putting the hot biscuits on the table. As Colon took off his broad-brimmed straw hat, he asked suspiciously, "Didn' Ah see dat niggah Shorty go'n' down de road?"

"Did you?" queried Mary innocently. "Ah spec's yuh did 'cause he did stop by en say 'haddo' ah li'l whahle ago. He's helpin' Mist' Brown take up potatoes, Ah reckon."

"Wha's de big idee? Ain' Ah done tole yuh dat Ah di'n' wan' you tuh have *no* dealin's wid dat thing?"

"Co'se yuh did," answered Mary in a conciliatory tone, "But Ah couldn' shet de do' in 'is face, could Ah? Tain' nothin' tuh git worried about . . . Well, suppah's ready."

But Colon's suspicions were by no means lulled and he spent most of that evening in sullen musing. The next day he was still rather surly and went out to work, "lookin' as cross as ole Scratchem," said Mary to herself. For two days he brooded, and when Mary addressed him, answered her with only an occasional grunt or snort.

On the afternoon of the second day, the negroes were busy in the potato field near the little house where Colon and Mary lived. Occasional snatches of song or shouts rose in the calm air.

A group of small children, Damon among them, played happily in the warm brown earth. Colon, with a pre-occupied air and scowling face, was plowing out the long rows of potatoes to be "scratched out" and thrown in heaps by the other negroes.

The negro "Shorty" had not come to work that day, Colon remembered. He spoke to the other negro who was helping him to plow out the rows of potatoes, "Ah'm go'n' to de house to git a drink a' watah. Ah reckon you kin take keer of 'um fer a while, ef yuh don' mind."

"Oh, sho', go ahaid," responded the other unconcernedly.

Colon approached his home. How still everything was! Two or three chickens pecked lazily around the doorstep, and nearby lay Damon's dog, Jackson, asleep in the summer sunshine. Somehow an air of desolation pervaded the place, and Colon became aware of a vague feeling of uneasiness. He stepped over the threshold and called several times, "Mary!" in tones unnecessarily loud. There was no answer; everything was as quiet as before. Colon stalked hurriedly through the three rooms but there was not a sign of Mary. Now a sudden fear seized him. Suppose it had happened! Suppose she had gone away with that Shorty!

"Oh, Lawd! Da's jus' 'bout what she done . . . Dey is both so much youngah den Ah is," he concluded sadly. "But ef dat's what she done, Ah'd jes' lak tuh git mah han's on dat gal! En him too! Ah wondah how fah dey is got . . . Ah'm go'n' to see ef Ah can't fin' out wheh dey's gone."

Craving immediate action he started quickly out the door and came almost face to face with Mary herself, calm, self-possessed, good-naturedly smiling, as usual. At first he could only sputter, "W-what . . . what?" Then his words poured forth. "Well!" sarcastically, "Ef Ah was go'n' tuh run away wid a man, Ah suhtainly would stay a li'l whahle. Ah wouldn't come arunnin' back befo' Ah'd hahdly got out a' de yahd . . . Whah's he at now? . . .

Ah don' 'spect tuh have no mo' tuh do wid such a gal as you! Wait til' yo' husband out in de fiel' en den sneak off wid anothah man!" He paused for breath.

Mary stared at him, then, with hands on hips, said, "Looky yere! Ah ain' go'n' put up wid so such talk! Ah was go'n' tuh tell yuh eve'ything but you wouldn't give me a chance to 'splain. Ah ain' go'n' tuh lissen to no mo ca'yin's on from you!" And she strode into the house and slammed the door.

Colon stood amazed. Gradually it filtered through his mind that Mary must not have eloped with Shorty after all. He must have been wrong. He started into the house and gently opened the door. Mary was stepping around the kitchen, slamming doors and clattering pots and pans. There was an angry blaze in her eyes, yet a smile lurked in the corners of her lips.

Colon, somewhat crestfallen, began, "Ah reckon Ah musta been wrong, Mary . . . Ah come up to de house en you wasn't here so Ah thought you musta gone off wid Shorty . . . Ah's sorry, Mary . . . Wheh was you? Ef you'll tell me now," he said repentantly.

"Oh," said Mary, "Ah reckon ah'll 'scuse you dis time but Ah don' wan' yuh tuh jump on me like dat no mo' . . . Well, Ah been to a weddin'," she announced calmly.

"A weddin'!" exclaimed Colon, "Who's ma'ied?"

Mary delayed a moment, then, "Thelma Douglas and . . . Shorty Cherry," with a sly twinkle in her eye.

"Who? . . . How?" Colon was dumfounded, "Ah nevah heerd de beat of it!"

"Well, yuh see," Mary explained, "Dey had a fuss en Ah was kin' a' de go-between when dey was ready to make up. But Ah couldn't tell nobody count of dat yothah gal what's so crazy 'bout Shorty. She claim if dey made up she go'n' aft' him wid a razor en da's why Ah couldn't tell yuh. But now eve'ything's fine 'cause dey went to de

preachah's dis aftahnoon en got ma'ied en now dey's gone down in Fahginyah to see Shorty's folkses."

"Ah see now," said Colon a little shamefacedly. ". . . Ah's real sorry dat Ah acted so common 'bout it."

"Oh, da's all right," Mary said, "Ah forgive yuh but don' let it happen again 'cause it sho' is hahd on mah nuhves!"

"Mine, too!" grinned Colon as he went out to finish his work.

JOYCE L. STRICKLAND



My Lavender Lady

TUCKED away in every woman's cabinet of memories is at least one fond picture that holds primal place. Yours may be the stirring dreams of chivalry, the days when knights clashed in the lists and ladies adorned the victors — castles, armor, steeds, all the trappings of that romantic age when "kighthood was in flower." Yours may be the reverie of tiny fairies, grotesque goblins, princes, Tom Thumb, or lovely Thimblina on the lily leaf.

But the portal to the inmost sanctuary of my heart has been pushed ajar by none of these. Within the sacred recesses of my breast there dwells a delicate idol of lavender and old lace.

One doesn't go through life expecting to see a King Arthur walking up Main Street or to come home at night and find a dwarf "doing" one's dinner dishes. These are childhood secrets which we keep locked up tightly, but they continue to live and to quicken our lives like a vital force.

I know I shall never forget my first sight of Mrs. Owens. I could only stand amazed and wonder; such a lovely creature must have stepped from the pages of a book. Here was my lavender lady in real flesh and blood.

From the top of her snow-white hair to the tip of her dainty feet she spelled "old fashioned." Her quaint little figure was clad in the palest of lilac, with a tiny jabot of lace at her throat. A filmy scarf of white was clasped loosely about her narrow shoulders. As she

rose quietly from her big leather chair, I was reminded of a rare bit of Dresden china, too fragile to touch.

She extended her hand cordially, and as mine met hers I felt an inward thrill. The tiny blue-veined bit of flesh was soft after years of rest, but there were discernible the lines of care, ingrained by years of toil.

She smiled, that knowing and understanding smile the old give the young. Her faded blue eyes still expressed a vestige of the laughing vivaciousness of their youth. She wasn't cool and pale, but alive with the warmth of hospitality. Her face was flushed with a slight tinge of pink, as if the fire that glowed within her were illuminating her cheeks.

But she wasn't only the frail little lady with a gentle voice and kindly smile. Behind that smile was a touch of sadness, beneath her eyes were tell-tale lines; both of which Time had seen fit to mellow. Her back was bent just a trifle; her mouth was just a bit weary; her eyes, just a little far-away in expression. Her whole appearance was one in which the emotions of the years had played a part and had left their indelible mark. She was the girl who had known loss, the wife who had known devotion, the mother who had known anxiety and care. She was a woman who had known what it is to live, and her features were the result of this comingling of fleeting and abiding peace.

SARA BROWN

The Perpetual Borrower

HAVE you ever been invited to dinner by your best girl, and, in the course of preparation for it, found that your novel blue polka-dot tie was missing? What a pleasant feeling! You love to substitute for it that abhorred brown and green striped cravat, and then to amble along to the dinner date with a sour countenance and a self-conscious feeling about the neck. But your moody state of mind is thoroughly brought to a climax when you unexpectedly meet the "bird across the hall" strolling towards you, sporting your prized neckpiece and enjoying life in general. You glare, start to pour your rising wrath upon him, half choke your attempt, and mumble black language for the next half hour on your way to your girl's house. After all, the "bird across the hall" needed the tie for the evening; he was going down to the corner drug store to sip sodas for several hours before retiring.

College is a wonderful place. There one becomes acquainted with philosophy, French, football, debating, "bull sessions," baked beans, Hitler, lack of sleep, classes on balmy spring days, freshmen, treasurers' offices, and the "bird across the hall."

At present I am primarily interested in the last. Who is he? Well, to make the meaning explicit, he's the fellow who owns nothing and has everything, who comes to college as a freshman with a toothbrush and a *Saturday Evening Post* and returns home after four years of glory with a diploma, a bank account, and enough clothes and books to start a rummage sale. He wears your tie, Bill's trousers, Joe's hat, Shorty's shoes, uses the professors' books, the Y. M. C. A.'s towels, the basketball team's jerseys, and takes his roommate's girl to the movies on the next-door freshman's money. He's a versatile fellow; everybody loves him.

The perpetual borrower, I sincerely believe, is born, not made. When still a baby he probably borrowed his teething ring from his clinic neighbor before he could say "Da." And no doubt he left the clinic with an extra cradle stuffed in his rompers from force of habit. As he grew into "that trying age," the sandlot baseball team began to miss equipment, his mother's cookie jar became depleted so frequently that finally she broke the jar and burned the recipe for cookies in disgust, and the principal of the Fourth Avenue Grammar School called a special board of directors' meeting to discuss the alarmingly rapid disappearance of pencils, erasers, rulers, et al, for which no cause could be found.

The casual collector of other people's goods finally becomes of college age, and his fond parents send their devoted child as far away as possible "to make a man of him" (to have some peace at home, the neighbors surmised). No wonder the perpetual borrower never goes home on the regular vacations. O ye immortal gods, why should we, why should any students have Sir Bird-across-the-hall parked in the same dormitory? We dislike, anybody dislikes, the perpetual braggart, the perpetual bookworm, the perpetual loafer. But the perpetual borrower—we *loathe* him. There is never a feeling of safety when he is around; often one has to feel his head twice to see if it is still there and has not been appropriated for the afternoon by yon jolly good fellow. If the night proves cold, you had better lock your blankets to your bed, or else you stand an excellent chance of a frozen nap. Since my first year at college, I have insisted that my bed be nailed to the floor.

But the worst thing about Sir Bird is that he never returns anything he does borrow. The only way you can re-

claim lost property is to sneak into his room after dark and steal it while he is asleep. And don't think it strange if you should be accused the next day by him of stealing *your* sweater. If you're not careful, Sir Bird will have you jailed for petty larceny. "You can't take my (your own) sweater and get away with it!" he roars. Oh, well, maybe the knights of old in their permanent coats of mail weren't so foolish after all!

To me, Sir Bird has the same appeal that he does to everybody else. When I see him coming my way, I lock the door, nail the window fast, swallow my money—if any, drop my shaving cream into the waste basket, stick my Economics book under the pillow, and pray that some unsuspecting soul will lure him from his course. He is not the kind of fellow to whom you can blast, "Get out and stay out!" I don't have the courage, the brazenness, the coldness to stare into blank space and say, "No, I'm sorry, but I don't have any," or "I can't give it to you." He is a persistent devil, haunting a person until he gains his purpose. Everybody shies

when he is present, yet when his back is turned all are ready to club down his unwanted presence. He cannot be swayed from his course, nor convinced that he shouldn't have the article in question.

Why don't you buy something yourself for a change?" I say to him (under my breath) when I see him approaching—yet, when he speaks, I listen; when he asks for something, I give; when he gets it and leaves, I regret; and when he never returns it, I bend over and have my roommate administer the fool's punishment and swear upon a million Bibles that old resolution, "Never again!" I am convinced that some day Sir Bird will borrow the White House from the President for several weeks, and then by some unheard-of means will persuade the Senate to impeach his victim, will discharge the Cabinet, and will set up a dictatorship based on the doctrine of personal liberty, freedom of the press, and certain inalienable rights for borrowers. May that day never come!

HARRY F. BRIAN



Into the Depths

"ALL, all are gone, the old familiar faces," wrote Lamb; and a clever but unknown cartoonist sketches several hatted ladies and blandly quotes, "All, all are gone, the old familiar faces." The cartoonist made his sketch before 1900, but he could scarcely have realized what an impression a glimpse of his drawings would make upon me. They were simple enough, but ah, the tale that lay therein! Six lovely (I suppose) ladies with curving chins and smiling lips; some had a nose that I could see, others had not. The eyes were gone, for there—there at the eye level began that mass of feathers and ribbon, silk, straw, and what-not which

milady calls her hat!

Every woman is vain about that uppermost adornment. Regardless of the tortures which fashion dictates, woman will yield in spite of renewed vows "never to wear one of those nests again!"

The monstrosities which grandmother and mother wore in their younger days are not beyond recall. We still have pictures. What days! The mark of being "grown-up" was to be able to put one's hair up all puffy and billowy over "rats" (those unsanitary wads of hair) and then to have so much that it was absolutely necessary to hold on one's best bonnet with ten inches of steel, the

hatpin. Surmounting the mass of hair and held by the pin was, perhaps, a creation of straw and flowers. Red flowers, blue flowers, yellow flowers, and a dash of green. The general effect was that of a grass field in blossom time.

Now the feature that distinguishes the "hat" from other headgear is the possession of a brim. And some hats are just brimming! The pinwheel style, which was a favorite in mother's courting days, kept every suitor at arm's length. The brim measured twelve inches—no less; and somewhere near the focal point of this large disc was a raised portion called the crown. Encircling the crown was, perhaps, a wreath of brilliant green, curling ostrich feathers, or a full-sized stuffed bird. Still, we could see milady's smiling countenance.

But Dame Fashion said, "Enough of large brims and no crowns. Glorify the crown!" So we find vain woman-kind literally sticking their heads into hats with deep crowns and with mere vestiges of the pinwheel brim. Tucks and ribbon bedecked the new creation; the most unusual ornaments added a finishing touch. I remember one of my mother's. She will pardon me for saying this, because we've often laughed about it. Her hat was black straw, very finely woven, and moulded into a bucket-like crown. A slight brim protruded just above the level of her eyes, and above this brim was a circle of "thing-a-bobs" resembling a pine cone. In spite of the black enamel, sticking out from between the scales of the cone were long black horse-hairs, reminding one of a Greek helmet. These hairs were annoying to the whole family, for they were always tickling or jaggging someone, depending on the angle of attack.

The family album is an excellent source for the study of hats. Here we

find the dainty, flowered bonnet of the '60's, and in vivid contrast feathered and ribboned hats preceding the twentieth century. I cannot admire their style, but I do admire the workmanship on them. It is no small task to sew a hat together, and sewing machines were still in their infancy in 1850. The hand work on the hats is beautiful and a fine example of woman's skill in one of the foremost of domestic arts.

As we page our album again, even a small child shrieks with glee and says, "Look at the funny hat!" It is a floppy model with another of those excessively wide brims; this time, however, not with a hidden-away crown but one that would put Uncle Sam's best silk topper to shame. Feathers, not in one wreath, but in six, are arranged about the brim and add weight to the already drooping lines. "Who is that?" inquires someone impertinently, realizing that no one knows. The face, but for the chin, is gone; and as chins go they are a poor clue in determining identities.

Even in this ultra-modern age, hat extremes retain their modishness in the feminine eye. Woman ever remains a slave to fashion. She smiles or laughs at the styles of the preceding century and of the war period, then exclaims, "The men of today can thank their lucky stars that *we* don't wear such hats! I can imagine what my escort would say if some silly bird perched on my hat were pecking his nose!" How mistaken woman really is! Man can endure being pecked by an ornamental bird, but never—never does he want to lose sight of a familiar and dear face. He likes to look into azure eyes, 'those limpid pools, so deep'; he wants to see the bloom in fair cheeks, and the slight curve of the nose; but alas, they are gone! hidden in the dark depths of a hat!

IONE B. HAUSSMANN

+ + +

*Jazz — and the soul of me
Stirred in revolt
Against the barbaric rhapsody!*

“The Best There Is”

THERE wasn't very much Mrs. Pratt could do about it. She had thought over the situation from every angle, and there just wasn't anything to do but give in to Vince. Mr. Pratt *could* put a stop to it, but he saw no reason to interfere with Vince's preferences. What if Vince did choose to sleep on the back porch? It was as good as any other place, and besides, the boy would get the night air. Moreover, Mr. Pratt could appreciate that certain romantic essence about sleeping in the open night that adolescent Vince was forever harping about.

It had been gradually coming on. Mrs. Pratt knew it, but Mr. Pratt, busy as only the small town politician, street commissioner, and theatre owner can be, went blithely on, realizing nothing about the situation more significant than the fact that Vince was suddenly seized with the idea of sleeping on the back porch as soon as the weather got warmer.

The first inkling of Vince's night-air complex had been brought to light one morning just before the local high school closed for the summer. Vince came sauntering into the kitchen struggling with his tie.

“Morning, Muz,” he greeted. “Hey, fix this tie for me, will ya?”

Mrs. Pratt put down her coffee cup, and, taking the tie in her hands, soon wrought a perfect knot.

“Thanks, Muz,” Vince said, as he dropped a kiss on his mother's forehead. It was a rather perfunctory salute, Mrs. Pratt felt, but thought better of asking her son about it. Instead she said:

“What will you have for breakfast, Vince?”

Silence greeted her. Turning, she saw Vince standing in the doorway leading on to the spacious porch.

“What's the matter, dear?” she asked.

“Aw, nothin'. I just didn't sleep well last night, that's all.”

“What did you eat before you went to bed? I noticed the bananas I was saving for your father's breakfast were gone this morning.”

“Oh—uh—yes. Yes, I ate them, but that wouldn't hurt me, Muz. No, I couldn't sleep because I was hot, that's why. My room is too bloomin' hot. Windows wide open and still I roast.”

Slowly Vince turned a bit, half facing his mother.

“Y'know, Muz, I think it'd be swell to sleep out here. Gee, I could let down the swing and sleep on it. Oh boy! Say Muz, help me to see if the swing can be let down.” Vince fairly flew across the porch. Mrs. Pratt followed him slowly, a thoughtful look on her face.

“Now, Vince, don't go to all that trouble till your father says you may sleep out here. For my part—”

“Gee, these things are heavy. Give me a hand, Muz,” Vince interrupted.

“Vince, did you hear me? I don't want anything touched till we decide whether you may sleep out here,” Mrs. Pratt said, trying to be stern.

“Aw, why not, Muz? Won't hurt anything. It'd do me good. You know it would. Aw, why not?” Mrs. Pratt made no answer for a few minutes. Vince seized upon her silence with, “I know, you just don't want me to. I can't do anything around this place but mow the grass. You never want me to have any fun,” he wailed.

“Vince dear, you know that isn't true. You know Mother would do anything within reason to make you happy, don't you?”

Vince's eyes fell in embarrassment. “Sure, Muz,” he said, “I'm sorry.” Then, “But will ya let me?”

Mrs. Pratt sighed. He was such a lovable boy. Presently she said, “Vince,

look here. You know that three times a week your father brings a lot of money home from the theatre. This house has always been a target for prowlers and the only way we have avoided robbery is to have all the doors and windows locked at night. If you were out here—well, we'd have to have either the kitchen door unlocked or one of the side windows. Suppose a burglar or a tramp would prowl around some night. He might hurt you, Vince, even kill you if he wanted to get in the house bad enough."

"Aw, Muz, tramps don't bother you. When I hitch-hiked out West last summer I met hundreds of 'em. They'd give ya anything; share their last dime with ya," Vince assured her hastily. "And anyway, you can keep the kitchen door locked. I'll crawl out the side window. If I hear anybody coming I can hop in the window and lock it quick. It's right beside the swing. Aw, Muz, please let me," he pleaded.

"Vince, I can't say yes or no. I'd like to let you, but I'm afraid for you. Your father—well, I'll ask him sometime this morning. Is that all right, dear?" Mrs. Pratt asked tenderly.

"Sure, Muz, that's swell. G'bye!"

"Vince, wait! Don't you want your breakfast?"

"No-no, I don't want any. Boy, it'll be nice out there tonight—" his voice, excited and happy now, trailed off as the hall door shut with a decided bang.

"Now what shall I do?" thought Mrs. Pratt. "His father will probably let him do it. Yes, he'll let him do anything he wants. He never was afraid of having the money in the house, but I am." She began clearing away the breakfast things. "I guess I'm just silly. He'll probably be all right."

Yet as the days went by, she had not been able to bring herself to speak to her husband about it. Vince was growing more and more insistent; he wouldn't eat; he moped; he made life generally miserable for his mother.

A week had gone by. Mrs. Pratt was about her work in the kitchen one morning, and, as she waited for Mr. Pratt to come in to tell her what time

to have lunch ready, she was thinking over the situation. No, there just wasn't anything to do but speak to Jim about it.

"Ah, here comes Jim now," she said aloud, as she heard her husband walking through the house.

"Good morning, Alice. I haven't seen you for almost two hours!" boomed Jim Pratt's big voice. He crossed the room and, putting his arm around her shoulders, said, "What's up, Alice? You look worried. Come to think of it, you've been looking worried for the last week. What's it all about, Honey?"

"Dear Jim," Alice thought. "He's so kind and good." She straightened and, facing him, said,

"Jim, Vince has conceived the idea of sleeping on the back porch. Now I—"

"Fine, fine. Excellent idea. I'd sleep out myself if I didn't take cold so easily. You know, Alice, they're putting me up for Mayor in the coming election, and—"

"Jim, please! We mustn't let him sleep out there. Suppose a burglar or tramp came around. He might get hurt if he tried to stop their coming in."

"Nonsense, Honey. Let him get in and out the dining room window. He could sleep right by it. He'll be O. K. To think you've been worrying about this all by yourself." He laughed ruefully. "Burglar! Precious little they'd get if they broke in now. That theatre of mine isn't worth—"

"Oh, but Jim, are you sure he'll be all right?" Mrs. Pratt interrupted, her hand on his arm.

"Sure, sure, Alice. It'll do him a world of good. Let him go ahead. Well, I must be off. I'll be late for lunch. There's a directors' meeting at eleven-thirty. You'd better eat without me. So long, Honey."

Mrs. Pratt made no answer. Mechanically she went about her housework. She guessed it wouldn't be fair of her not to let Vince sleep out. Yet there might be a burglar. Well, there wasn't anything else to do about it.

That night Vince began sleeping out. At first Mrs. Pratt couldn't sleep for thinking of the boy. The least noise woke her when she did finally doze off. But there was no doubt about it. Vince was a different person. He developed a healthy appetite, slept better than anyone else in the family, and certainly showed more willingness to help around the house. Mrs. Pratt almost fainted the first day he asked if the grass should be cut!

One night toward the end of the summer, Vince, installed in his swing bed, clothes by his side, lay thinking. He had no desire to sleep, somehow. It was a lovely night, though no stars were out. Vince loved the darkness of the porch and the stillness of the night; in fact, he lay there generally satisfied. Suddenly he heard the unmistakable creak of the gate far down the yard. He started to get up, but decided he was far too comfortable to let a little noise disturb him. He settled back on the swing which he had lowered to the porch floor. Momentarily forgetting the noise, he was startled out of his wits when he heard a noise, distinct in the midnight stillness. Should he run? No, it would be impossible to crawl through the window without being seen. He decided to trust to luck and lay back quietly. A head and shoulders appeared and soon Vince made out the tall form of a man standing on the top porch step surveying his surroundings. Soon the tramp tried the kitchen door. Thank heavens, it was locked! The man mumbled something and started walking toward Vince. Fear welled up in the boy's throat but he hoarsely said,

"Hello-uh, what do you want?"

The tramp reeled as though he had been struck, then whispered in a low voice, "Where are you?"

"Here, here on the floor. I was just about asleep when you showed up. This is a swell place to put up for the night," he added, marveling at the composed sound of his own voice.

"Oh, you're on the road, too, eh?" asked the newcomer, sitting on the edge of Vince's improvised bed.

"Uh-huh, yes. Sure. I just blew in tonight."

"How'd you come?"

"Freight. Can't see why I jumped off here. Not a place in town worth the effort to crash."

"Yeah? Just my luck," remarked the tramp standing up. "I wish I could get in this joint," he commented, as he started toward the window Vince kept unlocked.

"No sale, Buddy," Vince said promptly, trying not to say it too quickly to arouse the tramp's suspicion. "I tried every window in the place. I believe they've got 'em nailed shut."

To Vince's relief the tramp took his word for it and came back to where he lay.

"Move over, Buddy. Me for some of that bed."

"Sure, plenty of room. This is a swing. I let it down for a bed. Pretty comfortable, eh wot?" asked Vince.

"Aw'right. It'd feel better if I had something in me," the tramp said wearily.

"You're hungry?" asked Vince slowly.

"Last I ate was two days ago and then only two doughnuts one of the guys on the freight slipped me," the tramp replied.

Vince thought of the big pork and lettuce sandwich he had eaten before going to bed. He wanted with all his heart to go in and get the fellow something, but his common sense prevented him. The fellow might do anything once he found that the house was open. He didn't really think so, though. He had implicit faith in tramps since his trip to the West, but for his mother's sake he'd be careful.

"Where you from?" he asked warily.

"Nowhere, I guess. My folks lived in Seattle. Moved to Texas just after I was born. Dad took to the road when I was six. A year later Mother pulled out. Don't blame 'er. I was a big load. Did some sob-stuff over me when she left, I recall. Since then I've bummed over North and South America — everywhere. And d'you know, Buddy, I'm glad I'm on the

road. Like the open sky for a roof, and all that sort of thing. Nix on living in one place for me. What about you, what do you do?" he asked suddenly.

Startled, Vince stammered, "Oh—oh, anything. Same as you, I guess. I lit out against my mother's wishes, so here I am outside," he said, chuckling to himself at the truth of the statement.

"I see," from the tramp. "Well, I'm turning in, Buddy. I've a big day tomorrow. Crack of dawn and me for some food. How I get it I don't care—just so I do. G'night, kid. Guess I'll hit the trail before you do. Don't stay too late in the morning. They're not very easy on you when they nab you. Even begrudge a fellow a porch to sleep on. And then they talk about charity! Bunk." And then presently, "G'nite, Buddy. Good luck to you."

"G'night," Vince murmured, his eyes filling with tears. "Poor fellow," he thought. Suddenly he remembered. He had two fifty-cent pieces in his pocket. He thought of the present he had planned to buy his girl for her birthday, but he resolutely determined to give them to the tramp.

He waited till the tramp was snoring peacefully. Then he cautiously

reached for his trousers and succeeded in drawing out the two fifty-cent pieces. Then, more cautiously, he slipped them into the tramp's pocket. Somehow, contented as he had never been in his life, he rolled over and was soon asleep.

"Vince, aren't you ever going to get up? Do you realize it's almost twelve o'clock?" Vince awoke with a start and, dazed for a moment, rubbed his eyes. Then he remembered—the tramp—gone. Not a sign of him. Slowly Vince got up. Putting on his clothing, he unconsciously put his hand into the pockets of his trousers. What was that he felt in one of them? He drew the object out—a fifty-cent piece! Stunned at the bigness of what the tramp had done, Vince stood there staring at the money. There flowed through him the happiest feeling he had ever experienced—a happiness such as a person can feel only when he has witnessed something touching the inner law of man.

He realized his mother was talking. It didn't matter what she was saying. Unconsciously, he muttered aloud, "You were all wrong about tramps, Muz. They're the best there is."

SYLVIA ACRİ

+ + +

I Wonder

*I wonder —
Did the Hebrews
Ever see the sun rise —
Or set behind the pyramids!
Or feel a cool breeze
Blowing from the Nile —
Swaying the tall rushes
Near its banks!*

*I wonder
Did the Hebrews ever
Hear or see the wild fowl
Winging through Egyptian skies
When they felt the lash of Pharaoh's whip!*

— ANNA BROOKS

A Day Out of a German Boy's Life

“HANS! Hans!” called a sturdy German woman.

Upstairs a little boy sprang out of bed, sleepily rubbing his eyes, and began to dress. It was scarcely half-past five and the sky was bright with color. Even now the great red disk appeared from behind the looming Alps, for the Müllers lived in a little “dorf” at the foot of the Bavarian Alps.

When Hans came downstairs there was already a substantial breakfast spread upon the rude, heavy-legged table—eggs and milk, fresh bread and butter, and great golden cheeses. Beside each large earthen plate was a steaming cup of coffee. Hans washed quickly and prepared himself for the busy day—for busy it would be.

The family gathered at the massive table where the father uttered a brief prayer for God's blessing and guidance. Herr Müller was the typical German peasant of the last century; religion played an important part in his life. The meal was eaten almost in silence; when it was over the members of the family returned to their work. Each had a definite task to do, no matter how small.

To Hans was assigned the carrying of the huge pieces of hemp which his mother had so painstakingly pegged out in the brook to tighten the fiber. Every morning he had to take it to the green so that it might bleach in the sunshine. Hans hung the long hempen bolts over his head and shoulders and struggled up the hill. It was a full half-mile, but there was no other place for bleaching. Besides, this green was the spot provided by the community for such purposes. Back and forth the boy went, frequently meeting others engaged in the same task, until he had conveyed all of the hemp to its destination. Then he hastened home, a queer

little figure in rough hempen trousers and homespun shirt, with his sturdy little feet encased in leathern boots—the work of his grandfather, the village cobbler.

Having arrived at home he gathered up his books and approached his mother to bid her good-bye. She kissed him, gave him a well-filled lunch box, and bade him be a good boy. The school was a severe little building, but no more severe than the master who already sat behind his desk. His hair was iron-gray, his face lined and strong, his carriage military and correct. His “Guten Morgen!” was more of a challenge than a greeting. Hans secretly feared him.

It was not long before other boys arrived. This was the time these German peasant boys loved—the few minutes before classes began when they could play soldier. But the bell rang all too soon and the monotony of another school day began. The master excused none. Failure meant a cuff, a box on the ear, or an hour's work after classes. Neither was he sparing with his lash. To this harsh discipline Hans and his fellows were subjected six long days each week. From eight to five the lessons went on interrupted only by the lunch hour. It was not strange that these boys looked forward eagerly to the short holiday seasons granted them!

Going home from school was a time of freedom for Hans. Neither did his companions hurry, for as soon as they returned home the routine of chores began once more. For Hans it meant carrying back the hemp. After that task was completed it was time for supper or “Abendbrot” as the Germans call it. This was another hearty meal consisting of products raised on the peasants' own farm. As usual, silence prevailed.

The meal over, the women retreated to the kitchen while the men gathered around the hearth and related their daily experiences and, occasionally, their adventures. For Hans this latter was a great treat, for crouching behind

the great iron stove, he heard many an exciting tale, of war, witchcraft, or, still more fascinating, of ghosts. Then when the story was ended he stole away to bed before he could be discovered.

EDITH CRESSMAN

+ + +

Book Review

WORK OF ART

By Sinclair Lewis

The book, "Work of Art," is a progressive step in the career of Sinclair Lewis after a few retrogressions. The novel is devoid of the sharpest biting and caustic ridicule that we see in some of his other works. In this story we find the author inclined to a sympathetic treatment of America's great hotel progress, from the country boarding house to the Waldorf-Astoria. To say that Lewis is not candid and outspoken, and at times even harsh and cutting in his criticism and delineation of character, would be to strip the book of the author's distinctive personality. Above all else Sinclair Lewis is a commanding and vigorous writer, though sometimes he spoils the fineness of his work by these very qualities. Still, I feel he is well qualified to write such a novel as "Work of Art." The task calls for a man with an insight into human character, one who can discern the pettiness and bigness of all kinds of people. Throughout the book we find splendid character portrayals as Mr. Elphinstone and J. Hector Warlock, but there are a few that are exaggerated and border on the caricature.

Mr. Lewis rears for ridicule the priggishness of small-town aristocracy whose "pride cometh before its fall." He calls up for our disgust and condemnation the artist who dissipates and destroys his talents. He laughs at the pompousness of celebrities and sympathizes with the ordinary man whose sole asset is work done well. He portrays

clearly the men who manage great hotels—the honest and the corrupt, the staff which takes all it can get, and the hordes of guests who complain if they are let alone and again if they are not.

The story tells of Myron and Ora Weagle, brothers in blood, reared in a back-woods Connecticut town, yet vastly different in temperament. Ora was a sensitive boy who dreamed great dreams, read poetry, and loafed all day. Myron was a stolid, hard-working young lad who was usually too busy to dream. The novel unfolds their lives, and herein is the weakness of the book. For a while we think that Ora is to be the hero, but we soon find out that in Ora, Lewis is satirizing the cheap literary man. Too often, however, it is not really Myron that claims our interest, as was probably intended, but the scape-grace younger brother. Ora went through life living by his wits and cheap trickery, jeering at his plodding brother, yet wasting his own life. Myron battled his way from bellhop in a second-rate summer resort to manager of a great chain of hotels. Given his inspiration by a traveling salesman whom he worshipped, Myron dedicated his life to hotel-keeping. Ora referred to him as a character from Horatio Alger, but Myron took his insults, lent him money, and continued with labor and struggles.

As Myron climbed, he formulated his desire into a conception for a perfect hotel; his dream was a poem such as Ora was going to write, but his creation would be of stone and mortar. He,

too, would produce a "Work of Art." Finally, in his late middle age Myron achieved his masterpiece, but, at the very hour of triumph, disaster came upon him. He had given the world his "epic poem when prose fiction was claiming attention." Summer resorts were no longer popular if they were splendid and expensive, for people had become automobile travelers, and tourists' camps took America by storm. Myron's work of art crumbled!

Ora, though he had written intermittently and drunk consistently, had, by fantastic turn of fortune, become famous. Ora, who had schemed throughout his parasitical life, was on his way to Hollywood as a scenario writer. However, this cynical and ap-

parently unfair fight with life is worked out very probably by Mr. Lewis, who here rises above irony. Myron finds faith and hope in an idea of his young son, and Ora finds the way out in "the wages of sin."

The book shows Lewis's extensive knowledge of hotelry with all its details, a fact which sometimes slows up the narrative. Still, the story reflects Sinclair Lewis's mightiest quality—his ability to show both the smallness and magnanimity of human nature. We can read into Myron's work the poetry of the practical, the beauty of any true creation, and the sublimity of a life dedicated to production, whether of a perfect poem or a perfect inn.

SARA BROWN

+ + +

Fear

*Shadows creep along the wall.
I upward start.
Black descends like a cruel pall
Over my heart.*

*'Tis a figment of the mind,
Black thoughts within.
Searching deeply, there I find
The lurking sin.*

+ + +

Early Summer

(A Sketch)

THE satiny blue of the cloudless sky is only partially hidden by the ragged green canopy above us. The tops of stately pines, like wonderful paintings, can be seen tapering into the great blue dome. Diminutive green apples hang in the tree above, swelling and ripening rapidly in the calm heat of the afternoon. The small leaves cast dainty, mysterious shadow-pictures on the uneven grass. A shy, elusive, little grayling flits down the path, her modest gray-brown wings ever in mo-

tion. Tiny steel-colored insects hang almost motionless in the sunlight, like a squadron of elfin airplanes. The rush and roar of the river, now swollen by yesterday's storm, is softened by distance until it seems but an accompaniment for the songs of the myriad birds.

A faint warm breeze, just enough to stir the atmosphere, brings life to the shadow-pictures, making them wave their hands . . . and breathe . . .

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