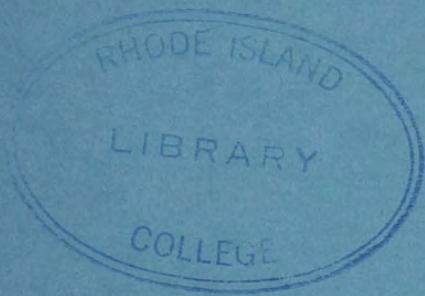


LITERARY ISSUE

The Anchor



Rhode Island College of Education

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FOREWORD

It is said that the ideal literature is that which establishes a happy medium between the extremes of Romanticism and Realism. In this issue we have tried to attain this ideal, but not in the sense of examining each separate manuscript to be sure that it contains elements of both. Rather, we have considered the issue as a *whole*, with the above idea in mind.

In spite of the fact that the trend in fiction today seems to be toward Realism, we were able to acquire a wide variety of material along other lines, and since certain short stories in this edition may not appeal to the Romanticist, we therefore offer to those of that school suitable compensation in the poetry that has been submitted.

ON DAY-DREAMING

Edward Hunt

DAY-DREAMING is today almost a lost art. The everlasting hurry of modern living has forced it into oblivion. In far-away India, of course, it still survives in the form of a religion or philosophy called "Yoga". While this ancient system of reflection is one of the most successful yet devised, it requires a very long and arduous period of preparation, including such queer practices as standing quite immobile on one's head for hours at a time, holding one's breath for hours also, fasting for days, never picking a flower, and so on. To the Occidental mind, this venerable method lacks appeal: first, because one does not wish to acquire the emaciated figure of a Ghandi; and second, because the training period is too long—requiring years, as it sometimes does, to gain proficiency. After careful study and many years' experience I have devised a method of day-dreaming which is every whit as satisfactory as "Yoga" in its results, but which depends for its success not upon the repression of the instincts, but rather upon their complete satisfaction. Furthermore, it is possible—under *my* system—to reap the benefits of mental peregrination with only a few hours' practice. To such aesthetic people as would like to cultivate its charms, I present herewith a brief summary of my system of day-dreaming.

An intensive examination of the best day-dreaming ever done by the

world's best wool-gatherers will always reveal this basic principle:

Insofar as possible, there must be no disturbing factor in the environment.

For a complete understanding of this all-important law, I proceed now to describe the ideal situation for day-dreaming. It should best be done in the summer time at some favorite and remote spot in the woods. One should have just completed a good meal, and have close at hand all such things as may be needed and might cause unwanted distraction later if not easily available. Such paraphernalia might consist of candy, cigarettes, matches, books, knives, etc. With all the above done, one should next assume a prone position, and make one's self comfortable on the greensward. Finally, to start the happy train of recollection or idle musing, one should light and slowly smoke a cigarette, whittle carelessly some easily pared wood, or glance lingeringly over a snapshot of one's sweet-heart. While there are many other devices to stimulate a happy flow of thought, I have used these three with a signal success and I highly recommend them.

Now one should be lifted on the wings of fancy to a marvellous world of dreams, where worry is entirely unknown, where there is no exertion or hurry but complete relaxation of body and mind instead, where one's fondest aspirations are realized—in short, where one is a thou-

sand miles removed from the troubles of our imperfect physical world. Needless to say, this vaporous dream world is very easily torn to shreds unless precautions are taken. There must be no attempt whatever to discipline or direct thought—nor should one be so passive as to fall asleep. Day-dreaming is a delicate adjustment between the two extremes. Only practice can bring one to this adjustment; so practice often.

While the ideal conditions given above can seldom be realized, innumerable opportunities for day-dreaming may be found in every-day life, provided certain necessary changes are made in the procedure. I have done some really creditable work in the street-car of a morning, in the classroom on a fine spring day, in the bath-tub on a Saturday night, (This was Napoleon's favorite spot!) and in bed on a sleepless night. You will note that day-dreaming is quite possible at night. As most of my readers will be college students, I shall elaborate upon just one convenient occasion for meanderings of the mind—in the classroom on a fine spring day.

This situation involves certain difficulties which may be partly overcome, however. I must here state something my readers will have doubtless already perceived. Day-dreaming is distinctly a solitary affair, an adventure in solitude, a communing with one's God via a private line. Hence, one's neighboring classmates in the room, likeable fellows though they may be, must temporarily be rated as undesirable, disturbing factors in one's environment,

and, according to the main premise of my system, must therefore be negated insofar as possible. One should adopt a definite technique in answering their queries. Speak with intense non-enthusiasm manifest in the voice, and speak in incomprehensible monosyllables.

A truly prone position is impossible, school furniture of today being what it is, but the position may be approximated by hooking one's feet in the chair directly ahead, and tilting backward in one's own. To avoid undue annoyance, it is obvious that one should have a rear seat. Remember this important fact when seating arrangements are being made at the beginning of the term. Now, look out the window at the glowing spring day. If you are lucky enough to be near an open window, inhale a bit of the delicious spring ozone. I guarantee that if these preparations have been faithfully carried out, one will soon fall victim to an intoxicating nostalgia. For the technically minded, let me say that this particular type of day-dreaming is called "spring fever".

Let me close with a last injunction to those strenuous individuals who have never known the great joy of day-dreaming. Psychologically, it is sound for it tends to relax taunt nerves, smooth furrowed brows, and erase crowsfeet. For the thin, it offers a splendid opportunity to add needed avoirdupois. To the obese it is a blessing for it prevents exhaustion. Remember Shakespeare himself was sure "Care's an enemy of life"; and while the proverbial apple may not keep the doctor away, my system of day-dreaming will!

“SILVER PENNIES”

TRIBUTE

From where I stand on this my hill
 I watch your valleyed castle rise,
 Knowing for yours the sure, deft
 touch
 In turrets reaching for the skies;
 Knowing for yours the strong-hewn
 stones
 Impressed in mortar of the rich-
 spent hour;
 O, who but you would dare attempt
 From such a depth so brave a tower.

Betsey Wildes

ETCHING

Darkness
 And one black ship
 On a gray sea
 Moving nowhere
 To more darkness.
 No sky
 No stars
 Nothing
 But a black ship
 On a gray sea.

Catherine Regan

UNDERSTANDING

You speak,
 And from your lips
 Fly singing silver birds
 That flutter softly down into
 My heart.

PRAYER

If prayer
 Is to uplift
 The mind and heart to God,
 Then every time I see your eyes
 I pray.

THE ANSWER

Now I know
 Why I never can write you
 Into a poem.
 It is because
 You are a poem,
 And I, like any translator,
 Careful though I try to be,
 Am clumsy in the handling
 Of my material.

Edith Poor

STAY ALWAYS LOVELY

by Albert Cohn

ON this day that was to be his last Daniel had awakened to feel only a deep melancholic regret. The dying itself mattered little. It would be over in a minute, or, at the most, a short while, and would be painless. His regret was Lise— Lise, from whom he was parting forever. Yet all men eventually must take this leave. Some merely go sooner than others; that is all. Daniel, of his own choosing, would go sooner.

Lise, his wife, his tangible dream of loveliness, would live on. And she would be free. Free of him who had shared so much of her spirit and who had given nothing but material things in return. For the essence of Lise was an impalpable, vital, and life-giving quality. To cease sharing it was to cease living. Without it, Daniel dwelt in a nightmare region of automatic movements and gestures that had no end and no purpose. Since their first meeting it was she, and she alone, who had brought meaning and reason to what had been an unsatisfied and restless life. Marriage, to him, had seemed like coming at last, after an uncertain voyage into a quiet and enchanting harbor. And so, until recently, it had remained.

They had been happy for a long time together. Then, at a party, Lise met Tom Powers and Daniel, a cold feeling about his heart, stood by and waited. He hoped, as many men be-

fore him have hoped, that it would prove only a volatile infatuation. But Lise was not of the sort who yielded to anything so shallow. When she was caught, it was deeply, heart and mind.

Daniel did not feel resentment. He could not. Rather, he felt himself the one at fault. He was only a prosaic individual, with an uninteresting mind and commonplace habits. That Lise could ever have been drawn to him was a miracle in itself. The formless fear that had always haunted the remoter patterns of his thoughts had now taken actual shape. It merely seemed that the inevitable was happening.

This thing, he felt, could not have been prevented. Neither was there any half-way remedy. Divorce never entered his head. If it had, he would have brushed it aside as a degrading business unfit to soil the hem of Lise's skirt. There was only one solution in his mind, and to him it was the only logical one. There could be no sense in living on and, in the midst of shoddy adventures, marring the memory of his life with Lise. The thought alone filled him with repugnance.

In Daniel's pocket when he entered his office that morning were twelve small packets of veronal. He had taken them from the medicine cabinet where they had lain for a long time. Months ago the doctor

had prescribed them for Lise to help her to fall asleep during a difficult period of illness. She had not needed them all, and today, mixed together, they would make a fatal dose.

There was much to be done in the office that morning. Numberless papers to sign, and memoranda to jot down. The ink flowed freely from his fountain pen. His secretary was quite amazed at his unusual energy. He had her constantly rushing about. In the outer office the typewriters clicked out a lively *danse macabre*. The jingle of his telephone bell added often to the discord. A business acquaintance, just back from a Maine vacation, rang him up to tell him of the beauties of New England. "That's great," answered Daniel, heartily, "I'm planning to go up there next month myself." He said it simply to appear as natural as ever, yet he was annoyed to see that his secretary had entered his office and was standing quietly by the door. That woman, thought Daniel, shouldn't wear rubber soles. It distracts one. But she had more letters for him to sign. Again he employed his pen, a beautiful black and gold instrument which Lise, knowing how he hated pencils, had given him last Christmas.

It had been Daniel's original plan to have some coffee and sandwiches sent up to his office at the close of business, and then, in the coffee, to mix his deadly potion. But when the time came, he felt an irresistible desire to see Lise just once more. One final glimpse of this woman who, on entering his life, had brought inspiration, and in being drawn away, was

leaving desolation. It wasn't much to ask.

Stuffing the grains of death deeper into his pocket, he left the office. By a fortunate chance, Lise was home when he arrived. As the maid opened the door for him, he saw her coming down the hall stairway, radiant as ever and dressed for going out. Something in his wan face surprised her.

"How tired you look, my dear." There was an eternity of peace in her low, gentle voice. "Let me get you something to drink." Even though her love was gone, he was grateful for her kindness. Sending the maid away, she brought him, herself, the whiskey and soda. Daniel kissed her tenderly.

"You're very, very lovely," he said. "Stay that way always."

"I'll do my best," she answered, a trifle amused. But she had to run along, or she would be late for her engagement. After he heard her car drive away, Daniel emptied the veronal packets into his whiskey and soda, and drank.

An overpowering drowsiness soon stole upon him. He felt as if he were sinking farther and farther back into his chair. For a moment he seemed to be suspended over nothingness.

Then, like a dagger, a hideous thought plunged itself through his fading mind. He was dying in his home, dying of a drink handed to him by Lise. No one knew he had contemplated suicide; in fact his secretary and a business acquaintance definitely believed he had planned a vacation trip for next month. He had been in perfect

health. The veronal was from their own medicine cabinet. The maid knew Lise had given him the drink. And some of his and Lise's friends were already aware of the intrusion of Tom Powers. Lise was the sole beneficiary of his will.

By a tremendous exertion, Daniel staggered forward in his chair. He must save Lise from hostilely eager suspicion. He must let the world know that he, he himself, had committed suicide. But how? Gently the drug drew him down to the back of the chair. Yet, struggling against the heady languor, he yanked himself upright again. He could write a note. With his own signature, he would proclaim her innocence. There were no writing materials at hand, but dimly, as in a vague mist, he saw a book lying on the table beside him. Every gesture he forced himself to make required an almost su-

perhuman effort. Somehow he managed to pull the book toward him, to lift open its weighty cover. On the blank fly-leaf he could inscribe his note. With numbed fingers he tore at his fountain pen until it was free of his pocket. As he wrestled with its screwed cap, he felt himself being pulled deeper and deeper into the bottomless caverns of slumber. But after a ghastly age of struggle, the gold pen point finally gleamed. He pressed it down upon the paper and began, painfully, to write. No letters appeared. His weakness now was mocking him. Yet, at the moment, his determination was greater than any weakness. Lise must be protected. He pushed down upon the pen, exerting all the pressure that was left in his heavily drugged body. The nib parted and made two tiny, faint traces of lines.

The pen was dry.

BETRAYAL

Your face, which I had put away,
was brought

So very near to mine last night—
I had forgotten you, I thought:

Your voice, your smile, your eyes
alight,

Your dark, young strength forgotten,
too,

The fire gone out, the last bright
gleam;

I thought I had forgotten you,

But sleep betrayed me with a
dream.

Eleanor Crandall

“DEAH LAWD”

Richard Turner

WE discover a large, black negro sitting wearily on a cot in a prisoncell. Tilted jauntily on the back of his head is an arrogant black derby. From beneath the hat, short, thick, kinky hair is visible. His black face shines magnificently, no doubt because of the natural oil in his skin and perhaps because of beads of damp sweat. Occasionally he wipes his face with a green silk handkerchief, which he produces from a rear pocket of his exclusively tailored grey trousers. At intervals he reaches for a mammoth gold watch in the inner pocket of a brilliantly embroidered yellow vest, and after inspecting it with an air of desperation, he returns it with a flourish to its former resting place. He slowly raises two earnest black eyes to the heavens and endeavors to draw the attention of the Almighty.

“Hoo-Hoo—Deah Lawd. Heah I is. See Lawd? Heah in jail?”

“No, Lawd, I’m not in de temple where you might usually ’spect to fin’ me. I’m in jail, Lawd, JAIL!”

(He pauses for several seconds, then speaks to himself.)

“Um-Umph. I wonder if he heahs me? I’ll try agin.”

(Stands, and with arms outstretched, beseeches the Lord.)

“Oh, Lawd. Heah dis poor big, black nigger callin’ his Magnificent Maker fo’ help. Is yo’ dere, Lawd? I think yo’ is, aint yo’, Lawd?”

(A cell door clangs shut and the sound reverberates through the prison. The negro leaps joyously.)

“Sure, Sweet Lawd, I knew you’d come. Yo’ don’t have to be bashful wid me. Cose, I realize I’m a big shot down heah on de earth, but when it comes to you and me, dat’s diff’rent, Lawd. We is equals. We unnerstan’s one anudder, don’ we, Lawd? Now, deah Lawd, I caint stay heah. I’s e got work to do. Ho-ho, Lawd. Confidentially, de only reason I stole dose pink silk pajamas, Lawd, was so dat I could rest more comfortable. An’ ob cose, Lawd, eff’n I didn’t rest comfortable, how could I preach yo’ Mighty Word? See, Lawd, dats de way it was. Sho’ nuff—”

(His voice becomes a confidential whisper.)

“Now, Lawd, between yo’ an’ me, I’ll tell you what we’ll do. I’ll set here easy like, an’ just wait fo’ you to free me from behin’ dese prison bars. I’s e waitin’, Lawd. Did you heah me, Lawd? I’s e waitin’. I’ll jest be quiet-like an’ wait very patiently Lawd.”

(He sits on the bench expectantly for several minutes, his eyes fixed intently on the cell door. No one comes. At last, in a troubled voice, he speaks softly.)

“Lawd, is yo’ dere? Doggone, Lawd, I is in a powerful hurry. Ob cose you do as you see fit, but I been

thinkin' perhaps mah congregation is settin' waitin' fo' me to return an' preach de Word. Yes, Lawd—yo' powerful Word. Um-umph. Dere dey prob'bly is a-settin' an' a-wonderin', an' heah I sets. Ho-ho! I bet I knows what's de matter. Why, Lawd—You am prob'bly wonderin' what for I stole dat gold watch dat dey fo'got to take away from me. Yo' is bein' very silly, Lawd. Don' yo' see I needed dat to tell me what time it was so dat after I had finished relaxin' mah soul in de silk pajamas, I could tell whether or not it was time to git to de revival meetin'? Lawd, pusionally I feels dat you is makin' a great deal out ob a very trivial incident. Ob cose yo' do jest as yo' please. Um hum. Naturally, though, I can see where iffen I was in yo' position, I wouldn' think a thing about sech a measly l'il incident. Aint it funny, Lawd, what different ways people does things? Um-hum—Jest a measly l'il incident. Dey aint no hurry now, Lawd; you go right on an' set me free jest as soon as you is ready. No hurry—. I'll jest sing, Lawd. You know, soft and easy like. You know—.”

(Cups his chin in his hand and stares intently at the wall, singing softly.)

“Oh if I had de wings ob an angel — um umph — ober dese prison walls—”

(Suddenly stops and abruptly addresses the Lord.)

“Oh Lawd—I was jest a-thinkin'—. Was you ever in a prison cell? Prob'bly not. Well, lemme tell yo' dey aint de comfortablest places in de worl'. Oh no—. Cose dey's all

kinds. Dey's de kin' where dey bring you food, good food, whenever you want it, an' de beds are jest as soft as soft can be. Deys a radio fo' de comfort ob de prisoner, and oh, lots ob other convenient things. Den dey's de kin' dat is dark an' damp, and de food is rotten. De beds are so hard dat it's 'zactly like layin' on a rock pile. In dese damp cells yo' can heah all sorts ob things runnin' around—umph-umph—yo' knows what I mean, Lawd. Dis cell is quite similar to de kin' I last described. Oh, I aint complainin', Lawd,—No, Lawd, dat's de farthest from mah thoughts.”

(He stares at the cell door, fully expecting it to open at any minute. Again it fails to open, and again he addresses the Lord. This time his voice has a pleading tone of guilt.)

“Lawd—I is—to be very frank wid yo'—a little worried. I feel as though perhaps you is angry wid me. Is yo', Lawd? Anyway, we'll let it ride fo' de present, sweet Lawd. What I wanna tell yo' is dat I feels as though you is perhaps misunnerstandin' sumpin' which I did yesterday in de temple.”

(His words pour forth now in full force, signifying that his troubled mind has at last come completely under the sway of the Lord.)

“I mus' admit dat I had my helper, Joshua, pick de pockets ob de congregation, but Lawd, fo' a reason. You see, dey was a carnival across de way, an' I feared dat my congregation would go ober dere after meetin' and spend dere money on sin an' degradation. Lawd, yo' surely mus' unnerstan' now. I was really tryin' to help my chilluns. I led dem across

de paths of sin into righteousness, Lawd. Dat is what I did. Um-umph. Oh Mighty, Almighty Lawd, please fo'give me. Yo' does, don't yo', Lawd?"

(He pauses for a moment.)

"I knew you would. An' Lawd, I think I see now why you won't open my cell door. I'll bet yo' knows dat de minute I gets free my congregation would prob'ly tar an' feather me. Dey never did see quite eye to eye wid me. Dey says I seem to know de right thing to do, but not de right way ob doin' it. Maybe dey is right, Lawd. Maybe dey is right. An' you wants to keep me safe from harm, aint dat right, Lawd? Oh, man, an' all de time I thought yo' was agin me, yo' was helpin' me an keepin' me safe from harm. I thanks yo', Lawd. Now dat we are at peace agin, Lawd, I repeats dat dere is no hurry 'bout gettin' me out ob here. No hurry a-tall—. No hurry a-tall—. A-tall."

(Chin in hand, he stares intently at the cell door.)

THE MISER

Deep in my heart
I have a treasury.
In it I keep
Every shining thing you say,
And often and often do I dip into
my treasure,
Letting its silver coins ripple idly
Through the fingers of my mind.
Many and many a time
Do I count them and caress them,
Yet their luster is always undimmed.

Edith Poor

THE CART-PATH

(A Reprint)

It's just a crooked cart-path winding
through the wood,
And narrow as the cart-wheels
used to be;
Here was the place the farmer's toll-
gate stood,
And here, over the wall, his gnarled
old apple tree
Still spills its wizened fruit into the
road.

The tracks are rutted deep as wagon
spokes were mired
Up to the hub in oozy country
mud.
See, there the hill where horses
tugged and tired
At plowing time when maples were
in bud
And o'er the hill's dark crest the
crimsoned sun expired.

It's just a crooked cart-path wind-
ing through the trees
Beside the pastures and the fur-
rowed fields.
Kind traveler, what a wealth of
memories
Before your eyes this crooked cart-
path yields!

Eleanor Crandall

END OF A PLAY

John L. St. Lawrence

MAJOR SEVITSKY motioned the guards from the room. When they had gone, he raised tired eyes to the contemptuous face before him.

"You have been in bad company, Nicholas."

The boy returned the gaze, defiantly silent. The Major's restless fingers stirred the paper nervously on the rough table.

"You have been committed for ten years, Nicki."

"A lifetime is not too great a sacrifice for the Cause." The words were quiet but vibrant with emotion.

"It will not be so long as that. You will not be here so long."

A faint spark of hope gleamed for a moment in the younger man's eyes, but died as the significance of the words struck home. His mouth twisted ironically.

"Like all the other decent people I am to be -er- reprimanded? I have spoken too often and too much against the Government?"

"Yes, Nicki. Even I, your brother, cannot help you. The State is not kind to those who renounce its service for the purpose of speaking against it. And since you have been so active in your disapproval, it will be doubly unkind."

"The fault lies not with me. A man must serve as his conscience directs. His country should not force upon him that which he is unwilling

to do. I could not remain and be honest with myself."

"In your new profession, Nicki, you should have been more careful. The public stage is not the place for denouncing the State. You should have spoken only the lines in your plays. There were those who heard, during your last performance, the words that you inserted."

"I understand, my brother." There was a trace of mockery in his tone. "Had you fallen into our hands, my fate would have been yours."

The guards reentered, and as the boy left the room he grinned suddenly back at the stony face of his brother.

"You should have seen my last performance. I was never better."

* * *

Once more they confronted each other over the table. The face of the Major was a mask as he regarded the emaciated form before him.

"The Commander has written a play." The words were slow, as though he were trying to say more than those simple words. There was no change of expression in the dull eye opposite.

"He has ordered that you shall read it. Here is a copy." He passed a folded paper to the boy who sank listlessly into a chair. As in all else he must obey. . . .

ACT I.

SCENE: (*A home in the country. The Father is speaking to his Son who stands defiantly in the corner of the low-ceilinged room.*)

Father.—You have not been a good Son. I have spent twenty years in teaching you how best to serve your responsibilities, and you reward me thus. You have brought disgrace to our fireside.

Son.—My Father, is it wrong to think? I have been doing what I could to aid in your support and that of our Family.

Father.—Such use of your brain is not good. It is not right to speak in public of revolt against parental influence. You must do the work that has been planned for you. Payment for speaking on such subjects is not honest money. You must not destroy tradition. A Family should remain always as a unit, governed by the strong hand of the Father. You must cease your activities and remain with your Family.

Son.—I cannot. The work of a Son should not be forced upon him. He will serve as his conscience directs. I could not remain and be honest with myself.

Father.—For the last time, I order you to desist.

Son.—I cannot do it. I must continue.

Father.—So be it. I would see you dead rather than so disgraced. (*He walks stiffly from the room.*)

ACT II.

SCENE: (*The same room three*

hours later. The boy stands, pinioned, and held by the strong arms of two husky men of the Intelligence. The Father is speaking to the Captain of the guard.)

Father.—He has talked of leaving his Family. He has spoken of this thing in public, attempting to disrupt the peace of our Families and of our Community by inciting the young men to rebellion against their Parents. He refuses to reconsider his stand. I leave his punishment in your hands.

Captain.—(*Turning to the Son.*) Are these things true?

Son.—Since I have spoken in public, I cannot deny them.

Captain.—You know the penalty for such actions?

Son.—I am aware of other cases.

Captain.—You do not wish, then, to speak in your defense?

Son.—It is too late. Words will not serve. I am ready.

Captain.—You understand that we must do this. It is not you that we punish. We must flay from your body the malignant spirit that has possessed you. Then you shall see the time-worn road of tradition clear before you, free from disastrous by-paths such as you have so unfortunately trodden. We do but protect the best interests of our people. (*He turns away, and from the shadows in the corner steps a huge, muscular brute of a man, carrying a long lash. He rips the shirt from the Son, and hurls the bound figure to the floor. Uncurling his whip, he beats the defenseless boy until*

his arm slows from weariness. The delirious lad screams horribly, and the bubbling words are still those for which he has been beaten. The expression of the Captain registers only sadness at the ravings, as he realizes that the evil spirit that has pervaded the boy is too deeply ingrown to be thus driven out. He motions to the guards, and they carry the now unconscious form to the farther wall and tie it by the hands to one of the low-hanging rafters. The two guards draw their pistols, and at a signal, empty them into the sagging body of the wayward Son. And so is he freed.

When the soldiers have gone, the Father cuts the corpse down, tenderly covers it with a blanket, and carries it out into the snow to perform his final duty to the one who was his Son.)

(Curtain)

* * *

Nicholas returned the manuscript and rose to go. The Major stopped him with a word.

"My brother!" Tears ran down a stiff, expressionless face.

The boy turned slowly, and, so controlled had been the voice that only a close inspection revealed the tears.

"Do you not yet realize, Nicki, what you have read?"

"Does it matter? It means nothing."

"Nicki! Nicki! The Commander knows that you are an actor. He has chosen you to play your last role—tonight!"

SONNET

(Written after an overdose of sonnets of "courtly love", with Mr. William Shakespeare's sonnet No. 29 particularly in mind.)

When Fortune frowns and every-
thing looks black,
And all alone I weep and tear my
hair,
And cry to heav'n with rage
demoniac,
And lose my usual calm and laissez-
faire,
And wish that I might change with
other men
Who have so much of what makes
life worth while,
'Tis then I have a bitter, tragic yen
To put an end to life! Oh, thought
so vile!
But whilst I am debating on these
things,
Your vision comes to me, my preci-
ous one,
And to my tortured brain the an-
swer brings;
And now my 'trouble's past, my woe
is done.
For when you come to me so starry-
eyed,
It gives me strength to welcome
suicide.

Lloyd Suttell

TOWARD PARNASSUS

(Sonnets)

ALL things do change. It is the fate
of man;
His open eyes are blind to every day.
By morn he passes by within his span
The beauty which a lifetime cannot
say.
As day moves on, he, busy at his
chore,
Is ignorant of all that has occurred—
The tiny bud has opened up once
more,
The year's first robin now at last is
heard.

Yet I am well aware of Beauty
bright.
This life to me means more than
he can know;
I see the loveliness of heaven's night,
The twinkling stars, the moon that's
full, aglow.
Do you ask why? Methinks I cannot
tell—
Perhaps it is because God loves me
well.

Mary Wheelan

IT is quite true that you will never
die;
The Hand that placed so fondly and
so well
That dear, glad look of Spring within
your eye
Will never let chill autumn sound
a knell
Or chant a dirge above a faded you.
O, you may change a little with the
years,
But as you love the beautiful and
true,

IF, for all my life I could only be
Free to commune with nature when
I choose,
To go upon a hilltop high, and lose
Myself in thought of all my eyes
could see,
To gaze upon the wonders of this
earth
Which, asking nothing from us in
return,
Give us their all, e'er helping us
to learn
Their secrets, which reveal our lives'
true worth,
Then I should feel a greater sense
of power.
I'd have the whole wide world as
my domain,
And any peak I chose would be my
tower,
From which o'er all this beauty I
would reign.
Then a sense of lasting life would
come to me,
And make me part of this eternity.

Shirley Smith

You will live on. For you, no dark-
some biers.
For you—well, I shall make this
prophecy;
When others of us long have passed
away,
A silvery small cloud-child you will
be,
Deep in the sunset of an April day,
And centuries from now some clear-
eyed lad
Will look upon your beauty and be
glad.

Edith Poor

Shepard

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