

5-1-1936

## Belles Lettres, 1936

Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club

Follow this and additional works at: [http://encompass.eku.edu/upubs\\_belleslettres](http://encompass.eku.edu/upubs_belleslettres)

---

### Recommended Citation

Eastern Kentucky University, The Canterbury Club, "Belles Lettres, 1936" (1936). *Belles Lettres*. Paper 2.  
[http://encompass.eku.edu/upubs\\_belleslettres/2](http://encompass.eku.edu/upubs_belleslettres/2)

This Newsletter is brought to you for free and open access by the Literary Magazines at Encompass. It has been accepted for inclusion in Belles Lettres by an authorized administrator of Encompass. For more information, please contact [Linda.Sizemore@eku.edu](mailto:Linda.Sizemore@eku.edu).

# Belles Lettres

---

---



1936

# Belles Lettres

An annual anthology of student writing sponsored and published by the Canterbury Club of Eastern Kentucky State Teachers College

At Richmond, Kentucky  
Donald Michelson, Editor  
Roy B. Clark, Ph. D., Sponsor

VOLUME TWO

1936

## CONTENTS

### FOREWORD

UNHEEDED .....	Kathleen Welch Hill	1
NOSTALGIA .....	Nevyle Shackelford	3
THREE POEMS .....	Blanche Wimble	4
A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH .....	George M. Smith	5
IMPRESSIONISTIC POETRY .....	Waller B. Thacker	6
REVERY .....	Anonymous	7
LINES' .....	Agnes Edmunds	7
LOVE'S MUSIC .....	Donald Michelson	8
HAPPINESS .....	K. W. H.	8
A PRAYER TO MUSIC .....	Isamay Riggle	9
TWO POEMS .....	Carmel Leon Jett	10
LIFE VS. SOUL .....	Lee Poynter	12
A WINTRY PICTURE .....	Waller B. Thacker	13
MY MUSE .....	Gleneva Sharp	14
A SONNET .....	Kathleen Welch Hill	14
MY LOVE .....	Madge Littrell	15
STONE FACE .....	Delbert Partin	15
BAUCIS AND PHILOMEN .....	Gleneva Sharp	16
HANDS .....	Blanche Wimble	16
DEFEAT .....	Mary Long	17
THERE IS NO SLEEP .....	Agnes Edmunds	19
KNOWLEDGE .....	Carmel Leon Jett	20
THREE POEMS .....	Kathleen Welch Hill	22
STORM THOUGHTS .....	Isamay Riggle	24
VAIN QUEST .....	Donald Michelson	24

## *Foreword*

The appearance of Volume II of BELLES LETTRES indicates at least one thing: the ideal of a student publication for literary forms of writing has not been lost. The offerings of the students in the field of poetry have been gratifying to the editors. They feel that a real contribution to college verse has been made. But whatever doubts or trepidation the editors may have felt has been cast aside; the printer's forms have been made up; and Volume II steps forth to make its bow to its readers, whether friendly or unfriendly.

## *Unheeded*

By Kathleen Welch Hill

Sue Dale restlessly adjusted the lamp, shifted in her chair, and angrily threw the book she was attempting to read to the floor. It was no use; there was only one way to spend her evenings, and morbid though it might be, it gave her a sort of satisfaction. She got up with relief, now that she had argued herself into what she really wanted to do, and got Jud's picture, and wiping it off tenderly went back to her chair. In a boyish scrawl across the bottom of the picture she read: "To my little Sue Dale, with all the love in the world — Jud."

No one called her Sue Dale any more, it seemed to her that everybody who had known her by that name was far-away and the little name that he had loved so well really belonged to the Jud in the picture. In a way, though, she was glad that the people here knew her only as "Miss Bannister, the English teacher." The aloofness of her life was the thing that kept her going, she felt that any human contacts would break her heart with their power of reminding her of the little things she was missing.

It was ten years now since Jud had kissed her tenderly and gone happily away to make his fortune and bring it back to throw at her feet; ten years of bitterness and longing and lonely nights and days. At first, when she was twenty, she was happy in a way, happy to be waiting for him and dreaming of the happiness that would be hers. But year after year passed and Sue Dale was still alone. They had never written; that was a part of their contract—"letters have such a way of fading into mere routine—" Jud told her, so for the first year or two she didn't even know where he was, then the papers began to mention his name in connection with this or that exploration, and after that she kept a scrap-book and filled it full of every item she could find concerning him. The papers told her that Judson Clayton had achieved that for which he had left her—he was a timber expert and almost indispensable to the Government.

She stirred in her chair and turned the picture toward the light—those eyes, they seemed to be trying to tell her something. Such earnest, pleading eyes they were, and yet they always had possessed the power of changing instantly from softness to determination, from kindness to stubbornness. His eyes, though, were only a part of him, the face smiling out at her was one of extraordinary charm—boyish yet with a manly set to the chin, carefree yet with something about it that promised to do great things.

Just one short year of happiness to be stretched across a whole

lifetime—tears stooled in Sue Dale's eyes as she thought of that year. Happy evenings walking hand-in-hand underneath the stars; care-free days when they studied together in the library, and then that last night . . . .

It was a perfect summer night; they had decided to meet on the campus, and Sue Dale's heart was weeping as she stood under their tree waiting for him for the last time. He walked rapidly across the grass toward her, very tall and straight in his dinner jacket—

"Sue Dale, darling!"

He kissed her and held her close as if he would never let her go. She pushed back the unruly lock of hair that would fall over his forehead in spite of all his brushing. She loved that lock of air, it made him look like a very little boy. She was determined that she wasn't going to cry and she knew she would if she didn't keep talking, so she said:

"Jud, talk!"

"And what about, my little Sue?"

"About us," she said tremulously.

Oh Sue, let's get married tomorrow before I leave. I can't go away like this, I can't leave you without knowing for sure that you'll wait."

Sue Dale choked back a sob. "Listen, Jud, you've got to trust me, I'll wait darling. Next year I'll graduate and we'll be married the very day I get my degree. We'll be so much happier that way—you'll be started and we can have a little home all our own. Please believe, Jud, I'll wait!"

"It isn't that I don't trust you, Sue," he said brokenly, "I just don't trust fate—what if we didn't ever see each other again?"

Sue Dale tilted back his head and looked up at him bravely—"When two people love each other so much as this, nothing can keep them apart."

"Sue Dale, my little Sue Dale, I love you and I will come back. Be waiting dear!"

One last kiss and Jud was gone . . . .

Suddenly Sue Dale realized that the telephone was ringing insistently. She half rose to answer it and then sank back in her chair. It was probably a querulous mother wanting to ask Miss Bannister how her Johnny was progressing in English, or why did Mary have to stay in this afternoon. Sue Dale decided to ignore it. Jud seemed so very near to her tonight, she wasn't going to break the spell by going back so soon to the prosy, everyday life of

the school-teacher. There!! it had quit — now where was she? — Oh yes!

. . . . "Be waiting, dear!" . . . .

Of course Sue Dale could not know that far down town in the railroad terminal, a tall, dark-headed man in a telephone booth hopelessly returned the receiver to its hook, and choking back a lump in his throat, brushed back an unruly lock of hair and went out to board a train for the coast. There he would embark for South Africa on an exploration that would, if he survived, probably last five years.

---

### NOSTALGIA

By Nevyle Shackelford

Oh sing for me a wild sea song  
While my mind roams far and free,  
Oh sing a song of tall white ships,  
And surf on the bounding sea.

Oh tell me of the stormy stars,  
That march through the cloudy straits;  
And the sun like a golden scimitar  
That cuts through the golden gates.

Oh sing to me of a roaring night,  
Under a pale and sickly moon.  
And bring to me a mastless ship,  
In a swirling west typhoon.

Oh tell me of the cursing men,  
Whose hearts are wild and free,  
Fighting a gale on a slippery deck,  
And damning their old mother, the sea.

For I'm so tired of quietness,  
And this luxury gives me pain.  
Back to sea, I'd rather be  
In a storm on the Spanish main.

**THREE POEMS**

By Blanche Wimble

**COMPARISON**

Love to most people  
Is like a fragile vase,  
So beautiful to look upon  
And so easily broken.

To some it's a thin, thin, moon,  
Lovely and wantable,  
But so far away  
And unattainable.

To me it's like a grey stone house,  
Something quite livable,  
A shelter in the storm,  
A thing endurable.

---

**COMPENSATION**

You came and took.  
No, I gave willingly—  
And what did you give?  
What did you leave me!  
Many sweet memories  
That burn like the fires of hell.  
Many sweet memories,  
Set fire by one searing memory.

---

**EMPTY-HANDED**

I come to you, my dear—  
Not as others have come  
    With fame and fortune—  
I stand empty-handed,  
I bring only a heart and a life,  
    Which I give to you.  
If it bring you happiness  
Then, I shall not have lived in vain.



## *A Rendezvous With Death*

By George M. Smith

I sincerely believe that I shall always carry a vivid mental picture of a battle I once had with that grim reaper, Death. That struggle was so fierce, and I so nearly lost the battle that I will surely retain its memory until my antagonist emerges victorious over me in some future combat. The battlefield for the occasion was a river; and the effect of the incident was so marked upon me that even now I can't see a river without experiencing a tinge of fear and horror.

The event took place on one of those sultry August afternoons that offer little incentive for any form of physical activity other than swimming. My brother and I decided to try a little of this sport in the cool mountain stream that wound its way through the valley, a short distance from our home. When we arrived at the "old swimming hole" on that day, we found that recent heavy rains had turned the normally peaceful stream into a swift river. The old deserted milldam, over which small streams of water usually dripped, had become a mighty waterfall that poured rushing torrents of water into our swimming place. However, since we had great confidence in our aquatic powers, we were undaunted by the roaring stream and were soon splashing about defiantly in the swift water.

At first we were cautious enough to keep at a safe distance from the more vicious currents that ensued from the mad rush over the dam, but as our confidence soared, we began to challenge each other by swimming nearer and nearer to the waterfall. On one of these challenges I either overvalued my ability or else considered too lightly the strength of the mad waters, for I suddenly found myself being pulled with amazing strength toward the waterfall. I fought in desperation to free myself from my captor, but my efforts were futile. I was pushed and pulled about under the water and finally deposited directly under the beat of the waterfall.

If I had taken time at this point to consider my predicament, I would have, in all probability, entertained little hope of escaping a watery grave. Surely Death, my host, was making a strong bid for my eternal company. However, I was too bitterly engaged in battle with my host to give thought to the consequences of a lost battle. I simply fought frantically on against the beating down-pour that was pounding me unrelentlessly against the river's rocky bottom.

Although I struggled desperately, my puny efforts were totally ineffective against the powerful charges of water. As I struggled

vainly on, I felt my strength ebbing, and was about to give up and accept the peace and rest offered me by Death, when I was suddenly caught by an undercurrent and pulled away from the falls. This friendly current towed me along the river bottom for about ten feet—miles, it seemed—and suddenly released me from its grip. At this time I lost consciousness; but the trip to the shore was uneventful, according to my brother.

---

### IMPRESSIONISTIC POETRY

By Waller B. Thacker

A tall thorn tree stood in a lonely valley—  
 Over it was a small patch of clouded skies,  
 Around it was a stone wall  
 Built almost the height of the topmost branch

Soon after the building the tree died;  
 But a running rose went under the wall  
 And twined itself around the trunk  
 To grasp the light of the now bright skies,  
 And shot the buds to a crimson ball  
 To blossom forth from the top of the wall.

“Yes! What became of the stones I say?”  
 And the Sage replied without delay,  
 “The stones, — Why they —  
 Look! The home across the way.”

Within the walls it sheltered they,  
 Who had labored hard both night and day;  
 Remembering always that truth beneath  
 Would remit to the honest and to them that seek.

So now that age has crept right on,  
 Time found the couple not here for long.  
 But each day they gave their wise remark  
 And never feared their last embark.

**REVERY**

(Anonymous)

I have grown old in lonely reveries,  
Living in my world of unrequited joys.  
How often by the blazing hearth I sit,  
Gazing at the ever dancing firelight.  
Your face appears within those swaying flames,  
While the saddened wind whispers low your name.

That mournful wind once mingled with our sighs,  
And seemed to moan "despair" before the skies.  
Yet, even then, though swayed by Youth's hot zeal,  
A dull foreboding omen we did feel . . .  
In heart of hearts we knew we must resign  
Before a code that knows not blood from wine.

Be still, sad wind! and let me only hear  
Her rippling laughter tinkling in my ear.  
Your whinings chant a dirge of chill and death—  
Avaunt! Give me peace in Life's now ebbing breath.  
I only want these etchings of the flame's,  
And watch her image glow and fade again.

Ah, yes, the hoary-headed muse too much—  
Of laughing eyes, of auburn hair, and such;  
Of the elusive past, of mocking shades  
That over hazy memory parades.  
But yet my old heart peacefully does beat,  
These ghosts of youth's experience to meet.

---

**LINES**

By Agnes Edmunds

Silence in the moonlight,  
Soft, surging silence in the moonlight.  
Shadows in the moonlight,  
Sliding, silent shadows in the moonlight.  
Dreaming in the moonlight,  
Daring, dauntless dreaming in the moonlight.  
Each has a treasure for me!

**LOVE'S MUSIC**

By Donald Michelson

I need not venture far to find  
Paradise—so often dreamed of  
So seldom found,  
My casement window ushers in  
The splendor of the full moon's drenching light—  
And every sound  
That floods into my hungry being  
Slowly stills itself in balanced harmony.  
The soothing drone  
Of jarfly, cricket, humming bird  
Is but your country symphony.  
Have you not shown  
To me that Nature's music sings  
To us the songs of love?

---

**HAPPINESS**

By K. W. H.

Seek me not in the highroads,  
Nor in the by-roads of life,  
Follow me not through the teeming hordes,  
Nor think to find me by strife.  
But dream of the absent lover,  
List to a wild bird's call,  
Hasten to proffer safe cover  
To the weary within thy hall.  
Speak to the erring maiden,  
Smile when you yearn to weep  
And I will make you a haven  
And give you my hand to keep.

**A PRAYER TO MUSIC**

By Isamay Riggle

Erase from my forehead  
These lines of care,  
Oh Music! Help me to know  
A world up there,  
Where I alone may go  
And worship your Lord.

I enter the church.  
The stage is set,  
The candles lit.  
There is ivy vine  
Deep and shadow green.  
Niches with fringed ferns.

And over all  
The soft candles glow.  
A hushed house,  
An organ note.  
The singers enter  
In robes of white.

“Praise be to God.”  
“Thanks be to Him.”  
“Hymn of Thanksgiving.”  
Blended voices.  
Beautiful music.  
Benediction.

Walk along with me  
In the November night,  
Oh music! Bear me afar  
In your winged flight  
To yonder evening star,  
In your world of ecstasy.

*TWO POEMS BY*

## CHANGE

Why did you shatter all my dreams?  
I know they did but seem to you,  
The fickle essence of life's transient gleams,  
The sun upon a clinging drop of dew.  
Yet to me they were not false, but true.

The time of spring was life to me.  
Its growing leaves and grasses green,  
Oft interspersed with shyest eyes of blue,  
Seemed all a perfect paradise when I met you.

Unasked you taught me your philosophy,  
The meanings of life for which I had not sought.  
My heart you filled with your strange creeds  
And by your fierce desires my soul was wrought.

No longer earth seemed full of love.  
Above there was a cold and angry sky  
Beneath which darkness as the waters moved,  
Forgetful that true love should never die.

A thousand times removed were my feet  
From the sunny paths which once they trod.  
But the exchange seemed not wholly sad  
For you were yet my god.

My life I lived for you alone,  
The idol who was my constant guide,  
Though my path contained many a stone  
And lay by a chasm wide.

The deepening night held no fear for me  
Though the vale was not like the height.  
I never once dreamed you would leave me alone  
To flounder without a light!

*C A R M E L   L E O N   J E T T***I WENT FOR A WALK IN THE WOODLAND**

I went for a walk in the woodland  
When the Autumn leaves lay dead,  
And the sunbeams came through the barren trees  
And danced upon my head.

The winds were gay and happy.  
They rustled the leaves on which I trod,  
And shook the fronds of the lacy ferns  
Which shot up from the sod.

I grasped at a glittering treasure  
Sunken deep in a silver stream,  
But it was only the bright reflection  
Of a child's forgotten dream.

While climbing the wooded heights  
To seek a view unknown,  
Suddenly, far outward on the breeze  
It seemed my soul had flown.

There at my feet in shining splendor  
A lovely village lay  
Wrapped in wondrous beauty  
Unseen until this day.

I fell on my face in reverence  
By the root of a mossy old tree,  
And felt the heaving heart  
In the turbulent breast of me.

Surely, I had a vision  
Or, perchance, it was a trance.  
How else could a wan old watchman  
Still my heart with his advance?

Some words he seemed to whisper  
And then to turn again.  
When I asked, he slowly pointed  
To a place free from pain.

Then the rocks and hills did tremble  
As if in agony of birth,  
For the place to which he pointed  
Was the cold and silent earth.

## *Life vs. Soul*

By Lee Poynter

There is no beginning or ending to time, just as there is no certain beginning or ending to life. To begin our brief span we are summoned out of the darkness of the unknown, and when the end comes we return again to the darkness of the unknown. As time is reckoned on the face of the earth, we exist for but a fraction of an instant. We have one brief glimpse of the color and the beauty which is the earth; we draw a single breath into our nostrils; we have a single taste of the joy of life; and then sight is extinguished and breath is quenched. We are gone.

Nothing which was a part of us remains. Our very flesh and bone is fused into the chemistry of the earth which receives us as "dust to dust." If we leave a mark upon the universe which survives us, it is one of the spirit; something which is completely divorced from the sinews and blood which was the stuff of our being; something which is a part of the things we humans so indefinitely call "soul."

Strangely enough the intangibles we possess, which are identified as belonging to the "soul"—intangibles we have no power to summon or dismiss—are more valuable before the face of creation than the actual body we possess and which we call "life". The body dies and is forgotten when life is done, but the spirit lives on and becomes the mighty force which gives impetus to the deeds and works of following generations, and upon which is built the faith, ideals, society and governments of those following generations.

The body of Washington has been mere earth for two centuries, but the spirit responsible for his being still hovers above the white and gold dome of our capitol. The flesh and bone of Abraham Lincoln has long since returned to the elements, but the precepts of liberty and union which were a part of his "soul" are alive in every human being who styles himself "American".

It is beyond human power to define these intangibles. To one they mean one thing; to another, probably the opposite. They were not meant to be understood. Science has worked and labored for years over the perplexing problem of life and death — of the mysteries and secrets involved in both — but it has been a fruitless search. It was not intended for us human beings to understand all the things connected with our existence. There are a few things that only a supreme being can fathom, understand, or give an excuse for being.

Life, for us, means living — today, tomorrow, and yesterday.



We may not have the easiest and most happy existence, but it is OUR life and we want to hang on to it as long as there is breath in our body. No one, who is entirely sane, ever desires to give up life and pass into oblivion. Even the old crone loves what few pleasures are left to her in her old age, and she will struggle and fight to retain the spark of life in her feeble, already dead, body.

We dread the Hereafter as a child dreads to enter a strange, dark room. It is something beyond the ken of the human mind; we dare to expect to find one thing in that Beyond and fear that we shall not. It is the uncertainty and mysticism that frighten us, together with the dreaded thought of facing the great Unknown alone. If we could only know what to expect, things would be greatly simplified. But we must hope for the things we are uncertain of; plan for the things we dare to expect; and believe in our own convictions and the handiworks manifested around us. It is only then that we may expect to compete with the strange and illusory characteristics of life and death. It is our lot.

The strength of a human being—the strength of the structures which have been created by human beings—does not repose in the flesh and blood which we call “life”, but rather exists in the intangibles which we assign to the human “soul” — those same intangibles which can not be summoned or dismissed; which are a part of us whether or not we desire them; which are the driving forces within us, whether or not we desire to be driven; and which, at times, have the power to lift earth-bound and earth-stained mortals to heights sacred to the high gods.

---

### A WINTRY PICTURE

By Walter B. Thacker

No icicle had begun to drip;  
The February sun was cold.  
All day low-hung sullen skies were gray  
And snow piled higher at the close of day.

\* \* \* \*

Morning comes with crystal freeze and frost  
Radiating beauty for him delayed,  
And above the patterns on the window pane,  
A red-bird flies to his perch again  
And winter is a moment stayed.

**MY MUSE**

By Gleneva Sharp

Oh, my Muse  
Come, speak to me  
Of my Dear One  
I am to see.  
Will he be there?  
When I arrive?  
Will he be true?  
Will our love thrive?  
I do love him.  
Does he love me?  
Oh, my Muse  
Please speak to me.  
I worship him,  
Does he love me?  
I've asked you, Muse  
Please speak to me.  
He will answer—  
I hear you say?  
That he will answer  
And tell today.

---

**A SONNET**

By Kathleen Welch Hill

Unquestioned and unquestioning she stands,  
A monument to greed, false pride and lust.  
She leads men onward with her gilded hands,  
With hellish glee, she grinds them in the dust.  
Oh honeyed tongue that offers wealth and fame;  
And laurel wreaths to crown the luckless head,  
Of one who will do homage to your name,  
How many countless thousands have you bled?  
A thousand curses on your fawning face,  
Destroyer and instrument of grief!  
How dare you prey upon the race  
Of man; and cast his shining ship against the reef?  
Thou shalt be conquered, ingrate concubine,  
Medusa's fate shall be as play to thine!

**MY LOVE**

By Madge Littrell

My love for you is like a ruby  
Filled with burning fire,  
My love for you is like an opal  
Glowing with desire.

My love for you is like a sunset  
Lighting all the world,  
Wherein the ruby and the opal  
With delight are pearled.

My love for you will never alter  
Through the passing days,  
But sound in chimes of pulsing sweetness  
Down life's changing ways,

And draw us closer to each other,  
Like two roses blown  
Upon a stem with moss enshrouded,  
Happy and alone.

---

**STONE FACE**

By Delbert Partin

That rock is grey with coming age.  
It rears its cold grey head above  
The sands that sift beneath its edge  
And notices not the squirrel nor dove  
That 'round and o'er it coos and plays.  
The sea before it onward rolls,  
Heeding not that steady gaze  
Toward far off shores and unheard songs.  
Like one who's lost an only love  
That great stone face just looks and longs.  
When love is gone and hope is dead  
Some men are like that face of stone.  
They stand and stare at life's cruel deep  
And long for ships that come not home.  
If I become a cold stone face  
With lips which spurn a loving friend,  
Great God of Mercy, always near,  
Just grant me then a speedy end.

**BAUCIS AND PHILEMON**

By Gleneva Sharp

They were only thorn trees  
 Standing by the road,  
 But I called them "Oak and Linden"—  
 Baucis and Philemon.

They stood with branches entwined,  
 As in the story of old.  
 They reflected the great love  
 Of those two of long ago.

Yet, wait, of long ago you say?  
 Nay, not then, but now—  
 For o'er two modern lovers  
 They drooped with bending bough.

Over two whose hearts were singing  
 In rhythm—strong and clear.  
 Over two whose thoughts were bringing  
 Each other ever nearer.

Two who may know real happiness  
 If no one comes between,  
 Two who want real happiness  
 And on the other lean—

Like  
 Baucis and Philemon.

---

**HANDS**

By Blanche Wimble

Not beautiful hands.  
 They'd never look lovely  
 Holding an orchid.  
 They might look passable  
 Filled with daisies—  
 Daisies, sturdy flowers,  
 Grow anywhere—  
 Daisy hands,  
 That's it!  
 Sturdy, dependable:  
 Best for holding babies  
 And a tired man's head.

## *Defeat*

By Mary Long

She came into the restaurant alone; slipped unobtrusively into a seat at a corner table, facing the room. Nobody noticed her advent. She was that kind of a person—drab, colorless. The sort you may glance at as you pass, and away again, without being conscious that you have seen anyone—your train of thought unbroken.

If anyone had taken the trouble to glance a second time after she was seated, he might have noted several things. If he had really looked at her, he would have become conscious that she was not unattractive. Probably in her youth she had had a fleeting time of real prettiness. Even now her eyes were lovely. She was not poorly dressed, yet her clothes lacked personality, so that the first impression was of poverty.

As she sat quietly in her corner her eyes were never still. Under the cover of her hat brim, they wandered from person to person in the fairly crowded room, staring at each with a strange expression in their depths. A sort of detachment it seemed to be, as if she might be thinking of these human beings, enjoying their dinners, as entirely foreign to her knowledge and experience. She caught her breath sharply at times, as a frightened animal might do, though she seemed almost startled when she did and glanced around almost as if she expected those near her to notice it. She did not seem to be able to keep her hands still; she fingered her purse, her handkerchief; took tucks in the edge of the tablecloth.

Suddenly she became very still. Her eyes were fixed on the table in self-conscious, studied effort not to appear conscious of the entrance into the room of another person.

Again nobody noted the arrival. A little man he was, with thinnish locks of colorless hair combed carefully over an encroaching bald spot. His eyes were not attractive; merely a faded, tired-looking blue, behind rather thick-lensed spectacles. His clothing was meticulously neat. He appeared to be several years older than the rigid woman who awaited at the little table.

He stood in the doorway a moment, until he could accustom his eyes to the light of the room. He glanced uncertainly around until, suddenly, his face lighted up, and he started briskly off toward the corner where she sat. Her face did not light. Her eyes were still fastened on the table cloth, even though she was poignantly conscious of every step he took as he approached.

He stood opposite her, spoke her name, and she looked up. She smiled at him, below her eyes, and he seated himself and began to fuss with the menu. It was evident that they were both

ill-at-ease. The waiter came and the little man gave the order with a great deal of attention to insignificant detail and numerous unnecessary questions.

Then he settled back, trying to appear master of himself and of the situation at hand, but not quite succeeding. He made conversation about why he was a trifle late, and a very strange remark Miss Miley had made at the office today. His companion gave him little help. Her responses were brief and abstracted. Her eyes were wandering again — looking at the people, people, as if she were about to die and wanted to take a last look at “dear humanity.”

The dinner was served and the little man attended her wants, and ate his food, with the same fussy attentiveness with which he had ordered. He still ventured his little conversational bit now and then, but now he seemed to be getting too nervous to keep his ideas and words very lucid. The meal was short and, toward the last, decidedly silent.

When the dessert and coffee had been served, the man suddenly leaned forward, speaking rapidly so that his courage might not ebb.

“Miss Mason - er - uh - Cornelia, if I may — your answer — I asked - er - are you ready to - to tell me?”

“Yes,” said Miss Mason.

“And - and - what is it? the answer?”

“Yes,” said Miss Mason.

“Well, now that’s fine!” exulted the little man as he relaxed in his chair and attacked his dessert with an enthusiasm he had not exhibited for the rest of the dinner.

The end of the meal was far from silent. The little man’s relief seemed to have loosened his tongue and he told her many things — what he had expected; how others were going to be impressed; how she would like his mother; how they must lay their plans. Miss Mason answered briefly, or smiled when it seemed expected of her. Her eyes still sought the other diners rather than her companion.

Her thoughts were strange thoughts. While he talked she saw herself as a young girl, lovely in a way that only youth is lovely. She saw the “beaus” she might have had but disdained, because she was waiting for Prince Charming, and they bore no faintest resemblance to that knight. She saw herself growing older, still expecting to meet the One Man; saw him become a little less attractive as she realized that he must be growing older, too. Her thoughts lingered on several men she had thought she might have loved had she had a chance — but they had never consciously seen her. Then she saw the dreadful time when she realized that her chance was past; when she quit dreaming and awoke to the drab

hair, the uninteresting features, the ordinary hands, the lack of that something in bearing that makes a charming woman. She thought of her decision to quit trying. She wasn't "attractive", so why waste money and energy trying to be? Then the long stretch of dreary, monotonous, colorless days.

Then came Mr. Farley, the little man who worked in the outer office, sitting on the old-fashioned high stool, with a green celluloid shade on his forehead. For some time she did not realize that he was trying to pay her little attentions at the office. He was so nearly the epitome of all that she would not want a man to be, that she was repulsed at the very thought of him. But Miss Jones was "laid off" indefinitely, which left her the next one in the office to go. Back home her uncle died, leaving her dependent solely on her own resources. She became panicky — began to reluctantly accept Mr. Farley's attentions.

That had been several months ago. Yesterday he had sent her a stilted, wordy letter, which she was able to interpret as a proposal. How she wished, since it seemed it had to be, that he had at least been man enough to propose. Yet, in a sense, this way was much easier for her. His "romantic" idea was that they meet for dinner tonight, when she would give him her "answer."

The meal completed, they arose and left the restaurant, still little noticed by the other diners. A little man, swelled now with a sense of his own desirability, hovering about his lady in her exit, as fussily as the proverbial hen. A strangely silent, drab little woman, with a peculiar expression in her eyes — as if she had just witnessed the death of someone she loved.

---

### THERE IS NO SLEEP

By Agnes Edmunds

There is no sleep for me tonight.  
A voice is calling in the distance.  
I must be awake and heed it now  
For fear it will not call again.  
I plunge forth into the vast darkness,  
And with a cry of sweet release  
My soul goes forth to, I know not what,  
And my body is left a lifeless form.

# KNOWLEDGE BY

He is wise, they say,  
And knows most everything.  
He knows about the turning of the world  
And night and day.  
He knows of what the sun  
Is made, and how the planets  
And the meteors whirl.  
He knows about the tides,  
Their rise and fall.  
About ancient lands, he knows.  
The story of man flows from his lips  
As would the simplest tale.

But learned as he surely is,  
I think I know a secret  
Which he does not know.  
Moreover which he cannot learn.  
I know what love is  
And how a human heart can yearn.  
I know of death's sad certainty  
And of the last embrace.  
I know that life is but a lap  
In eternity's race.

And there are other things  
He knows. They say  
He understands the cruel monarch's  
Tyrant sway, the grasping hands  
Of power, and all the laws  
Of government both great and small.

And yet he does not know  
The sharpened claw of poverty.  
He has no knowledge  
Of hunger's strength,  
Or of suppression's might.  
He does not know  
Blind groping in the night.

Yet wise, they say, is he for he  
Can measure in a span  
Life and eternity and man.



*C A R M E L   L E O N   J E T T*

He can enumerate the things  
For which the Ancients strove,  
He can tell of mighty wars,  
Catastrophes, and such.  
Yet nought he knows  
Of a mother's love,  
Or the lisping prattle  
Of a baby at his play.  
He's never seen an infant  
Smiling as it dreams,  
Nor does he know the use of dreaming.

He knows there is no God;  
Indeed, he is most wise.  
He knows the cycles  
In which life moves,  
And Evolution's hidden ties  
Are to him an open book.  
He need not deign to look  
Upon this restless surging world;  
For this is only one world after all.  
And there are millions of just such.

As yet of faith he has not heard,  
Nor does he know of constancy.  
He only knows the changing  
Cycles of the years.  
He does not know that  
Joy is often found in tears.  
Nor does he know the source of rain or sun,  
But blindly thinks they follow  
After some strange plan.  
His wisdom is infinite  
Yet he does not know the heart of man.  
Nor does he know  
The friendly clasping hand.

For all his wisdom  
And all the things he knows,  
I would not rob my garden  
Of a single rose.  
There are things which men know,  
And things which they suppose.

*THREE POEMS BY*

## TO EMMA

Sometimes she seems to me a rose,  
With sweet, rich, beauty rare,  
To scatter freshness, lend delight;  
Instilling reverence near a prayer.  
The years have spared her—nay, they've lent!  
And time by love has been disarmed,  
Her grace is like a young maid's song,  
And yet more subtle, yet more charmed.

Another mood, and Lo! she is become a lily, pure and bright,  
With proud, uplifted head which doth belie her sweet humility;  
Her hands upon my fevered brow, bring rest,  
And low, quiet reminiscences of shepherd's songs,  
Which are by angels blest.  
I creep to her for solace and for peace, when tortures  
Of my mere humanity,  
Are low upon my head and I am lone,  
With confidence that's rare in one so weak,  
I know that she will comfort, not condone.

In dreams, I see a garden, varied, bright,  
And in among the blossoms, Emma walks  
And as she touches lightly with her hand  
The flowers, she each becomes, and seems as heliotrope,  
As jasmine, blue-bell, heartsease, and at last  
A fragrant blend of blossoms from the East,  
That with an oriental strangeness claim,  
A knowledge of the Kings, and lowly heath.

But in the twilight when I love her best,  
I think of her as linen, old and rare,  
And with each light unfolding,  
Bringing back the scene of lavender and thyme, exuding  
Forth the cedar from an old, forgotten chest.

# KATHLEEN WELCH HILL

## ACCEPTANCE

I can be glad now that she left me here;  
 Tho' often sad and lonely I have been,  
 Tho' I have been encompassed with one fear,  
 Eternity's vast chasm have I seen,  
 And could not see her garment's shining sheen.

But God was merciful to me in grief,  
 With infinite compassion took my hand,  
 And showed me fragile flower and tender leaf;  
 He told me that she dwelt in all the land;  
 And in my losing I had made great gain.

Now I can see her beauty undefiled,  
 By earthly sorrow, human pain, and sin,  
 Her sweet, low voice speaks to me, her child,  
 With each soft breeze, and in some forest glen,  
 I oft'times see her smile as she goes by.

I can be glad now that she left me here,  
 I know her better now than then.  
 I have forgotten any lingering fear,  
 She's happier now than she has ever been,  
 And knowing this, I, too, have found my peace.

## AMARYLLIS

Hear my Amaryllis sing?  
 My Amaryllis sings of Spring,  
 Of birds and yellow daffodils,  
 A stream new-twinkling in the hills.  
 My Amaryllis soon will die,  
 Much sooner than will you or I.  
 But knowing this, she knows no grief  
 Her song is but more lissome - - brief.

## STORM THOUGHTS

By Isamay Riggle

Against the grey, close-hanging sky  
     Pine trees stand in silhouette.  
 The houses are huddled together to face  
     The stinging wind.  
 Yucca lily leaves are spikes above  
     The whitening ground.  
 Honeysuckle hedge is gathering its load  
     Of descending flakes.  
     Fence posts are donning their caps  
     Of accumulating white.  
 Tassel grass is swaying, shaking snow  
     From its chin' whiskers.  
 The train's shrill whistle sounds far away  
     In the grey, premature twilight.  
 An aged lady is nodding and napping  
     By her dying fire.  
 She awakes and sees — only the poor  
     Suffering in the storm;  
 Sees the hunger in lean, gaunt faces,  
     The sorrow in their eyes,  
 She does not believe in the beauty  
     Of pines and tassel grass.  
 Looking out on the rest, weary  
     World of pain and chaos,  
 I must walk alone, worshiping beauty  
     At her bleeding altar;  
 Knowing that beauty and sorrow  
     Are eternally one.

## VAIN QUEST

By Donald Michelson

What glory eager mortal  
 This futile, savage strife?  
 What profit greedy vendor  
 Exchanging gold for life?  
  
 What triumph verbose demagogue  
 The rabble's rage to whet?  
 What end deluded Universe  
 Will fratricide us net?