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The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1921 --

Phi Sigma

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THE VOICE



1921 ISSUE

PHI SIGMA

THE VOICE.

JANUARY 20th, 1921.

Published annually by PHI SIGMA,
Organized in 1878.

Editors - J. A. Clinton,
Mary Eaton,
Hortense Patten.

- - - - -

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Historical Sketch of Phi Sigma.

I wonder if any of you remember the Beard Brothers Book Store, at 453 West Madison St.! That was the birth place of the Phi Sigma Class.

One night, about nine o'clock, after the front lights had been turned out, some boys gathered in the back part of the store. There, "on a bench, two chairs, a stool and a keg, (I think there was a keg - empty keg) the old Phi Sigma started!" That was early in April, 1878.

Henry Wilson called the meeting to order, and moved that Herbert Small be chosen chairman. Harrington Beard, Gerald Beard, John Mabbs, and Robert Jensen complete the list of the six charter members.

I received a letter from Henry Wilson, of Wichita, Kansas, which speaks so happily of the purpose of these six boys in starting the Class, that I want you to hear it. - - - -

Now was there not fine material in the Class to begin with? From time to time, more boys were added to Phi Sigma, and several resigned. These early members gave the Class its impetus in the right direction, and made it an honor to themselves and a benefit to us all.

For the first three years, the only officer was, ^{termed} a Chairman; after that, the title President was used. It was hard work at the beginning.

With an average attendance of only five members, they practised declamations and readings, studied history, and debated with zeal. When there was a debate, one of the boys was appointed as judge. Then, besides the Chairman and the two debaters, and the judge, there would be only one left as audience. The debates and papers were gotten up on short notice, for the Class met once a week. Sometimes there were two debaters on each side, even the Chairman taking part, and no audience except themselves, or a visitor or two, — but their ardor was unquenched.

It was arranged at the very beginning, that, at each meeting, the Chairman should appoint one of the members to act as critic of that meeting, and to read his criticism at the beginning of the following meeting. This served to keep a record of the meetings, and to aid the members in their improvement. There are now extant 278 of these Critic's Reports, of from 3 to 12 pages of legal cap each. I have read over 200 of them, and find them very interesting. It is like reading an autobiography of the Class, for each member said his little say, sooner or later.

In January, 1887, these reports were discontinued, and a regular Record Book

was kept by the President, within which he wrote the minutes of each meeting.

It was not until 1898, when the Class was twenty years old, that a Secretary was elected to record the meetings.

When the Class was three years old, its documents were placed by vote in the custody of the Beard Brothers, at their store. When Mr. Arthur Fanning became President, he took charge of them, and later Mr. George Tewcomb has had them, and now they have been in two wooden boxes in our garrett, for ^{about} more than twenty five years.

Having thus spoken of the early membership, and the preservation of the documents of the Class, let us turn to the plan of study.

For the first year, they devoted much time to Hume's History of England, reading aloud from it and asking questions about it.

After that, they took up Guizot's History of Civilization for a half year, but found it rather dry, I fancy. It was then that Harrington Beard exclaimed, "Oh, that we had a few more members to fill up the empty chairs!"

At last, came that great day in the annals of Phi Sigma, March 21, 1882, (the Class being nearly 4 years old) when five girls signed their names to the Constitution, and became

regular members. It had required a deal of discussion among the boys, before they actually decided to invite these girls to join the Class. We cannot read the discussion, because it has been carefully expunged from the Critic's Reports. But there are sufficient hints to show that there was a lively time. Four more girls joined the next month, and the Class rejoiced in new zeal and renewed literary effort.

No more empty chairs now! The membership was at once limited to 10 ladies and 10 gentlemen; and a year later, Apr. 1883, this number was increased to 12 ladies and 12 gentlemen.

The meetings, which had been at first every week, were found to be too frequent. So they were held once in four weeks, beginning with Sept. '81. Then they seemed too far apart; so in Feb. '82, they were changed to be held every two weeks. That was just before the ladies joined the Class. After a little while, the Class decided to meet once a month, on the fourth Tuesday evening. On Feb. 1, 1889, they changed to the third Tuesday, and on Oct. 13, 1897, they changed to the second Tuesday.

The programs have been as varied as the times of meeting, but the "Voice," has appeared each year since it started, June, 1879, and sometimes several numbers of the "Voice" in one year.

When Phi Sigma was 10 years old, it began to print annual booklets, containing very learned subjects for discussion during the year. I have a complete set of these annual programs from 1888 to 1920, lacking one. In these you may see, that we have devoted ourselves to debates, book reviews, the Greek poets, Norse legends, epochs of History, socialism, philosophy, journalism, the History of Art, realism and idealism, the Madonna in Art, (indeed one whole winter was devoted to art topics). We have studied the Drama, the Greek Church, evolution, Mahomet, monks, troubadours, the Reformation, lives of great authors, and artists, and musicians, scientific inventions, and sketches of famous cities. We have written original stories and poems. We have discussed politics, the drainage canal, free kindergartens, social settlements, immigration, psychology, sociology, and every other "ology", till, if I had remembered it all, I should indeed be a wise woman.

With all these studies, there have also been many good times. We used to have annual banquets in the winter, and picnics in the summer. Sleigh rides, valentine parties; leaf-year socials, when

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the girls saw the boys home at the close of the jolly evening, or put them on street cars and paid their fare.

There was one picnic, long to be remembered, when several couples strayed away from the crowd, wandered in the woods, missed the last Saturday night train into the city, and had to come riding into town in a bumpety coal-cart, past the Union Park Church, not long before service time. Florence Homer put it into our Phi Sigma Song.

Phi Sigma, come, come, come!

The woodland gives ye greeting!

The day is fair,

What tho' its joys are fleeting.

Loth to part were we,

'Neath the greenwood tree,

Late, O, late the start,

In the coal-man's cart,

Phi Sigma, come, come, come!

The woodland gives ye greeting!

The day is fair,

What tho' its joys are fleeting!

There was a December Party in 1887, — the Annual Banquet, — the invitations to which contained the following words: — "Each guest will be required to give at least four lines of original rhyme before ice cream will be served."

Here are a few of the resulting rhymes.

There was a committee
 and this was their scheme.
 They thought about nothing
 but cake and ice cream,
 Cake and ice cream could be
 bought not for money,
 But by a fine poem
 original and funny.
 And were you so foolish
 as really to dream,
 That all we aspired to
 was cake and ice-cream?
 That we could be bought
 for a pittance so small,
 To give our best thoughts
 in this banqueting hall?

One poet sings of Pegasus in Pound,
 And one describes him in the ploughman's team;
 'Tis left for us his worst abuse to sound —
 Poor Peg, performing tricks to earn ice cream!

The Annual Banquet now has come
 A time of joy and glee.
 A time of cake and ice cream cold
 But none, alas, for me.
 Unless, perchance, dear Friends, you'll say,
 That this is Poetry.

O, Vision cold, yet fair and sweet,
 Be merciful, I do entreat!
 Forget the lameness of my feet.
 Hear, only, in this heart-felt rhyme,
 The love that makes me wholly thine,
 And be a — twenty fourth part — mine!

24 Phi Signites

Here are two little rhymes: —

Ice cream I do like,
I eat it at sight.
So this poem I write
To get some tonight.

It was a strange condition, it would seem,
That our honored President doth make,
Through which all poetry takes the cream
But none doth take the cake!

Apostrophe to Cream.

The oyster hath his day of fame,
When salads vanish as a fleeting dream.
He hath his day. But all —
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Cream!

Thou art where friend meets friend,
At Ravenswood, beside the limpid stream.
Thou art where foe meets foe, and bean-bags lend
Their charm. And all unite to honor Cream!

The picnic hath its day —
Its long hot day, when all on sardines dine.
There comes a time when banquets hold their sway,
A time for richer viands — but all are thine.

We know when soda's at its prime.
We know when pumpkin pie should welcome be.
We gladly greet each in its time.
But worthless all, apart from thee!

Some of the happiest moments of my life
have been in Phi Sigma gatherings. Many life-long
friendships can testify to the heart-to-heart fellowship of our
members. And those lucky 18- we who married within
the Class, — are doubly grateful for our Sweethearts.

Jan. 20, 1921.

Amelia M. Fitch.

THE FREIGHTERS

I know what little cabins
The passing freighters see,
I know what pines and balsams
That stir unceasingly,
Keeping a wind among them
Blowing continually -

The buoys on the river
That turn and wink and turn -
I know the open places
Where the big brush heaps burn,
In sun the purple fire weed,
And in the shade, the fern.

The water from Superior
Comes downstream lock and lock -
The wa be way way honking
In a three cornered flock,
And the red sails of Indians
At Molly Johnston's dock.

The leaves fall with the summer,
And after comes the snow.
The cabins, like white canvas tents,
I know them, oh I know -
And up St. Mary's River
The dull red freighters go.

Janet Coxley Lewis

AN INDIAN BIRTHDAY: A SKETCH

The broad river of St. Mary's stretched for half a mile from the shadowy Island of Leaves to the peaceful shores of St. Joseph, rippled by the last sleepy gusts of evening and gilded by orange sunset from behind the trees of Neebish, gilded and then paled into the silvery yellow of evening. The hermit thrush had long ceased its exultant melody and the white throat its plaint; and all was still. Through the gathering darkness the long dark freighters slipped quietly up the river, with only the swish of the propeller to herald their coming; but with long quivering streamers of light across the water like beacon lights of friendship reaching to the shore.

And then amid the masses of gloom of many leaves, moving lights saprkled and twinkled; and an occasional voice or laughter told that the summer Islanders were on the move as might the mighty ancestors of Black Hawk have moved to council fire, toward this same spot, a clearing at the bend of the Island where the river hurling its mighty current toward the opposite shore, left here a smiling cove.

An inquisitive moon peered through the pickets of the pointed pines into a garden fragrant with roses and firs and crumpled grass, and saw the Islanders gathering as they had done for many summers to honor the Black Hawk's birthday. They placed their lanterns on the railingless porch across which floods of yellow lamp light poured a hospitable welcome from door and windows, and above which rose gaunt and gray, innocent of paint or ornament, the home of Red Leaf, like her, holding high its head, yet glowing and twinkling with friendliness.

Black Hawk, immobile as to face but radiant as to ceremonial coat, decorated with broad bands of brilliant scarlet richly embroidered by some dusky hand of a former generation, - Black Hawk, his red head band and feather intensifying the blackness of his hair, his narrow eyes, and his slender mustache, and the redness of his high cheek bones, - Black Hawk, the center of the scene, sat in solemn dignity listening with swelling pride while men of eloquence, these island visitors, passed the peace pipe of praise from lip to lip. He heard them praise his own achievements, heard again the pretty romance of his grand-

father who, an English officer, had wooed and won an Indian princess as his bride, or listened to tales of prowess, how Waubojeeg, his great grandfather, fought his ancient enemy, the Sioux, and drove him from the waters of St. Mary's to the far Dakota prairies; listened as did all the others, spell bound to the tale of Mongazid, his great ancestor who on the Plains of Abraham caught the falling form of Montcalm.

He sat in solemn dignity while his sister sang. She arose, a stately figure. Her aquiline profile was sharp against the red cloth of an improvised wigwam. Her braided hair, black in spite of sixty summers, fell over her shoulders upon the striped blanket she was wearing. She gazed into the silent forest, as if she saw her own mother sitting at the door of her birch-bark lodge and singing the little Black Hawk to sleep. She gently touched a tiny hammock that was swung before her, and, as it began to sway, sang the songs of the Ogibwas, sang the lullabys of her people, crooned to the imaginary baby, the binojee who would never be hers, but whom, perchance, she still longed for, "Hush, binojee, the sun of the night has gone up the sky, and all the birds are still." Nothing sweeter than her voice and her words ever fell from the lips of a white mother.

In sharp contrast to Indian song and legend followed the entertainment of the white Island guests, the pantomime, the play, the jokes, and jollities of youngsters and some oldsters, through all of which Black Hawk's dignity remained unmarred by undue merriment.

At last the program was ended. Every one had done his best to make this Indian Birthday a success.

Suddenly three long blasts and two short ones rent the air. A passing steamer had seen the lights and many colored lanterns and had contributed its salute to which Black Hawk replied by swinging a lantern slowly three times back and forth.

Then with sudden eagerness he announced that the best part of the evening's entertainment would follow. He called all the children to him by name, young and old, and gave each two rolls of birch bark from a basket at his side, and then lead them all, a happy, laughing, joyful line of them past the roses,

through the wicket gate to where in the moon light a pile of dead firs and spruces and hemlocks, stood like some gigantic wigwam a score of feet high, themselves braves of the forest who had withstood the darts and arrows of many a winter. Near by at a tiny bonfire the children lighted their torches and, holding them high above their heads, danced an Indian dance about the pile in a great circle of flaming smoking lights, of laughing faces, of grunts and Indian yells, of figures crouching and springing, dancing and swaying until at a signal from Black Hawk all drew toward the center, and thrust their torches into the mass of dry branches. Instantly the flames leaped up, lavender, orange, and pink, mounting, crackling higher and higher, and trailing off in a veil of sparks to the pointed firs black against the sky.

But look! A bar of light had spanned the heavens like a search light caught and fixed in a wonderful arch to celebrate the great day; and to the North shimmering, quivering lights flashed and danced across the sky. Some said that it was the Northern Lights, but wiser heads knew that the mighty ancestors of a dwindling race had come, too, to dance about the wonderful fire, to wave their ghostly blankets; to crouch and spring and dance, and disappear.

The towering wigwam of flame changed to one of glowing red branches, growing blacker and falling; the sparks grew fewer and fewer; the moonlight full, rich, and beautiful again; and along the river pathway the little lanterns twinkled and sparkled; the sound of laughter grew fainter and fainter, and the river and the moon smiled together.

Mary Eaton

①

PREAMBLE AND APOLOGY.

I think to Phi Sigma I owe some amends-
For things I've said - of you - my old friends-
Not to your faces but veiled dark attacks-
The meanest assaults - behind your dear backs!

I've heard you all talk of your own bright child-
Vociferous - Moderate - and even quite mild-
I've said to myself "You'd think that their son
Was the best God made - the best Only one!"

You know how we love to talk of ourself-
Our house - Our garden, Our car, Our pelf!
The stunts we pulled - the tricks of our youth-
Which we make pretty big - to tell you the truth!

We bow to ourselves - We take off our lids-
Because of our wits - Our folks and our kids!
But the bore who wears my patience down fine
Is he who tells yarns when I want to tell mine!

And the one who's next & nearest to him-
Is the parent who talks of their "Mary" or "Jim-"
And takes the 'tention of an entire big room
To tell how baby - "the cute thing said boom!"

Now I give up - I know you were right-
We've had George a year! I see a great light!
The words he says - the Songs he now sings
The way he can march - are wonderful things!
No child before was as smart at just three'
Not Corwin, nor Parks - nor Newell - nor me!


I look sharp in windows - where toys are galore-
They catch my eye now - but never before-
The monk on the stick - to me now's a joy-
George licks off the paint as I did when a boy!

And seeing him there as he sits in his chair
Takes me back forty years - in spite of white hair-
The blanket of age - its warp, weave & woof-
Are cast far aside - at sight of his youth!

I know not the future - Nor can I read stars
God often knows men - Just by their scars!
Should He éer ask to see my score card
To know what to do - accept or discard-
Wherever it is - in Mount, Vale or Gorge-
I'll just stand pat - and point to our George!

George is half orphan - and lives with us now-
We hope he'll grow good - and continue to grow!
Not turn out a lemon - nor even a lime-
But always inspire me to Voice out a Rhyme;

That is to say:-




THE PICNIC.

Out in our yard - on a bench Pa made
We et our lunch - right there in the shade!
En a big old Spider came down on a thread
En scared little George - En stuck on the bread!
En a old red head he pounded a tree
En pecked at a hole - where we could see-
En a squirrel sat on a stump of a limb
En George threw a doughnut - right straight at him'.

Ma made sandwiches - with nice boiled ham-
En spread our bread - with good peach Jam-
En you know what I had? - a little ole cake
In a pan by itself - at my mother'd bake!
En nother fer George - with a shampoed top-
With a letter G- at my fathered bought-
En a squirrel sat on a stump of a limb-
En George threw a doughnut right straight at him!

Georgie had milk - En me lemonade-
En dandeline wine - at mother'd made-
We had fer Pa - its homemade wine-
He took a sip - en said - "it's fine-
But it seems to me it lacks a kick!
Er somethings wrong! It needs a stick!"
Just then a squirrel sat up on a limb
En George threw a doughnut right straight at him!

Nen Ma she said "You all shut your eyes"
En I'll bring you somethin at el make you wise!
Nen she slipped way - En we all set tight-
Ner never looked round - to left ner right!
Till Ma came back - with pink Ice Cream!
Nen George he peaked en gave a big scream-
Till a little ol squirrel sat up on a limb-
En Georgie he threw a doughnut at him!



GEORGIES PRAYER.

George is three - Er just about there
But he can talk some - En say his night prayer!
En ask fer things - he never will get-
And stonishes God - pretty much - I bet.

He asks the Lord to bless his dear maw!
En lots of folks - we all never saw
En Howard, En Stanley, en nother called "Hi"-
En make em all good - "Fer Gosh Sake - Goodby".

Ma she tells him he musent say that-
Ner ask the Lord for a puppy er cat!
But ask for things way up in the sky-
En George he laughs en jest says "Why!"

She tells him to ask to make him real good!
Fer daily bread - Er other nice food!
So George he prays fer taters - En nen-
He says right quick - "Fer Gosh Sake Amen!"

My Pa he says at things is so high!
At most of the foods is up in the sky! -
An taters fer George er hardest to get-
En he'll reach pretty high fer ~~the~~ you bet
So Ma she takes em from Blue Label Soup
At Pa brings home from stores in the Loop.

George he yells when he's put to bed-
En squirms 'around - En bumps his ^{own} head!
Till Ma spansk him hard - En nen he'll cry
En hold out his hands and ask Ma - "Why".

Ma says softly "You'll waken the bird
Listen! - Was that one - I just now heard?"
En George grows quiet - En soon snuts his eye
En mumbles "Amen! Fer Gosh Sake GoodBye!"

But Ma she says 'at God understans-
En sees Little George with uplifted hands
En takes his prayer - fer what he intents
En says "All right" fer George's "Amens".

Handwritten signature

THE OL CELLAR DOOR.

Our basement has isment all over the floor
 En we go out thro a back cellar door!
 It ain't one door but two instead-
 En Pa can lift it with hans and his head!

It splits in the middle - En opens both ways
 En we see - an we slide - us children that plays!
 Once a ol nail stuck out of a board
 En Georgie slid down - En his pants was all tored!

En scratch his leg - with a big red streak
 En it didn't get well for mor'n a week!
 En Pa says "if Georgie is goin to slide-
 I think I'll tan a part of his hide!"

Ma says at George's too little to play
 With other children - En slide that way!
 Cause he's only two - En the others is four
 En slide too rough on our cellar door!

She sent em all home - En picked George up-
 En carried him in to play with our pup
 But Georgie he yelled - En started to cry
 Till Ma gave him dough to make a small pie!

Nen she took apples - an cinnamon stuff
 En made a real pie for us sure enuf!
 Then crinkled it round where juices would come
 By usin a fork - En finger - En thumb!

When it was done we et it all up-
 Georgie got some - En a piece for the pup.
 En Pa told George at never no more
 Must he tear his pants on the ol cellar door!

En scratch his leg with a long red scar
 By slidin on boards where big nails are -
 Unless he's sure 'at when he'd cry
 Mama would bake him a nuther big pie!

Life

(5)

THE GARDEN GATE.

Out in our yard we had a ol gate-
At swung on a strap - En never was straight
En when you went thro fer beets fer a meal
It ud foller you up En bump on yer heel!

Once little George went out there to play
En pushed the gate - but pushed the wrong way!
When it swung back it pinched all his toes
En blackn'd his eye - En bloodied his nose!


En Ma run out en picked Georgie up-
En as she came back - she stepped on our pup!
An George he screamed - the pup gave a yell
En Pa came out - An said " Goodness! Hell!

Has the Apaches again broken loose!
Er is a Eskimo - chasin a Moose? "
En Ma she says "Your comin quite late!
You better go out En fix that ol gate!"

So Pa got a board, En hammer En Saw
En said "I'll fix it to suit yer Ma!"
He got a new hinge - En spring fer the back
En straighted the posts - En filled up a crack!
En put a arch over - so roses can grow-
En raised the ol catch cause it was low!

Then with some paint - in a ol paint pot
He stained it green - En most of the lot-
Now the ol gate will swing either way
En makes it quite safe for Georgie to play!

"We'll put two roses right here" Pa said
"To show the spot were little George bled!
Fer this is the age fer Georges to shine!
Lloyd George - the King - En this Kid of Mine!"



THE SQUIRREL.

6

Erz a little old squirrel sets in our tree
On a little short stump - where a limb used to be-
He can set right up on one end En eat
A holden some bread with his little front feet!

He's got pretty tame - cause Pa treats him right
En gives him fresh water - En crumbs every night
He's only a baby - En doesn't run far -
Cause he ain't 'fisticated - as older ones are.

One day my Pa stood out on our walk
A holden a pail - to hear my Ma talk-
En this little squirrel - quick as a wink-
Ran down the tree to get him a drink!
En reached right out En held to the brim-
En dranked his fill! - En Pa watchin him!

Ma she said "My! ain't he too cute!"
En Pa said "You often can tame a wild brute
By kindness alone! but not a wild wife!"
En he dropped the pail - En run for his life!
Pretenden he's scared! En raised his han'
To ward off a blow - Er a big fryin pan!
But Ma she laughed - She knowed hes in fun
En never throws nothin to make Pa run!

Pa he's good to squirrels an birds
En little boys too - An Má. My words!
He buys me toys - An Ma - good things
An laughs when we're pleased - En hums en Sings!

Some day I'll grow an be a big man
En do good things es my Pa can!
En dance around with a funny big whirl!
En feed all the birds - En water the squirrels!



THE NEW BEE HIVE.

(7)

Out in our yard - by a Mulberry tree
Pa put a hive - with a ol queen Bee!
En a lot of others - workers he said
En some ol drones - loafers instead!

Pa says he'll have fine honey to sell
Not right away - but after a spell!
An maybe a swarm - if all keep alive
He'll raise an put in another bee hive!

Pa says that bees is gentle & kind-
If you treat em good - keep that in mind!
En tend your own business sure every day,
En keep yer eye pealed - en out of their way!

Honey bees pa says often gets mad-
En once quite a few - lit on his own Dad!
When Pas a small boy's bigs I am-
En stung him a lot - En Grandpa said "Damn"!

En his nose swelled up - Ens lip got big
He had to take whiskey - quite a large Swig!
En put on some mud - Jes yellow clay-
Bee stings is cured quickest that way!

Pa said his pa said it keeps a man young,
To always be busy - En sometime get stung!
It keeps his eyes open - En out of the wet
So Grandpa's livin & pretty spy yet!

Pa says he'll write old Burbank en see
Ef he can take nen the sting from a bee
En like a fire fly give it a light
So it kin work fast even at night!

2/11

(8)

SPRING.

When rains grow warm - and skies are blue-
Where clung the frost - now shines the dew-
When 'neath dead leaves - just through the mould
The Crocus peeps - both bright and bold-
When robins fly and blue birds sing
I thank again the Lord, for Spring.

When tiny streams break winters band
And gentle mists hang O'er the land-
And little pools of water show
Where once there stood the drifts of snow-
When buds appear - where dead leaves cling
I thank again the Lord, for Spring.

E'en from the harsh and brittle briar-
I'll gather songs of faith and fire!
For scarlet berries that seem dead-
I'll tune my Lyre - when winter's fled!
And with the birds and flowers sing-
And thank again the Lord, for Spring!

When earth begins to breath again-
And winter's sermon's done- Amen!
When on the barren spots - are seen
A misty veil of tender green
And here and there the snow drifts cling-
I thank again the Lord, for Spring!

H. Hamill

NOT SO LONG AGO

Why is it that a tone of voice, a fleeting expression, a gesture, a suggestion of a flavor, will hark the mind back along trails supposed to have been overgrown and lost years ago, and waken from their graves those who have long lain with the grasses waving over them? How comes it so?

But this particular memory was not evoked by the fragrance of mignonette, or a strain from an old song, or by young budding trees emerging from one of those fogs which come upon the North Shore when the South wind meets the icy breath of Lake Michigan. Its origin was not so poetic, although there was a hint of the dramatic about it.

When the Dry question was the topic of the day and the Wets were prating of Personal Liberty (at the same time taking care that there were plenty of bought-and-paid-for cartoons and editorials) while the Drys often said less than they could for fear they should expose family skeletons - one morning BLT came out with the plaintive query: Where will we get our washwomen of the country goes dry,- a query that made many laugh but set others to thinking. And so, there being no reasonable doubt but that "Rub a dub dub, Three men in a tub" was a veritable prophecy, foretelling the exit of the washwomen and the entrance of the laundrymen, will the VOICE be brave enough to print a humble Tale of the Tub (the shade of the redoubtable Dean Swift permitting) before the genus of washwomen becomes entirely extinct?

Southern mammies have been justly celebrated in picture and story,- their bountiful averdupois, chocolate visages and bright bandannas making them picturesque figures; but aside from Mrs Wiggs (who lived in Kentucky, did she not) and that Madonna of the Tubs who washed for the guests of an Eastern seaside resort, the white Northerner

whom Destiny has deposited in the watery lap of the tub, has hardly received the attention she so well merits. Perhaps the artist has failed to perceive the picture she makes as, flushed with steam and exercise, she bends over the irridescent suds; or the possibilities of her figure as she tosses the snowy clothes into the vaporous boiler; or the Blue Grotto of Capri effect that is attained when she immerses her arms with the household linen into the blueing water. And then out in the yard, where the wind keeps playing such merry pranks with her hair and skirts, training her muscles like those of a sailor lass as she hauls at the sheets and tries to pin them firm before they have a chance to blow away,- while over all the glorious sunshine is making everything sweet and wholesome once more.

Margaret Ogilvie used to say that her son just couldn't write a book without putting her into it and there is another one who finds it difficult to write anything without going back to the house where she was born,- a dear little white house with a flowering currant bush growing beside the green-shuttered door. There was a fence, also white, that separated the yard from the road and along that fence grew butter-and-eggs and, if you once got outside that fence and walked far enough, you would come to Auntie Hawse's. Then there was a hole under the fence that the big Newfoundland dog had dug for just such excursions and, if he happened to discover what was going on, the first thing the children knew he would come bounding along.

Now Auntie Hawse was a washwoman and Uncle Billy was her husband and he chopped wood, dug gardens, and cleaned off the snow, and they were very wonderful people to childish eyes and they, in turn, loved the very ground the children walked on. What fun it was to go to that little cottage, where the windows in the kitchen hooked up to the ceiling or slid to one side,- anyway they were not so prosaic as to raise and lower; and the dining table did not have leaves nor was it an extension table, but evidently one made by the carpenter who made the house after a pattern all

his own. Then the table was set with stoneware plates that bore mulberry colored pagodas and, like as not, a bountiful supply of biscuits and honey! (And each time you went there, there was the delightful possibility that that might happen again!) But all happy days must come to an end, and the scene changed from the little country town to the city, and now that flower garden is gone and the beehives have disappeared, and Auntie Hawse and Uncle Billy are but a memory.

But there are advantages to be had in the great city. For instance, one's acquaintance with washwomen is almost sure to widen considerably. As one looks back over the years, one sees all sorts and conditions of women, - fat and thin, black and white, clean and not quite so clean, drunk and sober, quiet and one that laughed at everything. The procession began with a Mrs McFarland, who wore layers on layers of hoods and bonnets, and whose face, while still very real, has grown dark and shadowy as an old Rembrandt that has been subjected to numberless coats of varnish. And the procession still continues, but the greatest character of them all was Old Kate.

At the time Old Kate came upon the stage, the family was living in a two-story and basement house, where the dining room faced the street. It was such a raw, cold day that it needed all the warmth of a Franklin stove and the pleasant suggestion of south windows, with a beautiful cat sitting in one of them, to make the place seem comfortable. The mother, reading the morning papers at one of the windows, was all at once conscious of a shadow on the page and of hearing a harsh voice asking if she had any work. Then, looking up, she saw a large, unkempt woman with a baby under her arm. Now, if ever a woman felt no self-pity at all, and a large pity for all suffering humanity, it was that mother; and, realizing how bleak it was and how hard it would be to be hunting for work on such a day, and how infinitely much harder it would be if one had a baby to carry, she invited the woman in quite as that peasant did in that story of Tolstoi's, "Where Love Is There God Is Also", and the woman came in and had a corner to get warm in, and something to eat,

and a bit of work to keep up her self-respect, and from that day until the time of her death she was devotion itself to that household. That little sketch of a washwoman that you were kind enough to glance at a while ago, did not fit this woman at all. She was ideal, but this was drab reality. Kate looked like a scarecrow, but, like a scarecrow, she fitted into the landscape. No gifts of clothes were capable of helping the matter any, for, before the next time she came round, she would always see some one whom she considered worse off than herself, and hand over to them all those things that had been intended to make her look more presentable. There was a time, not so long ago, when no woman would be seen with straight feathers on her hat, but that is the kind Kate always wore, because they were the kind that were thrown into the ash barrel.

Until the child was fully eight years old, they never had a room with a fire in it, depending on neighbors, saloons, anything, for a bit of heat and to deepen her misery Old Kate had the remembrance of a time when she had been out of her mind and at Dunning, and when she came to herself she was the mother of that child. But instead of embittering her, it seemed to make her so much more sympathetic than people usually are. When one thinks of Mary Ellen going out to service, it seems too droll, for what could the child know except how to dodge policemen when she was playing on the street after school, with her mother off somewhere cleaning house for some one? And then the next reports were that, everywhere she worked, she always told of that family who were such friends of hers, and how they had her to parties, etc, etc. You can imagine the indignation of the young ladies of the family, but Old Father Time has given a kindlier aspect to it, and the aforesaid young ladies (not so young now) can see that they were her one romance, and that all the Make-Believe of her childhood had been woven about that place where she had been fed and warmed. And it is not strange that she has stopped coming to that house, for she does not like to remember the day of small beginnings and, even if she did, doubtless her children

would resent it.

But there was another picture of Old Kate beside the one that was taken again and again of her giving away the clothes on her back; and that was the one that a neighbor happened to catch: Old Kate slipping into the yard and planting an Easter flower so that her beloved benefactor would come upon it and wonder where it came from.

There was a poster not long ago of a washing machine with the slogan DO YOU LOVE HER; the implication being that, if you loved your wife, you would certainly see that she had a washing machine, but the thought arose - if we loved them, might it not be a little easier to get a washwoman?

A LINE-O-TYPE or TWO

Hook to the Line - let those swallow who will.

Here's Hoping - A Rondo
New Year's Eve has come and past
And we're in deeper than the last
1920's lost in din
1921 is in.
Can't be much worse than the latter,
Why not try to make it better? Selah.

Easily Replaced.
Seen on an Oak Park truck - "Snow Bros. genuine
Ford parts!" At that rate the Messrs. Snow
ought to last for some time.

Hear! Hear!
(From Art and Fashion)
"On the art of growing old gracefully" - to
our way of thinking - the less art - the more
grace.

O Tempora - O Mercy!
Investigation of the Whys and Wherefores of
the egg merchants persuades us that their
motto is "To the victims belong the spoils"

A Horse on Someone.
(From the Menasha Wheeze)
"For sale - Pony coats for the horse show".
Could anything be more fitting? Neigh, neigh.

Tut, tut and again tut!
We understand the Editor of the Voice saw the
Scandals of 1920 and liked "em - "Mind the paint"
Edit!

This fake is conducted by I.F.C.
Help! Help!

So That's How?
(From the Apple River Blaze)
Wanted - a man to work in a garage - must be a
good mixer.

What about the Others.
(to Dr. Evans in Chicago Tribune)
What can I do for the itch? It mostly bothers
my two thighs so I can't sleep nights.
Ans. Grease those two.

One Guess.
(From Frozen Dog Arizona)
Dear Sir: What car do you recommend for crossing
mountain streams? Ans. A Ford - of course.

Pilgrims Progress - or not?
The ears of our worthy Puritan fathers must tingle
now-a-days, so much being said about them. I wonder
what they think about us and our Sunday golf - Jazz
music and Zeigfeld Follies? Can't we all join in
singing "The Old fashioned shimmy is good enough
for me."

Done To A Turn.

(From the Chicago Tribune)

"In a street car collision, Golden Brown, a negro, was badly injured". Hot stuff!

I.F.C. and R.F.C.Jr.

Flatly Speaking.

Because the tenants got so hot about it, the landlords think they don't need any heat.

Inverse Ratio.

To all the Colonel Cooties

We dedicate this song

If the women's skirts were not so short

The men wouldn't look so long.

Linked Up.

(From Barkerville News)

Fritz Frankfurter and Curly Shepherd were united in the holy bonds of matrimony Tuesday evening at the palatial residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fox Shepherd, 1313 Kenilworth Ave.

Heights and Depths.

(The Trapeze, O.P.H.S.)

She - "Why did they arrest the medium last night?"

He - "Probably some spirits objected to her raising the devil".

Blue Sunday.

It is not so much a question of what we do on Sunday, as what we don't do, like the man who tries to get something for nothing - he gets nothing and loses something. Re-creation, not recreation, is what we need.

From the Sublime to the Ridiculous.

(From the Daily Northwestern)

I like every minute I've been with you,
dear—
Every hour . . . Ye Gods, how they
flew!
I like every thought that you ever
thought,
Every inch that you ever grew—
Every mood that you have, whether hap-
py and gay
Or cross, or discouraged, or blue,
But I'll tell you something, Peggy my
dear:
What I really like best is just you.

I like every coot in your rusty brown
hair,
Every scratch you made on my canoe;
I like all the warts on your long freckled
hands,
Every scuff on your number ten shoe,
I like every hick on your paint be-
smeared face,
And your hiccoughs . . . I like them,
too.
But to tell you the truth, now Peggy, old
pill—
It isn't your hiccoughs, it's you.
O. W. L.

The first 100 yrs. are the hardest.

(From Daily News)

Mary B. wants a divorce from her husband, whom she says she has lived with for fifty years and can't stand it any longer. Fie, Mary, why so impatient?

From Vilas County, Wis.

Dear Sir: - Would like your advice as all the fish up here have gone on a strike; no scale will hold them, and they refuse to hook up with us. If you can give us a line on them will appreciate it. Cut out the gaff and let her fly. Yours -

Sinker Swim.

A Word to the Wise is Aplenty.
Mr. Baker's and Mr. Palmer's idea of dropping action
against war dodgers and slackers can be compared to
the old axiom "Let sleeping dogs lie", which is all
right, if they are chained.

"Say It With Flowers!"
Now what shall I do to treat a guy.
When I've got some goods I want him to buy?
For we can't get a drink at the corner store
Nor anything, anyhow, anywhere, anymore
(From the Hootch's Lament)

Poetically Who's - Who?
"To be or not to be, that is the question", whether 'tis
better to be born with a golden spoon or a silver tongue;
also, who else can extract tonsils with one hand and with
the other write an ode that in comparison makes a gorgeous
sunset look like a cubist anachronism -Echo answers -Who?

Another Tune
(From the West Suburbanite)
An outcry comes from Sing-Sing, where the use
of hair tonics, perfumes, etc. has been pro-
hibited. It is hard to believe such cruelty
exists.

A Musical Revue.
Dear Gwendolyne: -
I otta be working but I just gotta tell
you about the swell function I attended, (don't that
sound like real society Gwen?) last Saturday night. It
was a music recital and Min Partridge here in the office
got a bid for me thru a friend of hers. (tho why they
called it a recital gets me for nobody recited, 'less it
was a female who sat near me and never closed her mouth
once!) Anyway, it was perfectly swell Gwen, such a re-
fined air about everything - why I felt just as tho' I
was setting on my native heath, so to speak. And the
music was perfectly grand. There was what they called
a Colored chura Soprano, tho she was just as white as
you or me Gwen, who certainly made the welkin ring, as
they say in books, and her motions was so graceful and
expressive.

Then a man with that kind of hair they
call artistic and hungry looking eyes, played the violin
and gee, Gwen, now I certainly am glad my uncle's great-
grandfather played the piccolo and I was born artistic for
I sure did appreciate that music; it was heart rendering.

A man who sat near me kept saying "Very
interesting, very interesting". Well, whatever was, he
wasn't, and I didn't see nothing I wanted there Gwen.

Well, to resume, then they had what they
called Russian Tea - tho the only thing I say Russian about
it was the crowd around the table. And the clothes Gwen!
Well, you heard of women who put everything on their backs,
well, these didn't, but they looked swell.

O you otta went Gwen, you certainly missed
a grand time.

Well, here comes Lynx-eye, gotta quit,
so long Gwen, Laurabelle.

Atta Boy.

(From my son's diary)

'Tis the last rose of summer left blooming alone
They cost me a fortune and now they are gone.
For ~~me~~ never ~~were~~ a Society Bud,
I'll take a Wall-flower and give her a spud.

Light occupations.

Wanted - A live wire for electrical business - must
have good connections.

Inquiring Reporter.

Today's question.

"What is your greatest ambition?"

Dr. Corwin - To worst Dr. Newell in an argument.
Dr. Newell - To find an antidote for Dr. C's poetry.
Mrs. Funk - To start a chain of Economy Shops.
Mr. James Clinton - To conceal my talent as a humorist.
Dr. Valentyne - To form a Pastor's Union - big pay -
little work.
Mrs. DeMoney - To start a P.E.O. Chapter in every town.
Mr. Parks - To make a dry speech from a wet platform.

From Daily Northwestern.

A LETTER FROM AUNT HATTIE.

" . . . and now, William, that
you have returned to your books after
a fine vacation, I want you to study
hard and get the full good out of your
education. Am sending you a box of
dried prunes which your uncle Jake
and I picked last summer. Be sure
and soak them well in water before
you eat them because if you don't
they might give you a tummy-ake, as
we used to tell you when you were
little. You was certainly a cute little
codger. Your Uncle Jake and I was
talking about it the other night and
was saying that it don't seem pos-
sible that you are almost a man now.
And William, don't shoot the little
craps, they like to live as well as you
do. Lovingly, etc.

Ring out the old, ring in the new
Thoughts of the past still make us blue
Ring out the fales, ring in the true
The future's ours - the page is new
Phi Sigma - here's to you!

I. F. C.

Bugs - writer and written 1921 -

Each biting bug has lesser bugs to bite "um"
 Each plant a lesser plant, ad infinitum.
 For thus the preying process was begun,
 'Tis said, when primal ooze and life were one
 And protozoic algae were at odds
 With hostile trilobites and bracheopods.
 A hundred million years ago, perhaps
 Allowing for a few unworthy gaps
 Of time, all life was lived at sea, - an age
 Without a track or trace on any page
 Of rock ~~by~~ daring migrants from the slime,
 No vital footprints on those sands of time -
 Life only slithered through a streaming tide
 Each cell ate other cells, loved, fought and died.
 Through frightful eons in those fateful seas
 The fleeing swimmers flew by slow degrees,
 But grew to reptile horrors of the air
 To get their vengeance with their daily fare -
 And so, - to earth at length they ~~soar~~ and crawl
 Through aeons more, a mammoth race, of all
 The scaly, hairy, horned, dragon things
 That creep, or run, or hop, or take to wings.
 They come, a myriad host, in vast array,
 Through age and aeon, counted but a day
 From cell to multicell they evolve
 The first ameba and the latest brute -
 Each differs much in size and shape: - their plan
 To get, to eat, - the same in germ and man
 Earth, ocean, air maintain a common law:
 The ruling ethics of the tooth and claw.

(2)

But friends,—

'Tis time to change that savage meter;
To cook his meat and calm the eater.

Old Earth still sports an appetite

And Irish fists still love to fight
An epidemic Kaiser's plot,

A lynching tree, a strike, a lot
Of deadly holdups every week,
A revolution Bolshivek

And even Henry "Out of Luck"—

At last his "lizzie's" run a muck.

* If he has borrowed from the Jews

He soon may have to pawn his shoes.

But what does all this signify?

'Tis short to live and long to die.

Our troubles, at a distance seen

Are here, and there, and far between.

Our woes like Smallpox, indicate

Sure remedies; we vaccinate,—

Cheer up, sing not a dirge, nor weep.

Hope, faith and love are not asleep

Though Earth's still "wet", it's getting drier.

Ideals are bigger, broader, higher—

From prehistoric man to me

Is quite some distance you'll agree

He's paid his debt, and I'm his debtor.—

Safe bet! the world is getting better —
+ ~~###~~ +

* It is rumored that he has ~~recently~~ borrowed some ⁹ millions
from the Jews lately. The money market is tight, and
buyers on a strike —

Arthur Mills Corwin
MD

IDLE THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER FELLOW No. 9.

The other fellow had occasion some weeks ago to make a series of prolonged visits to one of those necessary adjuncts (I was going to say evils) of Civilization, known as a Doctor of Dental Surgery, or Tooth Cobler.

He had felt the necessity of this visit for some time but had postponed it as long as possible on account of a natural dread of the probable torture and an apprehension of a possible misfit, which would make it impracticable to indulge in a jaz dance for fear the false members would rattle and make his partner nervous.

Many clothiers advertise mis-fit suits, which are bad enough, but misfit teeth are infinitely worse.

The other fellow has always thought that Hamlet had in mind players with misfit teeth when he warned them against "Murthering" his words.

Then too with such a person a sneeze is apt to cause a calamity.

All of this reminds us of a man who claimed to have invented a set of false teeth which could be held in the hand, or placed on a convenient table or on the piano, and by means of which the food could be chewed before being put in the mouth. This inventor, by the way, was a clever and original man and had already applied for a patent on a labor saving combination hair brush and potato masher.

But this is not at all what was intended to be written about. We are wandering far afield.

Upon arriving at the den of the tooth worker, the other fellow was invited, nay commanded, to sit down in what looked like a barber's chair but which proved to have many points of resemblance to the sprightly electric chair at Sing Sing. No sooner seated when his head was shoved back into a V shaped device and held immovable.

by the Dentist with one arm and hand while with the other his mouth was pried open and the current turned on. The other fellow thought the Sing-singian method was about to be used but it proved to be only a strong search light being turned on and directed in to his mouth by means of which and by the aid of a small mirror the operator could look down his throat and in to him and see whether the ruin of the enamel on his once pearly teeth had been caused by an ultra-acidulated condition of the stomach. In this way the Dentist could determine whether to fill the tooth cavities with soft solder which is cheap but dissolves in acid, or with Portland cement which is both acid and fool proof, but more expensive.

By fool proof is meant that concrete teeth can be used to crack hickory nuts. Having determined on concrete the contractor produced a trip hammer arrangement, which acted like an air compressed riveter, used in riveting together the steel skeletons of modern sky scrapers, and commenced to work upon the unfortunate jaw of the other fellow.

He also put in a sort of cofferdam, to prevent the saliva from interfering with the work. What chance do you think the other fellow had? About as much as if he was strapped in the Sing-Sing Chair and the Governor had refused to interfere. The horrible situation was thus described by the near poet.

The poor Other Fellow was mum.

Like a sheep, with his shearers, was dumb,

His mouth was so full

Not a word could he pull.

But his thoughts? They surely did hum.

But this is 'nt what we started to write about at all. The other fellow happened to mention to Jim the Penman, that is Jim the Editor, that the tools used by the dentist looked like Golf sticks and felt éven larger, and the Editor told him to direct his idle thoughts to the drawing of the analogy (whatever that is) between

Golf and Dentistry. Well, how are they alike?

Both are expensive and both are the visible evidences of early decay. No one could well imagine a young, strong, perfectly healthy, well balanced and entirely sane person, playing golf. Neither would such a one be found in a Dentist's chair. Either case would indicate an early decay. To chase a foolish ball over an extensive landscape would seem to an outsider to be a sport too tame to be popular in Bedlam and too lacking in the essential elements of real sport to be popular anywhere else. Neither would one select the office of a Dentist, however popular, as an ideal place for afternoon tea.

But there is no accounting for tastes. In Zululand and some other foreign sea parts they thrust knives through their noses and insert sharp sticks under the skin covering their breasts. And in some communities, the female of the species, (who are, according to Kipling, more deadly than the male) make holes in the lobes of their ears and insert various articles which they call ornaments. And this, forgetting the words of Thomson, "For loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most."

But we are wandering again. If I wander much more you will think I am playing golf on paper.

To go back to the Dentist:-

After looking down the throat of the other fellow, the Dentist decided to tee off with a brassie, but as he swung it on the down stroke, the hooked end of the instrument caught behind one innocent tooth, which was only present, looking on, and nearly lifted the victim out of the chair. The Operator then backed up and decided to put, and he puttered around for an hour or so, breaking off huge jags of ivory and otherwise putting his victim hors de combat, (which by the way, hors de combat, is what we did to the Germans.)

The Golfer uses one tool which, I understand, is called a Middiron, possibly because as one swings it around it is apt to strike

the caddie amid. It is flat at the business end but must not be confounded with a flat iron, which is not a tool of golf, but an implement of family discipline. Regular Golf sticks are not practicable for family discipline, because by the time one gets so she can aim straight with them, she is too old to deal an effective blow. A broom is much better. Golf sticks are not, however, entirely without useful qualities as they can be used to beat rugs and are cheaper than vacuum cleaners.

Of course they are only used, in their natural capacity, by those who have nothing better to do. I would not dare to quote the line about what's his name finding "some mischief still for idle hands to do." To be sure those adicted to the habit do not have idle feet, however, their hands may be. Only it seems a pity to tramp down so much good grass when equal energies expended in swinging a schythe would save that grass for cattle which in turn would feed hungry people, and the same amount of time and brawn would raise lots of potatoes.

The other fellow does not know whether this bad habit has attached itself to any of the members of Phi Sigma, or not (We are all pretty busy people) so he does not know how much of a hazard he is up against.

But blame Jim the Penman, he selected the subject.

The other fellow wishes to particularly draw the attention of Phi Sigma to the fact that this number of his Idle Thoughts is fair, sane, impartial and couched in temperate language, and that he has not called bad names or held any of the members up to scorn or ridicule and that in particular he has not mentioned and does not intend to mention the names of Arthur M. Corwin, Wm. W. Newell, Dick Clinton, Harry Hammil, Andrew Arnold or any others of those disturbers of the peace and good order of society who frequent, (He will not say infest) the meetings of Phi Sigma.

The rear poet says:-

A good lot of sinners are so

The near poet says:-

A grand lot of sinners are we

The men of old Phi Sigma

When we write for the Voice

Our selections are choice

We are great at strong repartee.

The other fellow feels that he must explain himself to the new members of Phi Sigma.

This ninth of the series of idle thoughts is intended, like all the others, to deal in airy persiflage, with no excuse for being written except to waste time in the reading (like Golf in the playing) and should those new members who do not know the other fellow in his saner moments, really believe the article to be seriously intended, he would have to paraphrase the line of Tom Hood, (or was it Holmes?) and say:-

"And now I never dare to be as foolish as I can."

Samuel Shaw Parker

THE QUARANTINE BLUES.

In these days of sanitation,
Anti-toxin, germicide
Lysol, rank, and vaccination,
Where's a poor bug goin' to hide?

Everybody's chasin' of him
'Til they're mad and tired and lame
Not a soul on earth to love him
"Move on" is his middle name.

Moves he, 'till in desperation,
Hounded, hungry, gaunt and lean
Refuge finds, from care cessation,
In the pleasant Quarantine.

Here he finds sweet sanctuary
'Tho his hosts may rant and rage
Brings his wife and kids so merry
Hopes to reach a ripe old age.

Quarantine at last is lifted
All his dreams of peace are lost;
Relations strained, yea even sifted;
Comes a dreadful holocaust.

Preachers speak of a location
Where there isn't any snow,
Germicides or sanitation;
That is where that bug may go.

Hortense Patten

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Hortense Patten

A "MOVING" TALE.

Having made a certain locality your habitat for many years, you take much for granted. The drinking water is good. That's nothing, it should be! The doctor gets out of his warm bed and hastens to you through the cold when your youngest has eaten indiscreetly at dinner. That is what doctors are for!

But, sojourn a short distance from home and encounter drinking water that is vile; trek to some section where there "ain't no such animal" as a doctor; then you begin to realize that things are pretty comfortable at home.

Suddenly you contemplate with-drawing permanently from this "comfy" community. Things, institutions, people, take on an entirely new aspect. The public buildings look different. Where was only the Library Building before, you see now a charming Home of Books, satisfying in substance and design. You note, as if for the first time, its attractive south window, bright with flowers by day and revealing inviting scenes of warmth and coziness by lamplight. The churches are architectural revelations and with regard to your own, the very lintel of its door is eloquent of your friends, who pass beneath it as they go about their Master's business.

The lights on the Avenue, reflecting damp pavements, shine in a familiar, friendly way. For years you have alighted from the Blank Street surface car at the busiest street intersection but Wallace's never stood out as anything but a shoe store before. Now it is the business house of a kindly old gentleman who has many times fitted rubbers over the muddy little shoes of your small Hopefuls.

The little Park you have loved. You remember when the old residence was razed and a famous landscape gardener's art helped bring the park into being. It may happen that you will not walk there again on a misty morning in early spring. You may not see it again when the frost fairies have been at work and each separate twig and branch bends in graceful sprays of fragile loveliness.

At evening on your street the lights glow softly

through friendly windows. Windows you have seen bright with festivities and darkened when sickness and sorrow were there. Good neighbors are like the marriage vow, "In sickness and in health."

There have been flurries and tense moments, but you know in your heart, if you fell and got broken anywhere, (and even rotund, apparently pliable ladies have had this very thing happen to them,) Mrs. So. and So. and Mrs. Such and Such--yea, and Mrs. Thus and So, would hasten to your home, bringing capable hands, help, and, perhaps, best of all - laughter and fun, and you would rise up and call them blessed, providing you were not broken in the wrong place. You may travel far and take up your abode in Kokomo or Podunk but this has been your home during the best part of your life for making friends and there is a holy of holies set apart in your affections for them.

And your friends' children! Where will your kiddies find others so lively or interesting? It was years ago you learned to applaud and mediate, but never attempt any setting to rights between your own children and anothers. The mother of a child under six is a tiger defending her young against all comers, and perhaps it is just as well that way, too. At any rate, let her alone. Many wasted hours and tears may be avoided by an adherence to this simple rule.

Such changes as there have been! The whiney little boy who took his own temperature each morning is a University Soccer Star now, and I've no doubt that "little devil," Buddie, next door will grow up to be a deacon in the church. It would serve him right!

The little home barque, the skipper of which you have sailed and fought with for twenty years, has touched at different ports, but none so hard to sail away from as this.

But, up with the anchor and give thanks that you go not far. The new port is direct on the sea's highway and should friends chance to voyage that way, there would be feasting and rejoicing in their honor.

Hortense Patten

GET THE HABIT.

We venture to asseverate that no one who has seen the Broadway Players at the Warrington Theatre needs to be told that Oak Parkers are very fortunate to have entertainers in their habitat who would merit a long run at a loop theatre in either of several plays they have staged for one week periods.

"Excuse me from stock companies" was common Oak Park parlance when these players essayed to take up the burden which had proven too much for their predecessors.

It is true that in the first four weeks they must have lived mainly on hopes and credit. At present all hammers are buried and the predominating comment is "How did such a strong organization ever happen to come to the Warrington - it seems too good to be true".

The Broadway players are not only confined to six days in the week, but at present are devoting Tuesday evenings as a benefit for some charity or other good public cause, so that every good citizen and citizeness should encourage them to stay and continue giving the biggest dollar's worth in these parts, by making a resolution to attend each play that is put on.

This is not an advertisement, but merely emphasizing facts that bear stressing. We would refuse to accept passes if offered and prefer to boost for the sake of helping out a good cause, while it is helpable, rather than to keep mum now and write an elegy later.

Jac.

TOMMIE to SOPH

Monday Night.

My Dear Pal and Cuckoo: -

Well here I am, en route, as the saying goes, only couple hours from old Chi and you, starting my first letter in the ^{caboose, which they calls the} observatory car, and the only guy who thinks enough of his best girl to miss her so much and so quick as to commence writing so suddenly.

A party who saw us aurevoiring at the depot is giving me a I-got-you-Steve squint, but it makes no neverminds to me for I'll toss up my hat and tell the world there's none better than my nifty side-kick. How's that for handing you a package Soph?

Now, on the other hand, while your outlines and specifications are all to the good, I'll say a long distance hand-shake is no way to leave a guy that's got the nerve to go to California to pull the stunt of carving his fortune and sending for you when he gets the jack. You should of took my hint and went to press with me catch as catch can and anyway slipped me a quick breaking smack on the mug.

There is lots of fine lookers on this here train, and how do I know but some of them may vamp me now, where if you hadn't been so tight with your feelings they would of kept off the grass.

Speaking of these dames makes me think about just after we started - a bird in my car says to the porter "George, the ladies seem to predominate this trip" and the porter comes back "Yessah but it aint so bad in dis cah as de uddahs".

There's chickens to the front of us and chickens to the back of us but antiques in Bonita - that's the name of our car, and Reposo is the next one ahead. It looks the Pullman

car namer must be getting very negligay, hey Soph?

Well, it's eleven bells - me for lower two in
Bonita - nighty, night Bo.

Following is what happened after the aforesaid -

There is a English Jane in upper 6 and when I made my ontray in Bo from the OB. car, here she comes down the lane. Now, she is built like a 20 story building on a 25 ft. lot, and being in a upper instead of a lower don't bother her none. I calls her So-long-Mary; she is so long she can reach clear out of God's knowledge. Be that as it may, starting from the bottom, first was slippers, then some natural, then linen pants (on the square I swear they was), above that was some kind of a light abbreviated overcoat and a fluffy ruffles pink-and-white thing on her head. She was a scream and I could hardly keep from exploding when we came face to face. I put several birds onto this so she'll have a bigger audience tonight. If Mack Sennett had been there he'd a signed her for life.

At breakfast I was sat at a two cylinder table with a extra-sober looking skirt - oh, she was more reserved than a theater with no standing room for sale, so I wouldn't even ask her would she pass the salt. But, high, low and behold before she got through her shredded wheat she thawed and we was talking about this, that and the other. It seemed she had taken a posted graduate course at the U. of Chi. and was handed a doctor's decree. She talked matter-of-factly about metaphysics and I pretended it was a swell subject for breakfast with a stranger.

Later, when I was in the smoker, the conductor comes in and says "Is there a doctor here?" No one answers so I told him I met a woman doc at breakfast and that I think she roosts in Reposo. He thanks me and says a young lady is sick in Wetamoo.

"Soph it looks like I made a bone play in regards to telling the con about that woman because the next time I saw her she seemed quite parboiled and looked like she wanted to intorduce a process of recrimination towards me. She kept her thoughts to herself but I don't believe they were such as to be fit company for a perfect lady.

I suppose the sick girl's case wasn't in the metaphysics line and my tipping off to the con she didn't take in the right vein or artery. It made me vow a vow never to think I know anything about what a strange woman is libel to want a guy to do.

It kinda dopes out that the ones which look like they are willing to meet a guy half way or three quarters probly will give him a jolt if he gets a little familiar, while those he is apt to pass up with the idea of playing safe are maybe like this here Mona Lizzie waiting and anxious for a bird to start the proceedings, so both kinds get sore at what he does, whether it is something or nothing.

Oh Soph, you are a ding dong bell
Your charms are more than I can tell
Of course you know all this darned well
But I am missing you like - everything.

I must be turning in or what's the use of paying for a Pullman bed, so here's where I put on the reel entitled "Full speed for Dreamland".

With a whole volcano ruption of love,

Yours personally,

Tommie

The next week Wednesday.

My Dear Lalapalusa: -

Now you may think it funny I only wrote you once and that was the first two days on the train coming here to Los Angeles, but I didn't have a good chance after that on the train and when I landed here there was no letter waiting like I was in hopes there would be, although it finely has come. What's the idea about being so p'lite, and though you didn't need to be mushy, just saying a few things to brace me up as to where I stand wouldn't of cost you nothing. At the same time, knowing your constitution and by-laws, any small favors are received flamboyantly (whatever that means) but the larger you come through the more reckless the abandon. I am kidding myself along like a C. S. that you maybe would think that jollyng me any more than this might of cost me the price of a new lid or the public-be-damned would of thought that my conduct afterwards must be such that I am breaking the 18th Amendment. You don't even say I am in the last niche in the last row of your Hall of Fame.

Now, believe me, the next time you write, if the tone sounds to me like I was just an alsoran I will have to decide with deep regrets, as they say, that it is me for the discard and there will be no comeback.

From where I left off in the other letter, things went pretty good except when we got in the mountains a tire come off a big front wheel of the engine on the left hand side nearest the canyon, that did not look as though it had no bottom, so while we was only derailed it struck me as though it was going to be a detour to our finish. That made the train late and I was starved when we reached our predestination.

I had wired Billy White and he was there to

meet me. This town seems to specialize in swell-looking cornfed girls and I have met a number I gotta admit, but Selma and Marie are the class of the Coast. They was up to Billy's place. At first they acted like I wasn't on earth but finely Selma came over and sat on my knee, and just to be p'lite I says "I'll make a bet that I can hug you tighter than you can me", and she only looked me in the eye and says "I bet you can too". Then Marie comes over and joins the party so I says to her "Let me give you a kiss and if you say you don't like it I will never ask for another", but she said it was lovely and duplicated the order. We had a charlesdickens of a time and it was funny because neither one seemed to take no exception to the triangle, and they took the Los out of Los Angeles for me. As you were Soph! These are only kid sisters, five and three years old respectfully.

You say in your letter not to get in the movies, but it looks like I will have to either do that or try to get a job on a ranch. I don't mean to be no actor on the stage, but they need good decorators setting up fake rooms at the Union scale and plenty of overtime at time-and-a-half, and maybe I can get by as one. I will go the rounds more and see what else there is, also wait to hear if you think this is O.K.

Everybody's on the go, also the earth, which they say have done several shimmies lately, which caused lots of folks frigazee-of-the-brain so they hiked to other fields, but the town limits is only stopped by the ocean and the mountains so they have

so they have the biggest square miles of any burg on earth.

I haven't spent a thin dime on any girls but Selma and Marie, and with continuously confounded interest and wishing you happy days, also hoping you are well, including your mother, I am, your ne plus ulster kid.

With as much love as your termination ^{facilities} can hold, happy days.

Write quick or wire me if you are lonesome,

Tommie.

(James A. Clinton).

THE SONG OF DEATH.

A Tale of the mountains of the moon.

Do-you-know-those-mountains-yonder,--the-Mountains-of-the-Moon?"

The question was asked with difficulty between the quick breaths as the old man lay propped outside the tent with his face to the West. The evening mists had settled and the night was clear. The old man seemed to shiver a little and I brought a skin rug from the tent and gently laid it over him, but careful as I was he caught his breath with pain when it touched him tho no sound came from his lips which seemed unduly white beneath the African tan.

"You mean the name the Arabs use for the range yonder" I asked.

"Yes," said the ^{old} man, "and-tonight-is-a-good-night-to-see-why-they-call-it-that."

His speech came brokenly and we sat in silence except for his hurried breathing and gazed away across the deserted plain some thirty miles to where Mt. Kibo, the highest crest of the Kilimanjaro mountains rose a clear four miles into the midnight air. The moon was at its full and directly over head, and the effect was startling even at that distance. The whole body of the mountain mass was lost in the shadows of the night, but the great snow cap of the giant peak glowed and glistened under the moon and no one could understand how the native had worshipped it. The air grew colder as we watched, and at last I rose and replenished the fire and then turned my attention to making the old man comfortable. I had arranged his blankets and skins and a warm drink which he sipped gratefully tho with extreme difficulty and then I prepared to leave him for the night when he spoke again.

"No-,you-must-not-leave-me,-for-I-must-tell-you-my-story-tonight;-tomorrow-it-will-be-too-late." Each word was an effort that cost him pain but there was no lack of decision in his manner and one could see he had lived to be obeyed. So I brought my own blankets nearer to his and wrapped myself up to listen. It was such an experience as comes only once in a lifetime, and all thought of sleep was banished as I looked into his strong and controlled face. At once it came to me as I

looked that I was going to believe what this mantold me, and a great sympathy for him, suffering the pain of his broken body came over me, and then I forgot all about him in the wonder of the story he told there under the African stars. He told it without interruption from me except for a question now and then when I did not understand him, and the pauses which came when his failing strength left him for a moment exhausted. But his indomitable will which had carried him thru so much in the heart of the black continent did not fail him now and he went on the more and more brokenly to the end. To make the story easier for the reader I have left out the gaps when he paused for breath and when the pain caused him to close his eyes, and I am telling it as a connected whole.

"The natives called me 'The Hand of God' he began, because of my straight shooting with the rifle. Many a one has owed his life to my presence at a time of crisis in the hunt whether from the elephant or tiger or buffalo, and they have not been ungrateful thru the years. I have just been to England for the first time in 30 years. I took good yellow gold with me to pay my passage and keep me while seeing the great cities which I had only heard about for the score and a half of years in which I hunted and prospected here in the heart of Africa. And when it was time to come back I knew I should never see England again; and in bidding her goodbye I brought out with me the things I had wanted so long and could not get here. I came back with the best rifles the world afforded, and I brought my own equipment to make ammunition with when the supply I brought out should be exhausted. I had wonderful clothes for the veldt, and a camping equipment which probably no other man ever had here, and I came to stay and enjoy the rest of my life in such hunting as pleased me, for I had enough to live on and I thought my real days work was done and I was entitled to finish my days as I pleased and on that plan I started out.

The lure of Africa is a very real thing. When I landed at Zanzibar I began to feel at home as I had not felt it in England, and the days of preperation for the trek inland were as happy as any of my life. I was coming back to the life I loved, the life that had possessed me for thirty years, and I planned every package and hired every boy of my company with the greatest satisfaction. I have not the strength to tell of the friends I met and the good times we had before I took the

trail for the interior for I have only strength for what you are entitled to hear and I will tell only necessary things. I came inland over the old familiar route and it was a happy day for me when yonder mountain, partly hid in the clouds but still sufficiently visible rose above the plain and I knew I was nearing the first extended camp I was to make. I sent back my carriers when my camp had been established and kept but three boys who were to serve as cook and helpers as need arose. Two of them had served with me before and the other was a friend of theirs so I was happy in knowing I could depend on their faithfulness so far as a native will be faithful in this mysterious land.

I suppose I had spent two months in occasional hunting, when one afternoon I found my gun-bearer fingering a curious piece of stone. I took it from him and noticed as I did so he was looking at the top of the great peak yonder. The stone was a conglomerate and streaked all thru with silver. As I looked up my gun-bearer was muttering to himself and I had him repeat what he had said, namely, that the top of Mt. Kibo standing 20,000 feet above the plain was made of silver and that this stone had come from the summit. I knew of course that only two men had ever reached the top, but I could not but be struck with what he said, for the Arabs have called it the Mountain of Silver as well as the Mountain of the Moon.

I knew of course that neither my boy nor any of his friends had been to the top of the great peak to get this stone, yet the stone was here and if any man did know where it came from his fortune might become one of the great fortunes of the earth. The boy was backward about telling anything further and there was some fear in his eyes when I told him he must tell, and even then I got nothing from him but the statement that if I would come with him he would show me the place. I rose up at once to go but he turned back and secured two of my rifles one of which I carried, the regular game rifle, while he carried the elephant gun which is no light load. He had a special respect for this weapon as I well knew, and I had the feeling it gave him greater confidence in going to whatever we were to meet to have it along. There was no one else about camp as we started on the trip which he said would not take long; but it was sufficiently long so that he will never come back and as for myself I saw the last of my camp that afternoon, and unless you take back the story my other two boys will never know what

has become of me."

I looked at the old man closely to see how much might lie behind his last words, for it did not occur to me then he was about to die. Did he think the passage was closed behind him and that some power would keep him from returning? I could only guess, and so said nothing as I settled back again to listen, for it was easier for him to speak when there ~~were~~ no interruptions and he could follow entirely his own thought of what he wanted to say.

We had not gone far on our trail, he resumed, when I perceived we were going along a path I had not yet taken and which led directly toward the lower of the two peaks which made up the great mountain mass. Mt. Kibo was the higher but lay further west. As we had come in from the east coast the lower peak known as Mt. Mawenzi was nearer to us and toward this we were now travelling. I suppose we had moved forward fifteen miles and I was beginning to wonder how much further we had to go when my boy stopp^d abruptly and unrolled a package of lunch he had brought along. I asked him how much further it was and he said not far, but that he preferred to have me eat before we finished the journey, which was his way of saying he did not want to finish the trip without eating himself. I made no objection~~x~~, and yet I noticed he took an unusually long pull at the flask of tea he carried for himself at his girdle while carrying a second flask for me? The boy seemed to be under some excitement, but I could see nothing in the surroundings to cause alarm and went on in full confidence we would soon come to a vein in the mountainside which would reveal where the rock of silver had been found. Suddenly my boy halted and pointed to a mass of low bushes against the side of the mountain. Then taking my arm, to have me close at hand to support him he slowly drew me toward the spot he had indicated. I was somewhat disturbed and drew my revolver to be ready for the unexpected. He parted the nearest bushes and there before me lay the body of a native with the flies buzzing overhead and a mark darker than the black of his skin showing where the blood had dried on his forehead from a wound just below the temple. I stooped over him and could see he had been killed by the blow from some blunt instrument. Beside him lay a broken sack from which had rolled a few pieces of rock. I picked one up and it was the mate to the rock of silver my boy had brought. The white metal was all thru it and

5.

and my blood ran somewhat faster than common as I realized we were on the trail of a real discovery. I had just straightened up with the rock in my hand and had not yet had time to speak when there was a sharp report and a rifle ball clipped thru the leaves over our heads, and I wheeled to find myself for the first time in my life looking down the barrel of another mans gun. But that did not surprise me so much as to see the kind of man he was. I was looking at the most magnificent specimen of manhood I had ever seen. About six feet and an inch I would say, dressed plainly but in the best the world had to offer, and tho bronzed by constant exposure to the weather he was as surely a white man as you or I.

I started to walk towards him to express my surprise and greetings when he spoke and I then remembered he had fired a shot in my general direction and that I was still covered with his weapon. This time I looked at him more carefully and was as much amazed the second time as the first, for in bearing and features he was a king among men if there is such a thing. There was a quiet power him it is utterly impossible to describe, and yet I felt it in those first moments as certainly as I was to see and feel it in the days to come. There was no excitement about him, but as soon as he saw he had my attention he lowered his gun and leaning his arm on it spoke very quietly.

"You have come to find the body of my slain boy and his bag of silver. You must know something of how he died," he said, and then waited looking at me the while as tho we were in his drawingroom in England and he were speaking of the mounting of a butterfly instead of the death of a man. By this time I had sufficiently recovered to speak and told him how I had come after seeing the piece of silver my gun-bearer had brought into camp. He turned slowly to look carefully at my boy ~~who~~ ~~the~~ ~~he~~ ~~spoke~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~native~~ ~~tongue~~ ~~and~~ ~~asked~~ ~~how~~ ~~he~~ ~~came~~ ~~in~~ ~~pos-~~ ~~session~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~silver~~ ~~stone~~, and my boy sulked and was afraid and said he had found it. There was an instants pause and then a flame seemed to blaze in the strangers face and he hissed some word to my boy I did not understand. I turned to the boy as he spoke and the change in him was instantaneous. The boys eyes went wide, there was a tremble to his lip and suddenly he fell to his knees and called the man by some title, I could not catch it, and then pleaded, "Y
es I

"Yes I will tell ~~him~~ all. Just let thy slave live."

"Speak," said the stranger, and the trembling boy needed no second command. He had been passing along the trail; a woman lived that way and he had followed her. On his return he had seen birds hovering over the bush, the scavenger birds of Africa, and knowing the meaning he had parted the bush to see what had died there and found the body and the silver.

The effect on the stranger was apparently satisfactory. He turned again to me and asked for the loan of my boy to help cover the body with stones as there was no other burial possible for the moment; and it was a queer sight to see the power of the man as he adjusted this and that rock to suit him, while my boy carried and obeyed as he had never done for me. The silver was hidden in one end of the pile and then the man turning to me said we were now ready to go on to his camp. I looked at him in wonder.

"I have no desire to go further" I said; the day is passing and it is three hours journey from here to my headquarters. I am indeed sorry your boy has been killed but I do not see how I can be of further use now. I will bring a hundred men and we will search the mountain for the murderer tomorrow if you wish, but tonight I will return to my tent!

The stranger looked at me with a kind of high patience. "It is true you do not know me," he said kindly, and then as he spoke his voice gathered in strength; "but you will find it sufficient to trust my judgment. Before you arrived I had searched my servants body; the silver was a blind. He was taking out a message, and the silver is left while the message is gone. The time has come for action and I shall need your help." He again looked at me most carefully for a moment and apparently satisfied about something he came up till his body touched mine. Knee to knee, chest to chest we stood. I am not a small man but he towered above me a good three inches, and for a moment I who have scarcely ever known fear wondered what might come of the strange movements of my companion; and then looking into my eyes and saying never a word he took my hand in a strange manner. Suddenly my heart leapt within me; I have not told all here but I have told enough for out of the past there surged thru my broken memory a certain great call for help; and while I had forgotten the answering sign I quickly drew a simple figure in the ground at our feet; a moment later we had both

stepped upon it and clasped our hands; and with no knowledge of who he was, and with no question from him as to who I was we turned our backs upon the trails to Zanzibar and the coast and as the sun began to dip toward the horizon we turned sharply to the west with my elephant gun bringing up the rear and for an hour made no sound save as our heavily shod feet crunched the gravel of the fading trail we were following up the mountain.

It was just dark when we came to the trail's end. It had not brought us anywhere except to a shelf of the mountain where was a cleared level place?. From here we could look back over the great valley toward the river and then toward the west where rose the giant foot hills that lay between us and Mawenzi, the lower of the two great peaks which make up the mountain mass. We stood there in the hurrying twilight for a considerable space. My companion was studying the ground beside him. Once he walked to a bush and attentively examined it. Apparently satisfied with what he found he returned and speaking for the first time within an hour stated we were near the end of our journey. He said we would find camp comfortable and he asked me to show no surprise at whatever might happen. I was to understand he was my friend, and that if good came to him it would come to me also, and if we were successful in our mission we would both realize we had reached the end of our labors. He said this very quietly and very confidently and I was lifted in my soul as I have never been lifted by any other man whatever; and out here on the veldt we come to know men too. But without waiting for my reply the stranger turned and led the way down an almost impossible declivity. Partly walking, partly slipping we came at last to the bottom about a hundred feet below the top and then turning abruptly we entered a cave. There was no confusion here, no one seemed surprised but myself and my boy still carrying the elephant gun; but how they knew we were coming was beyond me. The cave was not large as mountain caves go; perhaps forty feet ~~deep~~ wide by a hundred deep, and with torches burning round the sides, though the mouth of the cave turned so that no light was visible to anyone crossing on the other side of the valley. Perhaps 30 men were standing round the sides as we entered. We stopped for a moment as we came fully into the light till our eyes became accustomed to the change from the night without. Then the leaderspoke and without confusion many things happened. First two

natives came forward and relieved us of our guns placing them behind piles of blankets and skins, so that each of us as he sat had his own gun directly behind him and in easy reach. Then we were led to a hollow in the rock where cool water was ready and we washed; at least the leader and I did. I do not remember about my carrier boy. Then we two were seated at a table made from the bamboo which grows so plentifully on the mountainsides and food was set before us; For one I was hungry with the long walk and the excitement of the day.

After supper we smoked while the men withdrew to the back end of the cave and prepared for sleep. The fire was getting low when there was a call of the mountain warbler, the good-night sleepy call of a tired bird; this was repeated twice. The man opposite me had raised his head at the first notes of the call and listened intently. When it had ended I was more startled than by anything that had happened up to that time as the answering call of the birds mate sounded right beside me within the cave. It was not at some distance but was right there, just where I was. The stranger smiled at my wonder and then I remembered myself and settled back; he had answered the call himself for it was the passing of the night signals which meant that all was well. My host rose, stretched his magnificent height upwards, and then pointing to the blankets where I was to sleep with my rifle just at my hand he bowed and turned away to his own, and in a few moments there was silence in the cave except for the heavy breathing of sleeping men.

It was still dark when I awoke. The light from outside but dimly lit the cave even at noonday and it must still have been early dawn. I had no idea where I was and made no effort for some time to collect my thoughts as I seemed to be in dreamland. There was faint music in the distance; it might have been in some cathedral, and I half dreamed and was borne along on the deep full tide of it? Then I was wider awake and suddenly fully so and with every nerve atingle. Had I not lived for 30 years in Africa? Yet I had never known what was happening now. I suddenly sat up and strained every nerve to listen and understand what was taking place.

Nothing was moving in the cave so far as I could see but the cave was full of sound, sound which came from a distance; it was some form of chant. I had never heard anything like it save that it resembled the few songs I had heard the natives sing when they sang of death. Yet they never sang it as this song was sung; there was a recitative quality about it, and the movement was slow and not of great volume at the first; but gradually the tone rose from level to level with a strangely weird note that thrilled me even at the distance that separated me from its source; and then it rose again; a voice, a great voice, a voice in a thousand with such control and melody in it till it came to the last change is a higher note still. Think not from this description that it was in a high register; it was all in the range of a bass voice and that made the high notes all the more penetrating and powerful. It was the voice of a man and as it rose to the last level the power and the passion of it rumbled thru the cave. My eyes were more accustomed to the light now and I noted the forms of the natives with their heads to the floor as they listened, and when it suddenly stopped there was a sort of a gasp as strong men drew breath again after long suspense. I turned to my own boy and he was prone like the rest, and he trembled as he rose when the sound ceased and came over to me. I had never seen him so tamed and fearful as at that moment.

Then there was the sound of heavy feet along the cave floor and my host of the night came from the rear of the cave, and it flashed over me in wonder--Could it have been his voice? And if yes, why? Had he chanted that terrible thing in a hidden room behind the cave? And if it had been he, to what purpose had it been done? He did not pause beside me but went on to the mouth of the cave. I followed slowly, and as I did not wish to intrude on him I stopped at the pool of water and again bathed my face and felt fresher for what the day might have in store for us; then I went on to the cave mouth.

The dawn was not fully come; the deep valley below us was still in the shadow, and then as I looked upward there rose into the blazing light of the sun the two great peaks, Mawenzi close at hand and Mt. Kibo seven miles further on, the highest things on the A

African continent, and both of these great peaks were silver white into the sunlight as a new day swept in resistless flood over these Mountains of the Moon.

It was when I turned back from this wonderful picture that for the first time I noticed the woman; she must have followed the leader out when he came from the back of the cave. At the same moment he turned and saw her also. It was worth living for, to see these two together. She was black it was true; but have you seen a beautiful black woman? One in whom the nobility of character stands out in her erect carriage and the fearless yet modest eye?

Well, this was such a woman; nineteen or twenty years of age and just in the full flush of young womanhood. There she stood before him with her soul in her eyes, and if ever a dog looked unutterable love and devotion to its master she looked these things as the sunlight from the great snow peaks opposite was reflected in her face. And he? Well he stood there, and there seemed to be just a little droop in the great shoulders and a look for a moment as of pain in his face as he looked down upon her.

It seemed the look a father might give to a child who could not have what it wanted and whose disappointment grieved him. Then he spoke to her and it was in the common speech and standing there I could but hear all he said. 'You have been faithful to me beyond the ways of woman' he began and you have made it possible for me to succeed. Without you I would never dare return to the cliff; but you have taught me the song and if I succeed it will be because what you have taught me has saved my life; and if it does succeed your name will live while the stories of the great and faithful are told among the people.'

There was a pause and then in hurried little tones she answered him. That she loved him was all too plain, and that she was his to the uttermost limits of giving was also plain, and what she said, simple as it was could not have been said better by the great of the earth and I felt I was looking deeper into the human heart than I ever should again. Her voice was low and beautiful.

"Yes if you succeed my name will live among the names of the great and faithful; but what of me? Am I not as much as my name? I have taught you it is true, but not that I might gain a name by it; you are my life and I have helped you that you might succeed and yet if you do succeed I lose you forever.

There was a long silence and he made no effort to hide the pain in his heart. When he spoke his voice was as gentle as a mother's.

"Yes you are right. You have made it perhaps possible for me to succeed, and if I succeed you will lose me; that is all true, and yet you would not stop me if you could. You too have felt something of the power that drives me on." Then his voice became deeper, that wonderful voice, and I was reminded of the terrible chant which had awakened me in the morning.

"Yes I must go on even if it takes me from you; and when I have succeeded, (and here I was thrilled by the tone of confidence that swelled into his voice,) and you have lost me you will still be glad you helped. The one great thing in your life that you would not have taken out of it is that we have been together and that you have helped me succeed. Is it not even so?"

And he reached out his hands and put them on her bare shoulders and looked deeply into her eyes. Her whole body quivered as his hands touched her; for a moment his gaze held hers and then she sank quietly to the floor and bowed her head upon his feet and remained there in utter silence. Then he spoke again and there was great pity in his voice.

"It is time to go now. You will remain in the room at the back; no man can enter without your consent so well is the entrance protected. I shall take the entire party with me and it will be night before any return; they will tell you of what the day has brought and you will do what seems to you good afterwards. Rise, it is time to go."

10.

She rose without a word and for a moment looked into his face; there was unutterable devotion in her look; then putting her hands to her neck she lifted from it a golden chain from which hung some strange jewel which had been concealed by the simple garment which covered her breast. Quickly she stood on tiptoe and put the chain round the mans neck, and then she turned, stepping lightly into the shadows and the next moment was gone.

I looked back at the stranger; he had turned, and the light from the eternal snows of the Kilimanjaro range was shining on his face and when I saw the look there I understood why she had loved him. And he did not remove the little golden chain from his neck.



The following segment appeared in the Voice , January 20th, 1921

AN INDIAN BIRTHDAY: A SKETCH

By Mary Eaton

The broad river of St. Mary stretched for half a mile from the shadowy Island of Leaves to the peaceful shores of St. Joseph, rippled by the last sleepy gusts of evening and gilded by orange sunset from behind the trees of Neebish, gilded and then paled into the silvery yellow of evening. The hermit thrush had long ceased its exultant melody and the white throat its plaint; and all was still. Through the gathering darkness the long dark freighters slipped quietly up the river, with only the swish of the propeller to herald their coming; but with long quivering streamers of light across the water like beacon lights of friendship reaching to the shore.

And then amid the masses of gloom of many leaves, moving lights sparkled and twinkled; and an occasional voice or laughter told that the summer Islanders were on the move as might the mighty ancestors of Black Hawk have moved to the council fire, toward this same spot, a clearing at the bend of the Island where the river hurling its mighty current toward the opposite shore, left here a smiling cove.

An inquisitive moon peered through the pickets of the pointed pines into a garden fragrant with roses and firs and crumpled grass, and saw the Islanders gathering as they had done for many summers to honor the Black Hawk's birthday. They placed their lanterns on the railingless porch across which floods of yellow lamp light poured a hospitable welcome from door and windows, and above which rose gaunt and gray, innocent of paint or ornament, the home of Red Leaf, like her, holding high the head, yet glowing and twinkling with friendliness.

Black Hawk, immobile as to face but radiant as to ceremonial to coat, decorated with broad bands of brilliant scarlet richly embroidered by some dusky hand of a former generation, - Black Hawk, his red head band and feather intensifying the blackness of his hair, his narrow eyes, and his slender mustache, and the redness of his high cheek bones, - Black Hawk, the center of the scene, sat in solemn dignity listening with swelling pride while men of eloquence, these island visitors, passed the peace pipe of praise from lip to lip. He heard them praise his own achievements, heard again the pretty romance of his grandfather who, an English officer, had wooed and won an Indian princess as his bride, or listened to tales of prowess, how Waubojeeg, his great grandfather, fought his ancient enemy, the Sioux, and drove them from the waters of St. Mary's to the Dakota prairies; listened as did all the others, spell bound to the tale of Mongazid, his great ancestor who on the Plains of Abraham caught the falling form of Montcalm.

He sat in solemn dignity while his sister sang. She arose, a stately figure. Her aquiline profile was sharp against the red cloth of an improvised wigwam. Her braided hair, black in spite of sixty summers, fell over her shoulders upon the striped blanket she was wearing. She gazed into the silent forest, as if she saw her own mother sitting at the door of her birch-bark lodge and singing the little Black Hawk to sleep. She gently touched a tiny hammock that

was swung before her, and, as it began to sway, sang the songs of the Ogibwas, sang the lullabys of her people, crooned to the imaginary baby, the binojee who would never be hers, but whom, perchance, she still longed for, "Hush, binojee, the sun of the night has gone up the sky, and all the birds are still." Nothing sweeter than her voice and her words ever fell from the lips of a white mother.

In sharp contrast to Indian song and legend followed the entertainment of the white Island guests, the pantomime, the play, the jokes, and jollities of youngsters and some oldsters, through all of which Black Hawk's dignity remained unmarred by undue merriment.

At last the program was ended. Every one had done his best to make this Indian Birthday a success.

Suddenly three long blasts and two short ones rent the air. A passing steamer had seen the lights and many colored lanterns and had contributed its salute to which Black Hawk replied by swinging a lantern slowly three times back and forth.

Then with sudden eagerness he announced that the best part of the evening's entertainment would follow. He called all the children to him by name, young and old, and gave each two rolls of birch bark from a basket at his side, and then lead them all, a happy, laughing, joyful line of them past the roses, through the wicket gate to where in the moon light a pile of dead firs and spruces and hemlocks, stood like some gigantic wigwam a score of feet high, themselves braves of the forest who had withstood the darts and arrows of many a winter. Near by at a tiny bonfire the children lighted their torches and, holding them high above their heads, danced an Indian dance about the pile in a great circle of flaming smoking lights, of laughing faces, of grunts and Indian yells, of figures crouching and springing, dancing and swaying until at a signal from Black Hawk all drew toward the center, and thrust their torches into the mass of dry branches. Instantly the flames leaped up, lavender, orange, and pink, mounting, crackling higher and higher, and trailing off in a veil of sparks to the pointed firs black against the sky.

But look! A bar of light had spanned the heavens like a search light caught and fixed in a wonderful arch to celebrate the great day; and to the North shimmering, quivering lights flashed and danced across the sky. Some said that it was the Northern Lights, but wiser heads knew that the mighty ancestors of a dwindling race had come, too, to dance about the wonderful fire, to wave their ghostly blankets; to crouch and spring and dance, and disappear.

The towering wigwam of flame changed to one of glowing red branches, growing blacker and falling; the sparks grew fewer and fewer; the moonlight full, rich, and beautiful again; and along the river pathway the little lanterns twinkled and sparkled; the sound of laughter grew fainter and fainter, and the river and the moon smiled together.

Long ago, his great ancestor who on the Plains of Abraham

caught the falling form of Montcalm. He sat in solemn dignity while his sister sang. She arose, a stately figure. Her aquiline profile was sharp against the red cloth of an improvised wigwam. Her braided hair, black in spite of sixty summers, fell over her shoulders upon the striped blanket she was wearing. She gazed into the silent forest, as if she saw her own mother sitting at the door of her birch-bark lodge and singing the little Black Hawk to sleep. She gently touched a tiny hammock that