

CURLS

Charity was tired. Throughout the afternoon her little form had sat in the stiff-backed chair near the fireplace bent over a whirling spindle. Gravely her blue eyes watched the thin strands of golden flax which exactly matched two long plaits of hair emerging from beneath her prim little white cap. "Will the spinning never end?" she asked herself impatiently, but dared not complain aloud—Pilgrim children never did. Instead her tiny foot in its stout low shoe with a big silver buckle pressed faster and faster on the peddle.

Before leaving on a visit to the neighboring cottage Mistress Howland had given both her children a special amount of work to do. "John," she had said to Charity's twelve-year-old brother, "you must cut all of the new wood which has been piled behind the cabin and daughter must spin this lot of flax. Take care that you don't take any first; then you may play." Now it was nearing five o'clock and Charity's work was unfinished, although some time before, she was aware that sounds of chopping had ceased in the back yard and John was now at play.

Charity felt mischievous. One does at ten years when the world outside is filled with the magic of a spring afternoon. She was tired of the monotonous sound of the turning wheel, of the hard straight chair, of the dark room with its one tiny window and dull wooden floor, tired of being a model little Puritan girl.

Even now, however, it took courage to own this to herself. Years of careful and rigid discipline had made her generally disregard any of her own feelings which rebelled against the rules of any older person. Work was the inevitable, play the unusual, so little girls must sew and spin, cook and clean house. In the main this was not such a bad arrangement, for Charity liked to help mother make beds or scrub floors, knit stockings and cook their simple meals. But today mother was not at home and the cabin was lonesome, while outdoors it was spring.

With quick decision, as if hesitation might betray her purpose, Charity stopped the reel, which stood up, squared her little shoulders under the demure white kerchief, and walked across the room. The weight of a great burden seemed to have been lifted from her. She had rebelled and now began to experience the intoxicating joy of freedom. Since occasion seemed to demand some drastic deed, Charity determined upon a really awful piece of mischief. Walking straight over to a table in one corner of the room she quickly pulled the cap off her head and tossed the strands of golden hair imprisoned in the two pigtails. Then taking up a brush she worked vigorously for about three minutes, gave her head a few deft touches with her hands, turned around triumphantly and ran out of the door and around the cabin.

Leading down from the back yard was a path to the spring. Down this way Charity now ran with fleet steps, and having reached the bottom breathless with haste and excitement she leaned over to gaze rapturously at her reflection in the clear water below. "Oh!" she breathed in soft ecstasy. "Char-ity Howland! you've curled your hair!" cried an accusing voice, and she looked up to see her brother John, whom she had not noticed in her first eagerness to see her splendid coiffure, standing on the opposite side of the spring, eyes opened wide with astonishment.

This was the supreme test of courage, but the rebellious little soul that had defied the laws of all Puritan mothers who allowed no curls' hair at any time, was not to be daunted. "Yes," was the calm reply, "and if you tell I'll-I'll tell about the fight you had with Miss Brewster."

Hostility vanished from John's countenance through the magic of those ominous words, and he assumed

POETRY

KNIGHTS AND LADIES

There is in my old picture-book
A page at which I like to look,
Where knights and squires come
riding down
The cobles of some steep old cove,
And ladies from beneath the awns
Flutter their bravest handkerchiefs,
Or, smiling proudly, toss down
gauges . . .
But that was in the Middle Ages.
It wouldn't happen now; but still,
Whenever I look up the hill
Where, dark against the green and
blue,
The firs come marching, two by two,
I wonder if perhaps I might
See suddenly a shining knight
Winding his way from blue to green.
Exactly as it would have been
Those many, many years ago . . .
Perhaps I might. You never know.
—A. A. Milne.

In When We Were Very Young.

A SUNSET

A beam of light was shaken out of
the sky
On to the brimming tide, and there
it lay,
Palely tossing like a creature con-
demned to die
Who has loved the bright day.

Oh, who are these that wing through
the shadowy air?
She cries, in agony, are they com-
ing for me?

The big waves ebb on to her: Hush
now! There, now, there!
There is nothing to see.

But her white arms lift to cover her
shining head,
And she presses close to the waves
to make herself small.
On their listless knees the beam of
light lies dead,
And the binds of shadow fall.
Katherine Mansfield

THE GARDEN

A far cry to Adam?
A far cry to Eve?
A nearer cry, madam,
Than you might believe.

In the naked city
Have you never seen,
Preposterously pretty,
A garden full of green.

Suddenly appearing
Up a barren street?
Ah, the eager veening
"Futther of your feet!"

Clasen, you remembered
Wondrous well the place,
Such a still, September,
Hospitalite place.

There you sought abiding
Found that after all
Cruelly dividing
Was an unsexed wall.

And you turned with bitter
Sorrows of past years,
While a sword-blade's glitter
Struck your tarried tears.

Come, confess it, Madam,
'Tis, you do believe,
A near cry to Adam,
A near cry to Eve.

A RESOLUTION

I let the blues creep in today
I'll take possession of tomorrow
And erasm it full of work and play
And not leave any room for sorrow.
—Rebecca McCann.

an air of confidential friendliness.
"No, Charity, I'll never tell. Any-
way," he added after an awkward
pause, "you do look kind of pretty
that way."

I WOULD BE TRUE

I would be true, for there are those
who care me,
I would be pure, for there are those
who care,
I would be strong, for there is much
to suffer.
I would be grave for there is much
to dare,
I would be friend to all, the foe, the
friendless,
I would be giving and forget the
gift,
I would be humble, for I know my
weakness,
I would look up, and love, and laugh,
and lift.
—Howard Arnold Walter.

World Events

Washington, D. C.:
President Hoover on November 2
proclaimed, Thursday Nov. 26, as a
National Thanksgiving, saying our
country has cause for gratitude to
the Almighty, because of the abun-
dant harvests, the fact that we have
been spared from pestilence and
calamity, that education has ad-
vanced and that we have lived in
peace with all men.

Geneva, Switzerland:
A fresh alarm over the Manchurian
situation was spread in League of
Nation quarters when news was re-
ceived officially that Japanese troops
had move on Tsitsihar, an impor-
tant strategic point in North West
Manchuria.

Dr. Alfred Szé, Chinese spokes-
man, in conference with Sir Eric
Drummond, secretary-general, voiced
China's fears that the new develop-
ments indicate that Japan has no
intention of withdrawing its troops
within Railway Zone, pointing out
that ten days have elapsed since the
council adjourned, and more than a
month has gone by since Japan un-
dertook to begin to withdraw im-
mediately and to continue that with-
drawal.

Washington, D. C.:
The weekly review of favorable
and unfavorable factors in world
conditions recorded from many parts
of the world from Commerce De-
partment representatives show an
upward leap in business sentiment.
The report showed a generally
stronger outlook in Great Britain;
improved conditions in parts of
Canada due to higher grain prices,
an increase in Egyptian exports,
a favorable trade balance in Italy;
improvement in Chile and Argen-
tine and better merchandise move-
ment in Mexico.

Paris:
The engagement of Princess Be-
atrice, daughter of exiled King Al-
fonso of Spain, and Prince Alvaro de
Bourbon-Orleans has been broken
because she is a carrier of a disease
which also blasted the romantic
dreams of her younger sister, Prin-
cess Christine. King Alfonso re-
fused to allow an operation which
would remove the danger of trans-
mission of the haemophilia, the
hereditary scourge, because of his
deep religious scruples.

Los Angeles:
Robert Williams, young stage and
motion picture actor, died in a Holly-
wood Hospital Tuesday from perit-
onitis which set in after an appen-
dicitis operation last week.



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