Colors: Black and Blue.
Motto: "Better late than never."

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.
LOVE WOUNDED.
(Suggested by a translation from the Greek poet Anacreon)

1.
The sky was blue, and the air was sweet
   By the breath of the Spring perfumed,
And Love, who was weary for once, lay down
   To rest where the roses bloomed.

2.
His quiver was empty. He laughed with glee,
   And caught at a rose that hung
On the lowest branch, but a bee hid there
   And the little God was stung.

3.
Half running, half flying, with cries of pain
   He sought out his mother fair.
The beautiful Venus held him close,
   And patted the wee God's hair.

4.
"Mother, I'm killed, and I die," he cried,
   A winged serpent, the bee,
Hath stung me here in the hand—just look—
   I surely will die," wailed he.

5.
But Venus laughed at the little God.
   "Dear Love, if the sting of a bee
Afflicts you so sorely, what think you then
   Of those whom you smite?" asked she.

6.
So Love grew silent, and dried his tears
   As he thought of the roses red;
Then,—"Mother, my quiver is empty quite—
   I want some more arrows," he said.

7.
Then singing he left, for the air was sweet
   By the breath of the Spring perfumed,
And Love went back to his tasks again
   To work while the roses bloomed.
When the Boy came there was rejoicing. Father smiled all day long, that calm, satisfied smile, that makes men who have had "first sons" before, look indulgently upon him, as tho to say, "We forgive him. He knows not what he does." Moreover, Father sent telegrams. He had a tendency, Father had, to be extravagant on rare occasions.

Mother watched the Boy with her sad, tired eyes all day long, too, as he lay beside her in the great bed. Of course, mothers are different. They might smile all day about their new sons if they wished, and no one would bother their heads about it. It makes a great difference when mothers do things. Mother didn't smile, but if she had people wouldn't have looked indulgently upon her.

As for the Boy himself, well, he was just a boy. He wasn't any fatter than most babies, nor he wasn't any thinner. His hair wasn't any longer or any thicker; and his eyes weren't any bluer or blacker, or browner or greyer. He was just a comfortable baby, the kind you like to hold, and that was all. For the life of him, he couldn't produce a single marvelous trait.

Father thought he had a fine forehead, "indicative," he said, "of great mentality." But he hadn't. He had sad, tired eyes, tho, like his Mother's. No one ever thought them very wonderful, except his Mother, and she thought in her own quiet way, that it was good of God to give such eyes to her son.
Perhaps, because the boy wasn't very wonderful, was the reason that when the Other Boy came he stepped out of prominence. Before, it was he, who had come into the parlor, and watched some one else drink tea and have two lumps of sugar while he ate a dry seed cake. Before, he had had to speak pieces for the admiring public, and he had had to receive kisses from the same, all the while cold shivers were running down his poor little spine.

Now, it was the immaculate Other Boy who "showed off." The Boy wasn't very sorry, either, for he hated to be kissed. Moreover, he hated above all things to be clean. When the Boy saw a clean collar and a new tie, he ducked. If your ears grew red, and your eyes stuck out when you wore a stiff collar, where was the beauty of one, he wanted to know!

But even so, on the day of horrors, the Boy was sentenced to a white duck suit, and a stiff collar. The day of horrors was the day when Mother entertained.

That morning the Boy sat up in bed and stuck out his tongue at the nurse. Why he should have done it he didn't know, for he liked the nurse well enough. But the minute he had done it, the minute he had received the warm rap on his ear, he realized that that day was going to be upside down. The Boy often had such days as this and he knew, from past experience that the worst had not yet come.

At breakfast, he sat staring out of the window. Somewhere on the lawn a bird was singing and he wondered vaguely if it were the robin that had bathed with him in the creek yesterday, or if it were the one that had a nest in the orchard, or if it were a robin at all.

The Boy came suddenly back to the dining-room. His glass of milk was flooding the cloth, and some of it was trickling down on his bare brown knees.

The Other Boy was watching him with big eyes. He was never known to do such things. He minced when he ate—the Boy reflected.

The Boy saw his Father's mouth settle into a straight, hard line; he knew there was no help forthcoming from that direction, so he looked to his Mother. But her eyes looked very tiredly at him, so the Boy got up and went out. He didn't cry usually, and to-day he was quite disgusted to find a huge tear on the end of his nose. He looked back at the house to be sure the Other Boy hadn't seen it, and then went on down to the gate.

If Peter hadn't come along then, there wouldn't have been any story. But Peter came. Peter had a can of bait, a pole and some lunch.
“Come on,” he said. The Boy was silent.

“Come on, Fraidy,” called Peter from the dust of the road. The Boy wasn’t afraid, so he told Peter to “Shut up.” For him, it was the chance of a lifetime. No stiff suit, no clean face and hands, and no collar—“Say,” he said, “I’ll go.”

He went to the stables, got his pole, and crept back by way of the kitchen, why by way of the kitchen the Boy never knew. But things were upside down that day and on the window-sill was a plate of doughnuts. The Boy saw them and took them; his conscience hurt him, but he took them just the same.

They scuttled down the warm road and thro the alderberry hedge, till they came to the creek. Peter crashed thro the brush and brambles and the Boy followed.

They fished in silence. Sometimes the Boy stopped to watch the squirrels, more often to listen to the birds. Once he saw a violet, and he stooped to pick it. It struck him then how like his Mother’s eyes it was. But Peter said,

“Aw, doncher know enough to land a fish when yer got him?” and disdained to speak to him further.

They dined far up the creek. The Boy ate heartily of Peter’s lunch.

“Here, eat yer own grub!” said Peter.

It was the strangest thing in the world, but the Boy couldn’t eat those doughnuts, and he liked doughnuts, too. Peter ate them, tho, and with very little urging.

Once, late in the afternoon, it came over the Boy—what was his Mother doing? He took the violet from his pocket, thought of his Mother’s eyes, and wondered how they would look when she knew he had run away.
“I’m going home, Pete,” he announced. Peter glanced around him, and then followed without a word. It had come over them suddenly that they were lost.

They hastened on, always with the stream, peering hurriedly to the right and left. Peter was looking for bears. Peter always was afraid of bears, the Boy thought. But all the Boy feared was seeing tears in the tired eyes of his Mother, if he ever got home.

It was dark now, and because Peter was crying the Boy reached over and took his hand. If it had been in the daytime, this might have been silly—in the dark it was different. Anyhow, Peter was crying, and if Peter cried first, there was al-

Once the Boy stumbled and fell over a dead branch. His head struck a stone and he could feel a warmth creeping down his damp cheek. He wouldn’t cry anyhow, he thought. Peter might cry, for Peter was Peter, but he couldn’t. It would have been insufferable, if the Boy had cried. So he went on pulling Peter with him. The moon shone thro the trees on the Boy’s white face, and when Peter saw it, he grew almost as afraid of the Boy as he had been of the bears.

Suddenly the Boy stopped; Peter never forgot the Boy’s face as it looked then. There was moonlight on his pale, little set face, but joy-light in his eyes.

“Peter,” he said, and pointed thro the brush to the twinkling lights, “we’re found!”

* * * * *

The Boy reached up and touched his Mother’s face. “Mother,” he said, “did you cry too?” E. O.—’09.
Can I see even as she today
Is seeing, as she scans the way—
The way come o'er, the way to go—
Think her thought, too, in mine? Ah, no.
How daring a desire—to think
As thinks my maiden at the morn.
And yet—and yet heart does not shrink
From such desire, though heart be torn.
For oh, how one coarse mind can hurt
To feel along its fibres thrill
The music of her morning thought,
With mystery and meaning fraught,
That might a man’s defeat convert
Today into undaunted will.

Tell how she looks out on the day?
No more than I can think her thought.
Can words weave into sight the grace
Enmeshed in hair’s sweet disarray?
How cold are words that fire to trace
That burns within the velvet screen.
Her cheek, which veils it so that eye
May look on it and not be hurt!
The loveliness of her eye assert
In words? Such words themselves deny
The power to peer into the seen,
Much less the unseen in her eye.
I may not see—but words are naught.
I can remember only how
That time my heart sudden upswelled
My throat was tight, my breath I held
And tears upsprang to shield my sight—
Her beauty hurt so with delight
And she is more than winsome now.
Can even she say what she thinks?
A little maiden yet, and yet
A woman? Not just since today
A woman—who indeed may say
Just where are joined to each life’s links?
A woman this long time, I know,
Some awe compelling me bestow
Upon her womanhood, but all
A woman? Not even yet all that.
Sometimes, in silence, checks my soul,
“For now she is a woman—hush!”
Sometimes bewildered by her blush
And childlikeness, “A little sprite
For me and every one to let
Quick words shout out our whole delight.

Why needs the jealous self-control?”
I want her so just once I may
From out my heart’s strange din today
(Makes doubt if I am man or boy)
Shout out all unabashed my glee,
Such a girl is such a friend to me.
And sure I will be still enough
In that fantastic future brooding,
Dark into every joy intruding.
The silence will be long indeed,
If heart’s life ends with heart’s blood need.
Wring from today its store of joy
And let no heart any love rebuff.
We shall need all before the end.

She came into my soul slow stealing,
Nor shall go out my heart unhealing
Of loneliness she found therein.
To love a little is no sin
If God is love—and there is life
Beyond the end that seems an end.
For surely there friend shall love friend,
And more than here a man loves wife.

* * * *

The biggest puzzle ’neath my lid
Is why she still prefers a kid.
Eheu!

J. H. U.