The Castle of My Dreams

'Tis calm tonight.
The wan moon spreads her fan
Of tender light o'er foliage
Caressed by the gentle sighing wind.

Myriads of small stars, dotting the heavens,
Twinkle lazily,
And the evening star flames as a torch
To light with mellow radiance
The aerial road which mounts
To that great filmy height
Where rests the castle of my dreams.

Oh wonderful night! Oh radiant moon!
That brings
The quintessence of a spell that wrings
From out the ages,
With an invisible force, those dreams
Most dear to man
When soul within him sings
And worlds are at his feet.

Wouldst journey to my castle?
Come with me and we shall see
The wonders of eternity.
But slowly, softly, enter here
And look on treasures gods hold dear.

Those virtues which, through worlds of kings
Have lived, immortalized, the same
As when created by the Godly head
And touched forever with a fire
Divine through all the years of man
Encompass us in a sphere
Whose light is Love
And Kindness a reflection of the beam;
Where Mercy and Compassion
Tone the atmosphere
Into a vivifying food for souls.

Here a soul may drink
Of all those nurturing virtues
And the scheme of things
Sink in its core so deep
The radiance of Divinity lies bare.

No mortal soul may ever cross
The threshold of this sphere and then depart
To give the secret of its wonder
To those who have not entered here,
So I drop my pen and leave to thee
The dearness of its memory.

—W. H. V.
BEAUTY is a quality to which we all do humble homage. A masterpiece of art, a majestic piece of architecture, the grandeur of nature's beauty still moist and verdant from the Master's mighty stroke, all awaken within us that instinctive admiration which has led man through all eternity to the execution of noble deeds and the attainment of the highest ideals with his eyes toward God.

Passive beauty possessed of a beautiful soul approaches godliness surrounded by a mystic power which bids all worship with an inherent yearning. Activated by beauty of soul, passive beauty is manifest in beauty of speech, beauty of action, beauty of thought, and beauty of character; the immortal marks of our Creator's hand. The following young ladies exemplify the highest type of beauty in its full meaning; beauty of feature and beauty of soul; and they are loyal supporters of our beloved Alma Mater and the 1923 Blue Print.
Mr. W. H. Vaughan,
91 West North Ave.,
Atlanta, Ga.,

Dear Mr. Vaughan—

I am returning

the photographs marked one, two,
three and four. Where the standard
of good looks is so high, this is a
difficult task. I much prefer to
mark them all "one".

Sincerely yours,

COD:ES

The above is a reproduction of the letter received by the editor from
Mr. Gibson, who was kind enough to select the most beautiful pictures
from the large number sent him for judgment. It was due to his interest
that we were enabled to obtain an impartial selection. We wish to thank
the many young ladies who submitted pictures for we share with Mr.
Gibson a desire to mark them all number "one."