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THE CORADDI

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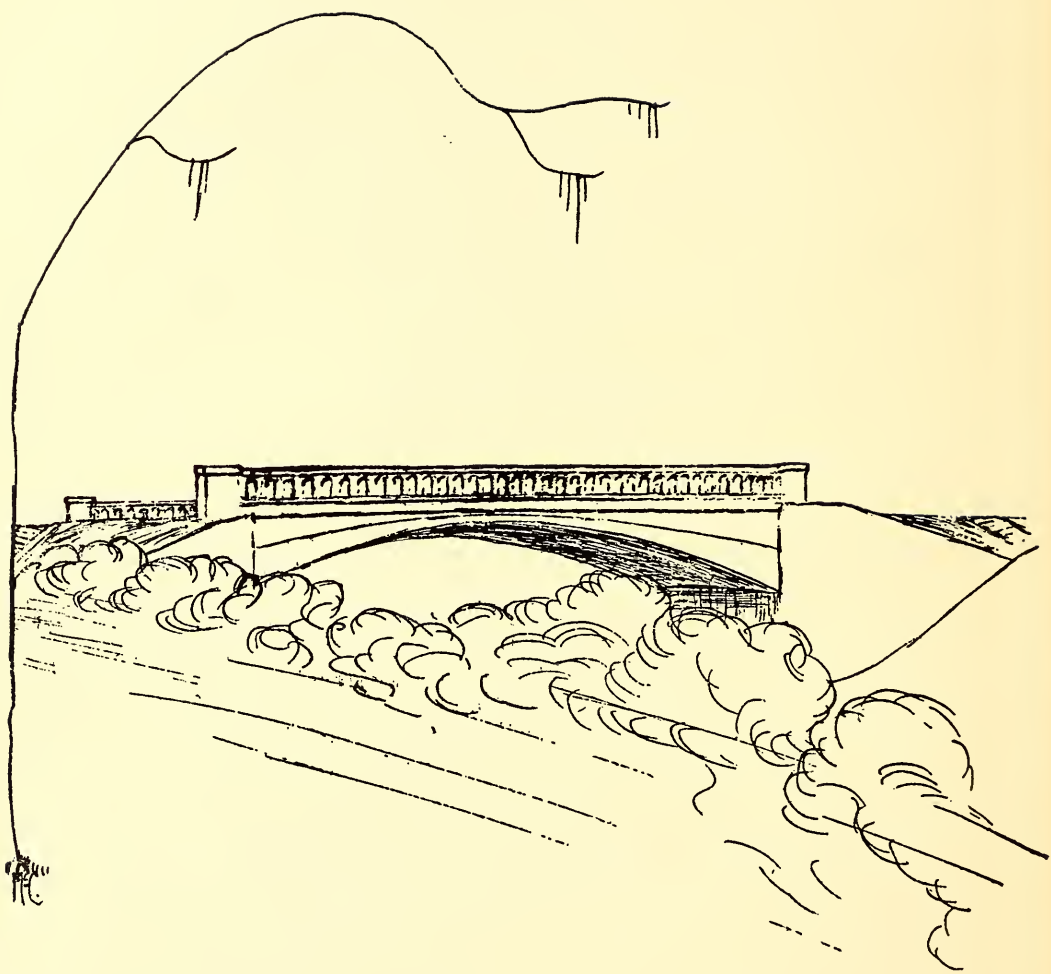
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The Knight of the Road

HELEN E. FELDER, '30

MILORD VAGABOND ambled out into the thick dust of the road, and, with an amiable nod over his shoulder toward the red-roofed house that he had quitted but a moment previously, he was on his way once more. As he went, he threw aside a chicken bone and yawned widely. A lazy, sleepy feeling permeated him—the feeling that follows a satisfying meal. He would have rejoiced exceedingly had he been able to nap a bit before resuming his journey; however, certain circumstances (not of his own making, it must be said, in all justice to him) forced him to retire from what might soon become a firing line of intense action. His departure had been made slightly earlier than his hostess had intended—in fact, earlier than she would have allowed had she been aware of it. If the truth be said, Sir Tramp at that moment should have, according to contract, been chopping wood in payment for his dinner. But there had been a certain inexplicable glint in the eyes of his hostess—a glint which he did not relish. At any rate, when she had been called to the telephone, he had strolled out to the wood-pile. Pile! It had been a mountain! Hunks and hunks and hunks of wood! And the axe! The feel of it had made him shiver. Spoil his lovely hands? Never. Therefore, while his benefactress gasped with delight over the latest gossip of the town, he ambled off. Ambled? you ask. Yes—ambled. He was capable of only two rates of speed: when at ease, he shuffled along; when hurried, he ambled. It suffices to say that now he ambled!

His absence would grieve his hostess, he knew. His brow contracted with pain at so cruelly hurting so kind a friend. Then his face cleared. Ah! All women were alike; they recovered from disappointment quickly. She would forget him as soon as the next one appeared on the scene. He was merely “E pluribus Unum.” So much for that! He promptly forgot her.

As he stepped along the chocolate-colored road, the hot sand grains crept meanly through the holes in his shoe soles and burnt their way into the hardened flesh of his feet. He wriggled in irritation. A puzzling problem had found its way into his brain—one which needed deep concentration. The question before him would have been simple enough to

others: what was his name? There was nothing alarming ordinarily in that. To Sir Tramp, however, it was fraught with pain. What *was* his name, by the way? He must have had one at some stage in the game; but that was so far back that it eluded him. He frowned. How absurd! Why was one obliged to have a name? It didn't seem at all necessary. Yet that was the first information required of him wherever he went. One of his hostesses had been quite annoyed to find that he had none. Oh, well! It seemed that he must have one of some sort; how he got it, or where, mattered not. Therefore, he must conjure up from the secret places of his brain a presentable name. What was it to be? James? Hardly. Percival? Never! Archibald? Heavens no! Then what? Friend Vagabond cudgelled his brain. Surely he could find something to answer the purpose. He asked of himself what he would have been in other times. A Robin Hood, more than likely. Or else, a roving knight! A knight! A knight in search of adventure—never in the same place twice. That caught his fancy. Then he had his inspiration. In sheer joy he smote his right leg.

“Allow me!” he cried to the trees about him. “It is my pleasure to present to you Milord Vagabond, a Knight of the Road!” And he bowed profoundly.

At this juncture he became aware that he was standing beside a stream. Furthermore, he was not alone. No; he was not alone. It is true that he was the only male in sight; but as for females—! He could see nothing but women—women—or rather, girls.

“How are you, Milord?” they giggled; and all five of them swung their legs from the bank and wriggled their toes in the water in appreciative glee. Sir Knight's cheeks grew rosy; then he shook himself; none of that. He nodded serenely.

“And to whom have I the pleasure of speaking?” he inquired politely.

They looked at each other. He would have said that they winked at each other. But no! In all gravity they replied:

“We are the Woodland Nymphs, Milord.”

“Indeed!” he replied. “It is not often that a mere adventuresome mortal is vouchsafed a sight of such sprites. I am indeed honored.”

He would have turned to leave had not a single cry torn itself from five throats. It was then that he saw the sixth elfin. She was standing on a rock in the midst of the deepest part of the stream. How she had

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reached there no one could have told; but there she stood, unable to cross to either bank. To such a tiny creature as she the distance between the stepping-stones which led to safety was too great to be negotiated. She was caught; moreover, she had almost drenched herself in her last attempt to cross. Sir Tramp measured her with his eye. Almost to his shoulder—the loveliest sprite of them all! He turned to the five and waved them into silence with a majestic hand.

“One moment, ladies.”

Before they knew what was happening, he had reached the Tiny Sprite’s side and held her in his arms. A moment he paused while he queried, “Which way?”

Scarcely had she pointed when they were across. Still he held her.

“Who are you—nymph or woman?” he asked.

Her laugh sparkled in his eyes.

“I am Titania, Milord. Will you put me down?”

“Your pardon, Titania. I had forgotten I held you—so light you were,” he replied, setting her on her feet.

Her parting laughter tinkled through the wood, as he watched her fleeting figure. He did not linger in the wood when she had gone.

Back on the road once more, he felt again the biting sting of sand. The chocolate-colored dust settled on his clothes and shoes once more. To all appearances, he was a chocolate-covered man. The dreams in which he was wrapped, however, were far from being chocolate-hued.

Suddenly, he found himself entering another wood. Perhaps—another Titania! Here he caught his reflection in a brook—and he laughed. This would never do! He shook himself vigorously. Titania—and himself? He was a fool! He laughed the harder at the thought of himself as Oberon. He had to hold his sides; his laughter hurt so. After that he avoided the woods.

And so he came to the Little Lady’s house on the side of the road. He had just realized that it was suppertime. He knew this because of an empty feeling in the stomach and a peculiarly light feeling in the head. Then the little white house had almost come around a bend in the road to meet him. How kind of them to delay the meal until his arrival, he thought. The smell of good ham cooking teased him, so that he forgot the sand in his shoes. He recognized that odor because he had not smelled it in so long a time.

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Later, he recognized the ham by the way it looked through the window. Nor was a second invitation necessary when a little white-haired lady smiled and beckoned him in. She said nothing about chopping wood, but after the meal he sauntered out to investigate and saw the size of the woodpile. It was even larger than the last woodpile he had seen. What a tiny, fragile thing was that little old lady! When Sir Wastrel departed, he was rubbing the sore spots on his unblemished hands.

After he had made his way into the never-ending dust of the road again, he shuffled along for a time in lazy contentment. Then the moon came out to keep him company; and together they two had a game of hide-and-seek, with the clouds as witness. When this lost its savor, they went along together openly.

“You don’t know me, do you?” he addressed the pale orb. “Well, neither do I!”

He threw back his head; from the depths of his soul his laughter rang out. He felt the thrill of hearing it boom across the vast stillness until finally it was gone. His soul was drenched in a pale yellow flood of light; his clothes were no longer chocolate-colored. His raiment was silver; his was the silver armor of the knights of old. On such a night might Titania be abroad.

He came back to himself with a jerk. He had forgotten, but he would not again. Mortality was his lot; Titania was out of his reach. Besides, would she relish being “Milady Vagabond?” Hardly. It was but folly to think further along that line. He winked jocosely in the direction of the languishing moon and settled himself on a soft tuft of grass for the night.

An angry sun blazed down upon his awakening the next day. He arose and went his way with a lighter heart. Sleep and food—these two were his only requirements of life. He had both when he so desired; so why should he grumble?

As he walked he sloughed off some extraneous bits of earth which had been clinging to his coat. All superfluous matter bothered him when he was in a jovial mood. His lightness of humor required a corresponding freedom from superfluities; thereupon, he cheerfully hunted down all the visible particles of the dust which powdered him and relentlessly cast them from him.

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He bethought himself of his solitude. In his present state of jocundity he felt an urgent desire for company. A crowd of fellow vagabonds to laugh and joke with him—that was what he needed. Yet it seemed that he sought the impossible—that is, if he kept to such roads as that he trod at present. A town was what he required; therefore he would seek a town.

In the distance he could faintly discern a wisp or two of smoke stealing up from the horizon. Ah! That would be what he wanted—a town, a minute city, as it were. The customary bustling preparations for breakfast had already begun off there in the distance, it seemed. He sincerely hoped he would not be too late. He hastened his steps a bit, a vagabond tune rising in his throat and escaping like pent-up steam from a kettle.

The chocolate-colored sand of the road continued straight into the village—or rather, into the outskirts of the village. Friend Rover did not pursue it farther. It no longer interested him; he had found other things to occupy his time.

It so happened that on entering the budding metropolis, he discovered a huge area fenced in and set apart from ordinary beings by a sign above the gate: “Taylor Film Company—Keep Out!” On seeing the latter, Milord Vagabond immediately walked in.

As he opened the gate, a buzz of noise reached his ears with a “Bing!” Everywhere there was noise—excitement—anger and irritation fanning the atmosphere to white heat. Sir Tramp wiped his brow.

“Whew!” he articulated to a leather-skinned individual. “Is it always like this?”

“Mighty nigh.” The individual addressed focused his beady, squinting eyes upon him. He was a squat little being with a red, laconic nose and bleak, elephantine ears.

“Who be ye, mister?” he inquired, breaking thereafter his latest record at long-distance expectoration.

The vagabond ignored his question.

“Can you inform me as to what is going on, sir?” His eyes were glued to the scene ahead.

“Sure Mike!” The fellow indicated with a pudgy thumb the center of attraction. “That fellar—the peppery one over there—thet’s Mister

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Taylor, the big cheese director. He's filmin' a pitcher now that will make him famous, so he says."

The tramp nodded comprehensively. This was promising.

"What is the picture?" he inquired.

"Oh, some kind uv a tramp pitcher. Seems to me they call it "Sir Vagabond," or somethin' like. 'Taint a bit exciting, like most of his'n are. An' what's more, it don't seem to be getting along so well."

"Really?" Milord Vagabond elevated his eyebrows mildly.

"Uh-huh. The star and the director don't hit it off very good. Star's too sleepy-headed." It seemed that the gentleman was inclined to be loquacious. "I don't know—mebbe the director's a mite too hot-headed. He can't fire Addison, tho'. Addison has a year's contract."

At this juncture, the director in question threw down his megaphone and executed a series of Indian war dances, punctuating them with a host of shrill yelps and barks of baffled rage.

"Where *is* that—blamed—Addison?" he bellowed. "Asleep again? H—ll! Out late again last night, eh! He's fired! *Fired! Fired!* Yes, you can tell him so."

Here his wild roving eye fell upon the vagabond.

"You there, with the dirty face, c'mere! Yes, *you!*" A cunning gleam leaped into his eyes.

Milord Vagabond ambled into the august presence.

"Say, do you want a job?" cried the staccato-voiced one.

The tramp looked pained. He was caught—fairly caught. Not that he was lazy! No; he merely thought of his beautiful hands. Perhaps the man had a woodpile!

"Well?" the director bit at him.

"I hardly know what to say, sir—"

"Oh, blast it, man! Come down, come down! All I want you to do is to take Addison's place for the day. You look the part, at any rate."

"Very well, sir." A look of relief manifested itself on his face. Then there was no woodpile! Very good.

"Fine!" spat the little dragon. "Brown," (to the saffron-hued individual) "take him to the make-up room. Don't do anything but make him up, his clothes are all right. And make it snappy!"

Sir Wastrel sat on the grass that afternoon and meditated. He was plainly worried. Not that he hated work—no, no! It was that he feared

he was depriving Addison of his job. He felt exhausted, strange to say, and he had not been exhausted in ages. He thought of the chocolate-colored sand and sighed. Then he remembered the dragon's praise; a faint smile curled the corners of his mouth. The thought came to him that he had made the redoubtable dragon and his sleepy star famous; he knew that he had done the part to perfection. It was necessary merely to be himself, and the thing was accomplished. What a little pepperpot was the ogre! He signed again.

"Oh, Titania!"

As soon as night had shrouded the metropolis in darkness, a silent figure ambled out into the dust of the road. There was unmistakable joy in the set of the shoulders—in the carriage of the head. Milord Vagabond had departed. Where he was going no one knew; for that matter, neither did he.



Lobe is a Match

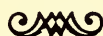
I said his name so low
My own ears didn't know;
And then the match I lit.
I watched it glow.
I cupped my hand and sheltered it
For fear the timid blaze would slack.
With fingers moist I caught the tip
That, crisping, turned from red to black.
But when the flame burned near the end
Too bright to hold a doubt,
I blew, I blew, I blew it out.

Kate Alexander.

To _____

It is not pity
Nor yet a passionate love
That makes me think of you,
But a yearning for my thoughts
To be friends with yours.
And yet you look as though you see
Only my uninteresting face,
And credit not my soul.

Frances Gaut, '30



Futility

When I am gone
Will my soul, inspired
With a new-born hopefulness,
Come back
Only to grieve over all the things
I should have done?

Frances Gaut, '32

Robert

NO one understood Robert—except perhaps Aunty; she did pamper him. Who could understand a truly inquiring mind thirsting for knowledge? So *They* said he was running away—if such a term may be applied to a blue scrap of humanity that (though yet unable to walk) had crawled with his peculiarly puppy-like stagger almost a half a mile from home. He was carried home—strangely wistful. He had not found out where the fascinating lumber wagons that passed every day on the road just below the spring house were going.

One evening just before dark when Robert was—supposedly—safe in bed, *They* saw a small blue speck moving rapidly over the brow of the clover hill behind the grape vines. Once more Robert was dragged home. He had not found out if the big, round moon which had winked at him last night was really hiding in a clump of clover. It was such an orangy, balloony moon!

Robert slipped quietly through the “old kitchen” after a quick glance to make sure that *They* were not near by. His face was curiously one-sided; a purple spot under his left eye was becoming rapidly more and more purple. Soon it would be as dark as his widely-set, puzzled eyes. Signs of a recent flood of tears had been manfully, though unsuccessfully, effaced.

“Nora, I have climbed the cedar tree and found out what is in the little paper bag that is hanging over the Blue Jay’s nest. There are little bugs flying around the bag and there is a little hole in the bottom of it I stuck my finger in the hole and something bit me. Then one of those mean little bugs bit me on the face. Fix it, Nora.” And *They* hoped that he was cured of his meddling. *They* said so within his hearing. His eyes darkened.

At four o’clock the next day *They* began hunting for Robert. No Robert answered calls—pleading, commanding, or distressed. Robert was gone.

At five-thirty the telephone rang.

“Robert is with me,” said Aunty’s voice. “He says to tell you that he has found out that the lumber wagons pass by his Aunty’s house. He knows: he rode up in state on one of them.”

M. E. G.

Jean

She is a funny child, this Jean—she thinks such funny things—
Her hair, like mine's just dusty brown—but her's curls up in rings!
She has a funny little nose, all shiney—so—and red
And if you laugh at "fairies," why she shakes her little head!
Just like a china doll, she is, you feel you have to kiss,
But even if you take her hand, she almost cries, this miss.
And if by chance you make her laugh (as I did yesterday!)
She dimples up like baby's hand and then she runs away!

C. M. L.



EDITORIALS

Tolerance is a much talked of attitude of mind. Especially do we hear it discussed in a college community. In our supposedly highly intelligent atmosphere where everyone is liberal and broad minded we naturally assume tolerance among instructors and among students. Few people would admit that they were narrow or intolerant, but in actual practice they shout it aloud. This is true of the most of us. Students "can't see how others can still believe *that*." Faculty members teach conflicting courses, and each one calls the opposing point of view "out of date."

Often intolerance has been blamed on the "academic mind." This mysterious machinery becomes buried in one little corner of one little field, and allows the rest of the world to go by unnoticed. The possessor of this "academic mind" knows his field perfectly, but when he defends it by calling others behind times he often makes a mistake. This situation is as true in a general sense as in the particular. The academically minded have the reputation of burying themselves in forgotten or unnecessary studies. They leave action to those with lower claims to ability.

This is not as true as it used to be. More and more the student is coming out of his seclusion and making his studies of practical, present problems. His efforts should make him more tolerant of other classes of people. He is finding that his superiority is greater in his own mind than anywhere else. And people as a whole are beginning to forget their idea of the student as a dreaming, impractical snob.

This change of situation is undoubtedly due to a better understanding on both sides. This understanding is essential to true tolerance. No one can have sufficient knowledge to understand everything, but he can realize his lack of knowledge. He can stay "hands off" when he does not know; and he can realize that superiority in one field does not give superiority in all fields. If he cannot recognize the other person's ideas and achievements he need not attack them. Silence is often the best kind of tolerance.

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In the spring when young men's fancy——, young ladies' thoughts are turned to beaux, Easter bonnets, and in rare cases—even to school. At this time a much debated question arises once more to taunt us.

Are the freshmen of next year to be segregated far away from the contamination of flighty minded, criminally inclined upper-classmen—upper-classmen who would turn their minds from assimilation into our college community—whatever that is—to the red, radical spirit of every man for himself? Shall the young be left in peace to seek their own salvation—or shall they be blessed or cursed with the close companionship and example of their older, harder, misguided sisters?

We wonder if Freshman Hall has been a success. We can only speak from the pinnacle of ignorance, for it is rather difficult to travel the good country mile between the two divisions of the campus often enough to understand the attitude manifested by our little sisters. We have come in contact, however, with an astonishing lack of interest in college activities. Perhaps we don't know. At any rate, student opinion counts for nil. We might as well emulate Pollyanna.

B. G.



It seems unfair at this, the last moment, to growl about things as they have been. And to the faithful few who have contributed constantly to the magazine we offer our sincerest gratitude. But once more we are appalled by the fact that only a few (may their tribe increase) are sufficiently interested in creative writing to contribute to Coraddi.

The Editors, as yet, are not privileged to go forth with a gun and to point it in the general direction of some intelligent looking girl and say "Write something!" And should these tactics be resorted to, the reply would be as uniform and systematized as egg beaters ordered from Sears Roebuck—"What shall I write?" What a question! If we knew *what* to write we would write it.



We have been asked to explain how and why the Coraddi got its name. For the benefit of those who know not—the magazine was, at first, the charge of the three literary societies—Cornelian, Adelpian, and Dikean. From each of the three societies then existing the Coraddi procured part of its name: *Cor* from the Cornelian Society, *Ad* from the Adelpian, and *Di* from the Dikean.

A Deserted Farm

(Impressions of the organ arrangement of MacDowell's
A Deserted Farm)

Because for so long you have heard winds howl in the barnyard,
Snarl at the fence corners,
And tear mercilessly at the very heart of the old house ;
Because you have seen the sun go down
And never a fire be lighted on the hearth stone,
And seen it rise again, only for the winds to begin anew their havoc,
You have thought to call the farm deserted.

But on frosty nights when the moon has set,
Spirits of the old days come to wander about the place—
I have seen them moving about the leaf-fires they have built,
Warming their death-cold hands at the flame of autumn oaks,
Cautiously touching each sleeping object of their love—
(Ah 'tis many a love that, living on, grieves to be called dead—
And yet you say "deserted.")

Yes, at morning, the winds are there ;
But you are always listening for the wind.
No wonder you see but cobwebs in broken windows,
But cold birds that shiver in decaying trees.

Elizabeth Blake.



Poem

I cannot make
Of life a quiet thing.
I do not fear the night
As soft, gray, doves
That, timid, wing
Their cautious flight
And early nest,
Lest sun, enkindling,
Should present their sight
With some fierce, painful beauty
That they do not want of life.

P. A. W.



Denouement

(*The Life of John Talbot*)

CECILLE LINDAU, '30

Part I

INTRODUCTION

"Miss Blakely, will you please lower the shade? The sun—"

"Old man!" interrupted Jim Carlton, "the sun hasn't set yet! It is at its brightest now, but watch it sink entirely behind Brackley House. It may be—I'm sorry John, God knows I hope you will live to see many more sunsets."

"Here now, none of this sob-stuff from you, Jim. Don't tell me that you still believe in miracles, man! And you, Mother! No more tears, if you please. I can't see you back there, but I have my suspicions as to what those sniffles mean. Understand?"

Miss Blakely looked inquiringly at Mrs. Talbot, Junior. Ann was unconscious of the nurse, of anyone, in fact save John. He was leaving her. He was not trying to fight death. It was awful! She could not keep back the tears which were already too near the surface. John pressed her hand gently.

"Why, Angela Mia! And after all our talk about Marjorie Winstead's ready tears. Now, if we were living in ancient India—Miss Blakely, just ignore old Jim Carlton; if he has anything more to say about dreary rooms—"

"Yes, Miss Blakely," sighed Mrs. Talbot, Senior. "Lower the shade. John never was one to watch the whole sunset; he only watches it at its height."

Part II

Letter from Mrs. John M. Talbot, Senior, to Miss Patrica Webb.

55 West 88th Street
New York City
March 23, 1925

My dear Patsy,

Crippled as you are, you are more fortunate than I. "You were born under a lucky star." It is you, my dear, whose star has brought her luck. You have lost only a leg; I have lost my heart. John died Saturday.

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Twenty-five is too young, Patsy, too young. You, too, believed in God. Tell me, why did he take my boy? Why could it have not been me? Why not countless others? Why did it have to be that boy who had everything to live for?

He is gone, Patsy. That little baby we used to plan for. I said that he would be an artist and you and his father insisted that he would be a doctor! He is dead, Patsy. Oh, it is too cruel! And he was such a funny little fellow! Do you remember how, as a tiny little boy, he hated his pretty curls? "Sissy, that's what! When I get to be a man I'm going to have straight black hair like my Daddy!" And how I cried the day he snipped off one of his golden curls! And, oh Patsy, how he tried to keep back the tears when we took him to the barber-shop!

He was going to be a street-car conductor and let me ride for nothing! And I was to wear orange all the time and was to have a hundred daffodils! His father was to have a hospital all of his own! And you, Patsy, were to have a whole trunk of chocolate creams!

I can't remember, Patsy, whether or not he ever decided upon his favorite book. *Robinson Crusoe* or *Treasure Island*? It did worry him so much. And the *Arabian Nights*, Patsy; how he loved the *Arabian Nights*. In later years he was torn between *David Copperfield* and *Ivanhoe*. And then came *Silas Marner*. How extravagantly we admired his "Illustrations of My Illustrious Books!" I have them in the drawer of my desk now. Someday—I don't know. Perhaps John would want me to have them for my very own.

And Patsy, those summer evenings at Blowing Rock. I couldn't understand a person not wanting to watch the sun sink low behind Grandfather Mountain and John couldn't understand anyone not being satisfied with the glorious climax—"Why ruin the effect with an anti-climax?" I still can't understand his attitude. His father was like that; he wanted only the brightest parts, he was not interested in the complete circle. John and his father were extremely sympathetic. Why Patsy, John was not surprised at his father's suicide!

"You will be a charming old lady, Mother, but can you imagine Father old?" he used to ask. I could not. Nor can I imagine John old, he—I see it all now Patsy! John had reached his climax. To have lived a day longer would have spoiled the effect!

Come to see me Pat. I need you.

C. W. T.

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Part III

Several Pages From Marjorie Winstead's Diary

March 21

John Talbot was buried this afternoon. I cannot believe he is dead. Why he—he was life incarnate! But he is dead. I saw them lower the casket. It is ghastly.

How glad I am that John could not see me sobbing. He always said that tears did not become me. How my blood tingled when he said that it was annoying to hear “a lovely lady” snuffle and to see her eyes and nose turn red. Oh, John, you did think me beautiful! Why couldn't my beauty have been enough? Ann Richardson! She didn't even wear mourning at your funeral! She wore yellow and she kept up a pretense of smiling! Smiling, John, when you lay there cold and stiff! And I, an old sweetheart, wore black. I shall always wear it! But no; the world would not understand. It would suspect you. It could not know that you had for me the same feeling that you had for *Titian's Daughter*, that you had for your *Lady of the Vale*.

Those last months at Cornell! You did love me those eight weeks, didn't you, John? Eight glorious weeks! How the coeds envied me! Oh, John that moonlight skating party when we first met! You—the thoughtfulness, the gentleness of you!

How thrilled I was when you made me “Beaux Arts Queen!” And Senior Prom! John! We were—I was—so happy!

And that Sunday afternoon when your horse threw you. How I cried and screamed and just stared at you! And when you finally staggered up and said you could sympathize with Mr. Winkle! But you never told me who Mr. Winkle was. You only laughed when I asked you; you said I wouldn't know him.

And when you proudly told me that your portrait of me had won the Walton Cup. John, what joy!

Oh, it should have been me! How could you dismiss me so smilingly? How could you say that “Some day when you are wrinkled and when your hair fades, you will understand?”

I have had many beaux, John; I have many admirers, but you, John, shall always be the Prince Charming of my dreams.

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Part IV

Extracts from a letter written by John S. Carlton to Dr. Robert Wilder.

The letter was written on March 20, 1925.

You know, Bob, I fear that John won't be with us on the hunting trip this year. He doesn't improve; in fact, he seems to be failing, although he is in high good humor. God! Bob, John can't go! He is so vital! Poor Ann—

I wish you would come East and see John. Perhaps you can do for him what New York's best cannot. John Talbot is dying, I tell you. He seems satisfied to die. John who was so alive! Cornell's crack athlete! Verzando's favorite pupil! The Stock Market's protégé! It is a crime And with life in the palm of his hand—love, success.

I am hoping you will give John a chance. Not a chance—all he needs is the will to live! When we tell him to "buck up," he only smiles. It is as if he knows a secret—a joke of which we are unaware.

Part V

Taken From the Diary of Mrs. Ann Talbot

March 21, 1925

It is all over. Or is it over? Am I just dreaming this tragic thing and will John come in—those flowers! Why are all those flowers here? Oh, I remember. It is because John is dead. He is dead and buried. Bess and Jack and Gorden and Uncle Dick and the rest sent flowers, because John is dead. I must see, later, who sent the yellow roses. They are picturesque in that blue vase. John would like them.

Yellow roses. They were John's favorites. No, next to daffodils they were his favorites. Daffodils he loved best. Yellow.

It was my yellow chiffon that won him. If I had not worn yellow chiffon that Tuesday afternoon, I would, in all probability, never have known John. John, too, laughingly insisted that it was the yellow—that under no other influence would he have inquired of a strange, bewildered young lady if he might help her find her yellow daffodils. And then we would not have gone to the Metropolitan Museum together and

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there would have been no suppers at the "Pepper Pot" and no Sunday promenades and no theatre and—and no wedding.

My friends thought it odd that I wore a yellow wedding dress. What will they think of yellow mourning? And I tried to smile, John. Didn't you ask a lot, man?

Diabetes. Such an unromantic death. If it had to be death, why couldn't you have dashed in front of a fast express to save a child? Such a death would be more in keeping with your character. Or if you had drowned! Or even—why even by your own hand! But diabetes, John; it wasn't in the least artistic of you.

I do treasure the daffodils, John. And I have had so many! Now that the daffodils no longer may flutter in reality, they will always flash upon my inward eye. (Forgive me for crying, John; I cannot keep the tears back.) And you have given me entrance into a new and wealthy world where I can see a reflex of our crome yellow in the garden of orchids.

Do you believe in signs, John? I had a premonition of what was to come. Do you remember that night you whispered to me (I can feel your arms about me as you speak) that you wanted only to reach the top of the daffodil hill—that you did not desire the downward path which curved not among the daffodils, even though it lead to a vale of orchids and lilies?

John! I'm not weeping! I'm seeing daffodils!

Part VI

Leaf of Medical chart kept by Ruby Blakely, trained nurse.

Name of Patient
John M. Talbot

Name of Doctor
Cammeron

Date

March 21, 1925

Time
5:00 P. M.

Temperature

Pulse

Patient ceased to breath at five o'clock. Doctor and nurse present.
Death due to diabetes and poison.

Sonnet

The world seems dark. My narrow way is sad.
I can't tell why. Somehow the things have passed
And touched me not that would have made me glad.
Yet I seem still to hope until the last.

I have a heart that could have loved. It aches
Because the cold, hard mind of me has barred
It always from its object. Still it makes
Me see sweet wistful visions—always marred.

My soul has hidden depths I dare not sound
For fear that some fresh feeling thence may rise
To be rebuffed. I will it not, but bound
I am by frosty chains, and in a vise.

The lonely, feeling heart of me with tears
Recoils before the part of me which sneers.

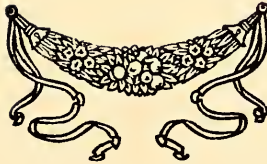
Elizabeth W. Hall, '29



O' Neill

He wonders why,
But not alone.
We all do that.
He feels—we feel,
But he can tell
Us that he feels,
While we must choke
With pangs we can't
Express. The fire
That burns his name
Into our souls
Is one with that
Which burns our souls
To ashes and tears.

Elizabeth W. Hall, '29

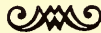


Twilight

A soft pink glow
Lingers o'er the distant hills,
And from afar
Comes the faint call of the dove. Then all is still.
The oak's bare boughs faint-etched against the sky
Sway gently;
Houses at peace in the soft darkness lie;
Here and there a light quiet gleams.

And the road winds on
Over the dim hills into the land of dreams.

Mattie Moore Taylor, '30



Sleep in Peace

UNTIL I found myself more or less studiously established at the North Carolina College for Women, I had always associated *Sleep In Peace* with the tall, shaky, moss-grown tombstones in the Muddy Creek church yard. But since the days when I visited the graves of little Anne Woody and the mysterious stranger who had been found dead on the railroad track, this phrase has taken a different path in my memory.

I now think that *Sleep In Peace* should be inscribed in heavy black letters over the entrance of the Library. The minute I enter its sleepy portals, I become a somnambulist. I amble about just sufficiently wide awake to avoid prostrating myself over some sleeping classmate. The very atmosphere is conducive to slumber. The gentle turning of pages is even more soothing than a radio good night story. The slightly musty—entirely stuffy—smell of the place affects me like a sleeping draught. I spend hours quietly nodding over a volume of history. Every page looks just alike to my drugged eyes; often I read the same page twice without realizing what I am doing. With a friendly encyclopedia to pillow my head upon, I can forget the arduous cares of a busy college life.

Oh ye who live longer than I do—inscribe not *Sleep In Peace* over my last resting place. I've slept that way for two years—and now I'd like a change!

M. E. G.



Tragedy

Although your name is not Penelope
By all the gods, it ought to be.
Your illusive eyes—are they grey or blue?
Whispering—tell me this name for you.

But alas, alack, and gadzooks too!
You answer meekly to "Carrie Lou."

Frances Gaut, '32

Jewelry Store

Dear lady, prithee name your ring.
“A diamond is a pretty thing?”
One moment while I fetch a star
From out the heavens. Here you are.

And you, madam, what do you say?
“An opal—quick, without delay?”
Be patient while I hang the moon
To shine upon the rainbow. Soon!

I did not hear, sir, what you said
An emerald—oh, a ruby, red!
I trust, sir, it will make no scars,
For your stone is a chip off Mars.

A pearl I think you asked for, miss.
The secret! Shall I? It is this:
A speck of sunset—bit of sky
Tied in a tiny cloud. Goodbye.

C. M. L.

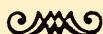


Tomorrow and Yesterday

“Tomorrow!” I cried and thrilled with delight
“Tomorrow?” The murmur came soft thru the night
“Tomorrow?” My voice echoed, harsh in my fright.
“Tomorrow?” I’d forgotten today!

Tomorrow came—and was yesterday,
Other days came and soon slipped away
In the midst of old age I heard my lips say:
“Yesterday! Ah, had I thee!”

H. E. F.



Francois Villon

Francois! Sing again!
King of Beggars—Poet—King!
In the beggared hearts of men
Love—adventure reigned supreme
When you sang! Oh! Sing again!
Live again, Francois!

H. E. F.

BOOK REVIEWS

Carolina Folk Plays

EDITED BY KOCH

Third series, 1928

IT would seem that all Carolina folk plays should be of interest to native Carolinians, but this particular volume should claim the special attention of the students and faculty of North Carolina College because it contains among others a play by Loretta Carroll Bailey, who was for a while a student at N. C. W. and thus is personally known to many of us. In *Job's Kinfolks*, she has given us a searching study of a typical family of mill folks; such a family as may be found in many sections of our state today. By making use of a crisis in the lives of the three members of the family—Kizzie, the grandmother, Kate, the mother, and Katherine, the daughter—the author has revealed to us the opinion of three different generations with regard to certain modern social institutions. The old grandmother belongs to that order which still holds that religion and the church are the foundation of society; the mother is less dependent on the church and more on the picture show; the young daughter is bound by nothing. She dislikes school and because of truancy is involved in some trouble with the welfare officer; she never goes to church; since her father is dead, the mother has to work all day in the mill, so that even at home Katherine finds little companionship. We can but pity her. The crisis comes in the lives of the three when the ignorant mother persuades her fourteen-year-old Katherine to marry the roomer, even though Katherine dislikes him. The welfare officer will no longer have her under supervision and the trouble brewing because of Katherine's truancy is thus forestalled. After the marriage, the mother realizes that even though her little daughter has gone no farther than just upstairs with the roomer, she is nevertheless gone from her forever. The mother,

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in her grief, seeks out the grandmother, who, with words characteristic of her whole philosophy of life, comforts her: "The Lord'll help her, Kate. He don't hold no grudge against nobody Don't take on so, Kate. You won't be fit for your work tomorrow. Things goes on. Trouble don't stop nothing"

Job's Kinfolks is, I think, a very real picture of the attitude and the ignorance of our mill people today. The author says that she has tried to make the play "a faithful imitation of life" and that is what it is.

The five other plays in this volume are fully as interesting to the reader as the one discussed above. *The Scuffletown Outlaws*, by Norment Cox, has been "a great favorite in the Playmaker's repertory," says their director, Mr. Koch. The scene is laid in Robeson County, N. C., among the Croatan Indians around whom the story is centered, and the plot grew out of a real situation existing there. Prior to the war the relations between the Indians and the whites in the section were friendly, but the Indians rebelled against being conscripted for the Confederate cause and for ten years they fought bitterly with their Scotch neighbors. Rewards were offered for capture of the Indian leaders and many plots were made, the most famous being that made by John Sanders, a native of Nova Scotia, who won the confidence and affection of the tribe by two years' residence with them as a missionary. The theme of the play centers in John Sanders's attempted betrayal of the Croatan leaders and his tragic death at the hands of Steve Lowric, the meanest of the gang.

In this play the author has given us a picture of the real condition, deplorable in nature, which actually existed in Robeson county just after the Civil War. He has, however, treated his subject with such a breadth of sympathy that it is impossible for us to condemn the Croatans too harshly or to sympathize with the whites too freely, for in truth both of them were right in part.

Lighted Candles, by Margaret Bland, is likewise a tragedy, but this time the scene is laid in the mountains of North Carolina. The play relates the strange tale of a young husband who went out West leaving his wife and child behind. At the time when the play opens the child is dead and, since for years no word has been heard of the father, the wife has decided that even though she still loves only her first husband,

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Jake, she will marry Mate, who for years has been asking her. *Lighted Candles* is an example of a play with a "fringe" around it; one wonders if Effie, the bride, will learn in time to forget the father of her dead child—or if she will always turn in memory to Jake for the love and sympathy which she needs, and which we doubt that Mate, the new husband, can supply.

The three remaining plays in the volume are comedies. Wilbur Stout in "*In Dixon's Kitchen*" has given us "an authentic comedy of the country folk of his own neighborhood." The action of the play is concerned with the courtship by a young country fellow of the only daughter in a family composed of a match-making mother, an indifferent father and two young meddlesome brothers. Naturally such a situation could result only in comedy. The ending of the play is clever: throughout the night the young suitor Lemuel has tried to propose to Annie Lee, but there is always some interruption; finally goaded to the point of boldness by his many failures Lemuel manages to ask Annie Lee before the entire family if she will marry him. She accepts and poor Pa, intent upon initiating Lemuel into the family at once, invites him to "come around in the mornin' and slop the hogs."

"*A Shot Gun Splicing*," by Gertrude Caffin, is a veritable collection of the spicy humor and characteristic speech of the mountain people. Sairey Sam Mull, mountain postmistress and gossip of the community, provides most of the comedy of the play, though there is not a character who does not now and then provide us with a laugh. The story of the play relates to Dicey Radford, a young mountain beauty, who has borne an illegitimate child by Squire Ben Harrison, the aspirant for State Legislature. At the time the play opens, Amos, the brother of Dicey, has decided to initiate a wedding ceremony in which his sister shall acquire a husband. He marches Fate Gaddy, the local mail carrier, to the improvised altar. There Dicey tells that not Fate but Ben is the father of her child. Fate loves Dicey in spite of her sin and wishes to marry her, so that it seems that the wedding will come off until Fate remarks, "I hain't a-goin' to raise Ben's young-un'." Amos saves the situation, "That's all right," he says, "Me and Pa and Ma'll be proud to keep the little-un: druther have a bastard in the fam'ly than a damn legislator."

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Paul Green's *Quare Medicine* completes the collection of plays in this volume. Dr. Immanuel, the hero of the comedy, is an old quack-doctor of the type seldom seen today but frequently observed in the past plying his trade chiefly among the country people. Such a doctor is able to cure his patients of mental and spiritual as well as of physical ailments. The way in which Doctor Immanuel proceeds to restore the hen-pecked husband of our drama to his former position of power in his home is highly amusing. This play is perhaps the best in the volume but it is less of a real Carolina *folk* play than some of the others.

We watch with interest the work of the Carolina Playmakers, for they are seeking to incorporate us in literature as we appear to them in life, and upon the success of their undertaking shall largely depend the native literary heritage of Carolina's descendants. Though their plays are local in character, it is as Dr. Koch has written "—the locality truly interpreted is the only universal." Pinero said: "It is surely the great use of modern drama that while in its day it provides a rational entertainment, in the future it may serve as the history of the hour which gives it birth." So we may conclude that we are having our history written year by year by Carolina's *Playmakers*. This particular volume of their work represents an interesting and varied collection and should provide the average reader with a pleasant evening of study and entertainment.

Mary Alice Culp, '29

Elizabeth and Essex

LYTTON STRACHEY

Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1928

One of the queer things of today is the glamor which the past holds for us; always we imagine great things of the days of long ago. Looking backwards at great periods in history, one might say that the Elizabethan Age is one particularly rich in romance and one especially capable of stirring our imaginations. Lytton Strachey's new book, *Elizabeth and Essex*, which appeared in serial form last summer and which has been accepted by many readers as, if not a great book, at least an unusual one, treats of Elizabethan days in a new manner.

The average reader will discover in this book history written from a new angle. It is a tragic history; a story of individuals and their recreations. The author does not attempt to recount events, but weaves into history the elements of the narrative without composing a regular story form.

Queen Elizabeth has come down to us faded by the mists of centuries. Men of her time found that every part of her was permeated by the discrepancy between the real and the apparent. The form of the woman was lost, as Strachey says, under her bejeweled robes. Such a gorgeous spectacle was blinding. Just so is it apt to be blinding to us today, for with the passing of time has gone our clearness of vision. "But after all, posterity is privileged. Let us draw nearer; we shall do no wrong now to that Majesty, if we look below the robes."

Robert Devereaux, Earl of Essex, became Elizabeth's privileged courtier before he was twenty, and when Elizabeth was fifty-three. He was a dashing, headstrong, brilliant young man throughout his career at court. His personal devotion, family pride, and military zeal proved fatal and led to a revolt against Her Majesty, who did not hesitate to punish her favorite with death.

Strachey has made a careful study of letters, autobiographies, and state papers, and out of his great wealth of material has produced an intimate account of a great sovereign, one whom we realize that we have never known before.

Mary Jane Wharton, '31

