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WINTER SUNDAYS

The air is cold with signs of snow;
The trees are stark and gray.
The people huddle in their coats
And churchward make their way.

The steeple stands against the sky -
Etched dark against the gray.
The bell sends out its solemn note
To urge on those who stay.

Inside the preacher gives advice
The elder people listen
The children take no thought of words
But watch his bald head listen

M. Robinson



L. Zimmerman

My Mother's Eyes

By ELIZABETH ANGLESEA

ALL my life I envied my mother her cool, calm voice, her lovely slender fingers, and most of all, her strange gray eyes. There was an expression indescribably difficult to understand hidden in their depths. It was unworldly, yet not spiritual; it was melancholy, yet not sad. When I was small, I thought that fairies must live in her eyes, they were so beautiful. During the day, as she moved about the house and among her friends, they were cold, almost hard. In the evening as she sat and watched my father and his brother John, they gathered fire and color until they seemed like opals. Always she watched my uncle John, as his restless hands played with the chessmen, as he tossed his head in impatience at my father who was so slow and deliberate in his moves.

One day her calm voice was stilled. Two days our household moved in breathless fear; then it paused in agony. Those gray eyes closed; faintly she called, not for my father, Keith, but for his brother, John.

Life is so painless in this little town. I have all that anyone could ask; children, a serene home, and a dutiful husband. His brother lives with us.

How like my mother's eyes have mine become.

In Memory of Sydney Carton

You say he was reckless, a no-account dastard;
Unscrupulous, drunken, by evilness mastered;
Unmindful of others, and heedless of sinning—
A dissolute gambler, much deep hatred winning;
A wastrel, a weakling, deserving of naught—
In the standards of mankind falling far short;
A blot on humanity—shamed before God;
Despised by all men on the earth that he trod.
But unseen by the world lay a heart of pure gold—
A beauty of character—wealth untold;
Nobility, sacrifice, sweetness of heart;
From all that is sordid and mean set apart.
In the last final test showing faithful and true;
In utter self-sacrifice he shamed me and you.
Hail, Sydney Carton! May God grant that we
In beauty of soul be as constant as thee!

—JULIA WATSON.

The Kelmscott Press

By JEAN LEFLER

BRITISH printing standards were at their worst, and ugliness was everywhere when an artistic genius of amazing quality turned his interest to bookmaking. William Morris, even as a young man, determined to make his life a protest against the conditions which existed in the latter part of the nineteenth century. He felt keenly the contrast between the beauty of nature and the ugliness of the products of human labor. His passion for beauty was expressed in various ways: by writing poetry and romance; by illuminating volumes handwritten by himself; by the translation of Latin and Greek classics; by designing of furniture, wall papers, carpets, and other household things in his attempt to revive their ancient beauty. He experimented in no less than twenty different crafts.

At the Arts and Crafts Exhibition held in London in 1888, one of Morris's closest friends, Emery Walker, delivered an illustrated lecture on "Printing." In the preparation of his material for slides for his address, Walker consulted Morris, who began to examine manuscripts which might have served the first printers as models. This work awakened Morris's interest in books, and caused him to realize that his own books were a mass of ugliness not worthy to be entered in the Exhibition on the basis of their artistic merit. Morris then resolved to design and cut a fount of type and to reestablish the long lost standards in craftsmanship.

Morris's press was to be an enterprise undertaken at his own expense and for his own gratification; he had no thought of selling any volume to be produced. The fortune which Morris inherited on his father's death enabled the printer-to-be to realize his desires. His work was deliberate, and he spared no pains to attain perfection. Morris felt that many of the low standards in craftsmanship were due to the mechanical methods designed to promote speed. In seeking high standards, he found his inspiration in the work and methods of early craftsmen who worked by hand.

The original idea of Morris was that he should have a small composing room, and that the presswork be done outside. But as his

study of bookmaking progressed, it became necessary that all the process be done under the same roof and the same management; so he took a cottage at 16 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, London, and installed a small press. The name of the press was derived from Kelmscott Manor, near Lechdale, on the Thames, because of Morris's love for the manor's beauty, quietness, and quaintness.

Caxton's translation of *The Golden Legend* was the first book that Morris proposed to print, but it proved too lengthy for fairly prompt production. In his impatience to produce his first book, he selected a shorter composition of his own, *The Story of the Glittering Plain*, and finished the work at once. William Harcourt Hooper, a retired wood-carver, was secured to engrave the border designs. Hooper continued to engrave book borders throughout the life of the press.

Morris's plan was to print twenty copies of *The Glittering Plain* for presentation to his friends, but an announcement of the plan in the *Athenaeum* caused many urgent requests to be sent to Morris for copies to be made available for purchase. Morris finally decided to print the enormous number of two hundred copies; twenty copies were to be given to his friends and one hundred eighty copies were to be for sale through his publishers, Reeves and Turner. The edition was over-subscribed before any price had been given. The price represented only the rates calculated to save Morris from being out-of-pockets on the enterprise.

Only three types were used in all of the volumes that were printed by the press. The "Golden" type was designed from the Venetian printer, Jenson. Morris was so pleased with the first fount that he decided to produce a wholly Gothic fount. He carefully studied the Gothic style, and by leaving off "the spiky ends and undue compression" he produced the "Troy" type, which was his favorite. The "Chaucer" type was the "Troy" type reduced to a smaller size. Lovers of old books recognized at once that the arrangement of the Kelmscott books in its types went straight back to the fifteenth century.

The frontispiece title pages were sometimes printed in white letters on a background of dark scrollerly, sometimes in black letters on a lighter background; these titles were always surrounded by a border harmonising with that of the first page of the text which they faced. This fact carried out Mr. Morris's cardinal principles, that the unit,

both for arrangement of the type and for decoration, is always the double page. Even in making margins, Morris insisted upon considering the two facing pages as a unit. The pages present an appearance of rich even black, sometimes enlivened with passages in red and royal blue with colored initial letters either printed from wood blocks or added by Morris's own hand. Morris took into careful consideration the spacing between the lines and the words. He abhorred white spots in the title page. In printing his own writing, he recast sentences to make them fill out the lines; in printing the writing of others, where such liberties could not be taken, he employed a leaf floret.

The earliest Kelmscott books were bound in "half holland," that is, broad sides with canvas backs; but later the books were bound in limp vellum with silk ties. Vellum of a high quality for Morris's special copies of books could not be found in England. After many experiments an excellent vellum was produced by an Italian commercial maker of binding vellum. This vellum was made with special care from the skins of calves not yet six weeks old.

The source of ink was another worry for Morris. Jaenecke, a celebrated ink-maker of Hanover, Germany, offered an ink which was said to be made of the old fashioned pure materials which satisfied him. Early in the existence of the press, Morris was fortunate in enlisting the enthusiastic co-operation of Joseph Batchelor, of Little Chart, near Ashford, in Kent, a paper maker of high ideals and great skill, who made paper especially for the Kelmscott books.

Including those completed by executors after his death in 1896, Morris printed in all fifty-three books in sixty-five volumes. An average of nine or ten books in three hundred copies were completed each year of the existence of the press. There were three hundred eighty-four initial letters, fifty-seven borders, one hundred eight marginal ornaments, twenty-six frames for pictures, twenty-eight title pages and inscriptions, thirty-three initial words, to say nothing of the many line endings and printer's marks, totaling not less than six hundred forty-four designs drawn and engraved within the period of seven years.

The masterpiece of the Kelmscott Press was *The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer*, which was begun in 1892 and required five years for its completion. Morris secured the cooperation of Sir Edward

Burne-Jones as illustrator, and he finally undertook the task of designing the initial letters, borders, and decorations. One delay followed another until Morris became fearful that the project might never be completed, since his health was on a steady decline. However, on June 2, 1896, the first two bound copies were delivered to him, one of which he immediately sent to Burne-Jones. His own copy is in the library of Exeter College, Oxford. Four hundred copies were issued at 20 a copy, and thirteen copies on vellum were issued at one hundred twenty guineas a copy.

Criticism of the Kelmscott books has been most severe; however, all of the criticism has not been justifiable. Critics of the latter part of the nineteenth century criticized the ink, the thin paper, the type, the rolars, the rich decorations, and, to them, the extreme high price of the books. Evidently, they did not understand that Morris was printing the books for his own amusement, and that he was not concerned with their direct influence upon literature. Twentieth century critics say that the fundamental principle of a book is to be read; Morris books are neither legible in their type matter nor convenient for being handled. "Critics (also) contend that the books are exercises in decorative design, and that in reading the book the mind is distracted from the subject matter by spots or masses of decoration so insistent in mass and color as to completely overshadow the text."

In spite of what the critics may say about the books, they will always be prized by the collectors and amateurs of fine bookmaking. The books are the work of a decorative artist of unparalleled genius.

William Morris by his exquisite craftsmanship demonstrated to the world that in spite of diverting modern conditions it was still possible to make the book a fitting vehicle for the thought it preserved for eternity. His final expression of beauty will go down to posterity through the physical splendor of his printed books. Morris wrote, "My work is, . . . to bring before people's eyes the image of the thing my heart is filled with," and in this image later builders of books have found inspiration and encouragement for individual expression.

I Scarcely Can Remember

I scarcely can remember how you went away.
I know my fingers trembled, and I sighed
When I had sent your letter off; but I forgot
What happened till I brushed a limb aside,
And, turning, saw that it was maple, such as once
You broke to fill my arms. And then my pride
Was lost in one great heartache; then I realized
That you had gone. My heart broke, and I cried.

K. McLESKEY.



Unsatisfied Desire

Once I was a child,
And longed as other children do,
To be a lady, tall and fair,
With sweeping skirts and shimmering hair,
To live and love—have lovers, too;
Be old awhile.

And now I'm growing old;
Now I'm a woman tall.
I've lived and loved—had lovers, too.
At last found out as others do
It's not worth while. I'd give it all
To be a child again.

REAVILLE AUSTIN.

On Being Grown-Up All the Time

By KATHERINE BONITZ

IT is such an uncomfortable feeling, this being grown-up all the time. How many, many times I have enviously thought of the gay, irresponsible Peter Pan, going his joyous way about the Never Never Land. He was my childhood hero, and now he has become even more marvelous to me because of his eternal youth. Some people say that you can always be young at heart. Yes, perhaps that is true, but what good is a young heart when everyone expects you to act the part of sedate and sober seventeen? My years are weighing heavily upon me.

There are some compensations, of course. I don't get spanked any more, nor am I sent to bed when I tell my sister to "shut up." I can eat as much as I want of candy, pickles, and cake without maternal warnings. If I get sick, that's my fault. Many more things are a part of my world now. The future and all it holds is a never ending source of speculation. Problems confront me, which must be solved. Strange thoughts and ideas are thrust upon me, to accept or reject as I wish.

But by all these new privileges, I am constrained and bound, for with them come new rules and requirements that I must obey. I must be well-poised, refined, composed, and dignified.

One of my most delightful occupations, when I was younger, was skipping, just skipping up and down the sidewalk, around the block, or over to grandmother's house. Now, when I want to skip, I do it under cover of darkness. Often, when mother sends me to the store, around the corner, just before supper, I dash out of the house in thrilled anticipation, but I walk sedately for half a block until I pass the street light. Then I indulge in a delightful orgy of skipping. I am thankful for the cool darkness of the street, and I am glad that everyone is at supper. I go skipping down the street, whistling loudly. I seem to be flying close to the bright shining stars. I forget about everything except the wild joy of being a child. Then, all too soon, I reach the end of the block and the store. I stop a moment to compose myself, and then I walk inside and in a well-bred, sedate tone ask for a can of beans. The store-keeper thinks I am a common-place young lady. Little does he know that he is waiting on a person who has just been

flying with the stars. Perhaps my breathlessness and disordered hair betray me, and I flush guiltily when I think of that. But no, the stolid man is blissfully unconcerned about me or my appearance. After getting my beans, I hurriedly leave the store and start towards home.

This is a confession. I have never told it to anyone before. I wasn't ashamed, but it was just a secret with myself. Someone might have seen me skimming down the dark street and wondered who that tall queer person was.



Sorrow

The fog hovers outside like some cold monster
About to devour me.

He presses upon the walls of my house,
He peers in my windows with wide, dead eyes;
His long, wet fingers still the night noises.
Even the familiar sound of traffic is swallowed by his depths.
He has caught the moon in his claws,
And her feeble light is lost.

I beat against his sides, but to no avail;
Only the wind can save me, and he is gone.



Secret Ecstasy

Sweeping winds from the cold, gray sea,
Swirling sand and stinging grasses
Shrieking gulls in the cloud-hung sky,
Gray, and green, and cold blue masses.

Wind whipped surf in smoking spray
Beat and surge in deep abandon.
Dead town, dead bay, wild sea, and I
With singing joy about me.

AGNES KINGMAN.

The Switchboard

By LOURAY ZIMMERMAN

THE "Central Office," in reality Bessie's bedroom, was quiet. There were not even any drops down on the switchboard. In fact, the entire big house was quiet. Dr. Smith, the only doctor in the countryside, was, as usual, on some calls. Mrs. Smith had gone to town and had taken her two small children with her. Bessie felt glad that everything was quiet—that is, if she felt at all. For about three hours she had not moved. Her head was bowed on her arms, which lay stretched on the desk beneath the switchboard. Even if the drops had buzzed very loudly, Bessie would not have lifted the head-piece to answer the calls. She was in agony because of a conversation she had overhead between Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Tally, "the community news spreaders."

About the middle of the afternoon, as Bessie was basting the hem in her Sunday dress, a dowdy blue satin, drop "No. Sixteen" had buzzed. Bessie put down her sewing, and adjusting the receiver over one ear, plugged the sixteenth hole and gave the usual "Hello."

Aunt Hattie Wilson's voice came cracking from the receiver, "That you, Bessie?"

"Yes'm."

"You feelin' awright, Bessie?"

"Yes'm, A'nt Hattie."

"Well, ring me Mrs. Tally."

Because she was tired and a little lonesome, Bessie decided to listen in and find out what had happened in the village since the two women had last talked.

After several comments about the uncertainty of the spring weather and the bugs which were fairly taking the beans, Aunt Hattie asked, "S'pose you heerd 'bout the weddin', Mrs. Tally?"

Aunt Susie Tally's voice sounded a little less fatigued as she questioned, "Na—ow, whut weddin'?"

"Law, Mrs. Tally, you don't mean to say that you ain't heerd that Bruce an' Miss Marion run away to Lexington las' night and wus married?"

Bessie's eyes widened and her throat seemed to tighten beneath her shirtwaist collar as she put down the headpiece. She stared out through the window at the treetops on the other side of the road. It all came back to her as she sat there, too dazed to stir.

For six months Bruce had been going with her. He always came to see her on Wednesday and Saturday nights. Then "Mama" Smith would always 'tend to the switchboard for her, and in return for the service, Bessie would wash the breakfast dishes next morning. Unconsciously, she had grown to live for the nights on which Bruce came. One time he had brought her a lovely gold locket, and when she had received her next check of twenty dollars she had bought him a red silk necktie which cost a dollar. Bruce was everything to her. She had even dreamed that perhaps some day they would marry. She had much rather marry Bruce than John, the widower, who owned a farm, and who had come to see her several times. He had once said in his droll voice, "Bessie, if you ever decide to git married, I wish that you'd sorta consider me, an' if you decide, just put a plug in number five and ring me up."

John did not know how to put things as Bruce did. Bruce could make you feel like no one in the world mattered except you. On that last night, however, he had not seemed quite so interested. Perhaps he had been a little tired, working as he did all day long in the grocery store.

With a start Bessie remembered that he was married. There followed this realization a torrent of bitter tears. For several hours Bessie's head remained bowed on the desk beneath the switchboard. Even after she had ceased to cry, her body remained motionless. The big house was still quiet. The quietness was beginning to become unbearable. She realized that she was alone, more alone than she dared to think. Would she always be that way?

Her body stirred, her head was raised to reveal a set face, and pushing back some straggling hair, she placed a plug in "No. Five."

A Cute Essay

By PENELOPE WILSON

IN my collection of souvenirs are two rather interesting letter-openers. One is a long ivory slice of an affair, boasting a delicately carved yellow flower that blossoms from the opener's rounded end, which is tied with an extravagantly long purple cord closing with a tassel. It was in a small, decidedly tucked away curio shop in a town on the Florida coast that I chanced upon Cleopatra, as I call this paper-knife. In Durham, North Carolina, I purchased the other letter-opener which is rather plainer. It is a long, slender bronze affair. It is not ornamented. It is, however, very sharp. It cuts beautifully. I have named it Katharina. I am more fond of Katharina than I am of Cleopatra. The reason is this: Cleopatra has been used too much. It has been employed in the opening of letters exciting and only mildly moving, in the cutting of cake and brown bread, in the scraping of peanut butter off the floor, and in the pricking of at first unaware and then unfortunate spots between the ribs. It has lost much of its former beauty; the petals of its flower are faded, and its silk cord has lost its luster. And, above all, it has become dull, just as a word in our language has become less effective because it has been used too much. This word is cute.

Every generation has its pets, whether they be men, events, words. *Cute* is the favorite of this age. Once it was a good word to use. Once it meant something specific. Then one understood the meaning implied when the word was used. But that time is no more.

"Cute has one hundred and forty different meanings for the girls of today," the president of a neighboring college remarked to me one Sunday last summer when he heard some sweet young stranger in Greensboro exclaim that the Jefferson Standard Building was "mighty cute." "Even more than that, I suppose," he continued. "They use it to describe anything they wish." He was and is eternally right. People of today, particularly girls, use the adjective mentioned almost every time they feel called upon to use a modifier of a noun or a pronoun. They use it without thinking. I well remember the day daddy laid down the law with respect to it in our house. I had, in my estimation,

flattered a girl by describing her as cute. But alas! she was buxom. Daddy, man that he is, remembered her figure. "*Cute!*" he exclaimed. "*Cute!* Exactly what do you mean by *cute*? Even this chicken on my plate, before its timely death, would have known better than to have called Mariana *cute!*" He didn't say "bah," but he thought "bah!" He was disgusted with me for using that simple little adjective. "Just the other night," he lectured on, "when your cousin Arnold and I were out watching the moon rise over the Atlantic, some little wisp of a girl passed us by on the arm of her lover and remarked romantically, 'Oh! what a cute ocean.'" "He is absurdly put out with me," I thought. Then, I laughed at him. But I have changed my mind and have come to agree with him. I am tired of hearing flowers, bugs, stars, kittens, houses, occasions, mountains, oceans, envelope-openers, people, and everything else on the earth below, in the heavens above, and in the space between heaven and earth termed cute. I am weary of hearing people use the word to humor their naturally lazy dispositions. They use it without thinking, and, since a vast number of people enjoy talking most when thought isn't required, they include *cute* in their daily, even hourly conversation. The world has been abused to such a degree that many people who look well to their speech refuse to use it. They will not often have anything to do with a word so ordinary, so weak, so dull.

You see, it is like my Cleopatra. It was once worthwhile. But it has been worn out. It has been robbed of its endearing young charms. Overuse has effaced its attractiveness. It remains a mockery of the past. Just as I today prefer Katharina to Cleopatra, thoughtful English speakers and writers prefer almost any word in the language to that weakling, *cute*.

“Jacky”

By HALLIE SYKES

“HELEN, what comes after twenty-nine?” asked Jacky one day.
“Why, thirty, of course,” I answered. “What do you want to know for, Jacky?”

“‘Cause I got ‘firty-free’ bees in this bottle.”

“Thirty-three bees! Who gave you bees to play with?”

“I caught ‘em.”

“How?”

“I jest took ‘is ‘ittle bottle an’ caught ‘em.”

I watched him catch bees. He certainly had a unique method. He held a mayonnaise jar under the bee and waited until the bee began to crawl into the jar. Then he put the top on the jar and shut the bee inside.

“What are you going to do with your bees?” I asked.

“I’m goin’ to catch a ‘undred an’ put ‘em in that ‘oneysuckle vine, right back yonder, where they’ll make lots of ‘oney for my pancakes tomorrow.”

What does Jacky like to do? He likes everything. Sunshine or rain, he finds something to amuse himself. Sunshine means that he can skate and play outside. He put on his skates the other day and called to his playmate, “‘Pyllis’, do you know you’re ‘su-fist-cated’?”

“No, I’m not ‘su-fist-cated’ either, Jacky. No, I’m not. I know I’m not.”

“Yes, you are, too, ‘cause my daddy said you were.”

Jacky likes to play baseball with the “big” boys. The larger boys think it a curiosity to see him try to “bat” with a bat nearly as large as he is. He usually hits the ball though.

Jacky thinks it quite a treat to go to “grandma’s”. He says, “One grandma lives on the bumpy road, and the other grandma lives ‘way off in the country, where they have cows, n’an pigs, n’an turkeys.” When he went to visit one grandmother before “the election,” he greeted his grandmother by saying, “Who you for? I’m for ‘‘Urbert ‘Oover’,” and immediately he asked for “cheese-pie.” What is “cheese-

pie?" It is Jacky's own language for cheese toasted inside of corn bread. Jacky asks for it as soon as he sees "grandma."

His grandmother sent him a little gingham dog for Christmas. Jacky immediately named it "Poochie," and he has to sleep with it every night. Jacky is not selfish though. He gave his dog to Phyllis so "she can see how warm he keeps me." When Phyllis brought the dog home, Jacky tried to scare her. He jumped from behind the door with a loud "Boo."

All the school children gave an Armistice Day parade. Jacky saw the parade. He came home and said, "I saw a big, pretty 'rade, but I didn't see any 'lephunts."

Now, at the age of five, Jacky is trying to learn "his lessons." He tries to read the paper every night. One night he said, "'Tommy spin-tail' turned wrong side up." After he finishes with the paper, he reads some little book until his brother begins to practice his violin lesson. He "practices" about five minutes, and then finds his older brother, who is trying to learn French. Jacky says, "Parlez-vous francais?"

His brother says, "I'm busy. Go play with your toes."

Then Jacky says, "Se bien dommage—What a pity!"

Jacky is always busy, never ceasing to "work." When he is not outdoors playing, he is indoors playing. He has recently learned to trace things with carbon paper. He traces everything from apples to zebras. He found that he could polish his own shoes. He now polishes his shoes, combs his hair straight back "like daddy's," brushes off his pants, puts on his "tea-hound" sweater, and goes out to conquer the feminine hearts of his world.

Spring

She used to sing when springtime came—
Tell her now that robins call;
And once she laughed when flowers bloomed—
Show her jonquils by the wall.
She used to sit by shaded streams,
Heard them tell her happy things;
And saw the bees 'mong apple blooms
Flit on gauzy droning wings.

Do bluebirds sing in heaven of spring?
Plum trees their fresh sweetness lend?
Do brooks steal there the cloud-flecked blue—
And make her glad again?

HANNAH WILLIS.



Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael

A Study and Contrast

By ALICE ARMFIELD

THE period of the French Revolution and of Napoleon's rule stands out against the more sober background of previous and subsequent history like a bright spot of mingled colors. Of all the glamorous characters that dominate this era, none, with the exception of Marie Antoinette and Napoleon, are more colorful than two mistresses of the Salon, Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael.

"Stories of women's lives should never be written," said Sainte-Beuve, the famous French critic. "Even when women have nothing essential to conceal, they can only lose charm in the text of a continued narration."¹ This is very true of Madame Recamier. To set down coldly and impersonally the events of her life is to fail utterly in understanding her. There is something in her that defies analysis. Who can visualize the poignant loveliness of a rose in full bloom by the sight of its torn off petals? Perhaps it is impossible for anyone who did not know Madame Recamier personally and who did not see her in all the glow of her first youth to get a clear conception of the charm and fascination she had for everyone around her. Madame Recamier cannot be described; she must be *felt*. If she is to be understood, she must be approached in a sympathetic attitude.

Jeanne Francois Julie Adelaide Bernard was born at Lyons on December 4, 1777. Of all this imposing array of names she kept only Julie, which her friends later transformed into Juliette. As a child, Juliette was noted for her great beauty and even excited the admiration of Marie Antoinette, who called her to the royal palace to have her measured with her daughter, who was of about the same age.² In the year 1793, in the very thick of the Revolution, Juliette, then a mere child of fifteen, married M. Recamier, a wealthy banker of forty-five. It is generally agreed that the relations between Recamier and his child-wife were more those of father and daughter than those of

1. Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, "Madame Recamier," *Causeries du Lundo*, p. 98.

2. Thomson, Katherine, and Thomson, John, "Madame Recamier," *The Queens of Society*, p. 12.

husband and wife.³ As the wife of Recamier, Juliette rose into social prominence. She soon opened her salon, and to it came many of the most notable people of France to pay tribute to her beauty. Her many admirers were all of high rank: Adrien and Mathieu Montmorency, Lucien and Napoleon Bonaparte, and three German princes of royal degree paid her their addresses. Ten years after her marriage her beauty was at its greatest, and her star reached the peak of its ascendancy.

Her contemporaries leave behind glowing descriptions of her loveliness at this time. Her figure was very slender and delicate; her well proportioned neck and shoulders, her supple waist, and her little, round, dimpled arms gave her an indescribable charm. Her face itself was beautiful. With red lips, pearl-like teeth, and a well-shaped nose, quite French, she was very charming. The expressiveness of her mobile eyes was enhanced by long lashes curling on her exquisite cheek. But all these attractions were eclipsed by her dazzling, milk-white complexion. In addition, she had a great dignity; she walked in a stately manner, "like a goddess on clouds."⁴

In 1808, Madame Recamier met Madame de Stael, and from that time on, the streams of their lives were often mingled together. Other worthy friends began to flock around Juliette, and the character of her salon underwent a decided change. The salon of her youth had been composed mostly of foppish dandies; the friends of her old age were men of great intellect and fine character. One of the most notable of these was the famous French writer, Chateaubriand. The older Madame Recamier grew, the more devoted became her friends. With the passing of the years, Madame Recamier's beauty grew less; her charm, however, still remained, like the perfume which lingers around a withered flower. When Madame Recamier saw that her beauty was beginning to fade away, she did what few women ever do: she did not struggle; she accepted with good grace the first ravages of time. When one of her friends complimented her on having retained her beauty, she replied, "Ah, my dear, there is no more illusion about it. The day when I saw that the little Italian boys on the street no longer turned around to stare at me I understood that my beauty was gone."⁵

3. Thomson, Katherine and John, "Madame Recamier," *The Queens of Society*, p. 12.

4. Herriot, Edouard, *Madame Recamier et Ses Amis*, p. 31.

5. Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, *Op. Cit.*, p. 105.

The years passed—still Madame Recamier lingered on. One by one, her friends dropped away, and she was left, the last of a brilliant circle. She herself died at the age of seventy-two, on May 11, 1849. It is said that after her death her face assumed all the loveliness it had in her youth. Death, satisfied, paid this last tribute to the woman who was one of the most celebrated beauties of all time.⁶ With the death of Madame Recamier the salon passed out of the life of men. Thus beauty and wit for a time sank below the horizon, and the glory of their setting cast a glow over all the age: for a short while the faint pink and gold tints could still be seen; then they quickly faded away from the darkening sky. The age of Reason had succeeded the age of Romance.

The other most famous mistress of the salon in this period was Madame de Stael. Of all the Frenchwomen who have ruled society for good or ill, Madame de Stael is the one who most thoroughly deserves our admiration.⁷ Germaine Necker was born in Paris on April 22, 1766. Both of her parents were famous: her father was the great finance minister under Louis XVI; her mother was the leader of one of the most celebrated salons of the eighteenth century. While she was still a child, Germaine was introduced into her mother's salon. It was rather touching to see the small child seated on a low stool near her mother and fixing on one speaker after another her great, astonished eyes.⁸ The young girl soon learned to speak and write with great ease; when she was only twelve years old, she wrote a play which was praised highly by the members of her mother's salon.

At the age of twenty Germaine Necker married the Baron Von Stael Holstein, the Swedish Ambassador to France. As time went on, she became more and more influential. When Napoleon rose into power, he was at first eager to have her as his friend. He sent his brother Joseph to promise her anything she wanted and to ask why she was not willing to join in with them. Her brilliant but imprudent reply is celebrated, "The difficulty, Monsieur, is not what I want, but what I *think*."⁹ From this moment the breach between Napoleon and Madame de Stael became so wide that it could not be bridged. When

6. Thomson, Katherine and John, *Op. Cit.*, p. 72.

7. Thomson, Katherine and John, "Madame de Stael," *Op. Cit.*, p. 109.

8. Duffy, Bella, *Madame de Stael*, p. 20.

9. Thomson, Katherine and John, *Op. Cit.*, p. 135.

she began to denounce him loudly and fearlessly, Napoleon trembled for his power. The man who could command armies, pitilessly wipe out the forces of his adversaries, and ride ruthlessly over all obstacles quailed before the tongue and pen of a woman. On account of his fear he inflicted on her the most severe punishment possible to a Frenchwoman—he exiled her from Paris. She departed to Switzerland; the next ten years of her life were spent in exile and in wandering around from place to place.

To Madame de Stael the beauties of nature were as nothing compared to the attractions of society. “I would not even open my window to see the Bay of Naples for the first time,” she declared, “but I would travel a hundred leagues to talk to a man of parts whom I do not know.”¹⁰ All the years of her exile, which was spent in traveling in Italy, Germany, and England, were made endurable only by the conversations she had with such men of genius as Goethe, Schiller, and Byron. During this period she wrote some of her best works: *Delphine*, *Corinne*, and *De l’Allemagne*. Upon Napoleon’s exile to Elba Madame de Stael returned to Paris. This was the period of her greatest triumph. In her long duel with Napoleon, Madame de Stael was the victor. She clung fast to her beliefs, and in the end the principles she upheld triumphed. Napoleon’s ideas of absolute rule went to nothing on the lonely island of St. Helena. Madame de Stael’s ideals of liberty and democracy have been echoed and reechoed by thousands.

Madame de Stael’s salon was the most brilliant in Paris. Men of every nation and of every shade of opinion gathered there. Absolute freedom of thought and speech was the distinguishing characteristic of their intercourse, but the hostess was the real center and inspiration of these distinguished gatherings. Her conversation was eloquent. It was filled with bold and striking figures, with subtle meanings, with felicitous terms, with irony, with flashes of sparkling wit, with penetrating analyses of the human heart, with sympathy and understanding, and above all with earnestness and enthusiasm.¹¹ At times a magic spell transfigured her whole being and held her listeners breathless and enthralled. As she spoke, her dark, commanding eyes were illuminated by the fire of genius. “If I were queen,” said Madame de Tesse,

10. Sorel, Albert, *Madame de Stael*, p. 116.

11. *Ibid.*, p. 91.

one of her most ardent admirers, "I would command Madame de Stael to speak to me always."¹²

Madame de Stael spent the last years of her life in Paris, in the intellectual atmosphere so necessary to the full development of her genius. There she died on the fourteenth of July, 1817, surrounded by her friends, in the full maturity of her powers, and at the height of her influence. Only after her death was she fully appreciated. "Her star," said Sainte-Beuve, "rose in its full splendor only above her tomb."¹³ More than any other person she developed the finest qualities of her age: sympathy and understanding, confidence in human progress, and belief in liberty. No one of that important and soul-stirring era, with the exception of Napoleon, is so intensely alive in the world today as Madame de Stael.¹⁴ Her teachings, her visions of truth, and her belief in democracy are embodied in the social, moral, and spiritual life of all nations and have become a part of the intellectual heritage of the world. Her splendid gifts of mind and heart and soul, her rich and interesting character stand out as the supreme example of feminine excellence. Germaine de Stael will be remembered as the greatest woman of her age, perhaps of *any* age.¹⁵

Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael each wielded a powerful influence on the people of the day. Madame Recamier's power was indirect, Madame de Stael's direct. Men came to Juliette Recamier's salon to gaze upon a woman's loveliness. However, they found in Madame Recamier a quality worth more than mere beauty; they found in her that essence of character which Shakespeare calls "the milk of human kindness."¹⁶ Madame Recamier was very considerate of others; she made each person feel that she took an especial interest in him; she had a pleasing way of entering easily into the thoughts of others. She excelled in smoothing over angry feelings, in reconciling enemies, and in breaking down reserve by her charm. But above all, her smile was delightful. In it there was such divine sympathy that that deeper sympathy which comes either from having suffered or from being capable of suffering seemed hardly necessary. Her

12. Ibid, p. 91.

13. Duffy, Bella, Op. Cit., p. 239.

14. Ravenel, Florence Leftwich, The Great Saloniere, Madame de Stael, Women and the French Tradition, p. 117.

15. Thomson, Katherine and John, Op. Cit., p. 169.

16. Sainte-Beuve, Op. Cit., p. 107.

smile encompassed all the weaknesses of the human race, all its sorrows, and seemed to say, "I understand."¹⁷

Men went to Madame de Stael's salon for a totally different purpose. They went to take part in sparkling, weighty conversation and to see genius gleam in a pair of dark, expressive eyes. They found a woman of great intellect, of high ideals, of tolerance, benevolence, and deep-lying faith in humanity, a woman in whom the more masculine qualities of strength, courage, and will-power were united with the feminine attractions of graciousness, tact, and simplicity. At times all these qualities were overborne and swept away by an onrush of tumultuous emotion. When Madame de Stael's admirers were a little weary of the storminess and unrest of her character, a little tired of the necessity of admiring her, they crept away to Madame Recamier for rest and flattery, only to return to Madame de Stael with renewed vigor for the combat.

The bonds of friendship between Madame Recamier and Madame de Stael were very strong. Each admired the other greatly. Each saw in the other the exact opposite of herself—the sum of all that she had longed to be. Madame Recamier, the queen of beauty and grace and charm, and Madame de Stael, the queen of wit and intellect, are almost unrivaled in their fields. Totally different in all respects, they are fixed like two stars at the opposite poles. United by the bond of friendship, they shine with a brilliance that is scarcely excelled by any star or constellation in the sky of fame.

17. Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin, *Op. Cit.*, p. 98.



Nonsense

I'd like to be a little brook
Most frolicsome. Would you?
To gambol with the polywogs
And slice the hills in two!

PENELOPE WILSON.

The Green Pool

By K. McLESKY

I couldn't have gone by the Green Pool at night—alone. It was hard to go by during the day—not hard to go to, but to go by. Even the mid-afternoon sun, which reached farther back into the tiny cove that seemed to brood over the Pool, and which pierced even the covering of low-hanging branches—even that mid-afternoon sun could light the place only enough to enhance the weirdness of it.

Always, as I looked into the clear, black-green depths, I could hear the voice of the mountaineer, "It's twenty foot deep thar. Las summer a nigger drownded in thar, and it took twenty-foot poles to fish 'im out." I could see that scene: negro's arms, glistening ebony in the gloom, thrashing the once smooth surface into a creamy foam. I could see his eyes, and hear his strangling calls for help. Then I could see him sink; I could see the bubbles float on down stream; hear the echoes of his voice die among the hills; see a quiet, secret Pool once again.

No, I couldn't have gone by the Green Pool at night. I wonder if my arms would have looked like ivory or like gleaming silver under the moonlight?



April's Tears

Something there is in April rain I love:
The way it has of laughing with new leaves;
The way it fills up wash tubs of the flowers;
(Gay daffodils and timid crocusses),
So that they need not run down winding paths
To find a woodland spring and dip therein;
The way it smells of pines and lilac boughs
The way it comes, on tiptoes, stop awhile,
And then is gone. And all is fresh outside.

PENELOPE WILSON.

Cats

I HAVE always thought that I would like to be a cat. I don't mean one of those scrawny, half-wild, free-lance artists that one finds roaming about, scarred from many battles, and able to smell neighboring garbage pails, but a pet cat—sleek of fur, fat, well-fed, and decidedly master of his own house. Have you ever noticed that, although people feel that they can make a dog obey them, they are still superstitious about, and more than a little afraid of, a cat? Dogs are made to keep out of the best furniture, and away from timid guests, but a cat has only to turn a lazy, impudent, amber eye upon his owner, and he is let sleep in the best chair.

I once had a tom-cat, who, by a series of mishaps, was christened Christina Alberta. As soon as his mother, the dominating Maria, died, Christina took complete possession of the house, its contents, and its occupants. If he wanted food, he sat down before the refrigerator, and meowed until someone came to feed him. If he was outside, and wanted to come in, he did not go to the door, as did the other cats. Instead, he jumped upon the window-sill of a lighted room, and waited, majestically, for the window to be opened. If no one saw him, he batted peremptorily upon the pane with his paw.

It was my duty each night, as owner and guardian of the cats in our home, to put them all in the cellar at bedtime. Soon Christina learned to hide when I began to gather his protesting brothers and sisters for their incarceration. Thereafter when all was clear, he would come forth from his hiding place, and seek a bed with an occupant. He knew just how to get inside the covers and down to the foot, where he snored all night in blissful warmth.

If I were a cat, I would want to be just that sort of cat—indolent, sure of food and lodging, but free to come and go as I pleased. If I chose to sleep all day, no one would question my right to do so. I could order the dog about, imperiously, and tap him on the nose if he were not quick enough. I could do almost anything, and be sure of a welcome and a petting when I returned home, even after two or three days' absence. I might even have the worldly wisdom of Adelaide Victoria and Christina Alberta II, who gaze down at me from their frame with a sophistication surprising in such youth.

Out of the Shadows

By LOU KING

NIGHT falls, a sodden black curtain pressing downward to crush the earth; a sullen city, fevered and hot-eyed, sinks to her tumbled bed, spent with a day of desires and heartbreak, and drifts into restless, tortured dreams. Mist, curling, clinging, all pervading, creeps stealthily through furtive alleys. A moon, grotesque, twisted, wavering like a face seen in a cracked mirror, a moon like a skull stares from socketless eyes. On a deserted street corner a gas light lifts its feeble flame upward to a slow writhing death.

From a dark doorway a shadow slips silently on cat's feet, passes under the light. A sinister, gray-white face peers out into the murky dimness; brutality, lust, and vindictive hate are stamped there. Flabby fingers pluck at a greasy coat collar in an effort to shut out the chilling damp; an apprehensive glance from cold, watchful eyes sweeps the lonely walk. The shadow glides swiftly into a narrow alley. Silence. Cautiously padded feet shuffle quietly over the cobbles.

A door a few yards ahead swings back noiselessly and another shadow joins the lesser shadows of the night. Unaware, secure in his ignorance of the impending disaster lurking close at his heels, the latest wayfarer wends his way through a labyrinth of nameless passages.

Poisonous yellow fumes arise from a sluggish river flowing secretly beneath the rotting timbers of a wharf. The trailing figure rapidly gains on the unsuspecting one. A false step, a stone clatters; with a startled cry the pursued turns—too late! An upraised arm, a cold glittering blade catches a gleam of moonlight; with a sickening downward plunge the arm strikes, a muffled moan, a sigh, a lax body slithers to the cobblestones; blood—how dark fresh blood is!—trickles in a crimson rivulet down the gutter. The hovering shadow straightens; again a vagrant moonbeam flashes on the blood, now vermillion, like a thing alive with a stolen life. A hand grasps the limp, out-flung arm of the pitifully huddled form; the shadow creeps toward the river, the still warm bundle in tow. A grunt, a lusty heave, an imperceptible pause as the body hangs in mid-air, dead face turned

to the stars, wide eyes staring terror-stricken toward an indifferent moon, a dull splash, a hand flung upward from the depths as if in protest of being so rudely dashed into eternity; the leaden weight sinks, a horrible choking gurgle, the oily waters triumphantly close over its prisoner.

A heavy, breathless quiet broods over all; a watchful, small cloud scuds across the grinning face of the moon. The one remaining shadow merges into impenetrable darkness; the river sucks against the pier with a satisfied lisp; an oblivious world stirs uneasily, sleeps on . . .



Reincarnation

Trailing arbutus—
Little flower in the woods—
Pink with tiny star-like face,
Cuddling down among its leaves
Like a baby in its lace.

Tulips—
Tall and slender arm of green
Holds its crimson cup up high
So that it may catch the rain
Coming from the April sky.

Violets—
Eyes of purple gayety
Vamping all the mighty stars—
Winking at the hyacinths
Growing in their earthen jars.

Jonquils—
In agreement with the wind,
Nodding happy yellow heads—
Just content to sway and smile
In their red-brick bordered beds.

MARGARET ASHBURN.

A Night Scene in Hongkong

By CONSTANCE LAM

MAJESTIC is the view of Hongkong by day and breath-taking is the view by night. Hongkong is built on a little island with high mountain peaks in the background and a fascinating water-front in the foreground.

To look down from a peak thirteen hundred feet high, at night, one would see the city in a ghostly glow. The roofs of the theatres twinkle brightly with rotating lights; the ornate Chinese restaurants on Queen's Road and West Point glitter with blazing coronets.

Out in the harbor is a forest of masts, hiding a low shore behind ten thousand sampans (river boats) jostling each other like a flock of geese. Beyond the jitties lie the dingy coasting steamers, that ply between Macao and Canton, with their names inscribed in large Chinese characters. Farther out anchor two destroyers, a cruiser, and a lopsided aeroplane. Over toward the Kan-lung shore are the big ocean liners, the black funnels of the P. & O., the yellow of the C. P. R. Empresses, and the red dollar sign of the Dollar liner against the black background of the funnel. The harbor is in a constant turmoil, steamers coming and going—some going to Singapore and Europe, some to Shanghai and Yokohama, others to Manila and America.

Then, too, there are the motor boats, darting hither and thither upon their hasty business—harbor launches, police launches, tenders, and pleasure crafts. Most typical of a Chinese harbor, however, are the junks, the immemorial, everlasting junks, slipping in and out of the harbor at the will of the wind. Unlike the restless and nervous gasoline launches, the junks take their time in floating unruffled, and unhurried in whatever business they carry on.

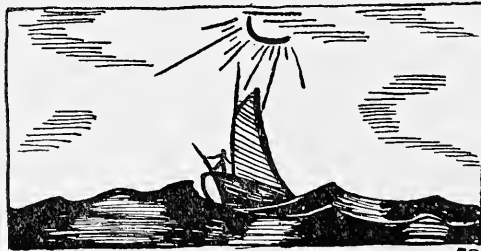
Sometimes on a cruiser a dance may be in progress, and the boat is outlined with lamps. The picture is beautiful. The cruiser with its sparkling outline against a dark still-water background looks like a piece of jewelry pinned on a black, glossy satin dress—like a diamond ship.

To be up there on the mountain top, alone with the stars and whispering night, one feels like a god, remote and solitary, surveying a toy and tinsel world.

Editorial

IT is fitting that the April issue of the *Coraddi* be authored and presented by the Freshman class not only for the obvious quality of spring-like freshness in amateur work, but also for a certain ardor and charm which characterizes writings of enthusiastic and capable, though hitherto untried, youth. Youth lacks background, lacks range of knowledge, lacks maturity, but spontaneity and talent more than suffice for these faults. Sincerity in writing covers a multitude of sins; one can learn the art only by practice; and, most important of all, there is developed in creative work a true appreciation of and taste for the best in literature. This generation has been criticized, and justly so, for the too-great facility and profuseness of its writings; it is too prodigal and careless with its talents; but we reiterate that only in this lavish outpouring of thought can ease of self-expression be gained. For this reason, therefore, and for the sheer pleasure of composition and selection of material, we present our maiden efforts in the world of literature by the publication of this issue of our college literary magazine.

CECILE RICHARDS.



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