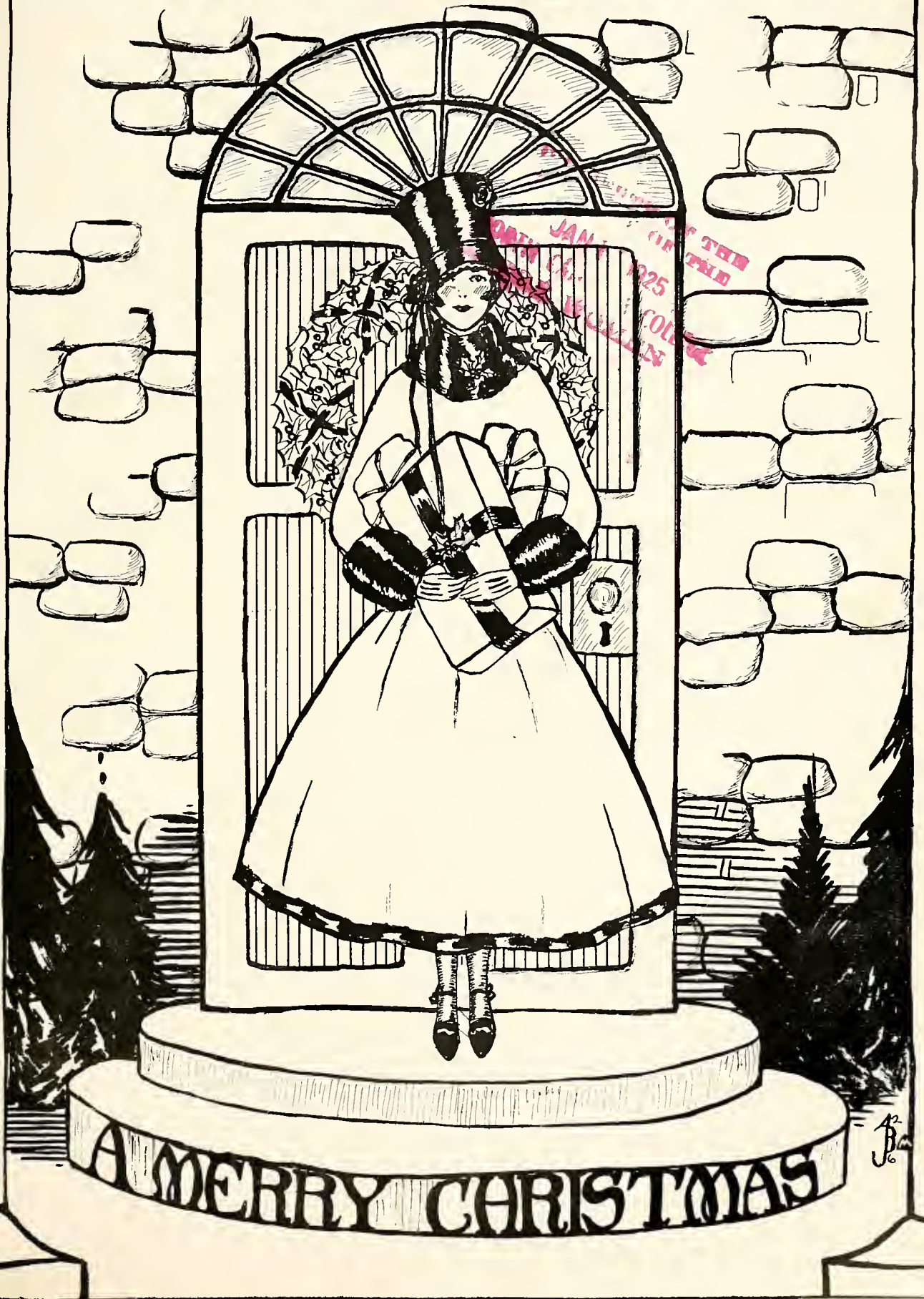


CORADDI



THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

*AN A-1 GRADE COLLEGE MAINTAINED BY NORTH CAROLINA FOR
THE EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN OF THE STATE*

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The Coraddi

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At Christmas

Anything can happen
At Christmas:
A lame girl walk,
Or Santa Claus come
To the poorest hut.
The old legends tell
Of a horse
That could talk
Of wondrous things
On the eve
Of Christ's birthday.

Spirit of Christmas
Seizes me now
As surely as Marley
Is dead.
And it will leave,
I do believe,
The happiest new year
Yet.

Merrily, merrily
Red berries shine
Snow piles up
With glee.
Pine cones crackle
And burn with cheer
While blue lights
Kiss the flame.

—Lucille Meredith.



The Coraddi

December, 1924



Little Gullible

Jo Grimsley, '25

It was Christmas day, a bright, glorious afternoon. A little girl stood at the armchair side and teased her grandfather to go hunting. She wanted to get out of the village.

"We won't kill a thing, not even a water witch. I don't *want* to kill anything; but we can take our guns and go to the Duck Haunt. We can watch the wild ducks and bring back some holly," she begged. And then her grandfather, who was not an old man at all, but a fine companion for a little girl, agreed to go.

While he was hunting for some extra shells and getting the "guns" ready, the little girl hurried away to the dining room and cut two big slices of cocoanut cake. She filled her mackinaw pockets with candy fruit and nuts and then ran out to join her grandfather. She was so loaded down that she could hardly carry her small rifle; but she refused to let him carry it.

The child and her grandfather walked along the sedge-edged fields and wood-paths bathed in mellow, afternoon winter-sun. They had for company little whirring-winged birds that flitted from bush to bush. It was a long way to walk; but they passed the time pleasantly, telling each other the different things they noticed and loved: the bright sunshine; flight of birds; the inroads of disastrous mistletoe; the nuts and crackly leaves on the ground; the stealthy little streams trickling almost imperceptibly thru the low places, green with moss. They found white-bodied holly trees, glistening with prickly leaves and brilliant berries. They saw the sudden whisking of swift gray squirrels from limb to limb; and most of all they felt the great stillness of the deep dim woods. The little girl kicked the brown leaves in sheer delight and held her nose up in the air, sniffing the spicy pines.

Finally, they came to Duck Haunt; it was a curving pine guarded cove of the river, where hundreds of ducks rode on the glassy water quietly. The river was calm, gray, blue hazed. After the two had watched the ducks for a time, they decided to see them on wing; so they shot into the air several times. The ducks rose with a great noise of wings and fled: some high circling

over the river; others straight out across the broad expanse of water; and yet others swam, diving and dipping, gliding swiftly. It was a good sight.

On their way home they stopped at a negro cabin. Hounds greeted them, sniffing curiously and eyeing the guns. A diminutive colored man followed the hounds. He was effusive, bowing and scraping in a wondrous fashion.

"De Lawd! Do look who com'! Now ef'n Ah wud'n jus' thinkin' about you all, you can w'oop me. Yassah, I sho is glad t' see yuh."

"Yes, I know you are, Lias," said the little girl, poking an orange at him. "Why weren't you hollerin' 'Christmas gift at us? Now where's Dovey?"

"Thanky, thanky, little Miss. She inside an' she got supin' in dere wid 'er. Ole Santy done brung me and Dovey er baby dis Christmas. Got 'yere a little early; but I reckon he's Christmas gif' all de same."

"Lias! Are you telling the truth? Why, you and Dovey never had a baby before—all the niggahs I ever knew had lots of babies. On the day before Christmas too! I'm goin' in." And the little girl departed importantly into the cabin, leaving her grandfather and the dwarfed negro man to talk about the spring planting.

Inside the cabin it was dark and close. A log fire blazed, sparkling with uneven flames. Roasting potatoes lay like piks in the ashes.

"How y'do Dovey?" said the child, seriously to a scarred-faced woman who lay upon a low bed, covered with dirty, ragged quilts. "Lias told me about yo' Chris'mas gift. I want to see it. Where is the baby?" The negro woman answered her proudly:

"He in heah side er me. Wrop up in dat bes' quilt. Heah, pull de kiver dis way. Now, dere 'e is." The little girl looked in fascinated silence. She thought it looked like an ugly little rat. Then she looked at the happy proud mother.

"Dovey," she pronounced seriously, reaching into her pockets, "he's, he's the most beautiful little colored baby I ever saw. He's a—a fine boy." She was trying

desperately to remember what grown up women always said in such cases. Dovey's beaming face shone even brighter when she saw the fruit, candy, and nuts that the child was pulling out of her pockets.

"De Lawd, now, ain't dat des' lak you, honey? Brung Chris'mas gif' all de way down heah fo' Dovey. Thank y' honey-chile. De Lawd pay you back some time. Now honey, can' you pick me out a name fo' dis chile. I been a thinkin' about Elijah er Jeremiah, day's two de Good-book names. But I knows you's got a fine one a reg'lar book name, das what I wants."

"Yes, I have, Dovey, it's a wonderful name out of a fine book that I got this morning for Christmas. It is "Gulliver's Travels, the best book I ever read except Grimes' Fairy Tales. It's about a man that traveled to the queerest places in the world and had such funny things happen to him that you can hardly believe them. His name was Gulliver. Isn't that beautiful? Of course I think Hannibal would be a fine name too; but I like the names of the man that wrote about Gulliver. Part of it is a Bible name. If we put all those together it will make a pretty long name."

"Dat don' make a bit difference, honey. I likes long names myself. I knowed a preacher oncet had nine. Put all you want togeder. Dem two you said sholy does sound fine, dey's big-sounding names."

"Well, then, Dovey, if you don't object, we'll name him Gulliver Hannibal Jonathan Swift Brown. Now,

that makes just five and they're lovely. You can call him 'Gulliver Hannibal' for short, or just 'Gulliver'."

"I reckon I bettah jus' call 'im Gullible, honey, 'case dat's all I guine to be able to 'member."

"I would, too, Dovey. But I'll write the others down so he'll know what the whole name is when he gets older. He ought to be proud of his name; it means a lot of things. If he does like his name," says Dovey, "he'll be a great man." Dovey's eyes stretched wide and she rolled them piously at this.

"Praise de Lawd, he do," she said.

The little girl became dreamy and fortelling; she spoke prophetically:

"He'll be a great traveler and see strange things. He'll love history and he in a history book if he's like Hannibal; and he'll be a friend of David in the Bible. He'll be a Swift runner, and he will write a book."

"Bless Gawd, he do," answered Dovey.

"Now, don't you forget his name, Dovey, and be sure to give him some orange juice," advised the little girl as she was leaving. "And eat all the other things yourself."

"Dat I will, honey, thanky." And then continued mumbling to herself:

"Gullible, Hannabal, Li'l Gullible. Gullible, you's sho gat a fine name—Little Gullible. Das it, Gullible's trabels."

A Thought

Nancy Little, '27

I saw a little lady today
With dusky hair.
I'm sure she smiled, for the sun
Was shining, everywhere.

I saw a little leaf today,
Dwarfed—but red;
It lay amid a heap of brown
Alive among the dead.

The little lady from the wind drew
The leaflet apart
And pinned it on her dress of blue;—
I think it was her heart.

Prayer In An Unorthodox Philosophy of Life

Polly Duffy, '25

We make no more ado about the faith of our fathers—"we" applying to a few I know that agree with me and many that I suspect of the crime. We have long ago, according to our temperaments, either gently put aside or rudely thrust aside that consoling and illusory philosophy of life. We are building, each in his own way, a religion, or a "total attitude toward life." As our idea of the "spiritual reliance" has come up out of the chaos in new form, prayer in its relation to life has assumed a strikingly different significance.

In our concept of life it seems impossible that "the cosmic intelligence surrounding the universe"—that great energy which is responsible for life and which we know only as we discover its manifestations in eternal laws which we call the laws of nature—concerns itself to any great extent with the individual. The law of life seems to be the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the species. There seem to be certain unchangeable laws that operate in the universe, operate perhaps for good on the whole but for untold misery oftentimes in individual cases. We believe that it is the colossal egotism of man which has made him believe that he is of such extreme importance that his individual happiness and welfare is of concern to the Power back of the universe. This egotism has found further extension in the belief that his personality cannot die, that his spirit will be immortal through the ages. Some of us test our beliefs by two questions: Can this thing be of any possible good to the universe as a whole? Is it in accordance with the known laws of life? We cannot see that divine care for the happiness and welfare of the individual (as judged by his own standards), and the eternal preservation of his personality as a separate entity can be of any possible good in the broader schemes of the universe. Nor do they seem in accordance with the known laws of life.

We conceive that life is somehow purposive. We base our belief on the evidences of progress which the history of the human race can show. We will not stand or fall with this belief. It is merely a working hypothesis by which we at the present time regulate our lives. We will discard it as a belief at any time when we become convinced to the contrary.

As a necessary corollary to this, we hold that it is the purpose of the individual life so to fit into the scheme of the universe as to make the greatest possible contribution to this ever-increasing good which we call progress. In so far as the individual achieves this

adjustment of his own life to the comprehensive plan of the universe he will become immortal—for progress, we believe, is immortal though the individualities of those who contribute to it will die.

In such a scheme of life, what place should prayer occupy? Obviously, it would be out of place in its traditional position of instrument for securing from the Divine Being certain boons for the petitioners. As a means of getting in touch with a spiritual power we see it in one light only. We deem it a means of effecting a change in the mind of the individual, not of effecting change in the universal mind. In this sense, we believe in prayer. We believe in it as we believe in an effective poem, in music which shapes moods and influences thought. Contemplation, the formation of a wish, the serenity of the mood which accompanies prayer—all these place it in the realm of the aesthetic. Psychologically, it has a contribution to make.

The ones of us who hold to this philosophy of life base our beliefs on demonstrable laws and indications which are evident. We do not deny the existence of laws which are not yet demonstrable. Electricity existed before science made evident certain laws of its operation. We hold, however, that until more is discovered we must base our belief on that which is known and hypothesize cautiously about the unknown. This we do in the interest of truth. Experimentation in the realm which we call spiritual should proceed on the same basis as experimentation in the natural sciences—for that only is supernatural, the natural laws of which we have not yet discovered. Certainly much of the supernatural still exists. As mankind proceeds in its conquest of truth it will constantly raise the line dividing the natural from the supernatural, including more and more in the realm of the understood, of the natural. When it learns to shape its actions in accordance with certain "spiritual" laws, as it now has learned to shape its actions in accordance with certain "natural" laws, such as the law of electricity progress at least in a measure, will have been achieved.

We believe that there exist such undiscovered laws. We are not dogmatic. Perhaps prayer has an efficacy which is due to some such law, but we proceed on the basis of that which we know—allowing that there is much which we do not know. Hence, prayer to us is powerful psychologically. "Spiritually" we question its efficacy.

Souls

Marian Piatt, '25

A little breeze flew
 Out of the infinite
 One day—
 A little breeze,
 Fresh and warm,
 With a hint of laughter
 And sunshine in
 Its gaze.
 It did not tarry,
 But darted
 Here and there
 Seeking.
 And presently
 It brushed by
 A little child
 Sitting
 In the sun.
 The little breeze
 Paused, gazed into
 His eyes,
 And with a
 Smile flew
 Ere long it came
 Upon a man—
 A selfish man,
 Lost within
 Himself—driving
 Other morals
 On. The
 Little breeze
 Stopped, but with a frown
 Passed on.
 It flew over
 Pleasant
 Meadows and winding
 Streams.
 In one meadow was
 A girl,
 Wandering aimlessly
 Gazing here and there,
 But seeing.
 Again the little
 Breeze smiled and

Flew on.
 The city spread
 Beneath its wings.
 From out of
 The depths of this seething
 Mass of humanity
 Rose a note—
 An exquisite note
 From a violin.
 The yearnings, tears,
 And joys of a whole
 Lifetime were blent.
 The little breeze
 Stopped mid-air
 And waited.
 Again came the
 Note, more exquisite
 Still.
 Some mortal
 Had reached the
 Heights.
 In another section there
 Stood a painter.
 Before him was his
 Canvas.
 And he seemed weary
 Of life.
 As the little breeze
 Flew by, a
 Light
 Came into his
 Eyes. His brush
 Rested on the canvas. A
 Whole eternity
 Seemed there.
 On and on
 Flew the little
 Breeze,
 Lighting now
 On selfish
 Mortals, now on
 Those
 In whose eyes

Glowed the light of
 Peace, and
 An understanding—
 Dusk began
 To fall.
 The little breeze
 Grew weary.
 Its smile
 Was not so bright.
 Darting in and out
 More slowly,
 Still a'seeking,
 It realized that
 The day
 Was nearly done.
 It had touched
 The heights,
 The depths—
 And as it made its
 Homeward way, it
 Stopped. There came
 A call, clear and
 Sweet,
 Into the twilit spaces—
 A call which
 The little
 Breeze
 Knew—
 A call which these
 Mortals were
 Ever
 Striving to utter—
 Was sometimes reaching,
 Yet were ever
 Bound
 To earth.
 The little breeze
 Smiled, opened its
 Arms to this
 Soul
 Set free,
 And flew into the
 Infinite.



EDITORIALS

After All, Are We?

There was a day when the college student was generally regarded with somewhat a reverent awe and his right to admission among the intelligencia was unquestioningly accorded, sometimes eagerly urged upon him. But in these latter days it is not so. There seems to be a general accusation that college students do not think. Indeed we ourselves have been accused of that gross omission by our own professors. Perhaps more often than not, this accusation is justly made. Nevertheless we know that it is not entirely true. Many of the girls on our campus do think. In our associations on the campus and in discussions we have in our room there is often splendid thinking done.

What is wrong with us, here on our campus particularly, is that we are afraid to express our opinions, except within our closed rooms and among our close associates. Nothing else would ever do. We would be called radicals! heretics! skeptics! In this little world of ours it seems to be the unique privilege of each of us to be radical, just as it is the unique privilege of each separate individual under the sun to be misunderstood, but our fullest enjoyment of this rare privilege is choked by an ultra altruism which demands that we shield the other person. They would be frightened. They might suffer a momentary shock if they knew that the girl across the lunch table or on the back row of the class, were a radical. Hence in reality our campus is a veritable young Russia—in which seventeen hundred of us are radicals, reds, or Bolsheviks, while to all outside appearances we are a colony of young Lucretias sitting demurely around the fire—or should I say back upon the radiator chatting about the eighth addition to Victoria's nursery brood, or how shabby the good queen's hat looked beside the glorious creation worn by the radiant young Empress Eugenie the last grand review.

The grand march has lasted long enough; let us unmask. Let us express our opinions and trust the other person to survive what we in our own self sufficient sophistication suppose would be the shock. In all probability it would be nothing so very marvelous or shocking after all. If there are any new ideas on the campus we need them. It is only thru expression that self-development comes. A frank, sincere ex-

pression or discussion always requires and stimulates thinking. If we, here on our campus would overcome this false fear and give voice to our thoughts, there would be an atmosphere much more conducive to real thinking among our student body.

It is an ambition of the Coraddi to be used as an instrument for such expression. It has not infrequently been hinted to us that material supporting such and such a philosophy or theory would be submitted if it were not for the fact that the young champion knew that if it were published the campus would "go up in smoke." Well, for one, we believe our college is built of a little more substantial stuff than that. At any rate it would be an interesting experiment to try and find out.

What People Swallow

We spank the baby for attempting to imbibe our ten-dollar-an-ounce perfume-de-fleures, or to swallow little Johnnie's recently acquired "flint." Many a woman's nerves have improved when the doctor administered a bread pill. The ambitious politician pours doses of calculated untruths down the open mouths of the ignorant voters. It is truly remarkable "what people swallow."

In recent years, a formidable-looking bottle has made room for itself in the array on the American back-hall shelf. It contains a remarkable beverage—the *Patent Medicine*, which has been given the very suitable name of the *Great American Fraud*. It is the weakest class, the gullible ignorants, that swallow the claims on the much-beprinted labels, and the contents inside. Through extensive advertisement—which usually takes the form of testimonials as to how this medicine has accomplished miracles—Patent Medicine companies attack their poor victims at their most vulnerable point, their tendency to swallow. These advertisements, in order to be effective, must discredit science, for they have a substitution to offer. For example: a well-known "Woman's Medicine" has proved, so the advertisement says, to be efficient when all the doctors had declared that an operation was the only thing that could do the work. So we see that the *Great American Fraud* has at least one evil result in producing a distrust of science among the uneducated.

Some Patent Medicines are harmless, it is true (save

for the fact that they draw the money that should procure professional advice), but they are also ineffective. Their only possible good comes from a certain psychological effect on the minds of consumers. People taking "medicines" of this type have such confidence in their value that they believe they are improving—which may lead to physical betterment. An illustration of the harmless though useless type is the powder that you "shake in your shoes. Rheumatism is cured by absorption." Since the world is going to the bow-wows, and everything is working backwards, (why, a few years ago they even discovered that we were revolving about the sun, instead of its paying us the proper homage of spinning around our planet), then we may consider that it is entirely possible for Nature to reverse her order and show the skin how to work both ways, how to absorb material into the blood as well as eject waste materials from the body.

However, the evil results of Patent Medicines are not always negative, for a large group of Patent Medicines rely on artificial stimulation for their popularity. Such stimulation deceives the individual by making him feel exhilarated, and he thus begins, innocently enough, the drug or alcohol habit. In fact, the "testimonials" themselves give away the secret: "Having taken six bottles of———, I would never be without it."

The Patent Medicine companies are producing a few millionaires raised on the wages of the poor. Their means is a lie, a blot on our civilization. Their enemy is the education of the masses, the intelligence of the race.

L. P.

We are indebted to Miss Brooks Johnson for the cover.

All of us here at N. C. College are here for one big main purpose, and that purpose is an' education. Whether we realize it or not this fact is true; we could have found a more attractive way of amusing ourselves at home, and we could have gained our living in some way without spending four years of our, what we consider important lives, in preparation.

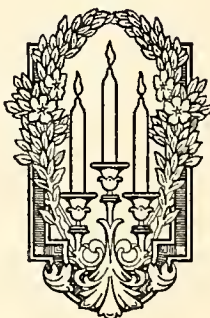
Education is a thing that is recognizable the world over; an educated person can be distinguished from an uneducated one as readily, as the "Skin you love to touch" can be differentiated from "The school girl complexion;" it is the passport into any society, it is the magic key that unlocks any door or treasure chest.

Everybody wants an education, and most people are willing to work for it to a more or less degree. Most of those who have not had the opportunity to get an education realize that they have missed something worth while, and those who have had many chances seem eager to take advantage of them.

This struggle and desire for education means something more than desire for material gain, something more than the longing for a better thing than one's next door neighbor has. Education brings satisfaction—not complacent, comfortable self-satisfaction, but a deep-rooted sense of pleasure and of the value of learning for its own sake. The feeling, the emotion, that one has when he meets something he knows is one of the most delightful that is ever experienced. Education opens new fields of knowledge, of culture and of experience, and all of these contribute to the one thing that is the inner feeling of enjoyment and of gratification.

The question of whether or not an education pays, frequently comes up, and the question can be easily answered by the number of people who are constantly studying and continuing to study. The recompense that comes from an education, and that does make it worth while, is not the fact that it gives one a definite, readily-definable object to carry around and exhibit, but is the fact that when one is educated he is capable of understanding, enjoying, and appreciating the things that give a permanent and lasting satisfaction.

M. G.



The Masked Dance

Jo Grimsley, '25

"Glowing, gorgeous, gleaming, glorious, Peter,—glamorous!" gasped Jeremy, trying to keep from twisting two fingers

"Don't waste the adjectives, petite. It's just ole Harry's annual effort. You see he was cut out to be an interior decorator, and artistic men say he doesn't miss; but then he doesn't do it for a living—poor old fellow; he got sidetracked teaching something in this university, so he saves up his ideas every year and spends them on the gym for this event. Just like a prof! They're a pretty decent lot, most of them I've met. Unselfish—"

"Yeah, I know, Peter. 'Unselfish;' that's what you're always calling other people. Bah! You don't even recognize it. You go aroun' howling about unselfish men and how you admire them. You're the ole unselfish one—why, Peter, you're so decent you're beautiful.' But why the devil do you pick me if you like unselfish people?"

"Gee, Jeremy, sh! Don't treat me like this, when I don't even save to send you candy. How could I help picking you out, if you call it that?—only there never was anybody to pick except you—I didn't see the others."

"You mean then that you were blind, Peter, and you couldn't—"

"Oh, now don't tangle me up, Jeremy. I see Harleson making for here. He's a fine fellow; but that doesn't make me want to give you up to him. There's Pat Vale over there, too; he's all right; we just don't agree about women; a frightfully popular bird, rates with women; see." Jeremy nodded gravely. She looked seriously at the floor. Suddenly, Peter caught her hands with a little quick movement and was shocked to find two immense tears in her eyes. He laughed with happiness—

"Jeremy, dear, don't. Bitte, bitte, my little one, I adore you! Even those Russian things cannot make you more a princess. If you did not belong to me, I should be miserable. Quickly, tell me you're crazy about me. I must know it now before you dance with these men—I don't care about 15 minutes ago, tell me now!"

"Oh. I do, I do—crazy, 'bout you, Peter; but tell me you won't let me dance; say you don't want me to. Aren't you sorry that you won't Peter? Aren't you sorry you never would dance? There are so many lovely girls here. I saw a beautiful Dresden China Sheperdess blonde just a minute ago. Say you want to dance." But Peter shook his head smiling.

"Here's Harleson. Remember to like him. Clever and literary to some degree. He is to bring you back to me at one of the doors. Don't be afraid that I will not trust."

Harleson was a harlequin, tall and slenderly built, with a whimsical, amused face. Jeremy liked him at once, even though she felt that he must know about the two tears. She felt that he understood many unspoken things. Soon he told her:

"I'm glad you wore the Russian things. I was almost startled to see you just now because I'd just come from reading a Russian novel and at first, I could have sworn that you rose up and followed me out of its pages."

"Mon Dieu, monsieur the harlequin, I follow you! You mean that I—Oh!"

"Gee! No! I know better than that! Haven't I heard Pete rant for 5 months? What I meant was that I'd studied your photograph and imagined you Russian of face, at least your eyes. I thought them tragic and was interested to see them—that was all."

"Oh," said Jeremy, twisting her lips, "you are most kind. I take it that I'm a sad looking creature." He laughed, looked down at her.

"You are small," he said. Then soberly, "Did you know that you hurt Peter with your tragic eyes and the twisted lips? You may think me presumptuous, but I swore I'd tell you; he broods over it a lot. I've watched him this winter, over your photograph when he thought I was studying." He said it evenly, as if he knew what he was doing. Jeremy was silent. It was as if she had not heard. She looked up at him and smiled gently.

"You've been reading Dostoevsky? 'The Idiot' perhaps. The first part is wonderful. Do you love Prince Myshkin's soul? That was so beautiful that I even tried being gentle for a long time after that."

"And I," he said, smiling in reminiscence; "tried humility. I tried for a whole day to be humble." They both laughed and were still laughing when they reached Peter, who was waiting at the door.

"Pete," said Harleson, with pretended seriousness. "You should have run around with another woman during this dance. I can't imagine your waiting for this. She's such a wild, wicked little thing." And he winked at Jeremy as he slapped Peter's stiffening neck.

"You don't think he meant I was wicked, do you Peter? Please do not be serious."

"I'm afraid I can't help being serious, Jeremy. I'm sorry you don't like it. I—"

"Oh, Oh, Oh," said Jeremy, injuredly. And then she made an apology to him in fifty little words all jumbled together and very swift, coming softly and incoherently. They were moving thru the outer hall. Peter smiled indulgently, as if at a child.

"That's all right, don't mind me. I only meant that I must be dumb and that it couldn't be helped. Of course I know that Harleson was joking—he has done that all winter and laughed at me for a fool. He thinks me half-witted for being true to a woman and I just let him alone with calling him a cynic and pitying him. My raving about you grips him a little at times; but we like each other. He pays me back by quoting Schapenhaeur and Nietzsche to me when I want to work. He reads quite a bit, high-sounding sort of things. He scorns to study, of course, and enjoys a lofty bitterness against Profs. because they expect anything of him. I knew you'd be interested in him." They went out into the crisp night and stood watching the stars strung like necklaces across the sky. It was as if a great jewel box had been overturned.

"Let's see, Pat dances with you next, doesn't he?" asked Peter finally. "I guess we'd better go back."

Patrick Vale was properly dressed. Nothing could have complemented his sleek, dark hair, and languid eyes as did the Arabian costume he wore. She decided at once that he was a frequenter of the movies.

"Oh my, oh my!" said Jeremy as they swung away in a slow waltz.

"Wha's a matter, little girl?" he asked dreamily.

"Gee whiz!" thought Jeremy and winked to herself. "Oh, nothin'. I jus' thought how wonderfully you do your stuff as the Arabian colored man. Really, you're a remarkable "Son of the Sahara," etc. If only you had a little more cocoa on your nose, you'd make a very shiek himself turn pale with—"

"Aw, now, c'mon, little one, don' try to make out you don' like shieks. I know bettah. All women like 'em. I'll fin' you two mo' besides me pretty soon."

"Oh, no! I couldn't let you, really; you're too good to me. Don't think of it."

"Oh, I say!" continued the languid youth, "did you see 'His Hour'?" Jeremy winked rapidly to herself and tried to straighten her mouth.

"You bet I did," she said seriously. "I saw them all through the 'Six Weeks'. I don't see why Elinor Glyn couldn't have made it longer while she was at it." And so they talked movies until Jeremy was almost ill with suppressed laughter. At the end of the dance he led her up to Peter, who was waiting. Jeremy was afraid of what the young ass would say. Seizing her hand, he squeezed it. He seemed in a high, jolly humor and paid no attention to Peter; he leaned over

and talked eagerly to Jeremy in a semi-soft, low tone:

"I say, little one, you're all right. I was afraid you'd be hard and may be even a little highbrow when I first started out. Can't we go to the movies together Monday night?"

"I dunno yet," said Jeremy, almost afraid to look toward Peter. "I'll let you know next dance."

"Whew! Petah deah, will you take me to the movies or to ride on Monday night?"

"I don't know yet," said Peter stiffly. "I've told you I want all your dates while you're here unless you want to do something else. If you want to go anywhere with anybody, don't mind me please."

"Oh! My good Saint's piebald cat, most excellent spotted feline!" exclaimed Jeremy, holding up her hands and rolling her eyes in mock terror. "Would you like me to run clear and entirely away and leave you here alone? Peter, if you don't stop being horrid, I'm going to make a scene and run away."

Silence and a great sternness on the part of Peter.

"Peter, if you don't be decent to me within the next minute, I'm going to embarrass you horribly here before every one. Your conservative frat brothers and perhaps a prof will see it. . . I'm going to kiss you in one minute!" Swiftly Peter seized the wrist of the threatening one and drew her outside as quickly.

"For heaven's sake, come on and don't make a scene of it here," he said.

"Oh my, oh my!" murmured Jeremy, "it's time to go back Peter, I d'clare it is." And they went back after a minute.

Harleson had warned Jeremy as to the partner she found herself dancing with next. He was a regular "Problem eater" and liked to bull about "questions of the day." She has been told not to mind him and certainly not to let him startle her. She had smiled at this solicitous advice. What did boys think of college girls anyway? She was surprised to find him nice looking, well built, and fitted into a striking Spanish costume; tight trousers, wide hat, heeled boots, sash, and all. Evidently the searing problems had not emaciated him; indeed, she thought him striking looking.

"Hullo, Ted Shawn," Jeremy greeted him with mocking eyes. "Hi Senor!"

"Ah Senorita!" He clicked his heels joyously.

"But," said Jeremy apprehensively, "I warn you that I'm no Ruth St. Denis. So don't try anything."

"I won't," he assured her. "But really, what do you think of dancing? Do you think that the race has progressed far enough along to be able to dance? F'r instance, do you think these men, whirling about you in gay costumes, are far enough removed from beasts to be dancing with females? Is sex repression render-

ered more difficult because of this unusual test? Biologically speaking, it's rather a flaunt in the face of nature, don't you think?"

"Maybe," said Jeremy, "I'm dumb; but it appears to me to be a case of the individual, not of the race."

"P'rhaps so. But dancing, in my eyes, is justifiable only when it is alone, free, unruled, and inspired. It is the highest form of physical expression, the most beautiful. Men should aspire to dance exquisitely rather than to hurtle and hurl together in football like so many bulls."

"I quite agree with you about football," said Jeremy solemnly. "It is unpopular to be against it; but I am. If people want to play football, tha's all right; but that doesn't keep me from thinking it barbaric and ugly even with all its scientific stuff! most of which I consider 'high cockalorum.' 'Course I'm dumb, though. But I say, can you think of anything funnier than football heroes tripping about aesthetically?"

"Yes, I can. It is the antics of certain of your church-going, religion-supporting good people. They trot around industriously, like so many demented ants, doing all the crazy things they can conceive. I've watched them in amazement this very year. They turn away the non-conformers from their sanctified circle and fight a new idea worse than all hell. They expect their poor, haggled ministers to pour out orthodox sermons at them Sunday after Sunday, and they'd have fits if things were not exactly orthodox, when they don't believe a word of it themselves. And who are the pillars of this outwardly orthodox institution? Every time you'll find them to be the rich, successful, and influential men of the community, the blood-suckers. They sit righteously in church on Sunday and dole out charity to laborers one day in the month—sometimes. Who can blame the laborers for hating them and for wanting to spit in their faces when they receive this 'charity'? I wish that you could see the bitter hatred on the faces of laboring men and women at a union meeting, hear their hisses when a 'welfare worker' is mentioned. They hate such charity and I don't blame them."

"I have seen their faces," said Jeremy timidly. But he paid no attention to her and held her hand tightly, never stopping his flow of words for the ending of the dance.

"The curious thing about it," he went on hurriedly, is that people expect these laborers to be moral! Have you read anything recently about the morals of the working man? Well, you should. I know how you must feel. Sometimes one is hesitant to read, especially some of the modern things, for fear of being influenced and getting hold of somebody's else thoughts and ideas instead of having and maintaining his own. I often

go for some time without reading anything akin to a commentary. I'd hate to be trotting out some other man's ideas and theories as my own."

Jeremy nodded; yes, she did feel like that.

"Well, it hardly seems credible; but it positively is true that there exist some people in this contorted world who would actually deny the working man the salvation that the exercise of birth control offers him—perhaps not so much him as his wife. Anyone can readily see that it is the only immediate hope of the laborer to raise himself from economic distress—and yet they would keep that right away from him. It is about the swiftest means of raising masses from industrial slavery and giving the poor man's children educational and cultural rights. And as for decrease in population, it may be a bad remedy; but it is at least a swift one and will call the attention of millions to the value of human life whereas now it seems pretty much below par."

"Human life does sort of seem lacking in value," answered Jeremy, "I was just thinking about some niggahs I saw the other day when—"

"Yes indeed, it certainly shows up among the negroes. I noticed that you used the word 'niggah' just now. 'I'm glad I didn't frown. That usually makes me frown.'"

Jeremy opened her eyes wide. What the devil did this young man think he was? She tried to keep from being irritated.

"I don't think you get me," she explained—I was using the word because I feel that I have the right to. No one loves certain negroes more than I do and I've called them 'niggahs' since I was able to speak. A little niggah was the first playmate I remember and certainly the dearest. As a Southerner—"

"Oh! Goodness!" I hope that you don't belong to one of those old Southern families. I've had that shot at me ever since I entered this Southern university. I'd swear any minute that there are not two men who attend this university who are not sprung from old and honored families. They cannot forget that they are aristocratic. They are sons of D. A. R. or something of the sort; but they are prouder than that of another sort of inner shrine, the U. D. C. I believe they call it. See the whirling, cocoa-powdered shiek dancing by. He chews gum and haunts movies; he is a woman-tamer and dance king; but he's a member of an old Southern family, an aristocrat. I hope you aren't guilty?" the gayly-rouged Spaniard smiled, his white teeth flashing merrily, his eyes quizzical.

Jeremy half hung her head. Then she looked up with a pretended hopefulness: "I'm only half-guilty, please Senor. I know that it is like being a mulatto, perhaps; but can you not forgive me? Besides I am

quite poor now and merely respectable so that I do not at least appear aristocratic."

"I think you may be forgiven if you have some honest Irish or Scotch, French, or Dutch ancestors to redeem you. You need coaching, however. I don't like the light way in which you spoke of a mulatto just then. To me they are the most tragic of earth's people. Their's is a hideous birthright. How often have you and I seen the blood of our proud Southern aristocratic gentlemen mount high and burning in the yellow cheeks of a mulatto? Too often, I think. And it usually has some cause for rising, for they have been, and frequently are, treated like dogs. Many of the men and women here tonight have brothers and sisters or uncles or aunts whom they know only as 'dam' impudent 'niggers' or merely as 'niggahs'. It is impossible for you or me to speak to a negro except in a condescending tone. . . God! When a man thinks of the Northern and Southern mistreatment and persecution of the negro it pretty near gets him. One might slowly forgive our barbaric ancestors of two and three generations ago; but the maddening part of it is that the thing still goes on. Poor be-deviled negroes, where could they go or what do? Even their beloved religion was traitorous to them, for of course the church piously allied itself with slavery as it has with war and every other economic interest. Certainly, nobody will do anything about anyone of all these things—"

"My, oh my! You aren't a reformer, are you?" asked Jeremy in alarm. And then she added vehemently: "Thank Heaven! I never was a reformer, I never would be, not for anything. Why, I wouldn't reform a Missionary Society if the ladies took to playing cards too frequently. I don't care! I don't care about that or anything. I wouldn't reform anything or anybody. Nothing could induce me to try. Of course I've been a Radical, a Russian Red, a Communist, Bolshevik, Non-Conformist and I. W. W. in turn; But I was all of them only in theory and I never very well understood what any of them meant. At present, I'm a Laborite and Liberal; but I'm not excited about it. The more I live, the less I see to get excited about or to care about. I don't think missionaries or political parties matter a bit. I never yet saw an organization I wanted to belong to. Truth is, I can't see any use in anything. . . . But, then, there's no use getting excited about that. One does better to just run along and try out a new book, eat a banana, or go for a jolly swim."

"I see," observed the young man thoughtfully. "I don't believe you are as dumb as you'd like me to believe. You mean that you can't see any use in 'achievements,' in the Ku Klux Klan or F. F. V. or any number of sorts of coteries. For instance, you'd think it

horrible to be president of a book club because of the stupid women in it—and you would not do it. . . . But then nobody would ever ask you, child. It seems to me, and I've watched it, that the smallest, most stupid people practically always are the ones who get some sort of authority. Their petty personalities seems cut out for that sort of thing. They get an office or a little committee—head of some sort of thing like that and they go about sticking out their wings, flapping them arrogantly in the faces of others, and trying to keep from crowing aloud. They are ludicrous, like so many roosters. At first I was puzzled and then alarmed; later I became enormously amused, and now it is a matter of the utmost indifference to me except that sometimes I can't help feeling the pathos of it. It is amazingly funny to watch their antics, to observe their modesty. You speak of reform; how can one expect different things when he observes these funny little leaders in all their officiousness and petty authority, these champions of things as they are? Of course there are exceptions, very few. . . . No, for Heaven's sake do not reform! It is better to laugh, and better still to laugh without bitterness."

"Gee! do you realize that we've danced two and over?" asked Jeremy concernedly. "Now see, I'm tangled. I had this last one and here comes the shiek for the rest of this."

"I'm sorry—I didn't realize—when I get going nothing can stop me right at once. But, please, won't you let me talk to you for just forty-five minutes tomorrow? I saw you in the frat house today and swore to do that if I could."

"Oh, suah. At two; frat house," and she was guided away by the shiek.

"I say, can't that ole boy bull? Talks all over ever'thing. 'Bout problems. Gosh! But givin' him a date? What about mine?" he asked almost irritably. "I b'lieve you're rookin' people. I saw Pete lookin' for you las' dance and he wasn' smilin' sweetly. You don' care as much about that bird as he thinks you do, do you? Well, I hope not—why he reads your letters more'n once. Me—I don' read half mine."

"I know," said Jeremy. "You get so many. Pat, how'd you like to be my cousin?"

"Hell, I don' think so! . . . Le's see tho, can cousins get married in South Carolina? Yeah—tha's a'right. Just drivin' down two states wouldn't be much. I'll do it!"

"Good, Pat. Now do somethin' for yo' little cousin. I've just com' up from Georgia and I'm in the habit of gettin' my picture in the Atlanta Journal an' all that sort of thing. I just radiate orange blossoms and so fo'th. Naturally, I wouldn' come to a dance anything

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POETRY PAGE

Tonight

Jo Grimsley

The waves froth and foam at the mouth;
They are white with fury, angry with the wind.
Tonight the moon is cold;
Frozen and hurrying she goes,
Drawing her pale, gossamer veils close about her.

Unknown

Bertie Craig, Adelphian, '26

From half the world away I hear you call
Down sun-flecked roads
And rustling autumn lanes.
My heart beats time to distant melodies
That draw me on
Thru star-dimmed night to you.
Someday, I'll know—someday, I'll know!

Song of Autumn

(From Verlaine)

E. M. Escott

Long-drawn sobs
Of the violins of autumn,
Fret my heart
With a deadly weariness.

All stifling and wan
When sounds the hour
I remember past days,
And weep.

And departing,
On the sorrowing wind
I am borne,
Now here, now there,
As a dying leaf.

Autumn Dance

Anna Bynum Hill, '26

Swaying and fluttering
Russet and bronze
Red and yellow
Ruffles and fronds
Flashing and shimmering
In the fall's bright sun.

Advancing and bowing,
Trembling and whirling,
A rush and a pause.
Silver spangles on yellow,
Brown splashes on red,
Leaves in their last ballet,
The dance of the dead.

Street Lights

E. M. Escott

As at each city dusk,
Miniature suns beam anew:
So are my griefs;
Helios 'prisons his rivals:
Thus is one joy.

There is something about a quiet, late November
afternoon
That makes me sad.
I do not know whether it is the naked trees
Which imprint a fine-wrought web on the passionless
grey sky;
Or the yellow glow from comfortable houses (for I
am envious—away from home);
Or the negro girl who passed me just now.
She was taut with cold,
Huddled in her thin-worn rags of many colors,
One of a sorrowful, singing race.
Bring forth the gay, deceiving spangles of the night
Lest I think on these things.

L. P.

The New Philosophy of India—Gandhi and Tagore

"As fatally separated in their feeling as a philosopher can be from an apostle, a St. Paul from a Plato. For on the one side we have the spirit of religious faith and charity seeking to found a new humanity. On the other we have intelligence, free-born, severe, and broad, seeking to unite the aspirations of all humanity in sympathy and understanding."—*Romain Rolland*.

PART I

Gandhi Exemplifies the Principle of Love

Lisbeth Parrott, '25

A young cynic recently remarked that "love is the rarest thing in the world—and the legend of Christ's life is the only illustrative application I know." We would modify this extreme statement considerably, but we recognize that since we are surrounded by so much crass materialism we are liable to become, as this person is, skeptical of humanity. As the woman tied by circumstances to the monotony of household drudgery expressed it, "We become kitchen-minded." We cannot conceive of a sincerely altruistic life—or, deed, for that matter. Hence, it is only after much reading that I am convinced that a certain great political leader is sincere in his altruism, that he has unselfishly dedicated his abilities to the good of his countrymen. It is Mahatma Gandhi who has conquered my skepticism.

It is rare that great philosophers enter the realm of politics. India needed a leader, and he rose to the occasion. And he has connected his philosophy with life; he has made it practical; in short, he has introduced religion into politics. And Gandhi, "unlike our European revolutionaries, is not a maker of laws and ordinances. He is a builder of new humanity."

Mohandas Gandhi—called mahatma, meaning saint—is leader of the movement to free India from British rule. He has inaugurated a philosophy unusual to revolutionaries. "Only by shedding our own blood, not others, do we want to win and live."² He believes that in the development and preservation of Indian traditions and in the cultivation of national pride, rests her ultimate salvation. He would stamp out the Western civilization which England is forcing upon her subject—nation through an English school system, through government control of legislation, etc. "All this new Western commercial activity is inconsistent with the spiritual and natural development of the people."³

Gandhi has founded a national university, the Gujarat at Ahmedabad, at which the St. Francis' of India are to be trained, at which Indian tongues and traditions are to be taught, at which will be stressed

the "education of the heart—which Europe neglects absolutely."⁴ The teachers at this institution must take certain oaths which embody the fundamental principles of the mahatma's philosophy:⁵

1. The vow of truth: "No deception may be practiced even for the good of the country."

2. The vow of *ahimsa* (non-violence): "One must not even hurt those whom he believes to be unjust; he may not be angry with them; he must love them. Oppose tyranny but never hurt the tyrant. Conquer him by love."

3. The vow of celibacy: "Animal passions must be controlled, so that they will not mould even in thought."

4. Control of the palate.

5. The vow of non-stealing: "It is theft if we use articles which we do not need. Nature provides us from day to day just enough, and no more, for our daily needs."

6. The vow of non-possession. "It is necessary not to keep anything which may not be absolutely necessary for our bodily wants."

To these are added two secondary rules: 1. Swadeshi. "Use no article about which there is a possibility of deception. Do not use manufactured articles. Laborers suffer much in mills, and manufactured articles are products of misery exploited."

2. Fearlessness: "A truly fearless man will defend himself against others by truth force and soul force."

Gandhi has stood firm for his principles. He has practiced what he preached. "At the mahatma's call the hidden forces of the soul have blossomed forth, for the mahatma he made the truth into something concrete, visible."⁶ Perhaps it will be well to point out briefly a few practical applications of his philosophy.

1. The vow of truth: "He has the courage to stand up in a great assembly and utter unspeakable truths.

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PART II

Tagore, the Philosopher

Mande Goodwin, '25

It is as a poet probably that most of us first know Rabindrinath Tagore; for it is in this role that he is most noted in the West. But his poetry represents only one of his great varied creative abilities. He has produced drama from the tragic or symbolical to the farcical and in prose and exquisite lyrical form. He has written several novels in blank verse which are perhaps his weakest works. He is a musician and many of his songs which he has set to music are sung and loved throughout India. He is a unique school master and his school, the Santiniketa, is world famous. But it is a philosopher that Tagore is greatest, that he is most frequently discussed in current periodicals, especially in relation to the nationalist and non-cooperation or passive resistance movement in India. In this connection his name is sometimes coupled with that of Mahatma Gandhi but not because he agrees and cooperates with Gandhi in his cause. Indeed, it is because these two great thinkers, the most outstanding native leaders hold opposite philosophies and advocate the salvation of India and of the modern world by methods fundamentally opposed to each other. In writing of his youth, Tagore says, "Whenever, I look back to my childhood days this stands prominent in my memory; that the life and the world seemed full of mystery. I felt and thought every day that everywhere there was present something incomprehensible and that there was no certainty of my ever meeting him at any definite time. It seemed that nature used to close her hands and ask me: 'Tell what I have in my hands?' I never dared to answer, for nothing was impossible to be found there." And so life has always been to him. Like all vital characters, Tagore inherited a dual nature; a sensuous and spiritual one. Though for a period of his young manhood the sensuous was uppermost, the spiritual soon revealed to him the highest truth.

Unlike Prince Gautama, who, when he heard the call became an ascetic and later the Buddha, Tagore, gave himself more completely to the world in a greater love, almost selfish, for the multitudes of oppressed, superstition-ridden India. This great love for his own people and the desire to help them led Tagore into a thoughtful analysis of the conditions in India in comparison with those in other countries. He came to the conclusion that the advance of Western Countries was due to their nationalism. Hence, for a time Tagore was an enthusiastic nationalist. But continued obser-

vation of European nations led him later to oppose the principles of the culture of ancient Greece which "developed with city walls" giving all modern western civilizations "a cradle of stone and mortar." "Such walls," say Tagore, "leave deep traces in the spirits of men. They conquer; therefore, we seek to safeguard our attainments by fortifying them and dividing them off from one another." "Thus, we arrive at our ideal, 'powers to possess'—we seek to surpass our fellow men, brushing them aside so that we may reach a higher place from which we can look down upon them. By laying exclusive emphasis upon action and acquisition, the Occidental has learned to worship power. It is as if men had made up their minds to seize everything by force. They wish always to be doing and never merely to be."

In writing of this period of Tagore's life, E. J. Thompson in his *Rabindrinath Tagore, His Life and Work* says:

"More than any other man, he (Tagore) created the national feeling which is today the most obnoxious fact in Bengal (and, therefore, throughout India). Yet to him nationalism, in his own land and everywhere, is now the enemy, which obstructs all progress and freedom of thought and life. This has been made startlingly clear by his attitude towards the non-cooperation movement, which has been ravaging Bengal student-life; and some of the leaders of the movement have attacked him with almost incredible insolence. He condemns its sterility and negative teaching. His mission in life, he says, is to strive for reconciliation of the East and West in mutual helpfulness.

So, the once nationalist leader Tagore has had a formal break with Gandhi, the present nationalist leader, and his opposing philosophy grows ever stronger. Now he preaches the "Power of union." To him "Union with God in nature becomes the unlimite end and highest fulfillment of humanity." Romain Rolland says:

"He would have liked to turn peoples' minds away from vengeance and dreams of impossible redress; he would have had them forget the irreparable and devote all efforts to constructing and fashioning a new soul for India. In his poetic contemplation of life, he is satisfied with things as they are. And finds delight in admiring their harmony. He tries to tune his spirit up with the great exaltation that is sweeping over the

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The Intruder

I. L. H.

"Hey Pris, get off my evening dress," protested Betty Clark to Priscilla Prodd, who was calmly seated in the middle of the bed flaking chocolate. She backed her statement with a shove, and Priscilla upset the dish of melted chocolate—thereby spilling some on the scant sleeve of Betty's blue evening dress.

"Oh Betty, just look what I did do! Oh dear, won't you please forgive me and take my blue one" Priscilla cried.

"Oh Prissy, I'm so glad—don't apologize—now I can take the sleeves out. And Miss Lord can't kick either! Don't you remember she said we shouldn't ever throw away anything that could be made useful?" Betty said gleefully.

"Miss Lord, altho instructress in manners, is quite likely to lack the manners of sticking up for what she said, in this case," Mary Toms Riggsbee said calmly.

Mary Toms—or Tommy—was one of those few individuals, who was never hurried, excited or bad tempered. As Priscilla remarked, she would inform one that the house was on fire in the same tone she would use to tell you that it was a nice day.

"For the love o' mud Kid McCoy, stop it," commanded June Howell. "The next thing you know, Miss Lord will be racing down the hall, and its good-night for us if she finds out we're having this feast. It won't make any difference to her if it is Betty's birthday, and we're eating so we won't starve before her next Latin class.

Marguerite McCoy, better known as "Kid," paid not the slightest attention to her, but continued her clog-dance harder than ever; and seeing that words were of no avail, June promptly picked up a sofa pillow and, throwing it with good aim, proceeded to knock "Miss" McCoy backwards.

Priscilla turned peace-maker and shoved a spoon into Kid's hand, instructing her to stir the chocolate. Kid did this—as if she were taking gymnastic exercises.

"Oh dear, if Miss Lord hasn't turned suddenly deaf, I know she's heard us by now. And she's a terror for giving Latin for just this sort of thing," wailed Betty.

"I quit Latin to-day," Kid informed them, grinning cheerfully.

"Yes, so I heard. From necessity I understand," Tommy said, with withering sarcasm.

"Yep, Miss Lord told me I would do well to devote the time I threw away on Latin, to manners."

"Well I guess the feast is about ready," said Betty,

who was carefully arranging sandwiches on her Ivory manicuring tray.

"Wai-t a min-ute—"

"What-a matter?" stammered June.

"Don't forget the olives," implored Priscilla. "They're in my hat."

"Oh, you scared me green!" Betty said, with a sigh of relief.

"Here they are," Tommy said, fishing them out from under the bed.

"Ouch, gosh!" yelled Kid.

"Ssh—w-what's the matter?"

"She tried to drink a spoonful of that hot chocolate," Tommy informed them.

"O-hh my tongue—it's cooked!" Kid wailed.

"Hush—here's some water, drink it," Priscilla entreated.

"Oh horrors, if Dad gets another notice of my behavior—he'll put me in a covenant—or somewhere!" wailed Priscilla.

"Where I live my manners are all right," Kid informed them.

"When I go back to Texas and home, Christmas, all the boys on the ranch will think I'm some fine lady."

"Mother said my manners were worse than ever. She said that I didn't know how to sit, carry on an intelligent conversation, and that my table manners were terrible," June told her audience.

"Pass the nuts over this way, wont you plea-s--" Betty's words stopped short, for at this moment a sharp rap sounded on the door and in walked Miss Lord.

"May I ask the meaning of this?" asked Miss Lord, sharply.

"Uh-era-Yes-Miss Lord--uh I was just giving the girls some of my birthday food," Betty said meekly.

"Marguerite McCoy you will be so kind as to put the chicken, sandwich, and pickle you are eating into the waste paper basket; and then Miss Riggsbee, you will help her dispose of the rest of the food into the basket."

Kid swallowed hard and then obeyed. And as usual, Tommy very calmly obeyed.

"That will do. You, with the exception of Betty Clark and Priscilla Prodd, will take forty extra lines of Latin for the rest of the week. Yes, Miss McCoy, you also," interposed Miss Lord with all the dignity at her command.

"We'd be charmed," murmured June.

As the door closed behind them, Miss Lord turned to Betty and Priscilla.

"I presume you are not brilliant enough to remember the by-laws of our school government," she said sarcastically. "Very well, we will see if eighty extra lines of Latin will refresh your memory. And I dare say, we can dispose of the electric grill also."

And upon uttering these words, Miss Lord sailed out.

"Wow," said Betty, sitting down weakly.

"Thrills, I sure did save this devil's-food cake," Priscilla was saying as she dived under the bed to rescue her beloved cake.

"And the eats in the waste-paper basket isn't hurt either," she continued, as she turned off the light.

"Yeah, but what about all that Latin?" groaned Betty.

"It won't kill us. Say wasn't she rude to intrude; and even bust up the spread! My didn't those girls look funny? Oh me, I'm so-o slee-p-y. Night Bet-t-y—"

I. L. H.

Life

Mardecia Eaker, '26

"Life is love,"

I hear the pattering rain-drops say,
While o'er the tree-tops they play.

"Life is youth,"

The whispering winds declare,
And spread the joy afar.

"Life is liberty,"

The soaring eagles call
As they brave the rushing, roaring squall.

"Life is song,"

Carol the flitting birds
With joy ne'er expressed by words.

"Life's a dream,"

Chatters the silvery stream,
"And Life is better than it seems."

"Life is toil,"

Sighs the careworn man,
"With never a touch of the friendly hand."

"Life is prayer,"

Murmurs the kneeling priest,
"And help for even the least."

"Life is beauty,"

The lovely maiden sings,
"And there is love in everything."

"Life is purity,"

The happy mother breathes,
And e'er a tender light bequeathes

"Life is opportunity,"

Sounds the clarion call,
Of youth triumphant over all!

Oceans of Thought

Brooks Johnson

In one of my many classes last year, my instructor compared the mind of man to the ocean. "For," he said, "it has depths which have never been fathomed, secrets that have never been revealed, mysteries which have never been solved. It is impossible to become intimate with the ocean, to know its moods or to understand its ways. We have to take it at its surface value.

"In times of turmoil strange things are thrown up on the shore, curious creatures which have never before seen the light of day, horrible writhing monsters, which have their homes so far beneath the surface that their existence has been unthought of. Then amidst masses of seaweed torn from the very bottom of the ocean, we find plants of beautiful and delicate structure, shells that surpass the most exquisite carving in their line of structure, and precious stones, beautiful enough in form, and of such rich lines and gorgeous colors that they are worthy to grace the diadem of a king. So is the mind of man—an ocean of thought."

I, who love the ocean in its very mood, who have watched it day by day and seen it change from peaceful calm to restless unquiet, and then burst suddenly into a fearful rage, whose tumult could not be quieted or its fury abated, until it beat out its wrath upon the shore, and wore out its own anger, only to subside in a sullen, resentful calm, was upset at the thought.

Could my mind, which controls my every thought and action, conscious and unconscious, be as restless and untamed as the sea? Were there depths within me that I had neved fathomed? Had I thoughts, which in time of great unrest, would show themselves and astound me with their strangeness? Were there treasures within me as deep-hidden and as valuable as those which lay useless and unclaimed in the bottom of the sea? The very thought overwhelmed me with its immensity. Was my mind, like the sea, restless, uncontrolled matter?

I had puzzled for weeks, until I was in that state of unrest which comes from too much introspection. The comparison had worried me more than I dared to admit, and the thought of the human mind, as powerful, as mysterious, as uncontrolled as the ocean, had become terrifying to me.

I had become nervous and restless, when one day I met my old friend Dr.—

"Been working too hard," she remarked, noticing the circles under my eyes. "You are worrying over something. I'm driving down to the coast for a couple of days this week-end. Want to come along and get a

smell of salt air, and a sight of your beloved ocean?" I assented gladly, and it was on the first night after my arrival at the seashore, that my problem was solved.

It was one of those nights when the darkness is so intense, so soft and near, that you seemed wrapped in the enfolding mantle of night. After supper the doctor went to visit with some of her friends. And I, glad for a chance to be alone, went out on the beach. The sand shone a misty white through the darkness, and only served to accentuate the blackness of the almost motionless ocean, and of the sky that was studded with stars. I could hear the gentle lapping of the waves on the shore, and feel the coolness of the night wind against my cheek. The tide was low, and I walked swiftly with in swinging step over the firm, hard, sand.

After a while, something of the peace and quietness of the night seemed to steal into my soul. The solitary stillness filled me with awe and wonder. I drank in deep breaths of cool air as I walked, and the freshness of the sea-breeze seemed to blow the cob-webs from my mind. I slipped into a deep study.

I must have lost all consciousness of space and time, for I had walked far along the shore before I realized that the tide was coming in. The waves began to have a certain insistent note as they broke on the shore, each one reaching a little higher than the last. I had left my watch at the house, but I thought it must be near morning, for the stars looked pale, and it was beginning to grow much lighter.

I stopped and looked over the ocean as a dull red ball of light 'rose slowly from the water. As it ascended higher, everything was suffused with a soft silver radiance. I had forgotten that the late moon, who was in her decline, 'rose in the early morning hours. The tide was coming in faster now, and as the moon 'rose higher in the sky, the waves sprang eagerly on the shore, bursting into white foam as they washed over the sand. It was as if some compelling force was back of them, guiding their movements; as if the invisible hand of nature was controlling them and impelling them to act as she willed. Then the significance of the rising tide flashed across my mind. The moon ruled the waves.

My question was answered. I, who had thought I knew and understood the sea, stood abashed at my ignorance, at my doubting. Were not all the forces of nature controlled by some great natural law? Was there not over all a Mighty Spirit, whose hands guided and controlled the destinies of men? Was there not a Great Power, a compelling Unseen Personality from whom nothing is hidden?

As I walked back to the house, my spirit was at rest, and my mind at peace. I felt as if this still night I had seen into the mind of God, and been given a glimpse of His power and understanding. I could see quite clearly that back of all things there is a great controlling force, and that each individual has a part in working toward the perfection of a universal plan of life.

A December Nocturne

Bare wind-swept hills,
One lone pine tree
Stencilled 'gainst a setting sun,


Sweet wood's smoke,
Blue drifting haze,
A startled rabbit scuttling by—

Day dies quietly,
I stand alone
In one vast world of silence.

—Bertie Craig.

You are a tower of strength, beloved.
You are a rock of adamant,
Builded of the histories of souls
From the dawning of time, or before.
You are formed of the star-shine of souls;
Of the swift fire of their burning,
Of the cold, shattered ice of their destruction,
Of the birth-pangs of their deaths.
You are an iron whole through knowledge.
Your crags are traced,
With warning heiroglyphics of an ancient tongue
Which seers say to mean, "Touch not, for I destroy."
But I, "Touch not, for even rock may crumble."
So still I persevere, and have assurance I shall find
Beneath some sun-flecked ledge, at last,
A shelter, a protection, and a stay.

—Julia Blawvelt.



BOOK PAGE

Jean Christophe, Volume I.

By Romain Roland

Inez Landon, '26

It is indeed a real joy to read a book as vital, as human and as inspiring as Romain Roland's *Jean Christophe*. And not only is it a joy, but it is also a real stimulus to thought—to independent thought, to unprejudiced thought.

Jean Christophe is the story of a pure hearted German musician or as Stephen Zweig put it—"the history of a single hearted artist shattered on the rocks of the world." But it is not merely a narrative; it deals with the central problem of the whole world—the problem of truth versus lies, sincerity versus insincerity. Roland says, "Every race, every art has its hypocrisy. The world is fed with a little truth and many lies. . . . Truth is the same for all of us: but every nation has its own lie, which it calls its idealism; every creature there in breathes it from birth to death; it has become a condition of life; there are only a few men of genius who can breathe free from it thru heroic moments of crisis, when they are alone in the free world of their thoughts." And again, "Through education, and through everything that he sees and hears about him, a child absorbs so many lies and blind follies mixed with the essential verities of life, that the first duty of the adolescent who wishes to grow into a healthy man is to sacrifice everything."

There is nothing ideal in the surroundings of Jean Christophe. In fact, it is exactly the opposite. His father was an egotistical, worthless musician who was usually drunk, and his mother, an unintelligent but kindhearted and good German woman of the servant class. Everything—the ugliness of the upheaval of the home, the poverty, the lack of a sympathizing friend—is out of harmony with the extremely sensitive, artistic, shy and sincere nature of Jean Christophe. It is only in his music and in nature that he finds happiness and peace. Perhaps, the two people who have the greatest influence on this life at this early period are his grandfather, who encourages the musical side and his Uncle

Gottfried who encourages him to be sincere and truthful above everything else. However, when these die, Jean Christophe is alone. His mother is really the only one who loves him but even she is unable to understand him. The people around have missed the real conception of life; they are the kind of people "who discourage good by insisting on making it unpleasant;" who have "a middle class morality, without greatness, without largeness, without happiness, without beauty;" who made "vice appear more human than virtue." In his effort to be absolutely truthful in everything he does or says, Jean Christophe makes enemies of everyone in the little German town of his birth. And finally he becomes innocently involved in an unfortunate affair, though really fortunate in the end, which forces him to flee from Germany into France. Thus ends the first stage of his career and also the first volume of his history.

Romain Roland writes with a clearness and vigor that is almost impossible to surpass. His descriptions are vivid, his characters real. Jean Christophe himself is not merely a character in a book; he is a living person with genius, personality, and courage.

It may seem at first that this first part of his life is wholly unhappy and tragic but do not forget that he had the one great joy for which most of us would give half of our life—the supreme joy of creation. To quote Roland in one of his most intense and most beautiful passages: "Joy, furious joy, the sun that lights up all that is and will be, the godlike joy of creation! There is not joy but in creation. There are no living beings but those who create."

And all the rest are shadows, hovering over the earth, strangers to life. All the joys of life are the joys of creation: love, genius, action,—quickenened by flames issuing from one and the same fire. . . . To create is to triumph over death.

The Geneva Protocol On Arbitration

Mary Eliason, '25

The League of Nations, an organization representing the best thought of fifty-four nations of the world, has issued a document called the "Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes." The purpose of this Protocol is to outlaw war and "it is a significant fact that forty-eight nations have joined in framing the Protocol and that eleven European nations have already signed it." The Protocol will, when it goes into effect, make war for first time an international crime.

It is generally admitted by international experts that careful consideration of the entire text is essential to the complete understanding of its importance since it is "one of the most vital texts in the world's history, a document which, whether finally accepted or rejected, is destined to make an epoch in the history of politics and of the moral outlook of the world. For serious thinking people there is no way of escaping the responsibility of having an informed mind concerning the issues which this document raises."

A complete analysis of the Protocol in this paper is impossible. We propose to present one phase of the question, the problem of arbitration.

The Protocol gives as its purpose the ensuring of "the maintenance of general peace and the security of nations."

The three things necessary to carry out this purpose are disarmament, security, and arbitration. The nations cannot disarm until they are sure that their lives and property are safe from the onslaught of other nations. Security will come only through the settlement of disputes by arbitration. Under the terms of the League the signatory may bring their disputes to be settled by the Council or in some cases, if they wish, by the Assembly or they may arbitrate directly.

Article four of the Protocol says that if the Signatory States submit a dispute to the Council, it will attempt to settle the dispute.

If it fails to come to a unanimous decision it will try to persuade the States to arbitrate. If at least one of the parties agrees to arbitrate the Signatory States may select so far as possible their own Committee of Arbitrators. If within a fixed period of time they do not agree as to the Committee of Arbitrators, the Council shall select them "in consultation with the parties the arbitrators and their President from among persons who by their nationality, their personal character and their experience, appear to it to furnish the highest guarantees of competence and impartiality." The arbitrators may ask the advisory opinion of the Per-

manent Court of International Justice through the Council concerning any points of law after the dispute has been formulated.

But if none of the parties ask for arbitration, the Council will try again to reach a unanimous decision and if it does "the Signatory States agree to comply with the recommendation therein."

If the Council again fails to come to an agreement it shall itself submit the dispute to arbitration and determine the procedure of the Committee of Arbitrators, and in the choice of arbitrators, shall bear in mind the guarantees of competence and impartiality." The decision of the arbitrators is binding on the Signatory States and at any time if the Court of International Justice, the Council or the Committee of Arbitrators makes a unanimous recommendation it is binding. The State which refuses to follow that recommendation becomes an aggressor and "the sanctions provided for by Article sixteen of the Covenant, interpreted in the manner indicated in the present Protocol, shall immediately become applicable to it."

Article 15 of the Covenant deals with domestic problems and Article five of the Protocol elaborates and confirms this Article. In Article five is the Japanese Amendment. This article says:

"If the course of an arbitration such as is contemplated in Article four above, one of the parties claims that the dispute, or part thereof, arises out of a matter which by international law is solely within the domestic jurisdiction of that party, the arbitrators shall on this point take the advice of the Permanent Court of International Justice through the medium of the Council. The opinion of the Court shall be binding upon the arbitrators, who, if the opinion is affirmative, shall confine themselves to so declaring in their award.

"If the question is held by the Court or by the Council to be a matter solely within the jurisdiction of the State, this decision shall not prevent the consideration of the situation by the Council or by the Assembly under Article eleven of the Covenant."

This applies only to an arbitration begun and if the Court decides that it is a domestic question it shall stop. However the League has the right given it to "consider the situation as it is of concern to the League in that it may disturb the peace of the world.

Article six says that in accordance with paragraph nine of Article fifteen of the Covenant if a dispute is referred to the Assembly it shall go through the same

(Continued on Page 29)

Storybook Villains

Frieda Landon, '28

Zip! Enter the villain, only this time he is entering a car—a limousine, of course, never a roadster. Leave that to the hero! Can the villain be that stylish, richly dressed man carrying such a nobby cane? It is none other; for now he has turned, and his sharp suave features and cynical mouth, half-hidden under a close clipped mustache, can be seen. His bright, piercing eyes hold a certain fascination for the women and for poor unsuspecting persons who come to the city with a little extra money and a lot of extra friendliness. Even as he enters the car, he must be thinking of some dastardly plot; for he smiles a sarcastic smile, or perhaps, he thinks he will get to the heroine's before the hero.

The car arrives and the villain gets out. He bares his dark, sleek head, and rings the bell. The maid shakes her head negatively. Curses! The plot has been foiled—this seems to be the villain's pet expression. The heroine has gone off with the hero—*our* hero as he is sometimes called to make it more personal.

Here the villain always shows a dauntless spirit and assumes that never-say-die expression. He, thereupon, jumps into the machine to betake himself to the famous resort of villains—a disreputable side street cafe. Of course, the villain is a coward at heart, consequently he must have his tools or accomplices to do his dirty work; so here's where he gets them.

He immediately proceeds to the rear where, after a certain number of raps, is admitted to the private den—a sort of advance-and-give-the countersign proposition. We have the villain in his native element. It is a room that suits his "story" soul. It is dirty and bare except for the broken chairs grouped around a rough table littered with bottles, glasses, papers and cigarette stubs. Here he unfolds his base scheme.

This blase creature of the city is the chief villain, but we can still hear now and then the clanking of spurs as the sombrero-topped villain gallops into the Western story. This type wears a gun slung around his waist, while his more cautious city representative carries a dainty pearl handled pistol in his pocket. They differ in dress and mode of travel—one using the limousine, the other, the Western type, the prancing horse. However, their features are very similar except that the length of the mustache varies, the Westerner preferring the long curling type which may be twirled when he is in doubt. Both are villains at heart; both plot their deeply laid schemes in cafes; and both are foiled by the hero.

The man of the city comes to a sad end by having his car run into by a train; by running off a bridge or cliff; or by being blown up by his own dynamite. The man of the great open spaces meets his death by the hand of a traitorous member of his notorious gang. At any rate both die. ZIP! Exit the villain!

Hills

Eleanor Vanneman, '26

We thought, in time to the beat of our feet on the red earth, of things far removed from the bright hills that hemmed us in. But an undercurrent ran through our thoughts—an undercurrent of strange quietness and content, such as the hills always give to those who love them.

The little mountain road turned and twisted, threatening to retrace itself as it slowly ascended the great shoulder of old Baldy. As we rounded a bend where black berry bushes held out clasping fingers across the

road, we crowded to one side to allow a solemn little procession to pass. A tall mountaineer stalked along, whittling on a piece of rhododendron, and whistling ever so softly between his teeth. Behind trudged a worn little woman, bending under a pile of wood that threatened to overcome her at any minute. Directly after her, a little boy stumbled with his arms loaded high with kindling.

Stolid of face, the three passed, with a nod and a "good morning" from the head of the family.

Youth Explains

Mattie Erma Edwards, '25

"The youths of today enjoy unlimited civic protection and values, but return only destructive criticism by which they seek to tear down American institutions. They are dangerously bordering on the Red." This seems to be the opinion that a large group of men and women have of us—we are lacking in gratitude! we are hostile to the very institutions which provide these benefits; and lastly, we are "dangerous". Another group looks upon us as "just young idealists who have never tried life", and laughs at us—sometimes sympathetically, often scornfully. Others tell us in glowing terms of our great opportunities to do good, usually though not always, meaning the perpetuation of present ideas and customs. And lastly, there are a few people who to some degree understand what we are and what we are trying to do, and tolerantly and sympathetically help us in every way that they can. We appreciate them. But it is of those who do not understand us that we are thinking at present.

The main trouble is that these people do not understand us. Most of them have become absorbed in some particular occupation—they are busy *living life*, as it were. While we have not become interested in any one thing—we are trying to get a bird's eye view of life. So those ideas, customs and institutions which are so much a part of the lives of many are to us a part of that great problem which we are trying to analyze and get some idea about. When we begin to question these institutions—to ask what they are and why they are—it seems to the people whose life is composed of these things that we are "attacking" their very lives.

Not only are we looking at life from different viewpoints, but with different attitudes of mind. To us the idea that "God's in his Heaven, all's right with the world," seems at least challengeable when we think of the problems society has and is not meeting, and particularly when we see how hopelessly difficult solution is.

It is almost impossible for a person leading a quiet, satisfying life, absorbed in the details of everyday existence, to understand the disillusionment, hopelessness, and longings of those of us who see things in a different light. We have "lost faith" in our old Gods and codes, we see the futility of trying to make even a tolerable civilization out of our present society. And recognizing this we begin to wonder about the purpose of life—is there any purpose, or is life an accident? Are we merely

"Born to become the Great Juggler han'ful:
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch?"

Or is there really any "Great Juggler," after all?

Most of us reach the conclusion that there is a God and that life does have a purpose. Some of us do not. But all of us recognize the fact that since there is such a thing as life, the least we can do is to try and make it as "livable" as possible. And we have some idea—sometimes extremely vague, sometimes very definite—of what we want to do and how we are going to do it

We freely admit that we offer a good deal of destructive criticism, that we are young idealists, and even that we might be called Reds and Radicals (for "Red" is applied to anything different from the *status quo*, and we glory in being different; while Radical means *going to the root*, and that is our aim). But there's no need to worry about our "destroying American institutions" or any other institutions, for that matter.

We haven't the power. Our "cake of custom" is at present in no danger from the youth of today. And probably by the time we are in a position to change things we will have become so hardened and cynical that we will have lost interest, for "He who seeks to make men good and wise, moderate and generous, inevitably ends wishing to kill them all. Or it is likely that we too will be swept into the whirlpool of conventionalities, institutions, and whatever makes up this civilization of ours. But if by some chance we do keep our ideas and are successful in changing some minute part of society, it cannot be accomplished without at least the passive support of the majority, and everyone admits that the majority should rule. Then, too, we are too not so optimistic as to hope for any noticeable change within the next two or three generations. So those who are so anxious to live their own lives in their own way need have no fear of being disturbed; and future generations are of no consequence to them anyway.

But they are wrong when they say that we do not realize what advantages we have. We are acutely of them. But it is the realization that there are people who have never had these things—not only in other countries, but our own state and town—that has so rudely awakened us. Moreover, our own lives are not and can not be all that we would have them—we admit that our motive is not entirely unselfish. So we might say, with apologies to Mr. Kipling,

"Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done
Excep' when awful bad—I've found it good."

The Valley

Marian Piatt, '25

Far to the south the shining river flowed, a gleam of silver and gold set in green. The valley lay peaceful beneath the towering mountain. Spreading, well-tended farms, white farm-houses tucked away in trees, were there. Over all was an air of peace and calm.

A little boy straggling toward home at dusk heard a call. Unconsciously he raised his eyes toward the great mountain, whose peaks seemed lost in the sky. But, no, it was not lost as it had seemed to be on other evenings. A glorious light shone 'round it, making vivid its rugged outline. There was no ugliness here; rather a strong and compelling beauty. The little boy closed his eyes. Again he looked. The light was gone. Perhaps, it was only a fancy. The path which led up the mountain side lay beside him. A temptation, nay, a compelling force urged his feet along it. The way was dark, and not far away was his home, food, and a warm bed. With a sigh he turned and made his way homeward. Tomorrow, perhaps, he would try the path, for the light remained strong in his heart.

Tomorrow came. A tiny figure could be seen trudging up the rocky path. At times the figure turned, seemed to hesitate, and then go on. Pleasant shade was along the way, inviting nooks to the little figure, but on he went. Dusk again descended. The way became dark. There was no light to guide. The valley was lost. There was nothing to turn back to, nothing to go forward to. Only the memory of a light that had struck the soul of a child remained—and

burning there would urge on forever.

The second day came. The path still wound up the mountainside. Nature seemed to smile, or was it rather a laugh, as she looked down on the valley and viewed the mortals there. Perhaps, it was a knowing laugh, as though she held to herself some secret thought. The little path seemed to be lost in the distance—always up, up, up. And was there a movement far ahead, as though someone was struggling on? Or was it only the movement of the trees as a cool mountain breeze swept down?

The years have passed. The valley lies peacefully at the foot of the mountain. The river flows on. The mortals in the valley move slowly on toward the end. It is dusk. A farmer is plodding his way home. Something seems to call, and he raises his eyes to the mountain peak, high, high overhead. He sees a lone figure far up there. It is a figure bent with age, but with head upflung, gazing into the infinite. The man rubs his hand across his eyes and gazes again. It is only the failing light, he thinks; and, so, moves on. But, no. There is a figure upon on the heights. It is the figure of an old, old, man bent with age. Or who can say it is an old man? Or who can say he is alone? For there burns in his breast an unquenchable fire. In his eyes is the light of eternal youth—eyes that have caught the glow a soul—that is free, high up in the spaces, no longer gazing on the valley below, but up and beyond.

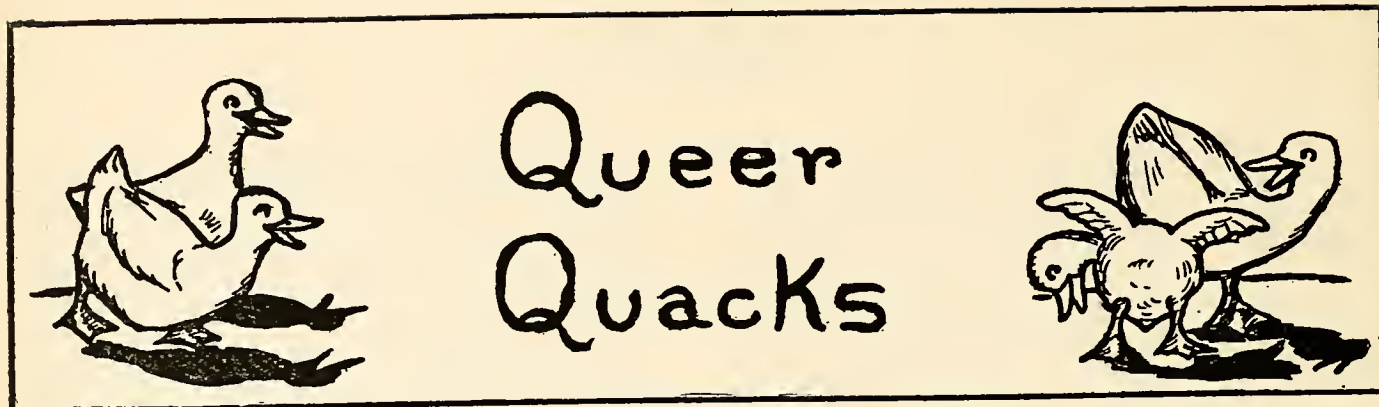
 Fiction
Susie Sharp

Nothing but fiction
 Why should I cry?
 Does it matter to me
 Should they all die?

Nothing but fiction
 Their woes are not woes
 But imagination—
 Their foes are not foes.

Their lives are not lives
 No! Shadows
 But they fill my mind
 Till nothing else matters.

Something besides fiction!
 They live, but in a fast seclusion
 Where fancy only reigns,—
 They are the best of life's delusion.



The Sweetest Part of A Kiss—?

The following debate was given by Miss Sue Ervin and Mr. Forman Brown before the members of the Quill Club. The affirmative side of the question was upheld by Miss Ervin, and the negative was defended by Mr. Brown.

“Resolved that the most enchanting part of a kiss is the moment just before taking.”

Miss Ervin.

Before attempting to enter the debate on the interesting query. Resolved that the most enchanting part of a kiss is the moment before taking, I feel that in justice to myself I must remind the geese here assembled that wielding the goose quill, though certainly difficult enough, is a comparatively simple matter but that debating is not. One can write almost anything with the sure knowledge that it will never get into print. A debate, however, is oral and requires at least an audience of one and, as a result, the debator is hindered by certain indefinable feelings which limit the total revelation of his innermost soul. There are, too, certain laws of logic and thought sequence that must be obeyed in debating, which are disregarded with impunity when one “ascends to heights of light and glory by means of the pen.” It is, therefore, Madam President and club members, with fear and trembling that I approach this momentous task.

I wish to acknowledge also, ladies and gentlemen, before giving my debate that I have considered the question most seriously and that I have gathered my material from thoroughly reliable sources. I have consulted my student friends, my faculty friends, my married friends, and last, but not least, the poets,—those connoisseurs of love and the gentle art of kissing. I might add too, ladies and gentlemen, that my own limited experience of this most important subject has been of service only in the organization and presenta-

tion of the material gathered from more reliable sources.

The query it seems to me, ladies and gentlemen, needs little explanation or limitation. “Resolved that the most enchanting part of a kiss is the moment before taking.” Surely, everyone will agree with me when I say that the kiss referred to can only be that between man and maid. Those comradely, off-hand, luke-warm, deceitful, or forced embraces between relatives, friends, or hatred rivals are not to be considered. It is the kiss divine that is to be discussed tonight. And why divine? The one and all embracing answer is because of the exquisite moment before taking. Let me give my proofs:

The psychologist tells us that from the beginning of time it has been man’s instinct to puruse and of time it has been man’s instinct to pursue and before is the chase,—intoxicating, and breathless. To say then that a kiss realized is the mountain top of man’s experience is wrong,—such a statement contradicts nature herself. It is that ecstatic moment before attainment that sends one to emotional heights undreamed of,—it is that moment when man, breathless, exultant, triumphant and woman, breathless, fearful, expectant—stand and await the inevitable end.

Keats was wise, a philosopher of life. On that urn, which he spent so much time contemplating, was pictured a youth in pursuit of a maid—just the moment before kissing—and Keats saw there beauty, truth, health and happiness. What sort of an ode do you fancy he would have written had the pictured youth been in possession of his prize? Ah, well, there is no need to wonder; he probably would not have given the urn a second glance. Such pictures rarely are seen; few exist. Just think of the “Skin you love to touch” ads. They all portray that enchanting, that divine moment before realization!

The psychologist tells us, too, that it is human nature

to despise that which is within reach. A man will utterly disregard the peach that falls from the tree and rolls with rosy, blushing cheeks to his feet. Sometimes he will even fail to see it; his interest and attention is centered upon the peach that sways so gracefully, unconcernedly upon the tip-top bough, and he plans how he can reach it. The kiss, ladies and gentlemen, is that moment when he grasps and crushes it,—the reach is that exquisite moment that precedes that effort; that attempt that gives life its keenness and zest. Certainly this is true of woman. She is never so happy as during the days of courtship. She experiences a sense of power, of freedom, of abundant life in watching man's efforts to attain her. The more powerful the man, the more strenuous his efforts, the keener, the more intense her enjoyment,—and that moment before attainment is the crisis and end of her joy,—it is not much fun, ladies and gentlemen, to be held, to be unable to sway invitingly upon the top-most bough!

It is human nature to desire a chase and despise that which is easily attained, too, to be interested in one who takes a chance. There is an intense joy in uncertainty. There is many a slip between the intention and the kiss. This uncertainty, this element of chance adds piquancy to that exquisite moment that precedes the certainty.

And the certainty, when realized, more often than not, is a disillusionment. Especially it is for the maid. If the kiss is bungled, awkwardly, inartistically given—say on the nose instead of the lips—the girl is disappointed; the kiss is not half as grand as her dream. And, if the kiss is cleverly, emphatically, warmly, easily bestowed, the poor maid at once becomes suspicious. She at once is consumed with jealousy or disdainfully casts her lover aside. Who wants the dregs of a cup others have drained though offered most pleasingly? All men, poor dears, do thus betray themselves when they kiss and any woman who desires to drink the essence of continual happiness will accept only the moment that precedes, not the kiss itself, and thus preserve her ideal hero intact.

Kipling has one of his women characters say that "kissing a man without a mustache is like eating an egg without salt," but Kipling was only a man. He should have omitted that restricting phrase. Any kiss between man and maid has this effect. A kiss, these modern times, has, I fancy, the same effect as the "morning after the night before,"—there is a bad taste in one's mouth,—cigarette smoke or lip-stick, or perhaps both. It is that brief second of tense emotion, that subconscious assurance that the gift of the gods is to be had for the taking,—it is that moment that precedes the actual kiss that makes it divine. Bobby Burns, an

experienced, wise, and immortal lover, knew this to be true for he tells us most pathetically that "A fond kiss 'spells' farewell forever."

Ladies and gentlemen my time is up. In conclusion let me sum up the proofs I have attempted to give under these headings:

1. Pursuit versus attainment.
2. Reach versus grasp.
3. Chance versus certainty.
4. Idealism and romance versus realism and disillusionment.

Ladies and gentlemen, I do maintain that these proofs are authentic and that the moment before the earth gives way beneath one's feet and the heavens fall,—that moment Madam President, I maintain is most enchanting,—the moment that precedes the total annihilation of one's dreams. The kiss realized is an ideal destroyed but a kiss looked forward to is indeed a "joy forever."

Mr. Brown:

"The subject of contention, friends, is this:

The most enchanting portion of a kiss
Is just before the taking. First we must
Define, delimit, and perhaps adjust
The terms involved. 'Taking' seems to imply
The kiss is stol'n, and in this case, say I,
The extent to which the kisser is enchanted
Depends on where the stolen kiss is planted.

If it were planted on the kissee's nose,
Glowing and ruddy as an English rose,
Or miss its mark and fell upon the ear,
Or in the maiden's hair, I strongly fear
The moment just before its consummation
Would fail to please, even in contemplation.
Point two: You've read the ads for Listerine,
And so will know exactly what I mean
When I say worse than kissing hair or nose is
The danger of a case of Halitosis.

Point three: Conclusively the bourgeoisie
To stifle, it was learned at mother's knee
That we must view with grave disapprobation
Every form of misappropriation.

I must stop with moral saw of Mother's,
But for the less obtuse, I'll name some others.

Point four: The use of th' adjective 'Enchanting'
Is most unfortunate, for tho' I'm granting
The word's much used, its true signification
Is 'to bewich, to bind,' and cogitation
Must show you nothing could be more amiss
Than to be petrified before a kiss;

To stand forever, lips in pursed position
Would hardly be an enviable condition.

Point five: The word 'enchanting,' we have seen,
Invalidates the thesis, makes it mean

Something absurd, illogical, and quite
 Impossible of argument. I might,
 Of course, re-word the statement, but I feel
 That I have done a service to reveal,
 With this scientific and profound division,
 Its weakness, and to turn it to derision.
 Finally, I trust the members of the Quill
 Will not condemn me; for my wondrous skill
 In picking out the flaws of your contention
 With dignity and little condescension,
 But serves to show my perfect right to be
 A member of this famed society.
 And so I brave your wrath and sit me down,
 Knowing your children, in some distant season,
 Will reverently say: 'That speech by Brown
 At least had rhyme, although it had not reason.'"

—○—
 An elderly lady climbing on one of our local variety
 of street cars, handed the conductor a transfer.

"This is two days old," he growled.

"I've been waiting patiently," she murmured.

—Minnesota *Ski-U-Mab*.

* * * *

THOSE BLAMED FOUNTAINS

Some people wash their faces

Each morning in the sink;

I use a drinking fountain

And do it while I drink.

—Northwestern *Purple Parrot*.

A Hamlet On Christmas

To give or not to give—that's the question
 Whether it is wiser at this time to please
 The hearts and souls of the stronger sex
 Or to hoard the precious shekels for a selfish cause
 And reap a greater benefit. To give—to gratify
 And through their pleasure make a hit
 With each and everyone who now expectant waits.
 'Til I a heroine am—'tis a consummation
 Greatly to be wished. To give—to please—
 To give and fail to please; ay, there's the rub.
 For even if I study their desires
 The thought that each a special yearning has
 Must give me pause: 'tis but a chance
 That some stray gift might strike the mark
 While all the rest will be a vain expenditure
 And with one smile I may accumulate
 The wrath of Jim, the jealousy of Bill,
 The scorn of Larry, the disgust of Clyde,
 The polite thanks of Horace, and the hatred of Dick,
 And every form of discontent,
 When all their hearts may be preserved, and treasure,
 too,
 By a mere Christmas card.

THE BASHFUL MILLIONAIRE

They were alone in the motor car, far away from
 any habitation. He was young and she was beautiful.
 The gentle breeze was laden with the sensuous aroma
 of pine. There was no one in sight.

He stopped the car and looked at her with a twinkle
 in his eye. She had seen the twinkle in other men's
 eyes and she felt that she had at last won the bashful
 millionaire.

"I wonder—," he began and hesitated.

"Yes?" she suggested encouragingly.

"I wonder," he said, "if it would be asking too much
 of you to hold my straw hat while I drive? I'd like
 to get this wonderful breeze."

—Bucknell *Belle Hop*.

* * * *

PEOPLE WHO LOVE IN GLASS HOUSES
 SHOULD HAVE STAINED GLASS.

—White *Mule*.

* * * *

Mary: Jack has the most charming way of propos-
 ing I have ever heard.

Amie, Ann, Lucile and Ruth (in chorus): Hasn't
 he though?

—Black and Blue *Jay*.

* * * *

Rustic (excitedly)—Hello! Hello! I want to speak
 to my wife.

Operator—Number, please.

Rustic (indignantly)—Number? Aint got but
 one.

—Virginia *Reel*.

* * * *

Yes, Horace, freckles are made from sitting in the
 shade of a screen door.

—Oregon *Orange Owl*.

* * * *

If all reformers go to heaven, what a grand place
 hell must be.

—White *Mule*.

* * * *

Instructor: "Do any of you know anything about
 the 'Passion Play'?"

Freshman: "Yes. Elinor Glyn wrote it."

* * * *

An ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate of
 the races. The gatekeeper, demanding the usual fee
 for automobiles called: "A dollar for the car."

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief,
 and said, "sold".

—Bison.

* * * *

No girl marries a man for better or worse. She
 marries him for more or less.

—Penn. State *Froth*.

GANDHI EXEMPLIFIES THE PRINCIPLE OF LOVE

(Part I Continued from Page 14)

He does not flatter his own people; the herd follow him because they realize that he is without physical or moral fear." 7

2. The vow of *ahimsa*. Gandhi has inaugurated a non-violence revolt in India. This term, non-violence, may be confused with passive resistance. The movement is decidedly not passive. It entails suffering on the part of the revolutionaries rather than their oppressors. It is movement of non-cooperation with the government. It calls for: 8

- a. The surrender of all titles of honor and honorary offices.
- b. Non-participation in government loans.
- c. Suspension by lawyers of practice, and settlement of court disputes by private arbitration.
- d. Boycott of government schools by children and parents, boycott of the reformed councils.
- e. Non-participation in government functions; refusal to accept any post, support or national independence.
- f. Support of national independence.
- g. Refusal to pay taxes (this is the only phase which has not been tried).

It is almost impossible to conceive that a small, quiet man with a thin, high voice, can move thousands of men to lay down their freedom and sometimes their lives without a struggle.

3. Vow of celibacy. Gandhi has established relations of perfect purity with his wife. He believes that it is wrong to bring children into a world as chaotic as India at present.

4. Control of the palate. Gandhi lives on fruit and goat's milk. He fasts two days of each week in order to meditate. He seems to believe that the highest spirituality is called forth only when he denies the physical appetites. During the past summer when Hindu-Moslem controversies threatened the unity of India (the success of the revolt obviously depends upon a united India), Gandhi went on a twenty-one-day fast. He had resolved to bring his people together through his suffering. At that time, he weighed only ninety-six pounds—having wasted through months of illness in prison and in a London hospital. India became so alarmed because of the dire possibilities of a prolonged fast on the part of its adored mahatma, that she made peace with herself and entered into the movement with renewed zeal.

5. Vow of non-stealing. "Nature provides us from day to day just enough, and no more, for our daily needs." The leisured women who "have no need to work" have begun to spin in order to make their

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contribution to society, for Gandhi has taught them that it is stealing to accept without giving.

6. Vow of non-possession. Gandhi and his wife have disposed of everything but the absolute necessities of life. In this, we can see the perfect application of Christ's command: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth—for where your treasure is, there is your heart also."

Secondary rules: 1. *Swadeshi*. "Do not use manufactured articles. Gandhi has set India to spinning. Khadi, or home-spun cloth, is now in vogue. Foreign cloths are tabooed. He advocates a return to the simple life.

2. Fearlessness. Following Gandhi's example of fearlessness, India has taken courage to oppose tyranny. She has taken the method which is most difficult: meeting the enemy without weapons of defense, save her own "truth force, and soul force."

In short, "Gandhi has been the bearer of new hope and human dignity to the untouchables (the Pariahs, a despised class); he has been the weaver of bonds of unity between Moslems and Hindus; he has fought the liquor traffic which was debasing his people, and the infamous opium monopoly by which, for its own profit, the British government menaces not only India but all mankind. He has given to revolution non-violent instruments which promise the release of humanity from the seeming necessity of wars for freedom. He has sincerely preached love for the enemy." ⁹

At length we conclude with the people of his race that "Mahatma Gandhi embodies the essence of the selfless spirituality that is personified in their sacred books." ¹⁰ And, we might add, "in our sacred books."

1. Romain Rolland: Mahatma Gandhi. Century 107:396.

2. Nation: 114:24.

3. Century: 107:395.

4. Century: 107:394.

5. Century: 107:394-5.

6. Century: 107:400.

7. Candler: At. Mo. 130:108.

8. Century: 107:195.

9. Nation: 114:332.

10. At. Mo. 130:114.

THE MASKED DANCE

(Continued from Page 12)

'cept late. Now I want you to park me near the dressing room and when I come out at the end next dance, I want you to take me over to Harleson as yo' little late cousin."

Not many minutes later the shiek was escorting a

(Continued on Page 29)

TAGORE THE PHILOSOPHER

(Continued on Page 15)

country, but he can not do so for in his heart, despite himself, is a spirit of resistance. He has tried in the clamor of non-cooperation to find melody, but to no avail. He says to himself, 'If you can not catch step with your countrymen in this great crisis of theirs, give up your place and go back to the poet's corner.'

And so he has done. His chief interest now is Santinikita, where he puts into practice much of his philosophy and strives to maintain a home for the true spirit of India, and all nations for his mind is so universal in its outlook that it can never be content with a part; for it feels too keenly the need of every fact for the whole. The school is formed on the model of the old forest schools of India. The teachers of which Tagore relies most are "the open spaces around the groves, the trees, dawn and evening and moonlight, the winds, and great rains."

The poet's religion, Tagore says, holds that:

"The one question before all others that has to be answered by all civilizations is not what they have and in what quantity, but what they express and how. Our society is for the best expression of man, and this expression, according to its perfection leads us to our realization of the divine in humanity."

The aggregate expression of man is built upon that of the individual. Here the poet philosopher believes that, "The selfhood of man is the only thing that the great King of the Universe does not overshadow with his throne, that is left free. God has abdicated His Sovereignty over man's mind. His armed forces, the laws of nature, stand guard on man's frontier. At this point man becomes master of himself and extricates himself from both nature and his own experience."

"In the poet's religion we find no doctrine or injunction, but the attitude of our entire being toward a truth which is ever revealed in its own endless creation, in a gospel of beauty and love. . . It never undertakes to lead anybody anywhere to any solid conclusions, yet reveals the endless spheres of light, because it has no walls around itself."

 THE MASKED DANCE
(Continued from Page 28)

small brown clad figure. Gaily, Peter Pan tripped across the floor beside him.

"I say, cousin Marian, that's a perky feather you got in yo' cap. An' I like all those sparkly leaves you're clothed in; only, mos' too many. You sho' are colorful and look at the people gazin' at you. Wish you had off that 'dam' mask. Now, do I get my date Monday night? Here, take my arm." The shiek was

talking to Peter Pan for the ears of others.

Harleson met her as Marian Vale.

"I can't make her take off that mask," Pat complained. "She says she won't do it since she's just come; but I know it's only to attract attention. Take care of her Harleson, for she's all I've got," he mourned in mock despair as he was leaving. "She's a bad little thing, but remember she's my cousin."

"Harleson," said Jeremy quickly, "I pretended to want to meet you. But you know who I want to see. Please take me to Peter."

"Great Scott, Jeremy! I'd never have recognized you! What are you going to do? You aren't going to—"

"Yes I am. But I'm not doing it in the way you see it. It's not a real test because I already know about that. I'm satisfied for all life about his being—well, you know—decent. I swear it's not a test; it's just for the fun, and excitement of it. And then I want to see with my own eyes how he does it—you see I know that he does. I want just to see his eyes then. Besides, I want a chance to 'vamp' somebody and I never vamp anyone except him."

"All right, that's up to you, of course. But if I loved a woman and she tried out anything on me like that I'd—"

"Yes, I know. You'd throw her over—and so would I do to a man, I never could be the "Nut Brown Maid" type. You and I are lots alike, our temperaments perhaps; but thank heavens there is a different sort. Peter is long suffering; he forgives things and I love that. The trouble is that you and I are unwilling to admit our inferiority." They both laughed.

"You'd better try to put back on that Georgia drawl," he warned her as they neared Peter. "Hi, Pete! Ole Cossack. Where's your girl? Isn't the shiek going to bring her back to you? It doesn't matter, though, look here what I've brought you. Take my advice, man, and don't tag onto one woman. Come on and take Marian out for a smoke." After Harleson had explained to Peter all about the Georgia cousin who sat on the Atlanta Journal's front page on certain Sundays and who had come in late, he went away gracefully.

"Please," coaxed the leaf-clad Peter Pan, "C'mon out an' gimme a cigarette. I'm mos' dyin' for one." She pulled his sleeve so insistently that he came along, not without looking back. Where the devil had Jeremy disappeared to? This was the second dance she'd skipped with him. He tried not to be furious; but he could not talk; so he went to get his overcoat for her.

Outside, in the shadow of a fir tree, they smoked and looked at the stars. The stars were unusually large and bright, thought Peter; he had hoped to have

Jeremy out here under them with him. Damn! He sighed and told the girl he was sorry for being dumb; but that he did not feel like talking. Would she?

"Tha's a'right," she assured him with languid lips dyed a deep red. Her eyes were half closed, looking at the smoke from her cigarette. "No use talk. I'm col'." She edged closer to Peter who was smoking stolidly. "I'm sorry I took yo' coat. Don' you need it?" She was closer still now. "I say, Petuh, forget that girl. If you could see the way she dances with Pat you wouldn' moon aroun' like this. 'Course they all fall for Pat. . . I'm not such a frightful little witch, Petuh." Her arms began to steal about his neck. He sprang furiously and seized he wrists, holding her out from him. His eyes were angry.

"What the devil do you want?" he asked fiercely. "What do you mean?"

"Nothin', Petuh, 'cept if you'll take off my mask and kiss me I don' think you'll be disappointed."

"Hell, no, I wouldn't! I wouldn't be anything," he told her, loosing her wrists suddenly and turning away from her. "If you're cold, wrap that coat around you and come on in; I've got this next dance and I don't mean to lose it."

"Oh my!" exclaimed the cousin and leapt lightly to catch Peter by the sleeve. But he shook her off. Snatching off her mask, she ran toward him with a laughing, happy face. "Peter, dear, can't you forgive me one more thing?" He wheeled swiftly at the sound of her voice. Jeremy could never forget his face as she saw it then.

"Jeremy! My dearest little devil. Peter Pan playing tricks! I've a good mind to throw you over the gym or choke you. . . I can't decide which."

"Oh my!" gasped Jeremy, "tha's all right. Only please set me down, Peter, over there on that stone until you decide."

They sat on the stone under the fir tree's shadow, looking at the bright stars which seemed to hop in great glee. Jeremy was not cold and they forgot to finish the cigarettes they had lighted.

"Look, Peter, see how the stars leap. They leap and dance like rapier points. I love them! How fine and bright and beautiful they are!" They were silent for a long time and then Jeremy said thoughtfully:

"Do you know, Peter? I'm glad you wore the Russian things. Of course they couldn't make you any more so, because you already are the noblest prince; but I'm glad anyway."

"So you and Dick are to be married? I thought it was a mere flirtation."

"So did he."

—Life.

THE GENEVA PROTOCOL ON ARBITRATION

(Continued from Page 20)

procedure that is provided for the Council.

In Article seven and eight the Signatory States agree not to do anything that will hinder the pacific settlement of a dispute while (or before) arbitration is under way, such as the increase of armaments or the threat of aggression. The Council may investigate any complaint against the Signatory States on this basis and may take steps against them in order that it may maintain peace.

In Article sixteen of the Protocol the Signatory States agree that if they get into disputes with non-members of the League, the non-members shall be invited to accept arbitration through the League. If the non-members do not accept they will be called aggressors and the measures taken against them as laid down in "Article sixteen of the Covenant, as defined by the present Protocol."

After the principles of arbitration have been presented, it is furthermore declared by the Protocol that "every State which resorts to war in violation of the undertakings contained in this Covenant or in the present Protocol is an aggressor." The whole of the articles dealing with the aggressor cannot be given here but in general the Signatory States against the aggressor may become belligerents, but they do not have to become belligerents. The sanctions used by the Signatory States against the aggressor are:

1. Economic,
2. Financial,
3. Military.

The Signatory States decide their own military contributions, but they are bound to give passage to the troops which are protecting the covenants of the League.

This is a brief survey of the problem of arbitration as it is presented in the Protocol. Undoubtedly the nations have moved nearer world peace and every American cannot but hope that soon the United States will step in line.

—Mary Eliason.

THE HONEST GOLD-DIGGER

I should not love *you*, dear, so much

Were you not worth a million,

And though I dislike gold as such,

I should not love you, dear, so much

If I could only fix my clutch

On someone worth a billion.

I should not love *you*, dear, so much

Were you not worth a million.

—Harvard Lampoon.

EXCHANGES

Polly Duffy, '25

We are not convinced that we have the right to be. Certainly we do not set ourselves up as literary critics. We do not attempt to perform a public service, for we are not taking ourselves that seriously. To be truthful, we'll admit that this department serves our own selfish ends. We seize this opportunity of throwing in a few side remarks, allowing no obligation and feeling no responsibility for covering the field. We are content to be treated by our sister publications even as we treat them—for our sympathy for them if they had to read everything printed in the *Coraddi* would be such as we should feel for ourselves if we felt obliged to read everything printed in their magazines. In this spirit we make our bow on the stage. If we are playing the villain's part, be sure that 'tis not wholly from lack of inclination that we decline the hero's.

THE WINTHROP JOURNAL

We particularly like many features of *The Winthrop Journal*. Of the material we are most impressed with the poems. We like their whimsicality, their compactness, the unexpected turn which they often take at the end. Some of them remind us strongly of the work of Sara Teasdale or Edna St. Vincent Millay. We admit that we are charmed with Sara May's page of poems. On *Our Bookshelves* is a department which is well handled. More material on questions of general interest, more "opinion" material, if we may call it that, might cause the magazine to be less distinctly literary and more of an organ for the expression of student thought.

THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

We have the audacity to comment upon *The Carolina Magazine* in spite of the fact that our Exchange Department has received no copy of it—and hence no invitation.

We like it decidedly. Its chief appeal lies in the fact that it publishes frank and even intelligent discussion of questions that folks are concerned about. It seems to be entirely unhedged about by restrictions of any sort. If some of its statements are hasty or rash, better that a thousand times than the mollycoddle lack of spirit of most of our college publications. We like its make-up; we enjoy its articles and its poems; and we must not forget to say that we had a glorious time wandering thru *The Pasture*.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

The *Archive* seems to have accomplished the difficult feat of interesting folks. We venture to guess that that is because most of those who contribute have themselves been interested in what they were writing. The magazine carries very little of formal composition material of the term paper variety, but has, if not a wealth, yet a goodly supply of material dealing with subjects which students like to talk about. The editorials present ideas worth considering. The Book Page is neither above nor below the level of student interest. Of the poems we commend a "Southern Hunting Song" for its charm and "The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" for its satirical humor. The play "Ex Vinculis" contains some very interesting reflections. We ourselves enjoyed the Exchange Department. The clever choosing of the "all-state" must have given quite a bit of fun on the campus.

THE RIGHT ANGLE

The Right Angle abounds in material of every variety. In fact, it combines many of the features of the college magazine, newspaper, and annual. We envy in its evident ability to inspire literary effort of every sort in the student body.

FAIR ENOUGH

"Seen any mysterious strangers around here lately?" casually inquired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Eben, "there was a fellow over to town with a circus last week who took a pair o' rabbits out o' my whiskers."

—*Bucknell Belle Hop*.

* * * *

The Norse servant said to her mistress, "Ay vent to das movie last night."

The lady of the house: "Scaramouche?"

Servant: "No, not ver a mooch."—*Spokane Spokesman Review*.

* * * *

It was a tense moment in the middle of a freshman rhetoric lecture. The dean stopped abruptly half way through a well rounded sentence.

"Will you," he began politely, indicating a young lady in the eighth row, "please stop chewing gum in that slow rhythmic fashion for I can't lecture in that tempo."

—*Minnesota Ski-U-Mah*.

Adam and the Spotted Fruit

*Being a Discourse on the Seventeen Men Who Came
In Contact With the Spotted Fruit*

We are not excited about, nor do we wish to ignore, a certain article which appeared recently in the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. We are vitally interested in the question of the morals of the present younger generation. Our interest apparently takes quite an abnormal slant in that, unlike all the others who have interested themselves in this problem, we are particularly concerned about the young men who came in contact with the spotted fruit. We are not inclined to take the statistics lightly; we do not condone the offense of the fifty girls in question; we do not attempt the defense of womankind. Our concern, true to feminine tradition, is with the men.

It appears that seventeen young men, "mostly conservative, and, in the author's opinion, of a somewhat higher intelligence than the average college man," have, according to their own admission, attempted to neck on an average slightly more than fifty per cent of the girls with whom they have had dates during the past summer! Of these seventeen men only four gave no record of having tried to neck a girl during the summer. Three of these had a "regular" girl and so no questions were asked, and the fourth had not had a single date during the time and so stood slim chances of having the opportunity.

Another interesting point which the statistics bring out is that in the case of fifty per cent of the girls the young men made no attempt at necking. The credit for this must without question be awarded the girls, for the men have elsewhere in the statistics shown themselves not loath to indulge under favoring circumstances. Moreover, the fifty per cent of virtuous young women (as well as the fifty per cent who showed such striking lack of taste) were found among "girls who gave appearance of being just ordinary nice girls," while the seventy-six per cent of men in the statistics who tried to neck one or more girls were, as has been repeatedly pointed out, unusually intelligent.

Some of us cannot suppress a smile at the proposed reward for the virtuous fifty per cent. One of the most eager of our young adventurers immediately concludes to offer his hand in matrimony as a gift in token of approved merit. He brings her fruit that has been in contact with spotted fruit and cannot escape a few blemishes. The pity of this is that she may easily have to accept this as her boon or go unrewarded, for so long as the present standards prevail in the conduct of men she will find it exceedingly difficult to get fruit

entirely sound and to her taste. We cannot fail to give just credit to the intellectual homage which men pay to the higher standards for conduct in relations between men and women. Judging from the article under discussion, no one of the men give any evidence of approving their own conduct. What we deplore is that they seem either unwilling or unable to keep the expression of their impulses in line with their intellectual standards.

Some degree of conformity to their standards seems indicated by the fact that very few sought second dates with girls that they termed "neckers." However, according to their own statement, their curiosity had been satisfied; the girl was too easy. Nobody wants what he gets when he's got it. Satiety alone and not moral sense saved them from a second indulgence in what disgusted them so thoroughly in the girl. They changed not the kind of kick but the flavor.

Hence, with all our concern for the women, we cannot forget the men.

—By Polly Duffy and Mary Eliason.

Freshman—"Who's picture is that on your ring?"

Senior—"Minerva's."

Freshman—"Was she Dr. McIver's wife?"

* * * *

"Do angels have wings, Mummy?"

"Yes, darling."

"Can they fly?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then when is nursie going to fly, 'cause last night Daddy called her an angel?"

"Tomorrow, darling."—Selected.

* * * *

A teacher asked, "How many kinds of flowers are there?"

Three pupils held up their hands to reply. She chose one of them, and said "Isadore, how many are there?"

"Three, teacher."

"Indeed, what are they?"

"Wild, tame and collie."—Selected.

* * * *

Kitty—Oh, so Mary Smythe is hiding behind a "nom de plume"

Cat—Yes, she has a perfect mania for feathered hats.

—Notre Dame Juggler.