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A Five Dollar Prize Offer

The Coraddi staff offers a prize of five dollars for the best contribution handed in for the March number. There are no specifications made as to the type of literature so long as it complies to the standards upheld by the magazine. Hand your contribution in at an early date. No work accepted after February 15.

The Night

SARA CHADWICK, '30

When twilight lingers for a moment,
Making a final desperate stand,
The night approaches on fleet dark wings,
Hovering restlessly over the land;
And, gazing down with a million star-eyes,
Grasps the world in a great black hand.

Peter=Play=In=The=Park

LORETTA CARROLL

THE Sun drew up his wide spread color into a round, red ball and let himself carefully down the Western Sky Wall by a thread of mist; but in his hurry to leave Washington he inadvertently got himself pricked on the Capitol Dome, and all Pension Park was flooded with the color that escaped. Tiny red rivulets of it dropped from between the Elm trees and splashed on the dingy green park benches; great golden streams of it flowed down the driveway that ended with a flourish in front of the Pension Building.

The little old lady on the bench opposite me folded her knitting and sighed, a thin sigh that slipped into the lilac bush behind her. She rose and went slowly down the path. Perhaps she had dropped a stitch that destroyed the smoothness of her knitting; perhaps she had had a lover once. A boy and a girl took her place, and, when they had gone away raptly, a fat man with a newspaper. I sat quite still and watched the world drift in and out of Pension Park. Then dusk came swiftly, like a cloud of soft smoke from between a Geni's palms—and with dusk came Peter.

How shall I tell you how he came? I know only that that there was dusk and a soft loneliness beside me, and then there was dusk and Peter. You do not see him yet? He was such a little thing; a picture-face with a frame of brown curls, an elf's body in a blur of blue clothes.

"Peter," I whispered, and touched him worshipfully.

He smiled—a shy, crooked, baby smile that meant he liked the name, although his parents had not thought of it. His parents! I wonder if Peter had any parents but the trees in Pension Park, the trees that loved so to bend and touch him.

"My fairy rings are back there," he said, and darted down the bridge path.

We sat down on the grass by the path and Peter explained his drawing with one small, brown finger. There was a big ring for the big fairies to dance in, a middle sized one for the middle sized fairies, and a tiny ring for the baby fairies. It was all very simply and beautifully arranged.

"Have any fairies come to dance?" I wanted to know half fearfully. I *wanted* the fairies to come, more than I wanted anything.

"Oh yes," said Peter. The little bit of color in his piquant face flamed and cooled. "They come, but they're scared of peoples. Once I caught a little boy fairy in my hands. He'd been playin' in the leaves there an' I grabbed a handful. I could feel him all warm in my hand jus' a minute, an' then he slipped through my fingers. I must've squeezed him till it hurt."

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We exchanged glances and began to hunt in the leaves. Once, twice, we had a fairy, but the clever little creatures slipped away. Presently Peter tired of the sport and drew me away. He showed me the little bare patches of Pension Park, where no grass grows. He told me why no grass grows there; for these are the places where the Moon Lady loves to dance, and she wears the grass quite away. Peter told me marvelous things about the Moon Lady; some of them I had guessed in my dreams. He told of her long golden hair that is the ladder on which fairies climb up to the Moon. Peter says that the Moon Lady lets down her hair behind the lilac bush, nights, because he has seen it; but, although he runs as fast as he can, she always draws it up again before he quite reaches it.

Then the Moon Lady came out of her Palace-on-the-Hills-of-the-Clouds and tossed her golden head with a queenly gesture. Peter says that the very first thing he remembers is peeping out of his blanket behind his mother's arm at the Moon Lady tossing her hair about. We lay down on the grass with our faces up-turned. The dew fell on us and the stars swung so low that Peter declared one brushed the tip of his nose.

Quite suddenly, but very softly, some one whistled behind the lilac bush. Almost it might have been a night-noise, but Peter knew it.

"Mother-dear wants me to eat some white giants in the Blue-Bowl-That-Holds-the-Sea-of-Milk," he said, and with a swift, shy smile for the Moon Lady and me, he was gone.

"Peter," I cried tremulously, and this time I was lonely with a poignant longing for the elf body in the blur of blue clothes.———But Peter had gone.

Pension Park belonged to the "peoples" now, and the last fairy had crept away beneath the leaves. I walked slowly toward the glaring lamps that bordered it, stopping to lay a lover's kiss that had been carelessly forgotten under the shadow of an Elm, where the grass is softest and deepest.



A Play

To Be Read

FADEAN PLEASANTS

Time: Yesterday—Today—Forever.

Place: A Crossroad.

Characters:

A PERSON

BEAUTY, *The Weapon*

THE ULTIMATE

DEATH, *The Insistent*

REASON, *The Inevitable*

(The curtain opens. It is morning—gray dawn, with hints of purple and gold in the east. A girl is planting a tree—a slim young pine—near the center of the stage. There hovers strangely in her arms—a something—we know not what. It is like wind and mist and sunlight, perhaps—or maybe music. It is poetry; it is the relation of one soul to another; it is the depth, the realness, the tragedy of all the arts. It is Beauty.)

The tree is planted. The girl rises and dances over the hills, around the little pine. Beauty dances with her—makes itself into a scarf like the dawn and floats before her eyes. Suddenly the sureness, the triumph has gone out of the dance. We watch her steps grow hesitant and questioning, and suddenly become aware of another person on the stage. He has entered stealthily from the right. It is Reason, an old man with hardened lines. One awaits to hear him say: I told you so! He stands patiently, coldly for the girl to return to him. He knows she will.

The scarf that Beauty made of itself is growing smaller, falling away slowly from the eyes of the girl.)

Reason: *(Coldly and mockingly)* Look here, young lady, how long is it going to take you to learn that it doesn't pay to run off and leave me?

(Beauty has grown smaller and smaller. She holds it in her arms tightly as if it were a very small child. Her eyes are uncovered. She looks at Reason and shudders, and runs towards the tree she has just planted.)

You needn't try to hide behind the tree! It hasn't had time to grow, thanks to my early arrival. What is it anyway?

The Girl: *(Guilty as if she had expected to be caught)* It is the beauty and understanding I found in a boy. We wanted it to grow. I could have hidden myself from you then. Why did you have to come?

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Reason: (*laughing*) Ha! Ha! Will you never learn? (*Proudly*) I always come. I've been following you around all the time. I—— (*an old man has entered silently. He is like a shadow. Nothing about him is distinct, save at times, but he is real and to be accepted as such. His name is Ultimate*), Why halloo! Look who's here! Say brother, what would you do with the girl? Look how she's holding on to that little thing in her arms! (*He laughs jeeringly.*) The Ultimate: (*to the girl. He speaks slowly, very clearly at times*) You've got to bow down to me. You know that well enough. (*The girl shrinks away and tries to hide behind the tree, holding more tightly to the little beauty.*)

The Girl: Why have you come back to me? I sent you away before the dawn came.

The Ultimate: Ah, you bartered with yourself, dear girl—Sold me for the beauty in your arms. How long do you expect such a bargain to last, I'd like to know? Forever? You might as well get that out of your head!

Reason: Come now, its doing you no good to stand still. You've got to take another step down this road today. (*He points off left.*) What good is this doing you? This little old pine tree will die. You know that it can't help. (*He kicks at the tree.*)

Voice (*off the stage down the road*): One more step today! (*It is a sure insistent voice. One cannot decide whether it is that of the friendly, or the inimical.*)

Ultimate and Reason stand off at full height, half smiling, triumphant. If Reason were speaking he would say "I told you so!" and were Ultimate to utter his thoughts: "Ah you cannot forget me." The girl is startled. She tries to run off but Ultimate and Reason catch her.

The Girl: Turn me loose! Do you hear? (*Her voice is full of fear*) Turn me loose! You are hurting me. How can I dance again to the tree, if you break my arm, Reason? (*She is still holding the Beauty tightly in one arm.*)

Reason: Say, Ultimate, let's make her throw the Beauty away. We can do——

The Girl: You can't! You fools, if I could throw the Beauty away I might not have to suffer. (*She lets her arm fall to her side. Beauty hovers strangely against her.*)

The Voice from the road again.

Reason: Hear that, don't you? I ask you frankly now, what good is this little thing going to do you? Why it's not even the same thing. One day it was a sunset, and another time a song you sung. Even yesterday

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it was a book of words—the dictionary—that made you forget us, and today a dance to a tree—a person's understanding. (*The girl, whom the men have released at the sound of the voice, lowers her head. She looks tired and is very still. She clutches at Beauty frantically.*)

Ultimate: Shut up, Reason. Keep quiet a little while. She knows all this. She knows how true it's going to be always. She sees for this one moment how it will be.

(*There is a sound of feet in the distance—millions of feet. The girl, who has dropped slowly to her knees, head bowed, springs up, almost hopefully.*)

The Girl: Who are they?

Reason: The stodgy, stolid people, going down the road. The voice calls everybody, you know.

The Girl: (*questionly*) Stodgy? Stolid?

Reason: O, I mean they don't fool with Beauty and the Ultimate.

The Girl: I am going with them.

Reason: Ha! Ha! You can't go! Not with Beauty! Not with me! Not with Old Ultimate. If you once know us you know us forever.

The Girl: No I cannot go, I cannot leave Beauty.

Reason: (*Talking apparently for the girl's benefit*) The people are coming nearer. Superstition is making them build churches all along the road. Lord, what millions of servants he has! (*The girl shudders.*)

Ultimate: Shut up, Reason. You know it will always be true; what's the use of killing the girl?

The Voice again.

(*The girl stands up bravely and half smiles as she listens. The Beauty has started growing again.*)

Reason: Where are you going? (*His voice has lost its stentorian quality.*)

Ultimate: Where are you going? (*His voice is indistinct.*)

The Girl laughs—a carefree beautiful laugh. The Beauty is growing, It wraps itself around her—shrouds her like chiffon—thickens into a veil before her eyes.)

The Girl: I am going down the road. I am not afraid of you. What does it matter? I cannot be afraid with Beauty held before my eyes. (*She dances about the pine that has suddenly started growing. She walks, not haltingly, not tremblingly, down the road. Proudly, triumphantly she goes forward.*)

Ultimate and Reason fade into the distance.

The Irony of Culture

NAOMI GREEN, '27

PROBABLY there are few people who have not glibly recited at one time or another "All men are born free." When we analyze the conditions, however, I am convinced that we will change that statement to "All men are born in bonds." We are thrust at birth into a culture which decides for us our actions, our thoughts, even our wishes. No individual can refrain from conforming to it without having to suffer.

As I lay half awake, half asleep I saw running across my inner vision a rabbit, chased by several blood-thirsty dogs. Several times he hid in some brush pile only to be routed again. At last, but not without a final effort, the poor rabbit was captured. Suddenly the rabbit took on human flesh and form and lo! it was I. The dogs were changed into phantoms which were always waiting for the slightest opportunity to kill me by questioning and belittling every deed and spoken thought not sanctioned by popular opinion.

There are first the mores, the unwritten law of behavior, to which I must conform to be successful. Even though I may believe a prevailing custom to be ridiculous or wrong the case is not altered. I must conform to the standards or be a social outcast, an unappealing outlook; the mores are right and I am wrong. Not only must my actions conform to the customs but my thoughts as well. If I dare express a thought concerning religion whose literal meaning is not found in the Bible I am called an atheist. Nor must I question in my mind, much less openly, the actions or motives of those in authority; on the contrary, I must impress them with the fact that I realize their greatness and my inferiority.

Another type of restraining influence is that of fear. I hesitate to attempt a new project because I am uncertain as to the outcome. It might be a failure. As censure and criticism are quite distasteful to me, I will go almost any limit to escape it, even to becoming almost a "yes, yes" person. And yet here I run into trouble for one of my greatest fears is of developing into a person with no stability, no character. To keep from being called unsocial or a self-satisfied person, an extreme introvert, at times I act pleasant, all the while knowing that I am a hypocrite and despising myself for it.

Together with many others I have been told by evangelists that in order to escape a "burning Hell" I must forsake my present method of living. Only incidentally has, it seems to me, the loving nature of feous been introduced, and the real pleasure and fruitfulness of a life spent in harmony with his teachings. So deeply rooted has this former idea become that though in my

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mind I can not believe it yet I can not convince throughly my inner self of its fallacy. We are taught of the Maker's loving kindness and especially of his forgiving nature as shown by his words when he said on the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Too in our prayer as given to us by Jesus we recite, "Forgive our sins as we forgive those who sin against us." And yet suppose we were to be forgiven only in like manner as we forgive. The woman or man who has committed a crime, large or small, is usually never forgiven. He may be taken back into the circle, but there is always someone to criticise his every act until he is tempted to cease the struggle. Is it any wonder that we speak of the "hardened criminal"? The wonder to me is that all who make a mistake do not become hardened.

In schools, a supposed place for the search of truth, we are also bound by convention and the sentiments of those who are not fit or who do not exercise their intelligence. Take as an example the matter of evolution. The opponents of it say that it undermines our idea of the conception of the greatness of God. No one has to accept the theory. If after studying it he is not convinced of its possibilities he can refuse it. In my opinion a conception of God which limits the creation of the universe to six days, and refuses him the power of being able to create it by a gradual process of evolution is not worthy to be held. To me a God is more noble who can allow for the gradual development of life and matter than one who had to make everything fixed and thus eliminate the possibilities of future change. No one thinks of keeping his child constantly at home and refusing him the opportunity of meeting other parents for fear that he will develop such a fascination for them that he will cease to love his own parents. So why should we refuse to allow our youths to get a knowledge of some of the prevailing scientific theories on the ground that they will cease to believe in and love God?

During the first few years in school we are usually taught that the United States is the best nation in the world and that its acts are infallible. It can do no wrong. As we study more and especially in college, we find out that she is about as often in the wrong as are the nations with whom she has difficulties. But think of the number of people who stop school retaining the former idea. Not only are we intolerant in our attitude towards other nations, but also towards people on our own homeland. Protestant ministers and laymen despair of the fact that Catholicism seems to be spreading. There are those who say, "Oh, he's a Catholic!" as if that were the embodiment of all that is evil and unattractive. It is appalling the number who give as their reason for their statement that they would not vote for Smith for president, were he to run, is that he is a Catholic. They seem to consider this adequate without taking into consideration his fitness or unfitness for the office.

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So many more brilliant and more pronounced in their thoughts than I have found the struggle to be complete individuals so discouraging and unfruitful that they have had to become one of many or become crushed. Shall I like the rabbit persist until I too perish, or shall I be content to let society control my thoughts and actions and thus become only another dormant member of it?



For My Lover

I told myself with so much certainty
How it should be when I was gone away,
And you were left alone beside the boy
We sailed together once to reach the sea;
How I should find a bit of peace, and free
Perhaps, my burdened heart of songs that lay
Like weights (loving you so, I could not say
The music-words I bore too restlessly).

And so I left a little gladly, dear—
You understand? The time had been so long
Since I had sung. To the blue of the hills
I came, believing in my freedom here.
My heart sings never a fragment of song.
It is the loneliness for you that stills.



I did not see the sunset;
I only saw the glow
On the rose drifted clouds
And the land of blue below.

I did not hear the night come;
I only heard the hush
That comes to the earth
In that half-lit hour—dusk.

I did not feel love come;
I only know I felt
The supreme joy of living
And touched the height itself.

—*Frieda Landon, '28*

EDITORIAL

We do not take our stand as usurpers of the universal, perhaps deserved, popularity of Emily Post. Nor do we acknowledge a platform of support strictly and technically. In the first place, we would deem it foolish to devote what is supposedly a literary magazine, to the superficial task of revolutionizing the manners of the student body. Secondly, even if we considered it necessary we should approach from a different vantage ground. This, you understand then, is incidental. Merely a hint.

Audiences we speak of first—classes, chapel, vespers, student recitals, concerts, lectures. It is not only a matter of courtesy to the person who is speaking, or playing, or singing, and to the other people who make up the audience, for you to listen quietly, but also a benefit to yourself. The more appreciative the audience, the more the lecturer and artist will give. Of course, that person who is sensitive to what is beautiful and worthwhile will be proportionally sensitive to what is not. Then it is that the test of one's thoughtfulness and courtesy comes. It is disconcerting to a speaker to sense the indifference of the people around him—to see them turning pages of the books which they have brought along in case he should prove boring, to hear coughs, and blowing of noses, and whispering. And, say what you will, these matters are easily controlled. There are ways of coughing silently, when coughing is necessary, and there is always open the opportunity of leaving quietly after a number if one cannot stay without disturbing others. Much of this can be eliminated beforehand. You generally have an idea as to whether or not you will enjoy a certain concert or lecture, either through previous experience or prejudice. And you know fairly definitely whether or not you will be coughing continually. Draw your conclusions and stay away if necessary.

We repeat that we say these things not from the standpoint of the "Beau Brummel" and the superficial. We think it unnecessary to say anything more than this: we believe in our ability to appreciate the worthwhile in ourselves and others and hope that a hint will be sufficient to remove our carelessness and thoughtlessness.



Do the three model monkeys, hearing, seeing, and speaking no evil, today hold as eminent position in households as they once occupied? They were the censors of my childhood. My children, perhaps, will never see them. Yet I

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wonder if there will be human hands clapped over the faces of the next generation, forbidding ear, sight, and speech to certain happenings.

It has puzzled the minds of masters, it tortures the thoughts of youth: What would be a child's reaction to that which age terms evil?

There are very few performers who have the power to fasten wings to the spirit of a comparatively unresponsive audience. Once or twice I have witnessed this miracle in our college auditorium. The Dennis-Shawn dancers. Powys. I shall choose these for comment.

Girls wrote poetry about the ballet company; they dreamed; and, they felt the most powerful force of creation in their own bodies—red, young blood coursing through their veins, pure, unquestioning. This side I know, for I lived in the awakened atmosphere. Several days passed, and lo! the same entertainers were presented to me through the mind of another as being vulgar, disgusting. Why, they wore no clothes to speak of.—“As a man thinketh . . .”

Powys. A name synonymous with magnanimity of personality, with intellect, with intelligence; lecturer whose force actually entered into lives. Have you, someone insinuatingly questions, read his *Ducdame*? Is there in that novel nothing but filthy mire? I say: Read it, that you may know how much of life a person may be acquainted with, yet speak as Powys did and raise the young hopes of an audience to a belief in beauty.

There are those who would quickly reply: Do not read it. Not now. Perhaps when you are older. But to present that side of life now. No. Maybe, when we *are* of that mature age belonging to the superior majority, we will be back in the little mountain hut, frying corn pone to dip in pot liquor. And the things we never saw, the books we never read. Are we better off for having been denied them once? “Whatsoever things are good . . .”



The Breaker

I SEE it coming as I sit on the hot sands of the beach—way out in mid-ocean, a tiny ripple. Swelling, growing, it comes on and on. Closer, higher, larger, I see it. White caps nearer shore herald its approach. Sea weed floating on its crest makes me think of sea nymphs' hair. Up, up it swells. And now, almost at my feet, it breaks with a thundering roar. Then—swiftly, silently, it retraces its way, back into the fathomless depths of the ocean, leaving behind a graceful line of feathery foam and its deposit of shells and animals gathered from the bottom of the sea.

Christie Louise Maynard, '30

Biographical Romance

THE EXQUISITE PERDITA. E. Barrington. 377 pages. Dodd, Mead & Company.

Most charming of all, perhaps, of Miss Barrington's delightful biography-romances is *The Exquisite Perdita*, her latest. Whether she was more interested in the particular group of celebrities with which this novel deals, whether she was more inspired by the peculiar demand upon her artistry, or whether she was more moved by the lovely, helpless creature whose story she tells, is a matter for conjecture; but to my mind, at least, the story of Perdita, in sheer appeal, in delicacy of treatment, and in genius of interpretation surpasses *The Glorious Appollo* and is only rivalled among the author's other novels by *The Divine Lady*.

Married by her mother's influence at sixteen, in order to protect a virtue deemed in peril because of her remarkable beauty, Perdita found that she had left the misery of home with a worthless and dissolute father only to confront a worse situation with her husband. Small wonder, then, that she fairly clutched at the offer of Richard Brimsley Sheridan, the young playwright, to play Juliet in his production at the Drury Lane Theatre. The chapters which recount her success are truly like a fairy tale. How, on that first night, unutterably lovely in her pale satin and jewelled robe, she not only brought to her feet the enormous gathering of the fashion of London, but was pronounced perfect by the famous Garrick, who had trained her; how she became the most talked of woman in society and the leader of fashion; how she captured, by hundreds, the hearts of artists, statesmen, and nobleman, only to turn them away when they pressed their suits too far; and how, finally, she was besieged and won by the young Prince of Wales himself, deserted every other interest to be the adored of the "darling of the nation," and became installed in the Prince's establishment at Cork Street, where she was the queen of his group of brilliant young associates is a dazzling story which sweeps the reader up and away from his cold judgment into the realm of the high romance of King Cophetus and the beggar maid.

Of the inevitable catastrophe, when the prince wearied of the game, of the vain struggle, the suffering and the disgrace which the poor Perdita underwent, and of her final sliding deeper and deeper into the mire is a different and painful story, halted for a little by one or two superb rallies.

In the opening lines of the book the author has given in her infinitely charming style the gist of the whole situation:

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“To be beautiful, with a nature strung like the Aeolian harp vibrating to every sigh of sensibility, to be a player at whose feet the town flings its garlands and plaudits, to be a poet, to depict the joys and sorrows of love with a pen dipped in all the most fashionable colours—was not this, as the famous Admiral Boscawen observed, too much sail for one small vessel to carry, and shall we be surprised that she was swept out of her course and foundered, or seemed to do so, in the ocean of passion?”

Merely a bare sketch of the story is sufficient to show the exquisitely delicate handling required by such a subject; and that Miss Barrington has explained and interpreted facts without concealing, yet without offending, not excusing the false step, yet not wholly condemning a weakness of human nature is proof of her skill.

Moreover, the book is notable on account of its rare atmospheres. There is the atmosphere of poverty and misery seen in the home of Perdita as Mrs. Robinson, in contrast to the gay and artistic surroundings of the Sheridans, and there is the lavish display of sophisticated luxury found in the house of the Prince. These and others are the vivid settings in which the famous and historical characters which Miss Barrington treats live for us their intimate and natural lives.

A rich pageantry of sparkling figures revolving about the unusual career of an entrancing and exquisitely beautiful woman is lightly sketched with Miss Barrington's peculiar skill to form a delicate etching which can only be compared in recent fiction to the ethereal *Ariel*.



Vignette of a Worldly Woman

MY MORTAL ENEMY. Willa Cather. 122 pages. Alfred A. Knopf.

In a little novel, which in length is almost a short story, Willa Cather has created food for concentrated thought. The story is a survey, told in first person by a minor character, of a woman who is consumed with an unconquerable love for material things. It evinces itself in selfishness, in discontent, in worldly ambition, and sometimes in cruelty. However, she is more human than the usual woman of this type. She evinces poignant loves, loyalties, and tremendously kind impulses, with which she has tried vainly all her life to overcome her “mortal enemy.” She thought she had subdued it when, as a girl, she left her wealthy surroundings in a little western town, and forfeited her legacy, to run away and marry the poor boy, whom she really loved; but she could not

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get away from it. Her married life in New York was a constant unrest evolved from extravagance, pursuit of celebrities, scheming for advantageous social connections, and vain regret, relieved chiefly by her genuine love for her husband and kindness to her friends. How she finally brings calamity upon herself, and the unique way in which she dies in fear and alone, as she herself says, with her "mortal enemy" is the finishing touch to a remarkable character sketch.

Miss Cather tells her story by dashing sure touches on the high spots of her canvas, leaving details to the imagination; and it is due to the perfect accuracy of her telling phrases that she conveys such a wealth of impression in so little space. The convincing way in which she made Molly Driscoll—a short, dumpy little woman of 45, holding her head high to conceal a double chin, instead of the romantic figure which one might have pictured—a fascinating and lovable woman is a tribute to this aspect of her art. "I had rather be clawed by her than petted by any other woman I have ever known," said Molly's husband, and that is just the kind of woman she was.

In this book there is no colorful picture of pioneer life on the prairies as in *My Antonia* nor is there the brilliant pioneer of art as in the *Song of the Lark*. The pioneer element, indispensable to most of Miss Cather's novels, is slight and is significant only in that a young girl of the western plains goes forth to the great eastern city to battle with the strange forces within herself, modified by new conditions, and that she finally wanders back to the West and dies there.

Like *The Lost Lady*, *My Mortal Enemy* is a piercing character study, containing practically no external action; and like it also, this is one of the author's strongest novels. It will scarcely be her most popular, but to many of those who read analytically and with a capacity for evaluation, it will possibly be her greatest subjective study. And to those who read reviews after perusing the story, there may come many surprises, for it is conceivable that many interpretations may be put upon the real meaning of the title of the book—*My Mortal Enemy*. The character is so many faceted that it lends itself to a variety of interpretations each of which may be truth—and yet perhaps not the whole truth.

Katharine Gregory, '27



The Marriage of Miss Lindamira

RUTH LINNEY, '27

ALL MY life I have known Miss Lindamira Aveland. She was one of my mother's girlhood friends, though I grant her that she is younger than my mother. She is a lady of "a certain age"; what age I know no more than Byron. It is said that there are four capes in women's lives: sixteen, which is the cape of Good Hope; twenty, which is Cape Lookout; thirty, which is Cape Fear; and forty, which is Cape Farewell. For a long time, all the neighbors shook their heads sadly over Miss Lindamira, for they feared that she was far on the way toward Cape Farewell.

As I say, I cannot remember when I did not know Miss Lindamira. She was my school teacher in third and fifth grades. In those days she wore a tiny round apron with her dainty frock and taught me both the story of "Little Lassie," who voyaged all around the world in a pea-pod boat and the one of Perseus who rescued from the sea-monster the purpled-eyed Andromeda. But I think I have seen her most often at old Brier Creek church. She would enter on the arm of her father, who was past eighty and the veriest pillar of the church and sit in their family pew with her eldest sister, the stout, black-taffeta clad Miss Arabella, and with her younger brother's many sticky children. The younger brother, Ichabod Blaine Worth Aveland, Esq., himself, was choir master and exhorter extraordinary and officiated pompously in the choir loft or along the aisles. Mr. Blaine Aveland was popularly supposed to be so good that when he was out in a shower, God would not permit a drop of rain to fall on him. Before he was married, he used to come courting my aunt. He was a sandy-haired, amazingly awkward giant, a Bottom masquerading as a Romeo. When he proposed to Aunt Cicely and she refused, he feigned a swoon and fell full length on the parlor floor; so that grandma thought the piano had been overturned.

At church Miss Lindamira was always dressed very fastidiously, though very quaintly. She wore trailing skirts to our short ones, high waisted to our low ones, and long sleeves to our bare arms. She was very neat and prim in her ruffles and tucks, her white organdie fichu, and her black lace mita. One of her dresses boasted scalloped frills bound so painstakingly with pink baby ribbon that Mrs. Ransom Barbold, the blowsy spouse of the near-millionaire bootlegger, condescended to the poor old spinster. "Really, Miss Lindamira," she rasped blatantly, so that the old church echoed to its dusky rafters, "I must have you sew for *me*."

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There are fashions in books as well as in clothes. Though she was frail and wraith-like, Miss Lindamira had curves to our angles, and in the days of loose, unbelted, boyish lines, she possessed a distinct, and very small, waist. A little hat that was almost a bonnet garnished her high-piled reddish coiffure like a top-knot. The little Titian curls straggling over her ears and on her neck were faintly powdered with white and silver, as if light frost had fallen on the golden-rod. Cloaked and bonneted, she was like a lady on an old valentine. I once showed a post card picture of Miss Lindamira, flanked by a galaxy of stars and stripes and liberty bells, to a ministerial student from the University of Richmond, and he said, "I never saw a finer face." Hers was a fine, proud, sensitive little face, a gallant face. She had faded cheeks like slightly withered white lilacs. Her delicate little face looked young in the twilight of the church and she had finely chiseled features like a cameo.

Miss Lindamira lived in a white old house, gabled and peaked, shadowed with weeping willows, and overhung with yellow honeysuckle and scarlet woodbine.

"Linda brought the smallest of them weepin' willows from Dr. Pegram's when she was teachin' school at Dellaplane," old Mr. Aveland told my mother. "It must have been nigh onto eighteen year ago. Blaine was going to school to her then. Seems like me boy never took to schoolin'," he ruminated. "I gave my girls a good education though, 'specially Linda. 'Pears like Linda wont never marry. She was always one of them quiet creeters. I suppose when the old oak falls and Arabella is gone too, she won't have nobody to lean on."

For, besides her father, Miss Lindamira lived with her plump old sister, who, the neighborhood said, had never cared for men. Plump old maids are a rarity; so also are women who do not care for men. They had another sister who had married a decade or so before and had seven children. This sister, Milicent, had met her husband through a matrimonial bureau; so that the neighborhood wags said she ordered him from Sears and Roebuck. When he came, Lindamira went with Milicent to Roaring River in the old phaeton to meet him. The tale was told that a husband was supposed to come for Lindamira too; but that he did not come, or that when he saw Lindamira he went back.

The traditional old maid in any region is an old maid school teacher. She is the fountain-head of knowledge in the lonely outposts of culture, precise and demure; and a wraith-creature, half doll and half ghost, heart-broken from some blasted love affair. For many, many years Miss Lindamira had taught a district school. Whether the mecca of learning had been the little red school-house, the little white school-house, or the little unpainted school-house, she had been the learned high priestess. She had taught at Dellaplane, at Roaring River, at Maple Spring, at Eglantine, at Plumb Ridge and at Brier Creek.

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She had taught the apple-cheeked backwoods maidens and the lumbering country youths to diagram sentences. She had transmitted her small classical knowledge to the solitary scions among the remnants of the Yadkin River aristocracy. She had walked all the way to the rectory to give piano lessons to the children of the countryside. She was the good angel in the rural haunts, the combination of fairy god-mother and Delphic oracle.

My mother said that Miss Lindamira had not had beaux, even in her young days. It was not that she had been an ugly, witch-like creature with a gnome's eyes or a beaked nose. She had always been wanly pretty but she had always been queer, quaint, awkward, wistful and painfully timid. At country parties she had been a shy and tearful maiden, who would not join in the square dances because she said, "Father was not here and Father might not like it." Perhaps, poor thing, it was because she had no partner. Cousin Harry Martin, a famous beau and wit of that day, whose phrases became almost as celebrated epitomes as Mrs. Montstuart Jenkenson's, had characterized her as "a pretty wallflower." But the frivolous phrases of a Cousin Harry Martin are not worth serious consideration, for it was he who said, "Nothing pleases the waist space like a gentleman's coatsleeve."

It was during my sophomore year in college that Miss Lindamira was wooed and won by Mr. Pindar Wilvermore of Trade, Tennessee. Antioch township was never so much surprised. I was at my Uncle's at the parsonage, that Christmas when the ceremony was performed. Mr. Pindar Wilvermore was a rather gallant old eagle with an empty sleeve and a lame leg. He was gray, worn and at least fifty-five. As a mere youth he had turned soldier and he was wounded in the Spanish American war. Now, perhaps age or rheumatism slightly contributed to his limp, for, though he bore himself like a soldier, Miss Arabella, who seemed to reflect some of her sister's happiness (I never believed that she had never cared anything for any man), and who probably thought that any suggestion of old age would stalk like a ghost at the wedding, whispered to the girls, my cousins, "He has a tack in his shoe."

But Miss Lindamira was radiant, as if lighted up inside. "Pindar was wounded on the battlefield—with Spanish bullets," she flashed proudly.

She was picturesque in her quaint, rather old-fashioned wedding dress of white, and Mr. Wilvermore was as chivalrous as any of the old school. When they stood before my Uncle, the minister, Mr. Wilvermore held one little gloved hand and looked down at her tenderly with his brown eyes, which were as devoted as some mute animal's, a dog's or a stag's. Miss Lindamira's faded white cheeks were suffused with blushes, and her eyes glowed like blue candles lighted.

After the ceremony, when everyone was kissing Miss Lindamira's faded cheek with their excited pink, she whispered to my Aunt Ellen, the minister's broad, cheery wife, "I love Pindar. I am glad now I waited for him so long and refused all my other offers."

POETRY

Find

I found a little house today,
Green-shuttered, very still,
Awaiting dreams to shelter well,
And sunny rooms to fill.

I felt a tugging at my breast,
Then all my little dreams
Slipped from me to the threshold
And through the window-seams.

Shy-eyed, they clung together,
Half frightened at the dare
Of entering the empty rooms
To make a dwelling there.

One little wraith—like dream of fire
Hid on the hearth—and stayed!
A timid Dream-of-Lullabies
It's darling croon-song made.

And then the Dream-of-Someone
I'd hidden many a day
Walked in. With longing in my eyes
I turned and ran away.

Martha H. Hall, '28

*Happiness is swift as the day-old sun, slipping thru tree-fingers in fleet
escape from night.*

Martha H. Hall, '28

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Sunset

'Twas not in pleasure that he threw
That fiery ball against the blue,
But knowing wrath too great to bear
He hurled a crimson outburst there.

Oak Leaves Lying on the Ground

With polish of molten sawdust
And cloth of a swallow's wing,
He shone to assiduous bronze
What had been a withered thing.

Wind, After Autumn

He opened with medicate sureness
Vials of poison, to drain
Thru tendrils of verbant pureness
Scarlet death to each vein.
And calling his harpists around him
He bade the impatient throng
Echo in transient sweetness
The sob of each dying song.

Nancy Little



To a Musician

Before the gloom has fallen, languid rays
Of sunshine drift through richly-tinted panes
And shed a golden light around the stalls
Of frowning pews, erect like sentinels
Within a fortress-chapel.

Strong fingers touch the age-worn organ keys,
And struggle to remain those quaint chords
That speak of young love 'neath a winter sky—
A music-language understood by none
Save two souls linked together.

Katherine Shenk, '28

EPIGRAMS

Content, if not an actual vice, is one of the weakest of the virtues, for it tends to prevent the attainment of the others.

If happiness does not follow in the train of uncompromising sincerity, at least it cannot exist in great souls without it.

This is life—to know always that one has not found reality, and to think always that one will yet find it.

The two most dangerous faculties to exercise are too great farsightedness and too keen insight.

The consolation of having at least aspired often becomes the weak self-justification for having failed to attain.

Superstition is the frontier fort of religion; idealism is its last invincible stronghold.

The attitude of man towards knowledge tends to belief. Men will unconsciously accept what they know to be true, preferring false gods to no gods.

Whether the critic be a philanthropist or a misanthrope, he is always essentially an idealist.

Blanche Armfield, '27

The morning sunlight laid cool fingers upon the infant day and gently strengthened her to awake, stretch her swaying limbs, and carol her matin. Then the fingers, imperceptibly tightening, gestured a silence and the child paused for one precious moment and looked at God.

Martha H. Hall, '28



Satisfaction or Deterioration—Which?

KATHERINE SHENK, '28

TO-DAY I am a rebel. I walk to school in the pouring rain, minus over-shoes and rain-coat, swinging my arms, dancing if I like, but never relinquishing my hold on equilibrium. To-morrow I shall be detained in bed with a cough, but this is to-day! I come upon Tim as he leaves his door for school. There is mischief in his eye. I lift his chubby seventy-eight pounds high from the sidewalk, and shake them violently right before his mother's face. She is silent.

Unaccosted, I proceed to an English class. Here, without being forewarned I declare some unheard-of truth about So-and-So's infanthood. "Infancy"—I am corrected. "Infanthood." I shout back, and insist upon it. "Is Mr. Webster infallible?"

In psychology lab. I am supplied with numerous brain models which I toss thru the window-panes, one brain following another in rapid succession until—there being no more material with which to work—the class is necessarily dismissed, and I am henceforth hailed as deliverer.

Once freed and out in the hall, I start toward home, only to be beset by some friend-loiterer, and bored by hearing repeated that trite question: "Why don't you bob your hair?" By turning a wishing-ring (that Aladdin once gave me as a birthday gift), I produce a dining-room table bountifully laden with butcher-knives, of which I choose the keenest, most intelligent-looking, and brandish it near the offender's throat. Instead of cringing and turning pale, the offender becomes fired with generous enthusiasm on seeing displayed such heroic effort and cries, "Bravo! Thou brave soul!"

Afternoon comes, and three o'clock has gone. The Tuesday recital is over. All well-behaved members of the audience are rewarded by being allowed to play leapfrog over the rows of seats in the auditorium.

Home, at last! I enter the front door quietly, unobserved by one who sits with his back toward me. He is a sympathetic friend of mine, else I should never contemplate violence. To begin with, his hair shines smoothly and brightly above the back of the chair—a place for every hair; every hair in its place—no variety—all regularity. What a stimulus for one's sensory nerve receptors! My attack is silent and swift, though not *too* violent. Now all horizontal hairs are vertical; all vertical hairs horizontal. The besieged is not angry; he understands, and easily repairs damages.

I am invited to play "To a Water Lily" (for instance), which I do, with no regard for either crescendo or diminuendo. I bang the soft chords and ripple lightly over the heavy ones. A chance passer-by, perhaps a music teacher,

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stops in stunned amazement. Her sensitive ears will be in severe pain for a week. If only I might recite for some elocution or expression teacher. Do you know how I would begin?—I would sing-song a well-known piece of poetry thus:

“THIS is the FOREst priMAEval”

or

“The BOY stood ON the BURning DECK.”

Then I could enjoy seeing the teacher rave and tear her hair (as temperamental people are wont to do.) There would be satisfaction in hearing that instead of being without talent in that direction, I am wholly an ignoramus. My motto is: “Never do things half-way. If you must fail, fail competely.”

I am having such a happy day. To-morrow has not come yet. It will—as soon as somebody dares wake me up.



Your love
Is like the night.
Its quiet fills my heart;
It makes me still and unafraid,
Beloved.

Your love
Is like the night.
I cannot hold its beauty.
It sets me dancing with the stars
And winds.

Your love
Is like the night.
It is vast and holy
I bow my head in its presence,
And kneel.

Fadean Pleasants, '28

Because Teacher Said Describe Something

THE Woman's Missionary Union of Bethlehem Church was becoming mildly wrought up over the plight of the heathen in South Africa. The president exhorted her audience diligently, reciting unmentionable horrors in a monotonous, cheerful voice. Mrs. Butterfield was visibly counting the number of hoarded worn out garments which she might invest with spiritual gain, and young Mrs. Brewster's face, fortified by the knowledge that her two plump infants had rings for their fingers instead of their noses, wore an unconscious smirk. And still the president followed her laboriously prepared outline, her three chins shifting ponderously with the movements of her lips.

Suddenly, but quite unobtrusively, a nervous, weary little woman exuding pleasant odors among which those of coffee and potato chips predominated, came in and sat down. The Union's attention was irresistibly drawn from the heathen in South Africa. The president and the small, nervous woman exchanged a meaningful glance, and the president's speech drew rapidly to a conclusion. It was as if she ran madly after some prize, dangling her modifiers, splitting infinitives ruthlessly. At length she sat down amid a sea of commendatory smiles and a wave of relieved rustles from black silk gowns.

For a moment there was silence, the silence of expectation, while the speaker recovered from her unaccustomed effort. Then the president arose majestically, her chins pursuing each other playfully.

"Refreshments will be served in the next room," she said. And thus the real business of the meeting began.

Loretto Carroll '30.

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