

The Coraddi

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

EDITORIALS

The College and the Magazine	- - - - -	3
On the Box in the Post Office	- - - - -	3
About the Freshman Number	- - - - -	4
To the Contributors	- - - - -	4
Character Reading Through Door Knocking (Essay) <i>Sue Ervin, Cornelian, '24</i>		5
Invocation (Poem) <i>Kate C. Hall, Aletheian, '26</i>	- - - - -	8
April (Story) <i>Kate C. Hall, Aletheian, '26</i>	- - - - -	9
The Little Stores (Essay) <i>Katherine Grantham, Cornelian, '26</i>	- - - - -	13
Raleigh (Sketch) <i>Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25</i>	- - - - -	14
Food (Essay) <i>Rena Cole, Dikean, '24</i>	- - - - -	17
Love, Life and We (Poem) <i>Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25</i>	- - - - -	17
One Glance Back (Story) <i>Mae Bellamy, Adelphian, '26</i>	- - - - -	18
Where I Would Serve (Poem) <i>Viola Seltz, Adelphian, '24</i>	- - - - -	21
Qualities That I Admire in Stevenson (Essay)		
<i>Quendolyn Hampton, Dikean, '26</i>	- - - - -	22
The Unnecessary (Essay) <i>Sufronia Lee</i>	- - - - -	25
Sonnet, <i>Kate Hyder, Adelphian, '25</i>	- - - - -	26
The Boy Wordsworth (Essay) <i>Maude Goodwin, Dikean, '25</i>	- - - - -	27
Let Me Play Mary's Part (Poem) <i>Kate C. Hall, Aletheian, '26</i>	- - - - -	28
The Tears of the Day (Sketch) <i>Lisbeth Parrot, Dikean, '25</i>	- - - - -	29
On Reincarnation (Poem) <i>Bertie Craig, Adelphian, '26</i>	- - - - -	31
Chewing Gum (Essay) <i>Irma Lee Sadler, Adelphian, '24</i>	- - - - -	32

Editorials



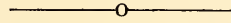
The College and the Magazine

Institutions, unlike men, have many mouths through which they speak. Our own college has many, and among these is the college magazine. Last year, if we hold to this comparison, the Coraddi was a dumb mouth. It spoke only twice and then in a very labored way. It was not the clear expression of a live, interested group. Rather, it was the utterance of a few people who spoke only under pressure. And even these few expressions were belated. Most of which was the fault of the magazine staff.

This year, however, the staff has entirely different plans for the Coraddi. In addition to this issue, there will be three others, appearing on February 15, April 1, and May 15, respectively. And a definite standard has been set for the publication. We want the magazine to be literary; to represent our best thought and work. Not that the editors plan to publish only scholarly dissertations on lofty subjects, but merely that we want the material to have a tone and style that lifts it out of the mediocre.

After all the magazine is one of the representatives which we as a college send to the Capitol of Public Opinion, and certainly we want to be fairly represented. The staff is sure that there are girls on the campus who write well.

It is to them that we appeal. You are here, you are a part of the college, and as such are represented by the college magazine. Contribute to the Coraddi and help us to regain for it the position which it formerly held.

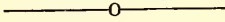


On the Box in the Post Office

There is a box in the post office, and it bears a placard with two words written on it, "Coraddi Box." Neither of which facts are unusual in the least. The unusual thing is the apparent aversion which people have for that box. Harmless, unassuming, gently entreating, never-the-less, it is shunned by all, even those who want to submit material to the magazine.

Ladies, like the head on a pin, that box was put there for a purpose. The person who did it had no idea of interior decorating. Or rather, the only idea was that some pious person would decorate the interior of the box with literary master-pieces which the editors could publish. But vain was the hope! Out of the thirteen hundred people on the campus, only two have braved the terrible monstrosity and dropped material in its waiting slit. The crowd comes and the crowd goes, but the box remains empty ever. Out of all the boxes in the

post office, it alone stands empty and idle. Won't you help make its existence a little fuller? Write for the magazine and drop your productions in the box. We'll get them quicker, and it will be lots easier on your maidenly modesty.

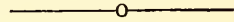


About the Freshman Number

Each year one issue of the Coraddi is turned over to the Freshman class as their number. It is labelled "Freshman Number," and they furnish all the material which is used in making it up. It stands as the best type of work which the class can do, and of course it is a matter of honor that it at least equal the record made by former Freshman numbers.

This year the Freshman Number will be the third one published, appearing on April 1. The staff is very anxious for it to be the best one ever got out by the new girls, and we feel that it can be if the Freshman class becomes interested in it. Some contributions have already been submitted by members of the class, but many more will be needed. The editors plan to lay aside the best material given us by

Freshmen all during the year, and reserve it for their special issue. A wide range of selections makes possible a much better magazine, so get to work, Freshmen, and write! It will be your issue; make it a good one.



To The Contributors

The Coraddi staff wishes to thank very sincerely the people who submitted material for this issue of the magazine. Never before have such a large number of students appeared interested in it and willing to contribute to it. In the opinion of the editors, both the quality of the material and the amount received, gives promise of a very good year for the publication. With such cooperation from the student body, we cannot fail to get out a standard magazine. We appreciate your interest and enthusiasm, and hope that it will continue. Don't stop when you have submitted one piece of writing to the Coraddi, but make it a habit to contribute.

With your help we can easily make the magazine a real college publication which will reflect credit on our institution.



Character Reading from Door Knocking

SUE ERVIN, *Cornelian*, '24

It is almost impossible to pick up a magazine or newspaper today without finding some article, some advertisement, or some reference made to the inestimable value of character reading. The term ordinarily is intended to convey the ability to recognize and evaluate those qualities of man that do not appear on the surface. From the beginning of time there has been this unsatisfied longing for knowledge of the true character of man. The rapid development, within the past two hundred years, of the science of psychology has brought about a change in the methods used for gaining satisfaction, or partial satisfaction of this desire. In former times great emphasis was placed on the reading of the stars, the flight of birds, the appearance presented by the entrails of sacrificial victims, the breaking of mirrors the spilling of salt, and a host of other signs and portents. Later many people began to lose faith in these and similar signs and portents; they no longer believed the external to contain the indications of the prime forces in the destiny of man; they came to believe, instead, that man himself embodied the solution of this long felt mystery. The outer man was first studied and imputed to offer certain information concerning his nature, capacities, and weaknesses. Various schools and professions based on this principle came into existence during the last half of the eighteenth century. Chief among these was phrenology, an alleged means of determining character in terms of the relative development of different parts of the head; and, physiognomy, a method of

reading character from the face. Closely connected with these two methods of character analysis were the signs from the voice, posture, and the anatomical details of arms, legs and trunk.

The methods of character reading named above seem, in the light of new knowledge, to be filled with errors and absurdities; but even though we smile, we recognize that each of these new theories served as a step in the evolution of a more perfect knowledge of man. This fact is not absurd. When we meet an elderly gentleman who still retains his belief in phrenology, we find his conversation and faith in the map of his head, as drawn by the phrenologists, much more interesting than laughable. The map is a curiosity; it contains small areas, each associated with some certain faculty and marked plus and minus. For instance, an elevation, a bump, behind the ear was supposed to indicate love of life; a depression, the opposite, lack of interest in living. Such an idea is amusing; we can scarcely imagine anyone actually believing that the brain, as delicate and sensitive a substance as we know it to be, could actually, through its development, make an impression on the skull, pushing it out for more room in which to grow. This idea is fantastic; but it is still more remarkable, because it shows that in his search for an explanation of the mystery of human nature, man has almost hit upon its key—the living force of an individual's brain.

Almost as remarkable is the belief in physiognomy, even though we now see that it has its fallacies also. We know

that if character could be read from the face, it ought to be possible to judge a man accurately from his picture. Experiments show, however, that such is not the case. One of the leading psychologists and investigators tells us that if a picture produces a good general impression it is ranked high in all of the desirable traits, while an unfavorable general impression results in a low grading in the better qualities. This experiment is of value, however, because it shows the importance of a "front" in both business and social life.

It has been demonstrated also that the signs from the voice, posture, and anatomy cannot be relied upon as infallible guides in judging character. In the study of voice indications, it has been found that deep notes belong often times to small, unassuming, diffident men, The exact opposite in every characteristic of what one would naturally expect. It is true also that the man who has rounded shoulders is not necessarily a great student, a profound thinker, a man of limitless mental ability; he may be instead, a timid, ineffectual book-keeper, or an out and out lazy good-for-naught.

While the scientists have brought to light the fallacies of a belief in the outer characteristics of man as being indicative of the inner man, they have, at the same time, established a new theory, a new belief. The inner man is revealed, they say through the workings of the mind; or they say that the character of an individual is largely dependent upon his mental powers. The psychologists have devised numerous mental tests that, when properly used, offer a fairly satisfactory means of determining the native capacity of an individual. They have also provided achievement tests that are

of great value. These tests are aids in almost every walk of life; the teacher and the business man are aided to the most marked degree, at present, but as time passes these tests, or rather more perfectly constructed tests, will be used constantly in many daily activities. It is too bad that some reliable scheme for judging a man's character, other than by means of mental tests, has not been discovered; for there are many occasions when one is unable to test out his man by intelligence standards. Some other less obvious device than the process of measuring mental capacity and attainments must in many situations be relied upon. For that reason we go back to the psychologists and find that along with their study of man's mental powers they have developed the belief that a man's actions are the product of his mental processes and that a man's behaviour is, nine times out of ten, a true index to his character. Many people, feeling the need for character analysis, have used this idea as a foundation and have made repeated attempts to provide an adequate, non-detectable plan, but as yet these attempts must be regarded as suggestion only. As a direct result of the thought of these people we find that the magazines abound in such titles as the following: "Judging Character from the Handwriting;" "Nine Tests of Character," "How I Estimate the Character of My Boss," "Character Analysis, a Means of Advancement," "The Handshake, a Sign of Character," and other equally as significant examples of man's speculations concerning the secret man.

Along with these suggestions, as indicated by the list of titles just given, might be included this one, "Character Reading from Door-Knocking." Have you ever been alone in your room, with

the door securely fastened, and listened, really listened, to the knocks of those who come asking admittance? I have heard one of the leading business men in New Orleans say that he never employed a man to work in his plant without first hearing him knock on his office door. This man is an extremist, perhaps, but his plan is worthy of being accepted as a suggestion and followed when practicable both in the selection of employees and in the selection of friends. Have you not heard people say over and over again, "That is John's walk," "I think that is Tom's whistle," "I know that is Jim by his knock." Each action is part of the man; it reveals something of his inner self, his hidden nature.

The "floor-flusher" knocks with something of a bluster, a sort of snap and bang. The greater amount of noise he can make the surer he feels that his own unfitness will be covered up. But underneath the bluster, the bang, there is an uncertainty that indicates the coward's all consuming fear. The energetic time-saver, the forceful man has a knock that is quick and sure. There is no bluster, no bang here; no fear to be covered up. Confidence in himself, his honesty, his cleanness, his keenness and energy are expressed directly and surely. His knock is brisk and to the point. He comes for a purpose; his knock is one step in gaining that purpose.

There is quickness, too, in the knock of the sneak, a fugitive quickness. It embodies the hurried, sliding walk, the darting glance, the proneness to choose the dark hall and shadowy street. This hurried, fearful tap carries with it the picture of a man with craft and stealth etched upon his countenance and into his soul.

The pompous dignitary also has a knock that is characteristic. His knock is slow, heavy, ponderous; there is complacency, high estimation of self, rather ready criticism of others, and fervent exhortation enshrouded deep within this sound. Emily Dickinson has merrily hit upon the quality one must possess upon receiving the visit of such a personage:

"What fortitude the soul contains,
That it can so endure
The accent of a coming knock,
The opening of a door."

In contrast with "ye great pomposity's" knock we find the timid, hesitant, tap of the super-sensitive man. Almost always the first tap will be so gentle that it is not heard; and after a period of painful waiting, of hesitating, there will be a second tap, this time louder but expressing none the less surely the same diffidence, shyness, and lack of initiative. Such a knock is like a pleading request; the man without is unconsciously asking your patience understanding and kindness.

And this knock is different also from the rapid tadoo, yankee-doodle tune raps of the happy-go-lucky, jolly individual. The very sound of such a knock prompts a sure and cordial welcome; the cheer of such a man radiates through the thick, heavy, securely fastened door, and brings one with a bound to his feet and gladness in his heart. Nine times out of ten the jolly, rollicking lad is not only jolly and gay but clever and honest as well; but who knows the man who can be happy with black sin in his life? And who knows the man who can be sure and free with the brain of half-wit in his head? Jolly, rollicking, clever, free—that's the man who lives life to the fullest extent; the man who makes

mistakes, yes, but who rises above them
and goes on to great achievements and
great happiness. Such a man knocks

with a sort of rythm, with a sure, happy,
confident tune.

Invocation

KATE C. HALL, *Aletheian*, '26

Help me to shake off all borrowed garments,
To discard all worn-out ideas that might fetter
Honest thought and free, sincere expression.
But to make firm and strong and better
My own thought, let me incorporate
And weld into my own the thoughts of others.
Help me to forget the chain of talk
And the thick cloak of custom that so smothers.
Let me face the facts and thoughts that are,
With fearlessness; teach me to say and think
What I know right. From all self compromise,
From fear, and from all falseness, let me shrink.

April

KATE C. HALL, *Aletheian*, '26

During the three months that elapsed between those first terrible weeks after Jim's death and the coming of the baby, Arminta turned herself over to Miss Arabella Sykes and Miss Hepzibah Jenkins, her two rather elderly maiden aunts, to be taken care of. It was not that Arminta was at all incapable of caring for herself; it was only that she was, at this time, utterly incapable of opposing their kindly, though very firm, notion that they must take care of "poor, dear, bereaved Arminta." If her aunts had only known it, Arminta did not feel poor; indeed, she did not feel bereaved—but there, I am getting away from my story. At any rate, since Arminta was too physically tired even to want to talk, and since the money which the government sent covered all her expenses, she just let the good women have their way. She spent a good deal of her time sitting quietly by the window, holding a book or some sewing in her lap, in order to disguise from the kindhearted creatures the fact that she was dreaming.

Finally, one cold morning toward the last of February, Miss Arabella and Miss Hepzibah stood by the side of the white hospital bed, looking down upon a very tired, but very beautiful Arminta and the tiny bundle by her side.

"Land's sake, Arminta, isn't he cute?" said Miss Arabella, the elder, touching the soft little cheek with a timid, inexperienced finger.

Arminta smiled weakly at the white linen nurse who was hovering near with watchful eyes.

"Yes, I think she's a mighty pretty baby, dear aunties."

"She?"

Miss Arabella looked at Miss Hepzibah and Miss Hepzibah looked at Miss Arabella.

"She?"

Blank astonishment crept over their features. Miss Hepzibah turned to Arminta.

"Is—is it a girl, Arminta?"

"Why, yes, Aunt Hepzibah? Are you and Aunt Arabella surprised? I always knew she'd be a girl. I wanted her to." She smiled softly at the tiny child slumbering at her side.

Miss Hepzibah seemed so overcome that her sister-in-law was obliged to speak.

"Well, yes, we are surprised. Arminta, though of course, we don't rightly care. You see, me and your Aunt Hepzibah just most forgot, I reckon, that the Lord makes anything but boy babies. Land's sakes, we never even thought of a girl! Why, we even discussed what his name was going to be.

Arminta smiled.

"What did you decide, aunties?" she asked.

"Why, I said James Paul Aycock, Jr., but Hepzibah thought it would make you too sad, thinking of Jim. She wanted Jeremiah Allen after your maternal grandfather, her father. I said that if you didn't name him James Paul, it wouldn't be fair to name him for one grandfather 'thout you named him after the other, too. So I though Emmet (that was your paternal grandfather, Arminta, my father) Jeremiah would be real nice for a name. Then neither Hepzibah nor I would—"

"But why should I name him for anybody, Aunt Arabella? There are so many pretty names."

"Oh! You have to name them after somebody, Arminta. I always thought 'twas scan'alous for Maud Buncombe to name her little Lenore that way, right out of her head, just because she liked it," declared Miss Arabella, with a "argue me no arguments" air.

"Yes, she should 'a' named her Maud, after herself, and called her Maudie, to distinguish them apart," added Miss Hepzibah, in loyal corroboration of her sister-in-law's creed.

"Maudie," said Arminta under her breath, grimacing a little. "Ugh! Almost as bad as Arminta or Hepzibah. I don't blame Maud Buncombe."

Miss Arabella was continuing the discussion of names.

"Well, Hepzibah, all them boy's names we thought up aren't going to work here. But she'll have to be named. I always thought it was scan'alous not to name children right away."

"Why, yes, so do I. Father used to say that the minute we were born, he'd take down the family Bible and pick out a name on the first page he opened too. Why, there's Hepzibah, and Amos, and Adoniram, and Hannah, and—"

"Hannah! Yes, indeed, I remember Hannah. A mighty sweet girl she was. And she died so young. Let's see, her name was Hannah Susan, wasn't it? Why—why, Hepzibah, the very thing. We could name the baby after her. Hannah Susan! Don't you think that will be beautiful, Arminta?"

Arminta made a wry face, which fortunately escaped her aunts, as the nurse stepped forward, watch in hand, at that minute, to tell them that she was sorry, but the doctor had expressly ordered

that no one was to stay over half an hour, since Mrs. Aycock was still very weak.

Three weeks later, when Arminta went home, the baby girl was still unnamed. Miss Arabella called her "Hannah," and Miss Hepzibah, who had always cherished a secret affection for her niece's name, thinking it far superior to her own, called her "Arminta Jane." Arminta smiled softly to herself and called her little girl "Baby"—whenever the aunts were around. She was almost as silent as she had been before the baby's birth, except when she talked to the child. Her aunts surprised her more than once, bending over the blue-eyed little thing, who would smile and gurgle deliciously at her mother's tender words of nonsense. To the aunts, she talked naturally and quietly of things of local interest, as she went about caring for her baby and gradually beginning to help with the house work. But there was one topic of conversation which she skillfully managed to avoid, and that was the question of names. Miss Arabella and Miss Hepzibah found themselves repeatedly baffled by this smiling, silent girl-mother, who would not commit herself.

"It does look like she don't even want the poor child to be named," Miss Arabella mourned confidingly to her fellow-sufferer, one day when the baby was six weeks old. "Now, Hannah Susan is just the very sort of sweet, dignified, old-fashioned name that Arminta's child could wear with pride. It would remind her that she was in part a Jenkins"—Miss Hepzibah bowed in solemn acknowledgment—"and also a Sykes, for you remember, Hepzibah, that Susan is one of our family names, too. My mother was Susan Arabella."

"Yes, it is a fine old name, Arabella, but I think Arminta Jane would be the prettier. And I feel sure that Jim would have wanted it."

Arminta passing through with the baby on her arm, smiled softly to herself and went on humming a little gypsy song for the delight of the child.

"Poor dears," she thought, "I suppose I should be kinder. I will see Mr. Garland this afternoon."

She and the baby mysteriously disappeared that afternoon, causing the two aunties no little anxiety, since up to this time, Arminta had not taken the baby out of her carriage without the assistance of one of those good ladies.

"Do you suppose Arminta will get Hannah's carriage down over the curb stone, without bumping her?" inquired Miss Arabella anxiously.

"I guess so, Arabella; I wouldn't worry anyway. After all," added Miss Hepzibah, thoughtfully, "she is Arminta Jane's mother."

"Why, that's so," assented Miss Arabella in some surprise, and then they thought no more about it.

At six o'clock Arminta came home as quietly as she had gone. The aunts came in from the garden to see her sitting by her open window, enjoying the peace of the April sunset, with the baby at her breast.

"Baby is going to be christened at church tomorrow," she smilingly told them in greeting.

"Christened? Saints preserve us, Arminta, we haven't even decided what we'll name her yet? Now, I think Hannah Susan—"

"Oh! Arabella, can't you see that Arminta Jane—"

"Oh! There goes Mrs. Kennedy, Aunt Hepzibah. You said that you just had

to see her about that quince preserve recipe."

"My land o' goshen, Hepzibah, speaking of recipes! I bet that lemon custard is burnt to a cinder. Oh! my sakes, I smell it already."

The two aunts fled, leaving Arminta sitting by the window with her baby. She turned and smiled, as if there was someone in the room with her."

"Hannah Susan! Jim," she murmured, with a humorous expression in her eyes, "Arminta Jane! How you always hated Arminta! I always hated it, too. It was beautiful of you to call me 'Star.' But poor dears, the aunties can't understand; so there's no use trying to explain."

That night, in her dreams, Arminta lived again through the joyous days of April, a year ago, when she had first met Jim, on the week-end he had come down from training camp to visit his buddy, Tom Knox, of Jonesboro. Alas, the Knox's had seen very little of their son's soldier guest. Saturday night Arminta danced with him all evening, and Sunday right after dinner, they had wandered together down to the beach and out through the glowing April fields. What eons of happiness had passed in that glorious afternoon! Then, just at twilight, as they stood facing out to sea, Jim had suddenly, but very tenderly, taken her into his arms.

"This is no midsummer madness, little sudden star," he had told her, just before he left that night. "This is April love. It is joyous and beautiful, and it will last, too. Always April in our hearts, little Star, always sparkling April!"

In May he had a month's sick leave and they were married suddenly one day, at the little Jonesboro church. For the

rest of the month, they had taken a little cottage down by the seashore, where the days had been, one after the other, lovely repetitions of that first April Sunday.

In June, his regiment left suddenly for France, before Arminta could see him. When Jim heard about the baby's coming, his joy had overflowed, and although they could say little about it in their letters, each felt the joy and wonder that was in the heart of the other at the glad thought.

Then, in November, they had brought her news of his death. For days she had lain almost dead with overwhelming grief, until one night, a queer feeling of peace had come to her. It seemed to her that Jim was still near her, that she could talk to him and love him as much as ever. It was then that she picked up her threads of life again, and went on in quiet contentment about her daily cares. The aunts thought that she was "resigned," but to the girl no thought of resignation had ever come. She only thought how good God was to let her still have Jim.

The christening day dawned as clear and beautiful as that other April day of the year before. Arminta awoke from her dreams, refreshed and happy. She dressed the baby in her cleanest, prettiest dress, and carefully brushed the soft reddish-gold down that served the little one for hair. The two aunts, very proud and stiff in their black taffeta dresses, scrupulously took turn about in rolling the baby to church, but Arminta herself carried the little one in.

After the first song and prayer, the old minister, smiling kindly at Arminta, announced that a baptismal service had been arranged. To her aunts' horror, Arminta slipped off her big hat and

walked bareheaded to the front. The sun shone in through the open windows on her white dress and the soft brown of her hair, as she stood holding her baby and waiting for the words of the minister. A sigh of delight at the lovely picture they made, and one of pity at what they felt to be Arminta's loneliness went up from the congregation.

Miss Hepzibah and Miss Arabella, who had not succeeded in drawing anything from Arminta, sat with gloved hands tightly folded in anxious anticipation, through the questions and answers which made up the first part of the sweet little service. When Arminta spoke, she turned her head to the left with a slight smile, as if someone were there at her side. Then the old minister took the tiny baby in his arms.

"The name?" he whispered, leaning toward Arminta.

She answered in a low, sweet voice, but Miss Arabella and Miss Hepzibah, sitting on the front seat, heard. In stupefied silence they watched the minister dip his hand into the basin of water and lay it gently on the child's head.

"April Love, I baptise thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Immediately after the ceremony, Arminta took the baby out, smiling at the aunts as she passed their pew.

"Oh! little April," she caroled joyously, as she pushed the carriage down toward the little sea-side hut, that had been hers and Jim's, "the dear aunties will never understand, but Hannah or Arminta just couldn't have done for you. Jim and I had to give you the heritage of happiness that is yours."

And little April laughed aloud for the first time.

The "Little Stores"

KATHERINE GRANTHAM, *Cornelian*, '26

"There are but two subjects upon which one may discourse with a free imagination and without the possibility of being controverted. You may tell your dreams and you may tell what you heard a parrot say." O. Henry was mistaken. There are three of these subjects, and the third is the subject of the "Little Stores."

You may, giving free reign to the imagination describe the delights the "Little Stores" afford the college girls. You may go even further, and declare that they are most beneficial. In whatever glowing colors you paint these "Little Stores," which squat on the blocks adjacent to the college, you will never hear a voice raised in dissent. Did I say you would never hear a single voice in dissent? Then I have overlooked the voice of the Freshman Hygiene Department—but then, that voice can not be but overlooked, since it is quite evident that those who sound it have either quite conveniently forgotten their own college days, or else have lost the beautiful soul qualities of youth so necessary for a proper appreciation of a big fat "hot dog," or sour pickle followed by an ice cream cone.

At any rate among the students, no question can arouse quite as much en-

thusiasm on a dull Sunday afternoon as: "Oh, but don't you wish the 'Little Store' was open?" Those rolls and weinies, flavored as they are with something a little more odorous than mere onions, those marvelous egg sandwiches, not to speak of the "Frost Bite," and cakes, and chocolates, and even the all day suckers, are to this generation, "fed up" on the occasional "Goolosh," and the ever present "Zip," what the "flesh pots of Egypt" seemed to a wandering Israel "fed up" on manna.

That these "Little Stores" are a benefit no one can doubt. What would life have been to those hikers who missed breakfast, if they had not had recourse to the little store where they can allay the pangs of hunger with a bottle of ginger ale and a nickel's worth of ginger snaps? Even if there were doubts about the benefits, none will deny that there are delights to be obtained at the "Little Store." Were the delights attendant upon your stealing and eating green apples when you were quite young, any less because the pains produced thereby were anything but beneficial? We venture to say not! In your heart there is still a warm spot for green apples. May there always be such a spot for the "Little Store."



Raleigh

JO GRIMSLEY, *Dikean*, '25

We were sitting outside in the warm June evening, my mother and I; we laughed and I dangled my feet luxuriously from the high rustic seat. The dusk was coming, pale and sweet, very gently hiding itself behind the trees and in some long shadows, creeping. I sighed with happiness, and stood up, lazily stretching myself.

"Mother, let's walk along that old sunken road; I love the curves of it."

"Why child, the road leads to old Mrs. Marshall's, but if you want to, we'll go. You'll find her interesting."

Together we went up the winding road, bordered with black berries and Queen Ann's Lace. A fat puppy, a very small dog, waddled slowly after us, sniffing curiously at wayward toads. There was a sweet cry, the plaint of a whip-poor-will from the pine woods; long green vines that covered a tobacco barn were swinging in the breeze. Low in the sky, there was a host of clouds, a white circus marching across a blue background.

Soon we came to a triangle-shaped yard with great trees and a very small, thin donkey in it. The donkey came forward to greet us, so that I could not help wondering if he lived in the miserable little house back of him.

Some one hailed us with a friendly voice, "Come right in, Mrs. R—. Don't mind that 'ar mule; he allus goes to the gate when company comes. Git out o' the way, Jacob! Is this your dorghter, Mrs. R—? Laws, I'm glad to see you all. I told Raleigh this mornin' that if somebody didn't come——." So she rambled on while I gazed at her, lost in wonder at her garrulity.

I could not tell how old she was, for work in the field had kept her figure angular and active; she was slim, and had a youthful movement, as she walked, her antiquated skirt reaching almost to her bare feet. But she was old; her limbs were thin and wrinkled, and her mouth was sunken from lack of teeth; her hair was white, and her hands bony. Brown showed in all her skin; her face might have been leather, and it shone like leather where it covered the gaunt, angular jawbone. Her eyes peered at one through small glasses with oval lenses.

We were seated outside the house, which was a little more than a cabin, upon a rough bench and a stump. I listened somewhat vaguely to their conversation and I looked about me. I picked up the puppy, which had been sprawling at my feet, and held him. I looked at the neat yard, the path white with sand, and the clean gray fence rails on each side of it. The breeze was cool, refreshing almost like water. I patted the puppy's little fat sides; his eyes were closed and he was breathing contentedly. I looked up suddenly, as if someone had spoken to me; there was a boy standing in the door of the house.

"That dawg'll get fleas on you," he remarked, and smiled back at me.

"Are you Raleigh?" I asked. He nodded. He told me that he was fourteen and, that he walked a mile to school every morning in the winter. He appeared somewhat stunted and aenemic, with brown mouse hair. I noticed that his fingers were cigarette stained, and that his eyes were listless. Again I lis-

tended to the talking of the grandmother. I had wanted her to tell about the child's mother, but she was speaking of forks and knives.

"You see, we got spoons already, all we got to have is the knives and forks—we got some ole uns with dark handles, but we want some silver—like ones for Sund'y. We got a whole set, six knives, six forks, f'r only sellin' ten of them boxes of pills. L'em me show you," and she arose and went into the house. She came out with a box, a white roll and a sheet of paper, covered with pictures of gayly colored dishes and lamps. My mother gravely looked at the advertisement of glass lamps, with two handles, which had bright red roses profusely scattered over their blue glass surfaces. There were also water pitchers and glasses of the same pattern. The advertisement proclaimed that they were beautiful and astoundingly cheap.

"Ain't them beautiful?" the old woman asked, her eyes lighting and her voice almost unsteady. My mother is truthful and beauty loving; so I came to her rescue.

"Yes, they are beautiful," I answered enthusiastically, "But where are the knives and forks?"

"Here they are," she said, turning eagerly to them, "An' that's what I want. Raleigh wanted a pop-gun, but I told 'im that was plumb foolishness, and he'd better help me get them knives and forks. So we have been workin' and we got all three. I thought mebbe you'd be needin' some pills—if you do I'll be glad to sell you a box," she went on, unrolling a picture from the white roll. "You can have any of these pictures, one f'r a box."

I examined the pictures with delightful horror. Such pictures! There were

angelic women who might have been saints and martyrs; there was a house buried in a brilliant flower garden, and, most impressive of all to me, there was an agonized woman in a white gown with a scarlet cloak, clinging to "The Rock of Ages." These pictures were done on highly glazed paper, gaudy beyond description.

"Of course, we'll take the pills," I said, choosing in dumb fascination the picture of the alarming woman clinging to the cross. The old woman was so delighted with our interest that she invited us inside to see her dishes.

Inside it was dim and stuffy, smelling of greasy, half-cooked food; yet everything appeared clean. The grandmother lighted a very small glass lamp with ancient looking oil in it. I was surprised to see the boy light the only other lamp, which was also a small one; he lighted it carefully, lovingly.

"This is mine; that's his'n," she explained, as she picked up her lamp, moved to the other side of the room, and opened the glass doors of a cheap kitchen "safe." She showed all the dishes neatly stacked, half upon each of the two shelves; the black handled knives and forks were in the middle.

"These on this side is Raleigh's," she said. "Ain't them pretty flowered plates? And these here are mine, D'you see our steak dishes?" She went on explaining the merits and beauty of the several dishes, while I seized the chance to look about me. There were four dolls, all old, but well kept; they were hanging from the mantel and the wall. The boy shyly explained to me that they had been his when he was a baby, and that he and gram'ma just kept them. There were two bureaus, one for Raleigh and one for his grandmother; there was also

two washstands, which had elaborate blue glasses and pitchers upon them. There were many gay calendars, fans and bright hat boxes, all evidences of long saving up of "free" things got from stores. But my interest was drawn to the pictures in frames with pansies upon them. Eagerly, I asked who the different people were, and if she had a picture of her daughter. She went to the one table and pulled out from under it a dilapidated trunk. It was quite empty, except for three cherished garments and the pictures. Carefully she drew out the picture and wiped it gently with her apron. The boy was watching her with shining eyes as she gave it to me.

"Let her guess, let her guess, gram-ma!" he suddenly called out, in an excited voice. The old woman had a distant look in her eyes, holding the picture tightly.

"She don't know, honey," the grandmother told him, "she don't know which is your ma. This is Bessie, she died with the consumption—and this is Alice, his ma; she died with the pellagra, died when he's just a little 'un. She was workin' in a tobacco fact'ry, and she kept going to the very last; she kept goin' jus' for the baby. Nobody knowed she was sick; she wouldn't give up. I took the baby and brung him up here with me and I've raised him up. We've had a tough pull of it, ain't we, son?" The boy nodded. His eyes were upon me, as I stood looking at the likeness of his mother, smiling bravely in spite of the horrid enlarged picture. I was thinking about the brave girl in her finery of several years ago. She was of the common peo-

ple, and she had known happiness—for a brief time.

"Ain't you goin' to show her pa's picture?" asked the boy. "Here it is," he said, holding it out to me. I looked at the weak face of the country youth of some years ago, a swain who had no doubt been admired by all the girls of the country side. The broad brim of his hat, accentuated the weakness of his face.

"He couldn't seem to get along well, somehow," the old woman offered in excuse of him, "But she didn't fuss at him; she just went to work. She was a smart girl, I tell you—Raleigh thar was named for a man she learnt out of a hist'ry book, when she went to school. About the last thing she said to me was: 'Ma, promise you'll send him to school; promise now!' And I promised, an' I been doin' it, too, ain't I, Raleigh? I ain't never had any learnin' myself, couldn't ever read or write, far's that goes, but I tell you I'm goin' to send this boy. We ain't got much, Raleigh an' me, but we'll take it all if we haf-to, f'r him to go to school."

As we went out into the deep dusk, I stumbled over a rail at the pathway. Almost I forgot to tell them good night; I was so preoccupied. I thought of the fence rails, the struggling flowers, the "silver" knives and forks, the prized dishes, and the determination of the two that Raleigh should go to school. It was incredible to think that these two had this ambition and will after so many years of direst poverty; after so many generations of miserable existence now reduced to almost nothingness, they were living wretchedly, but with bright hopes.

Food

RENA COLE, *Dikean*, '24

We have no love more sincere than the love of food. That is, of course, love of appetizing food. Otherwise we may cultivate a sincere hatred for it. There are various kinds of food that I have met from personal experience. The two most distinct classes are: home cooked food and "not home cooked" food. This latter class is found in boarding houses, cafes, colleges and insane asylums. I am not able to discuss all of these foods "not home cooked." A poet once said: "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." This may be true, but not wholly fair. Some of us eat dishes, be-

cause of the eating of which we would not like to have our characters judged. Perhaps, he meant that he could always tell whether the diner was starved or merely hungry.

Ever since Eve ate the apple in that celestial orchard, all animals have been hungry sinners. Food is the one satisfying response to this hunger. By food I mean liquids, semi-liquids and solids. In closing, I would like to add that the most pleasing music to the ear and other organs as well, is the tinkling of knives and forks that herald the approach of the great Ruler—Food.

Love, Life and We

JO GRIMSLEY, *Dikean*, '25

Love is a game,
 And we're playing, playing.
 They are but lies,
 The things you are saying—
 But I care not.
 We are laughing, jesting,
 Life's Fate's slave
 Running, never resting.
 How we are merry!
 Dancing, laughing, drinking.
 Our mode of living
 Needs no care of thinking.

One Glance Back

MAE BELLAMY, *Adelphian*, '26

The young man spoke in low, earnest tones, "Remember, Helen, how much you owe to other people. I never knew you to be selfish."

"It's all right for you to talk like this, Tom; you have never had any big choice to make. I dare say, you've already decided upon every step you expect to take the rest of your life," Helen cried vehemently. "No girl was ever in such a dilemma before."

"If you were sure, Helen, that the choice which you insist upon making were going to give you the most happiness, then you know that I should say nothing against it," Tom replied, "even if I were certain that I should lose my own by it."

"But why should my choice affect all of you, mother, father, you, everybody?" the girl demanded, almost angrily. "You make me feel as if I were the most dreaded criminal."

"It's just this, Helen," Tom replied gently. "In choosing to go to college, you are preparing for a life that must necessarily change you, your ideas, your thoughts, even your feeling towards all of us. That is what I had to combat when I finished high school, and I believe I'm happier now than if I had snatched the faint chance of college that I had."

"But you didn't have the same thirst for it that I have. You could not have had, or else you would never have given it up."

"You are determined, Helen, and I know just how far your determination will carry you. You will, undoubtedly, leave tomorrow as you planned. My

argument will do no good, but I feel that I must say this: if you find your feelings toward me changing to the extent that you believe it impossible to keep your promise to me, don't hesitate to let me know. It is a result that will most likely come."

"Oh no, Tom, not that," Helen protested quickly.

Tom rose to leave. "It seems to me that there is no reason for you to make the wrong choice. You have, of course, considered your duties here. Your mother is not strong, she needs your help. Your father is making every sacrifice to send you. But that is not what your parents dread; it is the fear that you will repeat just what your sister did. She had to make the same choice. Her desire for more knowledge, for new scenes and people, blinded her to the consequence that might, and did, come. Perhaps she never dreamed that her college education would cause her to become dissatisfied with her home and her family. Her marriage into a wealthy, educated circle has finally finished breaking the weak ties that held her to her family."

"Don't you believe that Eleanor is happier than if she had stayed here amidst all the sordidness of farm life? Why do you blame a person for trying to rescue her happiness from a tangled mass of dissimilar interests and unappreciated ideas?" Helen spoke wistfully.

"It should have been an example, leading you to the right choice," Tom answered, quietly.

There was something of a melodramatic character in the scene, but the sane, healthy country life of the two made it

possible for them to maintain an atmosphere of ease and unrestraint.

"Well, good night, Tom, and good bye, for I don't suppose you will have time to come over in the morning before I leave. I'm sorry you wasted your powers of eloquent argumentation on me," Helen said, banteringly, as Tom disappeared in the darkness.

No thought of reproach came to Helen when she realized that her mother had not stayed up to tell her good night, for she knew that it was of one of her subtle ways of expressing her complete confidence in her. Taking a kerosene lamp from the hall table, she climbed the steep, narrow stairs to a room at the top, which she called her own. Helen laughingly spoke of her room "up the loft," and had chosen it, not because there was no larger, better one down stairs, but because it gave her a solitary retreat, to which she could flee when she felt it no longer possible to hide the emotions that, for fear of wounding them, she dared not betray to her parents. The furnishings of the little room showed signs of feminine taste wholly beyond the usual girl. The walls had no pictures; Helen preferred none, to the "sincerely by request" type of movie photograph that adorned the walls of many of her friends, out of which a bold-eyed Betty Compson, or an insipid-faced Rudolph Valentino smiled. The fact that the room was always scrupulously well-kept revealed a point of character that alienated Helen from that class of dreamers whose neglect of commonplace duties is overlooked by the adequate excuse that their minds are continually soaring above sordid things. No one scarcely ever came to the room but Helen. When she wanted to get away from herself, her own thoughts and ideas,

she went for long tramps through the woods, sure of finding there a sense of the wondrousness of the physical beauty of nature that quieted the tumult of her soul. But it was in this room that she allowed freedom of expression to her own soul, that she dreamed dreams, and made plans for her future. As she often sat upon a low stool by the window, looking wistfully over the hilly country that by gradual undulations melted into the distant, scarcely visible mountains. Helen sometimes thought, half amusedly, half ironically, always rebelliously, of the fate that had not molded her into the ordinary country girl, whose life is a continuous string of uneventful days, whose only emotion is that of placid contentment, with, perhaps, a bit of anxious longing for the day upon which she will travel over the neighboring farm to the home of her chosen swain. It was not that she really wanted to be like that; it was because she felt that her life would have been so much easier to live if she had thus been capable of fitting it to her environment.

Her first reaction to the opportunity of a college education was one of ecstatic joy; she felt that here, at last, lay the entrance to that life for which she longed. No religious enthusiast of the Middle Ages ever donned the monkish cowl with a determination for his soul's salvation more jealously than she did the consuming desire for more knowledge, new scenes, and different people that made Helen eager for her departure for college. The details of her situation which Tom had just presented to her with almost cruel frankness, were not new to her. She had struggled with them so many times already and had come out victorious in her belief that she was justified in choosing for her own hap-

pininess, that now, as she prepared for bed, she felt secure against them. But the faint, soothing, late summer breeze, that came in to gently toss her brown curls upon the pillow, as she lay sleeping, seemed to whisper, "But ah, Helen, you have not counted upon your inherent loyalty, your ready emotions, your impetuous nature."

When Helen awoke the next morning, her first emotion was not one of the full, joyous anticipation that she had expected upon this great day in her life. As she arranged her hair, her fingers trembled so that she could hardly put the pins in place. She felt a sickening, smothering compression around her heart, as if she were in a stuffy room. Resentful at these signs of weakness, she chided herself for them, and attributed them to a certain sense of depression, quite naturally the result of her preparations to leave her parents and her friends.

At breakfast she laughed and joked with her father, and seemed in such good spirits that her parents, convinced of her happiness, were thankful that they had been able to produce it. Nevertheless, as Mrs. Thorné helped Helen to make the final preparations for her departure, her eyes often rested upon her daughter with a look of anxiety, of uncertainty. Perhaps she felt a little disappointed that Helen did not show any signs of regret at leaving her home for so long a time. Helen, glancing up suddenly as she fastened her suitcase, met one of these looks and guessed the true meaning of it. A few minutes later, as she kissed her mother good bye, she whispered, hoping to reassure her, "Don't be afraid, mother; I shan't be like Eleanor."

Many things combined to make of the short journey to the town not the

pleasant beginning of a happy adventure. The heat of the early September day was oppressive, while thick, white trails of dust, left in the wake of automobiles as they raced by, enveloped the two occupants of the buggy with stifling clouds. Scarcely a word passed between Helen and her father. Helen's divination of what was occupying her father's mind, caused her old, troublesome ideas to come pouring into her thoughts, making a new beginning of the long-fought conflict of her emotions. She no longer tried to combat with reason, or to arrive at any logical conclusion. There was not time for that, for they were now nearing the station. Desperately, she clung to her previously formed opinion, forcing her thoughts back from the dangerous little tributaries into which they were wandering into the main stream that would lead her to a pursuit of her choice. During the remainder of the trip, she succeeded in drawing her father from his thoughtfulness into a conversation of crops and prices.

When they arrived at the station, there was only time for Helen to buy her ticket, hurriedly kiss her father, and join the few travelers who were moving towards the waiting train. Helen was the last to reach the car. As she placed her foot upon the steps, she glanced back to wave to her father. But he did not see her. Standing beside the buggy, a drooped, care worn, dejected figure, he was leaning his head upon his hand looking downward. With a startling spontaneity, there flashed before her mind a vision of a scene in one of her best-loved books, Henry Bordeaux's "La Peur de Vive," the scene in which the mother, after having made her last and greatest sacrifice, is left alone, almost overwhelmed with grief. With a cry as of

one suddenly stricken with pain, Helen leaped from the steps and rushed back towards her father. In these few, short steps, there came to her a revelation that made it possible for her to go back to the life she had thought impossible. It was the sudden understanding that

her desire and attempt to run away from the old life was the result of fear of that life.

Without a word, she and her father got into the buggy, and the farmer turned his horse into the road that led back to the little farm.

Where I Would Serve

VIOLA SELTZ, *Adelphian*, '24

I would not live on plains so high
Above the hovels dim,
But I could hear the common sigh,
And share a joy with "them".

I would not paint a scene so deep,
Though blest with power divine,
But lowly hearts could see, and weep,
And laugh in touch with mine.

Had I a song, I would not sing
For only kings to hear,
But pray for power, my notes to bring,
And touch the common ear.

No, I would live, and work, and grow,
And of that service boast,
That shares what love and truth I know,
With those who need it most.

Qualities That I Admire in Stevenson

QUENDOLYN HAMPTON, *Dikean*, '26

Whom does not admire a great man? Excellent qualities of character are sure to place a man in some high place among mortals. And so it is with Stevenson. His own character and personality, which reflect in his writing, are partly the cause of his greatness. He is a master of the technique of writing, but the thought and ideas that he expresses are the things which make his writings so interesting. His forceful words make beautiful word pictures, and his use of illustrations from life, history, and literature make the thought more vivid but we marvel most at the thought itself. A touch of sarcasm and wit holds us alert while we read. And so in our admiration of his writings, we come to admire most the man that Stevenson was. From the five essays which I have read, I have found qualities of his character that show his nobility and greatness.

One of our theories of justice is that one who works hard, even in apparent failure, should have a reward. Stevenson says that from his youth he was busy learning to write. Wherever he went his mind was busy fitting appropriate words to the things he saw. In his essay, "A College Magazine," he said: "Whenever I read a book or passage that particularly pleased me, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality. I was unsuccessful, and I knew it; and tried again, and was again unsuccessful and always unsuccessful; but at least in these vain bouts, I got some practice in rhythm, in harmony, in construction, and in the co-ordination of parts." Now this ability to make

himself work so hard is hardly more commendable than his ability to see his failures. He had set himself a goal, and he labored to reach it. To have an ideal and to be able to attain it, is true greatness. Most mortals are too busy to set a goal, and the few who are always giving up before they see the top of the mountain they are trying to climb. Surely Stevenson was rewarded greatly for all his efforts. He gained that power and mastery of writing which he had set as his goal. He was ever patient and persevering until the results were satisfactory.

It is not given to all men to see life and the universe with a clear vision. Many can not see things as they are and have no insight in character and human nature. In this life, too many people pass blindly on without seeing the least thing unless it is on the surface for all to see. But Stevenson surely had a discerning eye. To him character was an open book. In his essay, "An Apology for Idlers," Stevenson said: "It is a sore thing to have labored along and scaled the arduous hilltops, and, when all is done, find humanity indifferent to your achievement." So he saw that most human beings crave applause and petting when they have accomplished what they think is a good thing. In speaking of the extremely busy persons, he remarked: "they pass those hours in a sort of coma, which are not dedicated to furious milling in the gold-mill." And he could see that it was not easy for all people truly to live, nor could they adapt themselves to circumstances. He also said of these same people: "They

sow, hurry and reap indigestion; they put a vast deal of activity out to interest, and receive a large measure of nervous derangement in return." This perhaps explains why there are so many irritable people in the world. In the essay, "Aes Triplex," he said: "We do not go to cowards for tender dealing; there is nothing so cruel as panic; the man who has least fear for his own carcass, has most time to consider others." "Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weather cock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded—if he be running toward anything better than wildfire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end." Stevenson was then describing the kind of person he admired, but I think that the description would fit himself. He was surely the person who had a thought for others and he did not try to shield his own life from hardships.

And perhaps his insight into human nature was helped by the fact that he loved his fellowmen. He could see the faults as well as the virtues, but he had faith that ultimate good would triumph. He craved the companionship of others. "The body is a house of many windows: there we all sit, showing ourselves and crying on the passers-by to come and love us." "I wished a companion to lie near me in the starlight, silent and not moving, but ever within touch. For there is a fellowship more quiet even than solitude made perfect." And he knew how to be a true friend to others. "But the feeling is the law, and it is that which you must neither garble nor belie." "In the closest of all relations—that of a love well founded and equally shared—speech

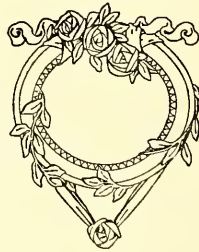
in half discarded, and the two communicate directly by their presences, and with few looks and fewer words contrive to share their good and evil, and uphold each other's hearts in joy." "It is only by trying to understand others that we can get our own hearts understood." And thus he reveals that companionship and love could be made by striving to be honest in our communication with others.

Stevenson had a wonderful ability to see two sides of every question. In "Crabbed Age and Youth," he said: "Indeed, there is nothing so evident in life as that there are two sides to a question." He might go ahead to express his own opinion, but he would show by some expression or word that he saw the other side of the question. In "An Apology for Idlers," he said: "It is certain that much may be judiciously argued in favor of diligence; only there is something to be said against it, and that is what, on the present occasion, I have to say." In his discussion of the differences of opinions between youth and age, he said: "Age may have one side, but assuredly youth has the other. There is nothing more certain that both are right, except perhaps that both are wrong."

For the man who has an appreciation for nature, we all feel an admiration, but especially do we delight in Stevenson's beautiful word pictures of nature. In his essay, "A Night Among the Pines," he describes night as "a dead monotonous period under a roof; but in the open world it passes lightly, with its stars and dews and perfumes, and the hours are marked by changes in the face of Nature." "The stars are clear, coloured, and jewel-like, but not frosty. A faint silvery vapour stood for the

Milky Way. The sky showed a reddish grey behind the pines and a glossy blue-black between the stars." "The blue darkness lay long in the glade where I had so sweetly slumbered; but soon there was a broad streak of orange melting into gold along the mountain-tops." "The trees near at hand tossed their black plumes in the wind's passage; and I could see the thin distant spires of pine along the edge of the hill rock slightly to and fro against the golden east. Ten minutes after, the sunlight spread at a gallop along the hillside, scattering shadows and sparkles, and the day had come completely." Not many could see all this beauty in the night and the sunrise. Too many would be wishing for "the inn and the congregated nightcaps; for the nocturnal prowesses of clerks and students, hot theatres and passkeys, and close rooms."

But this courageous way of living and facing death is the most admirable trait of all. Surely, he himself was one of those who made everyone happy and could "demonstrate the great Theorem of the Livableness of Life." Though he agreed that life "is a vapor, or a show, or made of the same stuff with dreams," he belived in the youth enjoying life to the fullest. He was not afraid of old age, and he described it: "After the sun is down and the west faded, the heavens begin to fill with shining stars." Even if death is waiting for him he felt "it better to lose health like a spend-thrift than to waste it like a miser. It is better to live and be done with, than to die daily in the sickroom." No doubt when his time came "this happy starred, full-blooded spirit shot into the spiritual land, trailing with him clouds of glory."



The Unnecessary

SUFRONIA LEE

There is a popular saying that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, but I have a peculiar feeling that there are a few who were not in the original plan for this great complex.

With at least one of these, I have come in contact during my limited career, a person that the world could actually be a world without,—though she herself would be the last to suspect this truth.

Yes, I'm sure you have met her, for she is death on adventure, and very adverse to being held at "home" by anything. She is seen almost everywhere. What does she look like? Well, perhaps the first thing you would notice are the long drawn lines of her face, her narrow, scrutinizing eyes, the drooped corners of her mouth, (which reminds one of the new moon), the elevated angle of her chin, and her general self-pronounced condescending manner. She will converse with you very pleasantly at times, but mind you don't get too social or too personal with her. There are definite limits to her forbearance and tolerance, and Heaven shield her that passes them! Now there are certain subjects which you must take special care to avoid in conversation with this friend of ours. Don't talk too much about the latest fads in fashion, the latest touches in "make-up," if you are guilty of that weakness, and don't dwell too much at length on the latest "couplet" in the modern "two-step"—unless you are well prepared to properly condemn it, and whatever befalls, don't say too much about your best beau! You will find her stingingly cynical about these things, and usually a sort of viperish jealousy and envy becomes

obvious, especially if you are young and pretty, and bubbling over with the illusions of youth. She never hesitates to make it clear when she feels that you have encroached upon her sense of self respect, and you will find her morally unpleasant, and spiritually crushing when in this mood,—don't go too far on unwise subjects. On the other hand, if you would keep her in a pleasant frame of mind, (and I have a feeling you would), don't mind letting her know that you are sorely afraid of her, that one of those long-practiced glances of hers never fails to make your little heart jump with undue rapidity. Help her to realize that she has long ago passed the days of her service to humanity, and that the whole world is now turning around to serve and obey Her Majesty. Admit by your attitude that you are nothing more than a girl, still going through the evil days of youth, and as such, gravely in need of her superior wisdom in every word and action. You may find her aimably tolerant then, even to the extent of an occasional condescending smile.

Have you guessed her name? Yes, that's right,—the soured, egotistical OLD MAID. Wait a minute. I didn't say that all unmarried women answered this description. I would not so wrong some of the most lovable and self-sacrificing people that live to beautify and enable this world,—among them some of my own dearest and most trusted friends,—let my adjectives specify. I speak of her to whom they apply and of her only. Some one may guess, moreover, judging from my present ap-

parent mood, that I have painted a plausible picture of my future self—perhaps so. There'll be ample time for judgment after you have seen the development. But, until then, if I must have someone to guide me over the

rugged hills of this sinful world, give me a woman that has not forgotten her girlhood, or else, (let me whisper it too low for her exalted ears,) Lord, give me a man!

Sonnet

KATE HYDER, *Adelphian*, '25

Sometimes when all alone, I sit and think,
 And wonder why this world is in its place,
 Why God in all his power, reached over the brink
 Of Heaven, and cast it out in the endless space.
 I love to watch the sun come up at morn,
 And climb the heavens step by step 'til noon,
 And think as this ball of light is borne
 All things awake and birds begin their tunes;
 But it is fixed, this ball on which we live,
 And as I move and learn and gaze in space
 I wonder all the more. If I could give
 One thing to make this world a better place,
 I'd gladly give up every chance of fame
 And only leave the memory of a name.

The Boy Wordsworth

MAUDE GOODWIN, *Dikean*, '25

If we could have watched William Wordsworth, the little boy of five, as he romped with his sister and brothers upon the sunny terrace, or waded and splashed in the clear, cool river near by, he would have seemed very much like his rollicking playmates. Just as they did, he loved to play in the water, then bask in the sun, or scour

"The sandy fields, leaping through flowery groves of yellow ragwort."

Later, like any other boy of ten, he loved, when the "frosty winds" of autumn came, to chase the woodcocks. When he had been naughty, when "the bird,"

"Which was captive of another's toil" became his prey, like any other boy's, his conscience hurt him; he heard "low breathings" coming after him among the solitary hills.

Wordsworth's boyish soul—was there ever one that was not—was thrilled by the risk attending a perilous adventure. The raven's nest was not half so glorious a prize, if to get it, he had not had to hang "—by knots of grass

And half inch fissures in the slippery rock

But ill sustained and almost (so it seemed)

Suspended by the blast that blew amain,

Shouldering the naked crag."

Then "—the sky seemed not a sky

Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!"

Like his playmates, and like ours, Wordsworth, though he did not hate school, was always eager for school to be out. In the afternoons how gleefully

he was off skating or rowing, even reluctant to go in at night fall! In the summer, absolutely oblivious of school, how completely he threw himself into the joys of his vacation!

Yet, as we watch the little Wordsworths and their companions at play and at school, something about William commands our notice. His spontaneity is irresistible. We can see him splashing in the river. With his hand he flings the water into the air; he bursts into laughter and delights in its crystal sparkle as it comes dashing down through the sunshine. Or, when he is a lad at Hawkshead, we follow him on one of his night hunts, as he goes

"Scudding away from snare to snare," in pursuit of the cock. It is clear and cold; the stars and moon are shining brilliantly. He stops and listens to the stillness of the night. As he came scuttling through the dead, dry leaves, they crunched and snapped beneath his feet. He was intent upon capturing. He seemed very noisy. He stands listening. He is alone. Again he goes on, but his keen sensibilities have been awed, and he has felt that he

"—seemed to be a trouble to the peace that dwelt among them."

On another night, a jolly group is skating on the lake, and Wordsworth is among the happiest of them. Suddenly, he withdraws from his companions. Alone he dashes off a quarter of a mile up the lake. The others look after him and wonder why he left. He is in ecstasy, chasing the reflex of a star.

So all through his childhood Wordsworth delighted in companionship, but

most in nature. These two things made him happy and he responded joyously. So have thousands of other joyous children through all the ages. The remarkable thing about Wordsworth was the keenness of his perceptions and the vividness of his memory which sensed and kept alive all his impressions and experiences, both beautiful and fearful.

These impressions lived and became bits of his own soul, which, in after years furnished happiness to a philosopher and material, vivid and accurate to a remarkable degree, to a poet. It was this perceptiveness and spontaneity of the boy which made Wordsworth the poet loved and honored in after years.

Let Me Play Mary's Part

KATE C. HALL, *Aletbeian*, '26

Let me play Mary's part
 When the hills across the way
 Are Morning gray,
 And between my hill's green height
 And those hills, great clouds of white
 Roll slowly like great waves
 And beat upon my heart.

Let me play Mary's part
 In forgetting other things
 When morning brings
 The rolling clouds and smoky haze
 And the sudden, dazzling rays
 Of risen sun on dew-wet trees
 To beat upon my heart.

The Tears of the Day

LISBETH PARROT, *Dikean*, '25

Being a stranger in this country, I could not half realize the beauty that my friend saw, for it was home to her. Born in a tiny cottage in a deep nearby valley, she had first awakened to see great rolling mountains circling her horizon. Since there were no small neighbor-children close enough for her to see frequently, Janie White had made companions of the birds and squirrels and flowers. The land had become habitually dear to her; and her very love for it hurt her now. Each path usually aroused delightful and treasured familiarities, but today, even these seemed to make her suffer more.

Nothing disturbed nature in her silence save her "sweetly laughing, sweetly prattling Lalage"—a bride gowned in a dazzling, crystal robe. But she hid her face shyly, and all we could see was her bridal veil. We watched the silent paths of water come slipping down from the mountain tops into one great joyous, sparkling crowd of falling waters. It was the Bridal Veil Falls.

From the little road-platform on which my companion and I stood, on one side, the mountain rose high until we could scarcely see its summit; and on the other hand, the earth had fallen away so that we could look down and see shadows of misty things, clouds, playing hide-and-seek in-tree-tops, far below. My friend told me that, on a clear day, one could see far away, where mountains succeeded mountains like ocean waves until the sky dipped down and kept one from seeing further.

The Day was sad; its tears were every-where—on the fresh, green leaves,

and on the cool vapors that blew past us and "washed our faces." It had hung up its sign of mourning—gray fogs that shut out the sun as it was about to make its daily call.

Here, nature thrived unaided and unadorned. There were no cultivated rows of trees, no houses made by man. Short trees, tall trees, fat trees, skinny trees—(like the Pied Piper's rats) dwelled together happily. Green vines, crawling, climbing, clinging, and velvet mosses, and small wild flowers made a palatial flooring for the trees' home.

We were far away from the land where people hid themselves from the stars and the great sky in the little walled-in boxes. Not even an echo of their noisy living came to us. And in this quiet and peace one thought of the great things that one lives to do. A kind of spiritual peace seemed to brood in the air. But, I thought then, in my worldly mind of the tiny creatures at work sneakingly silent in the life about us—little fungi busybodies that labor industriously at tearing down the health and happiness created by Nature.

Ever since her work, that of an assistant in the department of rural education, had necessitated her removing to a small, not-far-distant town, Miss White had longed to possess this tract of land that she loved.

The owner, though the tract was mere timber-land and nothing more to him, for many years refused to sell. Loving, but ignorant and poor, mountain friends of Miss White had been continually "on the lookout" for gossip of Mr. London's "selling out." Miss White had econo-

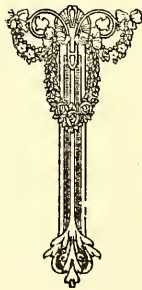
mized scrutinizingly for the time when the property would be sold. At last, it had come.

She had bought the tract, but for all her economy she had not been able to purchase it except by mortgaging. Many hours of rapture Miss White had since spent in wandering through her princely domain that grew in dearness to her, not only for associations of by-gone days, but for newly made friends among Nature. Here was a refuge for her in loneliness that comforted her! where she could come to fight mental battles and find a sympathetic quietude. Here was a poignantly-alive friend to whom she could turn for beauty and hope, when the light of the little world surrounding her seemed to fade into the commonplace. The land meant this, and more, to Janie White.

It was hers for only the day. The property was to change hands; and the timber-cutters were soon to begin work.

Though generally thought to be of means, the man from whom Miss White had bought the land had unexpectedly "gone bankrupt." The railroad company that had crushed Mr. London refused to give Miss White time on her mortgage, and sought to extract immediately the valuable wood from the property. The woman was helpless against the powerful concern.

I gazed at the sparkling, dancing waters of the Bridal Veil Falls for many minutes, and then walked slowly on. I was thinking of the seeds of selfishness planted within the unknown enemies' hearts while Miss White's spirit was being purified by the love of her new possession. These tiny seeds had grown until they reached out and touched her though she was innocent, and destroyed her happiness. I could but regret; and the brooding mood of my surroundings seemed to mourn with me, in sympathy. In my eyes I felt the tears of the Day.



On Reincarnation

BERTIE CRAIG, *Adelphian*, '26

In ages gone I think my soul has dwelt
Upon this earth in other human form;
A farmer's lad, perhaps, who rose at morn
To toil and learn in fields where God has spelt
Life's mysteries—Whose Spirit never knelt
Before despair; Blithe Freedom's lover born
To sound her praise with winding horn
O'er frosty fields—My soul all this has felt—
Old pine trees shiver in the sullen wind
And bow their hoary heads as I pass by—
Their years, all told, will number such a few
Compared to all those years I've left behind
In time forgot—Strong trees must age while I
Pass on—My ancient soul is ever new.



On Chewing Gum

IRMA LEE SADLER, *Adelphian*, '24

Outwardly I am a very docile and conventional person. With meticulous care I observe the national customs of joining every available club, standing when the Star-Spangled Banner is played and arriving late at the theatre. They are a part of my creed of life, and I would change my brand of tooth paste as soon as I would question their rightness. I perform them with great gusto and a vast satisfaction, knowing that by so doing I am establishing beyond question my reputation as a citizen. There is an American convention, however, to which even I refuse to conform. After twenty-one years, I am forced to humbly acknowledge my failure. I cannot chew gum.

Not that I haven't tried to chew and be normal. I have tried, valiantly. With ghastly smiles and aching jaws I have tried. All of which availed me nothing. No amount of practice has enabled me to enjoy giving with my jaws, a personal demonstration of the theory of perpetual motion. Try as I will, I cannot imitate a charge of light artillery in my mouth and think at the same time. My mind with the greatest perversity starts counting the pops and comparing the loudness of each. Immediately I become oblivious of the fact that the Cretans made stone vases, and that the son of Thotmes III. was known as Thotmes IV. No more successful have I been in my attempt to acquire the gentle art of chewing rapidly and carrying on a spirited conversation simultaneously. Tragedy has stalked my every

effort. Either I become violently strangled, or worse still, I lose my precious gum. Apparently struggle is useless, and I am doomed to live and die without the blessed balm of Wrigley's "Spearmint," or Adams' "Blackjack."

And chewing gum is a comfort. All around me I see people reveling in their favorite sport, while I stand lonely and idle. In the street cars, the jolts only serve as an impetus for the chewers to bury their teeth in the soft luscious gum, but caught unprepared, I bite my tongue. At the base ball game, all the other on-lookers give vent to their excitement and wrath by quick, staccato chews. I have no gum, and, therefore, I either rub the skin off my nose, or ruin a perfectly good pair of shoes by walking all over my own feet. Even these substitutions are ineffectual, however, and I come away with a cheated feeling.

In fact, no occasion holds for me the full flavor which others derive from it. A sense of incompleteness, like that which follows a speaker without jokes, prevails in my life. I cannot "gum chew" my way into the order of good fellows, and they will never admit me otherwise. My deficiency is too glaring to be overlooked by mere men. Only in a better and happier place can I hope to overcome it. But there, where everything is made perfect, I shall insist that to my many accomplishments be added a capacity for this "chief impediment of American speech," chewing gum.