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## Table of Contents

### EDITORIALS:

JOB'S YARN.....	126
NOTE-TAKING CONDONED.....	127
NOTE-TAKING CONDEMNED—N. C. '20 ADELPHIAN.....	128
“COMMUNITY PROGRESS”.....	129
HELLO, MR. ROBIN! (Verse)—KATHRYN WILLIS, '20 ADELPHIAN.....	131
A ROMANCE OF GREEN TAFFETA, (Story)—EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN.....	132
SPRING O' THE YEAR, (Poem)—LENA WILLIAMS, '20 ADELPHIAN.....	136
THE INDIVIDUALISM OF WHITMAN'S POETRY, (Essay)—MARIE KENDALL, '20 ADELPHIAN.....	137
AS WE PASS BY, (Poem)—ELIZABETH O. SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN.....	140
COMRADES, (Poem)—EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN.....	140
THE FICKLENESS OF WOMEN, (Story)—CHRISTINE SLOAN, '20 DIKEAN.....	141
FIRE-LIT FACES, (Poem)—MARY H. BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN.....	143
HEARTH-STONES (Poem)—ELIZABETH O. SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN.....	143
UNIT CHARACTERS AND MENDELIAN INHERITANCE, (Essay)—NELL FLEMING, '20 CORNELIAN.....	144
ON A BOOK OF POEMS (Poem)—MARY H. BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN.....	147
THE CONTRIBUTOR'S CLUB	
ACCIDENTS, (Sketch)—MARGARET LAWRENCE, '20 DIKEAN.....	148
LETTERS, (Sketch)—MARY BLACKWELL, '21 CORNELIAN.....	149
PERSECUTION AND FREE SPEECH, (Sketch)—IRENE CALDWELL, '23 CORNELIAN.....	150
THE PARROT'S CAGE.....	151
EXCHANGE.....	153

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# The CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian, Cornelian and Dikean Literary Societies.

Terms : \$1.00 per year, in advance. Single copy, 15 cents

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FEBRUARY-MARCH 1920

No. 4

For several years the magazine has been "going set" financially. The cost of paper and printing is enormous. This year we determined to ourselves not to let this accumulation of debt continue, whether or not, the magazine appeared to be run on a business basis. For this reason we doubled the fee for the magazine at the beginning of the year, paid off all debts, and decided that we would publish a magazine when ever we could find enough money to pay for it, and would continue to do so until all our money was gone. Perhaps this confession may settle some questions that may have arisen in your minds.

Please never be an editor; then you will never die from worry, blame, or responsibility. We know now that we do not know how to run a magazine, tho perhaps we did think that we knew several months ago. But be

patient just a little while longer, and help to raise the oxen out of the pit, and we do solemnly promise you then, that we will use more care in publishing your works of art. That the last issue was a mess we frankly acknowledge, and should know, since we have received several tactful insinuations from both faculty and students. In the first place we have showed our lack of psychology by trying to cover up our faults by not keeping as lavish as formerly in the giving of copies to non-subscribing people. With the result that we forgot to give copies to a few subscribing people, and these people "smelling rats" DEMANDED a magazine—even tho in the past they never seemed to think it so essential. Then too, other people began to hint that a college was known by its publications, and to assign themes on such subjects as, "Are Our College Publications Literary?" The silver lining to the

dark cloud came thro when the editors of the Carolinian with their fellow feeling for us, published an article on the originality of the issue—that we fear did not fool any one.

Thru sad experience we have found that it does little good to blame ourselves, and still we cannot even blame the printer, for that patient man would declare fervently that he followed EXACTLY copy that he could not READ—that we cannot expect better service until we pay him more money—that mistake must necessarily continue untill all of the copy is type-written. But where are we then? We are without adequate funds.

In spite of all this beating around the bush we are sorry for our mistakes and wish to explain and acknowledge them. Several of the girls were insulted by having the wrong society placed after their names. Myrtle Warren was frantic because all her participles had gone on a strike after they had left her supervision. Elizabeth Smith had a long debate arguing that immigration should NOT be restricted, and the NOT was left out of the query, with the result that her masterpiece did not savor of masculine logic but of feminine inconsistency. Without “boot” being exchanged on either side some of Emeline Goforth’s and Betty Jones’ work exchanged owners also.

If we had to write a theme upon the subject “Are Our College Publications Literary?” we would take the negative side in discussing the magazine. We are too inclined to be immature, especially in our stories. Most of us are content to write up a brief account of some high school prank without any theme, character development or atmosphere. We would

like not only to have better stories, but better editorials. Now, editors are supposed to write these, but since we do not know how, we have turned the work over to you, and you have written beautiful ones on love, and faith, and hope, and charity, and patience and perserverance, and other things that were destined to uplift humanity—and perhaps would have if any of them had been read. What we want is to get your personal opinions on anything pertaining to college, municipal, state, national, or international life. Behind closed doors with nothing but a dreamy-eyed room mate you have been wasting your fragrance on the desert air. We want you to tame these opinions down a bit and to put them on paper for the world to enjoy rather than your dull-minded room mate. This is supposed to be a free country, with free speech and a press, and we desire that you should act accordingly. Of course, we do not wish you to get to be such a radical that you will stir up “unrest” and be deported from college, but we know that you know where to stop. In addition to better stories and better editorials we would like some really clever jokes if we must have a joke department, and some more of the kind of sketches, and poetry we have been getting. Come over and help us!

Who can say that note books are advantageous? They are of great value to us in our daily work and will be of value when we leave college. If they were of no value, can you imagine the reason for them? Surely we are not told to get up notes on a certain subject just to

**NOTE-TAKING**  
**CONDONED**

be given outside work to do. Another side on the value of note-books is the utter impossibility of a person to recall detailed ideas secured from different articles read at different times. A great mind would be able to accomplish this task—but all of us do not have such minds. I contend that note-books are extremely valuable and advantageous. Are not note-books the permanent record of facts on a subject? Isn't the subject analyzed before it is recorded? Are not we helped to pick out the main points in an article because we have taken notes?

Why does everyone keep a note-book? For the simple reason that so many different articles are generally read on one article to make it practically impossible to remember all the differences without putting the idea on paper. Notes that you take on class certainly are varied. For is not each individual different? And ideas given by individuals certainly throw light on the subject. If a course is not worth giving, do you think that ideas will be gotten which will be of use the next day or in our professional life?

Do we not analyze the subject before we put it into our note-books? This fact alone would justify note-books. Our study of articles, our discrimination of material at hand is surely no easy matter. Judgment of the value of one point in relation to another point is certainly a desired end for all of us to attain. The choice of an organization of material has been aptly expressed in:

'Don't read to swallow; read to choose from;

'Tis but to see what one has use for.'

Ability to judge what to put in your note-book and ability to organize your

material certainly requires a great deal of thought. Who wants a note-book full of ideas that will interest the other fellow? Why not put only those things that you need?

If you are in a habit of looking for main points and subordinate points and their relation, for your notes, do you not think that your mind will fall in this course of thinking in your daily readings? Are you not better developed for having kept a note-book?

The habit of correct thinking evolves out of practice of right note taking for key note of note taking is to let one's notes represent the logical progression of subject studies.—J. K., '20.

Why do we keep note-books? Of what real value are they to anyone? Are they economical? Do they repay what they cost? In fact, are they really worth while?

Note-books are of no true value to either pupil or teacher. Of course it is said that keeping note-books causes us to analyze our subject matter and makes important points emphatic. We must, however, think over our subject matter and analyze it, selecting the points to be remembered before we can put it on paper. As has been proved, what we think out becomes a part of ourselves. It is our own. Then why should we put down what we have made our own? Many say it is to serve as a basis for the teacher's grading. What teacher can examine minutely the notes taken by a number of students? Since the teacher cannot examine the notes minutely, he may find only the worst in one book and the best in another and grade accordingly. Of course

such grades are unfair. Then what good are they to the teacher? It is often said that note-books are an excellent aid for reviews. They might have use here if we had no text books with carefully selected headings for the chapters that are adequate to call to mind all facts that we have always made our own. Again, we find note-books useless.

Are they economical? No, they are not. They are exceedingly time-consuming. How many hours do we waste putting our thoughts on paper! If we were allowed the time uselessly spent in recording our own, or some author's thoughts, in reading more, or at least, in thoroughly digesting what we have read, we would have a much vaster store of useful knowledge. And after all, it is only the knowledge that we can use in varying situations, and in solving new problems that is of any use to us. Thus in taking notes and merely analyzing and outlining some other person's thoughts we are allowing one of our most important natural resources, reflective thinking, to go to waste. We must not take the word of every author without questioning the whys and wherefores of it and proving it true. In fact, we must think it through. And if we must spend our time writing what other authors think, we can have no thought of our own. Then we see that the note-book system is not economical.

There are some very decided bad results of the note-book system. As has been implied before, it impairs our capacity for reflective thinking, since it allows it to be in disuse. The keeping of note-books make for bad penmanship. In order to cover the required ground, we read rapidly and

write more rapidly, forming ill-shaped almost illegible letters. Then once the habit of hasty bad writing is formed it is very hard to bring the penmanship back to a better condition. The taking of notes is absolutely ruinous to correct gramatical constructions. In our haste, we scribble down half formed sentences and almost unintelligible phrases. Since we must write so much, this becomes a habit, and is extremely hard to remedy. And then too, the note-book system encourages dishonesty. If a person gets behind with her work she may begin borrowing just a little from the friends note-book. Little by little she depends more on another and becomes unintentionally dishonest in her work. She may also look into this note-book of hers on class to obtain incompletely remembered knowledge and thus be dishonest. Thus note-books are a temptation to dishonesty for some of the weaker ones of us, and are thus detrimental to the character building.

If the fact that note-books are of no use to any one, either to the teacher, or to the pupil who diligently collects and gloatingly burns them, (causing love's labor to be lost,) is not sufficient proof that they are an unnecessary evil, the fact that they really produce bad results when our collecting and hoarding instincts are over-worked, should be sufficient proof to the doubtful.—N. C., '20.

Professor Lindeman with the "help of the faculty and students" has started a new "COMMUNITY PROGRESS" paper at the college called "Community Progress." and if you have been as fortunate as to see a copy, to read the Greensboro News or the

Carolinian, you know all about it by this time. If he had asked any editor of any of the numerous college publications concerning it, before starting it, anyone of them would have taken him aside and expounded long and seriously the advisability of ever starting anything; but that man would have only listened politely, and would have smiled to himself as he walked off "fools rush in where angels fear to tread," because you see this man knows how to edit anything. Why he actually had the talent and grit to keep on editing after his experience in college along this same line! And already he has been successful to some extent with his bulletin, his most prominent achievement being the enticement of some of the laziest girls in school to fold and to

address over two thousand of the papers to community workers.

This paper is free, for the press to use, for you to use for expression and to get suggestions. It is even free from a subscription price. Not only has its vital suggestions, thoughts, and inspirations been scattered about, but if you so desire, they will be sent to you when you realize that ambition that all our lecturers impress upon us "as they look upon the bright faces of several hundred young women that shall thru a life of teaching mold the characters of the future citizens of North Carolina". But while you are in college boost it. Be the one to have the honor of writing for it, or the one to design the attractive cover that Professor Lindeman desires.





## Hello Mr. Robin

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20 ADELPHIAN

Well, hello——Mr. Robin,—  
So plump. so brown, so red.  
Why all this devilment?<sup>?</sup>  
What's gone to your head?<sup>?</sup>  
Reeling roguish, rascal;  
Teasing, taunting imp;  
Why this sudden burst  
O' sparkling merriment?<sup>?</sup>  
Why so—coquettish, birdie?<sup>?</sup>  
I think you need your mate  
To make your blinking eyes behave—  
And to put your head on straight.  
Oho, Mr. Robin,  
I know why you're gay;  
It's because the rollicking springtime  
Is a-coming up this way.



# The CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

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GREENSBORO, N. C., FEBRUARY-MARCH' 1920

No. 4

## A Romance of Green Taffeta

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

It was a bleak, cold day in December. Christmas had come and gone. New Year's Day was approaching, and with it came the day of departure for Susie who was spending her vacation in the quiet little village of Friendship. In just three more days she would leave the peaceful calm of the village to return to college from which she would graduate in two years. On this particular morning as she dressed in unusual haste and with unusual fervor—for she was going for a long cross-country walk—she heard the postman's footsteps on the porch. With a final rub with the powder puff over her tip tilted nose, she slipped her middie tie over her head, and ran quickly down the stairs and out on the porch. As she opened the door, the postman handed her a paper or two, several large, uninteresting looking letters for her father, a letter for her mother and a delicately tinted note for her sister. But for her there was only one tiny envelope. With a marked air of dissatisfaction she tore open the letter, drew out a card and read:

“Misses Edith and Marie Van Burroughs  
at Home

Dec. 31, 1920

8:30—12:00

With a grunt of disgust she turned the

card over. Then quickly leaning against the wall she stuck her slender forefinger in her mouth, frowned, then looked around bewildered as she turned upon her mind the name she read on the card: “Mr. Reginald Fitzgerald.” What could it mean, she wondered, she who so loved the great outdoors, who loved to roam thru the woods, to lose herself in thoughts of nature and freedom; what could it mean that she was to go to the greatest affair of the season with the handsome Reginald Fitzgerald, who seemed fashioned perfectly for the well polished dance hall, for the knight-beautiful of a dame of fashion, whereas she, in her careless wild beauty wore clothes for clothes; not for ornaments? But mark you, ornaments she might well scorn, for with her strong well-shaped figure, her mass of dark chestnut hair, and her deep brown eyes, fringed with silky lashes, she was at once a picture of health, beauty and grace. As she gazed mutely at the invitation in her hand, her mother came up the steps towards her. Half in frolic, half in earnest, Susie said:

“Mother, I have an invitation to attend my own funeral on the last night I'm to be at home, but from lack of an escort, lack of an appropriate

evening dress and lack of animation, I'm not going."

But not so with Mrs. Meyers, who not only was ambitious for the social attainment of her daughter, but also charmed with the mother of the young ladies who were giving the new Year's Ball, insisted Susie go, regardless of the fact that the ball was to be given at a city six miles away, where Susie had gone to boarding school two years before. Since Mrs. Meyers so urged Susie to go, and since Susie was a particular friend of the younger of the Misses Van Burroughs, Susie felt it a sort of social obligation, and go she would, regardless of her lack of an appropriate evening dress. Not until the day of the party did she realize fully how out of place she would be in her simple white dress among the gorgeous evening gowns. But as the picture dawned on her more vividly she felt all the more, her duty, hated tho it was, to make Reginald Fitzgerald, the very type of fashion himself, feel proud and not a little ashamed to go with such a simple dressed girl. With this, her determination to put forth all her forces of beauty, arose and briefly announcing her purpose to her all too eager, yet now a bit discouraging mother, she put on her hat and walked rapidly down street. At the largest department store in the town she stopped, and emerged in about an hour carrying a flat bundle. On her face, as she walked back home, was a daring expression which Jimmy, her "stand-by" noticed immediately as he met her on her way home. As he walked along beside her, his expression of joy changed from an expression half of anger, half of regret as she told him she was going to the New Year's Ball, and thus could not be with him

her last night at home. When they reached the steps of their house, they paused on unconsciously short while, and then Jimmy walked haughtily off down the street without even turning to wave goodbye to Susie, who stood against a large white column on the porch until he turned the corner. Then after she had pulled off her wraps, she entered her mother's sitting room, and laid her bundle on the bed. She broke the string, and slowly unwrapped the bundle. Out came first a spool of pale green silk thread, then a fold of pale green tulle, and finally some pale green taffeta.

Altho Susie had never ventured into the world of seamstresses farther than making one simple gingham dress, on this morning she quickly got the scissors from off the table and unhesitatingly cut into the taffeta. Then there followed several hours of sewing and blindstitching and folding, and draping and fashioning, and then, just as her father came in for lunch, the door opened for him and lo! there stood his daughter, a vision of pale green, of shimmering tulle, of beautifully rounded shoulders and a very flushed but happy face, framed in its dark hair. When she reached him he was leaning with a dazed expression, against the door. He put his arms about her, and and as she explained her morning's work to him, she heard him say: "By George, I always was glad she didn't care for finery, but she is a beauty all the more because of it."

\* \* \* \*

Two hours before the time for the ball, Reginald Fitzgerald 'phoned Susie and told her he would call for her at eight o'clock. At seven-thirty o'clock she kept her belongings centered about her traveling bags in the middle

of the floor where she had been packing and began to dress. With her sister and mother eagerly lending a helping hand in "pinning her up," she fastened on the corsage that her escort had sent her, and descended the winding stairs just as he stepped up on the porch. She, smiling, went to meet him, putting forth all her charming personality for the one aim, to keep him from regretting that he was not going with a girl who cared more for the inner ranks of society. It seemed to Reginald that he had never seen such a warm, radiant picture in his life as she, in her comparatively simple beauty. She looked so real and happy that for a moment he was breathless. Then he recovered himself, and for the rest of the night, when he was riding beside her in his handsome limousine, when he was gliding over the polished floors with her to the rhythmic dance music, when he sat with her behind the palms in the reception hall, he wondered why he had never noticed her almost over-powering charms in those high school days when they had been mere acquaintances. As for Susie, she assumed that his untiring attentions to her were performed for obligation only, and tho she continued her gay conversation as the gait of the evening continued, she felt that she would much prefer being at home before an open fire with Jimmy, looking lazily at the sparks as the Edison played "All hail, thou dwelling pure and lowly." And yet, when the ball became a thing of the past, and the green taffeta was folded away in her trunk, she looked back upon that night as a very enjoyable occasion.

\* \* \* \*

The Christmas holidays were no

more, and Susie was back at the college. It was examination week, and she, who had just finished a hard chemistry examination, was standing in the post office, reading the home newspaper which she had just received. As she turned a page, her eyes fell on a column-long article headed "The Missess Van Borroughs entertain." Eagerly her eyes travelled over the article, and as she read, her mind went back and she seemed to live over all the maddening joys of the night. Then at the end of the write-up, there was a list of guests. As she read the names, she discovered that her name was not there, nor was Reginald's either. It suddenly dawned on her that Reginald was ashamed of his partner for the night. Oh, how she hated him, and all the formalities of society.

"Well", she comforted herself, "I guess he likes me as well as I like him."

After reading this article, she, from mere curiosity, read the names of those who had bought marriage licences during the month of December. These names were written just beneath the article on the New Year's ball. As she read the last names, she gasped, and her face became white, for she read:

"Susie Meyers and Reginald Fitzgerald." What could it mean that they should have their names in that list? Certainly they had not even thought of getting married—why, how absurd! She would write the editor of the paper immediately and tell him that their names belonged in the article above, and not the one about marriage licences. Then, as she started out the door, she remembered the package card she had in her hand and

retraced her steps to the window where she called for her package. The postmistress handed out to her a package, addressed to Mrs. Reginald Fitzgerald, Box 47. Certainly that was her box, and yet? She hurried to her room, to be met by a group of excited girls who handed her several special delivery letters and a telegram. She opened the telegram nervously and read: "Will be there on 4:15 train. Reginald." Then she opened the letters one by one. There was one from her mother wanting to know why she hadn't shared her secret; there were several ones from her friends at home and elsewhere, full of surprises and congratulations. What should she do? It has been reported that she and Reginald had bought a marriage license, and she, only a sophomore at college, unwise to the ways of the world! Oh, what could she do to stop it? As her mind flew around, the excited girls, who had caught the drift of the surprise, gathered around her congratulating her—running her crazy! She pushed through the crowd, tore open the package, and found a lovely chest of silver. She picked up the card in the chest of silver and read: "Congratulations and wishes for a long happy life from father and mother Fitzgerald."

Suddenly the door opened. The maid announced "Miss Susie, they's coming to see you."

Without once looking at her dishevelled hair or her unpowdered nose, Susie broke madly away from the group of girls and ran to the parlor. There, with a bewildered expression on his face, sat Reginald. For a brief moment each took the bewilderment of the other, and simultaneously asked, "What under the sun can we do?"

Then with little hesitation he said: "The only thing to do is to go ahead and get married. I've known you such a short while, but Susie, I do love you. Can't you—won't you try to love me—for the sake of society?"

Susie gazed long out of the window, across the peaceful, shadowy campus she loved, and replied—

"Since it's another case of obligation, I guess I can make myself love you."

\* \* \* \*

It was neither the hour nor the season when the quiet green wood on the farm on which Susie had once lived, had frequenters, but however unusual the quiet and calm, she was treading along the moss covered lane, arm in arm with Reginald. The very first hypotocas of spring were peeping out of the dead leaves, to witness their wedding day. Because Susie had wished it, they were married in the stillness of the dawn in the deep, shady wood. The little procession, consisting of the old gray haired minister, the mother and father of both the bride and groom and a friend or two, passed thru the woody lane and stopped in a moss grown dell over shaded with dark pines. Nearby a silvery brooklet ran. As the pines softly murmured the accompaniment for the music of the brooklet, the couple emerged from the winding trail and knelt together on the moss. The deep-voiced minister began the simple ceremony. Susie felt her hand quiver as she rested it on the large warm hand of Reginald. She wanted to get up, to declare to the little crowd of witnesses that she did not love Reginald, that it was all a mistake. She glanced up to see Jimmy leaning sadly against the large beech tree where they had so often met.

She wanted to run to him, to fling herself in his arms, to tell him the truth, but she heard the words of the minister ringing sonorously thru the air:

"Susie Annette Meyers, will you take this man——"

The rest of his words were drowned out in the distance. She parted her lips to say "I will." Her heart beat fast, she felt faint, and yet she faltered bravely "I will." Just then the faint ringing of a bell sounded on her ear. Why, there was no bell, surely, any-

where around her loved woods. Then a door banged somewhere in the distance, followed by padded footsteps along a floor. She heard a girl's voice call to her. She dared not interrupt the solemn ceremony to answer. Again the voice called her. She moved. Then she opened her eyes. There was her same old room at college, and there was her roommate calling:

"Susie, the bell is ringing and if you intend to get any breakfast you'd better hurry."

---

## Spring O' The Year

LENA WILLIAMS, '20 ADELPHIAN

Gaily and lightly the children are tripping,  
 Laughing merrily, joyfully skipping,  
 Singing and shouting in voices of cheer;  
 "Winter is over! Spring-time is here!"

Among green boughs the birds are singing,  
 Gracefully flitting, rapturously singing;  
 Chirping and telling in notes sweet and clear:  
 "The snow is all gone; 'tis spring o' the year."  
 Shy little flowers peep up from the earth  
 Thanking the sunshine and rain for their birth;  
 Bringing to mortals a message of cheer:  
 "Rejoice and be glad for springtime is here."

## The Individualism of Whitman's Poems

MARIE KENDALL, '20 ADELPHIAN

When scientists tell us that no two things in the universe are alike, we often wonder how it is possible for so many individual types to exist. Yet how monotonous it would be for everything to be exactly like something else! Even though we trust scientific knowledge, we know that from observation that many things and many persons bear a close resemblance to each other. But of one thing we may be perfectly sure however—in Walt Whitman we have a type of man which has never been duplicated. He is an individual type, a man among men, this "good Grey Poet."

Of Whitman's parentage and early life there is nothing remarkable except that he came of a line which boasted no scholars nor ones desirous of becoming such. While his ancestral influences amounted to very little in his development, his environment made a deep impression on his life. His own memories of childhood show how profoundly the sights and sounds of West Hills, his picturesque Long Island home, entered into his being:—

"The early lilacs became part of this child,  
And grass and white and red morning-glories, and white and red clover, and the song of the phoebe-bird,  
And the fish suspending themselves so curiously below there, and the beautiful curious liquid,  
And the water-plants with their graceful flat heads all became a part of him."

His young manhood was spent in blissful vagrancy. We might even think that he might have written another "Apology for Idlers." For a short time he taught school, worked for various newspapers, on farms, as a carpenter, and as a tramp.

Of his whole life he says:

"I loafe and invite my soul;  
I lean and loafe at my ease observing  
a spear of summer grass."

We are convinced that he is entirely indifferent to public opinion, when he tells us

"Others may praise what they like;  
But, I from the banks of the running  
Missouri, praise nothing in art or  
aught else  
Till it has well inhaled the atmosphere  
of this river, also the western  
prairie-scent,  
And exudes it all again."

Contrary to what would be expected of this obviously apathetic, careless man, he shed a ray of sunshine in the hospitals where he spent many months during the war between the States. When he learned that his brother had been wounded, he hastened to his bedside in Washington and nursed him back to health. A visit to the hospitals in the capital there, for the first time, he witnessed the torture and suffering of our soldier boys, caused a great change to come over Whitman's life. Every other thought

and consideration was quietly dropped, and he became one of the tenderest nurses and best friends the helpless ones of the Blue and the Gray found anywhere during the conflict. As a result of the national crisis, he wrote various poems in praise of the "Stars and Stripes," and on many subjects suggestive of war.

From early childhood he displayed marked journalistic ability. At the age of fourteen he could be seen in a printing office in Brooklyn, hands and face smudged with ink, eagerly learning the ever-fascinating art of printing. When we compare the titles of his poems with those of other poets, we find an unmistakable evidence of this journalistic influence, for in almost every instance his titles are comparable to head lines of newspapers.

Who, moreover, would deny that the form of Whitman's poetry is an individual one? The significance of his works does not lie in their intrinsic value, but in the evidence they afford to the poet's mastery of the usual measures of English poetry. As a result of finding himself incompetent to write in meter and rhyme, he hit upon an unusual mode of expression that would hide his weakness as a craftsman. His new verse from a deliberate and laborous struggle to express his own personality in a unique and unrecognizable manner. As no one else can do, Walt Whitman is able to convey to us that sense of unclassified pell-mell, characteristic of our American landscape, and the magical ugliness of certain aspects of nature. He made a conscientious effort to write poetry about every mortal thing that exists, and to bring the whole breathing palpable words into his catalogues. Many lovers of literature pass Whit-

man by without dipping deeply enough to see that he does treat emotions with tenderness and feeling. The poet says,

"Any love that involves slavery is a false love—any love."

and again,

"The best part of any man is his mother."

Never akin to human distress is the cry of the "Wild Alabama Bird" for its mate, and not even Bryant is more sweetly sincere in his treatment of emotion than is Whitman in his poem "Tears."

"But away at night as you fly, none looking  
—O then the unloosen'd ocean Of tears! tears! tears!"

One of the foremost principles for which this poet of the people stood and one which he set forth in many of his poems is democracy. It is quite fitting that our thoroughly American singer, born in the age of a Dream that was dying and one that was coming to birth, should be a defender of democracy. He puts us in such a frame of mind that

"You know that the past was great and the future will be great  
And that both curiously conjoint in the present time."

and gives us the ability to see

"The sun and stars that float in the open air:  
The apple-shaped earth and we upon it—surely  
The drift of them is something grand!"

Although he knew democracy at first hand, saw its faults and did not



minimize them, he offered no cures for those things which he criticised. Not only did he consider democracy in its broadest sense, but also he brought it down to the individual. He thought every person should be identified, that a human life was something awe-inspiring and indescribably beautiful, and that every person should have an independent career, make it what he would.

Scarcely less evident than his democratic spirit is his optimism. It is the one belonging to a person who has seen the Civil War, a man who knows "The Bowery" and "The Road," a man who has met and studied the lowest lowbrows and the highest highbrows. This optimism, decent, well-bred, taking the "the open road," affects us very differently from the "marching breast-forward" of energetic Robert Browning. Even if John Burroughs does tell us that Whitman sounded all the experiences of life with all their passions, pleasures, and abandonments, the poet himself recognized and hated sin:

"Your degradations—you tussel with  
passions and appetites."  
But he did not cast out sinners.

This enraptured gazer at the human procession, who was not a systematic

student of books, never loses the glow of enthusiasm in his poems. With gigantic force he seems to hold open the door to faith and to hope, and always is a devout lover of mankind:

"—The beggar's tramp, the drunkards stagger, the laughing parley of mechanics,

The escaping youth, the rich person's carriage, the fop, the eloping couple,

The early market-man, the hearse, the moving of furniture into the town, and the return back from the town,

They pass, I also pass, anything passes, none can be interdicted, None but are accepted, none but shall be dear to me."

He makes clear to all classes why they are here and by a cheerful word sends them along the rugged highway of life, a little better person for having met him. Those from the tenement districts, from the warehouses, the studios, and the factories, will come with the scholars to Whitman for consolation, for the trials of the present and the glow of what the future is to bring, and will not only be uplifted by his thoughts, but will be refreshed by his individualism.

## As We Pass

ELIZABETH O. SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN

Out in the busy hurrying crowds  
 Where humanity meets and passes—and nods,  
 Out where the surge of home-going hearts drifts by  
 I saw her—  
 With her head uplifted and on her face a smile as wistful and  
     bright,  
 It would seem that she had never felt the darkness.  
 She passed me by;  
 Where she had been I know not.  
 I only know a little soundless sob lingered in the air.  
 Oh, that I had the power to see behind her crooked smile  
 Down, down, down into the tired heart  
 That throbbed and cried for something it could not possess—  
 Her lonesome heart that mourned and wept in silence.

## Comrades

EMELINE GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

The rare sweet love of solitude—  
 Not far away from fields—but folk  
 I cherish more than any love I know.  
 With friends of mine—the goldenrod and daisy  
 The never bending pine,  
 The babbling brooklet—  
 I do not have to carry on  
 A mad harrangue of talk.  
 Just nearness to each other suffices us;  
 And in my soul there is the sincere love of comrades.

## The Fickleness of Women

CHRISTINE SLOAN, '20 DIKEAN

The store window at which little Johnny Edwards had stopped was indeed a brilliant sight with its heart-shaped candies and its walls covered with valentines of many shapes and colors. Some were large red paper hearts pierced with silver arrows; some were bleeding hearts; some were decorated with many little cupids; some were cut in the shape of little boys and girls. and as one would always suppose, there were others on which were painted many funny old maids and ugly old bachelors.

The valentine which held Johnny's eye, however, was far more beautiful than the rest in his opinion. It was cut in the shape of a little boy and girl, holding between them a large red heart on which was written "You are my valentine." Johnny knew that was what the reading was because he had just had that in his reading lesson the day before.

Well, would he buy it or not? A worried expression passed over his face. Of course Marjorie was a pretty little girl. She had long yellow curls—same as the little girl on the Valentine—but was she really worth spending his fifteen cents on? He could not quite decide. Well, he would think the matter over and come back later, he concluded as he poked his hands in his trouser pockets and jingled the fifteen pennies. It was such a fine feeling, he thought, as he walked down the street, to rattle money in one's pocket just like Uncle Bill.

"Hey! Johnny," piped a small voice behind him, "Goin' home?"

"Naw," responded Johnny, very surely for the owner of the voice was Sam Harden, who had just informed him before leaving school that Marjorie was his sweetheart.

The money in his pocket jingled louder.

"Huh! I got some money too," said Sam, showing a whole twenty-five cent piece. "Dad gave it to me today for bringing in the wood and I'm goin' to buy a Valentine in Mr. Shop's window for Marjorie. The biggest one he's got—and it cost fifteen cents too."

"Say, what's it like, Sam?"

"It's got a little boy and girl on it and——"

"Oh, that's done sold," exclaimed Johnny eagerly. He felt very guilty, however, for telling such a fib; and so to quiet his conscience added under his breath "No, It's not but it's gonna' be, 'cause I'm gonna' buy it."

"Well, that's the darndest luck, and Marjorie just told me that was the prettiest one in town and the only one she wanted."

"I gotta be goin' back up town. Ma wants some bread for supper."

"Well, so long Johnny—guess I won't go since I can't get the Valentine; guess I won't get any."

Johnny hastened back to the store. His conscience began to hurt him again. He had told Sam a fib and even if he did correct it under his breath it was a big one anyway.

So deep was his sense of guilt that he almost ran into Sam Wilkins standing in the middle of the side-walk looking in a large white envelope.

"Hey! you gonna run over a fellow?" cried John jumping aside and thus avoiding the said accident.

"Hullo!" said Johnny still deep in thought—but on catching sight of the envelope he condescended to remarks.

"What you got there?"

"Valentine."

"Lemme see it."

"You kin look at it when I hold it up, but don't touch it 'cause you'll get it dirty and 'Im goin' to send it to my girl."

"Hum!" exlatmed Johnny, when he beheld his wonderful Valentine in the possession of another.

"Whose your girl?"

"You couldn't never guess; so I'll tell you—her name is M-a-j-o-r-i-e. She said she was today herself."

"Well, you kin have her," sighed Johnny—"today, but she'll be somebody else's tomorrow, 'cause day before yesterday she was Sam's, and yesterday she was mine, and tomorrow she'll be somebody else's. You jist wait an' see."

"Huh! she said she'd be mine all the time if I'd give her this Valentine," John proudly remained faithful but his boasting had not fallen on Johnny's ears for that young man had quickly turned into a grocery store.

Soon he came out again carrying a loaf of bread under one arm, but he no longer jingled his copper coins as his much admired Uncle Bill jingled money. He confessed to himself, however, that he had a "sorter" relieved feeling since his fib had not been a fib after all, and that the money given him for bread had been turned into bread instead of a Valentine.



## Fire-Lit Faces

MARY. H. BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN

Have you marvelled at the beauty  
 That we see in fire-lit faces,  
 In the ordinary faces,  
 Plain, uncomely, in the daylight?  
 Have you wondered at the magic  
 Which effects the transformation,  
 Hiding all the common features,  
 Bringing forth the sweet and graceful?  
 Whether on a winter evening,  
 Seated by the glowing fire-side,  
 In the fitful gleam and shadow,  
 You are gazing in contentment  
 On the face of your compassion;  
 Or around a leaping campfire  
 You are gathered in a circle,  
 Underneath the stars and pine trees,  
 Singing songs and telling stories;  
 Always reappears the myst'ry  
 Of the radiant spell of firelight:  
 Banished are the imperfections,  
 Every line and curve is softened,  
 Eyes are deep with friendly feeling,  
 Faces beautiful and chastened.  
 With delight and inspiration  
 We survey the fire-lit faces,  
 And we tenderly recall them  
 As the firelight then revealed them,  
 Purified and fair and lovely.

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## Hearth Stones

ELIZABETH O. SMITH, '21 ADELPHIAN

Purple shadows lengthen on the ground;  
 Cheerful homelights smile from out the gloom—  
 Smile from the windows of the happy hearth-stones.

Hearth-stones encircled by loving hearts—  
 Hearts that glow with a joy from within,  
 Lighted and lifted by love.

## Unit Characters and Mendelian Inheritance

NELLE FLEMING, '20 ADELPHIAN

Theodore Roosevelt in writing about the duty of an individual to society says: "The highest duty, the one essential duty, is the perpetuation of the family life based upon the mutual love and respect of one man and the one woman and upon their purpose to rear healthy and high-souled children." This question may now be asked: Is it desirable to perpetuate a certain family life? In turn this leads to a discussion of heredity. What is heredity? It may be defined as the genetic relation between successive generations. It is commonly known that particular traits or features appear as family characteristics, but why? This question has been asked for many centuries and various unsatisfactory answers have been given; the problem waits for a complete solution, but the discoveries of Gregor Mendel, an Austrian Monk, have thrown much light upon the way these characteristics are inherited—why certain characteristics, such as a prominent nose, skip a generation only to reappear in the next, and why certain defects are carried from generation to generation. The essential factors of Mendel's discoveries are: unit characters, dominance, and segregation. What do we mean by a unit character? By this is understood any characteristic of an individual transmitted from parent to offspring through successive generations and to the conforming of the following: When complementary unit

character tends to predominate over the other, this character being called the dominant, and the other one of the pair recession. It has further been found that the unit characters contributed by the respective parents do not, as a rule, blend, but remain separate; hence segregation. The unit characters themselves are not transmitted as such in the germ cells; the only thing inherited in the germ cells being something called the "determiner" which predestines the development of the unit character.

Before we go further, let us study the nucleus which is the basis of hereditary traits. It has long been known that a new being is formed by the union of the nucleus of an ovum and the nucleus of a sperm. In cell division the nucleus becomes divided into fibrous strands, and at the point of puncture of these strands little granules called chromatin are found. Many of these fibrous strands break; others draw grains of chromatin close together until finally the nucleus material appears as a number of rodlike, onoid, or other characteristically-shaped bodies called chromosomes. The boundary of the nucleus disappears and the chromosomes lie in the equatorial region. Each chromosome divides into equivalent parts so that each daughter cell receives half. Then they move to the opposite poles, fuse, and the meshwork reappears. This process is a device

for assuring equal distribution of the chromatin in the daughter cells for each cell must have its fundamental substance peculiar to itself.

There are several reasons for believing that the chromosomes are carriers of unit characters. The fertilized egg may show quite as many hereditary traits derived from the father's ancestry as from the mother's, since the father contributed only the nucleus of the sperm, (composed of chromatin) it is evident that the traits must have come from the chromatin. The cell of any species of animals always contain a specific and constant number of chromosomes, the number varying in different animals. If an egg contains a number of regular and the sperm brings as many more at the time of fertilization, the new animal developed from the fertilized egg would have twice as many chromosomes as either parent. During the production of eggs and sperms from germ mother cells in most animals there is one division, when, instead of the three usual number of chromosomes appearing in the equatorial plate, only half that number appears, but they are apparently double ones. When they divide to form the new nuclei, the chromosomes that form the doublets go to separate cells. By this "reduction" division in place of the customary "equation" division, the daughter cells have unlike chromatin material (not distributed in regular order). When the egg and sperm come together in fertilization, the half number (haploid) in each unite to make up the usual (diploid) number once more. Biologists believe that these chromosomes in the newly formed nuclei still retain their identity.

In certain insects it has been dis-

covered that there is an odd chromosome in the male which does not pair with a fellow preparatory to the reduction division at the time the sperms are formed. McClung, in 1899 suggested that this odd chromosome is a sex-determiner. In a female germ-cell there are forty-eight chromosomes. While in the male there are forty seven. In the fertilization of the serum if the penetrating sperm contains twenty four chromosomes the offspring will be female; if twenty three, male. There are a certain number of possible combinations of the chromosomes; half in any child comes from the father and half from the mother, but which ones, chance determines. Since chance does determine, no two children of a family have the same combination except identical twins.

If we turn now again to Mendell's laws we find that he based them on experiments with garden peas. In making these experiments he obtained the following results: When yellow and green peas are cross pollinated, yellow peas are produced; when the yellow ones are interbred, both yellow and green are produced, but in the proportion of three yellow to one green. Since in the first generation one character seemed to eclipse the other. Mendell called yellow the dominant and green the recessive character. When the two individuals differing only in one particular are crossed the children manifest only the dominant character, but grandchildren manifest it in the proportion of three dominant to one recession. When recessives of the second generation are interbred, recessives only are formed, and when dominants, only dominants.

Mendell conceived that a pea plant

producing yellow peas has something in it that determines the color of the pea. Each character is determined by the presence of a definite substance that acts to produce it. Therefore, if the yellow determiner is present the pea will be yellow. Mendel further supposed that one stage when the cells of a plant divide to produce these cells of a plant as the egg and sperm which are so essential to reproduction, the determiners remain indivisible. If the mother-cell has two determiners, one goes to each daughter; if one, one must be without. Hence, the pure yellow-seeded pea would have eggs and sperms each having the yellow determiner, while yellow and green would give eggs and sperms both with and without the yellow determiner and in equal numbers; therefore it is a matter of chance which sort of sperm will fertilize either sort of egg. In the second generation yellow gives yellow in the proportion three to one; green give green because there is no yellow determiner present. Whether a given character will behave as dominant or not can only be told by trying it out, by actual breeding.

Now let us see how Mendel's law is applied to man. According to his conception, the chromosomes are to be looked upon as made up of groups of determiners of hereditary traits. If all the factors in the material and paternal chromosomes are similar, the offspring will be a perfect blend of the parents, but if they are not similar, the chromosomes will be in conflict. As before stated, Mendel found that one of the conflicting traits, the domi-

nant, appears, while the other, the recession, is suppressed. An individual whose germ plasm contains such conflicting chromosomes is known as a hybrid. By experiment it has been shown that during the development of the germ plasm of hybrids there is a separation of the conflicting characters so that any given germ cell may contain either dominant or recessive determiners, but not both. This principle of "the purity of the germ-cell" is the corner stone of Mendelian inheritance. Eye-color furnishes an excellent illustration of the above. Brown eyes are dominant; blue recessive. Brown-eyed persons are pure hybrid, but all blue-eyed persons are pure recessive. If both parents are blue-eyed, all the offspring will be blue-eyed also; if both parents are brown-eyed, the eye color of the offspring will depend on whether the parents are pure dominant or hybrid. If one or both are pure dominant, all offspring will have brown eyes; if both are hybrid, one in four will have blue eyes.

From the above discussion we see that Mendel's work has made it possible for us to predict, if we wish, with some precision whether good or bad traits will or will not appear in the future offspring. But instead of inquiring before hand as to what factors are involved in an undertaking and as to what the resultants of their orderly interplay is bound to be, we act on sudden impulse, react to uncontrolled desire, and then vainly hope that things in some way chance to come out right.



## On A Book of Poems

MARY. H BLAIR, '21 CORNELIAN

Dear little book that my grandfather loved,  
Faded and stained with the years!  
Teach me the beauty and wisdom you hold,  
Truth that the poets to us would unfold,  
Light that our dull vision clears.

What if your binding has long disappeared,  
And a third of your pages are lost?  
For the precious remainder I treasure you still;  
I'll lovingly bind you and keep you until  
I too have the barrier crossed.

And then, like the one who has oft turned your leaves,  
I'll know what the poets would tell:  
The infinite wisdom of God's holy plan,  
The steady and havenward progress of man,  
The surety that all things are well.



## Contributor's Club



### Accidents

MARGARET LAWRENCE, '20 DIKEAN

Accidents happen often. Some are bad, others good; some pleasant, others disagreeable; some interesting, some boring; some great, others small; some tragic, others comical; and some are happy and others miserable. Luck is the name given them by most people, while with some it is the direction of Providence, or it is, "I do not know why such a thing could have happened." Most of us think of accidents as something dire, mysterious happenings that can not be explained. If they are not, what are they? Are they evidence of the lack of coordination of the laws that govern the universe, or, are they means to an end, such as enlightening the ignorant mind on the things that are unknown to men?

It is purely an accident when your railroad ticket slips from your purse during your day dreams and it is transplanted under foot and lost—an act which leaves you with no ticket to hand to the man in brass buttons. Truly, this is disagreeable to say the least, but did you ever lose your ticket more than once? But there are accidents even more tragic than this, and people seem to glory in them because it gives them a chance to play the hero part. But few people can enjoy the comical ones. It makes no difference whether you believe it or not, but it is a good accident, and it is

a funny accident, that happens when you plunge into the post office and arrive safely again on the outside with all your belongings free from harm.

A few years ago when we were younger and just as foolish as we are now, a fad of fashion was to wear beads made of corn starch and salt. How we worked at them, and what ingenuity we used in getting the washer-woman's "blueing," or the pink coloring out of the gelatin box, to tint them! How pretty they looked when we had strung them with tiny pearl or gilt beads between, and the salt in them sparkling as diamonds. We never would have had this inexpensive adornment if a certain lady had not have had an accident—a then serious accident. She wished to make a sauce for a pudding, and therefore carefully measured out her sugar (or what she thought was sugar), added water, and corn starch, and put the stew pan on the stove. But she never ended with sauce for her pudding for her sauce turned out to be the sparkling, grainy mass that we used in making our beads.

Psychologists tell us that it is by such accidents that we formulate all our knowledge. In other words by accidental trials and successes we learn to use our hands, our feet—in fact nearly everything we do but howl. We were all born howlers.

Have you ever been to class and opened your note book with all faith and confidence as to its elaborate contents, only to find instead some scratchy material in a strange hand? It is miserable to be in such a predicament for wherever your note book is there will your mind be also.

Well, I have put my mind in this, and in conclusion wish to add that accidents are accidents, regardless of their nature. If you have succeeded in reading to the end of this—'tis only an accident.

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## Letters

MARY BLACKWELL, '21 CORNELIAN

There is no way of getting away from letters, and few people want to avoid certain kinds of them. They are the things which are with us from the cradle to the grave. In setting out on our voyage of education, the first passports we need are letters; so the Pilot begins with teaching us our A, B, C's and we soon combine them to make words, and then we combine words to make letters, and in the end we find that we have started something we can never finish—letter writing.

There are letters which make the blue days white, the dark days light, the sad days bright, the lonesome days cheerful, letters that change our whole outlook on life temporarily. Of course the most important letters are these from home, and the most delightful of these are those which little Sister, or Little Brother, write in the crookedest crooky "writing," or write by having mother to help them by holding their hand as it moves over the paper. Thus they express their love to us in the most precious symbols. Then there is the letter from granny in a quaint small, dainty hand-writing of a

by-gone generation with its rare "mifs" on the outside. Then comes the abrupt pointed letter from father, that states "All's well; enclosed find check" that we appreciate all the more because of its rarity, and its frank simplicity. But the letter that brings tears of love and gladness to our eyes is that of mother's. It may be a very short one, but still it tells all the news that would cover pages of our writing—little details, such as how many eggs the old "dominecker" hen laid, how many kittens "Tabby" has, who has died, who has eloped, who preached Sunday, and what amount of extra clothing daughter should wear during the "cold snap." It is just these things that make us live again in our dear old homes, and that make us want to be more like a mother as we read them.

How many of us ever heard of this variety of letter? It is exceedingly rare and only happens on certain occasions. That occasion should be when you are in Miss King's office, and Dr. Foust is there listening to your simple request to be allowed to go to the O. Henry for dinner with three of your gentlemen friends from your

old home town, to attend the dance following, to drop by the Isis for the final performance, to go to a light buffet supper of weinies with either mustard or onions, and to return home

by the long way 'round. Then it would be bliss to hear him raise up and voluntarily say with much emphasis, "That's reasonable; Let 'er go!"

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## Persecution and Free Speech

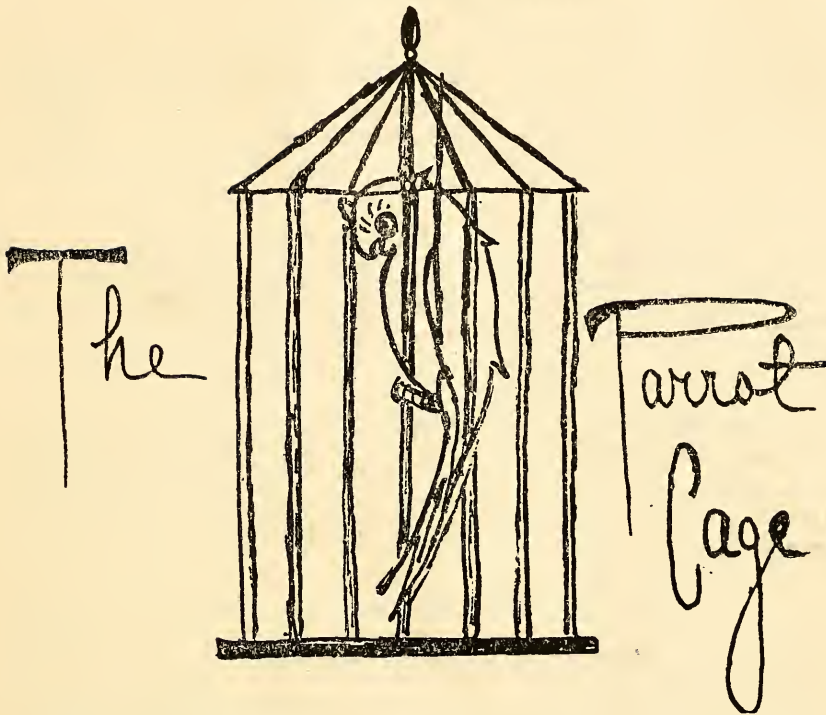
IRENE CALDWELL, '23 CORNELIAN

I am an ever-present, sweet, black personage. I live in a glass house in Table Town in the county of Diners. I am liked by a few and despised by many.

Sometimes as I sit quietly by hearing myself being slandered, ridiculed, and laughed at, my blood boils. Oh, how I long to say something in self-defense, to knock just as hard as I am being knocked! But no, there are two reasons why I cannot do this. One is that "people who live in glass houses should never throw stones." The other is—(shall I dare tell this?) For, you see, I have long kept this secret way down in the depths of my heart. Yes, I will tell it to you if you will never, never breathe it to another soul)—This is it. Several months ago—(listen closely while I

whisper it to you)—a small, blue-eyed golden-haired woman with a lovely voice fell in love with me, desperately in love with me all because of my extremely sweet disposition, as she terms it. And, you see, if I should rise up and defend myself I would likely lose my sweet disposition and consequently her love.

But, here I am rambling on way off of my subject. I did not intend to make an apology for my seeming lack of self respect, but—let me see—. Oh, yes, I was giving a brief description of myself. I believe I had told everything, though, except who I am. I am "Zip." My real name is molasses, but, as more lassies call me "Zip," "Zip" I am, have been, and always shall be—"Zip" to the end.



THE CENTENNIAL

When onions bloom into for-get-me-nots,  
 When elephants roost in trees,  
 When centipedes play hop-scotch,  
 When women do as they please,  
 Then:  
 Preachers will drink wine as water  
 And nothing will be said;  
 And people will live rightly,  
 But—  
 You and I'll be dead.—M. B. B., '21.

Trust no future howe'er 'tis pleasant  
 Let the dead past hide your flunk.  
 Bone, groan in the living present  
 All that crazy kind of junk.

So that when you're old, forsooth,  
 Of all knowledge you may impart;  
 And can tell the loving youth  
 That's the way you made a start.

—K. W. '20.

Tell me not in mournful numbers  
 That the girl is in a dream  
 For the girl is lost that slumbers  
 In a way she can't redeem.

College work is real and earnest,  
 Tho the grades are not its goal,  
 She that sleeps to dust returneth  
 With a lost and blackened soul.

MORE WAR POETRY

We talk of France's battlefields  
 With the blood-soaked crusts so shamed;  
 We scorn at the Kaiser's bloody fist,  
 His bloody swords, his name;  
 We mourn for bleeding Belgium,  
 Hate Turkey's bloody path;  
 But the bloodiest thing I know is this:  
 A CORRECTED TEST ON MATH!—M. S 22.

Oh, but my revenge is sweet .  
 On you, my little mouse  
 For now I take my seat  
 As Speaker of the House.

You died last night in my trap;  
 Your quivering form is still;  
 Now I shall rest my weary bones  
 Without a fear of ill.

Some people can string beans;  
 Some can lye soap;  
 Some can hoe cakes;  
 But who can tuna fish?

Some of the people who have had  
 influenza would like for some one to  
 state the object of having all the beds  
 in the Infirmary tagged with cards  
 which read, "Huntley-Stockton-Hill,  
 Furniture dealers and Undertakers."

(A college student talking to an old  
 friend during the Christmas holidays)  
 —Did your niece go to colleg<sup>o</sup> in  
 Greensboro?

Miss Lizzie—Yes.

Student—What course did she take?

Miss. L.—Well now, I don't know  
 whether she went North or South.

Skinned hair—Where did you get  
 that old maid curl?

Spit Curl—Thank you; it's new made.  
 Skinned hair—It would have taken me  
 a long time to have been so cute.

Spit Curl—Well, I did have a hard  
 time thinking of it.

(One Sophomore to another just  
 before English Examination)—Come  
 here, Mary. You are the very one to  
 describe hell for me.

B. P.—Last night some of the po-  
 tatoes were in a sad state; most of  
 them had circles under their eyes, and  
 others had on specks.

Do you know what will happen  
 "When the Roll is Called Up Yonder?"

Perhaps some people will receive  
 Unexcused Absences!

M. J.—"The women will vote for  
 Hoover for president."

B. P.—And I hope that when he's  
 elected they'll send him a Hoover-  
 cake."

On February the twenty-second, the  
 Seniors put the "holler" in holiday.

Did you know that our samples of  
 "Arnica" were not only satisfactory  
 in doing the things claimed for them,  
 but that they were excellent for use in  
 making spit-curls?

"When the college goes to the dogs  
 blame it on dramatics—or table-  
 cloths."

Some people would like a little  
 variety in the campaign slogan "The  
 very girl for the place."

Why not change to "The very fe-  
 male for the job," or "The very lady  
 for the position?"



# EXCHANGES



The exchange department of the different colleges is coming to mean more than a mere tabulation of the magazines received by the college.

Let us even say it is a sort of "happy hunting ground" where the progressive editors may search and find qualities that will give them ideas to enrich their own papers.

THE ACORN for January is very attractive both in externals and internals. There is however, one thing lacking to the perfect whole—have your poets all gone on a "cold strike?" "And Yet They Lingered" is the only poem in the magazine. The essay on "Wordsworth as a Poet" shows real thought, and deep appreciation of poetry. Originality brightens all of the delightful Sketch Department, which is full of portraits that we might duplicate in our own experience.

The Alumnae number of the COLLEGE MESSAGE embodies a splendid idea. we should never lose track of those "who have gone before," even if it is rather difficult not to do so sometimes.

The January number of the CHARLESTON Magazine has the best exchange department we have yet found. The critic rather leans to romantic or dreamy works though. The magazine as a whole has well proportioned departments, but the editors seem to have a monopoly on the literary market. The "Sin of Religion" is a clever sketch in "color"—as it was

before July, the first. The writer of a "Persian Fantasy" evidently smokes a good brand of cigars (he almost persuades us to try it for ourselves sometimes to see if we might not have such beautiful dreams.) Although he has undertaken to do hard things, he has succeeded admirably well for an amateur. Love is rather a big theme for a college student; blank verse is hard to write. In this later we like his larger lines much better than his shorter ones which sometimes make us a bit dizzy. One or two places the poem savors of the melodramatic, but in spite of its defects, it has imprisoned in it many good descriptions and Oriental atmosphere, and it is to be commended for its unique character. In this same issue the "Ghosts of Shadows" is very "Poe," but very, very interesting, while the editorial on "Radical Conservation" presents a vital and timely line of thought.

We heartily agree with the editor of the LENOIRIAN—"What we need to develop more strongly is strictly individual and original thought in our magazines, rather than following the Chinese theory of recapitalization."

Perhaps we have no right to say anything about the TECHNICIAN, the new paper at the North Carolina State, because it is a paper and not a magazine. But we accidentally ran across a copy that we liked very much

and think the good work should be passed along. This paper shows much individuality. Perhaps we are rather biased by having our college mentioned in it a time or two. For a long time we have thought that this college and our college should be drawn closer together since they are both State schools; so now we greatly appreciate this advance and hope it will continue.

"Mr." WAKE FOREST STUDENT, we enjoyed your number. But do you not think "Notes and Clippings" an extra dignified title for your joke section? And please do tell us where that region is called "Heart's Desire." All secrets will murder and out and many of these are told in an

interesting and educational way in Ku Klux Klan essay. If more essays were written on such subjects and in such a manner we think that perhaps people would not have that unusual feeling of horror at the thought of reading an essay.

The SWEET BRIAR MAGAZINE is filled with bubbling spirits turned in a literary direction. This is the kind of an attitude we like, rather than this premature serious one that some magazines take in order to be "high-brow."

Our motto is: "Judge not (harshly) that ye be not judged (harshly)."





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