

The Coraddi

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Editorials



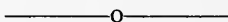
If the Freshman number of the Coraddi is wanting in material with serious thought, it is not because we Freshmen have no serious thoughts, nor is it particularly because we find it harder to express serious thoughts than light ones.

THE
COLLEGE MAGAZINE
AS A
FRESHMAN SEES IT

In fact, I sometimes suspect that we think almost as much as the Seniors do. But, to put all fun aside, if we don't think we certainly should. We are the ones above all others, who are coming into contact with things new and strange to us; we are, I hope, having our outlook very suddenly broadened. We are for the first time facing the problem of what really is worth while in college life; and, more important than all our interest in world problems and in the choice of our own life work has so increased that I might almost say it has leapt up with a bound under these conditions, would it not be natural for Freshmen to think? And, on the other hand, would it not be profitable for us to express some of our thoughts, not merely "to get them out of our systems," but because expression and interchange of thought makes thought deeper and saner, and because in no other way are we likely to form those intellectual comradeships which are an important part of college life. I have always believed that the College Magazine was the medium of expression for the more serious thoughts of the students. It is the province of

the annual to record the important activities of the college year and to serve somewhat as a keep sake or token—a constant reminder of bygone college days. It is the province of the newspaper to record the daily activities of the college and through its editorial columns to shape public opinion upon questions of college life. Certainly the newspaper has no place for the various speculations and flights of fancy which are, nevertheless, a very interesting part of college life. As I see it, that is the province of the College Magazine. I do not mean that, if I could, I would cut out of our Freshman Number of the Coraddi any of its fun or any of its fiction. I am only pleading for a child of literature who seems to have been sadly cheated out of his rights and his inheritance. If we have not expressed our own real thoughts, and if we do not agree with the statement that “it takes a wise man to be funny—any fool can be serious,” then let us sprinkle in between our jokes, our stories, and our funny poems and a few of the thoughts we are thinking. Shall we longer remain afraid of breaking the precedent?

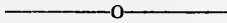
E. D.



The Freshmen Class of this year has the distinction of being the largest class in the history of the college. OUR FRESHMEN Its enrollment in September was over five hundred—more than the other classes combined. The class was organized in the fall and under the leadership of Ruth Wilson, of Dover, N. C., it has accomplished much. Ruth Wilson was well fitted for the position for she had been at the college last year as a student in the Commercial Class and had been recognized as a leader. Rosalyn Nix, of Shelby, has recently been elected as president

for the spring term. Her ability as a leader has been evident from the beginning of the college year.

Every organization has felt the effect of the new ideas and new workers. The Magazine felt the need of having a Freshmen issue. When our plans were submitted to the Freshman Class they responded whole-heartedly, and in this issue we have the expression of their thoughts, ideals and fancies.



For the past several years there has been a growing feeling against the College Magazine.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE— It is true that the finances of
YES OR NO? the magazine have been badly managed, thus bringing the magazine into ill repute. It

was due to this that the three societies decided two years ago to publish the magazine every two months only, instead of every month as formerly. To get out only four issues last year, the Coraddi had a hard struggle, when it was depending on the societies for the necessary bread of life.

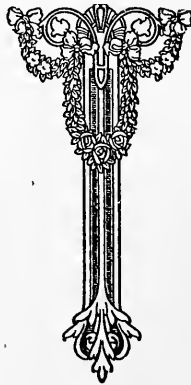
With the reorganization of the college finances under the Community Budget last spring, however, the Coraddi has seen better days, and has had no worry this year from the old problem of "how to make both ends meet." This change has given rise to the question, "Why not have a monthly magazine?"

And we put the question to you, "Why not?"

There are certainly a great many reasons why we should. Some will say that we have the weekly newspaper and for that reason do not need a monthly magazine. The Carolinian is purely journalistic in style and its function is strictly to convey news. This affords no medium for the expression of the literary talents of the students. Among a thousand students

there should be and are a number of girls who can write. Writing is something which is easily neglected if the interest of the individual is not sufficiently stimulated. If we had a monthly magazine interest would not lag between the dates of its appearance, as is frequently the case now.

It is an astounding thing that a college with the standing and reputation of the North Carolina College for Women cannot boast a monthly magazine. Many of our sister colleges that have a student body only about half the size of ours support both a monthly magazine and a weekly newspaper. The North Carolina College is not behind in other things, and surely we are not going to be found wanting along this line. Now when we have come into our own, having received our just recognition as an A-I college, and are making rapid strides of progress along every line, it seems to be a peculiarly fitting time to recover the ground we lost two years ago and once again be able to boast of a monthly magazine.



Class Motto: Onward.
Class Colors: Blue and White.
Class Flower: Ragged Robin.

Class Song

Hear us, ye people, while we sing
Our hearts may they be true
As we proclaim our love to thee
O, Class of White and Blue
We each will ever think of thee
As onward we shall strive
May we always love thee as now
O, dear old twenty-five.

CHORUS

While onward we are going
Helped ever by thy hand,
May thoughts of thee
Help us to be
A blessing to our land.

We owe to thee, O White and Blue,
Much more than words express,
And never can we show our love,
Or faith, which thou hast blest.
Then to our Alma Mater dear,
Who helps us as we strive,
We'll give to her our loyalty,
Oh, Class of twenty-five.

Jean Culbertson, '25.

The Master Surgeon

JO GRIMSLEY—*Dikean* '25

It was after dinner Sunday night and I had returned to my room with the laziness that comes from having eaten too much. My indolent fingers sought the electric switch, and in a half-hearted manner, pushed on the shaded light over my table. The light threw the various objects upon the table into strong relief, but left the rest of the room in a pleasing semi-gloom suggesting twilight. With a weary sigh, I threw myself upon my bed and half closed my eyes. My tired eyes were pleased with the gloom brightened by only one spot.

The light fell upon a picture on the table; the picture was a study in early Dutch surgery, or so I should imagine from the costumes; the picture bore no title or signature. As I looked at it my thoughts tripped back to one gloomy afternoon several months before when I had climbed some dark stairs to the third and lonely floor of a department store to decide upon the important question of whether our curtains should be white or cream. I was aroused from the lethargy which any decision pertaining to cloth or "goods" always produces in me by almost knocking off a small, dust covered picture from its dusty place upon a table. If my heart had jumped up and run at a swift pace upon this near accident it certainly was running away when I looked well at the picture. My memory fled with the swift beating of my heart back, back to something which I tried to think of as I held the picture tight in my arms. With the closing of my eyes I knew it was the visualized picture of restless dreams which had haunted my very young years. Yes, there they were, a section of the vague and restless dreams drawn into one picture, embodied in the expression of the dead man's face.

"How much is it?" I asked a gray haired lady, for I had decided that I must have it whether or not I ever had any curtains or anything else.

"Oh, it's not much," she assured me as I looked at her defiantly and anxiously, and she pointed to a mark almost obscured by dust, "it's been marked down three times; been here for years and nobody'd ever buy it. Oh they'd notice it all right, but they'd put it down quick;" then curiously, "are you going to get it?"

"I think it's real pretty," she told me as she handed me the change, but I saw her involuntary shudder as she glanced at the picture under my arm. I was amused to notice her troubled gaze which followed me to the door, and when I was out of sight I laughed with happiness. She thought it was "real pretty"!

It was a striking tableau that was formed by a small group of students who were looking at their lecturer, at the subject, or into thought as they caught the significance of their Master's explanation. The master physician with expressive hands, and a spirited illumination in his eyes, was a subject alone worthy of notice; but most impressive of all was the dead body of a man which occupied almost the entire front of the picture.

I have seen this body inspire so many different expressions upon the faces of my visitors (and they never failed to see it at the very first) that the picture has paid me richly for having it. These expressions had always a degree of horror in them, and I found amusement in the vehemence with which they denounced my having such a "horrid picture." But I loved it. Indeed, I found that I was so fascinated by it that I spent much more time in contemplating it than I could afford to spend. I never grew tired of it; it seemed to draw me as does a magnet a minute piece of iron. I often became so absorbed in it that I grew reckless as to the flight of time, and threw aside my books for the pure joy of looking at it. So it

was that in a fit of conscious goodness before the holidays, I packed it in my trunk to take to Mamma. I was sure that she would like it as well as I did although I had never yet found anybody who liked it.

When I was unpacking my trunk with trembling enthusiasm, I found the picture and triumphantly held it out to Mamma.

"Do you see? Here is my darling, I've brought it to you," I cried eagerly. She took it and passed her eyes over the faces of the students and of the animated master surgeon.

"Oh it is wonderful, I like it so——", then as she saw the body in front, "no, no, do you like that? Take it away, child. I do not want to see it." And she pushed it away quickly. I was a bit hurt, but I laughed as I said, "You do not like it then?"

That night as I pulled out my hairpins slowly and thoughtfully I stood before the picture.

"She does not like you, no one does—I wonder!"

And I had kept on wondering; upon this very Sunday evening I was lazily asking myself what I thought of the picture and why I thought it, when suddenly the words of my thoughts were voiced. I rose up to lean upon my elbow and to look with wide, surprised eyes at the Master Surgeon in the picture. His lips, upon which had been a knowing, slightly quizzical smile, were moving. I leaned forward to catch what he was saying.

"My child, you have been asking yourself what you think of us," he included the group about him with a sweep of his hand, "and we have waited long for your answer; we are anxious to know. Come now, can you not tell?" His accent was delightful, I had never heard one like it before; it was the voice of the king in my favorite fairy story.

Why, I ——I don't know," I said falteringly, "but I just love you all, and I'm fascinated by *him*," indicating the body of the dead man.

"We are quite pleased," he said, tugging at the tip of his perfect Van Dyke beard, "that you like the picture, and," here he lifted his brows delicately and slightly threw his hands outward, "if you like, I shall be glad to tell you something about—him."

"Oh, yes please," I whispered, half afraid that he would grow tired and cease to talk, "please do."

"Very well, my child," he said and coughed slightly for the attention of the men who looked at him with intense interest. "I shall tell you about the man whose body you see stretched out before you. From the first, I have felt the peculiar sympathy and interest with which you have regarded him, and I am touched by it. You have sensed the tragedy of the man through some peculiar intuition and your feeling has been one of sympathy and a desire to understand. The picture of him has responded to some feeling that you have always had. I shall tell you why your attitude has touched me:

"This man," indicating the body before him, "was a wonderful specimen of manhood as you are able to see by his excellent size and proportion. I remember him first as a laughing young artist who resided in A———. He lived comfortably in a light and well appointed studio where he painted mostly portraits. He was popular with the art loving populace (particularly the feminine part of it) and seemed to be making his way with rapidity. He and I had talked amicably enough once or twice at a comfortable inn over beer pots so that by now we were on quite friendly terms.

"One afternoon he rushed to my house and, with a somewhat unusual amount of hilarity, insisted that I come with him for a walk. Hardly had we set out together into the face of the sunset when he began to pour out swiftly his story of happiness. He assured me that he had almost grown tired of painting, tired of *everything* because those women who came to be painted were all painfully alike."

"But," I said, "in all your canvasses I have never yet seen two alike, and I believe I have seen them all."

"'Oh, it is not that; they do not *look* alike, *they are* alike' " And he shrugged. 'But,' he went on eagerly, 'there *is* a different one at last. Oh, but she is different, wonderfully so! She does not want to be painted, but she must be because her uncle insists upon it; she is bored because she has to be painted. Think of it, a woman!'

"I agreed that this was very unusual indeed."

"'How I shall love painting her! Her hair is like the fire-light upon copper, like the fire itself; her eyes are green as a cat's; her skin is white and beautiful—she is lovelier than I can describe. But you must come and see for yourself,' he added, 'I can trust letting an old surgeon like you see her. Already the fire of her hair and eyes has caught in my heart and is burning wildly.'" He stopped because we had reached our inn.

"Long that night we sat over the beer cups and I smoked while he talked or rather raved to me of the beauty and "difference" of this young lady, and of his love for her. Already he was planning their life together for he knew that he could win her. Had not women always thrown themselves at him? And had he not rejected them? He had not loved a woman before nor had he tried to win one. Now that he had found what he wanted, he was going to get it directly.

"It was when we were finishing the beer that his handsome face clouded with a painful frown and he passed his hand across his forehead."

"'It is nothing,' he answered my look of concern, 'just a pain that comes in my eyes. I used not to notice it, but it comes more frequently now. I had meant to ask you about it.'"

"Several weeks later I went to his studio and found Miss C——there. I begged them to ignore me and to go on with their work since I wished to read a certain pamphlet which I had with me. Under the pretext of reading I watched them.

She was certainly beautiful with her coppery hair, white skin, and green eyes, but it seemed to me such an uneasy snakelike beauty that I was afraid of it, afraid for my friend. There was no mistaking the light in his eyes; I could see that she understood it and that she accepted it coldly. She did not love him, but would she tell him so? She would never love anyone except her own lovely self. Would she not take his love and himself because he was handsomer than other men, because other women wanted him? I decided that she would. How was I to help my friend, to save him from the cold-heartlessness of this serpent-like woman? There was no possible way; I, even as an older man, could not offer advice in such a matter. He was as inevitably caught by her charm as the bird is held fascinated by the charming eyes of the snake.

"When she had gone he came over to me in a delighted manner to ask me what I thought of her. I assured him that she was very beautiful. He told me that they were engaged and would be married after some months. He was very happy. When I asked him about his eyes he grew troubled. There was a husky catch in voice as he confessed that he was beginning to have difficulty in seeing and that he was hardly able to do the finest parts of his work."

"Yes," I said "that is just what I've come to tell you. I've been studying your case, and you must not paint any more."

"What?" he cried, starting up in fear, "not paint her! Have her suspect that I might ever become blind! You are mad, I will not stop painting."

"I went away with a heavy heart for I knew that before long he would have to stop not only painting, but everything.

"After this I went often to his studio for I knew with what the man was contending. He fought valiantly and hard, but it was inevitable. He began to be subject to restless and despairing moods. Daily his canvas at which he was working grew more blurred and indistinct, and daily his love for the proud beauty grew more intense. She seemed to return his

love; but I knew what would happen when she found out about his eyes. My heart ached for him in those days.

"Finally he was compelled to abandon his work entirely as there was but little of his sight left. He had been forced to tell his fiancee of his misfortune since it had become all too apparent. She behaved exactly as I had thought that she would. She took her slim, beautiful self from the blurred sight of his poor eyes never to be seen by them again.

"I saw him daily after that. We used to sit in his studio and drink black coffee while I read or talked to him. He was always silent, always deep in a black mood.

"One morning I came into his room to find his strong, perfect body stretched inert upon the floor and a blue goblet flung wide by one outstretched arm. No beating of the heart rewarded my anxious ear as I bent over him. I picked up the blue goblet in which I found the dregs of one of the deadliest poisons known. There was a smile half-terrible, half-triumphant upon his face, he had triumphed over blindness and the agony of his disappointment through death. With a masculine sob I pulled the other arm from under him and took from the clenched fingers a piece of paper. The note read: 'To the truest friend I have ever known, to Dr. L——, I give my body, and request that he use it in his honored profession.'"

There was a pause, and my eyes, which had been fixed attentively upon the face of the doctor, lowered. Unconsciously I sighed.

"You are sad a very great deal?" he asked. I tried to muster the words for an answer, but with a movement of his hands he stopped me. "I know that you understand," he said with a smile, "I have such a love for him and my sorrow is so great because of his tragedy that I am rather given to brooding over it and for a long time I have needed someone to whom I might tell my story, unburden myself. I was touched by your

liking for us, and so I told you—I wanted somebody to understand.”

I nodded and smiled sleepily. “Yes, I understand,” I said, “and I’ll sympathize with and love you all the more.” I had been lucky enough to say the right thing; his face lighted up with pleasure.

“Good night, my child,” he said softly, “you are sleepy,” and his smile faded slowly into the same knowing, slightly quizzical expression which belonged to the picture.

Was he gone, would he speak no more? I propped up on my elbow again and peered searchingly into the half-gloom. I rubbed my eyes because I could not see, and then I laughed aloud because I realized that I had been asleep.

Eagerly I went to the picture and caught it up—it *must* have been true, it all seemed so real, and the sound of his voice was so pleasing I wished that I had not been asleep, that it were true, that he would come back; but the picture remained a picture so I set it down.

Again I stood before it as I slowly pulled out the hair-pins, “I guess you’re right, I *am* sleepy,” I smiled at him. It may have been the blinking of my eyes or the dimness of the room, but I am sure that he smiled back at me.



Spring

ETHEL CREW, '25, *Dikean*

This morn as I awakened
The spring time spoke to me;
It thrilled me as it called me
From bursting bud and tree.

It peeped in at my windows
And lightly threw a kiss
She's such a jolly playmate
This winsome little Miss.

Her kiss was but an elm leaf
That came upon the breeze
But in my fitful fancy
I make things what I please.

I'm glad the spring is coming
To fill my heart with cheer
And lavish joy and plenty
To brighten all the year.



Modern Poetry

RUTH MASON '25, *Dikean*

Ten years ago, in this country it seemed as though poetry had died an unnatural death. We were told that poetry was gone never to return, and so far as this country was concerned, poetry would always be a dead art.

These were the words of false prophets, as time has proved. John Masefield, England's greatest living poet visited America in 1918, and said that poetry as an art seemed to be very much alive among us. The poets of today are giving us as good poetry as there has ever been produced, by American Poets in any other period of our history. True we have no Poe, no Whitman, no Lanier, no Emerson, but we have many strong, fine talents. Poetry is thought to be a painless twilight sleep out of which beauty is accidentally born.

The variety of most of our Poetry has been secured by the use of images and symbols. It has also been secured by the use contrasting phrases. Some of our new poetry teeters and topples like a chair that has lost one leg. The best contemporary poets avoid rhythm because it is becoming tiresome. When they do use it, it is perfect. We have introduced in our language a phrase with typical cadences reiterated at intervals and with many rhythms and sound echoes. (Amy Lowell). One of our masterpeices of modern rhythms is, Gilbert K. Chesterton's, "Lepacto". Robert Foust is a great rhythm writer, he is the greatest living master of the poetry that talks.

When William Butheyeats last visited this country he greeted Vachel Lindsay as being the first American poet of today. Lindsay can do anything he likes with rhythm. In it are three tunes:

1. The racing automobile going westward on the road that

runs parallel to the double track railroad.

2. The poets reverie as he sits "by another big Santa Festone" a quiet and slow rhythm.

3. The tune of the "Rachel Gage" singing "far away".

Poetry today like the best Poetry of all periods is there such of a sincere act of creation that unites meaning and emotion with melody, as with images and symbols.

As we all know the ancient Hebrews were forbidden by their religion to make graven images of persons or animals, but images and symbols are valuable in literature because they present truth far more concisely, vividly, memorably and emotionally than literal statement, and our modern poets use them. Many critics believe that Amy Lowell is the greatest of the imagists. She is a cunning workman, an artificer in brilliant colors, and an engraver of five designs.

The new poetry strives for a concrete and immediate realization of life. It is less vague, less verbose and less eloquent. It has set before itself an ideal of absolute simplicity and sincerity. In the best poetry of recent years we have what Miss Monroe calls "an individual, unsterotyped diction" due to the poets' ideal of simplicity and sincerity. Our poets are not using a pedantic, unfriendly, tophloftical jargon, but the language of the common life. Our poets seldom use the old-fashioned pronouns "thou" and "ye" and the verbal forms that end in "st" for the second person singular and "th" for the third person singular. The modern poet favors the use of the words that used to be considered prosaic, for he finds that they are a part of our speech and therefore a part of our life. But he feels free, to use any word as occasion demands. Contemporary poetry like great poetry of any period owes much of its warmth and humanity to this freedom in the use of words. As an example of good diction to which locality as well as character contributes flavor and quality, nothing can be better than the diction of Robert Frost.

In many poems we have heart-breaking stories of lonely

women on the farms who are servants to hired men as well as to their families.

We have some ultra-conservative poets. Alfred Noyles is considered as being the most popular one.

Our radical writers' rhythms are long, undulating, often broken and uncertain, and sometimes very tiresome. I believe the radical poets' works will die, and die very soon. But this may be said just as truly of conservative poets.

In olden days the poets sang of princess in the tower, beauty, and the great lady of the court. Today they are not ashamed to sing of the seamstress, of the wash woman or the farmer's wife. It should be understood that this broad, democratic interest in everybody which modern poets manifest is not a pose. Poets who write about these subjects are poor people themselves. I am glad to say we have such poets of this class. The poets who write of poverty have experienced the dreadful feeling themselves.

We have much poetry about the war, nearly every poet has written something about it. Some good poetry was written by many of them, giving beautiful themes.

For thousands of generations men have loved women and women have loved men, so our poets are still writing on the subject. Today, as in the past, poets are stirred by the thoughts of love. "Love furthers knowledge" Carlyle says, "it is the living essence of this knowledge which makes poets." Certainly we have few poems of love by contemporary poets that will bear comparison with lyrics of love made by our predecessors on this continent, the American Indian and "The Path on the Rainbow." These poems are simple and passionate, clean and strong, just what love songs should be. One of the finest groups of love poems written in recent years is the "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter," by Ficke. Most of them are intensely human and written with great fluency, charm, and naturalness of rhythm. We have a few poems that can be compared to, either in sadness or in beauty, with Lyric

XIV. The love songs of modern women are more virile and beautiful than ever before. The noblest and most satisfying of all of Sara Teasdale's poems of love is "The Lamp" written in the incomparable sapphic rhythm. Close akin to the poetry of love, in the minds of women, is the poetry of motherhood and home.

We too have the religious spirit in our poetry today. Few poems that are poems in any real sense are written "about religion" or in defense of doctrines. One of the loveliest of modern lyrics of worship is "Lord of My Heart's Elation" by Bliss Carman. The faith of the poem is a brave, agnostic faith, a faith that does not know. In some of our poems today we find the presence of immortality which mankind has never been willing to forego. Many poets are writing about the life of Christ—Christ the son of man, is, for many persons in all, the warring sects, the arch type of spiritual beauty, the personal force in religion. This is what the poets have tried to put into contemporary religious poetry.

Probably the poets of today have written as many poems of nature as were ever written in any period. They do not write of the out of doors as their ancestors wrote of it. They think of nature as of a matrix in which he himself is formed. John Masefield has written some real good poems about the sea.

Many of the contemporary poets have begun the task of presenting personality in poetry. They are able to make their presentation of character concise, vivid, emotional and impressive. Wilfred Wilson Gibson is a realist. He writes about the people of our twentieth century world, the English laboring class, men and women of the mines, the factories and the farms. John Masefield is known the world over as the poet of the wanderer and the outcast.

We all know that children do not like poetry. The reason is simply because the schools put hard poems before them, instead of poems dealing with the things they are acquainted

with. Contemporary poets have written a number of poems that children like. They read and enjoy them.

We are looking forward for our poets to continue their writing, and we hope to see a Milton, a Shelby, a Keats, and even a Browning during this industrial crisis.



The Wind

JO GRIMSLEY, *Dikean '25*

I

The wind is a rogue who sings a song
And frolics about the whole day long;
A very happy sigh he heaves
As he sets to dancing the ivy-leaves
That are shiny and green and clinging
To the fire escape, where too the swinging
Willow festoons swish and cry
To their jolly playmates as they swing by

II

The wind is a wild, bold, pirate rover
Sweeping the seas of brown grass over,
Stealing from them their precious seeds
And rending and shrivelling the ragged weeds.
Sweetly he pipes through the slender reeds,
And never a mortal thing he heeds
As he goes lazily over field and hill
To rest at the river's side, almost still.

III

The wind is my dear, my ardent lover
Who kisses my cheek under night's soft cover
And whispers to me of his passionate love
As he swears by the beard of mighty Jove
And by the night's sad, brooding heart
That he'll never from me be drawn apart
—Then a vagabond, laughing, forgetful and gay
He leaves me, to go whistling on his way!

“Poor Kid”

ELLEN EARLE OWEN, *Cornelian*, '25

Frederick Gregory, Chief of the Secret Service of Buffalo, raised his eyes from a letter he was reading.

“What did you say?” he asked of a tall, heavily built man standing before him.

“I said, we’ve got about the biggest job we’ve ever had.”

“What is it, Saunders?”

“Haven’t you heard about the row up at our place?”

“Do you mean the house where you and Howard stay?”

“Yes.”

“No, I haven’t heard. What’s it all about?”

“Pretty bad affair. Everyone woke up this morning with the odor of chloroform in their rooms, except Howard, here.” He turned to John Howard, who had just entered the room. “In fact, everyone, except John, woke up in a pretty stupefied state of mind. Before we had been up very long, we heard that old Jim, who keeps the furnace up at night, had been strangled to death. Then just before we left for here, it was found that the old batchelor, who has rooms just above Howard’s, had died from the effect of chloroform. The odor of chloroform was particularly strong in his rooms. All of his doors and windows were fastened securely (he slept with his rooms almost air tight, never having even a slight crack in his windows.) Not a lock or latch had been tampered with and every key was in the lock. It is the general opinion of the authorities that no one could possibly have entered the rooms.”

“He had no servant?”

“No, he had not had for about a week.”

“Evidently someone had inserted the chloroform through the keyholes, or through the cracks in the doors. Still, I’m

not sure that 'twould have had very much effect that way."

"It's very improbable that it would have resulted fatally. Anyway, there was nothing about the doors to particularly indicate the presence of the chloroform. Then, too, the night watchman on that hall said that no one had approached the door of Mr. Mortimer's rooms."

"Mr. Mortimer?"

"The man who was found dead."

"I can't understand it at all."

"The only solution is that the criminal used some general means of inserting the chloroform, because it was in all of the rooms."

"Why do you think Mr. Mortimer was the only one injured?"

"Simply because he is practically the only one who sleeps with his windows and doors so tightly closed."

"I see."

All the while that Saunders had been speaking, John Howard had remained, seemingly, in deep thought. When the conversation ended, he raised his eyes to Chief Gregory and asked,

"You're going to put a special man on this case?"

"Would you like to take it?"

"Yes, I'd like to, but you see I'm not nearly through with the Marden case yet. I suggest that you put Saunders on it."

Saunders gave Howard a searching look, then his lips tightened and his eyes glowed exultantly.

"How about it, Saunders?"

"If you think I am capable of handling it, I'll try it. Still I believe it's a case we will choose to forget sooner or later."

"Why so?"

"Because we will be unable to solve it."

"By the way, Saunders, yesterday a young woman, Miss Anna Andrews, came in here and asked to be put on a case. Unless I guess mighty wrong she has the makings of a good

detective in her. Would you mind if I should let her work on the case at the same time that you do. She could help you, you understand."

"Just a young woman?"

"Only twenty-four, or thereabout."

"Oh no, I won't mind her. Let her help, or rather hinder, to her heart's contentment."

"Are these suffrage fools going to ruin this profession too?" Howard asked, with a scowl.

"She's no fool. She's got eyes that make you feel like she's forty and you're five. I have never seen a woman who impressed me as strongly as she did," Gregory said, with so much ardency and enthusiasm that he stopped short, a shame-faced look in his eyes.

He had scarcely finished speaking when the door opened, admitting a small feminine form. She walked directly to the desk of Chief Gregory, laying on his desk the morning's paper.

"I want to be put on the murder case at the Crompton apartment house."

"Ye-e-es, you may have it. Mr. Saunders, here, I have asked to help you, since he is more experienced than you."

A faint smile passed over Howard's face as he saw Chief Gregory substitute the place of subordinate which he had a moment before assigned this girl, for a position of authority, with Saunders as her assistant. He turned to Saunders, expecting to find him surprised and indignant. He was astounded to find him gazing dazedly at the girl's face. He swiftly shifted his own glance to the face of the girl. At the same moment she turned her head toward him, with a level look, asked:

"Are you Mr. Saunders?"

Howard shook his head, and was about to reply when Saunders stepped forward, saying:

"I am Saunders, at your service, Madam."

"Of course you are at my service," she replied with

charming seriousness, which should have provoked a laugh had not Gregory, and, apparently, Saunders, also, been under the spell of those confident gray eyes. Howard alone seemed immune to all danger of hypnotism. His laugh rang out clear and loud. It was a cynical, amused laugh. Anna gave him a quick, surprised look.

"You are amused?" she asked.

"I am indeed."

"At what, may I ask?"

"At you."

"At me?"

"At you."

"Your amusement is uncalled for and unappreciated, sir."

"It is more called for than you think. Your confidence in yourself would not be becoming in Chief Gregory."

"Indeed! And who are you?"

"I am John Howard."

"I've never heard of you."

"Nor I of you."

"But you will soon; I could swear it!"

Chief Gregory had remained silent throughout the entire dialogue. He knew that Howard was easily aroused by any idea pertaining to a woman taking a man's work, and he was well aware that he would say too much before the conversation ended. Saunders, although he strove to look unconcerned, seemed rather to relish the combat. At every flash of rage and indignation with which Anna replied to Howard, he glowed anew. It seemed to fit into his general scheme that Anna should loathe Howard.

Finally Anna had stood the thrusts of the man as long as she could. She turned imploringly to the apparently neutral men. She looked pitifully more like the youthful owner of a broken doll than a champion of the rights and privileges of womankind.

"Am I to be insulted in this manner, before gentlemen?" she asked.

"You have no right to make war on the young lady's sentiments in this manner," Saunders said, finally.

"She seems to wish to be similar to a man in so many of the advantageous respects, why can't she take insults, which are to a man not insults, after all, in the way that a man would take them? But no! When things begin to get too hot for her she is ready to call on a *man* for help." With these words, followed by a sarcastic chuckle, he quitted the office.

That day was a busy one for Anna. She and Saunders stayed around the Crompton building until about three o'clock. Saunders interviewed all the men who had apartments in the house. They examined all the rooms. At three o'clock, Saunders said, "I seem to be at the end of my suggestions, what can you suggest?"

"I don't think of anything at present. I am going to stay around the building until later, but you may leave if you wish."

"Thanks. I promised John I'd meet him at the club, so I'll be going on."

"Who is John?"

"John Howard, you remember——"

"Indeed I do remember. Are you and he—are you friends?"

"Yes."

"Do you—have you the same opinion about—certain things that he has?"

"If you are referring to this morning, I can easily assure you that we do not hold the same opinions. We have often clashed on the subject."

"Thanks."

Left alone, Anna walked aimlessly up and down the halls. Finally she opened the door to Mr. Mortimer's apartment and walked in. The rooms had been completely aired;

so there was barely a suggestion of chloroform about the atmosphere within the chamber.

"It's a nuisance," Anna announced, to the silence which surrounded her, that folks have gotten so smart that they don't even leave any trace of their crime behind them."

She sank disconsolately into a chair beside the steam heat radiator. The air in the room had become chilly. She turned on the steam to warm herself. It had been cut off since early morning, when Mr. Mortimer's body had been found and carried to the home of relatives in the City. Her head was heavy; her temples throbbed in a way plainly prophetic of a headache. As the radiator began to grow warm she leaned her head against it, her nostrils on a line with the valve through which the heat escaped.

She had scarcely settled her head comfortably, when she suddenly raised it. She began sniffing the air.

"Why, what is causing the odor of chloroform to become so strong? It seems to be coming from this radiator."

She placed her nostril at the steam valve.

"There is no doubt that there is chloroform vapor in this radiator, but how and why?"

The next hour was for Anna one of the busiest she had ever spent. She investigated every radiator in the building. Those which had been cut off since early morning still sent forth the pungent, penetrating odor of chloroform when she turned them on. Those which had been left open all the while, however, were scarcely more affected by the odor than the other objects nearby. She found only one set of radiators which were totally devoid of a condition indicating the presence of chloroform. These were in John Howard's rooms.

She discovered, by cross-examining the boy who had been posted at the front entrance of the building, that Howard had returned to his room at about nine o'clock. He had remained inside the house until the next morning. What part of the house he had visited during the night the boy could not tell.

An examination of the watchman of the hall on which John Howard had rooms brought to light the fact that, at about ten o'clock, John's valet had come from the former's study with an armful of old documents. He had casually announced that he was going to the basement to burn them. A few seconds later John himself, had come to the door with a few pieces of paper in his hand. Upon being told that his man had already gone, he set out after him, presumably, in order that the papers he had might be destroyed also.

She interviewed several others who had duties around the building at night; but none save the two mentioned knew anything which could have any bearing on the case at hand.

Finally she started home. She walked, in order that she might think over her interviews of the afternoon while the exact words of the men were still fresh in her memory. She had drawn several rather definite conclusions by this time: The chloroform, she was positive, had been put into the steam heat boiler and had by this means been carried to the rooms of the house. Mr. Mortimer had four radiators turned on with no fresh or moving air in his rooms. This accounted for his death when others survived. That he was the only victim was an accident, and was a result of the fact that no one else slept in such a close atmosphere. Then, too, his rooms were directly above John Howard's, whose radiators were not turned on at any time after the chloroform had begun to circulate, thus giving Mr. Mortimer a double amount.

By the time that she had reached this latter conclusion, she was passing the park entrance. On the impulse of the moment, she turned in with the group of nursemaids and their youthful charges who ever thronged the park at this hour of the day. A few paces in front of her she espied the broad, masculine back of John Howard. Memories of the early morning in Chief Gregory's office surged over her. She felt inclined to turn away in order to avoid the cynical smile which would come over Howard's face at sight of her. Not that

she would for a moment admit to herself that she would flinch from the pain of seeing him. No indeed! But she really had a very good excuse. The fact that he was here signified that the hour was late, since he had already returned from his engagement at the club with Mr. Saunders. On second thought she decided to nerve herself to the ordeal of accosting him—she might be able to gain some valuable information.

“Good morning, Mr. Howard,” she said, curtly.

“Good morning? Haven’t you lunched? It is afternoon, now, Miss Andrews.”

Anna colored hotly at this evidence of her being ill at ease.

“I was not thinking,” she said, as calmly as possible. “I wish to ask you some questions, if you have no objection.”

“None whatever, Miss Andrews,” he replied. “Perhaps I should beg your pardon for addressing you by a title so suggestive of femininity as ‘Miss.’”

Anna lowered her eyes in order that John might not see the mingled rage and hurt in them. He, however, noted the almost imperceptible quiver of her lower lip, and was immediately sorry for his cynicism.

“Poor Kid,” he thought, “she really isn’t one of these modern stubborn-head extremists. She has just gotten started on the wrong track.” In a slightly gentler tone said:

“You have some questions to ask me, you say? We can sit on this bench.” He indicated a bench sitting nearby.

“You returned to your rooms rather early last night, did you not?”

“Yes, I decided I’d relieve myself of a few tons of worthless documents, and went home early to do it.”

“You burned those papers in the steam heat furnace.”

“Yes.”

“It required both you and your valet to carry the papers to the basement?”

"Hey, here! What are you after?"

"You are not compelled to answer if there is anything you wish to conceal."

"I — I — I, no! Er—— I beg your pardon. No, I don't either. If you will intrude to a man's professions and his world then you must take what goes with it."

"That has nothing to do with the question I asked you."

"I simply carried the papers, which Marvin dropped, to the basement. Is there anything else?"

"No, that is all."

"I guess it would not be professional to ask you why you have asked me all these things."

"It would not."

"How are you getting along with the case?"

"In what way does that concern you. I suppose you would be delighted at my failure."

"Your accusation is partly true. I would be glad to see you fail if failing would make you regain your sense of the fitness and proportion of things. You see it's this way. You look to me like you're the kind of girl one always thinks of as being somebody's sister, you know the kind. In other words, it hurts like the mischief to see you dabbling in things you have no more business in than I have in my kid sister's doll house."

"You mean, I suppose that I am not capable. The day is past when any such theory, concerning a woman's ability, is considered plausible. Morally, a woman is by far a man's superior—"

"Wait! I've heard those very words until I know them by heart as well as you do, I daresay. Let me give you an *original* spiel, right off the bat: You women, who are going to the extreme in this 'equal rights' movement are going to upset the whole works; a man's home life is the foundation of his every accomplishment. Take that from him and you will as I said, capsizes the whole works."

"If you have your way, in fifty years there will not be a romance written, if it's written true to life at that time which can end in the good old-fashioned way we all like. There will be no romance, no calm peace; all will be turmoil. You can imagine what effect it might have on a man to leave his office and go home to take his wife for a ride, only to find that she has gone into the City to investigate a rumor of a fall in the stock market. And that's the way 'twould always be, too—always chasing off some where, scared to death, and over nothing, perhaps.

"You're kidding yourself into believing that you want your life to be completely practical, devoid of all sentiment, but you'll wake up one day and find that you've been leading a pretty humdrum existence. I have already made that same mistake. I was always a cynic, am yet. I'm thirty-two, and I'll admit that I'm dissatisfied with my life. I'm lonesome.

"You're lonesome too, I can see it in your eyes. You've come to this city alone, in order to carry out that grand and noble idea of standing alone, haven't you? Listen, little girl," in his eagerness the term of endearment passed his lips unnoticed, "if you could see your eyes now, you'd never let them have the cold expression which conjured Gregory into giving you a complicated case like this one, which you are by no means capable of handling."

John's last words broke the spell, if it might be called a spell, which his speech had cast over her. She had been listening to him, much against her will, and still more against her will, his words had had their effect. She could not but admit that she was tired, already, of fighting a man's battles. Furthermore, she had been extremely lonesome since her arrival in Buffalo. But his last words stirred her, again, to defend her sentiments and ideals. She was, again, the fiery suffragette.

"You are mistaken, sir. He did not give me a case which

I am not capable of handling. I shall prove it. What tommyrot you have been taking my valuable time up with."

"I believe I did not take up your valuable time with sentences which ended with prepositions, as your last one did," he replied mockingly.

Anna could have cried in her rage. It seemed that every flaw in her whole being marched in procession before this brute, that he might ridicule her! She was afraid to trust herself to words, but turned on her heel and walked away.

"Poor kid," John said, "she's furious with me all right, I surely hope it'll do her good to have heard that sermon I preached her, because it was the hardest thing I've ever done."

It could not truly be said that Anna was furious when she left Howard, but neither can it be denied that she was in an extremely despondent mood. When alone in her room, she said, "Bad as I hate him, I just can't believe he had anything to do with that crime."

Hate him? Was it hatred that she felt for him, or was it, perhaps, that sentiment of unwilling admiration which so often disguises itself in the form of hatred?

For a week Anna had worked desperately, but what she had learned only served to confirm the idea that sprung from her knowledge of John Howard's actions on the night of the crime at the Crompton building. Of Saunders she had seen but little, but he had given her some very valuable and helpful suggestions and information the few times she had seen him.

"He is such a good friend of Mr. Howard," she mused one night as she brushed out her hair, "that it has never entered his mind that he could have had anything to do with the crime. He will see it all through when I tell him, because some of the things he has told me have filled in the part of my evidence that I had given up hope of ever finding. For instance, he told me that Mr. Mortimer had swindled Mr. Howard's father out of the greater part of his fortune. And

he told me, to show how big hearted Mr. Howard is, that he had sent a large floral ——! ! ! ? ? ?

She stopped short, her eyes wide with a new thought.

“Anna Andrews,” she said bluntly, “you are not capable of finding your grandmother’s knitting needles when you know she always keeps them in her work basket! You’re the biggest fool I ever saw!

“Nine o’clock! I’m not going to lose a minute more. To think that I had almost decided to——oh! I don’t think how near I came to stopping with what I already knew.”

All the while she had been speaking she had been dressing. A few minutes later, dressed for the street, she stood waiting for the elevator, while waiting, the warning voice of her grandfather seemed to speak to her from out the dim past. What it said was this:

“Go slow, Anna. Remember, a woman always jumps, too quickly, to a conclusion.”

A radiant smile took the place of the sober expression which had come over her face as she seemed to hear her grandmother chuckle and say:

“Yes but, if you’ve ever noticed, she always jumps the right way.”

“Thank you, grandmother!” she muttered as she stepped into the elevator, and Anna had started on her “jump.”

The result?

Three mornings later when Howard entered the office of Chief Gregory, a conversation, which had been carried on eagerly by some of the detectives and the chief, stopped. The men, after fidgeting nervously for a moment, hurried from the room, leaving Mr. Gregory looking decidedly ill at ease.

John’s face was a complete question mark as he rested his hat on the desk and waited for enlightenment. Finally Chief Gregory cleared his throat and said:

“Well, Howard, I guess it falls to my lot to break the news to you.”

"The news?" John queried.

"Yes. Miss Andrews has been successful in bringing to light evidence which easily convicts the originator of the trouble at the Crompton building."

"Fine. I fail to catch the significance of your funeral air."

"Well you see the man is—is—"

"Who is it, *please?*"

"It is George Saunders."

It was out at last, and Gregory was almost fearful of looking at Howard's face. Had he looked, he would have seen in place of the pain he expected, blind, insufferable rage.

"George!" he spluttered. "It's a lie! I might have known this girl's stunts would be more than a joke in the end!"

"It is more than a joke, but not as you mean it. He has just about admitted it. Has, in fact, admitted it.

"Yes, I tell you she's a clever one. What started her on his track was that wherever she needed a little evidence to make out a clever case against you, he was always willing to supply it, in an offhand manner, perhaps using it as an illustration of the good traits of your character."

"She was then of the opinion that I was the criminal, was she?"

"No, indeed! In fact I think she had been almost ready to give up the case because things were working out too much against you to suit her idea of justice. If you remember, you were the only one in the building who was not affected by the chloroform that night. Also, several other little instances were drawing the net pretty close, old boy."

"Just give me a statement of the evidence, please, Mr. Gregory."

"Very well. When first she began to suspect Saunders, she inquired of the watchman at the front entrance at what hour Saunders came in. It was about twelve o'clock that he came in, I believe. By the way, that's the finest system of guarding

that house I know of. Watchmen in every hall to report every coming and going, if necessary."

"Yes, it's a pretty good idea."

"Then she asked the watchman in Saunders' hall whether he had come immediately to his room. He said that he had and that he had not left it until next morning, by way of the hall. Her next move was to find out the different ways of reaching the basement. You know there is only one way besides through the middle hall and that is by way of that alley between the blank wall of Monreith's theatre and the side of the Crompton building. You know there used to be so many attempts at burglaries on the Crompton building by way of that alley that the policeman on that beat has instructions not to take his eyes off of it for a moment if he can help it. Miss Andrews interviewed the policeman who was there that night and he said that no one could have gone into the basement through the alley 'unless he came down out of the sky.' The policeman's joke gave her an idea. She had already learned that Saunders had a room on that side of the house, on the second story. She knew that since no one had entered the basement by way of the middle hall that they must have come through the alley. Since the policeman was ready to swear that no one had entered it from the street opening, there was merely an alternative between coming through the blank wall of Monseith's theatre and through a window of the Crompton building. So, you see, there her chain was complete."

"But this is all supposition. It could never convict a man."

"Wait Howard. I only wish it was as thin as you say, but she went much further than that. Saunders evidently had a pretty trustworthy valet so far as appearances went. But Miss Andrews formed the opinion that she could get some information out of him if she could only get him slightly intoxicated. I easily got some whiskey for her. She then dis-

guised herself as a maid and pretended to the man, after she had struck up a sort of acquaintance with him, that she had gotten work in the Crompton building. It was no trouble to get him to drink enough to loosen up his tongue. They were in one of the rooms in the Crompton building. I had sent down several men at her request. These men were stationed outside the door and heard the valet's story. He told how he had helped Saunders out of the window on the night of the murder of Mr. Mortimer and Jim. He also, after much prodding by Miss Andrews, hinted vaguely of an immense can of chloroform which he had lowered to him by means of a rope. There, you have the facts".

"We have conclusive evidence that Saunders strangled, either intentionally or unintentionally, old Jim, but what is the connection between this and Mr. Mortimer's death."

"Merely that he strangled Jim in order to put the chloroform in the steam boiler."

"Chloroform? Steam heat boiler?"

"Yes. Howard, I have never known you to be so stupid."

"I wish I was so stupid I could never understand."

"The chloroform was put into the boiler and circulated, as chloroform vapor, through the house. He knew that Mortimer slept with all his radiators turned on, and no fresh air in the room. It is Miss Andrews' idea that he also knew that you always slept with all of your radiators cut off and that this would give Mortimer that much more chloroform."

"But why should he have murdered Mr. Mortimer?"

"That is a point on which we are slightly in doubt. Miss Andrews said that one day he told her an illustration of your breadth of mind, that even though Mr. Mortimer had swindled your father in some transaction you had never seemed to bear any ill will and some other punk. The eulogy and your breadth of mind was, of course, to cover up the fact that he was giving her a suggestion as to the crime. She thinks that

perhaps there was some difficulty of the kind he mentioned between Saunders, himself, and Mortimer."

"I am sure that there was, except that it was Saunders himself who was swindled, and not his father."

"You are convinced that she has a clean case against Saunders."

"There is nothing else to believe Gregory, but I've got some statements to take back. Gregory, why don't you fire me when I allow my prejudices to absolutely rule me?" I have been waiting for you to realize that they were ruling you. I am gratified more than I can tell you that you have realized your weakness. I want to tell you some Good news, now, since I've gotten through with the bad. I am resigning my office here, to-night. I have recommended you for the place, and I take great pleasure in announcing to you that you have been accepted."

"Thanks," Howard said, simply, but with the profuse thank which another might have expressed in words embodied in a wring of Mr. Gregory's hand. "Where is Miss Andrews."

"She's at home."

"Home?"

"Yes. She lives in Priceburg, that little village about forty miles from here."

"Priceburg," John muttered as he left the room. "I can remember that."

* * * *

That afternoon at five o'clock, Anna sat in her grandmother's large sitting room in Priceburg. She had asked that no one should disturb her and so, after the maid had wheeled into the room, the tea table with her grandmother's old fashioned tea dishes and the fragrant tea with which the old lady ever sought to refresh the weary, she was left completely alone. In her musings, she had almost forgotten that the tea was growing cold.

Suddenly, the door bell gave a loud but musical jingle.

She started to the door, then, reflecting that it would, in all likelihood, be a neighbor to see her grandmother, she remained seated. She heard voices in the hall and in a moment, the door opened and John Howard stepped into the room. He appeared somewhat embarrassed until she smiled. Then he came forward and said, boyishly, "I want to take back some of those things I said to you in Buffalo. I want to congratulate——."

"You are very business-like," Anna said, "Perhaps you had better sit down before you tell me why you have come."

A few moments later, as she poured the tea, he said,

"Miss Andrews——"

"Miss is too suggestive of femininity," she reminded him mockingly.

"Er——M——M——, as I started to say when I came in, I am awfully sorry for the things I said to you, not for the sermon I preached you, because—well that's just the way I feel about it, but for ridiculing your ability as a detective. I now see that you are one of the most skilled of the profession."

"What profession?"

"The Secret Service."

"The Secret Service has become THAT profession with me, not THIS profession. THIS profession happens to be pouring tea and all that is a symbol of which I have chosen this profession in order that fifty years from now, fiction can be written which will be true to life at that time and which may have been the good old-fashioned ending that we all like."

"You mean that you will not continue in the secret service?"

"Yes."

"May I ask you, at least to be an advisory committee to me, as Chief of the secret service?"

"You are Chief."

"Yes."

"I—I am so glad."

"Will you accede to my request?"

"Yes."

Her eyes burned brightly. Was it, with a tear that they were suddenly misted, as he grasped her hand and turned to leave. The words he said were,

"Thank you, Miss Andrews," The words he thought were,

"I love you, and I want you for my wife, but I have played the fool, and I cannot ask it."

It was because she knew that these words were in his heart and mind that she released her hand quickly, and turned her head as he went out the door. And because he had not said the words that were in his heart, she rejoiced in his manhood.

For sometime after he had gone, she sat looking off into space with eyes that were misty with dreams. Slowly she lifted her hand still tingling from his strong clasp, and laid it in a manner both shy and awkward, against her flushed cheek.

"Oh, yes!" she said, with a tender little laugh, "I'll be an advisory committee for him, and in the good old-fashioned way too."



A Thot

DAORB EUNEVA, *Dikean*, '25

Yesterday 'twas like spring time—
Sunshiny and warm;
A soft breeze blew from the south;
The breath o' spring bloomed
 beneath my window,
And outside I heard a bluebird
 warble.

Today 'tis winter again—
Dark and drizzly;
A stillness is in the air,
Every dead leaf and twig
 is sheathed in ice;
The bird is flown in silence to
 the wood.



If Dreams Come True

PAULETTE ROGERS, *Dikean*, '25

I think every girl must have some one thing that she would rather do than anything else in the world! I know I have! My highest ambition has always been to tour Europe and to spend just as long as I wished in Venice. But I never dreamed that I would ever have that opportunity, so you can imagine how surprised, thrilled, and "tickled to death" I was when it really came.

It was the morning after my exams were over and I got up just feeling as if something wonderful was going to happen. When I went for the mail, I had a letter from Aunt Martha, who lives in New York, and, of course, I had to read it then and there. Guess what it contained? I could scarcely believe my eyes! An invitation to go to Europe with her! We were to leave in three weeks, and would stay just as long as we wished—six months, at the least. I was so excited that I forgot to go down to the little store after the canned heat, but what did I care.

I first rushed to the telephone and called Mother. She thought that the exams had affected my mind, but after I had argued with her for ten minutes, she began to listen to what I was saying. Of course, she was as delighted as I was, but she said that she was afraid it couldn't be arranged, for Father couldn't afford the expense just then. But I just casually mentioned the fact that Aunt Martha was giving it to me as a birthday present and would "resent any interference with her plans," she just said she guessed it would be all right, and for me to come home at once.

All the girls were so excited and offered to lend me things to wear. Elizabeth insisted that I would need her new

tea gown and Alice asked if I "didn't want her new hiking shoes?" You would have thought they were going instead of me. But I finally got home, and after sending back all the things they had persisted in putting in my trunk, I kissed everybody good bye, even Jack, our dog, and "set sail" for New York.

Aunt Martha met me in the biggest blue limousine I ever saw, and after squeezing me 'most to death said, "What a time we're going to have, little girl, visiting everything, seeing everything, and buying everything. Why, I'd like to buy you a whole trousseau while we are in Paris."

"Maybe you'll have that pleasure, Aunty," I laughed. "If I can just make one of those rich French Lords or English Counts fall in love with me, I'll certainly give you my consent to select it."

The next few days were just like a dream to me. In spite of my protests that I had enough clothes, Aunt Martha insisted on buying me about two trunksful more, and she was never so happy as when she was wandering down the isles of those big stores, saying, "Let us have four pairs, please," or "Here's a dress I like, it will just match your eyes."

At last, the day came when we were to leave. All the trunks were packed, and when I was all dressed in my new coat suit and a darling, little red hat, I just couldn't help from feeling rather funny down inside. I thought, "What if I never get to come back! What if the boat should sink!" And I was just getting ready to cry when Uncle Harry came up and patted me on the back.

"Buck up, kid," he cried, "the best is yet to come!" Then he opened the door, and there stood a pile of florists' boxes about six feet high, about four dozen new books, and twelve boxes of candy. He turned me around, and there was a pile of steamer letters and nine telegrams, all from the girls at school, and I just couldn't contain myself any longer. I threw my arms around his neck and sobbed, "Don't tell them

what a crazy I am! They are all dears, and I don't want them to know how foolish I am. You know I'm glad that I'm going, but an ocean seems a lot of water when it's between you and the folks you love, doesn't it?"

Uncle Harry patted me on the shoulder, and as he helped me into the motor, remarked, "What's that I hear about the French Duke you're going to capture? Better choose an American, honey, they're the best, every time."

"Did Aunt Martha tell you that?" I asked indignantly. "She knew I didn't mean it. Why, I wouldn't think of marrying for ages! Not until I'm forty, at least! So please let's drop the matter."

Our suite was the darlingest thing you ever saw! All ivory and rose! And when I had arranged the flowers, books and candy, it looked almost like home. Then we went up on deck to say good bye.

As we turned the corner of the pilot house, we bumped right into the most beautiful pair of eyes I have ever seen. I mean "eyes," for they were so unusually beautiful that they attracted your attention before you had time to see to whom they belonged.

"Maurice, my dear boy," cried my aunt, "of all the luck! Are you really going over?"

"My dear Mrs. Jennings," replied Maurice, "I am, indeed, going over. Am I to have the pleasure of having you for a companion?"

Aunt Martha then introduced me to The Eyes and——

The days flew by all too quickly, and to let you know how we passed them, I will only say that when we parted in Liverpool (Maurice was going to Venice on business for his firm) he carried the promise that I would consider the matter carefully and give him my decision when we arrived.

Aunt Martha was in ecstasy! She was a "born match-maker" and Maurice Van Fleete was in every way her ideal of what a young man should be.

"Perhaps I'll get to buy that trousseau yet," she said.

Finally, in the early part of May, we arrived in Venice. It was exactly as I had pictured it, only many times prettier. The canals with their black gondolas and gondoliers in picturesque costume fascinated me from the moment I laid eyes on them. As we were to stay there for some time, Aunt Martha had taken an apartment overlooking one of the big cavols, and it was here she expected to entertain her friends (she had lots of them there).

How slowly the hours dragged by! Maurice was not to come until eight o'clock, and it seemed to me that the time would never come. Finally, a gondola drew up to the steps of our apartment house, and Maurice jumped out. How handsome he was! I could see his features quite plainly by the moonlight, and I saw that he was—just Maurice. If I had had any doubts about my decision, they vanished when I saw that look on his face.

Then I heard his footsteps on the stairs. The maid opened the door and announced: "Mr. Van Fleete."

I turned around and saw Maurice standing just inside the door. He hesitated a moment, then, when he saw the joy in my eyes, he advanced toward me with outstretched arms.

"Darling," he murmured——

"What on earth is the matter with you, crazy," yelled my room-mate. "You must have been dreaming about exams! I wish to goodness you'd let me get in bed with you, for I'm freezing!"

Oh, why did she wake up?



A Hebrew Supper

LOUISE FAIBER, '25, *Adelphian*

As I sit at my window listening to the soft strains of Humoresque, all objects around me gradually grow obscure, and I am again at home. I enter the dining room. Tonight is Friday night, the beginning of the Hebrew Sabbath.

The first thing that I see is my sweet Mother, who is uttering a Hebrew benediction before three candles. How the candles burn! Their flames represent the hope and faith of the Jews. They flicker, then blaze forth with renewed energy. Those soft words my Mother is uttering, I have heard from infancy; and they are so deeply planted within my heart, that they can never be uprooted.

An hour passes. Then my father, my two brothers with my baby brother, and my three cousins enter. They take their respective seats at the table. My father utters the Hebrew Kaddish and my baby brother, who is four years old, attempts to say it also.

There are the "Sabbos Chalos" (Sabbath breads) at the head of the table. My father cuts them and immediately the supper is served.

Conversation usually touches upon different topics, but tonight, the subject is about Russia and her suffering Jews. My mother has just received a letter from her sister, who asks for help, for money, for clothes. She is hopelessly crippled as a result of the war, when the Germans drove her husband and her from their home. We send money and clothes. She receives the clothes and sometimes the money. Money has to be concealed in a letter or else the Bolsheviki will take it. Once, she received a letter, but the money that was in it was gone.

Supper is now over and as they arise from the table, I am awakened from my reverie by the sound of ragtime and find that my eyes are not dry.



Easter Bonnets

E. DUFFY, '25, *Dikean*

Have you seen that quaint little bonnet
of yesterday,
With its modest, drooping brim
Under which downcast eyes with fleeting
glance
Peeped at the world and "him?"

Have you seen that jaunty little bonnet
of To-day
With its fetching, upturned brim
Under which laughing eyes with fearless
glance
"Take in" the world and "him?"

College Life As It Is

NANNIE E. EARLE, *Adelphian '25*

The campus presented a very peaceful appearance on a certain March afternoon. Girls in two's and three's stepped briskly along, carrying books under their arms and evidently discussing Rudolph Valentio, the ouija board, fashions, or some other topic of interest to intellectually inclined college girls. Among these groups of sweater-clad girls, one modern Miss stood alone on the steps of the Library. It was evident from her chic costume that she was on her way down town and it was just as evident from her attitude that she was waiting for some one. As she stood there, drawing on her small brown gauntlets, jolly greetings were thrown to her by all who passed.

Just then, two girls, rounding the corner of a building, saw the one waiting for them and let forth yells which shattered the peaceful enchantment of the scene. "Joe, oh Joe!" they cried, "come here quick; we've got something great to tell you."

Josephine soon joined her two room-mates, and Claire, the most vivacious of this trio, hastened to tell the marvelous news; "Uncle George is coming tonight and you know he promised to take us to the theatre."

"Oh, when did you hear from him, Claire?" asked Josephine.

"Just now," was the quick reply, "at least I haven't seen the message yet, but it's in my room. I met Sue in the hall and she told me it was on my dresser. Isn't it thrilling? What shall we wear?"

This started a discussion which lasted until they descended from the street car in front of a millinery store. Three im-

portant decisions had been made in the meantime. Claire must have a new hat. Josephine must have a new hat. Helene must have a new hat. Having reached these decisions the only thing which remained was to select three hats suitable in size, shape, color and price. The rest of the afternoon was spent in trying on hats of all descriptions.

Before entering the fifth millinery store, Helene stopped to set her watch by the town clock and discovered that they had only ten minutes in which to reach the college in time for dinner. "We'll have to run for our lives," she exclaimed, "if we expect to get anything to eat tonight, much less get dressed for the theatre." With this they began racing towards the college, but, as tired as they were, they could not refrain from talking about the play they expected to see that night and of the fun they would have the next day in telling all the girls about it.

When, out of breath, they finally reached the college only to discover that the dining room doors had just closed, they each assumed a blank expression. Soon, however, Claire partially recovered and endeavored to console the other two hungry girls. "Why should we worry over that?" she asked. "Isn't Uncle George coming tonight? Of course he'll see that we get something to eat down town. Let's hurry up now and dress."

With this thought the girls' faces brightened and they quickly followed Claire upstairs.

When they reached their room, they all dashed towards the dresser, but no message could they find. Then they began a systematic search of the room, including the table, the chairs, and even the floor. Since they could not find it in any of those places, Claire began again with the dresser. There, concealed beneath powder, rouge, and hair nets, Claire found the fateful message, and joyously she turned to the expectant girls, and read:

"Put your shoes in the closet and sweep under the bed."

Sympathy

ELIZABETH DUFFY, *Dikean* '25

Sympathy is not the sham emotion behind a lightly said "I'm sorry," nor is it the dutiful emotion we selfish folk sometimes conjure up for people in trouble. It is one of the tenderest and most precious of all human feelings, and it is, I believe, the one emotion necessary to human happiness. Let only a man have a deep, abiding sympathy with a person, a cause, an institution, and life will not seem empty to him. The wider the range of his sympathy, the fuller will life be in meaning and in values. When his sympathy can include all mankind we have the highest type of man and the greatest fruitfulness of life. Sympathy is not confined to sorrow but is often seen in its greatest beauty amid the joys of life. My friend's joys find no less a vibrant chord in my being than do his sorrows; and humanity's joys are no less touching to the "great" heart than are its woes. Of all human emotions which we could ill spare, sympathy ranks first. When I can no longer feel my heart warm with its touch, and when no fellow creature shows a token of it to me, then, if never before, I shall welcome the grave—welcome anything which will end the existence of the sordid enclosure within which my spirit will already have died. Sympathy is the basis of love and of friendship. It signifies that accord of spirit, that community of interest, upon which are founded the sweetest of human relationships. Perfect sympathy between two beings, were it possible, would create for them such bliss that human frames could scarce bear the shock of it. They would become so absorbed in each other, that I wonder whether the world would ever get the benefit of their talents. And so, perhaps, perfect sympathy would not be a wise thing for this world, but we can number it among the perfections after which the human race will ever strive.

To Purple Ink

JO GRIMSLEY, *Dikean '25*

I wonder if my ink well has a soul;
If, in the purple heart of its bowl,
It silently weeps when I draw up
The ink from its rippling, hollowed cup
Do the drops sparkle and quiver and shine
On its edge grudge me their wine?

Does it have a hatred for my robber pen
And tremble with anger when I dip it in?
I think 'tis resentful each passing day
That I draw its livid blood away,
And it returns my sorrowing, regretful gaze
Through a tearful, misty, amethyst haze.



Contributors Club

Old Uncle Nebo

JEAN CRAIG, *Dikean* '25

Ding-ding

Ding-ding.

"Nice fresh onions, 'taters, beans, beets, cucumbers and cornfield peas."

Ding-ding.

Good mawnin' Mistes, what's fo' you dis mawnin', and how's you comin on? Uncle Nebo had pulled off his rusty old hat and let the handle of his rickety old vegetable cart go. Miss Mary responded to his greetings, leaned over the little gate and looked into his cart.

"Why Uncle Nebo, I don't see any cucumbers or cornfield peas."

"No Mistes I ain't got em, you know, but I is got some nice, fresh corn and tomatoes jest gathered this mawnin'."

"Well," insisted Miss Mary, "Why did you say in your song that you had them when you did not?"

The old darkey wrinkled up his forehead and tried to explain. "Well you see it's dis way, dat song am my ad—uh—uh—mertisement— dats it— my admertisement. You see we all has to have 'em fo our business. You know they don't always do what they says they does, but you has to have 'em jest de same." Uncle Nebo did not know whether she understood him or not but he had explained as best he could.

"By the way, Uncle Nebo, you were rather dressed up

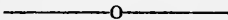
yesterday," Miss Mary said, smiling as she thought of the picture the old man had made.

"Yes'm yas'm—dat I was." The old man's face beamed all over as he thought of that new Copenhagen blue serge suit with the long tail coat and also of his silk beaver and of his patent leather shoes, which, although the largest size that could be bought, pinched the old man's every day feet and caused him to suffer, the result. "Mistes, my son from de City sent me all them things—you know my son, Abe, from Winston-Salem. Yas'm dat he did. An' oh, Mistes, don't you want some nice, fresh tomatoes, jest picked this mawnin?"

She told him she would take twenty-five cents worth and a gallon of beans. He measured them out, talking all the while of his rheumatism, the weather and the crops. After she had handed him the money he bowed low and said: "Thank you Mistes, may the Lawd bless you." He then put on his old hat and started down the street ringing his bell and singing:

"Nice, fresh onions, 'taters, beans, beets, cucumbers and cornfield peas."

Ding-ding.



Our Parties

Iva Davis, *Adelphian* '25

Amusement in some form each of us craves and most of us must have. Realizing this, the various organizations of the college were in something of a quandary as to how they were to entertain the five hundred new girls entering North Carolina College for Women this fall. And they wished not only to

entertain them but also to become acquainted with and obtain the loyalty of this new half of the college, and the easiest way was parties. But they must be different parties—and different they were.

We had been here only about two weeks when we received our invitations to a Gypsy Tea to be given by the Young Women's Christian Association. Following directions we came to the barn, where we spent about two hours. Odd and new games were played, old and new songs were sung, and old and new friends were met. As over the trail we wended our way home in the twilight, we saw that the Young Women's Christian Association was not the old, narrow, denominational body but a new, broad association which was a part of our college, and of us.

It was a mystified crowd of Freshmen who came from the post office bearing invitations to a wedding. A wedding! This was the last place on the globe to expect a wedding since there are so few single members of the "male gender" here. And who was "Miss Evva Green" and "Mr. B. A. Happy, Jr.?" But we Freshmen are a curious lot, believing in the saying that the cat who died of curiosity, died satisfied; so on the date named most of us appeared at the appointed place. We were rather disappointed to find that the groom was not a real man but a member of the Junior class, but we were satisfied when we saw the bride was a member of our own class. As we watched the ceremony which, though only mock, was a rather solemn affair, we realized that it was the symbol of the union of the classes of twenty-three and twenty-five "until death do us part."

Then an air of tenseness began to be felt over the campus. Why? Society! Then, one night when we were not expecting it at all, we received our invitations, and we were satisfied—or at least, our curiosity was. Most of us were pleased, some of us exuberant, but others—well, when one has wished and dreamed of being a member of a certain society for several

months, disappointment is pretty hard. But this was all wiped away in the next week. We were busy learning laundry lists and were, to tell the truth, rather scared about initiation. What happened then is a secret, but it is enough to know that after that event we belonged heart, soul and body to our society. A banquet followed initiation but it was the initiation itself which stirred in us our deepest loyalty and love for our society and society sisters.

Athletics began now to occupy a place in our thoughts and to consume a part of our time, but few of us connected the Athletic Association with athletics. So it brought itself into the lime light. As it stands for athletics and they're usually out-of-doors, it gave us and the older students a camp supper at Lindley Park. Here we danced in an open pavilion and then, seated on the ground around blazing bon-fires, we roasted weinies and ate a supper already prepared. After the fires had died down we toasted marshmallows over the coals. There's nothing that will so quickly inspire comradeship as a crackling blaze under the trees or open sky and that night we felt more fully the meaning of the Athletic Association and of athletics. Heretofore we had heard of the good sportsmanship and the friendly feeling between rival teams, and now we sensed not only how that was made possible but also how the lack of it was made impossible.

We were rather surprised, sometime later, to receive invitations to a masked party to be given to us by the Sophomores. The learned Sophomores were to honor us, the freshest of freshmen, but we had a sneaking notion that they had waited until we lost some of our green newness. They say that the Sophomores are very dignified, but if they are they certainly lost all their dignity that night. They danced and played—with the wildest of us, and when ten o'clock came we were all sorry to leave. We went away with the assurance in our hearts that they were not so "stuck up"—except with the kisses they had served—after all, but were real, sure 'nuf sports.

Seemingly, everyone had given the Freshmen a party so we decided to give ourselves one—and we did. Down at the Hut we entertained ourselves for about two hours. Besides us there were the presidents of the upper classes and of the societies and also our honorary members. Of course, we had to entertain them but they proved very amendable to authority. What we discovered about ourselves that afternoon I won't say because—well, because even if we are Freshmen we don't like to appear conceited.

Then Christmas came and we went home; but holidays passed, as holidays have a habit of doing, and we came back a sad group of Freshmen. We were homesick and dissatisfied, with a craving for something to do. "Something" appeared in the very disagreeable form of examinations. Then, suddenly, in the midst of our cramming, it dawned upon us that maybe after all examinations were only a blessing in disguise for they promised at the end of them college party. Before the holidays we had been told that the whole college was to have a masquerade party on the Saturday night after examinations. When they were over we were still restless and more homesick than ever—for wasn't college the most hateful place, making us work all the time? We wanted home and rest. Anyway we'd go to the party and forget things. How it happened none of us know but when we crawled into bed that night we were a tired but happy lot. As we drifted off into sleep we saw what had been a hazy thing before—that life wasn't so bad, that college did right well, that the faculty could be a good deal worse, and that some folks were a lot nicer than you'd think especially those Student Government officers who'd campus you and the teachers who'd make you work so hard without blinking an eye. Maybe they didn't like to do it, after all!

The Sweethearts

(Apologies to Kipling)

MARGARET THORNTON, *Cornelian* '25

NELL SIMMONS, *Cornelian*

- I. I've taken my fun where I've found it,
I've been dragged to both hops and to games
I've had my pickings of sweethearts
But in memory I sum up four names.
One was a traveling salesman—
And one was a loathsome teahound—
One was a boy in college,
The fourth was the boy from my town.

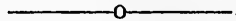
- II. My first was the traveling salesman
A cocked hat on his head he wore
He felt that the girls all adored him
(But he was really a terrible bore)
He scared and awed me a little
He was slouchy and uncouth in his dress
And tho he was silly
They sent him to Chile
But I learned about sweethearts from him.

- III. Then I was rushed by the teahound
Whose dancing was simply divine
He looked like a high-fashioned dress plate
And gave me a terrible line.
He was tall and handsome, but fickle
His manners were almost sublime

He could write a good verse
 But how he would curse.
 So I learned about sweethearts from him.

- IV. The next was a young chap from college,
 I liked him immensely—you know—
 And I hoped when we got more acquainted
 He would go a little bit slow.
 But he never forgot to talk football
 And he raved of his frat all the while.
 But when of gambling he spoke
 I hoped he would choke
 And I learned about sweethearts from him.

- V. I've taken my fun when I've found it
 And now I have settled to one
 For tho' I have known many others
 The pal from my home town has won.
 But you never can tell 'til you've tried 'em
 And then you're apt to be wrong.
 So be warned by my lot
 Which I know you will not
 And learn about sweethearts from me.



Aunt Mandy's Views On Matrimony

PAULETTE ROGERS, '25, *Dikean*

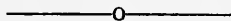
Laws a massey! If dat ain't de limit! Eliza Jane gwine
 't marry Jake? What on earf can dat nigger be thinkin' of?

Don' he know dat de only thing dat gal wants is his cyar and dat twen'y dollars he gits ev'ry Saturday mornin'. Lan' sakes alive! What am dis worl' comin' to?

When I wuz a gal, folks married fo' love an' not fo' money. Why yo' pappy didn't have nothin' but de shirt on 'is back and a job wif Marse George, but dem wuz good ol' days an' I don' 'gret 'em nuther. So, when he ride up to my mammy's cabin do' an' say, "Mandy, you know I ain't got nothin' but if you'll have me, we'll be as happy as dem kings and queens what you hear 'bout," I jest answered, "Very well, I'll have you." An' chile, I ain't never bin sorry, nuther.

But times is changed! Gals ain't lik' dey used t' be. Dey don't want to do nufin but ride in cyars, and wear silk dresses, and act like white folks. Jake's a stiddy boy an' I'd hate t' see him git hooked up to a gal like Eliza Jane. But younguns won't listen t' what we say nowadays.

Git along now, chile, and fotch me some wood. Got t' git dis ironin' done fo' dinner time."



A Freshman's Medical Examination

MARY McNAIRY, *Dikean '25*

N. C. C. W.
Greensboro, N. C.
October 20, 1921.

Dear Nell:—

You no doubt will be surprised to hear from me again this week. The reason I am writing you again so soon is, I was afraid I would forget to tell you about my medical examina-

tion. All the Freshmen are required to take a medical examination as well as a mental and physical one.

Blanks were posted for the Freshmen to sign indicating the time they preferred for their examination and I signed, of course; but later I found that I had signed at the wrong place. The blank I filled in was for the Seniors. They were to sign if they wished to have their pictures taken for the Annual. One of the Seniors noticed my name and kindly informed me that I wasn't a member of the Senior class.

Well yesterday, I found a little card in my post office box and I thought it was another "Please call to see me at your first vacant period" card from Miss Moore so I did not bother to read it.

I called to see Miss Moore this morning and she wanted to know what I wanted. I told her I thought she wanted to see me, and showed her this little card I had received. She looked at it, then said for me to go to the Infirmary but I assured her I was feeling quite well. She handed back the card and said for me to read it. You can imagine my astonishment when I read, "Report to Infirmary for medical examination."

I lost no time in starting to the Infirmary and when I arrived there a very formidable looking nurse inquired what I wanted. I showed her the little card and she said, "Have a seat, I'll be ready for you in a minute." Then she went out.

In a little while she returned and started questioning me. Everything I said she wrote down in a little book. As I remember, these are some of the questions she asked me: What color are your eye brows and eye lashes? How many third, fourth and fifth cousins have you? How many great, great aunts and uncles do you have living? Can you hear the Ingersol which is in the next room ticking? Can you see to read a newspaper across the room? After I had answered all her questions she took me in to see the doctor.

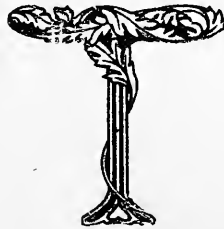
The doctor started asking me questions and if I remember correctly here are some of his questions: What is your favor-

ite outdoor sport, hopping, riding in a Ford or playing leap frog? Did either of your grandfathers have epileptic fits? Were either of your grandmothers crazy? Were any of your great aunts or uncles inmates of an insane asylum and have you ever been an inmate there? When I had answered all of these questions in the negative the doctor and nurse decided that I was in very good health but must drink five gallons of water every morning before breakfast.

Now be thinking the questions over so that next year when you stand your examination you won't have to think as long a time as I did.

As ever,

MARY.





Freshman to a young minister who is lending her a book entitled "How to Use Your Mind"—"Are you sure you won't need this before I return it?"

M. P. (after the examination schedule had been posted) "You know every one of my examinations is a conflict."

Her room-mate—"How is that? I don't understand what you mean."

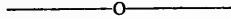
M. P.—"Well every one of my examinations come in the morning and I have classes every morning."

Margaret to Martha (whispering softly)—"Who is that good looking man ushering Nell in?"

Martha (scouring swiftly the church calendar)—"Oh! that must be Joe Walker, the sexton."

Freshman to her room-mate—"Stop that snoring or I'll fling an ancient egg at you."

A special who had been writing business letters for several hours began her prayers in this manner—"Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your favors of recent date——"



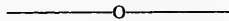
YOU NEVER CAN TELL

A. L., '25, *Adelphian*

I wondered lonely as a cloud
That floats across the sea,
And watched the merry girls pass by.
They all passed math but me!

I wondered on, I studied long
In vacant or in troubled mood.
Misery loves company,
I was in Solitude!

I heard a noise, I sprang from bed
No longer I looked pale
I'd only dreamed that awful thing!
I laughed, I did not fail.



EXAMS! EXAMS! EXAMS!

MARGARET THORNTON *and* NELL SIMMONS, *Cornelian '25*

- I. Many questions
Few replies,
Intermixed with
Sudden Sighs—
That's exams!
- II. Smiles lacking,

- Solitude,
 Nights sleepless
 Little food—
 That's exams!
- III. Faint gleams of
 Midnight oil
 Showing times of
 Honest toil.
 That's exams!
- IV. Weary hours
 Creeping past
 Counting time
 'Til the last
 That's exams!

Pupil—"Miss Emory, somebody told me that you reminded them of a butterfly."

Miss E.—"Not in the caterpillar stage, I hope."

Pupil—"Miss Womble, does 'biblography' have anything to do with the Bible?"

Miss W.—"Well, not exactly."

ELEANOR DANIELS, '25, *Adelphian*

Mary was an all-round "vamp"
 With vampish ways and eyes
 She vamped the men, she vamped the boys
 She vamped the bald head sires.

The other girls all kept aloof
 And troubled poor Mary not
 So she vamped 'em right, she vamped 'em left
 'Til she had a dreadful lot.

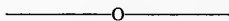
To every dance she got first bid
 And letters! received galore
 Long ones, fat ones, and a few short notes
 And then there came some more.

Of all the frocks you ever saw
 Our Mary had the best,
 Of satins and linens she kept a stock
 And for style she stood the test.

But one summer day there came to town
 A handsome blue-eyed man
 And here our story changes some
 For two vamps we have on hand!

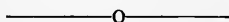
Mary's vamping days were o'er
 For vamped she was, right off
 The folks did think it impossible
 But "He" found it pretty soft.

And now our Mary's a different girl
 For dressed in gingham blue
 She sweeps the floors of her bungalow
 And washes dishes too!



HISTORICAL FRESHMAN JOKES

Freshman upon entering the Chapel—"No wonder it is so warm in here, they have such a large radiator!"

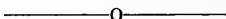


Freshman to old girl at the beginning of fall term—"Where is the campus? I've looked for it ever since I have been here and I can't find it."

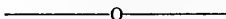
Freshman to Dr. Foust—"Something must be done to my room—it's freezing cold. I've been hanging my feet over the transom all the morning."



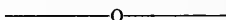
Freshman to girl next to her at mass meeting after the Student Government president had explained the dormitory regulations—"Who is she—the proctor?"



Freshman to old girl in Administration building—"Can you tell me where the boozers' office is?"



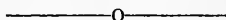
Freshman in Chapel—"Why doesn't that man play the big pipe organ instead of that dinky little one off the stage?"



Freshman to Student Government president—"I have a date tonight and I want to be excused from mass meeting."

S. G. President—"I'm sorry but I can't excuse you. If the meeting lasts until after eight o'clock if you ask me I will excuse you."

Freshman—"But where can I see you over there?"



Freshman to housekeeper—"I can't get my books in the book case. Can you give me a larger one?"

Housekeeper, seeing the results of her attempts to put the books in sections of the radiator—"You might try the book case on the wall."



Exchanges

The Wake Forest Student shows good variety in the selection of material. However, we would suggest that they give the informal essays a place in The Magazine. The poetry is the weakest thing found in The Student. "The Lone Trail" in the January issue is well written and well developed. Both the stories in the February issue are rather improbable. "Who Won?" is spoiled by the fact that the surprise is revealed long before the climax is reached. The exchange department is unusual and attractive.

The Vassar Miscellany Monthly for January contains, as usual, a well balanced selection of material, except that its editorials are scant this month. We enjoyed especially *Change*, for we, too, are nearing commencement and must say farewell to our Seniors.

The December Number of "The Acorn" is very interesting. The material is well balanced but another story would add to your publication. "Ain't There No Santa Clause?" and "Change" is particularly good. College News well serves its purpose and enables your reader to keep up with your College.

We would suggest to the College of Charleston Magazine that they would have more short stories, some sketches and verses. However, we like the idea of the one-act play. The story, "Through the Horn Gate," has a good plot but it is too short and condensed for a good short story. It ends too abruptly and does not give the reader time to get interested before it ends. We note in your editorials that your examinations caused the lack of material and hope you will have better success next time.

—Students—

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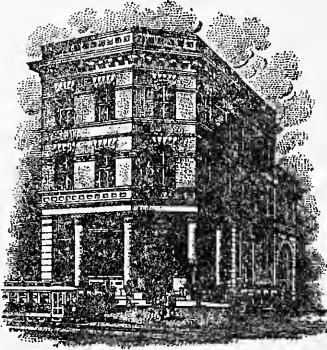
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