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EDITH WEBB, *Editor-in-Chief*

JEAN HARVEY, *Assistant Editor*

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M.C.

“Let Every Man Look to the Things That Concern Himself”

MARJORIE VANNEMAN, '29

PERIANDRA, Queen of Lydia, sat in a small reception room off the great hall of the palace at Sardis waiting for her husband's chief Counsellor, Gyges. She was a woman of medium height, slender, and graceful. Her features were prettily molded and she was fairer than most women, but the thing which arrested one's attention first of all was her eyes. They were of a queer greenish brown, and when undisturbed were almost the color of her dark hair, but under the stress of emotions they gleamed with a strange light. They now seemed almost alive with green fire. She was, she thought, at the end of her rope. It was bad enough to have to live in the same house with one's husband, but for it also to be the residence of one's lover was impossible. People were beginning to whisper. She heard Gyges approaching the door, and a moment later his slight, handsome figure entered between the draperies.

“Ah, here you are. I'm sorry I was detained, but Attys stopped me for a moment. What's the matter? You look worried. What is it? Tell me!”

Periandra threw her head back as she faced him. “Gyges, we've got to do something—quick. Do you realize that people are beginning to talk? Haven't you seen how they watch us? No; you wouldn't; give them the chance and they'd tear us to pieces. I can't stand it any longer. It gets worse every day. Gyges, why can't we leave?”

“My dear, you don't realize what you said. Can't you see what it would mean for us?—exile at best, and at worst—God help us if it comes to the worst. Don't you realize what Candaules would do? He'd send every trooper in Lydia to run us down like dogs. He'd move every stick and stone in the empire to bring us back to suffer God only knows what punishment. We're happy now, or comparatively so, and if we're cautious, there's no reason why things can't go on as they are.”

“Yes, it's all right for you for things to go on as they are, but I won't put up with it any longer. Ugh! Besides, something's sure to happen. Servants that will keep silent for one person's money will talk for another's.”

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"There, there," Gyges comforted her soothingly. "You're just working yourself up into a ——"

"I'm *not* working myself up!"

"Yes, you are. Now if you'd stop and think things over, and take your time to ——"

"That's just the trouble," interrupted Periandra, "you stop to think things over too much. You're always stopping to think, stopping to think, and you never do anything. You got us in, and I'm forced to admit that I was a fool, but I won't be any longer. Say what you please, I'm leaving."

"Don't be absurd, darling. You couldn't possibly go by yourself. Where would you go? Why, anything might happen to you!"

"I said I was going, and I'm going."

"Promise me you won't, we can be happy here."

"Yes, we could, if only——." She stopped.

"If only what?"

"If only it weren't for——"

"You mean——"

"Yes."

Suddenly he burst out passionately, "Why couldn't *I* have been born King of Lydia! Why couldn't *I* be in his shoes!" He stopped abruptly, terrified at his thoughtless daring, and looked toward her, half frightened.

She smiled. "Well, why can't you?"

"You mean——"

"Yes; Gyges, it's you who ought to be King. He isn't capable of it; he's shown that. He's nothing more than a figurehead. You practically rule everything anyhow. You *are* ruler of Lydia, and the time has come for you to be recognized. There would be no loss to the Kingdom if he were suddenly found dead." Her eyes gleamed in her pale face.

"But how can we do it? We must be cautious, or—or we'll spoil everything." He wiped his forehead.

"Yes."

"But—But—I can't see how—we couldn't possibly manage to——"

"Why not? It's either one or the other. Take your choice."

She tattooed the stone floor with the toe of her small sandal.

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"Periandra, you can't mean it. Why, it would mean death for us both, either way." Gyges paled.

"Not necessarily. Suppose, say, he brought it upon himself?"

"How?"

"Why couldn't a situation be created, be created, in which my—uh—honor were involved, or something of the sort? Surely there could be no more plausible motive than that."

"Exactly!" Gyges smote his palm. "Why not challenge him to a ——"

"Stupid! That would place you in as much danger as it would him. No, nothing so crude as that."

"Well, you just leave it to me and I'll arrange everything. You shouldn't be bothering your pretty head about such things."

"No, I won't leave it all to you. You'd be sure to bungle everything."

"But when the secret comes out?"

"Secret? There won't be any secret," she laughed. "The more it's known, the easier it will be to break the news. Everything must be perfectly open, or appear to be. There'd be too much risk if it were done quietly. Do you think anyone would take our word for anything?" She jumped nervously as the door was pushed open and Attys, Captain of the Guard, entered.

"A thousand pardons, your highness." He bowed himself out with a smile which was lost on the two, who had already turned back to their discussion.

"Could anyone wish for a more noble action," Periandra continued, "than for a man to avenge a wrong done a lady? Five minutes, and then——." She leaned toward him, half smiling and fixing his eyes with hers, then, suddenly pushing him away she sprang up and whispered, "on the terrace at nine," composing herself just as her husband strolled in.

"Hello!" Kissing her soundly on the cheek, he sat down and pulled her to his knee. "Here, here, what's the trouble? No pouting, now. I won't have those pretty lips spoilt."

"Let me up; I must go and dress."

"Oh, you've lots of time; I haven't seen you all day. Stay and—Where'd Gyges go? What's been the matter with him lately, anyhow?"

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He must be in love—jealous of how happy us two old married folks are probably!” Candaules chuckled and buried his mouth in her neck.

Periandra freed herself, with a petulant “Let me go!” and escaped.

Shortly before nine that evening, the moon peeping over the eastern hills found Gyges pacing the terrace and now and then glancing nervously through the gates into the great hall, where Periandra sat on the arm of the chair in which sprawled Candaules, waiting for his supper. Finally, when Gyges nerves had almost reached the breaking point, a company of nobles entered to dine with the King, and Periandra rose to leave her husband, who, catching at the flowing blue draperies of her gown, tore a great rent in her skirt. She turned on him, her face passionate with fury, then calmed as suddenly, and without a word walked the length of the hall to the gates and out on the terrace. Gyges caught her in his arms.

“I thought you’d never come. Why did you wait so long?”

“Because we mustn’t give him a chance to suspect anything. Even now he’s wondering why you don’t come to dinner.”

A few minutes later they strolled off into the dark just as Attys came from behind the shrubbery and entered the hall.

The following evening, Gyges and Candaules dined alone in a small room off the great hall. Just before dinner, Periandra slipped, unnoticed by the servants, behind the draperies at a window near the table and settled herself just as the two entered. The heat was oppressive, and not a breath of air stirred through the open window. There was not even room for her to fan herself, and they’d probably stay there till midnight. She peeped out. They were sitting down.

“Well, what’s on the bill of fare?” Candaules glanced over the table, helped himself to as much as his plate would hold, and advised Gyges to “Fall to, fall to!”

“A-ah, good wine. Pity they’ve stopped making it. By George, I believe I’ll set up a distillery of my own.

“Where’s Periandra been all day? Haven’t seen her since breakfast.”

“I—saw her on the terrace a few minutes ago,” replied Gyges. “She’ll probably be along in a minute.”

“What’s that? Thunder? Sounds like a big storm. Have some more pork.” Candaules handed the dish to Gyges with one hand and

helped himself to roast beef with another. "What's the matter? You're not eating anything. Must be love!" He poked the unresponding Gyges in the ribs.

The room grew warmer and warmer and the heavy peals of thunder more and more frequent.

"Hey, more wine here." The King gulped it down and refilled his glass. "Yes, it's a great thing, love; now take my wife and me. She'd make a god happy." He paused to wipe the gravy from his chin. "She's the loveliest woman who ever lived. Yes sir, she's the loveliest woman who ever lived."

Gyges straightened up and smiled shyly at the King.

"That's a pretty broad statement. Possibly your majesty is—a bit prejudiced."

Candaules gulped down another glass of wine which Gyges placed conveniently within his reach, and seized upon a roast duck.

"I ought to know," he protested, renewing his mastication. "There's not a beauty in the kingdom I haven't known at some time or other, but she leads 'em all. Say!" the dishes rattled as he brought his huge fist down on the table. "Let's have a party." He lowered his voice. "Attys was telling me the other day about some little beauties he knew. Said they'd make any party a success. How about it, hey? You wouldn't have any spirit if you didn't kick the traces once in a while!" A slight rustle of the draperies at the window was lost in his loud "Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"But as I was saying, Periandra heads 'em all."

"Yes a pretty face isn't uncommon." Gyges picked nervously at his food.

"Pretty face! Pretty face! I'm talking about real beauty. Yes, Periandra's got 'em all beat." He smiled fatuously.

"I didn't mean anything derogatory at all," protested Gyges, refilling his majesty's glass. "She is certainly lovely to an unusual degree."

"I'll say she is." The King planked his glass on the table and leaned confidentially toward his friend.

"Who is it?" he whispered, and then, clapping Gyges mightily on the back, roared with laughter till the tears ran down his cheeks and lost themselves in his beard.

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Gyges began to grow nervous. Once he rose and started to leave, but a protest from Candaules and a slight rustle of the draperies sent him back to his seat. He began to drum on the table with his fingers. Suddenly he tossed off his wine, clapped the King on the shoulder, and laughed uproariously at his majesty's last joke. As the conversation progressed, Gyges became excited. The discussion of the Queen's beauty waxed hot and turned into an argument.

"I tell ya wha'," blubbered the King, trying hard to stand, "les' prove it. When I go to bed t'night, you stand behin' th' door 'n' see. Whassa wife between two frien's anyway?" At this he roared so that the wine he was trying to drink splashed over his shoulders, and the glass bounded to the floor.

"But your majesty—." Gyges clutched the arms of his chair.

"Now, you do jus' wha' I say. C'mon. I'm sleepy."

With some difficulty, and the help of two slaves, Gyges led him out through the great hall, across the court yard, and into his chamber. He put him to bed, and winking at his already snoring majesty, took his place behind the door and waited the Queen's coming. In a few moments she appeared, and undressing, laid her clothes on a chair near the door. As she walked to the bed, she glanced back swiftly, just in time to see Gyges disappear into the passage. Pushing Candaules over to his own side, she climbed into bed.

The next morning she called in her closest friend, Ilicia, a lady in waiting, and briefly told her of Candaules baseness.

"Oh, my lady! What can you do! Two living men have seen you naked! I am shocked at his majesty's baseness. What can we do to save your soul? One of them must die. How will you ever be able to hold your head up?"

She began to rock to and fro. Periandra smothered a smile, then buried her face in her hands, and began to rock also. "I don't know," she sobbed. It was more Candaules' fault than Gyges. Perhaps I had better call Gyges. But how can I face him? O-oh, send for him."

When he appeared she told him, in the presence of Ilicia, who squeezed her hand comfortingly, of her decision. "Gyges, I submit two proposals to your choice: either kill Candaules and take possession of me and of the Lydian kingdom, or expect immediate death, so that you may not, from your obedience to Candaules in all things, again see

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what you ought not. It is necessary, however, that he who planned this, or that you who have seen me naked, and have done what is not deccrous, should die."

He pled with her; how sincerely she did not guess, but at the advice of Ilicia she refused to hear him, and he was compelled to accept her decision.

"Very well," he half sobbed, "if one must either betray his lord or avenge his mistress, his choice necessarily lies with the latter."

Fifteen minutes later not a member of the court was ignorant of the affair.

The Queen's eyes gleamed.

In the banquet hall that evening they gleamed even more brilliantly as she sat on the King's right, for it was a feast day, when men and women were allowed to dine in each other's company. Opposite her sat Gyges, gnawing his beard and refilling Candaules' glass as rapidly as it was emptied. Finally, he arose and without glancing at his sprawling majesty, spoke to those who were able to listen and to the likewise sprawling forms of those who were not.

"My friends, do you not agree that if a woman be insulted, the only punishment fit for him who dishonors her is death?" He trembled as he bowed to the applause of his friends. "The honor of her majesty the Queen has been encroached upon, and with your approval—" More applause, and he fairly danced with excitement—"and before the world," he roared, "I avenge it!" The Queen and her ladies hurried from the room as blood mingled with the wine on Candaules' breast.

"Gyges!" called Periandra to her husband as he passed her door.

Gyges stopped.

"Come here!"

He pushed open the door and entered Periandra's chamber, where she sat at her dressing table massaging her face with scented oil. Gyges waited a moment, then shifted to the other foot.

She peered at herself in the glass. "Where are you going?"

"To see about sending the sacrifices to Delphi."

"What sacrifices?"

"The six gold goblets and the emerald Attys brought from Egypt."

"I told you not to take that emerald. I want it set in an anklet."

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“But, my dear, it’s either that or something else, and what else is there?”

“Nothing. You’ve got rid of everything we have with your silly sacrifices.” Her husband gasped. “Well,” she continued, “You’re going to stop, so you might as well begin now. Where’s the emerald?”

“Here.”

“Give it to me. *Give* it to me, I say!”

Gyges lips tightened. He gave it to her.

“With what shall we appease the oracles?”

“We? *We* appease the oracles? Humph. It isn’t on my hands. Forget it. Run along, now.”

And Gyges went out by one door as Attys, Chief Counsellor, came in by another.



Sufficiency

I know not why God made for me
The mysteries of sky and sea,
Or why he framed for my own careless lips
The ecstasies of prayer,
Or gives me sunlight on a baby’s hair.
I only know that in your eyes
His great and kind hand spreads my skies,
And in my heart a paean of praise
Inarticulate to him I raise.

—*Nancy Taylor, '30.*

A Winter's Evening

The night is frosty and dark with a duskiness as of purple grapes ;
A cold indifferent moon stares condescendingly down ;
The stars, too, are formal and stiff ; they blink and turn away.
I care not ! The trees are dark, mystic, and slim
Against a tranquil sky.
Lifting their long skeletal arms
They implore Heaven for life anew.
I, too, am tired of dreariness.
I long for "Spring."



Style

You should wear tawny robes of leopard skins,
Draped low about your shoulders,
Exhaling an air of mystic adoration,
Fine cloth with sharp teeth-edges,
Biting the outside world, inquisitive—incomprehensible,
Jade earrings, set in dull silver hanging low,
And for your feet—soft sandals as all wild creatures wear.
—*Roberta Johnson, '32.*

Psychology

CHARLOTTE C. HAYES, '30

JUST HAVING finished reading McDougall's discussion of the various brands of psychology now extant and his criticism of each, I have come to the erudite conclusion that the human being is a veritable vegetable soup. He is composed, seemingly, of all sorts of meats and vegetables, yesterday's luncheon "leftovers" and this morning's breakfast scraps; and no authority or school of psychology seems to agree with any other as to the proportion in which they are combined.

One says that the soup (the human being) depends chiefly on the meat (the nervous system) for its flavor. The second insists that the illusive taste (the personality) is obtained from the various vegetables put in and combined (the ideas). Yet a third argues that the separate flavor of each vegetable in the soup can be tasted (the faculty theory). Another states definitely that the soup assembles itself; that is, the vegetable ingredients combine themselves without the aid of any outside force (the mechanistic theory), and that the flavor is therefore a haphazard result. McDougall, on the contrary, has a cook (a creator) who makes the soup with a very definite flavor (a purpose) in view. So on, ad infinitum.

And I, with my wearied and limited intellect (whatever that is, or have I one?) conclude that each is partly right, but only partly; that some vegetable soup is good and some is not; and that as yet the secret of it remains with the cook (the creator, or is there one?)



Day-Dreaming

They say day-dreaming's silly—
That it's just a waste of time,
But then they haven't tried it,
They don't know that it's sublime.

How can they call it wasted,
Time that's spent so valuably?
Why I get all my experience
In these trips across the sea!

I've been through densest jungles
And I've seen the Alpen-Glow,
I've stabbed a thousand princes
With sweet Cupid's fatal bow.

I've seen old Athens' ruins
And felt India's burning sand,
I've heard the cruel Lorelei—
Touched Fugi's icy hand.

I've visited every foreign port
Where *they*, perhaps, may be,
But then my travels do not end
With Spain and Germany!

Pand'monium's secret chambers
Have for me laid low their bars,
And I found a priceless ruby
On my latest trip to Mars.

Yes, I've made extensive journeys,
Fortunate has been my lot,
And I care not if I'm silly,
Since they tell me *they* are not!

—Cecile Lindau.

EDITORIALS

“There is a sense in serving God, and an even more disputed sense in serving man; but there is no sense in serving Service,” says G. K. Chesterton in a recent article in the *Forum*. Has not Service become another overworked, meaningless name? Has it not taken its place with Democracy and Patriotism as a not-to-be-criticized idol of the American public? Is Service valuable intrinsically? The accomplishment of a purpose or the furthering of an ideal is never to be scorned—even if the purpose or ideal be unworthy in our eyes. To the owner it has value and his work has meaning. Service toward an end draws its value from the result and not from within itself. Work done for discipline cannot be other than drudgery.

We usually think of people of genius as avoiding the grind of routine work that more ordinary people have to endure. They suffer and enjoy more intensely than the average person, but they are seldom bored. Might that not be because their work is definitely purposeful? The end and not the means is the important thing to them.

If there should be a genius of any type on our campus—and among eighteen hundred and fifty girls there should certainly be creative talent if not genius—would the development of her talents be stimulated? Abolition of annoying requirements and regulations for the convenience of a few unusual people is of course impossible. The remaining eighteen hundred and thirty or forty would take unfair advantage of the freedom. But there might be some organization or organizations for the stimulation and recognition of originality and unusual ability. In spite of societies and departmental clubs, the only organizations recognizing creative accomplishments are the Quill Club and the Masqueraders. These “are” only in name. There are now two student members of the Quill Club and two Masqueraders. Both organizations were once comparatively large and active. Unless quantity deteriorates quality there seems no reason for their demise. If our college is here only to

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train teachers, and if girls come here only for teacher training, it should no longer be termed a liberal college.

It has been said that the primary task of a university is "to touch the imagination, and when it has responded, to speed it on its flight with all that previous human endeavor has been able to accumulate or discern." This is applicable to our college as well as to any university. Knowledge is important, but it is secondary. "To touch the imagination" is the first and most important thing. One inspired genius going out from our college will be of more value than a hundred mediocre teachers—teachers who teach for a pay envelope and make their work a dull routine. Emphasis upon the average may be beneficial to the people who work up to the average, but such emphasis is ruinous to the people who are pulled down to the average. Let us learn something, not merely learn; serve something, not merely serve; and make these "somethings" worthy of the effort.



CORADDI was recently commended for its lack of the wine, song and scandal element. We are not attempting to adopt a scheme of reform, for in that case we would be striking a useless blow at that dainty morsel of gossip—that unpardonably over advertised specimen of humanity—the modern college girl. Perhaps we are not being representative, perhaps we lack the tortured confessions of the lost souls among us who are mercenary enough to come into our number for the purpose of getting the training necessary to procure positions and independence—for the brazenly state purpose of evading their God given duties of wifehood and motherhood. There are those who "not for knowledge come to college but to raise cain while they're here." There are even those of us who feel that few things, if anything, should be condemned untried. And then condemned to what—by whom?

But even with the latter attitude it is quite possible, even probable, that an overdose of the sordid and miserable—no matter how real—is a trifle trying. For we, at least most of us, do have a few ideals in spite of ourselves. We do not know where they come from—what they are—or why. Like Johnnie, however, we are not satisfied with teacher's "Your answer, two and two are four, is very good." Like Johnnie, we want to feel—"Hell, it's perfect." B. G.

Twilight in the Trees

Soft green shadows
With a pale gold light behind,
The trees weave laces
Leaves and sky form stitches fine.

There is no special pattern
But with the wafting of the breeze
The web of beauty changes
To the swaying of the trees.

The gold' is creeping from the sky,
Soft twilight has its close.
A spirit—something deep within
Brings beauty, peace—repose.

Yet change again ye weavers.
Your task for you is light,
Not like old women do you sit
And bend and squint for sight.

You stretch your arms above,
Feel life within your veins,
Your fingers take the threads
And make their perfect chains.

'Tis good to live,
'Tis good to weave,
And make for beauty
Oh ye trees
 With twilight coming on.

—*Louise Dannenbaum, '29.*

Freshman Thoughts*

Edna St. Vincent Millay ought to be able to write poetry. Any one with a name that slips off your tongue like hers couldn't help having rhymes running around in her head. *Margaret Kendrick.*

* * * *

There is an old, old woman who sits in the same pew at Church every Sunday. She always wears her same stiff black silk dress and her worn black coat. I study her slightest motion to determine her inward self. I know her so well, it seems odd that I don't know even her name. *Roberta Johnson.*

* * * *

The bringing of opera to Greensboro is certainly adding to the culture of this college. Many girls are seeing for the first time that men really do "dress up." *Pansy McConnell.*

* * * *

The woods, to me, are mysteriously enchanted. In winter grayish brown branches—some slender, some bulky and massive—form a web overhead. Yet in spring and summer a soothing green veil encloses the nature-loving wanderer. Then in the fall the exquisite new veil has become worn and has to be patched with scraps of divers colors. When winter comes again the binding stitches break, the patches fall, and the veil vanishes leaving the forest again enclosed within the same grayish brown web of cold, naked tree-limbs. *Virginia Pharis.*

* * * *

It is a sad fact that my most brilliant thoughts come in the night—either after the lights are out and I cannot write, or when I am asleep and do not even know they are there. *Pansy McConnell.*

* * * *

A drooping twig's silhouette outside my window looks like a touch of spring as it shows through the green shade. *Frances Gaut.*

*One of the freshman English teachers has had each member of her class write a "thought" every day. This class contributed the "thoughts" used.

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Often I am suddenly startled by some little incident which happens, and which I think I have experienced before. I sometimes see faces and places in distant parts of the country where I have never been before, which seem familiar to me. This often puzzles me, and I wonder if it is just some fancy of the mind which causes me to think that I have seen all these things before.

Catherine Davis.

* * * *

This morning I awoke with a delicious feeling that I had been in the midst of something divinely beautiful. My first thought was that this sweet sadness which I felt was caused by a dream. In a few moments, however, I remembered that last night I had seen and heard the Opera "Madame Butterfly." Then I knew that my stirred feelings were due to lingering strains of the music so filled with the passion and pleading of human hearts.

Louise Robinson.

* * * *

Oh! for the life of a boy! If I were a boy I could stand on the corner, and watch the people who go by until my knees would collapse and my eyes fall out. Since I am a girl I have to keep walking or riding on; I cannot stop, park, and gaze to my heart's content. A boy has the best time! If I were only a boy with the privilege of "hanging" on the street corner, what an ideal world this would be!

Virginia Pharis.

* * * *

Surely the study of English is as long and complicated as a Methodist Minister's prayer!

Elizabeth Barber.

* * * *

From my bed-room window, winter and spring seem strangely intermingled. Two girls stroll by, arm-in-arm, one in a fur coat and the other, wrapless, in a short sleeved gingham dress. In the background, the green of the tall hedge and the brown of the dead grass seem as oddly inconsistent.

Frances Gaut.

* * * *

There seems to be nothing wrong in murder in Opera. When Carmen's lover stabs her at the end of the act, we do not think of it as mur-

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der. It seems tragic, therefore beautiful. Every week, we read of such tragedies in the papers, but they do not appear beautiful.

Roberta Johnson.

* * * *

The girls of our table laughed together last night. I had thought some of them were queer, but now I like them all. Laughing make a difference.

Pansy McConnell.

* * * *

It is very likely that a lady would be considered lacking in good taste if she used gray and brown to make the same costume. Yet, nature combines numerous shades of these colors in a grove, and the result is a most beautiful, if rather lonely-looking wood-land. The grays of the bark on different trees blend with each other and with the shades of brown from golden to chocolate-colored seen in the leaves. The effect is so harmonious that one seems utterly calmed and soothed when he sees the grove.

Ethel Byerly.



In Praise of Discrimination

FRANKLY I am in a dilemma. For years I have felt that something was wrong with my taste in things of art, and now I have discovered the flaw. I haven't any taste.

I like all things good and bad alike. I never discern that anything is bad—I haven't that much perspicacity. People who know, or pretend to know, tell me that a certain thing has its merits or hasn't anything to recommend it as the case may be, and I try to look intelligent accordingly.

From bitter experience I have learned to hold my peace regarding the enjoyment I may have derived from a book or a performance. Chance may be "agin" me, and I am catalogued as a boor—and probably a bore.

Of one question I am suspicious. If someone asks "Did you like that?" I am on guard immediately. If possible I parry, fence with words, but if finally driven into a corner I shame-facedly confess that I liked it.

There was a time when I condemned everything. It seemed the thing to do. No one liked the things I thought good so I reversed my position and denounced everything. But someone intimated that I censured some really good work, so again I became chary of comment.

I cordially detest those people who ask me for my opinion, force it from me in spite of my evident reluctance, and then because it happens to be entirely erroneous remark, "Well, of course everyone has a right to his own opinion."

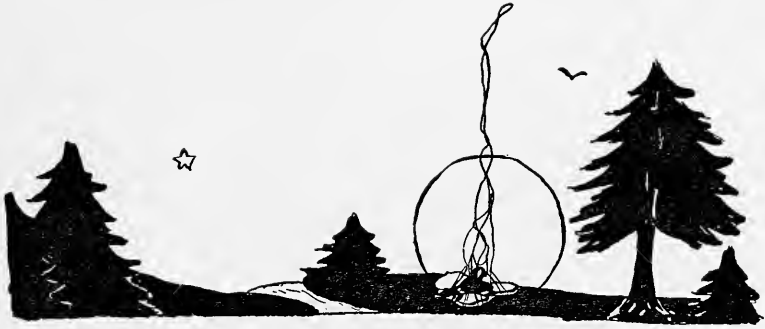
Then I clench my nails and repeat the golden rule.

I must know the truth. Is art an esoteric thing and am I beyond the pale? Horrible thought! Is everyone born with a sense of discrimination?

I believe I am a moron!

Quick, ten cents worth of carbolic acid, please!

E. Norwood.



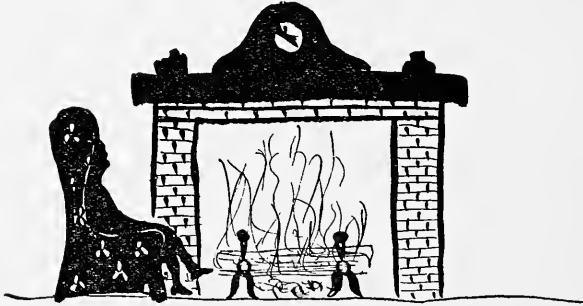
A last flung star of night—
Out of the cloud-vaulted wake of dawn
A glow and then a light;
Out of the twilighted dusk of day
A note and then a song;
Out of the wombs of a dying race
Are born the well and strong;
Out of a mossy fern-giving earth
A spring and then a stream;
Out of the depths of human soul
A vision then a dream;
Out of an unending dirge of toil
There comes a hope of gain.
Out of a mould-covered blankness
You came to me again!

—*Eloise Banning*, '31.

Fire Dream

The flames leap and lick the chimney
And I sit drowsily content,
Caring not the world's intent,
Dreaming in the corner of the chimney
Until the coals fall and burn low,
Spectral shadows come and go.
Fulfillment of my heart's desire
Flickers fitfully in the fire.

—*Eloise Banning, '31.*



Poem

And now they're sorry for me
In this room all by myself.
They think I'm studying history—
The book's there on the shelf.

They think I'm in here all alone,
But, Dad dear, they can't see
That though I'm really almost grown,
I'm sitting on your knee!

They think that I don't know you—
"So young and death—" my Dad
Who always comes and holds me
When I'm alone and sad!

But I shall never tell them,
Not even when I'm grown,
For then they might not let us be
Together—all alone!

—C. Lindau, '30.



On Mothers

Would you just think it possible
That I, that funny I
Could make my mother—she is grown—
Could make her really cry?
I saw the tears come to her eyes
When all that I had said
Was, “Mother, is it lonely
And cold when you are dead?”

Aren't mothers just the queerest things?
For in the shortest while,
Mixed with the tears there in her eyes
I saw a lovely smile!
And all that I had said this time
Was, “Hope my mama schemes
So when we die we'll be as gay
As Dad is in my dreams.”

—*Cecile Lindau, '30.*



Cousin Robina

BETTY GAUT, '30

WHEN I get tangled up in my thoughts and weigh the relative and officiously ever present question of impending fate—idle poor relation—career—or matrimony—I am more than apt to have an unexpressed longing for the serenity of those almost forgotten fossils—unmarried gentle women of the early nineteenth century.

I always envy my far away Cousin Robina, for as a reward for taking many phizzing doses of soda water (sure cure for colds contracted while reading Ivanhoe—and allowing the fire to die down in the heater) one of my great aunts occasionally told me stories about Cousin Robina which almost soothed my soda-diffused soul.

Many years ago in Scotland (1770 to be exact, for Auntie had a passion for dates) Mary and John Hogg were married. A year later they sailed for that land-of-dreams-come-true—America. They were laden with the proverbial high hopes plus a small spinning wheel. But before the shores of Scotland were out of sight, Mary became very ill. Perhaps they were flying in the teeth of their dead ancestors and relatives in going off to that land of tobacco and Indians. At any rate, their courage waned and they disembarked at Prestonpans. There John had a gouty uncle with a kind heart.

In the little sea-coast town of Haddingtonshire, Robina Hogg was born. She tiptoed about as inoffensively as possible and dodged all well meant lessons in the gentle art of housekeeping, until she reached the ripe age of six years.

Then fairy land and a fairy prince came into the life of Robina. Her invalid cousin, "Wattie", came to visit her uncle. "Wattie" had been everywhere and could tell marvelous stories to his little female relative from his lofty pinnacle of eight years. He had seen Shakespeare's *As You Like It*. Robina did not know just what that was, so of course was properly overcome with awe. He could tell tales about how his father had tried to cure his injured leg by wrapping him in the skins of freshly killed sheep. Robina was enthralled and became his willing slave.

While "Wattie" told stories, Robina was initiated into the realm of needle craft. On her seventh birthday, she finished a tiny shirt. It was made of finest homespun linen. The stitches, unbelievably perfect and uniform, were done with red thread. She sewed six stitches then

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showed them to her mother; if each stitch was not flawless she ripped it out.

Then came the terrible day when Robina was carried forcibly on board the vessel to start on the journey which her coming into the world seven years before had interrupted. (At this point I always kicked the rounds of my chair until discouraged by a thump on the head with Auntie's heavy steel thimble.)

In America father Hogg made an appalling discovery. In Scotland the word *hogg* meant a lamb; in America it meant the lowly swine. So father Hogg changed his name to *Alvis* and gave that name to his sons. Robina remained Robina Hogg "for she could change her own name if she wished!"

But Robina did not wish. She spent her days reading and spinning on the very self same spinning wheel that her mother had brought from her home country. For years and years she spent her days in a sunny alcove in the garret—thinking and spinning. She never went out nor had any desire to do so. She told the children marvelous stories of her eventful childhood. Then one day she went to sleep at her spinning wheel. She never waked again.

"Did you snuffle dear? Don't you think a little more soda—?"

But "dear" shook her head; and Aunty really loved to tell the climax of her story.

When Aunty was a very little girl she found Cousin Robina's little brass-bound trunk in the attic. In it were a tiny little shirt sewed with red thread, a crude wooden dagger with "Wattie" carved in uneven letters across the handle, and a little journal whose yellow pages gave up the secret of "Wattie's" identity. "Wattie" was my adored Sir Walter Scott.



Concerning Books

LIFE AND THE STUDENT by C. H. Cooley. Alfred A. Knoph. New York. 1927.

Charles Cooley's book, *Life and the Student* is, in truth, a great deal more than "roadside notes on human nature, society, and letters." By using, parenthetically, the words "roadside notes" in explaining his book, Mr. Cooley would lead us to believe that his work was merely a superficial statement of the things he had observed. On the contrary, however, the great sociologist has written a book which shows keen insight into our times. Behind each statement we see the working of an alert mind—a mind which could record the favorable aspects of the twentieth century in a pleasant fashion, and which could treat the unfavorable without moralizing.

The book is divided into seven parts, not all of which will be discussed here. The first division is entitled "Our Times." The opening chapter is devoted to automobiles. Mr. Cooley thinks the modern means of transportation "facilitates democracy by multiplying contacts." The automobile brings many sorts of people face to face under "fellowship conditions." Moreover, the automobile, as well as all the other new appliances of intercourse have made the Youth of America independent. The young "no longer depend for their patterns and mores upon adult groups and traditions, but have a continuous system of their own . . ." The criticism of American life is gentle in tone; yet not so gentle that the "one-hundred per cent American" could, after reading the book, pat himself on the back and avow that his country is perfect. The author tells of the waste of economic strife between classes. There are several groups discussed: the dominant class, which today as always presses relentlessly upon the weak; the immigrant, who lends color and variety to our drab landscape; and the hardworking and rural classes which are gradually raising their status.

The second part concerns reading and writing. After discussing the various types of books, and the ways in which they are written, Cooley begins his explanation of egotism in books. Egotism is a sociological concept of Cooley. It means "sharing yourself with others by expressing yourself." Egotism when it is not carried to the extreme

lends vigor to many authors' style. It has become an asset in writing. Cooley's criticism of Goethe, Dante, Montesquieu and Butler are most interesting; his interpretation of their work is well worth reading.

Art, science, and sociology are discussed together in one part. Mr. Cooley shows the effects of art on himself. We have the picture of a man, who since his youth has been able to appreciate beauty. He is "more in love with the idea of art than with any or all forms of it." The humanistic studies, history, literature, psychology, sociology, in detail, are sciences, but only when "they interpret life largely are they arts." Cooley's field is sociology; he is able throughout his book to give the reader some of his valuable sociological ideas. In a part entitled "Human Nature" the author says we understand another person through the processes of our own development; we can see where the other person is like us or where he differs from us. Thus, it is the purpose of "social science to extend our mental development and participation so as to embrace groups and processes in a similar way." Cooley's paragraphs on human nature are excellent. He states that "the core of human nature is the social self." He explains in a clear fashion his old ideas of the "Looking Glass Self" and the "Material I". Mixed with the serious sociological explanation are many clever epigrams which unconsciously fix themselves in the reader's mind.

Life and the Student is interesting reading material. It is written in a sociable manner. Its style makes the reader think of a philosopher who, sitting down in a comfortable chair, says: "What! You would like to hear what I think about life? Well, my friend, life is—" And, before he is aware of it, he is carried away by his theme; he tells things he has felt and thought but has never before expressed. In such a manner has Cooley written of the life which he has observed through his own eyes—the eyes of a student.

Louise Dannenbaum, '29.

Concerning "Strange Interlude"

O'Neill has written of men of every nationality and of every caste. He has dramatized for us life in all its ugliness and beauty. He has stripped man of his mask and held him up for us to behold and pity. In fact, every one of his plays is a realistic and living picture of life as the author knows and finds it—life stripped of all ornamentation.

Strange Interlude is, however, his supreme achievement—it is, as Francis R. Bellamy says of it, "a vision as close to the complete truth of life itself as any artist has ever drawn." It is the story of the emotional life of one frustrated woman and three men—husband, lover, and father—and, in the woman's struggle for the unattainable, O'Neill has pictured the currents and passions and inner motives that rage beneath the surface of the lives of all men. We not only know what his characters say and do, but what they think and feel—feelings they could never put into words unless the author did it for them. He makes them say aloud the thoughts they really have but dare not utter—the motives and driving forces of their own personalities. It is in this way that O'Neill makes us realize what lies and pretenses we really live—how curiously complicated our thoughts and emotions are and how hidden they are even from ourselves.

Nina Leeds we see as woman, possessive woman, whose actions and outward manners make her seem cruelly selfish, but who, underneath, is an infinitely tragic human being struggling to arrive at some degree of emotional perfection. As Marsden says of her—

"She has strange devious intuitions that tap the hidden currents of life—dark intermingling currents that become the one stream of desire. I feel, with regard to Nina, my life queerly identified with Sam's and Darrell's—her child is the child of our three loves for her—"

Her life is one long search for happiness, but a search which is never rewarded, because her real lover is dead and only the ideal remains. It is the ghost of Gordon Shaw which drives her on without her realizing it—it is her idealized memory of him that causes her so much torture and pain—"I dreamed the baby would grow up into a second Gordon; it seemed at times as though Gordon must be his father—"

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O'Neill makes us see in her the futility of life. At one time she seems to have found her reward—

“My three men! I feel their desires converge in me!—to form one complete beautiful male desire which I absorb—and am whole—they dissolve in me, their life is my life—I am pregnant with the three!—husband!—lover!—father—and the fourth man!—little man—little Gordon!—he is mine too!—why, I should be the proudest woman on earth!—I should be the happiest woman in the world!”

But her love destroys itself and she, weary with the struggle against life, at last finds peace, contentment, and comfort with Marsden, a friend of all her life.

“Peace!—yes—that is all I desire—I can no longer imagine happiness—Charlie has found peace—he will be tender—as my father was when I was a girl—when I could imagine happiness.”

Darrell the lover struggles against his love but is overcome by it and, as a consequence, degenerates both mentally, morally, and spiritually. In his last cry to Gordon, circling away in his airplane—

“You're my son, Gordon! You're my—.” We feel that he has at last reached the supreme tragedy of a life in which he has loved, struggled, and made his mistakes—and is now shouting aloud to the world the thing which has ruined him and which he has always tried so hard to reveal.

Sick with it all, he laughs at Nina's entreaty for happiness for her son and prays—

“Oh, God,—teach me to be resigned to be an atom!—” His only desire is to get back to his cells—“sensible unicellular life that floats in the sea and has never heard the cry for happiness!” He even envies poor futile Sam who hasn't the will in himself to make a success but needs must have Nina to lean on and to believe in him before he can brace up and be a man.

Marsden, the lover who does not seek her and who, “passed beyond desire, has all the luck at last,” is probably the best character in the play. It is he who experiences the pain and anguish and futility of being alive. His life is tied to his mother and his work, his whole experience in life is in his dreams. The while he utters such common-place things, his emotions and thoughts express the heart-ache and misery of all humanity—

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“but I was born afraid—afraid of myself—I’ve given my talent to making fools feel pleasant with themselves in order that they’d feel pleased with me—and like me—I’m neither hated nor loved—I’m liked—” “Not to be afraid of one’s shadow!—that must be the highest happiness of heaven!—”

It is his love which lasts—even after that of Nina and Darrell has spent itself. His life has been spent in contemplating that of others and (secretly envying them), and it is he who, in old age, is able to look on the whole turmoil in a calm and matter of fact way—

“Age’s terms of peace, after the long interlude of war with life, have still to be concluded. Youth must keep decently away—so many old wounds may have to be unbound and old scars pointed to with pride, to prove to ourselves we have been brave and noble!”

He is Nina’s refuge in the evening of her life and it is his fatherly advice and her answer to it that give us the real meaning of the play—

Marsden: “—so let’s you and me forget the whole distressing episode, regard it as an interlude of trial and preparation, say, in which our souls have been scraped clean of impure flesh and made worthy to bleach in peace.”

Nina: “Strange interlude! Yes our lives are merely strange dark interludes in the electrical display of God the Father!”

Strange Interlude, however, is not a play which can be analyzed and discussed in a few words. When reading it, we realize that we ourselves are taking part in the great drama of life—it is we who echo Nina’s passion for happiness. It’s not a play that we are reading, but life that we are experiencing. Who could express our own reactions to the great drama more simply and more beautifully than George Jean Nathan when he says—“What the play gives us is the story of woman and the story of love and the story of all miserable, beautiful, tangled, and chaotic life, profoundly wrought out of an artist’s experience and played upon by the brilliant lights of his deep-running mind.”

Glenn Boyd MacLeod, '30.

Exchanges

The December issue of *The Chameleon* is up to the usual high standards.

In poetry there is interesting variety. *Song of the Pioneer* encourages those of us who are brave enough to leave the beaten paths of tradition—"for the Day of Truth is dawning." *Moon-Shadows* and *To*—have love as the theme. Death is the melancholy subject of the poems *Cyrenaic* and *Armor Solus*. These poems appeal strongly to the senses.

In Browne McQueen's play *The King Is Just*, the King is really just. The medieval setting is very effectively done. *The Oriental Urn* carries us once more into the incense scented atmosphere of oriental superstition and mystery. Le Renard makes a charming villain-hero. Another touch of the Orient is *The Incense-Burner*—a fascinating picture of the enviable indifference of a Buddha to life and love. "His only desire is a Lotus dream—Buddha is wise."

We are glad to make the acquaintance of *The Sun Dial* from the Western Reserve University College for Women. The December issue has an admirable variety of Christmas stories, plays, poems. This is truly a "prize" issue. The Holden Prize winning essay "Christmas Rossetti and Emily Dickinson" by Jessie M. Shanks fully deserves the honors it has received. It is a thoughtful, excellently written piece of work—as well as a very interesting one. The points of similarity and dissimilarity of the two writers are clearly and attractively shown by most apt quotations and the keen insight and thoughtful comments of Miss Shanks. The prize poems are worthy of note. We like John Delker's "Philosophy of Pessimism" for its refreshing mixture of pessimism and wit. In James T. Albert's "The Sea" the author brings salt air to our lungs and wanderlust to our hearts.

In Meredith's *The Acorn* in Laura Mabel Haywood's "Nocturnal Assemblies" it is diverting to hear Fanny Burney, Hannah More, Mrs. Montague, Dr. Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson discussing food, checks, and assemblies. The essays in this issue are interesting and well written. Evelyn Jolley's "One of the First" is a charming picture of a monk who was in danger of becoming "a crazy old dreamer" because he preferred poetry to didactic and theological works. Sarah Cooke's "*Futility*" has a charming note of sadness. (The scope of *The Acorn* could be widened with the addition of book reviews.)

