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Prologue with Interludes

By CATHERINE HARRIS

OLD Joel Hurt had a piece of his ear shot off during the Civil War. That was the reason most people came to see him. Some other people came because he was a wise old man. On Easter Sunday at church the soprano smiled at the vocal stress of the old preacher; Joyce, home for the holidays, smiled at the assuming soprano; Aunt Victoria and Aunt Susan smiled at Joyce; and Joel Hurt sat on the front bench nodding, and smiled at the whole congregation. Joel was a philosopher.

In June Uncle Joel sat in a split bottom chair on the big flat rocks that formed a stepping-stone walk from the back porch to the smokehouse, which now harbored a Ford roadster. On bad days in summer and in the winter he sat by the grate in the south room. In the winter and on cold days in summer there was a coal fire in the grate.

* * * * *

It was June. Uncle Joel was sitting on the second rock from the kitchen door. An auburn-haired boy stopped a Frigidaire truck in the driveway leading to the smokehouse and walked toward the door with a hydrator attachment in his hand.

"Good morning, Uncle Joel," he said.

"Good morning, Fletcher. How are things with you?—Eh, don't go in yet, Fletcher. Come here. Elizabeth told Kate you had quit coming to see her. What about that, son?"

"Well, yes, I have in a way. I'm awful busy selling Frigidaires all the week and on Saturday night I have to run up the books. Betty just changed all of a sudden. I told her she wasn't like she was when I first started going with her and she said, 'I'm not. I'm a year older.'"

"Did you ever kiss her, Fletch?"

"Yes."

"Did she like it?"

"Yes."

"Ever take her chocolate candy?"

"Yes."

“Did she like that?”

“Yes.”

“Did you ever give her a rose?”

“What kind of a rose?”

“A yellow rose.”

“No.”

“Boy, take that girl a rose!”

“A rose?”

“Yes, a rose.”

* * * * *

It was just after supper, twilight in June and cold enough for a blaze in the grate.

“Uncle Jo?”

A boyish voice rang through the small south room and there was an echo and a ring of emptiness before Joel Hurt ever responded.

“What is it, son?”

“Kin I come in?”

“No.”

“I kin, too.”

“No you can’t.”

A little mulatto entered, closing the door softly behind him. It was Rosa’s child. Rosa used to cook for them. He lifted the boy in his old arms and rocked him in the straight chair like foot-hill mothers do their babies. It was his grandson’s child, too, his grandson who was now a governmental aviator stationed in the Philippines. He remembered the night it happened, for the next day he had sent Rosa away.

“What’s this on your cheek, sonny?”

“Somebody scratched me.”

“Who scratched you?”

“A girl.”

“What? A girl?”

“Yes, sir. Gwinnie. Her mammy has a red flower pot in the front winder.”

“What’s her mammy’s name?”

“Her house is on this street. Not the next one, the next one. Gwinnie says names to me, too.”

Uncle Joel rocked on in his ponderous fashion. The large eyes of the dusky lad glistened in the gloom and batted every time there was

a shift from the front legs to the back or from back legs to the front legs of the chair.

“What’s a bastard, Uncle Jo?”

“A bastard, son? A bastard is a child of God.”

* * * * *

“I’m richer now’n I used to be Joel, but they’re about to plague the life outta me to build them concrete steps to the church. Now I give a quarter every week. Amy gives four cents. All the boys give four, and Susie, she gives two. How much do you think a feller ought to give, Joel?”

Joel studied a long time about the new Gothic church stained glass windows, dark recesses, choir lofts, and other glorious anachronisms. He then thought of bathrooms with silver swan-neck spigots and lily soap-dishes, bathrooms in green and silver. He thought of angles and rectangles and carefully shaded lighting on the impressions. Bill thought of concrete steps.

“Bill, what does the good book say? A tenth, Bill, doesn’t it? Well, then, give a tenth.”

* * * * *

The first time Elizabeth went to see Uncle Joel she went to see where his ear had been shot off. The other times she went she went to sit near his chair and talk. The first thing he asked her on this visit was:

“Is that a diamond on your finger, Bet?”

“I hope so.”

“Are you in love with this little fellow you’ve been going with?”

“No, I’m not. Love is a Packard auto, and he has a Chevrolet.”

“Is love beautiful, do you think, Bet?”

“No.”

“What’s your view on life, Betty?”

“Life is a beautiful flower garden. Some of the seeds come up and some don’t.”

“This is life, Betty—women who keep a clean kitchen in a hovel; women who keep a clean kitchen in a castle; women who keep a dirty kitchen in a hovel; and women who keep a dirty kitchen in a castle.” Elizabeth got up to go.

“How old are you, Betty?”

“Nineteen. How old are you?”

“Ninety-six.”

Proof

Why have I torn and bruised my heart
Over this question of a God!
Have I not seen a violet part
The blackness of a crusty sod?
Have I not watched a swallow fly
Across unchartered wastes of sky?
Have I not seen swift laughter rise
Into a child's sweet, tearful eyes?
And have I not through wind and rain
Felt sun again?

NANCY TAYLOR.



For Kreisler's "Liebestreud"

A silvered night; creation sleeps.
A hallowed night, without, within.
A mist across the valley creeps,
Then sudden thru the silence sweeps
The music of a violin.

O, melody more piercing sweet
Than any hymn Pan ever blew,
Or thin-piped dance for faery feet
In shaded grove or ferned retreat
Or river bank where tall reeds grew!

Those plaintive tones, that wild refrain,
Be still and hear them ebb and flow;
Notes sharp and swift as silver rain.
Drink deep of beauty, deep of pain,
A master hand has drawn the bow.

JEAN HEWITT.

She Also Declined

By EDITH E. HARBOUR

A SMALL, darkly-clad woman walked alone across the moor. Nervous energy was expressed in her gait. She appeared lost in thought, for she paid little attention to her surroundings, empurpling in the twilight. Two days more, she thought, two days more and she would be married. She, who for the past twenty years had been classed as an old maid, was to forsake her state of single blessedness and become the wife of her father's curate.

A strange feeling crept over Charlotte, a wave of emotion similar to the one she had experienced at Bridlington when first she saw the sea. She had felt then that the waves which thundered against the base of the cliff on which she stood were foaming with disaster. She felt now that she was stepping off a precipice into churning waves below. She applied reins to her thoughts. She tried to think of her embroidered muslin wedding dress and of the trunk all packed for the wedding journey. It was no use. Recollections crowded present thoughts from her mind.

Her thoughts ran quickly through the last several years, as swiftly as though the wind had blown over the pages in a wide-opened book, pausing only to relive her proposal. How distinctly she remembered it! She had retired to her sitting room, leaving her father and Mr. Nicholls reading together by the fire. Some moments later there was a knock at her door. A strong man had entered, stood tremblingly before her, and declared a deep devotion. He had asked her to be his wife. Charlotte was frightened, but she retained her equilibrium.

"Have you asked my father?" she inquired.

"I have not dared," was the man's reply.

Charlotte half-pushed the man out of the parsonage door, meanwhile telling him that she would give him her answer on the morrow. She told her father. That worthy gentleman had burdened his wife with six children in seven years and had considered himself cheated when she died; therefore he disapproved of marriage. Charlotte dutifully answered "nay" to her suitor the next morning, and the rejected curate immediately began to phrase his resignation.

True love eventually triumphed over the vicissitudes which beset its path. Mr. Nicholls had gone away to a lonely parish on the sea-coast. Charlotte had gone quietly about her work, but her heart housed regret. Charlotte's father relented after a time and recalled his former helper. On the day after the morrow Charlotte would be married to Mr. Nicholls in the Haworth church. Her father would give her away. After a short wedding journey she and her husband would settle down in the old parsonage to live their own life, encumbered only with Charlotte's father. Mr. Nicholls would be considerate and helpful. The situation would at least be an improvement over the present circumstances.

Thoughts of her own approaching happiness caused Charlotte to think of those sisters of hers who had declined earlier in life. She visualized their evenings together in the old low-ceilinged rooms of the parsonage when they talked, wrote, and paced the floor together. They were more romantic than she merely because she had the power of restraining her emotion. The tragedy of their lives was that no dark young hero came their way.

Writing had been no easy task for Charlotte. Something of the cold, inclement Yorkshire atmosphere seemed to hover over her writings. She wrote *Jane Eyre* whenever she could find time, and she was frequently interrupted at inspired moments by the necessity of slipping into the kitchen and going over the potatoes, cutting out the eyes that nearly-blind old Tabby had left in. Charlotte was a very proper housekeeper.

She must make of her marriage a success. Life had been a sad affair. Death had frequently visited the household. There had been little save inner beauty of thoughts and long walks on the moor to relieve the tedium of her life. The brightest months of her life, perhaps, were those spent in Brussels at the Heger Pensionnat, first as student, later as teacher. Even then life was a grist mill which almost crushed Charlotte between Monsieur Heger's love and Madame Heger's silent scorn. Haworth seemed insignificant when she returned, but it might be possible for one of her nature to find happiness there. Dark people rightly belong on the moors where they can exile themselves and exalt their sufferings.

Yes, her marriage must be a success. She had achieved fame in the world of letters, that realm in which women were considered to

be intruders, and she must prove also that she could be a good wife. Charlotte uttered aloud to the wastelands about her, "I must be a good wife to him," with just as much conviction as she had uttered, "I am the Duke of Wellington!" when at the age of nine she had dissolved her own character into that of the famous general.

Charlotte turned homeward as night laid folds of darkness over the moorlands. Those vast stretches of boggy land were a better description of her own life than words. Grim, barren, brooding, these marsh-lands stretched away for miles, but to one of keen perception their very desolation was beautiful. She had had little to work with, but she increased her talent faithfully. Just as the peewits lived beneath the heather, though none could say where they found sustenance, so behind her own unobtrusive exterior there existed a flame which she alone had fanned.

Charlotte's life had been hard. Her earliest memories were of an aunt-inflicted household where there were endless discussions about matters of little importance. School had been a saddening experience. She became head of the household when her older sisters died. She was then nine years old. There had been trouble with a no-account brother. Writing had furnished a certain amount of solace. Emily Jane and Anne had declined. She alone had remained to care for her aged and querulous father.

On Charlotte's wedding-day Mr. Bronte was somewhat crankier than usual and refused to accompany his daughter to the church. She was given away by a friend. The newly-married couple visited the bridegroom's relatives in Ireland for a few weeks, and the bride learned what a wonderful man she had married. When they returned, Charlotte was livelier than had been her wont. She had blossomed forth like a potted plant which is placed in the sun after long confinement in the dark, a rather pale flower, but nevertheless beautiful.

After several months of married life Charlotte began to decline even as Emily and Anne had faded away. There was no saving her. The sounds of the church bells which mournfully knelled her death were wafted out onto the moor and were lost in its extensive silences. Only a moment elapsed between her stepping off the cliff into the sea and the little splash which bore evidence to the fact that she had vanished forever, but who is there to deny that in that short space of time she had really lived?

Ships

I sat on the shore where the waves roll in
 And fingered the shells and the sand,
And felt the tang of the ocean wind
 That danced from the sea to the land;
And while I sat on the sandy beach
 With the sea-salt in my hair,
I sought the edge of the ocean's breast—
 Three ships were sailing there.
I watched them move 'till the gaping mouth
 Of the hungry, savage sea
Had swallowed the sails of my pretty ships
 And left not one for me.

So as I sat on the sandy shore
 And watched the waves and spray;
I thought how like the sea is life,
 How like the waves each day;
How like the ships are all my dreams,
 My lovely winged things
Which life must always take from me,
 While mockingly she sings.

CECILE M. LINDAU.

On Snooks

Now I know why Peg and I understand each other. We are snooks. If we talk about things that seem perfect nonsense to other people, it is only snook talk, and only snooks understand snook talk. The other people are spiffs, and they understand each other perfectly, but they cannot understand snooks. That is why some people do not get on together. Haven't you often heard mamma and papa say: "For the life of me, Mary, I can't understand you!" Of course not. Mamma and papa are both spiffs, or else they never would have married each other; and Mary is a snook. And snooks and spiffs will never, never understand each other.

BLANCHE PARCELL.



Ropes of Zephyr

You think you're far away and free,
You've fled from all that held you here,
You're being what you want to be,
And doing all that you hold dear;
You think you'll never come again
To sunny sand and windy lea—
But with ropes of zephyr in my hand
I'll pull you back to me.

One rope is weaved of things that were
Within some dark, cool, spacious halls,
And one is made of the words that came
Outside of any walls,
And one is made of our sighs so long,
And one of our childish glee;—
And these are the ropes of zephyr strong
That will pull you back to me.

CHARLOTTE HAYES.

The Chaste Diana

By JEAN HEWITT

CHAN TRENHOLM and I had gotten a name as inseparables since we had chanced to meet in the university grill that morning three eventful years before, and had learned, over generous helpings of toast, marmalade, and coffee; that we were sharing an incipient case of freshman nostalgia.

We had felt drawn to each other, and were soon sharing practically everything, so I was only slightly surprised when he burst in upon me one spring day with the request that I do him a favor.

“You’ve heard me speak of Letitia?” he began, and doubled his fists when I laughed. I had heard so *much* of Letitia, that goddess on earth, that paragon of all things good and fair. She was a little Westerner whom Chan had learned over the Christmas vacation to love and live for. It seemed, as he continued to explain, that she was en route to visit her bachelor uncle, the well-known Dr. Allen Parks, of the city. The latter, all too willing to forget his work for a while, was celebrating with a house party, to which Chan was invited, naturally, and to which I was also asked, by virtue of being a pair of trousers and a friend of Chan’s. Would I accept?

I would. We packed hurriedly and left in a couple of hours. We considered a cab the only decent means of transportation to the residence of Dr. Allen Parks.

It was quite the most sumptuous home I had ever entered. I was relieved to find that the gang hadn’t arrived. Chan and I were left to wander around and adjust ourselves until our host came in to lunch.

He proved to be very pleasant, although he talked incessantly. After lunch he called his car, and we drove down to the boat club. The main feature of the week-end, he informed us, was to be a yacht trip, and he wanted to make sure that everything would be in order.

I spotted his boat the minute we came into the little court overlooking the piers. Among the twenty-odd crafts of different types and sizes tied or anchored along the strip of water front, there was that one just a bit newer, finer, more cleverly constructed, more handsomely equipped than any other. It was all fresh paint and polished brass, and it rocked languidly in the harbor water.

"The Chaste Diana," announced Parks. From where we stood I could see her name neatly lettered on her prow. He rumbled on as we sauntered down the plank walk.

"I've a young boatman," he was saying, "that's only eighteen, but the best to be had on the harbor. Very reasonable, too; he's taken a great fancy to the tub, you see. Acts as if he owned her. He's in there now, I've no doubt. Hey, Frosty (name's Frostrom—, Norwegian—, I cut it short), come up a minute, will you?"

The tousled blond head, then the square shoulders, and finally the long lithe body of a boy emerged. He was deeply bronzed, and his fierce blue-gray eyes caught the sun like the harbor water.

"These men want to give her the once over, Frosty," said Parks. "Will she be in shape for the excursion tomorrow?"

Frostrom laid his hand along the side of the boat. One could not help noticing the strength in those hands, large, firm, muscular.

"She is ready now, sir," he answered.

We passed across the miniature gang plank. She was complete in every detail. The middle section was a dining room-library-lounge combination. The ladies' room and gentlemen's, one fore and the other aft, each had bunk accommodations for four. The spotless blue and white kitchenette was lined with narrow shelves, partitioned to hold the willow-ware in place, and with rows of hooks for the cups.

We were there for nearly an hour, poking around and admiring. Frostrom followed us, explaining things with a pride and an enthusiasm which he could not conceal. He always spoke earnestly and, whether through embarrassment or unfamiliarity with the language, somewhat haltingly, yet his mannerism rather concentrated the attention of the listener than distracted him.

When we reached the house the gang was there and had taken possession. They were perfectly at ease; they knew each other so much better than we knew them. Entering the room full of them, I looked first for Letitia. I wanted to see the captivator of Chan, who was most exacting where women were concerned. I saw the one who resembled my idea of her.

Then things quieted enough for introductions. There were four girls: Shirley, Celeste, Suzanne, and—, Letitia. I drew my breath through my teeth and did not dare look at Chan. She was pretty

enough, with a trim figure, hair of spun gold, and wide, appealing eyes, but I saw a little too deeply into those eyes and beyond.

I turned to meet the fourth man.

“Mr. Mitchel, may I present Mr. Page and Mr. Trenholm?”

I gave him stare for stare. I had seen his type before, too. I began then to have my doubts about the success of the party, but mostly I worried about Chan.

We did not have much to say to each other when we went to our rooms, although they were adjoining. For one thing, there wasn't time.

Dinner was a formal affair. We had a spin around the city, after, and took in a late show. We paired off there, and Celeste fell to my lot. We soon found that we had little in common. I tried to play up, for Chan's sake.

Breakfast was sent in at eleven-thirty. I was ravenous, having been awake for three hours. I took a shower, dressed, and joined the crowd. We found the cars waiting to take us to the boat club. Mitchel's was loaded with hampers, robes, field glasses, kodaks, and what-not. It headed straight for the harbor. We drove through the city, making several stops.

Frostrom was on the pier, and helped the chauffeurs carry the things from the cars. It was mid-afternoon when he pulled in the rope and started the engine. He handled the craft expertly.

For a long while I stood on the small deck aft to watch the receding harbor. Pretty soon Chan came and stood with me. Letitia and Mitchel had mounted to the curved roof, around which there was a low railing, and were entertaining themselves and each other by whooping at every passing vessel.

At sundown Frostrom let the engine die and began preparations for supper. Celeste and Shirley pretended to help, but they only got in his way, and he finally ordered them out politely. He laid the table, called us to “mess”, and then retired with his own portion to the deck aft where I had been.

The spirits of the party seemed to rise as night drew on. Mitchel and Letitia resumed their post on the roof, this time swinging their feet over the sides, and chanting “Sailor, Beware,” to the accompaniment of the lapping waves. Celeste, forgiving my past negligence,

came to snuggle under one side of my top coat. I took it off, wrapped her in it, and went to look for Frostrom.

He was just starting the engine again. Parks, Shirley and Suzanne turned on a portable victrola in the lounge and became hilarious, while Mitchel and Letitia above lapsed into silence.

At ten Parks mixed the cocktails. I watched Celeste drink three, smoke out a cigarette, and slip from her chair to the floor, still in my top coat. I heard the splintering of a glass dropped by Letitia from above. The liquid splashed across the smooth whiteness of the boat. Frostrom saw it, and the muscle of his mouth tightened. Chan saw it and said nothing, did nothing, only sat there.

I studied the expressions on those two faces. They were so much alike now, drawn, terrible, intense.

At midnight the moon arose, perfectly rounded, from the water, and the boat shone even whiter at the end of that silver path. I would have given something wonderful to have been alone on any of the harbor islands, away from the blatant music, the unnatural laughter, and those two tense faces.

“’s th’ moon, Mitch!” I heard Letitia saying huskily, and Mitchel answered, “Uh-huh, Baby, ’s th’ moon.”

Toward morning Chan and I began to talk a little.

“You know, old man,” he confided, “if I cared anything more for her now I’d steal her away, elope with her but—it’s all gone. I guess my pretty bubble’s busted.”

I didn’t answer. There was not anything to say.

* * * * *

The next day was Sunday. We spent most of it sleeping. That night Parks had some friends in for an informal dance. The other girls found more congenial company there than we had been, but Letitia still clung to Mitchel, to the great amusement of her uncle.

Monday Chan and I had an early breakfast and left just after. Dr. Parks was kind enough to accompany us himself in his car. We were pulling out of the drive when I remembered my top coat. Celeste was not wearing it when she stepped on the pier the previous morning. Then it was still on the yacht.

I explained to Dr. Parks and asked him to call by the boat club. Arriving, we noticed immediately that the Chaste Diana was nowhere

in dock, nor was there any sign of Frostrom. We followed Parks to the office.

"Thomas," the doctor asked, "can you tell me what's become of my yacht?"

"I was just about to call you, sir." Thomas answered somewhat nervously. "It's very strange, sir. She was in all day yesterday with the boy working on her, and this morning the night watchman told us that after we closed he saw her slipping out o' harbor, but he didn't think nothing much of it. The boy takes her out often nights when the moon's full. But he never showed up again this time."

"Call his rooming place and make sure it was he," ordered Parks.

"Yes sir, it's him all right," said Thomas, after calling. "They told me he hadn't been in since Saturday morning. Do you reckon—?"

"I don't reckon anything about Frostrom if he's running that craft, Thomas. He's as safe as he'd be in his cradle. But I *do* know that I'm out of a yacht—till I can have another built, at any rate. Well, he's full of brass all right, the young scoundrel."

There seemed to be nothing to do about it, so we returned to the car. I reasoned that I should be lamenting the loss of a good top coat, but my blood was pounding through my body. To love a thing as he loved his boat, that son of the sea, to slip away with it and be free with the winds and the gulls at sunrise!

I turned to Chan and was startled into myself by his grayness, his disillusionment. Poor piker! He was too young for disillusionment. Such a sickening end to all his dreams and planning.

"That's it," he was muttering. "A fellow can clean up a craft and make her shine till he forgets, but with a girl—, aw, h - ll!" Then, tasting his words in all of their irony, "Here's luck to you, O Chaste Diana!"



As I read of Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Johnson, and Boswell, I wonder if people will read some day of Kipling, Conrad, O. Henry, and Rinehart, and wonder what their first names were and what their intimate friends called them?

MILDRED BOATMAN.

Poem

There is a peace, a quietness,
In summer trees;
They seem to rest complacently
Like Mary as she watched
That tall, strong boy, her son,
At work with plane and square.

There is a bravery in the beauty of
Gay Autumn trees,
A flaunting boldness,
As they clasp with jealous pride
That beauty which they fear to lose
As Mary feared
To lose her son.

I think that trees, gaunt trees,
In wintertime
Must shrink from cruel eyes
Of staring folk,
Clasping their grief
Close to their hearts
As Mary did at Golgotha.

There is a shining holiness
In trees in spring
Of treasure found again,
A second motherhood.
They stand as Mary must have stood
Beside the tomb
With shining eyes upon her son.

ARLINE FONVILLE, '33.

The Soul of One Woman

By EVELYN TERRY

CORAL lingered before her dressing-table. Frederick Marshall was waiting for her in the drawing-room. He had been waiting for half an hour. Coral never hurried, but now she was more leisurely than usual. Frederick could afford to wait for her; only last night she had promised to marry him. Coral surveyed her features again in the pearl-handled mirror. She laid it down carelessly. Frederick had given it to her several months before, but she valued it only because it had been imported from Italy.

Frederick met her at the foot of the stairs.

"You are beautiful, my dear," he said as he kissed her. She suffered his kiss in silence.

"The roses came?" he inquired.

"Yes. They are beautiful. I love roses." She walked slowly over to a vase filled with Sunburst roses, their cream and orange tints mingling together. Loosing one from the thorns which held it to the others, she stood looking at it. "A rose is like a woman's soul," she mused, "the deeper you look into it the more beautiful it becomes."

"I intend to look deeply," Frederick answered gallantly. Coral's talk about her soul frequently confused him. She glanced at him as though startled by his audacity.

"Why don't you put a rose in your hair?" he suggested.

"Oh, don't be old-fashioned, Frederick. Women don't wear roses in their hair any more."

Coral crossed the room to the divan. He sat down beside her and reached into his pocket. The semblance of a smile played upon his lips as though he were anticipating something pleasant.

"I have something for you," he began.

"Something for me?" she interrupted. "Oh, what is it?"

Frederick snapped the spring on a small box and displayed a large diamond flashing resplendently against a background of blue velvet.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. Then she looked disappointed. It was not exactly the type of ring she had been expecting. There was no delicate filigree work about the setting; there was no intricate carving

on the ring. Coral was diplomatic. "It doesn't fit, Frederick. It's too large. We will have to exchange it in the morning. Suppose I go with you when you change it. Then we will be certain to get the right size."

When Frederick left he said he would call for her at ten-thirty the next morning.

"I'll be ready," she promised. She had no intention of being ready before eleven o'clock.

Less than two minutes after Frederick had quitted the house Gerald Grant strode into the room.

"Jerry!" gasped Coral. "Why are you here now?"

Jerry walked across the room and placed his hands upon her shoulders. He looked straight into her cornflower-blue eyes. "Are you going to marry that old codger?" he demanded.

"Jerry! Mr. Marshall is no old codger. And I *am* going to marry him."

"You can't mean that. Why, he's old enough to be your father. Think of our plans. Our future ruined for that man? Think of the sunsets we had planned to paint together."

Coral picked another rose from the vase and stood looking at it. "Jerry," she said slowly, "my soul is a miniature done on ivory and it requires of life a pearl-studded frame."

"So you choose the man who has the money to buy the pearls," he retorted bitterly. "Pearls are not as valuable as sunsets. You can hold pearls in your hands, but you can only marvel as you watch the deepening shades of sunset darken into night. Coral, you can't give that up. You know you love me."

"Yes, Jerry, I love you. But if I had only sunsets to feed my soul it might shrivel up into nothing. I long for gleaming jewels and velvet gowns. You know that my father left me no money. I must marry."

"But you have the soul of an artist, Coral. Marshall will kill that soul. He doesn't understand you. He wants you as an ornament for his house just as I want an Indian tapestry for mine."

"Your house, Jerry? Do you have a house?" Coral's tone was mocking.

"No, I haven't a house. But when I do have one I'm going to hang Indian tapestries on the wall."

"Jerry, this is silly. We're getting nowhere. Won't you please go?"

“Yes, Coral, I’ll go. But first I’m going to put a rose in your hair and kiss you as I did that other night.” He snapped a stem and tucked a half-opened rose into her hair. Then he kissed her.

“Oh, Jerry, I love you!”

“Yes, I thought you did. Now will you marry *me*?”

“No-o, Jerry, I am going to marry Mr. Marshall.”

“Very well, then,” he announced acidly, “if you insist upon marrying that man may I have the honor of being your lover?”

“No, Jerry, my soul——”

“Oh, damn your soul!”

“If I had a lover it would damn my soul irreparably. Please go, Jerry, please.”

Jerry went, painted glorious sunsets, and collected Indian tapestries. Coral married and amassed precious stones.



Nil

Nothing here and nothing there,
Nothing every and nowhere,
Who are you—who am I?
Why the land, the sea, and sky?
What is virtue—what is sin?
What comes from without—what from within?
Why strive for fame, to die unknown?
Why not a gutter as well as a throne?
It is all so empty—just a dream,
Perhaps a whim for a poet’s theme.
How eternal this series of noughts
Filled with helpless, idle thoughts.

M. C. O.

Excesses

When I love, it seems I love too much—
And that is the pain of loving;
When I hate, I hate too much—
And that is the worst of hating.
Sometimes I wish I were passive and indifferent
To the passive and indifferent,
But then I should hate the very passiveness.
Odd, isn't it, that an excess of love may mean hate,
Or that an excess of hate may mean love?

ELOISE E. BANNING.



To—

You think I do not know
I, who have loved you from my babyhood.
You think I do not recognize the glow
That sweeps your face in one swift flood,
When in a crowd our hands meet finger-tips
Or wind blows soft my hair against your lips.

I smile, my dear, within my heart
To hear you hide your tenderness
In careless phrases when we part,
Because I've watched the fires in your eyes
Die at my leaving, and at my coming rise.
My dear, guard well your eyes—
To me they are as open as the skies.

How *can* you think I do not see
Your lips form in a grim, white line
When others claim their share of me;
When some other's hand is held in mine!
Love has not made me altogether blind,
'Twould be infinitely better so—I find.

NANCY TAYLOR.

Editorials

IN his essay "On Studies" Francis Bacon says that studies serve in three capacities—to give the student pleasure, ornament, and ability. Many students today have only one purpose, that of procuring a grade—a high grade. All the pleasure in study and in knowledge is overlooked in an effort to achieve an honor roll grade. Many inmates of educational institutions—they are not students—take only those courses which they think to be sufficiently easy to make possible the procuring of the desired laurels—laurels in grades. Perhaps such persons do derive pleasure from their grades. Perhaps they do use such material for ornamentation. But such ornamentation is artificial and never serves a part of the student. An atmosphere created by persons radiating such ideals is lacking in the elements of study for pleasure and for the satisfaction of knowing. Such an atmosphere certainly is not conducive to creative writing. Writing under such conditions—that is, most of it—is written to be graded and marked up in the little red book.

We believe that only study for the pleasure of studying can lead to an increase in expression—expression especially through the medium of the pen.

* * * * *

IN this, our swan song, the staff of *The Coraddi* is not volunteering to wave a magic wand over a comparatively young college and thus cause it to become a bower of tradition in which the students wander about in a tangle of ivy and poetry. But if we could cast a charm upon the college, we would give its very threshold a power for inspiring the students to study for the joy of knowing. Could we present to our successors one gift, that gift would be a veritable snowstorm of material—worthy, imaginative, inspired, written for the joy of the writing.

Resurrection

Then I must mend it back as best I can,
This little earthen vase that once was I,
And, cov'ring up the broken edges, fit
The pieces one by one together there.
To hide the deepest cracks I'll glaze them now
With foreign substance—polish shining new,
And set it in the sunlight, taking care
The backmost part of it will never show,
Nor ever let them see the vacant space
Left by the fragment never to be found.

R. C. JOHNSON.



To M—

A silvery mesh of cool transparent dew
Enfolds the moist earth at early dawn,
Enthralling tiny verdant life anew,
Enticing hidden blades to be reborn.
The glistening network has a magic charm
And power to seep into earth's generous breast,
To permeate her heart, a soothing balm
Which counteracts the night's relentless rest.
So is your love a scintillating net,
Ensnaring me, thus waking in me thought;
Yet conjuring my heart, that I may get
That satisfying rest youth's ever sought.
Long may love's fibres hold my heart and mind,
But, O my dear, I pray they never bind.

PHYLLIS KAVANAUGH.

A Small Brother

By CECILE BREVITZ

A SMALL brother has winsome ways and winning smiles—when he wants something. And since he generally wants something, he is a lovable being. His eyes shine with a beautiful earnestness as he agrees that you were perfectly right about the last problem, and won't you do the rest? There are only ten more. He smiles trustingly at you. You would be more than heartless to betray this touching confidence. With perfunctory protests you delve once more into the intricacies of how much profit the farmer made on his wheat if his apple trees cost sixty cents apiece when they were young. Bobby, with a deep sigh, "So many worlds—so much to do," turns back to the trials and tribulations of Tarzan of the Apes.

A small brother has a shiny, turn-up nose, a cowlick that embitters hair-combing time, and a lively little rooster-like arrogance. His tie—if he has one—is never straight. Girls are the abomination of his life. Should you happen to be entertaining a chum, he will take every opportunity to express his disapproval of females, but is so contrite afterwards when he desires a piece of fresh cake that you forgive him freely, and, what is more to the point, cheerfully produce the cake. He mumbles thanks as he tramps about the house, leaving a trail of crumbs.

Bobby has three loves: his family, his dog, and his Tarzan books. For these he will fight to the last pants' knee. Let anyone dare insinuate that his father doesn't know everything about football, or that his dog's fighting tactics are not ethical, and the audacious someone in the ensuing flurry will wish he had been more diplomatic. Having received honorable wounds, Bobby carefully preserves and prolongs them, and can, with very little coaxing, be persuaded to exhibit them at any time. Of course, since his right hand invariably receives serious if invisible injuries, he can do no work for weeks after one of these battles. Perhaps this accounts for the family's frequent and lamentable lack of sympathy.

His favorite occupation is eating, and in this he indulges at every opportunity. He reluctantly goes to bed at night and doubly reluc-

tantly is drawn from bed in the morning. He does not approve of school, school teachers, or anything educational, and is very frank about it. He thinks Tom Mix is human perfection next to father, wishes he could talk pig-latin as well as Willie, and wages a perpetual battle for long pants. He takes everything pleasant for granted, fiercely resents anything unpleasant, either loves or hates—all with an airy inconsequence.



To M. V.

You say your scarlet petticoat
Is hidden from men's eye,
That they see only brown and black
And gray when you pass by.

Alas, it is not so with me,
My gown is red and jade,
And men see not my petticoat
Of graver hues is made.

They cannot see that underneath
My colors bright and gay,
Are somber shades of brown and black
And quiet tones of gray.

Perhaps—but then I know right well
I would not change with you;
I'll keep my solemn petticoat
Well hidden from men's view.

CECILE M. LINDAU.

Deduction

She'll sometimes smile and sometimes sigh,
And restless turn from task to task;
She hardly heeds what people say,
Nor answers questions that they ask.

Her strength goes surging thru her limbs;
It drips from out her fingertips.
And every melody she knows
Comes up unbidden to her lips.

The case is not so difficult,
There's evidence enough to prove.
She never acted thus before,
So I've decided she's in love!

JEAN HEWITT.



Poem

I am weary of old dreams,
Their cloying sweetness, incomplete desire;
They've fed upon themselves till nothing's left
But shells of visions.
Give me the bare realities
On which these dreams were built,
And let me face them
Even though they disappoint.
For they will leave me free of old dreams
And I can go
And build new dreams again.

CHARLOTTE HAYES.

Book Reviews

CHARLOTTE BRONTE: A Psychological Study. By Rosamond Langbridge. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1929. 260 pages. \$2.00.

Papa Bronte kicked into the fire six pairs of brightly-colored little boots, which Aunt Branwell had placed on the stone hearth to warm, and retired to his study to ruminate upon the evils of such heathenish gauds. Six little Brontes found their pretty boots smouldering in the flames and did not cry; mamma was dying upstairs, and papa was in his study and must not be disturbed. Children of a clergyman, they had been taught to set an example for less godly children and never give rise to naughty tempers. The eldest of the young Brontes may have drawn herself up with precocious piety and remarked that "this trial must be met and borne with Christian resignation."

The incident of the colored boots is symbolic of Charlotte's fate. The things that she loved were continually taken from her. It was as though God had decreed that there should be no color in the scheme of her life. Miss Langbridge tears from around Charlotte's slender frame the legends and fallacies which have enshrouded her for years. The author of *Jane Eyre* is portrayed as incurably romantic even to the point of sentimentality, and the whole secret of her miserable life is that she was suffering from suppressed personality. All her life she was chained to self-repression by the Calvinistic doctrines instilled into her young mind by her father and by her own innate prudishness. She sternly submitted to inexorable fate, but was never freed.

As a child Charlotte was undernourished by a diet consisting solely of potatoes. Her spirit was broken by the domineering bigot that was her father; yet that Bronte birthright, amazing courage, carried her through a life so intolerably sad that readers can but marvel that she never cried out, "Damn!"

Miss Langbridge's book is no cut-and-dried biography. Instead, she delves deeply into a woman's soul, finds the truth there, and interprets behavior in the light of what she has discovered.

EDITH HARBOUR.

EVERY SOUL IS A CIRCUS. *By Vichel Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1929. \$2.75.*

In "a book for precocious children twelve or fifty years of age," Vachel Lindsay has created something more definitely new than many of our modern writers of verse. He has created a group of poem-games, or dances, that are unusual. Many of the poems are not in an intellectual sense poems. Many of them have little or no meaning. They are poems of sound—chant, motion, rhythm, repetition. These poems are to be interpreted by the reader in the motions which the appreciation of the sound give rise to. The book contains poems for varied moods. Their appeal is, as the author intends, to the ear. Mr. Lindsay says that there must be no accompanying musical instruments or song. For appreciation and interpretation the poems must be spoken with intonation fitting the mood of the poem.

The book is attractively bound, and is illustrated with fanciful sketches by the author and George M. Richards.

M. E. G.



THE BLACK CHRIST (and other poems). *By Countee Cullen. New York: Harper and Bros. 110 pps. \$2.00.*

"The Black Christ," title poem of Countee Cullen's latest volume, is "hopefully dedicated to White America," and well may it be. The story is that of a Southern negro who, because of the unbearableness of his too-heavy yoke, becomes filled with such bitterness that he comes to doubt the very existence of God. Incited to intense, uncontrollable passion when a white man insults a negro woman, the Negro kills the white man. A white mob, seething with rage and utterly oblivious to law, tracks the Negro to his home, with the full intention of lynching him. The Negro is saved, however, by the intervention of Christ, who, taking the punishment for him, restores the Negro to his family. For the most part, Cullen makes the reader feel the utter despair, the intense bitterness of this black man. The injustice, the unfairness of the race situation, is vividly portrayed. The poem is, for the most part, well written, although there are, to be sure, occasional displays of faulty metre. But the merits of the poem far out-

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weigh the faults and altogether it is a notable achievement. The poem abounds in such pungent lines as the following:

“This is a cruel land, this South,
And bitter words to twist my mouth,
Burning my tongue down to its root,
Were easily found, but I am mute
Before the wonder of this thing:
That God should send so pure a spring,
Such grass to grow, such birds to sing,
And such small trees bravely to sprout
With timid leaves first coming out.”

Or these:

“Why should I cut this bond, my son,
This tie too taut to be undone?
This ground and I are we not one?
Has it not birthed and grown and fed me?
Yea, if you will, and also bled me?
That little patch of wizened corn
Aching and straining to be born,
May render back at some small rate
The blood and bone of me it ate.”

Fortunately the other poems in this collection, though extremely good, most of them, are less wearing than that poem from which the volume takes its name. Practically all of them are short and are quite pleasing, yet most of them are not to be too lightly passed over.

C. M. L.

HANS FROST. *By Hugh Walpole. Toronto, Canada: Doubleday, Doran and Gundy Company. 1929. \$2.50.*

Walpole presents his story in a forceful, rather breathtaking way. His paragraphs are short. The sentences are strikingly short. This is especially true in the passages treating with Hans' conflict—with himself, his wife, his butler, or his dog. Walpole does not describe; he acts. Such sentences as “There was a taxi,” “He hailed it,” “He climbed in slowly,” “His head was clear,” “He must stop her,” and “He went in,” are common. One can see in those that Walpole loves his subjects and verbs. (He said so himself during his visit here.) These subject-verb sentences make the book a little jerky, but it is

the jerkiness that one feels under stress of emotion; and it serves better than pages of description.

The unusual style alone, though interesting in itself, does not make the book. It is rather a magic vehicle for carrying the virile Han Frost from loneliness in a humdrum social round where he first was placed in the author's mind, to a position among friends in a rural world throbbing with life. Walpole is sympathetic toward his characters, rather than sarcastic, and a reader is allowed to enjoy Hans for his kindliness, courage, and occasional daring originality, without damning him forever because of his momentary fits of obedience to convention. Even the shallow Ruth can be tolerated by the socially inclined, and, with Nathalie established as a young woman with a lover and a position, the reader feels that the characters will surely "live happily ever after" and is gladdened by having known them.

Hans Frost opens at the seventieth birthday of the famous English writer by that name. The event is being celebrated in newspapers and by his friends, but in the praise there is a note of dismissal. The world thinks Hans is old—that he is out of touch with modern life. Hans Frost does not want to be set aside. On this day he suddenly realizes just how near he has come to considering his life done, and well-done. In reaction he begins to despise his writings as of little worth and his comfortable city life as stifling. He shakes off his apathy and begins a struggle to live again, to feel the world, and to write. In this struggle he is aided by a new comradeship, with his niece Nathalie, who comes on his birthday to make her home with his wife. Their friendship soon ripens into a mutual love very dear to the two, for they had both been lonesome souls. His wife, Ruth, becomes deeply jealous. She, as a wealthy young widow, had married Hans Frost to reflect the prestige his name could give, and had enjoyed very much posing as his kind, loving wife. Ruth, encouraged by her mother, tries to estrange Hans and Nathalie, but Hans has found new strength. He shows it first by vanquishing the haughtiness of the smug butler Bigges, as he had for years longed to do. This is but the beginning of a series of assertions which finally free him from the domination of his wife and promise to make his life and Nathalie's gloriously happy and productive.

PANSY McCONNELL.



