





# THE CORADDI

MEMBER OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 36

MAY, 1932

NUMBER 6

PUBLISHED BY NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

*Subscription Rate Per Year \$1.50*

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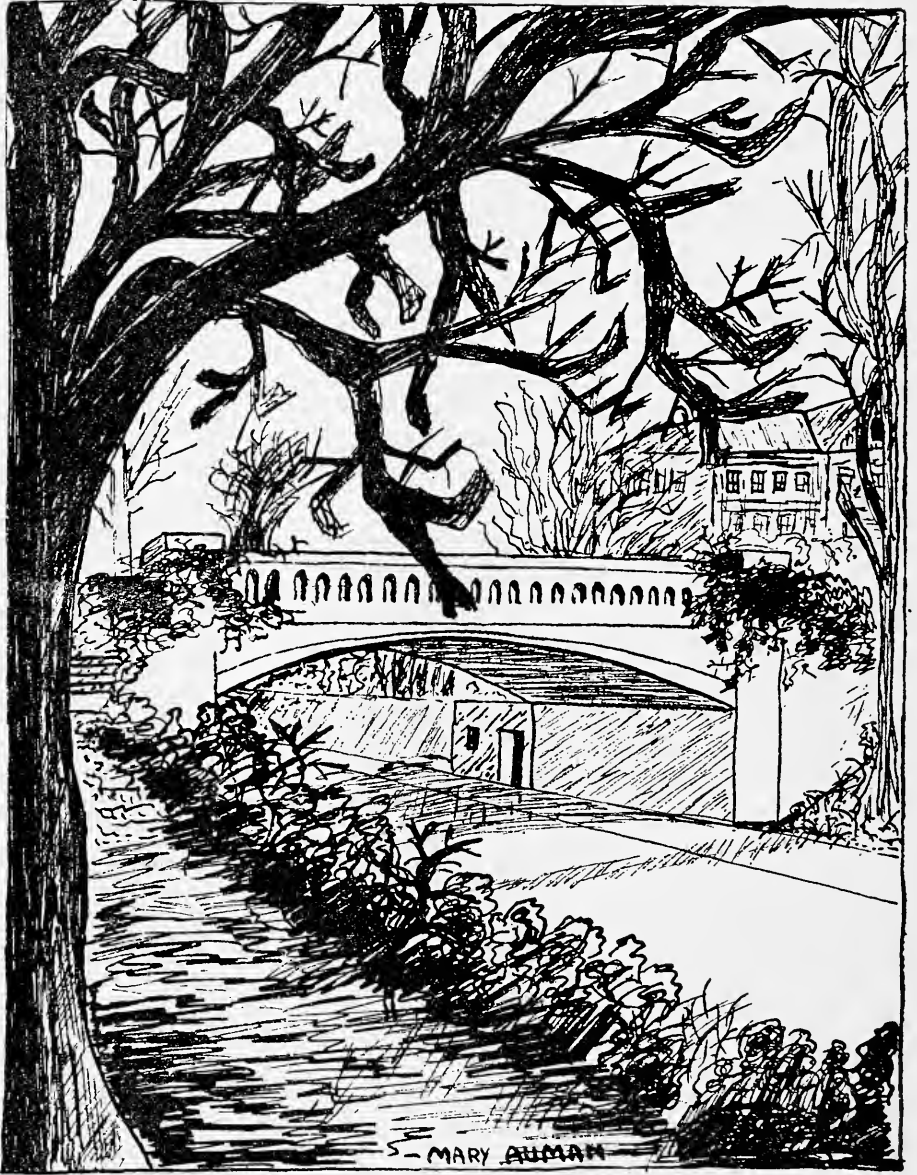
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# Idolatry

If I were a rose,  
Twirled on a stem,  
I think I should  
Bow down to him.

If I were a pool,  
I should wear three  
Quiet lilies  
For him to see.

If I were a path,  
I should lead where  
Low little winds  
Would kiss his hair.

If I were a moon,  
I should be slim:  
A twist of silver stars  
For him.

If I were a dawn,  
I should come still  
Behind the pines  
Upon his hill

And make his valley  
Green and fair,  
That he might walk  
And worship there.

PENELOPE WILSON

# The Lamp on the Heath

By MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS

**Q**IGHTEEN years ago I was born on the Falkland Islands, a group of low-lying, wind-swept rocks situated in the South Atlantic ocean, twenty-five miles to the east of South America. Harassed by frequent storms and pelted three-fourths of the year around by cold drizzling rains, this world of treeless heath and leaden sky was my home for six long years.

When I was four years old, I was lost one night in a hurricane. Winds blew from the south and southwest, salt spray bit my lips, and sea roared out its timely warning. Gulls, kelp, and black-crested grebes sought shelter in flocks leaving me to wonder what would happen to me in the darkness alone. Just as I was losing consciousness from the cold, I saw a circle of light swinging in the distance, a precious indication that I would soon be safe. My father with a lantern found me.

\* \* \* \*

I did not like America as I had anticipated. Ever since I could remember, father had talked to me about the United States, saying that some day we would move where there were trees and cities and lots of people; we should go back to North Carolina where my mother had been born. I was almost seven years old when my family left the Falklands and sailed to the States, where I had expected to find a strange, new heaven. Instead, I saw a land of artificial beauty and superficial people,—a place hard to understand and difficult to get adjusted to.

I started to school, and despised the place from the very outset. I hated, abhorred, and loathed it! My teacher was the one woman on earth I detested more than anyone else. I made faces at her behind my books and sat sullen and silent when called upon to answer a question. One day, my adverse behavior compelled her to keep me in after school. She tried being very severe with me.

"I asked you a question today, and you did not answer it. Why is it that you never answer me when I speak to you?"

I made no reply.

"Do you hear me? You have tried my patience to the limit. What is the matter with you? You seem to have no sense of—of responsibility. Answer me!"

My lips remained tightly shut.

The teacher stood and looked at me for several minutes. She seemed to be studying me intently. Oh, how I wanted to tell her that I hated her—hated her! But I dared not trust myself to speak. I sat there boiling and seething inside, resolving to stop school entirely, and have nothing more to do with her. The silence of the room became oppressive. I seemed to smother in it. My blood pounded through my veins in hot indignation, and I began hoping and praying that my teacher would drop dead.

“You may take your books and go home now. Tomorrow, perhaps, we shall be better friends,” she said.

But tomorrow never came. I did not go to school next day, nor the day following. It was three years before I entered a school again. My father kept me at home and advertised for a private tutor.

Julie came; Julie with the dark eyes and sensitive hands, who loved to cuddle little girls in her arms and read poetry to them.

“Whenever the sun and stars are set,  
Whenever the moon is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?”

I delighted in all of this. It pleased me as nothing else could have possibly done. There grew up between Julie and me a lasting friendship. I thought her the most beautiful young lady on earth. She had soft black hair that she wore coiled around her head in a heavy braid; her skin was creamy white; her features as fine as Dresden.

She used to take me shopping with her. We went for long walks together in the park, and to her home for refreshments afterwards. She would bake little gingerbread men which we used to eat by an open fire while she read to me.

Those were long and happy days. But they were not destined to last. Father again came to my rescue when I needed him worst.

\* \* \* \*

Just twenty minutes ago Julie had died, and here I was laughing, actually laughing. My father was laughing too; all of the crowd under the circus tent were laughing. People were eating pop-corn and blowing balloons. Bands were playing; clowns performed. There were elephants

and monkeys and funny little ponies. There were tightrope walkers in spangles.

When I stopped to think about Julie, I wanted to cry. But I couldn't; the laughter of the crowd rang in my ears. I leaned against father's shoulder and finished my candy apple.

\* \* \* \*

That was seven years ago. Many things have happened since then. Perhaps, some day I shall understand. When I am older and wiser, I will know why father has thought it best to teach me never to grieve over the unavoidable. Dear old father . . . my lantern on the heath.



## Chinese Prison

Bong-bong-bong—  
That endless dirge  
Of a Chinese prison,  
Like the regular  
Drip of rain  
From a broken drain  
That falls dully—  
Beating with insane  
Regularity little holes  
In the weakened sod.  
Bong-bong-bong—  
Heathen-Christian god,  
Do you lie dormant  
In the swallow  
Of the Chinese prison  
To allow the torment  
Of the ceaseless  
Bong-bong-bong?

MILLIE OGDEN



# The Life and Death of the New York "World"

By RUTH WALKER

A PROOF of the old adage that a good man may be down but never out is found in the life of Joseph Pulitzer. In 1864 he was a penniless immigrant; half a century later he had amassed a fortune of over eighteen million, created one of the greatest newspapers of the time, and, by an aggressive editorial leadership, advanced the whole history of American journalism.

Before Pulitzer bought the *New York World*, he had been connected with the *Westliche Post* and the *Post-Dispatch*. From them he had gained the experience and established the financial background necessary for the purchase and operation of the *World*. Thus prepared, he in a very short time, created a crusading, sensational newspaper that marks the beginning of a new epoch in American journalism. That he could have made so startling a success out of so unpromising a beginning as the *World* is another part of Pulitzer's almost uncanny ability to wonder at and to admire.

When he bought the paper from Jay Gould in 1883, it was a two-cent, eight-page paper with a circulation of 15,000. Since its beginning in 1860, it had been a struggling, unsuccessful daily. During the Civil War it had been edited by Manton Marble as a Democratic paper; and after the war, until 1883, it had passed from hand to hand with many a change in policy until it came, at last, to rest in the hands of the editorial genius who was to make of it the greatest newspaper of the time.

Under Pulitzer, from the first, the *World* was a success. The public was attracted by the striking, sensational headlines, the vivid illustrations, and the "breezy" style of the news items and the editorials. Circulation increased four times its original size within the first year; and within three and a half years, the *World*, with a circulation of over 250,000, had broken all records in America.

Pulitzer used sensationalism as a means of getting readers for his editorials, which were to him the real paper. After he had gained the necessary circulation, the *World's* policy of true Democracy made it invaluable to the Democratic party, and its tradition of always fighting for progress and reform made it a paper of the people. The standard

that it set for newspapers made it the leader—quoted and imitated by all alike. The *World* became, in short, a “forum of opinion in America.”

During this time, the *World* was very successful financially. As it grew, Pulitzer cut its prices from four to two cents for the daily, and five to three cents for the Sunday issue. In 1887, the business was so prosperous that he created an *Evening World*. And in 1889, a new *World* building was built on Park Row from its own money. The paper was at the height of its glory.

The *World*, always a paper of the people, led many a crusade in their interest. Six days after Pulitzer bought it, he started a movement for the freedom of Brooklyn Bridge. Later, he fought the Ku Klux Klan movement in the South and West and the convict-leasing system in the backward states. Its last great fight was against Sacco and Vanzetti. The *World* played an important part in bringing about the laws in New York State against the corrupt policies used by life insurance companies. In short, it played to the end the part it set out to play—that of arch foe of corruption.

Pulitzer was interested in the affairs of the government, and he kept the *World* continuously in political controversies. In 1892, it won national recognition for the first time when it supported Cleveland for the presidency, and it was an important factor in bringing about his election. Although it was primarily a Democratic paper, it did not hesitate to change whenever it did not agree with that party. It proved that it was unbiased when it opposed Cleveland some time later in the dispute between England and Venezuela.

The *World* urged a sharp and short war to free Cuba from Spain. Its reasons for wanting war have been presented as follows: human liberty was at stake, and a war would give it a chance to combat more vigorously with its sharp rival, the *Journal*. However, the *World* did not make even its usual profits during the war.

Pulitzer was against the policy of “imperialism.” He declared in the *World* that the United States had won world power not for criminal aggression, but for humanity and liberty alone. The keeping of the Phillipines would be taking an unfair advantage that the traditions of the nation could never justify.

As a result of a controversy with President Roosevelt about the “Panama Canal Scandal,” the *World’s* editors and Deleva Smith of an Indianapolis paper were indicted for criminal libel. The Supreme Court, to which the case was finally sent, upheld the *World*. This victory was a milepost toward complete freedom of the press.

In the meantime, the *World* was having other worries. When William Randolph Hearst bought the *Morning Journal* in 1895, Pulitzer met with his first serious rival for supremacy in the newspaper world. By offering higher salaries, Hearst won several of Pulitzer's best editors. In the journalistic battle that ensued, each vied with the other in adding new and attractive features to their papers. Plain comic sheets, colored comic sheets, and, then, colored supplements were put in both papers. Sensationalism became more and more the main feature. So much there was of it that finally there was a public reaction to this so-called "yellow-journalism," and Pulitzer toned the *World* down somewhat.

Until his death in the fall of 1911, Pulitzer strove to make the *World* a New York paper—a paper worthy of a metropolis. His contributions to the American newspaper were the following: first, the revival of sensationalism; second, a vigor of style and aggressiveness of policy to the editorial page; third, an impetus to the advance of schools of journalism; and lastly, the extension of the scope of the Sunday paper. Before his death he gave this advice to his editors: "Always tell the truth, always take the human and moral side, always remember that right feeling is the vital spark of strong writing, and that publicity, *publicity*, PUBLICITY is the greatest moral factor and force in our public life." This advice sums up, to a great extent, the character of the man who is suggested in John S. Sargent's well known portrait of him as a dual personality. The right side of the face is depicted with the saturnine expression of the sensationalist, the left side with the benevolent aspect of the idealist.

In his will, Pulitzer left the *World* to his three sons; and, because his two oldest sons had disappointed him, he left the most of the paper to the youngest and untried son—Joseph, Junior. His will was like the "hand of a dead man" on the paper for the rest of its life.

Pulitzer's sons were not like their father. They lacked his force, his "drive," and his vitality; but they did their best to keep the *World* going. Under the able editors, Cobb and Lippman, the paper seemingly continued to be a virile, throbbing organism until 1929, when the losses were \$750,000. The next year they were \$1,500,000.00.

There were, of course, causes for the losses. The first one dated back to the creation of the *Evening World*, which never really succeeded. Another cause lies in the fact that Joseph Pulitzer made the paper do more than the money's worth. Yet another factor can be traced back to the Swope regime, when Hubert Swope, executive manager, introduced an intellectual element without leaving off popular appeal. This

addition cost a great deal, and the *World* was forced to raise its prices to three cents. Circulation fell off, and the *World* lost its leadership. Finally, the "hand of the dead man," in the insistence on a "high-brow" editorial page and a "low-brow" news page, was a check upon progress, and was ultimately the cause of death.

Some of the blame for the death of the *World* may have rested on Ralph Pulitzer. Though he was not cut out for newspaper work, he at least put forth an effort. Under him the paper grew rather like a magazine. "Though he plunged it into the red, he did," says H. Brown, "remove it from the yellow," into which his father had thrown it in the contest with Hearst.

As money fell off, space became more and more limited and the news had to be reduced. Then when Renaud succeeded Swope as manager, the paper ceased to be at all selective. The sale was inevitable.

At two o'clock on Friday morning, February 27, 1931, the *World* was sold to the Scripps-Howard syndicate and merged with the *Telegram*. The employees had learned of the proposed sale on Wednesday morning; and, by making a gallant effort, they had, with outside help from all over the nation, raised nearly \$2,000,000.00 to buy the paper. Their efforts were in vain; their paper and their jobs were lost. "Meet you on the bread line" became the slogan. The offices were in chaos.

Yet the *World* was published up to the last. It had, in spite of everything, kept its independence. It was better that it should be swallowed by the syndicate than it should die slowly and, in dying, lose its nobleness. When die it must, the *World* went down with flying colors—a great newspaper to the end.

# Myth

If half the world were tulips  
And the other half were grass,  
And all the sky were rainbows,  
And the sea as smooth as glass,

I'd pick a bunch of tulips  
And toss them in the sea,  
And watch a wave of rainbows  
Come rolling back to me.

When twilight came on purple wings  
And rainbow shadows fell,  
I'd close up every tulip  
And bid the grass farewell,

And melt into a rainbow  
Like dew into the sea  
Until a streak of lavender  
Was all there was of me.

FRANCES GAUT



# The Positive Psychology of the Dog

ARLINE FONVILLE

THERE are only two varieties of dogs: those that chew things and dead ones. Wag chewed things. Not only that but he dragged the mangled remains into the garden and gave them Christian burial there. He did this thoroughly and effectively. Wag may have had faults, but it cannot be said of him that he ever lacked in thoroughness. Combined with his innate sense of beauty, the result was devastating. He invariably chose the flower beds and the lawn for his interments; and the thoroughness with which he worked may have given him a great deal of satisfaction, but the flowers suffered. The worst of the situation was that he forgot the particular spot where his old love had been interred and later, in his search for it, left not a root or bulb undisturbed. I often wished that he would put markers above his old bones and discarded overshoes. It would have saved him a great deal of work and me some amount of worry. I finally decided that Wag was worth more to me than any number of gardens—in the state to which Wag had reduced mine.

Wag was pure mongrel. His mother and father had been pure mongrel. As is true of all good Americans, to trace his lineage in blood or creed would have bordered on the ridiculous.

It was impossible to control him; so we ceased to try. He was allowed to impress his superiority on the cat and chickens without being severely reprimanded. It was wonderful for his ego. He was the bane of the cook's existence. He tracked up her clean kitchen; he tipped over his milk bowl; and he constantly returned from his raids in the garden with a dirty nose. And no matter how delicately flavored the bone she bestowed on him, he always buried it under the lilacs to season for a week or two before he indulged in the supreme ecstasy of worrying it over the kitchen floor.

He was so called because he was one long wag from morning until night. To all outward appearances, he might have been afflicted with some nervous disease. What there was of him was constantly in a shiver of expectation, excitement, and delight. He met everyone effusively. Friend or foe to the family, he greeted them all alike. Meeting and greeting became an art with him. His joy was so evident that even the neighboring tramps were taken with his personality and fed him the remains of their lunches. He often returned with his already plump sides distended. I marvel that he never died of overeating.

One morning, when I awoke, he was gone. I have no doubts as to his being gone, for it was impossible to overlook or ignore him were he within sight or sound of you. Some friendly tramp perhaps lured him off. Probably he stands at the pearly gates shaking ecstatically at so many newcomers, and tripping up Saint Peter at his work so that entirely the wrong people get through the gates or into the wing cupboard. And I feel sure that if I am ever able to pass the grim and purposeful look beneath that Saint's bushy brows, I shall find Wag burying Saint Catherine's new black rubber overshoes beneath a heavenly lilac bush with all the little angels clapping approving wings at his antics.



## On Being Blind

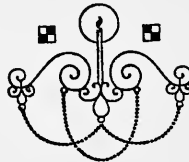
Pity me not that I no longer see  
Day, sun-browned and free, walking across the sky;  
For whom trees and moon-pied pools are merged into one  
Close-pressed pattern of darkness,  
For did not my eyes die on a day in April?  
Did not God give me one last hostage of incomparable beauty?  
I have crowded into my soul enough of beautiful things to last beyond  
Death itself; I have burned into my mind a wide sweep of blue sky,  
A living sea of emerald, a ship athwart the wind, a gray gull dipping  
To a soundless rhythm, a mad sunset—blazing with wanton color,  
And as dusk trailed her dark wings over the world, night, with  
The moon for a rose in her hair.  
I ask not pity, but to be left alone that this flower of darkness,  
That will not open for alien eyes to see,  
May shed its cool fragrance through my fingers  
And I may find peace.

TONY KING

# EDITORIAL

## In Praise of New Contributors

FOR the regular contributors, we compose a song of thanksgiving. They are the stand-bys without which the editors would tear their blond and black mops and bite their coral nails. But it is over the new contributors that the worthy copy-readers pat each other on the backs. For a new name on our pages we would give our last spoonful of ginger ice cream on Tuesday night. New names on the bottom of contributions mean more and better material, and more numerous, more interested readers. But those who have never contributed are shy, it seems, about writing for the first time. Perhaps they do not know that we delight in informal essays, even in longhand, and that short stories, typed or untyped, are our salvation. Or perhaps they are waiting to be asked. Editors seldom ask because they know not to whom they should direct their requests. Editors are to be pursued, caught, and presented with material. We suspect some of the best literature of the world to be securely locked in the cedar chests reposing on North Carolina College dressers; but for us the tooth paste advertisements do not hold good. Four out of every five *do* have it, but they don't send it in to CORADDI.







# HAVE YOU READ---

PRELUDES FOR MEMNON. *By Conrad Aiken. Charles Scribner's Sons.*  
\$2.00.

*Preludes for Memnon* contains sixty-three poems, mainly love poems. At times Conrad Aiken becomes too entangled in chaos, nothing, and his love for words to make his meaning clear. The poetry is difficult to read and even more difficult to understand entirely; but if you are that exceptional person who is willing to struggle with words for a few well-expressed phrases and sentences, you will probably enjoy *Preludes for Memnon*. At his best, Aiken seems to say what he intended well, as in Prelude VII:

Beloved, let us once more praise the rain.  
Let us discover some new alphabet,  
For this, the open-praised; and be ourselves,  
The rain, the chickweed, and the burdock leaf . . . .

Or in Prelude VI:

This is not you? These phrases are not you?  
That pomegranate of verses was not you? . . . .  
What would you have? Some simple copper coin—  
I love you, you are lovely, I adore you?  
Or, better still, dumb silence and a look?  
No, no, this will not do; I am not one  
For whom these silences are sovereign;  
The pauses in the music are not music,  
Although they make the music what it is.  
Therefore I thumb once more the god's thesaurus,  
For phrase and praise, and find it all for you . . . .  
And there I find you written down, between  
Arcturus and a primrose and the sea.

WEEP NO MORE. By Ward Greene. Harrison Smith, Inc. 1932.  
311 p.

*Weep No More* is the story of the younger generation of a Southern town—a hard drinking, hard living crowd whom the Major speaks of as “not as we were—they are at once harder and softer, stronger yet curiously weak. They dare all things and are satisfied by none. They go at life violently, yet how inevitably they seem to miss happiness! They are insatiable—one wonders they don’t savor their pleasures a little longer before they snap at the next excitement.”

Tragedy masked in gay banter attends the smart parties and stalks through the lives of Sister and Bo, of Howard and Nancy, of Tony, her bootlegger husband, of Eloise, who has come from New York to impress them, and of Eppy—poor, fat Eppy—who invents a fiancé to find happiness.

We find Nancy Bergo, married to the town bootlegger, the social outcast, yet the strongest, happiest of them all. We see Sister, who loves Howard Craycraft though he is a rotter, drowning her sorrow in drink. We find Fred Prentiss, the young bank clerk who is trying to “keep up” with the rest of the crowd, and yet who feels “out of it.” We see Eloise, bitter and jealous of these Southern Babbitts, spiting everyone and herself with her smallness. We watch Eppie send herself telegrams and telephone calls, and we think “how perfectly futile.” Life is a successive stage of drinks till one passes out, and then a long hangover until the drinks start again. It is unreal—yet for all that tremendously real.

Out of apparently aimless wanderings we find suddenly the shadowings of tragedy have darkened into a cloud menacing these people. Sister gets tight and talks to Fred, and says all the things she has been thinking for a long time.

“They used to say ‘Be good and you’ll be happy,’ but I don’t believe it. Besides, what’s good and what isn’t? Maybe the bad people aren’t bad, maybe they just want things like the good people do and they go and do something about it. The good people don’t. They’re afraid to do anything, that’s all. And being afraid isn’t being good, is it? Maybe that’s the answer. Maybe if you do what you want, you’re just as good as anybody else, and better off, too. But if what you want to do isn’t what somebody else wants to do, and your being happy depends on their wanting the same thing you do, well, you’re licked. You’re just licked, aren’t you, Fred?”

And because she is licked, Sister waits until the "gang" is off having a good time, and then she shoots herself. Her friends sorrow, yet realize life is going on its same hectic pace even though Sister is dead, and after a bit they won't even miss her—gay, lovely Sister, who was so very much alive a day or so ago.

We see Eppie finding her happiness in the urn of ashes of some vagrant, brought back from New York to be buried as her lover. We find Eloise returning to Greenwich Village, feeling somehow, that she has missed something these Babbits have that she can never obtain—something more too, than the love of Howard Craycraft.

The book leaves you with the feeling that these people are your friends, that you know Sister and Bo and Nancy. You wish there were some way of easing this bitter chase after happiness that only ends in bumped heads and puzzled surprise. You feel Sister is right in her philosophy, yet there is no answer to it. "You're just licked."

*Weep No More* is a book that could only come from our time. It is not a great book. You may not even like it; at least you must grant it is real.



AND NOW GOODBYE. *By James Hilton. New York. William Morrow & Co. 1932.*

Howat Freemantle, a nonconformist minister in the dreary industrial town of Browdley, England, is the central figure of this novel. Though possessing a fine, sensitive mind, he conforms outwardly to a near-creed in the hope that he may bring some beauty into the lives of his congregation. Unexpectedly a new life of beauty and freedom seems possible only to be shattered by the tragic death of Elizabeth Garland, with whom Howat is eloping to Vienna. He goes back to Browdley and takes up again the petty routines of a minister in a small town with an ailing wife and a militant sister-in-law for company.

The plot of the story is not unusual, but the understanding and penetration with which the story is written makes it astoundingly human. Though the book ends tragically, the fine character of Howat leaves one somehow with the feeling that idealism has triumphed. His love for music and art—to which he can give but meagre expression—gives to his personality an exquisite sadness. The style of the book has both subtle humor and poetic beauty.

FRANCES GAUT

# In the Shadow of Grandfather

By EDNA MILLER

EDITORIAL NOTE: *We have included the following story by Edna Miller in spite of its length because we considered it worth the amount of space necessary.*

THE metal of the hoe clicked sharply against the rocks in the hard, dry dirt as though in reproof of her harsh disturbance of them. Miss Lizzie grasped the worn handle more tightly with her gnarled old hands and dug harder. She paused, then, and leaned for a minute against the hoe while she drank in the loveliness of the scene. The hills swelled on all sides above the cabin like billowing waves, and further away and above the hills rose the mountain tops.

The rocky profile of Grandfather Mountain was outlined clearly against the blue of the sky, and Miss Lizzie gazed at it dreamily. He was one of her oldest friends, and when Jeb was not at home, or even sometimes when he was, it was to him that she took her joys, her fears, her longings, and her satisfactions, and across miles of silent forests and vast solitude he heard her and understood her. Sometimes, when she talked out loud to him, Jeb was amused; at other times he became almost angry, almost afraid. He said that she was crazy, but she knew better than that.

She turned now and stumbled over the hard, brown clods to a gnarled cherry tree and hung her hoe on a crooked limb. Then, following the weedy path, she reached the barnyard. She shoved back the latch on the wooden gate, and waded through the oozy mud, shoeing pigs and chickens before her. The mud made sucking noises when she pulled up her heavy shoes.

Jeb was seated on an upturned feed-box milking the cow, and he did not look up when she entered. She stood silently by him, listening to the swish-swish of the milk as it streamed against the side of the bucket, and the soft thudding of the cow's hoofs on the hay-strewn floor, smelling the sweet freshness of the new milk and the warm animal odor pervading the shed.

He finished when the bucket was only three-fourths full. Miss Lizzie peered into it concernedly.

"Hit don't seem like she's givin' whut she's due to, Jeb. Whut do ye reckon ails her?"

"'Taint nothin' ails her less'n hit's old age. Cows give might nigh nothin' when they gits as old as her."

"Hit looks ter me like the best thing ter do 'ud be ter sell her an' git one whut 'ud give. A yong 'un 'ud give twice as much as her." Miss Lizzie lifted up the bucket and started out of the door.

"Yeah. I reckon so. I kinda hate to sell her when we done had her s'long. She's about twelve year old come spring, ain't she?" Jeb gave the cow a pat and pushed her gently out of the door. He followed Miss Lizzie up the path toward the house.

"Lizzie, I was aimin' ter tell ye somethin' that Pritchett 'lowed today when he come with that load o' manure." Jeb's eyes clouded with worry. "He lowed as how we was a'goin' ter have ter pay taxes or sell the place, one or t'other. He said he 'uz a'goin' ter town today an' 'ud see if we was listed. I axed him how come they begun ter tax us all of a sudden-like. He never knowed much about hit. Jist said somethin' about the county declarin' this hyur land round about us was li'ble for taxin' now. Som'pin' about new bound'ries. Reckon hit's some new kinda law."

Miss Lizzie's eyes were large with fear as Jeb talked on. They had reached the two-room cabin, and she set the bucket of milk on a rough board shelf on the side of the house.

"Jeb," she asked anxiously, as she poured the milk through a white straining cloth, "do hit mean that we'll have ter sell the place an' put up somewhurs else fer good?"

"Hit ain't fer sure, Lizzie. T'aint nothin' we kin do till Pritchett comes by hyur an' tells us if'n we're listed. I reckon I better git ter hoein' the south hill a'fore hit gits too late."

"Wal, I'll be on out tereckly ter help ye. Ye better not try ter tackle hit by yerself whilst ye've still got that pain aroun' yer heart. Has hit been a'botherin' ye much?"

"No, t'ain't nothin' ter speak of," muttered Jeb, taking his old felt hat from the peg on the wall and lumbering out of the door.

She watched him out of sight, and then sank down on the wooden kitchen step, resting her head in her withered hands. A warm breeze blew across the hills and ruffled her faded hair. She raised her head and gazed toward their green slopes. An overwhelming sense of desolation swept over her and filled her with a gnawing unrest and fear. She had been born in the little cabin and the thought of leaving it and the comforting protection of the valley filled her with dread.

Perhaps Pritchett had been wrong, and the county had not declared this particular land taxable after all. If it were not a mistake she did not know what would become of them, for they had only a few dollars

saved. She raised her troubled eyes to Grandfather's reassuring profile and gazed at him for a moment. Then she rose and hurried to the woodpile for a load of stove-wood. She took an extra load to make up for having lost some time.

A wagon rumbled down the road some distance away, raising a cloud of dust behind it. From the step she could see that it was Pritchett coming up their road. She dumped the wood into a box in the kitchen and hastened out to meet him; on the way she turned and called to Jeb to come, too.

Pritchett drew up in the wagon beside her and called out in a loud voice: "Wal, now, Miss Lizzie, I never expected nothin' like this. Yer gittin' kinda spry a'comin' ter meet me, ain't ye?" He chuckled in his sandy voice and pulled at his yellow mustache delightedly. "Was ye aimin' ter tell me somethin'?"

Miss Lizzie ignored his crude humor. "Did ye find out about them taxes, Pritchett? Hit warn't so, war hit?" she demanded anxiously.

Mr. Pritchett nodded his head importantly, as he fumbled in his pocket for some papers. "Yeah," he answered finally, "hit 'us so all right, jist like I tole Jeb this mornin', an' like I knowed hit war. Hit's twenty-three dollars an' sixteen cent—them taxes is."

"Oh," gasped Miss Lizzie, "an' we can't pay 'em!"

"Hit 'us jist like I tole ye a'fore I went ter town, Jeb," called out Pritchett as Jeb approached. "They's fixed it so now that them taxes has got ter be payed by termorrow sundown er yer place gits sold fer auction. They said they'd done trifled with you'uns long enough; that they began givin' ye notice fer two months an' ye wouldn't believe they was talkin' sense, so now ye have ter pay er else—" He shot a stream of tobacco juice far out into the road where it made a dark brown spot in the powdery dust. "Hit ain't nothin' but the law, ye know, hit's got ter take hits course."

Jeb looked hard at a wagon wheel and ground a pebble deep into the road with his foot.

"Wal, I got ter git ter haulin' sand f'm the river. Wanter ride as far as the bottom with me, Jeb? No? Wal, awright. I heerd that the river was plum over the banks last week. Fust thing ye know ye kin jist float ter town ter pay yer taxes." His chuckle grated on the still air as did the wagon wheels on the sand.

"Hit ain't right!" cried Miss Lizzie fiercely when he had gone, "Hit jist ain't right! Pa left us this hyur land an' this hyur house. He built hit with his own hands an' cleared the land aroun' hit. He never axed

them for nothin', an' we h'ain't neither. They ain't got no right ter make us sell jist 'cause we ain't got twenty-three dollars an' sixteen cents!"

"Hit's the law, Lizzie," reminded Jeb, "an' hit's jist like Pritchett said,—hit's got ter take hits course. Hit do seem hard tho."

They turned and walked slowly back to the house.

"Jeb," asked Miss Lizzie, "ain't thar no way we could borry the money? Hit jist seems like I'd clean ruther die than ter leave hyur. I reckon I'd go plum crazy."

Jeb thought deeply. "We could sell the cow I reckon. I don't know what we'd do 'thout no butter'n milk, but hit 'ud be a long sight better ter have a house an' no cow than a cow an' no place ter keep 'er."

Miss Lizzie sighed. "Wal, I kinda hate ter see 'er go, but I reckon hit's the only thing ter do."

They had reached the house and the acrid smell of smoke from a wood-fire was keen upon the air. "Don't seem as if I've et terday, Lizzie. Ye better fix some dinner now." "I reckon so," agreed Miss Lizzie, filling a large black kettle with water from a well bucket. She took a hunk of fat back from the small built-in cabinet, and cut two thick slices in it. Soon the heavy smell of burning fat took the place of the wood-smoke. She set a dish of cold, boiled potatoes on the table and brought out meal and buttermilk for corn bread. Slowly she mixed cracklings in with the meal.

"Jeb, how much do ye reckon' the cow will fetch?" interrogated Miss Lizzie.

"I was figurin' on gittin' aroun' twenty-five dollars fer 'er. She ain't much except for beef, but she order bring that, lastways." Jeb wallowed his face and hands in the tin basin of water on the porch shelf and came up dripping. He dried them on a clean flour sack and sat down to eat.

He took enormous bites of bread and meat and potatoes and washed it all down with large gulps of buttermilk. Miss Lizzie ate very little, and they ate without talking. They did not linger at the table, and the meal was over in a few minutes.

"Think I'll go down ter the bottom an' ax Pritchett what he thinks o' sellin' the cow," suggested Jeb as he rose from the table.

"Wal," agreed Miss Lizzie, "I'll wash up. Ef'n he thinks favorable o' hit ye better git on back an' git fixed ter go ter town."

Just then the far-off hum of an automobile sounded distantly on the warm, still air.

"Come out hyur, Lizzie," Jeb called from outside. "Looks like a car a'comin' over yonder, but I can't tell whether hit's comin' up our road or not."

Miss Lizzie set down her dishpan of water and hastened outside. She shaded her eyes with her hand and peered far down the field to the road. The car had turned and was climbing the road to the cabin.

"Hit's a'comin' up hyur, Jeb," she exclaimed. "Wonder who hit is. Hit don't look like nobody I ever seed before, do hit to you?"

Sudden fear swept over her, gripping her very soul. "Oh, God, Jeb, hit's the law! Hit's the law that's after ye, Jeb! Run, quick, an' hide—I'll tell 'em you ain't hyur."

Jeb stood motionless, staring at the approaching car. Miss Lizzie clutched his arm frenziedly. "Oh, Jeb, fer God's sake, run! Don't let 'em catch ye. They'll put ye in jail and leave me by meself."

Jeb tore her hands from his sleeve. He stared at her in amazement, then spoke gently.

"Hit ain't the law, Lizzie. Hit ain't nobody ter hurt ye. Be quiet now."

A small coupe stopped beside them, and a man leaned toward them out of the window. "How do you do?" he addressed them. "Could you possibly be Miss Golloway and Mr. Golloway?" he inquired.

"Reckinso," said Jeb. Miss Lizzie, trembling, nodded.

"Well then, I'm at the right place at last," said the stranger jovially, as he climbed out of the car. "I had a bad time finding you. Could we sit down here; I have some business I'd like to talk over with you."

"Shore," assented Jeb, "get out an' set a while. Lizzie, you kin tote some cheers out."

Miss Lizzie brought out three straight back chairs and set them on the hard white earth in front of the cabin. The stranger waited for them to be seated and then sat down himself.

"Well, I have just heard that you people have been having some trouble with your taxes. That so?" He turned penetrating eyes upon Jeb who nodded gravely.

"Have any trouble with your crops this year?" he demanded of Jeb.

"Right smart," admitted Jeb. "Couldn't git much fer 'em an' we ain't had no holp this year."

"Well, well. That's pretty bad, but I have something here I think will interest you. In fact, I think it is the only thing that will save you." He eyed them speculatively.

Miss Lizzie leaned closer, but Jeb did not move.

"By the way, I neglected to tell you that my name is Alexander, and I represent the Western Power Company." He turned and smiled at each in turn, and then continued, "I am sure you have heard of it. This



company is doing a wonderful piece of work now—or is planning to do it. That is, to take the river that runs directly behind your house and convert it into power—the kind of power we use for electric light, you know. In order to do that, however, we need about two acres of land right here where the river curves. That, of course, takes in your house and land. This is the proposition.” He paused for breath, and then hurried on. “We are offering you a wonderful price to let us have your land.”

Miss Lizzie opened her mouth, but no words came, and Mr. Alexander continued.

“It is evident that your land is not worth much to you as far as soil is concerned, and the price we have in mind would be beyond anything you’d get for it from anybody else. Now I’d like to see you take advantage of this wonderful opportunity. I am sure that you cannot fail to see that it is that; so let me get your signature here.” He pulled a business-like paper from his pocket and handed it to Jeb.

Jeb drew back a little and pushed it away with a trembling hand. “Hit don’t seem like I’ve had time to think yit. I reckon ye’ll have ter wait a minute. Ye ain’t said whut the price was goin’ ter be yit,” he reminded Mr. Alexander.

“Oh, yes, that’s so,” agreed Mr. Alexander. “Well, we are prepared to pay you one thousand, three hundred straight cash.”

Jeb moistened his lips and Miss Lizzie gasped aloud. Mr. Alexander smiled. “Not so bad, eh? You could do and see a lot on that money, eh, Miss Golloway?” Miss Lizzie swallowed hard.

“I reckon so. Hit don’t seem possible, but I reckon so.”

Mr. Alexander glanced at his watch. “Well, I must be going. Now, if you will just sign here,” he indicated a dotted line, “the matter will be closed.”

Jeb drew back again. “I reckon we better think hit over a’fore we says fur certain whut we’ll do.”

Mr. Alexander uttered a “Well!” of astonishment. “Do you mean to say that you are hesitating to accept an opportunity like this one?”

“I guess so,” said Jeb, rising, “You kin come back out in the morning. We’ll tell ye then.”

Mr. Alexander frowned, then shrugged his shoulders. “Just as you say.” He climbed into his car. “I’ll be back at five tomorrow, then,” he called, his voice shaking with the vibration of the car as it started.

Jeb and Miss Lizzie nodded and stood watching him as he bumped over the road and out of sight. They sat down in the chairs again.

"Wal, Jeb, whut do you think?" asked Miss Lizzie, not looking at him.

"I ain't able ter say right off, Lizzie; hit come so sudden-like that I warn't fixed ter meet hit."

"Hit's a lot o' money, Jeb. I ain't never thought o' that much t'onct before. Hit kinda scairt me when he said hit at first."

"Yeah, hit's a lot o' money," reflected Jeb.

"Whut 'ud we do with hit, Jeb? I ain't never spect more'n ten dollars at a time, an' hit seemed like a powerful lot then."

"Wal, Lizzie, I reckon ye could have ye a new dress if ye 'us of a mind. I low as how we could have pret nigh anythin' we wanted." His eyes grew bright at the thought.

"Jeb, whur'd we live at? An' who 'ud live hyur?" Miss Lizzie gazed about her at the fields and the hills above them; at the garden and the rose creeper that was just beginning to show pink; she discerned Grandfather who lay calmly gazing into the infinite depths of blue sky as he had done from time immemorial. She uttered a little cry. "Hit ain't no use, Jeb. I can't leave hit. I was made fer this place, an' I'd die ef'n I had ter leave hit. Jeb, thar ain't much that I could use money fer; thar ain't much I want noways. Jeb, I'll work my fingers ter the bone payin' hit back ter ye ef'n ye jist won't sell." She was standing now, and her eyes were wide with terror.

Jeb stared curiously at her. "Hit's awright, Lizzie. I reckon we're might nigh the same thatta way. I couldn't be happy nowhurs else. We won't sell, Lizzie."

Glad tears rolled down Miss Lizzie's wrinkled face. She seized his arm warmly and held it.

Reckin I better git on ter town ter see about them taxes," muttered Jeb, confused at her emotion.

"Yeah, ye'd best," said Miss Lizzie reddening with embarrassment.

When Jeb returned at seven-thirty, Miss Lizzie had laid out some cold scraps for him. He ate the cold biscuit, plum preserves and meat, and drank the milk hungrily. Turnip greens, boiling in a pot in the fireplace, smelled strongly. Miss Lizzie stacked back the dishes, and they sat down on the porch.

"Git it fixed, Jeb?"

"Yeah. I'm goin' ter take the cow in the morning. Got a promise o' thirty-five dollars instead o' twenty-five."

"Wal, that's a long sight better'n ye thought, ain't it?" said Miss Lizzie happily.

"Yeah." Jeb's voice was not happy. "Lizzie, I seen Dr. Anderson

about this trouble I been havin'. Reckin' I could a'saved them two dollars. He said hit 'us my heart, an' I know hit ain't that. Hit ain't my heart that hurts. Hit's jist that I can't git my breath sometimes."

"Most likely somethin' ye been eatin' ain't agreein' with ye."

"Yeah. Listen ter them tree frogs, Lizzie. Must be goin' ter rain tomorrow." He gazed toward the hills where pine trees were blackly outlined against the deepening horizon. Miss Lizzie was gazing at the Grandfather's still face. The air was getting chill, and a breeze had sprung up.

"Think I'll go up an' tell Pritchett about them taxes," announced Jeb, rising. Miss Lizzie rose also.

"Reckin I'll go along with ye. I'd kinda like ter set a while with Mis' Pritchett.

They walked slowly through the woods, up the rocky path to the Pritchett's. Pritchett was sitting barefoot on the small untidy front porch. Mrs. Pritchett was sitting beside him holding a little, dirty baby in her arms.

"Howdy, folks," Jeb called out.

"Howdy, yerself, Mr. Taxpayer," greeted Pritchett loudly. He chuckled in his grating voice. Mrs. Pritchett, fat and shapeless, grinned without expression.

Jeb and Miss Lizzie sat down on the step. "Reckin ye ain't heerd about our offer, is ye?" began Jeb.

"Ain't heerd a thing," said Pritchett. "Ain't heerd a thing except that you'uns got a mighty big bill ter be a'settlin' with the tax collector." He laughed so loudly that the baby awoke and whimpered weakly.

"Wal, hit warn't that," said Jeb.

He told them about their visitor, of his offer, and of their final decision.

Pritchett roared with laughter. "Ef'n ye hadn't a' said that ye turned down the offer, hit 'ud made a likely story, but ye put yer foot in hit thar."

Jeb was about to answer when he noticed a bright red glow in the sky. He sniffed the air.

"Looks like a far somewhurs, don't hit? I kin smell smoke too. Eft's down our way an' ef'n we'd a' had a far in the house, I'd be worrit; but we had cold vittles tonight. Must be a pile o' bresh aroun' here somewhurs."

"Yeah, I reckon so," agreed Pritchett, spitting far out into the yard.

Suddenly Miss Lizzie rose screaming from her seat. "Them greens was cooking, Jeb; hit's them that's caught! Oh, God, Jeb, hit's our house!"

She fled down the path, stumbling and almost falling over sticks and rocks. Jeb and Pritchett were just behind her. The flames were furiously red now, and smoke filled the air. The scene was suddenly made more brilliant from time to time when rafters fell and crashed through the other burning timber. Pritchett passed Miss Lizzie and was far ahead of her. Her breath cut her like a knife, and her knees were trembling, so that she could hardly move them. Jeb was gasping behind her for breath.

Her foot caught in a root, and she fell headlong into a mass of tangled honeysuckle. Jeb sank behind her, gasping and choking. Suddenly he fell back prone, one arm flung out, one clasping his heart, but Miss Lizzie did not notice.

Her body shook with great agonizing sobs. Gradually she grew quieter. She did not look in the direction of the burning house. She raised herself on her knees and gazed into Jeb's still face.

"Wal, Jeb, hit looks as if we're a'gittin' our share o' trouble. Hit seems like we're a' getting more'n our share. Wal, we got each other. Jeb? That's one thing—we got each other."

Jeb looked at her out of wide, unseeing eyes. She touched his forehead and drew back horror-stricken.

"Jeb!" she shrieked, "Jeb! oh, don't leave me, Jeb. I can't stand hit, I can't bear hit, Jeb," she pressed her withered cheek next to his cold one. "Wake up, Jeb; ye can't lie hyur. Wake up, Jeb! Get up!" she beat upon his chest with her fists. With a last look at his unresponsive face she sank moaning to the ground with her head on her arms.

"Jeb's gone—Jeb's gone—Jeb's gone—" she chanted, swaying back and forth. "He's dead—he's gone—f'm here—fer good."

She lifted her haggard face and gazed toward the Grandfather. It was dark, and she could not see, but she knew he was there. A night-owl screeched his lonesome cry, and a falling log from the dying fire crashed harshly in the stillness.

Miss Lizzie smiled peacefully, and she patted Jeb's face as she would have patted a child's.

"Awright, Grandfather, I hyur ye. We're a'comin'. Jist let us set hyur by the far a minute. Hit's so peaceful-like. We're comin', tho, Grandfather. Jeb's fell asleep, an' I don't want ter wake him jist yit."

# A la Equestrienne

By JULIA WATSON

IF you want to see the world's amateur record for long-distance hiking, just look on the Yonahlosse camp books, year 1927, for an account of my mileage. The figures are appalling. You wonder how one pair of legs, slightly bowed and inclined to make contact at the knees, could have stood up under the strain of so much walking. You wonder why any sensible person should have set out so deliberately to build up corns, break down arches, and insure a life-time of in-growing toe-nails. But, you see, I love to walk, although I myself hadn't discovered what a positive genius I have for pedestrianism until after I met Nellie. She it was who taught me the untold delights that lie in sauntering mile after mile over stony mountain highways in a broiling sun. She it was who pointed out to me that a nickel-sized blister on the heel may be a state of comparative bliss; that if wishes were horses, most beggars would eat off the mantelpiece.

For Nellie was a horse—externally at least. Internally, she was a compound of Mephistopheles, Pluto, Beelzebub, and all the rest of the underworld characters that I haven't the time to name. Eight hundred and thirty-five pounds of sleek, chestnut beauty had she, ninety-nine and forty-four one-hundredths per cent pure—yes, *pure* meanness. I never looked up her pedigree, but I know that her ancestors were one of the two types: Kentucky Derby favorites, or wild mustangs. It doesn't matter very much, because Nellie wasn't pure-bred, anyway; she had a drop of airplane blood in her.

But enough of this. Much as it pleases me to eulogize Nellie, I must pass on to those profound lessons which I have said she taught me. As far as I can determine, she used the deductive method; that is, working from the general principle that any horse should eventually and permanently be able to unseat a rider, through me as a special case, to the conclusion that said principle was correct. And what is truly remarkable is that she got all this across to her pupil in a single lesson.

I'll never forget that July day. The sky was perfect, the breeze was perfect—in fact, everything seemed to be in a perfectly perfect mood! I tripped down to the stables expectantly. My first horseback ride! Marvelous! Thrilling!

"Here's a horse for you, Miss," the groom said, leading the resplend-

ent Nellie up to the road for me. "She's rather lively, but all you've got to do is keep a firm hand on her."

"That's fine, Henry," I answered out of the depths of my ignorance. "I'm glad she's a live-wire. How jolly!"

But a few seconds later, how jolty! No sooner had I floundered up into the saddle than Nellie's southern extremity began a series of airy undulations that were highly disconcerting.

"Tight on the reins! Hold her head up!" Henry called out to me.

I tightened the reins, I brought her head up. But the undulations became distinctly more airish. In fact, they soon attained whirlwind proportions. Round and round, up and down—quite nice in poetry, but not so nice five and a half feet up in the air.

"Keep her head up!" Henry bawled out again. I yanked on the reins. Nellie's head came up, and so did her Mephistopheles-Pluto-Beelzebub spirit. With one mighty jerk she tore the reins from my hands, lowered her head, and we started off. Literally, we took off. As Lindbergh departed from New York, so Nellie and I left Yonahlossee Camp. And something of what Lindbergh must have felt as braving the unknown lay heavy in my breast. The only difference lay in that he had a control over his flying machine which I didn't have over mine.

Objects became blurred before my eyes; trees, shrubs, vines, all seemed to meet into one mighty, universal tree. My feet came out of the stirrups; I had long since lost the reins, and my fingers ached with the intensity of their clutch in Nellie's mane. There was but one thing I knew to do, and that I did with dispatch. I leaned forward, hugged Nellie tightly around the neck, and gripped with my knees. This she interpreted as a mark of affection, and increased her speed. Pegasus himself never made better time, I know—not to mention the other famous horses of history. If Nellie could only have been used to carry the good news from Ghent to Aix, there wouldn't be any poem about the incident: the whole business would have been over with so quickly that a poem celebrating the feat would have been superfluous. Or if Nellie had been there to conduct Lady Godiva on her famous ride, that good woman need not have inconvenienced her towns-folk by forcing them to retire—Heavens, no! She and Nellie would have whizzed through that town before the picture could be registered on the various retinae of the worthy burghers. And Paul Revere! Who knows what might have happened with his own and Nellie's combined prowess? Not only Lexington, but the whole of Massachusetts and the thirteen colonies could have been alarmed before the red-coats could wipe the dust from surprised British eyes.

But to return to my story, locked in a tight embrace, Nellie sped and I bumped down the rocky highway. I lost all sense of time, distance, and reality—excepting of course, that forceful sense of realism brought home to me when I made contact with the saddle. I felt myself slipping to what I thought was the right, but I didn't open my eyes to verify my sensation. Only hands and knees were functioning.

After an interval, I sensed a difference in our situation. The steady rocking motion had ceased. Pounding hoof-beats were no longer audible. Cautiously I opened my eyes. Horrors! I shut them again. I must be crazy! Then, trying to catch myself unawares, I opened them quickly. No, I wasn't crazy—my eyes hadn't deceived me. I really was suspended by locked and left leg from Nellie's right side, staring straight down hundreds of feet into a valley below. And Nellie? She was quite neatly balanced between this world and the next, herself. Her two front hoofs rested on the projection of the road, but her back feet were firmly planted on the mountain side. Her back sloped at an angle of around ninety-five degrees.

Somehow or other, in spite of Einstein and the laws of gravitation, I got back into that saddle, perpendicular to Nellie's back. I urged her with violent kicks and language bordering on the collegiate, to get the blank back on that road again. She gave a splendid imitation of Lee's horse on the side of Stone Mountain. I swallowed my rage, hugged Nellie's neck again, slid gently out of the saddle, and around under her chest. When my feet touched the ground, I released her from my embrace.

Then Nellie and I started back to the camp. I knew from the surroundings that we were about five and a half miles away. To make a long story short, I walked back five and a fourth miles leading Nellie by the bridle. A quarter of a mile out from camp, I discovered an unsuspected grain of pride left to me. I determined to ride back into camp and carry the whole affair off with a high hand. I did, all right, but with a higher hand than I had dreamed of.

That deceitful Nellie let me climb aboard her with all graciousness. She even trotted along for a few steps in comparatively decent style. Then, lickety-split! she bolted again. We clattered across the bridge leading into camp at a wicked pace. I pulled fervently on the reins, but Nellie only snorted, without slackening her pace. And then I saw her intention. With deadly aim she was heading for the stables. Her stall was only high enough to admit her, alone, minus a rider. Conclusion: she was going to knock me off against the roof of her stall as she entered.

Until one split second before we reached that stall, I was paralyzed.

Then something inside of me shot up my hands, curled my fingers around the eaves of the roof, and lifted me out of the saddle. Nellie entered her stall riderless—a frustrated female. I was hanging from the roof like a pendulum in a grandfather's clock: but I was shaking far more rapidly than any respectable pendulum ever wagged. I had carried things off with a high hand, yes, high above my head!

They tell me I never acted quite normal after that. But I don't bear any grudge against Nellie. Her motto was: "I can put down the mighty from their seats, and exalt even those who know less than me." And I never did hold it against anybody for living up to his motto.

But how I do *love* to walk.



## Burial

The heath was wet and cold that day;  
I found where shining raindrops lay  
In pools, like shadows, black and still,  
Where earth was damp and air was chill.  
And cold wind whistling down the lane  
Brought smell of cedars drenched with rain.

I buried all my love that day,  
And hid my lonesome dreams away  
In leaves and rocks, in wet and cold;  
I left my beauty-loving soul.  
I left it with the wind and rain—  
But some day I'll go back again.

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Mother Experience's little shop  
I purchased from one day;  
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But they proved to be o.k.

Now that I have bought enough  
From her little stores,  
I hope I never go again  
Because it leaves me poor.

ROSALIND TRENT

"While there's life there's hope,"  
I've often heard it said—  
But then I often wondered,  
Is there life when hope is dead?

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