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The CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

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GOING HOME

Going Home! What a variety of meanings those words convey! To some they bring foremost the idea of dancing, good music and dress-suits. To others there comes the thought of lighted Christmas trees, tinsel, and horns. The appetite reminds still others of cake, candy, chicken, and other eats which only at Christmas do they get all that they can eat. Cooking, dishwashing, serving and mending and a thousand other little jobs come to the minds of those who feel some personal responsibility. But the second thought of all is just the joy and thrill which comes from the word "Home." It promises to everyone satisfaction which only comes through service. To know that others are anxiously looking forward to our home coming, kindles anew our desire to make the home fires glow more brightly.—L. H. '20.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Christmas! How many thoughts are brought to our minds by this one word! We think of the merry time we are going to have; the gifts; the Christmas Trees; the big dinners; and all such things. But there is something else that holds a very important place in the Yuletide season. This is music.

There are many kinds of music, but the kind that bears the Christmas message of love for all the world is the kind that should be used for this season. Every one realizes the power that music has to rouse us to a higher plain, to enable us to catch a deeper vision of love for our fellow creatures and causes us to feel a little nearer to the great pulsating heart of God. For this reason, it is especially essential that music be a great part of the merry festival of Christmas.

Music means friends. No one should spoil his Christmas by being alone. Every one at Christmas looks for a home that has music and children. Both of these brighten and cheer up the atmosphere. Every one should try to make the day an outburst of joyous friendship, not only for those at home, but the delivery boy, the milkman and every one we come in contact with. We should open the windows so that the music can float out to others, who will catch the Christmas spirit and be better and happier for months to come.

The more Christmas music we have, the more Christmas spirit there will be. Why can't the music of Christmas ring in our hearts all through the twelve months to come? Dickens, for instance, felt this Christmas spirit so strongly that he put a Christmas carol into words. He realized that at Christmas it takes carols and music to sweeten the world. If every American were to sing in his heart the real Christmas music, what a change there would be! We would all go around smiling, and would soon find that life was worth living after all.—A. C. '22.

DO YOU THINK STRAIGHT

The seven hundred citizens of the North Carolina College for Women probably will not have the opportunity of deciding the fate of the Covenant of the League of Nations but have we any right to criticise those who are dallying with it if we are failing to do straight thinking on our own campus problems? True, they are playing with the fortunes of others whom they are supposed to be the thinking for, but are you not responsible for the other six hundred and ninety-nine students here? Have you a right to expect them to think straight if you do not? This is no more and no less your college than theirs except as you pay up in straight thinking more or less, in proportion to your ability, than they do. Your opinion may not always be accepted. Life would be deadly monotonous if it were! A conflicting opinion ought to be like a stimulant except that it should leave no ruinous after effects. We want to stand by our honest convictions, after we have formed them, until we have new light on the subject, but we should no more cling to opinions when the conditions governing them have changed than we would wear a fur coat in summer because we do in winter.

What is to be the aim of our thinking? Are we to tear to pieces the existing order of things? Of course not, but granting for a moment that we should, where would we be then? Would it not be better to follow the habit we learned during the war and "substitute" for the weak, the fine and strong and fair? Shall we discard a chain with only a few weak links before we can offer a better one?

As citizens of this college community our thinking must often deal with the little practical details which seem irksome in comparison to the big vital problems. In solving the big and the little questions our unfailing guide must be a fine consideration for the rights of others. Is it a holiday? Then if you are planning to get up early, plan not to disturb the sleep of those to whom a holiday means an extra hour of sleep. We are highly indignant when a man remains seated on a street car while an able-bodied college girl stands, but is that any

more inexcusable than waking up dozzens of girls at 6:30 on a holiday, delaying a line in the post office while we read our mail, whispering or inattention during a lecture? We expect—sometimes almost demand—consideration, yet we thoughtlessly ignore the rights to say nothing of the pleasure of others. It may be a homely way to begin straight thinking, but if you know a better way to acquire the habit, tell us.—L. W. '20.

THE DES MOINES CONFERENCE

The Eighth International Student Volunteer Convention will be in Des Moines, Iowa, beginning December 31st and closing January 4th.

It is to be the largest gathering of students the world has ever known, for over ten thousand are expected, five hundred coming from Asiatic and European countries.

Why should we be interested in this great movement? We are students and we are sending about twelve delegates to represent the college.

We who attend the convention in order to get the greatest good from for ourselves, and our college must go broad-mindedly and with receptive hearts for the messages that will be heard. We must become world Christians. Our minds and hearts will be opened up and stirred by revelations of which we can now only imagine. We shall be made to see vividly the conditions now existing in the world by such able leaders as John R. Mott, Robert E. Spear, Sherwood Eddy, Miss Bertha Condi and others.

Shall all of this be only for those who attend the conference? No. We must bring back to our college the spirit of the convention and give to the faculty and students the true democracy of the brotherhood of Christ. We shall endeavor to bring back to you a great inspiration and blessing; also enlarged plans for greater development of Christian life.

We pray that you may listen attentively to the report brought back and be ready to enter willingly into the larger plans that should be adopted by this and other institutions in order that there may be the Spritual Revival necessary in all our colleges and universities to carry on the great work of Jesus Christ.—J. K. '20.

FOREIGN STUDENTS IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

From time to time the headquarters of the Y. W. C. A. sends out material that it wants the college publication to use in order to stimulate new thought. Below are some statements that were sent in regard to the girls that come from foreign countries to study in our midst, which will be interesting to the girls of our college because of the two Serbian girls that are now studying here, and may also clear up the questions of some, in regard to the benefit received by them, and their country thru them.

"Foreign women students in our colleges often make remarkable records academically," says Miss Katy Boyd George, Secretary for Foreign Students in the Board of Education of the National Y. W. C. A. "That doesn't necessarily indicate that Chinese, Armenian, French and other girls as a whole are cleverer than Americans, but it does indicate the sort of girls who leave their native lands to come to a strange country for education. It takes courage, initiative, and strength of character, to break away from your home and friends and family and come to America for four years or more,

especially when all the traditions of your country are against a girl's doing anything of the sort. The girl who does it is an exceptional girl, whatever her nationality. No wonder she makes her mark in our colleges.

"Moreover," Miss George added, "the girl who has made all this effort for the sake of her college education has some object ahead. She approaches her college course with a definite purpose and expects definite things from it. Usually she is looking forward to returning to her native country after college, and is preparing herself for work there. She is most likely to choose teaching as her occupation, because that is the easiest profession for a woman to enter in most parts of the world. But her studies in this country are not confined to the subjects she will teach. She is usually fully as interested in the ideas she may spread among her own people outside the schoolroom as in it—ideas of child welfare, or sanitation, of proper living and working conditions. Sometimes she goes back as a physician or dentist, or as a social worker. But whatever is to be her mission in the land she comes from, she has it clearly in mind all the time she is over here, and it gives her an incentive to learn and develop as much as she can.

"She has much to contend with, of course. The barrier of language is a great one, both to her understanding of America and to her classmates' understanding of her. When she can overcome this barrier, she has much to contribute to her American friends. She can correct for them distorted ideas of her country, gained from half-remembered lessons in geography and from the ignorant immigrants who cannot present their country any better than our most illiterate day laborers could present America. She can interpret the best that is in her country, because she is part of that best.

"The Y. W. C. A. seems to make her contacts with America less hard and to offer friendly assistance through the first months when the difficulties of adjustment to strange manners and customs seem almost insurmountable. It tries, too, to make it possible for the American girls to study with them to appreciate what they can learn from their foreign classmates."

A LIVING WAGE

First, what is a living wage? If we take as our definition one that is just sufficient to provide for actual sustenance, we are wrong. A living wage should be more than this. It should enable one to purchase nourishing food, clothing, a safe place in which to live, some wholesome recreation. and a chance for study. It should also be sufficient to provide a small saving to be used for dentist's or doctor's bills.

With this definition in mind we see that there are many employers who are paying men and women especially much less than a living wage. What effect is this going to have on the community and on the individual? Girls who work for such an employer, of necessity, receives aid from public charity and thus, in reality, this industry is being kept up by these charities. In other words this industry is just a parasite on the community and as such should not be allowed to exist.

As for the girl in such a position she is being cheated. Her mental, moral, and even physical growth are

stunted. She gets into a rut and is content to live her narrow selfish life unlighted by any broader vision—why? Because she hasn't had the chance

We, however, often fail to realize one of the reasons that we have such low wages. Many girls who stop school to work do not do it because they need the money but rather because they are not interested in their work. A living wage is not essential to them because they are only depending on the money they receive to provide clothes and amusement for them. There are, also, those girls who work in the summer just to make a little money to have a good time. These two classes are as a rule content to accept the wages as they are without question. They do not realize the wrong they are doing to the girl who is dependent on her wages for support. They are making it impossible for her to demand and receive more for her work. They are in a way responsible for her miserable condition.

All this may seem very foreign to our local association, but we can really do a great deal to help. In the first place how many of us really know anything about our local industrial conditions? We can begin by learning something about these, and often we learn conditions we can do a great deal toward molding public opinion that above all else that can relieve the situation.—J. K. '22.

"N. C." LITERARY TALENT (Con.)

Last month there was an editorial in our magazine concerning our local talent along literary lines. This month we wish to continue the discussion since there has been some things that have happened to warrant this. But before we do this, let us correct a mistake in our former work. There we mentioned a poem called the "Breath o' Spring" having been composed by Miriam Goodwin, which was not written by her at all, but by her sister, Louise. In our former editorial we also mentioned the book of one of our former students, Meade Seawell. Upon this, this month we wish to place our estimate, since a copy of it has been received by the board of editors "with grateful acknowledgements for helpful suggestions given in the past" written on the fly-leaf.

Miss Seawell's volume entitled "Songs from the Sandhills" has no pretentious binding just as it makes no pretentions in verse forms or language. Her work relies upon its simplicity, and its sincerety for its appeal. Most of the poems are short, dialectic ones, upon "everyday subjects." She attempts nothing complicated or strikingly original. She is fond of the riming couplet not divided into stanzas Her language is usually that of the thoughtful farmer. Her people are usually the conventional type of rural folk. If her book had to rely upon these things alone for its merit it would not be worth reading. It is Miss Seawell's philosophy that makes it worth while—the happy, thoughtful philosophy that can find something good and beautiful in everything—that accepts the world as it is, trying to find "an excuse for everything" since the "good and bad" are together always. She, as many of the modern poets, does not have to travel far for something to talk about. Above all she is democratic. She merely looks about her and finds the homliest things she can—an old rail fence—a pig pen—a farmer chewing tobacco—or a "yaller purp"—and makes you

want to build an old rail fence around your city lot, to put a pig pen in your back yard, and a "yaller purp" in your front, and a farmer in your house. If everyone had the attitude towards rural life that Miss Seawell has, sociology would have many of its greatest problems solved.

Miss Myrtle Warren's essay "The Making of a Life" has had a bit of nteresting history since last month also. One of the boys at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, interested in some work which is trying to get the returned soldiers to go back to the colleges, or to take up some vocational training, saw the article in the last issue of the magazine and wrote her for her permission to use it in all of the college publications there, and some of the publications of the State. This she did.

Let the good work continue!

Spirit of Christ

Emeline Goforth, '22 Dikean

Spirit of Christ
In the heart of man,
Spirit of love
And of truth, that can
Now as the Christmas tide draws nigh
Broaden our hearts,
Brighten our eyes,
Open our souls
To commune with thine;
Strengthen our hands
To help mankind;
Lift up the fallen
Weary, and worn;
Bind up the hearts of man
By man torn;
Enter among us with kindly trust

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Cripple Charlie and Uncle Jule

REBECCA MCCLAIN, '22 ADELPHIAN

The boy whistling merrily as he bent the supple twigs under his masterful touch, for indeed he was an artist, paused suddenly. He thought that he heard the heavy footsteps of his uncle upon the frozen ground outside: he waited in silence. Assured that it must have been only the thud of the pine tree branches as the north wind lashed them against the sides of the little cabin, he turned again to his task. It was only four days until Christmas, and Charlie must have his promised supply of rustic doll furniture ready for the market the following day. He surveyed his stock and seeing that he had more than enough for his order he lazily whittled on a soft piece of pine. As he dreamed thus, snatches of old ballads rose on the frosty air—but hark! what is that he is singing?

"Away in the manger, no crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head."

The clear sweet strains of the youthful voice seemed to penetrate the stillness of the winter air as he sang. The song was in keeping with the Christmas decorations of the cabin, for Charlie had begged that he be allowed to decorate the cabin as if it were "the real sure 'nough woods." He had told his uncle that he wanted to feel close to the Great One who is the maker of all things beautiful, and whose birthday he wanted to celebrate. Uncle Jule, understanding the child, had brought in a big "turn" or beautiful green holly with big red berries and Charlie had decorated every nook and corner to his own satisfaction.

For six years this lad of ten had been a cripple. His mother and father had perished in a swollen stream, just at the foot of the mountain, five summers past. Charlie had been taken in by his kind uncle, Jule, who was as good to him as his scarce means could afford. These two lived in this little cabin alone and it fell Charlie's lot to be left by himself most of the time. Jule was engaged in "rollin' logs over at Mr. M—— lumber camp." He went to work before dawn each morning and the sun had already disappeared behind the mountains each evening when he returned. During the summer months Charlie was quite happy, for hardly a day passed that he did not sell some of the miniature chairs or tables that he had made during the winter. This lad had learned the art of basketry from his father when quite young and now

at the age of ten, guided by Uncle Jule, he was a perfect little craftsman. Every day during the long winter months he would try to add some new piece to his store of what the travellers and sight-seers called "souvenirs" but what he called "little chilluns play prettys."

This afternoon had seemed very short to him, and before he knew it the big wooden clock on the mantle struck four. He knew that his uncle would not return before six or six-thirty and there was no need for him to "get supper" just yet. But he was restless and could not work with the "old dead twigs" any longer, his little soul longing for something alive and comforting,—that necessary element in every childs life, a companion. Now, Uncle Jule, 'tis true, was his pal, yet there was something lacking. The child growing more restless hobbled to the window on his crutches and lo—outside the snow clouds were gathering fast. He realized what a snow storm in the mountains meant and with knitted brows he watched the bare oaks and green firs as the cold wind whistled thru their branches. His thought was of his Uncle Jule down at the foot of the mountain. Would he have time to get the oxen up to the "meetin' house" where the road was not so steep before the snow began to fall? He knew that the road was almost straight up the mountain side and if the snow should fall too rapidly the ground would begin to get slick and the oxen would not be able to make the assent. Just then a big crystal snow flake fell on the window ledge and he watched it gradually melt away only to be replaced by hundreds now that the snow was falling thick and fast. The cool wind was oozing in at the little window and the childbecame cold standing there and went as best he could back to the fireplace. It was a huge fire place. Charlie could easily stand under the jamb for he used to stand there in the summer for a few minutes and "cooloff" as he expressed it. Just then the fire needed replinishing so he threw some dry pine on the big back log, and presently a rich red light flooded the already darkening room. Then he limped about the room putting things in order for the night, ever mindful of the raging snow storm. Sometimes he would gaze out the window only to see the ground growing whiter each moment.

"Oh if Uncle Jule don't git ole Buck and Jerry up that steep hill fore long what will he do? I heare'd say to'ther day that he shore would hate it if them ox had to be sposed to bad weather. Why they air the the pride of his life."

Glancing at the clock he saw that it was most six o'clock; so he raised up a plank in the floor and took out a "mess of taters" for supper. He put them into a tin pan and shoved them toward the fireplace, for he had to use both hands to manage the crutches. Replacing the plank in the floor and taking the straw broom he carefully brushed the dust, unearthed by the plank, toward the door. As he pulled the heavy latch and opened the old door it creaked and groaned on its rusty hinges. The cold air rushed into the room in torrents, so he quickly closed the door. Going back to the fireplace he began to put the potatoes into the hot ashes to roast, to make a "hoe cake" of corn meal, and to make a delicious pot of coffee. Before this time the pine knots had burned very low; so he lighted the big tallow candles, on the

mantle, the mellow rays of which shot far out across the snow. Charlie had just seated himself to await the arrival of his Uncle when his listening ear caught the sound—"gidup thar, Buck."

"Oh it is Uncle Jule," cried the lad. Excitedly he hobbled over to the door and flung it wide so that the light would shine out and welcome Uncle Jule. The boy couldn't wait to greet his Uncle so he hallowed 'Hey! Uncle Jule, aint that you, and aint you about froze?"

"I shore is honey but that light all a-shinin' out of that window—I could see it a way down the hollow—just made me feel almost warm—it looked so good. Now, chile you git back in by the fire till Uncle Jule puts up Buck and Jerry and feeds 'em."

"Alright" came the reply from the door as the child, happy now, closed the door taking care that the latch did not catch, lest his Uncle might have to stand in the cold until he could open the door for him.

It took Jule only a few moments to feed the oxen but he had to go back to the cabin and search around in the snow for the bucket to feed the pig. After unearthing the bucket he filled it with slop and soon all the inhabitants of the barnyard were contented. As Jule went back to the cabin the crunching snow foretold his steps upon the door—there before the fire was the only rocking chair in the house in which had been placed a big comfort. Jule knew what it meant so he took off the big brogans that he wore, threw his overall coat on the rack and flung himself wearily into the cozy chair.

"Come here laddie to Uncle Jule, what would I do if it were not for you to come home to every night? Why jest what would I do fer a cook? Here it is you've done and got supper all done—and why I is jest as hongry as I wuz at dinner. Me an' Jake had a whoppin' dinner today—his wife shore is one good cook—yes I ete with Sue and Jake in their cabin down by the camp today."

"Come on Uncle Jule and eat some of my cookin'. Now jest wait a minute till I get this here piece of meat boiled. I did not do it sooner for I feared that it would git cold. I think the hoe cake is pretty good tonight because I believe it riz a little in the baking."

At this Uncle Jule quickly washed his face and hands and began to put the "victuals" on the table. He took one of the candles from the mantle and placed it in the center of the table. He then pulled up two chairs and helped Charlie to get seated. With usual grace Uncle Jule gave thanks. They were just in the midst of the meal when suddenly a knock at the door astounded them both. How unusual that one should be out on this cold night! The old man went to the door and opening it he saw standing there a half frozen young man and woman. The face of the young man lighted up when he saw that they were in friendly quarters—and he began—

"May we come in and warm by your fire? We are on our way to the inn at the top of the mountain where we are going to spend the holidays. Our driver tells us that his team can go no further in this snow and my wife and I must have a place for shelter. We would appreciate just the shelter from the storm now."

"Yes-sir-ree. Come right in, you see there ain't any wimmin folks here,

but me and Charlie would be glad to have you'uns share our shelter with us. I've done got good an' warm, and I am tough anyway, so that I can sleep in the loft and you'uns can sleep down here by the fire. Yes sir-ree come right in—that's right, pull off your wraps."

Charlie watched the strangers with something like a feeling of fear—presently he saw the lady take off her big heavy riding coat, and much to Charlie's astonishment, she wore a big red sweater with the number '19 on the front. This at once attracted his attention but he could not see why she wanted her "age" printed on the front of her sweater.

Uncle Jule busied himself in making the strangers comfortable, for he saw that they were too near frozen to do much talking. Presently the visitors began to feel the effects of the huge fire and they began to "thaw out" as he afterwards expressed it.

"Oh what a lovely little cabin you live in and this fire is a wonder—why it is a dream. And what pretty Christmas decorations you have--why if we could get holly like that in the city—" here she caught sight of the little cripple boy as he dragged himself over near his uncle Jule. At once her heart went out in sympathy to him but she dared not pity him outwardly lest she wound him. Gradually she won his confidence and while Uncle Jule prepared the strangers some supper she asked him about his plans for Christmas.

"No mam I don't expect I will git any Santa Claus. Uncle Jule done went an told me all about Santa Claus and you see this snow done come and fixed the roads so he can't git down to the store so I guess I won't have any candy. I wish I could have a gun—"

"But what would you do with a gun, dear? You are unable to walk and you are so tiny you could not carry a gun."

"Oh! yes I could if I had one. I could get out in the yard and—just have it—no I could not kill any bears for they don't come up in the yard—and I wouldn't shoot little birds, they are my friends."

"And so you want a gun, is there nothing else?"

"Yes, I would love picture books for I can't read; but I try not to tell all my wants for Uncle Jule is poor and I don't want him to spend all his money on poor crippled me."

The girl could not keep the tears back but she quickly brushed them away and said, "Do you love stories?"

"Well, do you mean tales like the mountain missionary woman used to tell me long time ago?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Lordy yes'm. I can listen all night to them kind."

"All right when we have finished supper I will tell you a beautiful Chrismas story."

Here Uncle Jule bid the guests to supper. The homely fare did not taste out of place for they were both hungry. They relished the supper much to the satisfaction of the host. Soon they were through eating and Uncle Jule began to clean the table. The lady insisted that she be allowed to help but soon she found it useless to insist.

Uncle Jule threw some pine into the hot bed of coals and a flood of light filled the room. The man took out his usual after dinner cigar offering Uncle Jule one but he refused saying

that he preferred the cob pipe and "home cured tobacco." The men drifted into converstaion while the woman and Charlie, on the opposite side of the fire, were deeply interested in the Christmas story. The lad listened with upturned face to the beautiful story of the Christ Child. To her surprise, when she had finished he told her that that was an old story to him but ever beautiful. She asked him where he has heard it and he told her that Uncle Jule told it to him. "This hardy, rough looking man must be more of a father than one would judge him to be" she thought. She told Charlie other Christmas "tales"; she could see that he was supremely happy. Suddenly he burst into tears—

"Oh if I jest had a mama what could tell me stories and teach me—Uncle Jule do try to, but he can't." She comforted him as best she could telling him that the future held something bright for him as it did for all good little boys who tried. Meanwhile, Uncle Jule had unburdened all his troubles to the man—these strangers seemed to be in the nick of time, for it seemed that Uncle Jule as well as Charlie needed a confidant.

Bed-time came, much too early for Charlie, but after much protesting on the part of the strangers, Uncle Jule disappeared in the loft and was soon snoring in dream land. The remaining three settled themselves for the night. Then the man and woman heard a prayer rise from a noble little heart that they never forgot. Charlie prayed, as he usually did, aloud and this is what he said:

"Dear Lord, make me good, for the lady said good little boys have something nice a-waiting for them. Now bless Uncle Jule and bless our company folks and me. Amen."

Morning dawned bright and fair; breakfast over the strangers awaited the driver who promised to be there bright and early. True to his word the driver appeared on time and the strangers bade farewell to their hosts. Charlie and Uncle Jule little thought as the strangers rode away they harbored unheared of plans for the happiness of little cripple Charlie.

This young couple had been married only a few months. They were on their way to Mountain View Inn at the top of the mountain where they wanted to be alone away from the world and enjoy life together. They were in raptures over the prospect of a few weeks of real mountain life. They had plenty of money, no children and business was not particular pressing just at this season. This was their ideal of happiness. But all this had been changed within just a few moments, just inside the cabin of little Charlie and Uucle Jule this desire for pleasure had changed to one of helpfulness. As the big horses slowly wound their way up the mountain side over the snow the strangers, Mr. and Mrs. Halton, talked of how happy they would make little Charlie in their beautiful home in the city. Perhaps under proper medical care he could learn to walk without crutches and go to school.

It was about noon when the horses stopped before the door of the inn. The landlady, who was expecting them, received them kindly and soon they were partaking of the delicious meal of roast chicken, brown bread, real butter and hot coffee which she had prepared for them. Mr. and Mrs. Halton soon broached the subject of

little Charlie and their night experience. Mrs. Landis, the landlady, told her that he had prayed that some kind people would take the little cripple boy into their home and care for him. She said that Uncle Jule loved the boy and did everything that he could for him but he was not able to do much.

Mrs. Landis told them many interesting things about "the little cabin down the mountain" as all the tourists always spoke of it. All the while Mr. Halton seemed to have been thinking—presently he said to his wife:

"Margaret, I have the very idea. You know how badly I have needed a foreman at my new saw mill just over the mountain here a little piece? I believe Uncle Jule will be the very man for the place. It will be here in his old neighborhood and he can come home as often as he likes—and maybe he wont be lonesome without the boy. Now, lets send a letter asking Uncle Jule to let us adopt little Charlie. Of course we will bring him back often and he can come to visit us. We will send the box we had planned and the letter by the driver as he returns.

"Oh, Fred lets do that. Lets send the gun, a new suit, overcoat and shoes for Charlie and Uncle Jule, some—well something that he will appreciate."

"Yes, I will send Uncle Jule a check then he can have whatever he likes."

Now that they had definitely decided on their plans they were busy for the next couple of hours packing the box. They finally persuaded Mrs. Landis to part with part of her Christmas supply of nuts and candy which they stuffed into the box. The impatient driver whom they had delayed already forty minutes could not help but catch the wonderful Christmas spirit in the air as he came into the room to receive instructions about the box. They gave him the letter which they told him to give to no one but Uncle Jule. The driver took the high box on his shoulders and as he left the room he said, "Merry Christmas to both."

As the driver disappeared down the lonely mountain road Margaret and Fred were standing on the porch of the inn gazing after him. The sun was just setting. No sun set had ever been quite so beautiful nor had they ever been quite so happy. Fred threw part of his overcoat over Margaret's shoulders and together they watched the sun sink lower and lower into the valley until presently it dropped behind the trees leaving the big winter moon to take its place.

The Christmas Spirit

M. W. Abernethy, '20 Adelphian

Snow, snow, snow!
A world of white flakiness is falling.
Dull, dull, dull,
In the heart of a great soul-ache is throbbing.
Low, low—low
The sound of a **stilled** voice is calling,
While away in his cold room a man sits
Sadly—alone—sobbing.

Sleigh bells are ringing
Glad children are screaming
Happy, red faces appear here and there
With the Spirit of Christmas the whole world is beaming,
Why not? 'Tis the happiest time in the year.

Happiest? For some it's reunion;
For some it means mother and home;
For all, with the great God communion
Yet for some, there is gloom—utter gloom.

'Tis the birth of the world
But what means that'?
'Tis the time for beginning again—
New hope springs, new visions, and new life—
Yet life ends in Death's certain pain.

Church bells are tolling;
Sad women are struggling;
Sore tried humanity throngs here and there.
The pain of it all burst forth at this season.
Why not? 'Tis the saddest time of the year.

Snow, snow, snow!
A world of white flakiness is falling.
Dull, dull, dull
In the heart of a great soul-ache is throbbing.
Low, low—low
The sound of a **stilled** voice is calling,
While away in his cold room a man sits—
Sadly—alone—sobbing.

A Sermon on Values

Kathryn Willis, '20 Adelphian

Have you ever felt that the world misunderstood you? Now be honest with yourself and decide whether or not you really and truly want the world to understand you as you are—you with every single one of your good and bad motives. Would people think any more of you? When you cry that you are misunderstood you probably mean that the world does not understand your good motives—does not put a sort of over-estimate upon you by omitting all of your bad traits and judging you by your good ones alone. Suppose every one in the world had the power to understand every one else. Would the world be a better place in which to live? Would it not be worse, because its inmates would lack that desire for approval that makes the world grow better all the time as its inhabitants grow closer together? Perhaps you should be thankful that you are misunderstood — most people are constantly striving to be by creating a pose for themselves. Perhaps you are just in the same predicament as Jim—everyone else in the whole company was out of step. If first you understand that the world is a conglomeration of good and bad your position will not be as hard for you. In everything there is both elements. It was made that way in order to give the individual the power to choose; and it is often your privilege to decide whether or not a "dime lying on the opposite side of the mudhole is sufficient recompense for wading the mire." Many people give us the idea that good and evil are distinctly separate things. They think a person is either a sheep or a goat, inferring that the latter is wholly wrong. Certainly a sheep is more useful than a goat, but the latter has its place or God would not have made it; and whether the world brands you as a sheep or a goat matters little—you have your part of the play.

There are many angles from which you may view it. The cynic looks on it and picks out its weaknesses and boasts that he understands it all perfectly. Other people hoard its sorrow for themselves and declare it "a wilderness of woe." Some people might be compared to toy balloons that you buy at carnivals or fairs; it takes a mighty little bit to blow them up, and it takes only one little pin prick to make them fall flat with a big fuss. Other people are similar to the rubber balls that you buy at the same places; it makes no difference on which side you mash, they nearly always fly back to the position that they were in at first. The last class of humanity we call optimists. They are the ones thay never see anything but the good and the beautiful in the world, and are perhaps the most useful, unless they become so satisfied they cease to put forth any effort for progress.

To all classes sorrow comes sooner or later. You will find that there is a much greater balance than there appears to be on the surfaace. Take

as an illustration some of the people that you know well—your immediate circle of friends or a street in the town in which you live—and think of each person there in order, trying to see if you can not discover some great sorrow that has come to them sometime in their lives. Perhaps you know about it intimately; perhaps you have only heard a rumor of it. Few of them ever told you anything about it though. Why, it actually takes a long time to think of any suffering that has visited some people so peaceful appears their lives on the surface. But even then we may assume that they have kept their pose a bit better than most people, or, that all of their life has not been yet lived. It may be that they are in reality more misunderstood than you if the word is used in its double sense.

There is a warp and a woof to people just as there is a warp and a woof to cloth, the warp being what a person really is, and the woof what he appears to be. To be certain of a strong fabric the warp threads must at least be strong, while the woof threads may or may not be strong, they being merely used as "filling" for the warp. The latter ones are the ones that give pattern to the cloth, and are the ones that the ignorant judge in buying cloth. And so it is with people. They must have a strong true self at least. If you have that and the world does not know it, you may console yourself that they are ignorant people in it judging you only by your pattern. In estimating our associates we must not judge by the "wrong way of the goods" altogether. Certainly it would be easier if warp and woof were the same, but such is not the case. The world is full of pose and must continue to be so—tho it is condemned over and over by many writers seeking for the truth. Acting natural is all right when it helps the rest of mankind, but you can not afford to be yourself unless that self is worth while. Not to act natural does not necessarily mean that you are a hypocrite. Perhaps the hypocrite as long as he is not found out has a better influence than an absolutely natural person when his naturalness is a thing not to be desired. That is, he may be good for the group, but he knows that he is not good for himself; and just as the worthlessness of a piece of cloth with a beautiful pattern, but weak warp threads is found out in a short time, the person of this sort will also be found out. When you hear a person say "she's all right —but there's nothing to her," she is probably judging by the woof—if the amount of thinking that is often done before such a remark is made, might be called a judgment. I always look askance at anyone that makes such a statement. Is the speaker truly in earnest, or is it that she is merely jealous of the beauty, clothes, manners, popularity, or social position of the other girl? How can there be anyone with "nothing to them," if we are all made in God's own image? Sdch a statement seems an insult to God. Certainly, at times there are people that appear to have "nothing to them," but if we look deep enough we will find some sterling qualities.

Life is a mixture of conscious and unconscious contradictions. A clown may have underneath his foolishness deeper thought than a philosopher in the popular use of the word. The muscle of the humming bird's wing is the strongest muscle for its

size in all the world. A person that laughs the most usually cries the most also. It is the preacher who, after his violent attack against the utter wickedness and folly of dancing that sits down and pats his foot to the music of the doxology. The greatest presidents of the United States have been the ones that have to had change their much-heralded policies to opposite ones when it was necessary for the good of the country. Study history a while and the contradictions of mankind will be found interesting and amusing. Very often people are found trying to do that which they cannot do well, oftentimes having a decided talent in other direction. Moliere, the serious, solemn man devoted to tragedy, wrote some of the worlds best comedy, while Shakespeare, the bubbling-spirited man preferring comedy, is superior in his tragedy. Browning tried several things before he finally decided to be a poet. Any one can do any job well once if he wishes to bad enough, but it takes something more to keep at it—it is the easiest thing in the world to preach, but it is the hardest thing in the world to be a preacher. To properly estimate the value of any work, the length of time that it can be accomplished well has to be considered, altho the world does not always do this, often honoring a man for a second's bravery, and ignoring the man who has performed thru-out a lifetime hard conscientous toil.

There is nothing absolutely wrong. The wheat and tares grow side by side. Consequently people often irritate me when they speak of reading the so-called bad books, and the associating with the so-called bad companions, of borrowing, of the "waste" of time, and many other things, as unpardonable sins. Borrowing may actually be helpful! Why I know a girl,—a spoilt, petted, selfish only child—that was greatly benefited by it. When she first entered college she borrowed everything she could lay hands upon with little thought of taking care of, or returning, that which she had borrowed. It did not take other girls long to find out the method she used, and to unconscioulsy adopt it as their own in dealing with her. Needless to say, it was with a grudging spirit that she complied, and it was not long before she began to think some for herself. Before she went home Christmas of that year she had exchanged many of her selfish ways for unselfish ones. If we look at the questions of books in the same unprejudiced light that we do borrowing, we ask ourselves the question, who can determine what is good and bad in books? Goethe said once that the test of time for works of the various arts was not in many cases a true one, since many works became popular at first, not by merit, but by accident; and because of this a "mental set" became so fixed with people that for generation after generation they would come to these works with a mind more open to enjoy them—or more open to pretend to. We know tho that the public decides to its own satisfaction what it likes and what it dislikes in every generation. What is laughed at in one generation is whispered with frowns in the next; what is good for one person is not good for another; no one can say how a person will react towards any reading Milton in his Areopagitica says that some people will find uncleanliness in the Bible. Some professor of Columbia University has gone so far as to say everyone shou d read any

and everything that he chooses. If a person is the right sort he will find good in any reading. If this good is in very small quantities he will seek something else. If he is the wrong sort "bad" books can not make him much worse, and "good" ones make him better! Exactly the same principles that have been applied to books may be applied to the use of time, and the choosing of companions. Some people actually advise a certain fixed program to be made out for a day or a week and to be strictly adhered to. Life would be a rather monotonous proposition if anyone could do this. The Bible says there is a time for all things. Even Solomon could not have made out a program before hand that included that much. "A person is known by his associates" is also a statement that we may ponder much upon. A student in one of the recent college magazines said that a person might, or might not, be judged by the companions he keeps, but he certainly is judged if he has no companions. Such a view is not always taken of the matter. Most people interpret this saying as meaning a person that mingles with others not his equal socially is wicked, or might as well be. This interpretation is not satisfying to anyone that gives the matter any serious thought, for if we are to judge people by their companions we must properly judge the companions—and this requires more than a superficial judgment of exteriors.

Do you ever wonder whether the rest of the world thinks and feels in the same way as you do? How would it seem to be someone else for just a little while? Often you see a person with an entirely different shell from yourself that is very similar to you when it comes to final analysis. You also see other people with the same external appearance that are very different on the inside. Take two girls who tilt their "puddings" over their ears at the same angle, and knit their sweaters on the same needles off of yarn from the same hank. They room together, sleep together, eat together, and seem to be thinking, and doing, the same things. But time, to our surprise, reveals which one is the hare and which the tortoise.

"Turn a child and a donkey loose in the same field, and the child heads straight for the beautiful spots where brooks are running and birds singing, while the donkey turns as naturally to weeds and thistles;" says Long in the introduction to his English Literature. If you are a hopeless donkey, (polite word) then perhaps you may do the world a favor by being an exclusive snob, because by so doing you might so segregate yourself that other less hopeless donkeys might not head for you. If you are the child looking for the good you will find it anywhere you look. Shakespeare found

> "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Christ, the superior judge of values, came down to this world and mixed with publicans and sinners at times, and never felt any ill effects from it. In fact he condemns the snob over and over. We see this when he condemned the Pharisee who thanked God that he was not as the poor man who prayed next to him; when he showed his opinion concerning the crowd that wished to stone the prosti-

tute; when he judged the rich man "who had kept the commandments from his youth up" but who was unwilling to give anything to the poor; and when he told of another rich man who was less thoughtful than the dogs that licked the sores of Lazarus. Obey Christ's philosophy always and you are safe—but be sure that you know Christ's philosophy.

The Legend of the Robin

KATHRYN WILLIS, '20 ADELPHIAN

Look at my loom while I weave a legend—
An old, old legend—
With the silken threads of sadness,
And the rosy threads of gladness,
And the silver threads of beauty.
Let me sing of Golgotha
A low song, mingled with gold, and frankincense any myrrh—
Of Golgotha, the place of the skull—
Of the rural Golgotha just out of the city.

The eastern sky is painted with gleams of gold and silver, and tints of rose and blue;
And on the hillside three dark crosses stand carved upon the glory of color—
One of thief, one of a murderer, and one of our Saviour:
Our Saviour with his hands nailed to the cross,
And his feet nailed to the cross,
And a crown of thorns upon his head;
From his quivering flesh the scarlet blood flowing
He hangs for all to see;
For all to see, and to read the inscription over his head
Written in Greek, and Hebrew and Latin;
At his feet the hissing crowd, the jeering, sneering, snarling mob of people—
The crowd that spits on him, and hates him, hiding the few of those who love and suffer with Him,
While from afar off the women, who love and adore him, gaze with hearts wrung with pain—
Immeasurable pain.

Suddenly the rich colors in the east are blotted out and darkness comes—
Darkness in which the moon and stars are ashamed to shine down upon the scene that some people are reluctant not to see;
And some are relieved not to see—
Some impatient to see him suffer;
Some dreading to see him suffer;
There in the blackness.

At last from his bloody lips the words are heard escaping, "My God, My God, Why hast thou forsaken me?"
And a bird—a tiny gray mass—hears in the neighboring wood
And flies out straight to the head of the Savior, alighting there upon the crown of thorns that encircles his temples;
The cruel thorns that had been pressed in by a reed.
And the bird remembering his words of agony *served him*,
Trying to pluck the deeply imbedded thorns from his brow;
But the robin was small,
And the thorns were deep—and he only spattered his breast with blood—
With the sacred blood of our Savior.

Today when the winter winds are blowing cold, and the earth is robbed of beauty
The robin comes with his scarlet breast to us again,
To tell us there is a better world on the way
Filled with sunshine, warm breezes, and flowers—
A world of love and beauty.

A Little Christmas Tale

Translated from Viktor Bluthgen

Mary Winn Abernathy, '20 Adelphian

'Tis Christmas eve, even tho there is not any snow on the steps, and even tho the air breathes of Autumn rather than of winter. Twilight is just ushering in the significance of the day.

"Mother, it is already dark. Won't it begin soon?"

"Child, haven't you finished yet? It's going to be just like last year—intolerable late."

"Now give up, child. The thing costs too much—besides tonight has already fallen and I havent any time to bargain with you—"

"Another rattler, dear Sir? It is almost night, and I have just one more to sell. Please, kind good Sir."

And so they speak in the gathering twilight.

On the streets the Christmas markets glow—gaily lighted booths; harmonicas blowing, whistling; drum beating, crowding, thronging. How the changing light and shade cross each other on the pavement! And the people are covered with a beautiful light on one side and a dark one on the other.

The subdued gleams from one of the booths fall in a corner of the gateway. A child stands there with a little cat between his feet. There are some children who seem to come up from somewhere out of the earth. This child is one of them. Suddenly, he stands there—no one has seen him coming. He glances over at the beautifully lighted booth and his expression reveals dark feelings of grief, and of hopeless wishes. Had it been a picture one would have written under it "Forgotten."

The cat between the bare little legs wails from side to side and quite distinctly says—"Me too. (meow-), Me too," while two women in furs and veils stop before the little group.

"Poor little wretch! Without a doubt he is freezing. But isn't it strange how he stands it? I'm sure these waifs haven't much joy except from the sights and the Christmas market."

"Well, its good that they get used to these hardships in childhood. We have several charity institutions to distribute gifts to the poor children. Let us go on—" and they go.

"Such a feast is costing me almost a hundred and fifty dollars—" A man is saying to the lady with him.

"Oh, look at this poor little wretch! What a touching scene," says the lady.

"Please—we have only a moments time."

The cat stirs, when they are gone only a few steps. "Me too. (me-ow) Me too." They do not hear, but two young men hear and one turns his glance that way.

"There's someone who's mother undoubtedly should put him to bed. This day one must do more than usual. There, pick that up, yourself."

The child does not touch the silver coin which lies on the ground where

it has fallen. The young man picks it up.

"You're a spendthrift," says the second; and those in the corner of the gateway understand these words: "I give only to people whose circumstances I know. These beggers live well oftentimes in their homes."

"Me too. (me-ow) Me too, "wails the little cat.

"Papa will the Christ Child bring him anything?" asks a little girl looking at the group.

"Perhaps not. Poor children are often naughty and impolite. The Christ Child only takes the most and the prettiest of his gifts into the prettiest homes—of course, that is natural."

"Shall I give the child something?"

"Oh, we must leave that to the Christ Child."

The child with the cat casts a secret glance toward the little girl and her father, and a faint smile comes at the corners of his mouth. Then he hears something like the murmer of the passers-by.

"What! I have five children myself." It is only a thinly dressed man who speaks as he passes with long arms two packages into his pockets on either side.

They are beginning now to unpack in the booths. The clocks are striking. The light becomes more and more dim. One sees now thru the windows the burning Christmas Trees. Still the child stands in the same place. Soon another little fellow comes down the street selling rattlers. He stops still, a rattler between his teeth, and freely takes some coins out of his pocket and places them into the little beggars hand.

"Me too, (me-ow) Me too."

The child goes on and leaves the little pair in the corner of the gateway. Now he stands in a room. There is a table, a bench, a bundle of straw, and a pile of old rags—the cast off wardrobe of others. In the bed a sick mother is lying.

"All are sold, Mother, except one." says the little fellow. And suddenly, "Heavens, what is that, burning thru there."

Thru the crack in the door, a great light streams. The boy springs up and opens it. There, in the middle of the floor, stands the child with the cat—in his hand, the rattler. He stands in a strange shimmering light which penetrates as it were, his very being. His deep eyes are full of love, and the little mouth smiles!

"Blessed are the merciful" he says,

The splendor grows dark—then vanishes.

Blue Bell and the Cloud

Esther Davenport, '22 Dikean

On a mossy bank 'neath an old and rugged pine
Bloomed a blue bell, dainty, bright and new.
There it lived—and there it wilted
For the raindrops and the dew.

There the wee bloom raised its head;
There it watched the sky for rain;
There it stood for days and days;
There it suffered scorching pain.

There the flower almost died;
But a cloud came in the sky
And it saw the paling floweret
As it floated slowly by.

Yes, the wee cloud loved the bloom
For it took the hot sun's ray
And it drew up precious water—
And it gave it all away.

Then the flower drooped no more,
But sought in vain to see
Who could be its willing helper—
Who had acted mercifully.

But it never saw its helper—
Never spoke a thankful word,
For the cloud went on forever
With its helpful ways unheard.

Essay on Work

Mary Blair, '21 Cornelian

One of the most frequent complaints to be heard everywhere is that of too much work. Everyone is inclined to think himself the busiest person alive. Yet, with all this professed longing for leisure, everyone has a natural desire for work. The wish to accomplish something is an inate quality of mankind. A child in his play, is not content to accept always ready-made toys. He pushes aside the most costly of these to consult some ingenious plaything of his own. This craving for work remains constantly in man's soul. The discontented being is one without a purpose, without a personal task on which he may spend his energy and thot. On the other hand, the happiest person is he who is bending his will, concentrating his abilities for the accomplishment of some cherished noble aim.

In the struggle each object overcome only makes way for a greater. The path to the glorious goal becomes more and more obstructed. But this is the reward of work well done: a harder task yet to do, a greater responsibility to shoulder. And this is the glory of work, for the bravely stirring soul gains in strength and ability with every fight. Work endures him with conquering might in proportion as he exerts his present forces. Devotion to work has brot humanity out of barbarism into civilization and is unceasingly leading upward to the distant peak of perfection.

Old Thoughts

Helen Dunn Creasy, '22 Dikean

I've often had the thoughts of other men
Who tarried in this world a day.
Some were born and steeped in sin—
Some fantastic in array.
Some were good, and some were bad;
Some were pure, and some sublime,
But all conceit that they have had
Are stripped now by the hand of time.

They're discarded now, pile on pile,
Grim spectres of a time that's gone,
Stripped of all pretense or guile.
They lie here, hopeless and forlorn.
I know not why their memory's here
My human soul cannot divine—
It only trembles now with fear
Remembering well some thoughts of mine.

Spirit of American Humor

Julia Cherry, '20 Cornelian

The Americans cannot be considered a literary people, for the amount of American Literature which we have today is notoriously small and its quality is not to be ranked with the best of the English writings. Altho our population is larger than that of the British Isles, by far the greatest part of our common literature has been written by Englishmen. "But" says Mr. Leacock, "in the literary dearth there has been one salient exception, and this exception has been found in the province of humorous writing." It is agreed by other nationalities, that we do have a specific kind of humor, but neither the Europeans nor the Americans themselves know what is the true American humor. Of this difficulty in defining American humor Mr. Sears says, "This humor has so many aspects that they find it as difficult to unify them as to comprehend how so many states can be a unit."

The original spirit of American humor has undergone a kind of deAmericanization, and people call everythinng from the ignorant mirth of a vaudeville audience to the sympathetic imagination of Linclon, American humor. The reason for this seeming degeneration is that the American public of today is of a coarser grain than the original Americans. The standard of wit today is demanded by the "mental attitude in a class of individuals of a cruder type and without the psychological make-up that created it in the beginning. The influence of continental foreigners who are generally the "waste material" of Europe has been a great factor in putting the humor of today on a lower plane.

And the mental attitude of these people forms a large part of the public. Their influence is seen in all the amusements—(and we judge a people's taste in humor by its amusements). Our amusements and magazines, in order to satisfy the demand of the public, live up to the standard set by this public and include a "sickly false sentiment and a flippant attitude toward the real success of life." In the same way in order to fill his house, the theatre manager will produce entertainments in which jokes are represented almost entirely by some "accident or attack upon a person." Situations of serious meaning are received with irrelevant and irreverant laughter. All retorts, no matter how bitter or tragical, are regarded as repartee designed to call forth mirth, and serve only to satisfy the "get-one-on-them" demand. And this mistaken mirth and irreverant laughter passes as illustrations of the American humor.

Altho there is a sort of demoniacal merriment in some of the American writers, true American humor is fine and courageous and contains no irreverance. Some of our humor has been anti-social, the other has depended upon exaggeration and incongruities, but the best of our humor has been based on a kind and smypathetic

understanding of human life. Americans do laugh at a fat man falling on a banana peeling, for they do see the ludicrous in another's misfortune. But this misfortune must not be serious. It must seem to be so, but it must not bring real injury. This humor of discomfiture and destructiveness is found more in American Western Life where the settlement of a new country reproduces to some extent the circumstances of primitive life. Here we have the humor of the Arkansas mule, of the bucking bronco, and of the Kentucky duel. Bret Harte's poem about the circumstances which terminated the existence of the literary society formed at the mining camp of St. Anislow is representative of this type.

"Then Abner Dean, of Angelo, raised apoint of order, when
A chunk of old sandstone hit him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled upon the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

There are examples of this humor of destructiveness also, in some of Mark Twain's earlier sketches. This is an extract from his "Journalism in Tennessee" in which he describes the difficulty of the journalist:
"in the midst of his work somebody shot at him thru the open window marred the symmetry of his ear. The editor went on with his dictation. Just as he finished, a hand grenade came down the stove pipe and the explosion shattered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no other damage than to knock out a couple of teeth."

Another kind of our humor is that based on a feeling of freedom from traditional ideas an conventional views. The "Americans are a new people divorced from the traditions, good and bad, of European life, and are able thereby to take a highly objective view of European ideas and institutions." What is generally called Yankee humor consists in judging things as they are and not as hallowed traditions. Mark Twain terms the "artistic innocence" of the Western eye upon the civilization of the Old World. The contrast between his seemingly innocent comments and the conventional ravings about the picture galleries of Europe produce the humor in such writings as "Innocent Abroad." His criticism of the pictures is:

"The originals were handsome when they were new, but the yare not new now. The co'ors are dim with age: the countenances are scaled and marred, and nearly all expression is gone from them; the hair is a dead blurr upon the wall.*** I have mastered some things; when I see a monk going about with a lion and looking tranquilly towards heaven, I know that is Saint Mark. When I see a monk, with a book and a pen looking tranquilly up to heaven and trying to think of a word, I know that is Saint Matthew."

Artemus Ward and Edgar Wilson Nye are other humorists who entertain by affectation of deep simplicity. Artemus Ward may be called a comedian rather than a humorist. His early death prevented his leaving any contributions to the literary world. But his wit constitutes a part of our American humor. We have this description of him which gives some idea of the quality of his humor.

"It was his custom to appear upon the platform in what seemed an embarrassed sadness; to opoligize in a foolish and hesitating manner for the miserable little panorama lighted with wax candles which were supposed to offer the material of his lectures; to regret that the moon in the panorama was out of its place, then in a shamefaced way to commence a rambling "Lecture on Africa," in which, by a sort of inadvertance, nothing was said of Africa until the concluding sentence when, with a kind of idiotic enthusiasm which he knew so well how to stimulate, he earneslty recommended his audience to but some maps of Africa and study them."

The following extracts taken from his lecture on the Prince of Wales also is an example of his type of humor:

"Albert Edward, I must go, but previs to doing so I will observe that you soot me; you're a good feller, Albert Edward, and tho I'm agin Princes as a gineral thing, I must say I like the cut of your gib. When you git to be King try and be as good a man as your mother has been! Albert Edward, Adoo! I put on my hat and waklt away. 'Mrs.Ward,' I soliloquized, as I walkt along, 'Mrs. Ward, if you could see your husband now, just as he roundly emerges from the presents of the future king of England, you'd be sorry you called him a beast just because he cum hom tired I nite and wanted to go to bed with out taking off his boots."

Edgar Wilson Nye also affected an entire innocence of the purpose of things. His account of our Navy Yard, from which writing the following lines are taken reveals his seemingly utter misunderstanding of the purpose of things:

The condition of our navy need not give rise to any serious apprehension. The yard in which it is placed at Brooklyn is enclosed by a high brick wall affording it ample protection. A man on board the 'Atlanta' at anchor at Brooklyn is quite as safe as he would be at home."

Some of our humor is dependent upon exaggeration. This tendency to exaggerate everything is due, largely to the great growth of America in such a short time. A clipping from one of the newspapers of 1850 shows how ridiculously the people enlarged everything they told:

"This is a glorious country. It has longer rivers and more of them and they are muddier and deeper and run faster, and rise higher and make more noise and fall lower and do more damage than any body el e's rivers."

Daniel Webster's speech to the citizens of Rochester is of this same type.

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you. I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high."

Americans laugh also at the incongruties of life. Single inconsistences produce laughter such as a man with an apron tied around his waist or the sight of any very dignified or saintly person in an awkard position. This humor based on the appearance of the incongruous is more intellectual and on a higher plane than any of that which we have mentioned before. From enjoying the contrasts in single funny ideas men begin to notice the

incongruousness in human life itself. We become aware of our own shortcomings and "the sad contrasts of our aims and our achievements, the little fretting inspiration of the day that falls into nothingness of tomorrow, kindle in the mellow sense a kind of gentle amusement from which all selfish exultation has been chastened by the realization of our common lot of sorrow." Humor and pathos unite and produce a greater sympathy for all mankind. It is this kind of humor which has been the great force in our great men. This broad understanding of men contains also a kind of worldly wisdom and sound philosophy. Benjamin Franklin's style has often been called typical of American humor. As Tylor points out, it answers Thackeray's description of real humor as being made up of wit and love, "the best humor being that which contains the most humanity and is flavored throughout with tenderness and kindness." His imaginative view is seen in this paragraph on warfare:

"A very young angel being sent to this world for the first time, arrived in the middle of a long day of fighting between the fleets of Rodney and De Grasse. When through the coulds of smoke he saw the deck covered with mangled limbs and bodies of dead and dying and the destruction the crews were eargely dealing each other, he rerurned to his guide and said, 'You blundering blockhead, you undertook to conduct me to the earth and you have brought me to hell.'

'No sir,' says the guide, I have made no mistake; this is really the earth, and these are men, Devils never treat one another in this cruel manner; they have more sense and more of what men vainly call humanity."

Franklin's writings are full also of worldly wisdom and good common sense. "Poor Richard's Almanac" is a collection of humorous and wise sayings.

Josh Billings is another writer who has given us a great deal of shrewd, homespun wisdom and sound philosophy. The following sayings show his keen insight into human life and his understanding of the "everday" human being:

"Common sense is most generally despised by those who haint got it."

"Men don't never seem to get tired of talking about themselves, but I have heard them when I thought they showed signs of weakness."

"Hunting happiness is a good deal like hunting crows; when you haint got your gun with you, you can always git a great deal nearer tew the crows."

The humor of David Ross Locke ("Petroleum Vesuvius Nashby") consists in imaginative comments on the history fo the transition from conditions before the war to those after the reconstruction. The essence of his wit is in the "frankness with which a northerner sympathizes with Southern interests."

Irving's gentle humor is his portratures of scenes and of characters has been likened to the sun in spring. It has not the worldy wisdom of Franklin or the deep understanding of Holmes and Lincoln. It may be characterized as light and vivacious. Irving seems to stand off and smile at the weaknesses of human nature. In his "Knickerbocker History" he becomes boisterous and almost crude, but usually he is very delicate and gentle. He always makes us smile, but he does not make us feel the sympathy for his characters as Holmes

does. In the following description we smile at the characters as people entirely removed from us. We feel kinship with them.

"The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small and flat at top with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose; so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for a genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield."

The same effect of gentle amusement is produced by the description of old Governor Van Twiller, the first governor of New York.

"The person of this illustrous old gentleman was formed and proportioned as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions that Dame Nature, with all her sex ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at the bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short and sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression."

Holmes does not laugh at his characters, but laughs with them at the weaknesses which are common to all mankind. In him humor and pathos are united into one deep sympathy for humanity. We smile at him with tears running down our cheeks. The feeling of pathos and of humor in his "Last Leaf" is the effect produced by all of his writings.

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
  At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches and all that,
  Are so queer."

The misfortunes of his characters make us smile, but they come too near our hearts to make us laugh uproarously. While we smile at his "dear, unmarried aunt, the one sad, ungathered rose on his ancestral tree," we feel sorry for her too. These lines make us weep and laugh at the same time:

"My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
  Her hair is almost gray.
Why will she train that winter curl
  In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down

And say she reads as well
When, through a double convex line,
She just makes out to spell?"

Long says that in Holmes we have possibly, the true type of American humor—"a humor that depends not simply upon a droll imagination, but is always associated with knowledge, kindness, and human sympathy."

Old Guitar

Mable Robinson, '21 Adelphian

(With apologies to "Uncle Sam.")

You've gone many places with me
Old guitar!
Many times you've traveled with me
Old guitar!
And when days were long and weary
And the very sunset dreary
You helped much to make things cherry
Old guitar!

No one knows just how I love you
Old guitar!
Better than the stars above you
Old guitar!
For when all the world was cold
And I felt so very old
Oh what comfort you did hold
Old guitar!

Many folks have simled to hear you
Old guitar!
Youngsters clamored to be near you
Old guitar!
When at dusk the work was done
They would gather, one by one
To the strains of "Home, Sweet Home"
Old guitar!

Useful parts of every "singing"
Old guitar!
We would set the echos ringing
You and I
And when time for frolics came
We would enter each old game
Making it not quite the same
Old guitar!

And also in times of sadness
Old guitar
We could mix a bit of gladness
Old guitar!
For tho' remembrance oft brings pain
We love to call them back again.
Loved ones and songs we would regain
Old guitar!

Basking in the sunset's glow
From afar!
Rich tones softly come and go
Old guitar!
Thus may we when life shall end
Make of the discords one great blend
As we pass out toward where we trend
Old guitar!

'Twas Ever Thus

Augusta Sapp, '23 Cornelian

The houseparty was in full swing and everyone seemed to be enjoying himself to the fullest extent. Every year Mrs. Schuyler has had this houseparty and nobody had ever looked forward to it with more anticipation than I did.

During all the former parties Dorris, the charming daughter of our hostess, and I had been together most of the time—swimming, rowing, dancing and taking part in nearly every amusement. And the other guests had missed no opportunities to tease me about it.

This year Dorris acted very differently. She had been in the habit of placing herself on the stairs right after dinner and watching the guests dance or amuse themselves otherwise until a very early hour and then she would quietly slip up the stairs and retire. She did this for a week and then the members of this house party noticed it and tried to coax her out on the floor to dance or even watch the games of cards. But she always met their invitations with some flimsy excuse and would soon afterwards slip off to the bed as if she feared some one of the happy party would try to entice her from her newly acquired habit.

One of the pleasure-loving guests, Kitty Mayo, went to our hostess and asked her about it.

"Dorris enjoys looking on as much as you do taking the most important part in everything," answered Mrs. Schuyler, smiling, and, then with a suspicion of a frown,

"What are we going to do about the tennis tournament we were to have tomorrow? We can't possibly think of it after that hard rain this morning —oh, I know my houseparty is not a success and you and all the rest wish you were at home—"

In comforting her hostess Kitty quite forgot Dorris and when we demanded a report from her later she stopped short and confessed that Mrs. Schuyler had appeared to take more interest in her guests than in her daughter.

"I guess that is perfectly natural, tho," she explained, "but I hate for the dear thing not to enjoy herself when we are having such a lovely, splendid time. Why, I never have had such a glorious time in all my life. Rex, what in the world is the matter with you? You have been frowning that horrid frown of yours ever since I came in."

I changed my "horrid" frown to a smile.

"I want Dorris to have a good time," I replied, "why last year she was the life of the whole party."

"Then why don't you go and ask her what is the matter and why she's jilting you so now?"teased Kitty.

I took her up almost before the words were out of her mouth.

"I am going to do that this evening," I affirmed. "And will tell you in the morning the reason that Dorris is acting so cooly."

I ended this avowal with a courtly bow and was greeted with a shout of laughter. I have never known

whether it was my speech or my bow that brought forth such mirth.

Dinner at "Schuylock" was a most formal affair—all the ladies wearing evening dresses. Although constantly urged by the opposite sex, we men positively refused to put on our dress suits.

"Do you want us to starve as well as be uncomfortable?" Jack Morris would answer every time a fair dame accosted us.

Dinner that night, as usual, was a very enjoyable event. We lingered at the table one solid hour and then the ladies left so we could smoke.

I had noticed that Dorris had gotten very tired during the long meal and when she got up to leave I heard her whisper to her mother,

"Mother, I'm so tired. I believe I will go to bed now. Nobody will miss me."

"Darling, I wish you wouldn't," her mother said, "But suit yourself, of course."

I sacrificed a good cigar so that I might catch her on the stairs before she made up her mind to leave. I got there as she was starting up stairs. I was just in time.

"Dear," for one naturally called Dorris that, "don't you love me any more?"

She looked up at me reproachfully and said,

"No, you love May."

"So she is the reason you have been acting like this," I cried, catching her up in my arms, "She is just the sweetest little wife ever, but I can love you too, so please don't stop loving me. You didn't act like this Christmas at the wedding."

She freed herself from my arms and leaned against the bannister, looking very forlorn, I thought. I felt as though I had committed a great crime, but I knew that I loved May and Dorris in different ways—but how was I to know in what way Dorris loved me?

While I was thus trying to reason with myself I must have been glaring at Dorris in no uncertain manner, for when I came to earth again, I saw she had put her head on her arm.

"Dorris, what is the matter?" I put my arm around her again and this time she let her head rest upon my shoulder.

The ladies were all upstairs and the men were lingering over their good cigars and coffee, so we had the hall to ourselves.

"She looked at me so strangely," she gasped.

"I didn't mean to—but why don't you like me?"

"You like May," she repeated.

"But I like you too. Won't you give me just one kiss like you used to before I married May?" I pleaded.

"Just one Dorris."

She shook her head and some of the old mischief came back into her innocent blue eyes when she said,

"You used to be my sweetheart."

"Come dear, won't you let me be your sweetheart now?" I begged.

She nodded.

"And won't you let me kiss you?" I added.

Again she nodded and I seized her in my arms and exclaimed,

"You are just the sweetest little—"

A light footstep interrupted us and I looked up to see—May just three steps above us.

Dorris, startled, began to cry and May came slowly down those three steps saying,

"So this is the way my husband does when I'm not with him—" and, as Dorris seemed more distressed, "Oh, dear, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Come right over here and get in my lap and tell May about it."

For, you see, Dorris was only six.

Contributor's Club

Pets—A Family Affliction

Nell Craig, '23 Cornelian

I suppose every family in which there has been a small boy has, at some time or other, been afflicted with a series of pets—pests they are sometimes called by an irate parent. Even before the boy is able to sit alone he likes the stuffed wooly dogs from the toy shops. By the time he has shed dresses and is in his first cotton suits, he has discarded these lifeless toys and searches for something which can follow his toddling footsteps.

How well I remember the first dog which was admitted into our household! It was an overgrown, yelping dog no particular breed, presented to my little five-year-old brother by an adoring uncle, who probably remembered his boyhood days. What a trial this dog was to us all! Had he only been pretty, or even respectable looking, I think we could have endured him, but from a promising looking pup he grew into an ungainly dog with a long tail, which had the unbearable habit of slinking between his legs. He always had the appearance of being in his own way, and he certainly was in everyone elses'. He was abjectly devoted to my brother, who was very fond of Prince—what an unappropriate name for a dog of such unprincely bearing— as he tagged at his heels untiringly How long he was with us I do not remember, but one day he left and did not return. We never knew what became of him, nor were we guilty of much inquiring, but we realized that our troubles had only begun, for from that time forth our home was never long free from pets of some kind.

Jack was at first overcome with grief, but in a few days he received a pair of tame rabbits from a maiden aunt who sympathized with his childish grief. These he declared were "lots better than old Prince anyhow." For the rabbits it was necessary to erect a small pen in the back yard. They were always getting out and this meant destruction to father's cabbages. They were the joy of Jack's small soul while he had them and at the same time a relief to every one else except father, who had always taken a pride in his garden. One night however, they hopped from their pen and, roaming farther than the garden did not return.

This time Jack was tired of anything as gentle as rabbits and, boy like, he wanted something which would romp and play with him, therefore, we were not very much surprised when he came home one day leading a dog—at least not surprised at his acquiring a new pet—but such a pet! Since then I haave seen numerous dogs of various descriptions and of different breeds, but I have never seen one like that one. He was the slimmest dog

imaginable—to be exact skinny is the only word that could properly describe him. I rather think that his extreme length accentuated his lack of bodily circumference. His tail like Prince's, had the slinking habit also, his body was borne up by tooth-pick legs attached to which were elephantine feet. His long ears drooped about his mournful eyes. When he was first led into the dining room, mother gave a horrid shriek, but all remonstrance with Jack proved futile and she finally consented to grant him a place in the old barn, which stood back of the house. Immediately upon being banished here he setled down upon his thin legs and raising his huge head gave forth such a howl as I am sure human ears had never heard before. Later discussion in the family circle finally decided that the howl was a croos between a fog horn and a fire whistle. His howl made up half of him, while his appetite made up the other half. The first night cold biscuits and cornbread, the "left overs" of several days, made their way to the barn. Within the next few days we discovered that Hugo—as he was called—made secret visits to the kitchen and pantry, and at such times they were left amazingly bare. When I think of the roasts, cooked chickens, and cakes which Hugo stole I arrive at the conclusion that they would have fed a whole tribe of starving people. Each night the neighboring families were entertained—unenjoyable we were informed—by a prolonged solo. The sole performer was Hugo, but he made sufficient noise for a whole brass band. I often wondered when Hugo slept, but still more to be wondered at, is how we and the neighbors bore up for a month under the strain, at length Hugo disappeared one night when one of the neighbors returned from the country next day at noon looking rather guilty, we asked no questions; on the other hand, we felt inwardly grateful and hoped that Hugo would never return.

Before long Jack came from school one afternoon bearing a cage of white mice which he had obtained in exchange for his lunch, two steel marbles, and a new rubber ball. We were all duly thankful that it was nothing worse—at least they couldn't howl. These pets he soon tired of and exchanged them—as nearly as I can remember—for a guinea pig, which was worse in some respects than Hugo. And so it went on through several years. At one time it was a little lame dog, which he had found in the streets; at another it was a whole bag of sprawling puppies, which he had rescued on their way to the nearist river. Sometimes the old barn had as many as fieve occupants at one time, and only on a few rare, joyous occasions was it tenantless. To get rid of one pest only meant to live in dreadful expactancy until the next appear.

At last there came a time when the old barn was empty for quite a while and remained so. Observing more closely, we noticed a change in Jack. He used a quantity of soap on his grubby hands and acquired a result quite pleasing to mother; he brushed his stiff locks until they almost lay in place; and he spent many precious minutes before the mirror, arranging his tie under his conspicously white collar. We realized, then, that our days of pet afflictions were over and with a quiet sigh of releif we settled down to enjoy the well-earned calm which followed.

Chip, The Monkey

Clara Brawley, '22 Dikean

Tommy Jones possessed a pet monkey which was the terror of the whole village of Pikesdale. As squire Jones, Tommy's father, expressed it, "He had simply lost his religion since Tommy hooked up with that monkey."

Three years before a circus had passed through Pikesdale. It left as a memorandum of its visit there, Chip, the monkey. Not that the circus man intended making a present of Chip but because Chip was tired of circus life and decided to stay in Pikesdale. Now Tommy being one of those small boys who liked all sorts of pets was much pleased when he found the runaway. The village soon learned of Tommy's new pet for many worthy housewives began to miss various articles about the house, flower beds were scratched up and many other signs of mischief were visible. Despite the good ladies complaint and Squire Jones' sentiments, Tommy prized Chip more than all his pets.

Miss Susannah Smith was the village schoolmistress. Every morning she was accompanied to school by her pet dog Fido, who carried her lunch basket hung around his neck. As Miss Susannah was always very particular concerning the welfare of her pupils, she stopped quite often on her way to and from school to consult about different matters. She was going to school one morning and as she passed Tommy s home she decided that she would go in and have a chat with the Squire. Taking the basket from Fido's neck, she sat it on the porch and walked in.

In the topmost branches of a great oak tree perched Chip. Spying the basket, he quickly slid from the tree to the ground, and came to the basket. Deftly opening it, he looked inside. The contents looked especially interesting and Chip hopped in. The lid of the basket closed and Chip was closed inside.

At last Miss Susannah finished her talk with the Squire and made her way to the schoolhouse, Fido following. At twelve o'clock she rang the bell for dinner and the pupils got out their baskets. Seated at her desk, she drew up her basket. Carefully opening it she started to draw out her lunch when suddenly with a scream she threw the basket from her. To the astonishment of all, Chip jumped out and went hopping about the room. The children seeing the cause of Miss Sussannah's excitement burst into a scream of merriment. But Miss Susannah declares and vows until this day that "Thomas Jones' monkey gave her nervous prostration."

A Letter

(Editor's Note:)

In this day when there is so much feeling between the two races, it is refreshing to sometimes hear the sentiment that is expressed below by one of colored race. Our maids at the college are always intensely religious, sometimes reminding us of our duty in regard to some things. Laura is always the foremost among these, constantly writing letters to the girls she likes, and calling every one "pet names because she likes them" and feels that they need "petting."

Miss Vie Sanders.

I thought while I were thinking about y. I would write y. a note this after noon. I am Sure y. will not be thinking of getting this note. However I will write it as I promised y I would write y. one some day and I will be as good as my word. the Lord hath promised heaven to us if we be True and keep his commanments. His word is all and all. We hath a grand promise if we do right and Do his holy will. I am glad I can say I taken him to be my day guide. Not one shal enter in heaven but thee pure in heart shall see God. know how good he will have to be then—love our neighbors as ourself. We have to have that love for one another an treat everyone right white and colored the same. If we make heaven for our home, we will have that to do. will say again we will have to love each other.

Miss Sanders I hath always taken y to be a good kind Christian young lady. Y have always been good ever since I have meet y and always the same whenever I meet y anywhere Y are a darling sweet girl. I have all confidence in y because I fine y the same old way all the time. When y finish y work I am sure y will rest in the heaven above sweet rest. be sweet as ever.

Laura Hawkins.

Holidays Again!

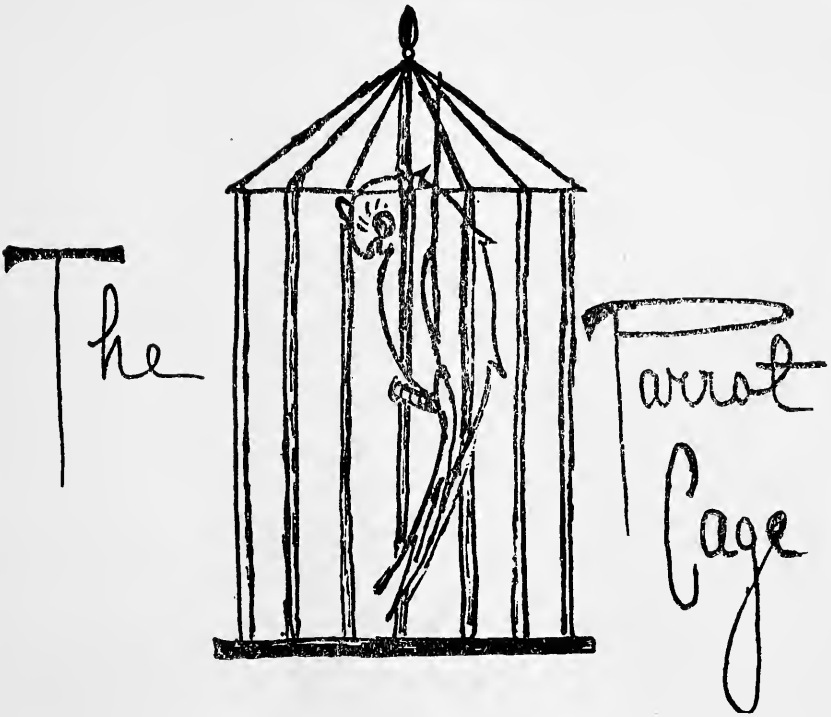
Hannah Mae Fleetwood, '22 Cornelian

'Twas the week before Christmas, when all o'er the hill
The air was bubling with thrill after thrill;
Down in the Post Office, with hope and cheer
They awaited the check, which they felt was so near.
Faces were wreathed in smiles of pure joy.
While dancing through heads, flitted visions of boys,
At last came the eighteenth—the train blew its whistle,
And away they all flew as down on a thistle.
Good-bye, N. C. College; Good-bye for just a while—
They'll all come back to greet you with a merry kind 'o smile.

Promotion

Emeline Goforth, '22 Dikean

I'm home once more from the war, dear lass,
I've helped to beat the Hun;
So now
I'm home once more on the farm, dear lass,
Home to milking the cow.



(Summer School Student). Miss King, is there any vacant room in which I might do some drying? My room mate and I have both done our week's laundry and have no place to hang the clothes,"

(Miss King). "Perhaps I might arrange it for you; but I suggest that you put your things in the college laundry since your entrance payment paid for this and you are allowed to put in as many things as you wish without further charge."

Last night as I lay on my pillow
Queer things came into my head
For I had an awful dream
For I thought that I was dead
That my cold and wasted body
Lay in the hard unfeeling ground
In a black and shining casket
Beneath a grassy mound—
That a glossy tombstone bore this fitting epitaph
"Here lies poor Mary—she died of College Math."

(New Girl). That butter sure looks like cold cream."
(Old Girl). Will you have some with which to massage your bread?"

It was exactly twelve o'clock and everything was absolutely quiet except the rustlings of the leaves as the night-watchman went on his lonely round over the campus. Just as he passed Kirkland Hall one new girl walked across the floor and began punching her sleeping room mate. When said room mate awoke, room mate number one innocently inquired, "Is the nightwatchman a member of the faculty?"

(One Girl). What are the rings for under the dining room table?"

(Another Girl). They were put in years back when the girls needed something to hold on to when they cut the steak but are now no longer necessary since all of the old cows have been killed off."

(Mr.J——). So now, let me ask the question to you. I want your candid opinion. What would become of a man in business in Greensboro if he conscientously followed the Golden Rule?"

(Gladys W—— breaks the quiet impulsively). "He might go to the poor house, but he would sure go to heaven."

(Senior). "How did you like the lecture?"
(Soph). "There was **one spot** that was not dry."
(Senior). "Where was that?"
(Soph.). When he drank a glass of water."

(Senior teaching in the training school). "Now, Willie will you just please tell us what it is that makes you wiggle so incessantly?"

(Willie). "Please ma'am, there's a tack in my britches."

Mary. (Admiring Senior's ring). "Oh Anne, who is he?"
Anne: "Why Mary, that's **brother** Venus."
Note: Get acquainted with classical ideas.

"This pianist is charging me enough for a little music. I wonder how he figures it, by the note?" Was the comment heard at an artist's performance, recently.

Suggestion: Probably he charges by the pound.

EXCHANGES

The college magazines that have come to us seem better than ever before. In all of them there seems to be a board of editors trying to get a campus of students to write, at least. Some of them also are pleading for financial backing. The aims of the different ones are also interesting. Some are trying chiefly at getting a high standard magazine, regardless of interest to all the students, or the cultivation of literary talent among a large number of students. Others aim chiefly at the original magazine that all will want to read. But in none of the magazines that we have received has there been that stress on social, or athletic activity that sometines in the past has been more than literary effort in some of the magazines.

The best that we find in the "College of Charleston Magazine" is an essay on the Aim of a College Education, a well written one on a worthy subject. The verse, "To Woodrow Wilson" is noble in thot, but rather too classical in expression. As to the stories, we would suggest that simpler subjects be chosen; it is well known that one cannot write a good story about people and circumstances that are entirely beyond the author's experience.

"The Acorn" has certainly made a good start this year, and Meredith has reason to be proud of it, but there is just one phase of it that we wish to criticise adversely, and that is the scarcity of its verse.

In the "Davidson Magazine" there are two good essays and some clever verse. The negro story shows fine local color, but the other two stories are quite exaggerated and unreal. We particularly like the sentiment of the opening poem, "Davidson Spirit;" and we also like the originality of the students which is expressed in drawings thruout the magazine. Truly the editors may achieve their purpose to have a magazine that "no student will wish to throw in the trash can," if they keep up the good work that they have started, but let us, (the other magazines) strive to keep them from gaining the goal that they have set for themselves—"to have the best college magazine in the South."

The material that has gone into the "Trinity Archive is of a higher class than most of the college magazines can boast of. We hope that this is not done by the mere cultivation of a few clever writers to the exclusion of all others, as has been done sometimes in this magazine in the past. The story, "A Great Kleptic Achievement, or, the Remarkable Statement of Addison Crabbe" shows originality, thought, and technique, and above all that thing which most students stories lack—art. Trinity also has good verse as usual. But it, as well as that of many other college magazines, seems

for the most part to be a bit too studied. A little spontaniety backed with common sense does not hurt any warbler! No one can pick up the Archive without at last glancing at the "Wayside Wares" for there is always a human touch in the fresh and amusing work found in the department.

In addition to the above college magazines we wish to acknowledge receiving the "Wake Forest Student," the "Wesleyan," and the "Lenoirian."