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The Coraddi

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Editorials



Why Delay The Christening?

*"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."*

And I wonder if she also didn't know what to name them? That seems to be the predicament in which we find ourselves with regard to the new dormitories which are cropping up on our campus so fast.

Since we still call the last completed one "New," we might call the one now being built "Newer," and the next one "Newest." When a fourth appears we could resort to the Shakespearian superlative and say "Most Newest." Perhaps, tho, we are waiting for some local worthy to die so that we may honor his or her memory by attaching the name to a dormitory.

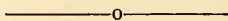
Of course, it would never do to call any of our buildings after a person who was not born in North Carolina. Some audacious people have actually dared to suggest naming "New" after Dr. Anna Howard Shaw. Of course, the idea is preposterous. Dr. Shaw never taught here or gave a fund to the college or paid in any other way to have her name perpetuated

in brick and mortar. She not only did not live in North Carolina, but she didn't even come to the United States until she was four years old! What did Dr. Shaw do for this college? Why, she didn't give it a dollar! She only inspired hundreds of our students with the largest, noblest ideals of womanhood thru her wonderful autobiography, and thru her whole life's work. She merely led the victorious struggle for the emancipation of American women. Dr. Shaw did not endow the North Carolina College with a portion of superfluous wealth derived from the oppression of overworked, underpaid factory serfs. She only devoted all her talents and finally sacrificed her life that American women might enjoy richer, freer, more abundant lives.

M. H. B., '21.

Had you ever noticed that nobody ever gets up to make a speech in mass meeting unless she has something to say?

There is a great tragedy connected with initiation. Each year many people are thrilled to death.



Side-tracked

Sometimes, with a feeling of vexation, we remember a dozen or more things we have begun but, by being side-tracked, have never finished. Each day adds to the appalling list, unless we just bring ourselves to a halt and pick up the ends of our half-woven plans, completing them one by one.

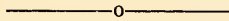
Many times after working very hard, we come to our rooms with the firm resolution to catch up our neglected correspondence, or finish the book we have started, or to prepare tomorrow's lessons. And we hear laughing voices in the room

next door; it is such a temptation to put off the things we had purposed to do, and go on with the "bunch" having a good time! And then, when a special friend gets a box from home and we are invited, now or never, to help dispose of the fried chicken, beaten biscuits, and angel food cake—why, who but the veriest dyspeptic could refuse? But when our habits of work are torn in pieces by such pleasant little incidents, we find ourselves off the straight road to happiness on the sidetrack of worry.

G. W., '21.

It is rumored that an unsophisticated student was seen down town recently attired in garments belonging to herself.

One of our girls is suffering from a severe cold contracted while outdoors with her ears exposed.



Concerning All of Us

Loafers we have always with us! Mail may come or it may not, and bells may ring or they may not, but still we hang around the postoffice and halls and sigh away the weary hours. It might be a new and interesting problem for the mathematical department to figure out the exact number of minutes that we manage to dispose of during the year in this way. If they did, I imagine most of us would open our eyes a bit wider and stop talking about those fours and fives we received last month.

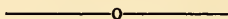
I have heard it rumored that some of the faculty give lesson assignments that are utterly beyond the power of any ordinary human being to complete. Do you suppose it could be possible that those same faculty, chancing by, see us so obviously unoccupied and consider it their duty to help us find something to do to pass away those tedious idle moments?

Wouldn't it be funny if some day the whole college would go on a strike against loafing and there would not be a single unoccupied person to be seen on the campus? Let's just try it and see what would happen.

J. K., '22.

There is a suspicion afloat that two or three girls on this campus have such poor artistic taste as to have on their walls absolutely no Harrison Fisher pictures.

Are you taking the Sunday course in contemporary literature? Favorite texts are "The Red Book" and "The Cosmopolitan."



Our New Responsibility

"The Susan B. Anthony Amendment Ratified by the State of Tennessee." "Full Citizenship for Women." Such were the headlines on the front pages of thousands of our dailies on that memorable day of the ratification. Full citizenship for women! What a thrill of joy did those words send to the hearts of the tired suffrage workers. Everywhere women squared their shoulders, looked men straight in the eye, and said: "My new freedom makes me your political equal." "Congratulations on your new freedom," said the man, "but what of your new responsibility?"

Yes, the new freedom had brought a new responsibility. And how have women been meeting this responsibility? Well, in various ways. Some women have their right to vote, which is their only method of political expression, as a joke or as a novelty; as some new toy in the hands of a playful child. Then, there are those who are emphasizing an indifferent attitude. This attitude is characterized by such expressions as these:

“Oh, I know nothing about politics, and I care less. Let the men run the country.” On the other hand, however, there is a group of women who are honestly interested in politics. These women are taking their new responsibility as a sacred privilege, and are making the necessary preparations for a successful entrance into the political arena.

These are some of the ways in which women are meeting their new responsibility. What, then, is a scientific method of meeting it? In the first place, the jokers, the cynics, the indifferent women, and the serious-minded women must put aside their old petty animosities and meet each other on a common basis. They must come with open minds, free from any traditional ideas about politics and parties which they may have acquired from their environment.

In the second place, women must make a non-partisan study of citizenship in order to appreciate the merits and understand the faults of the existing political machine.

In the third place, after making a careful study of the political system, they must make up their minds as to certain definite policies that they would like to see enforced in our government. Then, they should cast their vote with the party whose platform most nearly coincides with their own policies.

In order to accomplish these three steps, all women must be serious-minded women, they must read and think as they have never read and thought before, and all of them must go into politics with the determination to make their political step the best thing that they have ever undertaken.

R. V., '21.



Folk Song

E. C. Lindeman, *Adelphian*

Give me a song—
A lilting song
With ring and swing,
And a careless fling—
For folks to sing;

Nor right nor wrong,
But just a song
To lift the load
Along the road
Of hunger's goad.

Keep rhyme and art!
Give me my part
To sing with you,
And you, and you,
And all the rest of me and you.

Now joy, now pain,
But sing it again;
Heaven or hell—
You never can tell—
Singing along 'till Fare-you-well.

A song of mud, a song of slime,
Perhaps—who knows—a song divine!
But let it be thine, or let it be mine--
Each of us coarse, both of us fine.

The House That Jill Built

Anne Cantrell, '22, *Dikean*

(*Winner in short story contest.*)

This is the house that Jill built—

This is the man that coveted the house that Jill built—

This is the love that came to the man, that coveted the house that Jill built—

This—but wait. We musn't tell the end before we begin.

* * *

She lay full length on the rug before the blazing fire, and there was a light that was more than fire-glow in her face—there was the light of gone by days. She looked very youthful and, indeed, hers was the youth that would never grow dim, tho she was in years “a woman grown.” As dad—dear old dad—used to say, Jill “was filled with the joy of living.” Her name wasn't really Jill, but as the gang used to say, “who could ever think of *her* as Margaret Dorothea!” It *was* a rather ridiculous name for Jill, but pray how could Dr. McConnell be expected to know that the innocent, harmless looking baby that was his would grow into—well, into Jill? And the doctor had no help in the naming proposition, except Aunt Jane's whose influence was distinctly Dorotheaish—who wouldn't, who had been Jane for thirty-five years? For you see, the same day that brought Jill, had likewise taken away Jill's mother. And so Margaret Dorothea became Jill, red-headed, independent Jill, leader of the “gang,” and the terror of the whole female population of the little town of Wakesville.

And the doctor adored and spoiled her, who wouldn't?

Then she grew up. And the doctor, who adored her more than ever, sent her to college—to learn to be an interior decorator. The females round about threw up their hands, in holy horror—Jill McConnell, a decorator—what could her father be thinking of? But her father knew Jill, and he knew Margaret Dorothea also. All her days that child of his had one ambition—“to be an architectress, Dad”—and bless her heart, she should—and did!

But the kind old doctor did not get to see his project succeed.

Tears came into the girl's eyes, as she lay there thinking of those days past. Her father had died and with her small patrimony, she and Aunt Jane had migrated to Rochester. That was five years ago, and now behold her; M. D. McConnell, successful interior decorator, with a studio and all the trimmings. She was in love with her work, was Jill, and all her soul seemed wrapped in it too. And “McConnell did it” was the final word in Rochester. Oh no, she hadn't become a millionairess—those things rarely happen outside of books—but years of study, hard work and her real genius had brought these results.

And her home!—the “House that Jill Built.” It was on the borders of the town, close enough to her work for her to “John Henry” in and out, and yet away from the dust and noise of the city. Into it had gone the best of her, all her hopes, her ideals and her art. Yes, it was lovely, set in the heart of the hills, and there Jill and Aunt Jane took up their abiding place! Jill looked around her with loving eyes, it was hers and what she had wished for all her days—never would she go away from it, never would she—but what was that? Who could be ringing her door bell at this time of night, and who could be out in such a storm as was raging outside? There it came again. Well, she must see who it was; Aunt Jane was 'abed and Tom, her “man of all work,” and his wife, were in their quarters over the garage.

Jill hurried to the door and opened it. There stood a man, and in the dim light looked he rather forbidding. Jill's heart jumped, but settled into place as a perfectly gentlemanly voice said in apologetic tones:

"Excuse me for intruding, I'm sorry to disturb you, but—" his voice grew desperate, "I'm in a pretty fix, and if you've got a telephone, for the Lord's sake let me use it."

Some how Jill lost all her fear of "*Strange men*" and told him that her telephone was at his service. She led him to it, but his repeated efforts brought no reply—the storm prevented its working. The unknown visitor made an angry exclamation, and after thanking Jill started into the rain again.

"Couldn't I help you?" she asked. "You are drenched thru, at least come in by the fire and warm before going out again. And its two miles to town, surely you aren't thinking of walking?"

"You are very kind," he answered. "You see, its that darn tire of mine. Ought to have had better sense than to start out without an extra—serves me right."

"Oh, a tire?" Perhaps I could help you there. Yes, I sport a car—or rather a Ford," she laughed.

"You angel of mercy," exclaimed the strange motorist. "Show me the way, you can't know how I would thank you."

Jill laughed again and the tire-hunter was aware that the kind lady had rather a nice laugh. He wondered if she looked as nice as she laughed, he couldn't tell you see, for it was dark as midnight—it was very nearly that hour anyway—and the lights, as well as the telephone were on a strike. But milady was speaking again.

"Go in there," she said pointing to the library. "You can light the gas, the matches are on the mantlepiece—and get a little—I won't say drier—but less wet, I guess. I'll call Tom to fix your car. Tom is a wonder." And she was gone.

After arousing Tom, Jill hurried back to her guest and entered the library, now ablaze with light. Before she got

well into the door, the astonished Jill felt herself seized roughly by the shoulders, by an exceedingly damp, very muddy, highly excited man.

"Good heavens, woman, it's wonderful, wonderful I say, wonderful, beautiful, extraordinary. How—?"

"What in the world," gasped the girl, shaking off his hand. "Are you mad? And what *are* you talking about?"

The man laughed, and then hastened to apologize for his ardor. "It's the room," he said, "I never saw anything like it, who did it, do you own the house, and who *are* you, anyway?"

A light danced in Jill's grey eyes, and she laughed—as I have said it was a nice laugh, and they were nice eyes, too, thought the stranger.

"Oh," she said, when she had finished her laughing. "I see. I did it. I own it, and I am Jill McConnell, at your service, sir. And *pray who are you?*"

-- "McConnell, oh, I've heard of M. D. McConnell, the decorator. Why," and his eyes roamed around the exquisite room. "You must be his daughter or sister or at least some relation."

Jill's laugh pealed forth.

"Daughter! Sister! Oh my! Why, I'm M. D. myself. Margaret Dorothea, if you please. But you are very rude. I asked who you were."

The young man smiled and bowed very low.

"Beg pardon, Miss M. D. Allow me to make you acquainted with the Honorable Stephen A. West. (A) for Anderson, not for angel, age 30, disposition fairly good, perfectly respectable."

"Stephen West! You can't be Mrs. John Cardon's brother."

"And why not? I'm not so bad, and do you know my sister?"

"Indeed I do. She's a very dear friend of mine, and so you're the wonderful brother."

"Disappointed? Well, Frances loves me, and love, they say, is blind, and she has the gift of exaggeration. But about the house. Is the rest of it like this, and won't you let me see it?"

Jill's vanity was flattered. Her work was her one vain spot, and such unrestricted praise of the dearest object of her efforts and affections, from the wealthy, good-looking brother of Mrs. John Cardon, struck that spot full force.

So, despite the lateness of the hour, and the unconventionality of the circumstances, the flushed and flattered Jill led her uninvited guest thru the various downstairs rooms of her lovely home. West's delight was real and the more he saw, the more enthusiastic he became. He wanted to buy it on the spot, but there he met a stumbling block. Despite his eloquent persuasion and large offers, Jill remained obdurate.

"No, my house is not for sale, and *that* is final."

A less determined man or one less used to having his own way, or one who knew Jill McConnell, would have let the matter end there, but Steve West wasn't—? Just then Tom summoned him to his now repaired car, and after thanking his benefactress, he left with a determination to get the house or die in the attempt.

Next morning at nine, as Jill was cranking her Ford, preparatory to leaving for Rochester and her studio, a high-powered Packard roadster came around the curve, and halted in front of her. A well-groomed man stepped out and Jill recognized him as her wet, mud-stained visitor of the night before.

"Good morning, Miss McConnell, haven't changed your mind about selling, have you? I took the liberty to come out and see if the exterior lived up to the interior, and how it looked in the broad daylight. And its a winner all right. Mind my looking?"

"Not at all, if you think looking will get you anywhere," Jill smiled, but there was determination behind the smile.

"Really, Miss Obstnacy, can't anything perusade you? I just must have my "House Beautiful."

"Nothing, Mr. Persistence. And moreover it is not *your* "House Beautiful," but Jill McConnell's home, and that it will remain. I built it to live in myself, and I positively will not sell to anyone at any price. So there!"

She started her Ford and without more to do left him. Steve West was dazed and not a bit angered, by this saucy young lady's blocking of his plans, but after a moment his good humor was restored. As his beautiful car glided past her little rattling Ford, he challenged her:

"Very well Miss, I bet my Packard against your Tin Lizzie that I own the house in six months time."

"You're on," answered the girl in the same strain, and she watched the Packard disappear from view. As it went its owner gave a low whistle of admiration. "My faith, but she's a peach."

Some time passed and not a week went by, but what Jill was beseiged on all sides by agents, all trying to buy her house, under various heads and for various purposes, was it sought. But in vain, Sir Steve, in vain.

After five months of endeavor, West thought he had hit upon a plan. John Cardon, his brother-in-law, was president of the Interurban Railway Co., and West had influenced him to run his new line so that Jill's house could be bought by right of eminent domain. But Steve's sister, in whom he had confided, had to his disgust, sided with Jill and had, on the plea of fair play for the girl, persuaded her husband to put an end to Steve's pretty scheming.

Except for fleeting glimpses on the street and road Jill did not see West. Then one afternoon, while she was having tea with Mrs. Cardon he happened in.

And this is my bad brother, Jill," and Mrs. Cardon's eyes twinkled. She was rather amused at her spoiled brother's futile attempts to get the house, and teased him unmercifully for let-

ting a mere girl—and a red-headed girl at that—get ahead of him.

“But I think that you’ve met before.”

“How do you do, Miss McConnell,” said West. “Cut it out, won’t you, Frances?”

“Ha! our young man doesn’t like it. Why Steve, I’m ashamed of you. The very idea of trying to take Jill’s house away from her.”

“Don’t worry, Mrs. Cardon, he hasn’t succeeded yet, have you, Mr. West, though I will give you credit for trying good and hard.”

The merriment danced in Jill’s big eyes and Steve West, in spite of his wounded pride, thought that this slender girl, with her lovely face framed in red-gold hair, was as charming as her unattainable house.

When Jill insisted that she must go, her hostess said to Steve: “If you won’t fight, I’ll let you take Jill home. I promised to take her myself, but John wants me.”

And so the enemies set out together with solemn promises not to have a battle. As he was about to leave her at the house, he so desired, Steve asked Jill for permission to call.

“Really?” she answered. “But I thought a state of war still existed. This is merely a truce. The six months are not up yet.”

“Oh darn,” shamefully exclaimed her companion. “I’m beaten and I might as well acknowledge it. I hate to do it but—well, I’ve got to. Will you shake hands with the conquered, Oh Conqueror?”

“Gladly,” laughed the conqueror. “I’m sorry, but—”

“Oh that’s all right, and Miss McConnell, won’t you consider letting me duplicate your house? By jove, that’s what I’ll do, if you’re willing, and you can do the designing, and decorating. Won’t you, please?”

When Steve West said please, he was rather irresistible, and Jill was not particularly unwilling. And so they fixed it up.

Then followed weeks of working together, at Jill's studio, at Mrs. Cardon's, and at the house that was serving as a model. They discussed changes and additions, and Steve West's interest in his home-to-be—he thought that was what he was interested in—grew greater.

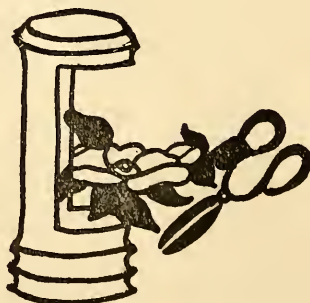
Then—

One day they were laboring over the plans—at least Jill was. But if she had noticed the blue eyes of her comrade-in-art were not on the blue prints before them, nor were his thoughts in keeping with those blue prints. He was seeing a vision of another house, like this one, but without Jill, and he realized that it was she that had made the house so desirable. He wondered—

Jill, busily engaged in her work, failed to see his abstraction. Suddenly her pencil was stopped by a big brown hand which closed over her small one. Jill's heart stopped a second and then began to pound furiously.

"Jill dear, it isn't the house I wanted, but the owner—Jill, will you?"

And now Mrs. Stephen A. West rides around in her Packard roadster. But what does Mr. Stephen West care? He didn't win the bet, but he won the better!



The Ferry

Mary H. Blair, '21, *Cornelian*

By day the sullen waters lie
 Dull gray with straw and filth afloat;
Dejectedly and slowly ply
 The coal barge and the ferry boat;
Along the river's ragged edge
 The grimy docks and wharves extend;
 From factory walls
 The shadow falls,
And lowering clouds of smoke impend.

With twilight all the sordid scene
 Becomes a softly splendid view;
Aflash with blue and gold and green
 The river hides its sombre hue;
The harsher lines are melted down,
 The lights in white festoons suspended,
 And spires and domes
 And roofs of homes,
In purple harmony are blended.

Saturday Night Raiders

Mabel Stemper, '22, *Dikean*

"Folks aren't as interested in their children as they used to be," remarked Grandfather Simpson as he shooed a fly off the face of Marian's baby—Marian, who had six and who was as interested as any mother could hope to be, laid down Johnnie's trousers, which she was patching, and looked up at Grandfather Simpson.

But Grandfather seemed to have forgotten that he had ever dreamed of making such a rash statement to a mother of six. He was gazing absorbingly at a fleck of fleecy cloud that was floating just above the tree tops, absently rocking the Sixth with his foot. Marian took up her sewing and waited—Grandfather chuckled:

"I mean their older ones, and whom they're going to marry," he continued. "Nowadays, your girls or boys can get married when the parents know hardly anything about the folks they marry. It didn't use to be that way. Our Pas and Mas always made close inspection of the folks we kept company with—and if they didn't suit—well, they found it out!"

Grandfather fanned another fly into eternity.

"There was Old Bill Henry—" and he stopped again to smile thru his whiskers at that speck of cloud—"Bill wasn't a bad sort. He was a hard workin' lad. Saved all his profits on the farm; and he made his daddy's land rich, too! But Bill had one shortcoming. It was just after the slaves had been freed, you know, and Bill, having been with negroes all his

life, was sort of superstitious. You would see him tremble in his boots at the very mention of a ghost. And talk about Satan! Why, Bill had more holy-horror of that old fellow than the preachers exhort us to have."

"Bill was at a dance one night and he met Sue Jenkins there. He danced with her a few times. She was the sort that whirls a fellow around a dance-floor until he's dizzy, and then runs off and leaves him grabbing at space. That's the way she did Bill that night, and for a solid week Bill couldn't eat or sleep. Folks found him standing gazing into the heavens with his arms outstretched as if he were reaching for something just beyond his grasp. Everybody knew that that somebody was Sue Jenkins."

"One young imp found him down behind the barn one night about feeding time. He slipped up behind him and quoted that line. You've heard it, Marian.

"'A man's reach should exceed his grasp—
Or what's a heaven for.'"

"Well, right there Bill decided he'd show that 'snickering, simp of a young idiot, along with the rest of the town,' that at least heaven wasn't out of reach."

"On that night he drove over to see Sue. Sue was an alright girl, I suppose; but she was a born flirt and I guess she couldn't help it. She just let Bill think she cared for him in the real way. Bill was in ecstasies—and it was almost Sunday morning when he finally tore himself away from her and started for home."

"Just as he got to the door he thought he saw a shadow crossing the yard. It was only the moon gliding behind a bit of cloud, but Bill didn't think of that."

"See that shadow, Sue?" he asked.

"Yes," remarked Sue, knowing his shortcoming. "I guess it's Satan out looking for young fellows that make Saturday night calls last until Sunday!" And she closed the door and left him to go home with such a thought pacing through his brain.

"Bill tried his best to think of his crops, or of Sue's curls, or of anything that was pleasant—but always his thought was cut short by, 'Satan looking for Saturday night callers'—and each time he quickened his pace. His path lay across a large field of broom-sedge, on the other side of which was a narrow strip of woods. By the time Bill had reached the broom-sedge, his nerves were a-tingle. He peered cautiously behind every pine bush, walked quickly around every rotting log, started at the least unusual noise, and fairly jumped off the ground when in the woods beyond a night owl began his quivering, heart-rending, hair-raising plaint to a world of crickets and night creatures."

"Bill was having a time keeping his feet going at a walking pace. He almost ran—and he held his breath half the time. Always there was in his mind, 'Satan looking for Saturday night callers—'"

Suddenly he saw going on in front of him an old negro. In the moonlight he could see that it was a man he had known all his life, and with whom he was quite friendly. Bill was about to call to the negro when all of a sudden right beside Bill there arose a figure clad in white with a shape not known to man. He had a gun and it was pointed at Sam, the old negro."

"Bill stopped, his breath gone, his hair standing on end. He watched, immovable. He heard no more; but suddenly old Sam threw his arms in the air and cried: "Oh, de debbil's got dis niggah!" and fell face forward on the ground."

"Bill didn't wait to see whether or not Sam had died. He did not wait for anything. He flew. He made one leap, then he fairly skimmed the earth. He was going home and going quick."

But just as he got to the strip of woods, out stepped in front of him an exact counterpart of the figure he had seen in the broom-sedge, gun in hand. He didn't stop to see if it was the same figure. He merely threw up his hands, and crying, "Please, Mr. Devil, I won't *ever* do it again!" he sped past the

motionless figure, through the woods down the hill on the other side, across the meadow, up the hill, and out of sight."

"Bill never told a soul why he didn't go back to see Sue again. There are lots of folks that never knew. But I have seen Sue's brother and her father smile among themselves when they would see old Sam approaching; and they'd have only to say, 'Please, Mr. Debbil!' to set the old darky into paroxysms of laughter. I used to know Mr. Jenkins right well."

"And as I was saying, parents aren't as interested in their children as they used to be"—and he fanned a fly off the sixth one's face, and slowly smiled at that speck of a cloud that had wandered half-way across the blue afternoon sky.



Thanksgiving

Emiline Goforth, '22, *Dikean*

Golden and gleaming o'er upland and lowland,
Ever magnetic the glimmering ray
Falls from the sloping sun o'er the mountains,
Length'ning the memories of Thanksgiving Day.

All the long day in the fields and the meadows,
Thru the deep wood and into the light,
Gladsomely, joyously, full of glory,
Touching my soul was an infinite might.

Now with the richness of rest and of peace,
Now with the spirit of happy thanksgiving,
Back to the haunts and the hearts of men
I turn again, filled with the gladness of living.

Are College Magazines Literary?

Mary H. Blair, '21, *Cornelian*

This attempted analysis of the literary qualities of college magazines is based on a study of the magazines, chiefly of Southern colleges. The faults of these publications may over-balance their virtues, but scarcely to such an extent as to deserve the harshness of a certain critic who said:

“College magazines have no wit, no fancy, no imagination; health does not interest them, education does not interest them; it is smokes and dances and popular songs and plays; truth does not interest them; it is namby-pamby opinions, mere gossip and triviality.”

Often we do find insipid articles, melodramatic stories, moralizing tales, and foolishly sentimental verse; but, considering the youth and inexperience of the writers, we are greatly encouraged to find many sensible editorials and essays on timely subjects, well-written stories of real people, and sometimes a noble that so beautifully expressed that it approaches the realm of poetry. The little good that is produced by college magazines far out-weighs the larger bulk of worthless writing. The literary efforts of thousands of students cannot but result in some productions of value, however rare. The necessary chaff can well be tolerated for the sake of the wheat.

In order to arrive at an estimate of the degree of excellency to be found in the contents of college magazines, let us discuss one by one the most commonly-used forms of writing, the editorial, the essay, the sketch, the verse, and the short story. Our judgment shall be based both on the thot and the expression.

The editorial writing in most college magazines seems to concentrate upon local problems. It is constantly exhorting higher ideals, suggesting reforms of all sorts and encouraging new efforts. These campus problems are usually treated in an energetic and attractive manner. Apt illustrations and witty metaphors and smiles enliven the editorial and gain an approach to the serious consideration of the reader. Of course, a few articles may be found written in stereotyped phrases on time-worn subjects. It might be better, also, if a broader range of material were chosen. The editorial columns would be improved if now and then a student would "air" his opinions upon national or international issues. Ranked as editorials, are sometimes found lectures on abstract virtues without any practical application, and these are likely to be spiced with poetical quotations. Evidently dates are not required in the study of literature in the college where a student refers to Emerson's "Hitch your wagon to a star" as an "old, old saying," and "an ancient saw." In many magazines the editorial page has but one article and that frequently cannot be construed as an editorial—it may be anything from a book review to an eulogy on the college president. In fact all sorts of unclassified material is thrown into the editorial column for lack of a proper outlet such as a college newspaper would furnish. There seems to be a wide difference of opinion as to the meaning of the word "editorial," and the cultivation of this form of writing is much needed in the majority of college publications.

There is, ordinarily, no lack of essays, since so large a supply is at hand in the required themes for different courses of study. Appreciations of poets and authors appear to be the favorite theme. Now and then a relief is given by the choice of a historically interesting person, as Confucius, or by a scientific treatise on some vital point which is not generally known. A fertile field for the essay lies in the study of psychology and the social sciences; where there is risk, however, of

a narrow view, an improper sense of proportion, due to limited knowledge of the science. A certain essay on customs exemplifies the danger of "a little knowledge." Being impressed by the powerful influence of custom, the writer speaks of it as an irresistible force by which man is absolutely bound and which he never dares to break. Following out his argument logically, the reader would come to the conclusion that life must therefore be static, since no progress can be made if custom always holds sway. The author of this essay forgets that there are laws of nature to counteract the influence of custom and that change is the order of the universe. Altho the thot of this essay is in its finality untrue, it is well expressed and its external qualities demand commendation. The growing effect of custom on man is traced from his childhood to age and the thot is emphasized by comical and striking illustrations. This essay seems more spontaneous than many which plainly show the laborious effort of class work and are consequently devitalized. An essay of a different type is entitled "What's An Honor?" This is a discussion of the value or honor won in college, based on statistics of the careers of graduates who had excelled in certain lines of "outside work" while in college. For instance, a very large per cent. of the debaters became lawyers. The subject matter is comparatively fresh and the essay is xcellently written.

The sketch department seems to glean most of its material from Freshmen's practice compositions of the sort that strive to make a definite impression and obey the rules of unity, emphasis, and coherence. There are innumerable descriptions of night, winter, heat, motion, sound, etc. Some of these are very realistic and would serve well in lending atmosphere to a story, but as a disconnected series they are quite monotonous. Altho sentimentality is mainly confined to verse-making, it sometimes appears in the sketches, as in a gushing panegyric to "mother," which came out in a recent magazine. The subject was very appropriate as the magazine was issued about the

time of Mother's Day. But the gross insincerity of this exaggerated flattery cheapened the tribute to absurdity. The pernicious custom of portraying mothers as models of saintly perfection is manifestly ridiculous. A thinking college student should not fall into this common error of placing her mother on a pedestal and lauding her celestial virtues when the occasion arises to express filial gratitude and affection. Since mothers are human, it is silly to pretend otherwise; this false attitude is insulting to their dignity. Real appreciation will not depend upon hackneyed epithets of praise, but will express itself simply and truthfully. An attractive sketch of a different kind treats whimsically the disapproval with which old-timers generally regard the current fashions and manners. In most college magazines sketches are woefully neglected or entirely omitted. And yet this field is particularly suited to amateur writers as it offers a wide scope of subject matter, requires no complicated plot, and has few restrictions of any kind.

Young people seem to have a natural bent for writing rhymes, and so college magazines boast a large amount of verse—(tho perhaps it would be more suitable to apologize for it than to "boast"). There is very little originality in this verse; favorite themes are "the sparkling snow," "golden sunsets," and "the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra, la!" Now and then somebody overcomes his bashfulness and publishes a verse "On Her Hair," or "Her Starry Eyes." The ambitious youth does not shun even such subjects as death and eternity. Almost without exception the verse is lyrical and is inclined toward formal classicism. "The murmuring brook," "the whispering zephyrs," "the rolling spheres," "the wondrous sheen of the azure sky" are familiar borrowed embellishments of these stanzas. In describing the "Approach of Night," a certain imaginative "poet" claims to "hear in the gloaming the pitious cries of lambs who hear the far wolf's bark." The verse libre is almost as bad as the rhyming verse because of its imitation

of the pessimistic realism which is fashionable in the literature of the present. A bit of verse called "Night Thots" shows clearly this tendency toward false philosophy. The first stanza is a picturesque description of a college campus on a snowy night, but the second is a 'thot of resentment" that the "great library filled with the hard-earned wisdom of ages," the tree with its promise of blossoms and leaves, and the author herself

"Would crumble and disappear
While that great unconscious ball (the moon)
Would roll its insolent way
Undisturbed."

This cynical spirit evidently ignores the fact that the books in the library are but temporary mechanical devices for containing the eternal wisdom which cannot be lost, that the tree in dying will leave behind a thousand seed to replenish the earth, and that she has the promise of immortality tho her earthly body will undergo the inevitable transformation of all life. Finally, the moon will no more remain "undisturbed" than the other objects enumerated—it is only a difference in the degree of swiftness of the change that the planet is just as surely undergoing as are all other created things.

Because of too close following of the old and new schools of verse with their attendant exaggerations—one affecting to view the world thru rose-colored glasses, the other thru smoked spectacles—the would-be poets of our colleges have in a large measure failed to reproduce life truly in their verse. By using another man's glasses in preference to their own unimpeded eyesight, they have forfeited originality and ignored truth. There are few verses which may be recognized as poetry by Wordsworth's definition, "a spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings." Yet a refreshing little verse here and there proves that the muse sometimes deigns to pay a visit to the novice. "The Peace Pipes" is rather unique in idea. The termination of the war is signified to the old chieftain in the Happy Hunting Ground by the smoke from hearthfires,—

"A million slender threads ascending
From tiny, happy homes of men."

An interesting analogy is drawn in "Coral," altho it has little more grace of expression than is usual in neophytic verse.

"Polyp beings, toiling, building,
Building slowly night and day,
Building up an isle of beauty,
Coral midst a watery way
Lovely is the isle of coral,
Rose against the torquoise skies,
Fragile in its view elusive,
Strength in beauty's sweet disguise.
Coral island is man's nature;
Ideals play the polyps part,
Building up a life of beauty,
Glorious strength in link with art."

So the verse of college magazines suffers from the same lack of individuality of thot and form that characterizes the other types of writing. But beneath the crudeness and commonplace wording, the kind critic will see a nobility of purpose and an enthusiasm for truth which, however awkwardly voiced, are thoro'ly worth while.

Probably the most difficult and exacting of the forms of writing attempted in the college magazines is the short story. Here, as elsewhere, there seems to be a struggle to preserve a medium between the two extremes of impossible romanticism and the gloomy so-called realism. The worst fault which has come to our attention (in only one instance, we are glad to say), is that of plagiarism. The story is called "A Real Salvation," and is taken almost bodily—in some places word for word—from J. M. Barrie's "Little Minister." The common flaws in short story writing are the use of antiquated plots thinly varnished over and the failure to create realistic characters and sustained atmosphere. A humorous effect is often sought by the use of dialect and incongruous situation in negro

camp meeting and chicken stealing tales. And there is the story with the broadly suggested moral—the incredibly swift and easy rise of the young newspaper man who reminds us of Horatio Alger's heroes. The tragic story ranges from a wildly fantastic Eastern love story to an unsolved problem story of the war. And love stories are almost as frequent in college magazines as in "The Ladies' Home Journal" or the "Pictorial Review." Inexperience does not daunt the student, but on the other hand gives him all the more temerity in attacking this delicate subject. For example, we have the foolish story of the secret marriage of the girl who does not want to go to college. When her cruel parents discover her disobedience, they desert her without money at a summer resort. Finally they relent and receive their daughter and her husband, who, presumably, live happily ever afterward. Another type of love story deals with a woman's struggle between her art and her heart. In the end she gives up the French artist to marry the man whom she loves, but who has no sympathy for her taste and talent for painting. The melodramatic element is strong in this story, and tho the end is supposed to be happy, it is just about as unsatisfactory as if the heroine had chosen the opposite course. The old case of mistaken identity is made the foundation for many a story, and there is the reminiscence—"It might have been." Another problem often used is that of the farmer's wife who remains the house drudge while her husband spends all the money on up-to-date farm implements. One of the most successful of these stories is called "A Victorious Battle." Here the son as well as the wife, is the victim of the farmer's selfishness. It was at the beginning of the war and the boy wanted to enlist, but the father had him exempted in order that he might continue to labor on the farm while the father played the "prominent, patriotic citizen." The mother overheard the boy tell his chum that he would go enlist immediately but for his mother; then, she put aside her fear for his safety and bade him go at the same time preventing her husband's selfish

ambition from gaining its ends. This story shows fine technique and good character portrayal.

Another source of material for the short story is the college girl who finds herself out of harmony with things as they exist at home. Sometimes she has had just enough of higher culture to leave her discontented, despising her old environment without having the vision to use her advantages for bettering the conditions that she condemns. Again we find a more optimistic treatment of the subject.

Some magazines cater to the queer sort of story, enveloped in Eastern mysticism, imitative of the picaresque style, and affecting wild, confused, lurid atmosphere and grotesque characterization. One Chinese story is noticeable because of its simplicity and absence of the hideous and the sinister, which have become almost identified with stories of the East. The theme is an old mother's anxiety for her son's welfare. The woman is a real human being with little vanities and worries and a natural pride and love for her only son. Without losing the charm of the exotic background, the author has preserved the feeling of human kinship between the reader and the old Chinese woman.

"A Floral Offering" is based on a popular type of today—the servant problem. But an unusual phase of it is told—the question is not how to keep, but how to get rid of the servant. The amusing story is told in the first person in easy, conversational style and the characters are well-drawn.

In "The Dream of Reality" there is true local color. The setting is a city department store and the corresponding surroundings of a young clerk. The chief characters are two typical, good-natured, gum-chewing, slangy store girls, seeking romance in the amusement parks and in dime novels. Humorous, but thoroughly sympathetic treatment makes this a delightful little story.

Beside the editorial, essay, sketch, verse, and short story, a number of magazines carry plays, book reviews, and locals.

The first two are, in general, subjects of the same faults and good points as are the rest of the contents of the magazine. The locals cannot be called literary material and yet they often usurp half the space of the magazine. When some other medium is used for publishing the campus news, the magazine can direct all its force toward purely literary expression.

On the whole, college magazines are not such utterly worthless publications as the casual observer might be inclined to pronounce them. The major portion of the writing is undoubtedly mediocre, but the true artistic ability which now and then comes to the surface in this mass of student production entitles the college magazine to be considered in a small degree literary.



Autumn Leaves

Florine Davenport, '22, *Dikean*

Into the still autumn woods I walked,
Where the scarlet and brown and gold leaves talked,
And the little flowers said their prayers for sleep
While the pines cast their shadows soft and deep.

I met an old man upon my way
And I fancied that he, like the autumn day,
Was touched with scarlet and brown and gold
For the sins and sorrows and joys of his soul.

And then my soul within me stirred,
And to the Great Artist I breathed a word
Of prayer that my record of life might shine
With the gold of the happiness that had been mine.

Education For Social Success

E. C. Lindeman

Education is life and hence can have no static definition. Its processes are as fluid as life itself; in one sense education is merely a conscious adaption to the world in which we live. That, too, is life.

It may be safely assumed that the physical sciences have made a permanent place for themselves in our system of public education. No one expects chemistry, physics, geology, biology or geography to be eliminated from the training of our young. It must not be forgotten, however, that each of these sciences had to fight its way into the curricula of our schools. They were not amicably received. In 1820 a school board of the State of Ohio passed a resolution condemning the discussion of the telegraph in the public schools. In this resolution both telegraph and railroads were condemned on the ground of ungodliness. But, that battle is won.

Education is now responding to a new force in modern civilization. This time it is not the "ungodly" sciences which have to do with plants, animals and the geology of the earth which ask admittance to the program of education. The 'new' science which claims a place for itself in the educational regime is nothing less than the science of humanity itself. It is now asserted that there are laws which guide human action and that these laws are subject to the same sort of analysis as are the laws of the physical world. Moreover, it is claimed that there can be no orderly and conscious progress of the human race until these laws are understood and obeyed.

The past half-century of education has laid the basis for a form of success which is measured primarily in terms of pecuniary rewards. Not only the educational system but the literature of this period is saturated with the theory of success which places the dollar above culture. There is much in this type of success which makes a man selfish; there is little in it that establishes the man in better relationships with his fellowmen. But, this theory of success has run its course; it has brought catastrophe to the inhabitants of the earth. A new mode of living is being sought by all peoples and this presages a new element in education.

If "culture is the power to enter into sympathy with enlarging personalities," we must find a new basis for culture. Merely being steeped in the traditions and the non-purposeful literature of the past is not the method by which we can better learn to understand the world, the human world, in which we are now obliged to live. We must know humanity, its structure, its homogeneity, its conflicts, its origins and its laws. Man must be known, not merely as an individual, but as a component part of the entire social structure. To this end the social sciences have been born. To be educated for social success means to know the implications of membership in the human family.

In an essay of this length it will not be feasible to discuss all the social sciences. Four of the principal studies which may now be found in the curricula of all modern colleges and universities are here discussed briefly for the purpose of indicating to the student what the term "social science" implies.

HISTORY

The "new" history has very little in common with the type of history which was taught a half-century ago, and alas, is still being taught by some. History has come to have a new meaning and a new place among the sciences. Formerly history was a dry and uninteresting means of recording events of

nationalistic groups; or, as now becomes evident, it was a means of telling, in a highly decorative fashion, what events were supposed to have happened. History as a science begins where the old history left off. It still utilizes the descriptive materials of the past (in cases where this material has the validity of true description), but it goes far beyond the mere description of events. The "new" history makes use of modern researches; it goes far beneath the surface in its search for truth. With truth in hand it sets forth those human laws which have attended the rise and fall of past civilizations and thereby throws light on modern problems. It may be ventured to state that the old history dealt with effects while the new deals with causes. History as literature may be interesting, but history as science becomes vital, living material.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Political science has passed through much the same kind of evolution as was described above in relation to history. The dry husk of governmental structure made up the larger portion of the political science and the civics of the past. But, the study of government as a social science is already throwing light on the old superstitions with which the entire theory of government and politics was shrouded. Modern political science looks upon governmental institutions as man-made; it looks within the heart and mind of man to discover the forces which go toward the making of an autocracy or a democracy.

With this change in emphasis the study of government takes on new life and new purpose. Government as a science throws its searching light upon all proposals and all panaceas. It tells man that his government is merely the expression of his social and economic life, and that it must change as life itself changes. Forces, human forces, are substituted for "divine rights," for "natural rights" and forsooth for "social wrongs."

ECONOMICS

Economics, long known as the "dismal science," has at last become humanized. The Manchester School of Economics which made the study "dismal," is now discredited. Laissez-faire as a policy of economics is now relegated to the realm of interesting theory. Modern economics utilizes all the old economic laws but it breathes into them a new life; it indicates their fallability under human control. The student of economics in a modern college may now go to this science in the full hope of finding an expression of the relationship between human motives and poverty; between human motives and luxurious idleness.

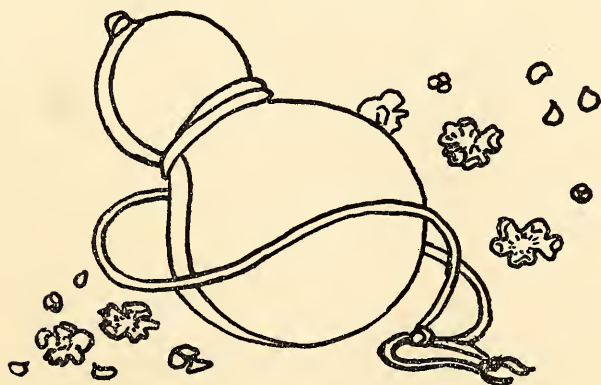
Economics, which once dealt only with "things," has now a human content. Socialized economic science places the human being above wealth and labor and production. Its newer laws emphasize human well-being above increased output.

SOCIOLOGY

Sociology is the science of man in his group relations. It looks upon a man as a "socius," or member of society rather than as an absolute individual. Many misconceptions regarding the true function of the science of sociology are still adrift. Many still believe that it has to do merely with the sick side of life, with social maladjustments such as poverty, crime and disease.

But sociology has its constructive side. It deals with the whole of the human process, the good as well as the indifferent and the bad. As it continues to throw light on the human drama it becomes increasingly evident that nearly all problems have their social significance. Sociology raises this social significance of human conduct above the purely individual responsibility. As a science it points the direction of cause and effect in social process and hence becomes the valuable ally of the other social sciences.

With this exceedingly brief and inadequate description of the four most prominent of the social sciences the student may begin to arrive at certain conclusions. One of these conclusions may be that a modern education, intended to fit one for the greatest usefulness in the modern world, is insufficient if it does not contain those studies which assist in understanding the social significance of life. When the religionists realize that the social sciences are destined to be their chief aids in bringing about a better human relationship on earth, they will relinquish their opposition to these sciences and add to them the spiritual dynamic which the world now so sorely needs.



In Process of Redemption

*A series of Character Sketches of Young Girls
and Women of One of the State's Reformatory
Institutions.*

Gladys Wells, '21, *Cornelian*

I.

CLOE

High, muscular, tough, and angular was Cloe, with claw-like, grimy paws dangling Icabod-like out of skimmy sleeves. Her shoes were those conferred by nature,—far-reaching and all-inclusive. At her other extreme was a cocoa-like ball, half over-spread with a mat of filaments resembling dry corn silks. The distinguishing characteristics of this globular body were the two immense dull-brownish organs of hearing, curving sharply outward on either side. From her neck was suspended a cake of bar soap by means of a cotton string. From one of the numerous rents in her bloomer-legs, the end of a tooth-brush or of a comb might be seen protruding. Her gait was a sort of galloping stride. She was by profession a disseminator of guano, and for that reason always bore the smell of putrified fish.

There was always one officer of the institution whom she considered her "lady-lover," and, were any of the pink-teaish, vampish types to approach said officer, they would be told in no uncertain terms to "lay off her for she's my woman."

This teacher she hovered over continuously swinging her long, fibry upper limbs wildly above her and giving forth nervous, bray-like gusts of laughter.

She was proud of her profession of broad-caster of fertilizer; but at times, like the best of us, she would get a bit peeved with life "around that joint" and even go so far as to wish that she was on the convict force with her brother, where she might swear and chew tobacco to her heart's content. But were anyone to suggest the sewing room as a suitable change of occupation she would immediately dismiss all antipathy for her present occupation and drudge with a doggedness that would put to shame the truest Spartan.

Tho to anyone with half a sense of humor she would appear extremely amusing. She took herself very seriously. A great deal of the time she was stifling sobs, and her wild laugh was due to a large extent to nervousness. Moreover, she did not like to mingle with the girls unless the teacher she liked was present. One day when the girls were admonishing her to be a sport and play baseball, she said: "No, being a sport's what landed me here." The others joked and jostled her, and her simple mind could not analyze their fun. Soon after her baby had died, at the conclusion of a heated discussion with a group of girls she approached her favorite faculty and with face drawn tense and lips quivering she asked if an infant had to suffer for the sins of its mother.

Yes, Cloe's mind was feeble; but in her heart lived the true mother-spirit and Cloe was true to that. A human being was Cloe—very, very human and therefor lovable when love could have its way.

Culprits

Emeline Goforth, '22, *Dikean*

It was one of those rare, charmingly old-fashioned spring houses that one sees nestled always at the foot of a gigantic oak in the heart of the mountains, where a madly merry brooklet brings down the ice bill ad finitum and where day in and day out, thruout the sweltering hot summer months the jars of fresh milk and the butter dishes sit in a prim row and alone revel in a bit of coolness. Too, it was one of those rare, charmingly old-fashioned lassies who sat dangling her feet in the cool, cool stream as it left the mossy mill-house, sat, and drank happily of the fresh, fresh buttermilk, with her face entirely hidden in the long handled gourd. Such refreshing milk it was, too, for her, who knew not the blessings of a country home "with cow attached," for she was on her first real outing in the country. When she was getting her clothes planned for the trip to the mountains, she cancelled the thot of even so citified a thing as a silk dress. Rather, she filled one tiny trunk with tramping shoes, gingham dresses—or something equally as romantic—and one choice rush hat. And here she was lost from her path, ruthlessly robbing an open milk-house of a huge gourd full of milk. But wasn't it good enough to suffer recompense for—and besides, who would ever know but that that wobbledy calf over there in the field had been the culprit? With a great contented sigh she leaned back against the rocks and swung the empty gourd behind her.

Out of the rhododendrons at the left of the spring-house stepped one of those rare, charmingly rugged men. He looked

searchingly about for his lost trail, but seeing instead the mossy spring-house, he smiled boyishly as he hurried towards it. With hesitancy he went to the door and stepped within. Oh, the immaculate rows of fresh milk—should he or should he not? Here he was, lost from his path, a rank stranger to country roads and mountain trails—tired and hot. Yes, he would get one drink of the milk and pass on unnamed and uncursed. So taking down a great gourd dipper that hung near he filled it, and stepped out of the spring-house. Standing there, at the edge of the rocky little stream, he hungrily drank the cool, delicious milk. How very good it was, he thought, certainly worth enough to suffer recompense for—but then who would ever know but what is was that wobbledy calf over there in the field, who had robbed the buttermilk jar? With a great contented sigh he settled himself against the rocks and swung the empty gourd behind him. What a good old world it was! Suddenly a movement was heard just below him in the stream.

“Then welcome each rebuff”—he started to say, but he remembered the littleness of his deed. He stood and looked down the stream. There, half hidden in the willows bent a blushing maiden, barefooted, bareheaded, with a gourd in her hand.

“Perhaps with this nymph,” thot he, “I won’t have more than 50 years on the road for stealing.”

“Perhaps,” thot she, “he will let me have an oil mine go on my bond for stealing.”

The eyes of the two met, then fell. “Such gracious owners,” thot both, and shamefacedly each approached the other for his confession.

“So you’re the little lady o’ the spring-house?” asked he, raising the gourd dipper to show her he had discovered the buttermilk. But he got no farther on his apology for she replied:

“Truly I didn’t mean to appear to be,—Lord of the spring-house.”

"Nor did I mean to appear Lord of the spring-house," said he.

"What?" queried both amazingly.

And so the two culprits hung their heads together, as they stepped inside the spring-house and hung the borrowed gourds side by side on the wall. As they withdrew to each gourd was attached a note—to one a note for a five-dollar bill—for she was the daughter of New York's millions and to the other, an exquisite poem, written on the back of an envelope, bearing the address of one of America's leading poets. And so, from the mutual love of buttermilk, the culprits find now, years hence, no dearer spot to which they may bring their future millionaire poets than their rare old-fashioned spring-house in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains.



The Fairy Pool

Elizabeth Jones, '22, *Cornelian*

One day I saw a tiny stream—
Made sparkly bright by a sunbeam—
Which gurgled and lured me along.
Entranced by its siren song,
O'er the rocks it scrambled and fell
Rushing along through woods pell-mell.
Giving flips with its misty skirt,
Whirling around—a natural born flirt—
Seeming to say—plain as can be—
“Stop looking, stupid—follow me!”
The wee drops stopped their bubbling song
The stream silently flowed along,
Softly I ran, though wond'ring why;
But saw hidden 'neath the blue sky
A sun-and-shadow flecked pool so deep
Circled by mossy banks to keep
From prying eyes and spoilers hand
This Fairy-spot in mortals' land.
A troop of elves in search of fun
Lightsome as the beams of the sun,
Leaped and danced, shouting with glee
As I chased 'em 'round and 'round a tree—
But suddenly—'twas darkest night,
The woods and elves had gone from sight.
O'er head the sleepy stars blinked down—
I'd dreamed it in a sleep so sound.

An Over-dose

Nell Craig, '23, *Cornelian*

We were playing behind the house in a little shed called the "playhouse." Tom and Frances, our next-door neighbors' children, and Bill and I had all about exhausted our supply of games.

"Let's play doctor," Tom suddenly suggested. "I'm goin' to be it."

"Naw, you ain't; you were last time," broke in Bill.

"Well, I'm goin' to be nurse," said Frances, "cause Sue was last time."

She clinched her argument in a way that left me no room for a reply. I could but submit gracefully, so I said to Tom with all the indifference I could summon, "We don't care no-how, do we, Tom?"

"Naw, we'll be awful sick, you just bet."

"Now, you all lie down and we'll come back in a little while," instructed Bill as he and Frances repaired to the house for supplies.

Tom and I lay down on two beds of straw, which had been prepared for a similar use at a previous time. Very soon Bill and Frances entered with an important air. Bill was carrying an old discarded hand-bag of mother's, which contained a box filled with a white powder and a tablespoon; while Frances proudly bore a tray on which were two tea-cups and a pint bottle of delicious-looking red liquid.

The "doctor" went first to Tom and felt his pulse, critically inspecting his tongue, and took his temperature with a

straw, then studied it thoughtfully. His face assumed a fierce frown, which, to him, was evidently a necessary characteristic of doctors. He walked over to where I was lying and I now underwent the same examination as Tom, after which the frown on Bill's face deepened. He put a grimy hand to his forehead and ran his fingers through his shock of bristling hair.

"Ahem," he began pompously. "It is, I fear, two very bad cases of smallpox."

Now Frances advanced with the bag and medicine, doing her best to rustle her abbreviated skirt as she had once seen a nurse do on a long remembered visit to the local hospital.

"You must take some of this right away," said Bill gravely. Then in a whisper, "We got these out of mother's medicine chest."

At a look from Frances he quickly assumed his most professional air. Frances measured out two tablespoonsful of the powder, which Bill poured into the liquid and shook thoroughly. He then poured a generous dose into each cup and gave them to us. We both swallowed with a gulp, then horrors! I shall never forget the fearful taste in my mouth, nor the horrible look on Tom's face. We simultaneously bolted upright and Tom blazed forth, "What do you mean, anyway, giving us such nasty stuff, you old mean things."

Bill and Frances both laughed uproarously; but as we continued to gasp and twist our faces out of shape, they ran for water, which we drank and lay down feeling very sick indeed. The taste left by the medicine engaged my undivided attention for sometime, but before long I began to realize that I was feeling strangely weak. I looked at Tom, my fellow-sufferer, and to my alarm his face was literally splotted with little red marks. I called Bill and Frances. They looked at Tom and then at me.

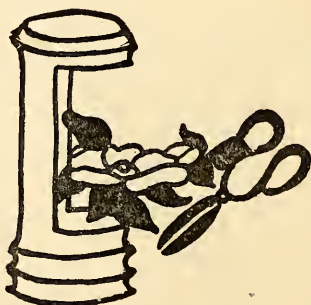
"Why, you're both that way," Bill exploded. We were all much alarmed. Tom and I began to whimper frightenedly; and Bill and Frances, scared almost out of their wits, got up

and started for the house. My knees were trembling so I could scarcely move, but I reached the steps in safety, then everything grew black.

When I awoke I was lying on the bed in mother's room and through the open door I could see Tom lying on the couch in the sitting room. Dr. Ryan, father and mother and Tom's father and mother seemed to be dividing their attention between us. I heard mother say, "That in the bottle is grape juice, and that in the box quinine."

Then the looks of great anxiety became slightly relieved. Dr. Ryan tasted the mixture and the look on his face almost equaled that on Tom's.

"Ugh! What a taste," he exclaimed. "Well, anyway it is not serious. Quinine frequently causes a rash, but only very strong doses are so severe."



An Autobiography

Myrtle N. Warren, '22, *Cornelian*

There was great rejoicing in the Warren household one bleak morning on the fourth day of February, nineteen hundred, for a baby girl had been added to the family, and they called her Myrtle. The kind old Stork laid me tenderly in loving arms, and tossed to me, as he does to all of us, a little knot of dreams to unravel until we are strong enough to enter the football game of real life. When one thinks about it, truly childhood is the nearest approach in this world to the Paradise of long ago.

One morning my negro mammy whose name was Aunt Hester, found me skulking like a Cupid in the shrubbery, my face downcast with guilt, my skirts bedraggled and soiled. I had waded the Atlantic Ocean in the mud puddle and stirred up the Mediterranean Sea in the slop bucket. I had shipwrecked the young ducks, capsized the goslings and drowned the kitten while trying to give him a bath. Here was the original Adam coming to the surface.

"Laud bless my soul, jis' look at dat chile," exclaimed Aunt Hester as she beheld me.

"Look at dat face, an' dem han's, all kivered wid mud an' mulberry juice! Jis' zackly lak yo' brudder, always gittin' into some scrape or nudder, always breakin' into some kind uv debbilment! Gwine ter break in' on Congress some ob dese days sho'. Come along wid me dis instinct to de baff tub! I's a-gwine ter wash dat face uv yourn an' try to lucidate some uv dat dirt off'n dem han's and clo'es." And so saying, she carried me away, kicking and screaming like a young savage in open rebellion.

Presently I came forth again, washed and dressed in spotless white, and the very first minute I got a chance I slipped on tip-toe into the pantry. Soon there was the clink of glassware, as though a mouse were playing among the jam pots and preserves; there two little dimpled hands made trip after trip to a rose-colored mouth bearing burdens of mingling sweets, that dropped from cheek to chin and skirt to shoes, staining the snowy white with the amber of the peach and purple of raspberry as I stood there eating of the forbidden fruit.

From the pantry I glided softly into the library, and soon there was a crash and a thud which brought a frightened mother into the room, only to find her young daughter catching her breath, while streams of cold ink trickled down her drenched bosom. I wiped my inky face, which grew blacker with every wipe. The remainder of the ink was poured from the bottle down on the carpet, making there a map of darkest Africa.

The rear of a small skirt went up over a curly head and my mother's gentle hand kept time to the music in the air. And there, was Paradise Lost! The sympathizing, half angry old nurse bore her weeping, sobbing charge to the nursery, and bound up the broken heart, with her old-time lullaby:

O' don't yo' cry little baby

Don't yo' cry no mo',

For it hurts ole mammy's feelin's fo' to hear you weepin' so,

Why do dey bring temptations to de little han's an' feet?

What makes 'um 'buse de baby,

Kase de jam and zarves am sweet?

O' go to sleep—go to sleep my—”

“Dar now, dar now, she's gone, bless its little heart! Dey treats it lak a dog. Ole mamy Hester de best frien' de chile's got in de worl.” And then she tucked me away in the paradise of my childish slumbers.

My very first playmate was Jannette Davis, who lived just across the street from me. When Jannette and I got together mischief was always brewing.

One day when I had already been brought home twice for going where I had no permission, Janette and I decided to try it again. One of our favorite places was the home of a maiden lady who lived on the corner. I never could enjoy my visit very much if I slipped off, because I knew sooner or later mother would come for me. On this particular morning we thought we would hide; so when we saw mother coming we rolled under the bed. Much to my displeasure I noticed that mother had a keen little switch in her hand and was gently tapping it against her skirt, as she talked. The runaways under the bed were as quiet as mice until a large spider came crawling down. I did not see it, but Jannette did, and immediately she squealed with the full power of her lungs. We wasted no time in getting out and mother followed us. Every now and then I would feel a tap on my bare legs, which caused me to quicken my pace. When I reached home, I was put in the dining room closet for punishment. At first I was so very angry that I cried and screamed; for it was dreadfully dark in there and I imagined that all kinds of bears were lurking on the shelves, but before long I became reconciled. Presently I smelled apples, and one can imagine my delight when I found a large bag, containing over a dozen of the "sheep nose" variety. At first thought I decided to eat every one of them, get sick and die. I already had a life-sized picture of myself laid out in a casket, with my friends and relatives bending over me and saying: "The poor little darling has gone to heaven, and there she will not be put in a closet. How dreadful her mother must feel!"

It seemed impossible for me to devour the whole bagful, so I just ate some off of every one. If I had known that doing such a naughty thing was going to keep me at home for two whole days, I am sure that I would have refrained from it. One redeeming thing about me was that I was always ready to say that I was sorry and that I would turn over a new leaf. After I had crawled up in mother's lap, given her a big hug and a kiss, I felt happy again.

In the summer my mother always required me to take a nap, because I would become ill and tired through the hot afternoon, but once I decided that I had rather improve my looks than to sleep, so I pulled a chair up to the dresser, covered my face with dark brown salve. I then put a thick layer of powder over the salve and being quite satisfied with my appearance, I crawled right into the center of the bed, smearing the mixture every time I moved. Mother was horrified when I came walking out after taking my nap, for the salve had melted and was running down my face and neck in streaks, leaving me looking like a leper.

Jannette and I were peacefully playing in the sand-pile in my back-yard one morning, when Helen Ragan came running breathlessly down to where we were playing with the startling news that a *merry-go-round* was in town. We had no idea what it was like, but after Helen gave us a vivid description of it, we were more than eager to go.

The merry-go-round was located about three blocks away, and when we listened, we heard the music. Then and there we determined to go. But where was the money coming from? Helen at once solved that mystery. "I tell you what let's do, the old man who runs the merry-go-round is as blind as a bat, and he can't tell the difference between a tobacco tag and a nickle; I know where some are."

After we had beaten the edges off of the tobacco tags we started off, every one of us barefooted, wearing a gingham apron, and clutching tightly in our hands the tobacco tags.

What a thrill we had as we turned the corner and heard the music more distinctly! But our hopes vanished when we looked back, for Helen's Grandfather was pursuing us, taking long strides in order to overtake us. When Helen saw him she quickly climbed the fence and by running through several of the neighbor's back-yards, arrived safely in mine, and when we got back she was swinging as contentedly as tho' nothing had happened.

I was so anxious for a baby sister, that I used to halt the people from the country and beg to buy a baby. It made no difference to me whether the baby was black or white, just so I had a sister. I have never been so happy in my life, as when I received the news that the baby sister had arrived.

Much to my sorrow Jannette moved to the country. I was perfectly lost without her because we had been inseparable for four years. She would stop to see me every time she came up town, and such marvelous tales she would tell about the country. At last the day rolled around for me to go on my long looked-for journey to see her. She took me down to the creek, and through the beautiful pastures, where all of the cows were grazing, and through the woods. When we had gone for a long way in the woods, she began to tell me of the bears that she had seen strolling arm in arm through the woods. Of course this frightened me, and I thought that she was a regular martyr to the cause. I was very thankful when, in six months, her family moved back to a civilized place.

When another year had about rolled around mother took Jannette and me to be vaccinated. I thought it was a terrible operation and dreaded it for days, but Jannette looked forward with greatest anticipation to the event. I was frightened more than ever when I saw Dr. Reid get out a pair of scissors. Being of a very inquisitive mind I asked what they were for, and when he replied that they were to cut a piece out of my arm, I wasted no time in getting away. After I heard that it did not kill Jannette I consented to having it done.

I shall never forget my first day of school. I was chaperoned by my brother, who was then in the fourth grade, and had more knowledge than Solomon, according to my judgment.

The first graders were only required to bring a tablet and pencil the first day, but I carried three large story books, a dictionary and the family Bible. For the first few hours I seemed to think that I was in church, but soon the newness wore off and I thought that it would be nice to eat an apple,

since nothing exciting was happening. I took a big bite and passed it up the line, each kid taking a bite in turn. Ere the apple reached the front seat it was only a core. Much to my surprise Miss Mae Stewart, the teacher, captured it and put it on her desk. I was worried to think she didn't get her share so I walked up and told her that I would bring her one all for herself the very next day. She smiled and told me that little girls must not eat in school.

Jannette did not go to school the first day and I took special delight in showing her around the next day.

As my birthday drew near, I decided to have a party and I invited almost everyone in my room. I didn't even mention it to mother, because I thought it a very little matter to have a party and consequently mother was ignorant of my plans.

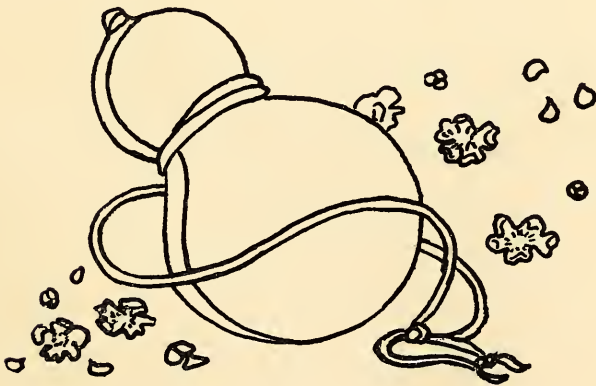
When the appointed day arrived it was snowing, and I had forgotten all about inviting any guests; so I went home as usual. Presently the door bell rang and Burney Boyce was standing there, dressed in her Sunday best. She handed mother a little gift, neatly tied up and gently broke the news that I was celebrating my birthday. About that time I came forth and announced that I had invited everyone in my room. Fortunately it was a bad evening and no one else came. Mother made some snow cream and gave us some cake, the rest of the evening we parched peanuts and popped corn. Father thought it was the funniest thing ever, but before I had another one, I told my mother of my plans.

After that it seemed that for several years nothing of importance happened. I, like all of the children, had chicken-pox, whooping cough, measles and my share of stumped toes, but with those exceptions I plodded happily along at school.

In the summer of 1914 our much beloved school building burned and consequently we had to have the school somewhat scattered in order to accommodate all of the pupils.

The high school building was located in a large warehouse directly across from the Southern depot. The only partition

between the rooms were blackboards set up on stilts, under which chalk, notes and eats were easily transported from one room to another. The upper story of the building was used for an armory, and at the rear was the veterinary hospital. In the midst of shifting trains, and the groans of dying animals, I cultivated a power of concentration which stands me in good stead during study hours in college.



Light Essays and Sketches



An Apology for Study Hour

Florine Davenport, '22, *Dikean*

Just now, when every student is bound under fear of bad grades or disapproval of teacher or fellow student, a cry arises bidding me join hands with my ambitious yet unattaining companions in protecting our characters in the fact that we are content to use our study hour in other ways than studying books. Yet this should not be necessary. Wasting, so-called, one's study hour does not mean that one remains idle, but that one does numerous other things not recognized in the curriculum of study. It is admitted that students who neglect their studies are resented by those who grind away at the mill of knowledge. It is indeed a sore thing, when a Freshman has used her whole study hour to prepare her math and then to see her fellow student, who has disturbed her with singing the night before, outshine her in brilliance. And what could be more discouraging than to use your study hour in preparing your history or chemistry and to find that your class-mate who went

to the show, enjoys the same test that you do? Thus the science students only tolerate the unscientific; the history students shrug at the unhistorical; and the math genius looks down on her fellows.

But although this is one difficulty of the subject, it is not the greatest. One could not be expelled for talking against a studious study hour, but one could be flunked for speaking like a sluggard. Therefore, please to remember that this is an apology. There is much to say in favor of a studious study hour, but there is something to say against it and that is what I propose to say on this occasion. To state one argument is not to be deaf to all others, and because I defend a non-diligent study hour is no reason why I don't spend studious ones.

It is surely beyond a doubt that students need and deserve hours that they can call their own. The neat, dainty girl just must put a stitch here and there on her apparel while the slender girl just must attend to her nocturnal exercises. And who could resist the invitation to a feast when all the crowd are to be there? When you are so tired that you are blue what is more soothing than to crawl in a nice warm bed and read the last installment of that thrilling story? You are never happier than when you are so sleepy that you see two of everything, and you can afford to nod in your chair. And isn't it thrilling to listen to your room-mate's unusual adventure while you mentally see yourself a heroine. And the letters that you just must write and study hour seems to be the best time! The room is in such a mess that one is called upon to clean it up in sheer self-defense. There is nothing more alluring than to fix your neighbors a nice pie-bed or to coat it with hulls or any other refuse while they are peacefully studying in the library. Then study hour is the most fashionable calling hour and one can't resist a little harmless gossip. Oh! but it is a great life if you don't weaken! After one of these study hours you think you have come to the end of a perfect day and I have come to the end of my apology, too!

Shifting Masters

Vera Ayers, '23, *Cornelian*

By many I am considered an entirely unnecessary being. Indeed, there seems to be no logical place for me. I am frequently scoffed at and spoken of lightly. For the most part those who do not consider me out of harmony with the fitness of things are not aware of my existence.

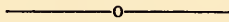
Fortunately, there are a few whose faithfulness and devotion, expressed more by deeds than by words, are ever a lasting sustenance to me. So long as these remain by my side, I can withstand with hearty grace all tones—varied and numerous as they are—of ridicule. Among these friends, there is one of whom I cannot speak or think of save in terms of reverence.

When she became my mistress, I was very young. I remember very minutely the afternoon that I first saw her. Something in her manner signified that I might perhaps find a welcome in her company. Indeed, I went home with her and she seemed genuinely glad to have me. Her parents greeted me rather as an old friend than as the newcomer that I surely was. And, to tell the truth, they showed plainly that they expected me to remain with them for all time.

Frequently my mistress seemed delighted to have me go with her here and there. I enjoyed her company. At length, we became the best of friends. She looked upon me as one upon whom she could ever depend. Her attention and devotion gained for me the acquaintance and admiration of many of her friends. Each of them knew all too well that she had made a lasting impression upon me, that, indeed, she had inscribed upon my very soul the letters of her name. Of these letters, there were nine in number. Each was a softly radiant light amid ebony blackness.

One evening about nine o'clock as well as I remember, a strange gentleman knocked at our door. He did not come in

as he was bidden. For some minutes, my mistress talked with him as she stood within the half-open door. My name was mentioned! What could this strange man know of me! I did not understand. Presently, I heard my mistress say, "Oh, I would be glad for it"—meaning me—"to protect you on your way. She had expressed the desire that I go with this unknown man—whither I knew not. For the first time in my life, I began to doubt the prudence of her wishes. A demand for an explanation was on my tongue when the man seized me with such a firm grip that all resistance was out of question. I was forced to go whithersoever he desired. From that memorable night, I have lived a life of gloom and sadness quite in keeping, I suppose, with my name. I no longer wonder why my parents chose to attach to me the word "Umbra" modified to the extent that it really is umbrella. After all, I should not be discontent so long as the name of my mistress is inscribed upon my frame.



The Struggle for Existence

Mary Byrd Blackwell, '21, *Cornelian*

Some are born with kinky hair, some acquire kinky hair, and some have kinky hair thrust upon them via electric curlers. I speak as one of authority for the last named "some."

All these past nineteen years I have been good to my mistress. Never once have I proved unfaithful, and I have remained on both day and night duty—that of adorning milady's head. I have never been unreasonable in my requirements. Just once a week have I demanded that she shampoo me and give me a good sunning. I repaid her fully—by growing long and beautiful. Do not think that I have

always been tall. Well do I remember when I was only fuzz—as downy as a little biddy. Truly those were wearing days on me. My little mistress insisted on keeping part of me smothered in the pillow. Sorrowfully, I felt myself being worn away. I was becoming alarmed lest I should all go away and leave her bald, but after a bit she didn't want to sleep much. the fuzz became silky and all twisted around. I felt myself growing dizzy from growing around. They called her "the little golden haired angel.

For years I grew slowly, then one day some horrid cold shears were placed next to me and most of me went away. I later learned that I had been bobbed. This was a severe cut to me, but I loved my little mistress and tried to repay her thoughtlessness by growing all the faster. Great was my grief when they "put me up." It was a true "Sing-Sing" to me after my years of freedom in the wind and sunshine. But in my own slow way, I continued to grow. Of course, I'd get all tangled and when she ran those great white prongs through me, she would pull me out and I would be left to die wrapped up in those white prongs.

The one bright spot in my life was at night when I was unbound and allowed to breath deep of the cooling air. But always something had to happen to take the brightness out of life. She brought out some funny looking things that looked like safety pins, (but turned out to be diabolic instruments of torture). She twisted me around the prongs and, not content with binding me up, snapped the prong together. That night will always be remembered as the longest and most miserable of my existence. Every twist in me ached. Along with daylight came relief when she set me free. There I was in a horrible distorted shape like a corkscrew.

Uh, Uh, the unkindest cut of all came when she again severed half of me—then she "teased" me, wrapped me around a rat. She can scream, and jump on a table when she sees one, but I had to be closer than a miser to this particular one.

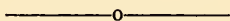
I'm human when treated properly but—Tangles!! Amputation of "my threads of life!!" Electric curlers!! Rats!! All instruments of torment.

What have I ever done to deserve it. I have been too good for my own good. That last indignity—uh, rats!!—had proved too much for my hitherto patient disposition.

I then and there drew up the following, myself as a committee of one

"I, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly declare that, Whereas, it has taken me all my natural life to reach my present lengthy state of health, that I shall refuse to have it shortened by any diabolical inventions, and that Whereas, the snap of life and spark electricity has been removed by aforesaid inventions, I do swear that as long as I live and am subjected to these indignities that I shall produce dandruff, shall fall out, cease to grow and in general shall be a bothersome nuisance.

This I do swear to do, so help me, Emulsified Coconut Oil!!

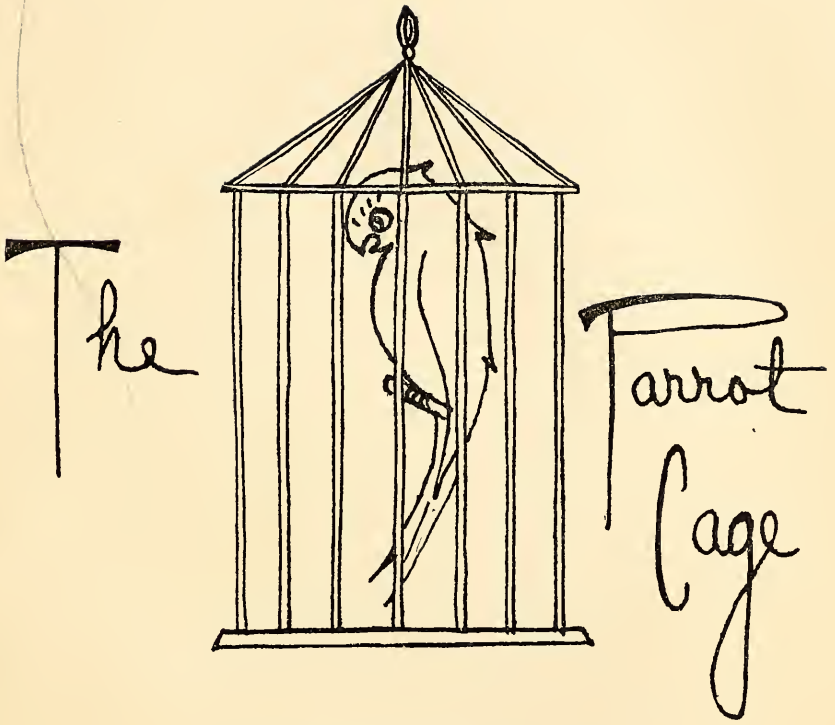


The "Bordered Toga" of the Campus

Anne Cantrell, '22, *Dikean*

People are queer animals, and girls are the queerest of the breed—so I've heard. Well, I can't vouch for that but they do have some peculiar habits, now don't they? College girls in particular. But to come to the point I mean that note book habit. Yes, dears, if you want to be stylish and important pray purchase for yourself one of those small, black loose-leaf, leather-bound note books. Nobody who's really anybody dares stick her nose out of the door without her precious little black

note book with fountain pen prominently and conveniently protruding therefrom. So, my readers, if you desire to be admitted on all sides, respected and honored, by all means achieve this mark of distinction without delay. All the book stores carry them.



A Day in Freshman's Life

When the day has just begun,
And the rising bell is rung,
Sleepily I raise my head,
Then I snuggle back in bed.

But my drowsiness I quell
When I hear that breakfast bell,
Down the hall I run and skip,
For fear I'll miss my grits and "zip."

Ere the time I break my fast
Gloomy thots on math are cast,
And as the bell begins to toll
A guilty terror grips my soul.

When a class or two is o'er,
I go jumping thru the door
To my room that's not been swept,
For dates with "gym" that must be kept.

At noon when I desire to eat
I have to fill my chapel seat;
Then for a nap I settle down
Until I see a "martial" frown.

Hark! The bell I love to hear
Speaks a word of wondrous cheer—
"Lunch is ready, come partake
Of apple sauce and ginger cake."

When three hours of "lab" are done,
Walking period has begun.
'I'm so tired! I'd like to know
Why they always rush us so!"

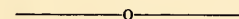
Walking o'er and dinner past,
Time to visit comes at last;
But in the midst of jollity
A bell is rung to end our glee.

"Sad, but true," we all agree,
"When duty speaks our pleasures flee."
With "Busy" sign upon my door
I cram for tests and then some more.

But in the midst of things undone,
And all my lessons just begun,
A bell commands, "Let there be dark!"
And groans foretell tomorrow's mark.

When lights are out and prayers are said,
I wearily crawl into bed
To sleep the sleep that knows a waking
By bells again, ere day is breaking.

B. McR., '24.



Avoid the Rush

Do you really mind the rush?
Now just think a while and hush!
Would you have much sure 'nough fun,
If you didn't have to run?

Tumble breathlessly in class,
Cram your lessons down *en masse*,
Grumble at the stairs to climb,
And wish that you had charge of Time?

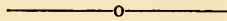
Or would you rather stroll sedately
Down the path you sped o'er lately,
With your hair precisely fixed
And none of your ideas mixed.

All your lessons nicely conned,
Never being in a quand—
Ary as to what to do
To make the teacher think you knew?

Methuselah had lots of time,
And when he was in his prime,
Never had to run to "gym,"
But I wouldn't have been "him."

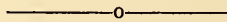
Calm and peaceful was his life—
No excitement, rush, or strife—
But, you know, I wonder if
He must not have been bored stiff?

M. H. B., '21.



The lightning big is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He stumbles thru the darkness
With his headlight on behind.

Anonymous.



Have you heard Uncle William's ultimatum on the subject
of women-folks?

"You can pacify 'em, but you can never satisfy 'em!"

Exchanges



Greetings to all other college magazines!

Here is where we have the privilege of throwing bricks and bouquets at one another—much to our mutual benefit!

In the October "Acorn" we find a very good essay on American Music, a mediocre bit of verse in the classical vein, three stories which are rather well done for a first issue, a clever light essay on dishwashing, and some delightful sketches. By the way, Meredith has quite a "rep" for sketches, but why doesn't the muse of poetry hover more often over her campus?

Coraddi is proud of her brother, The Carolina Magazine—proud of his remarkable revival, both in size and in contents. The treatment of current interests is unusually good, and the verse, and narration are equally commendable. The announcement of the articles to be published in the next copy of the magazine works successfully on our curiosity.

We like the looks of The Concept—and what's more, it's as good as it looks. The stories are fine, so are the articles in The Editor's Column. The little poem, "A World Pursuit," is splendid. You need more poetry, tho. We wish that all of our fellow colleges could produce such enjoyable reading as is found in "The Concept."

On The Shelves



That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court, where hourly I converse
With the old sages and philosophers;
And sometimes for variety, I confer
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

In the belief that an intimate knowledge of the library and its resources is essential to the best development of the literary activity and cultural spirit for which this magazine stands, THE CORADDI begins in this issue a department devoted to it.

There follows a classified and annotated list, supplementary to the one being published in THE CAROLINIAN, of recent accessions. In addition to this list, are given reviews of a few books which are typical of the kind that are being placed in increasing numbers on the library shelves.

A Notable Biography

Thomas Hood; His Life and Times

Walter Jerrold. 1909

This account of the tragic life of a famous nineteenth century English humorist cannot fail to hold its reader's interest. Mr. Jerrold has performed his task well. The living

image of Hood,—brave in adversity, tender in pain and sorrow, courageous, high-spirited, and fun-loving, is kept vividly in the foreground.

Hood was born in London of Scotch parents, in the last year of the eighteenth century. Both parents dying in his youth, he took a clerical position in a London merchant's office. As the confinement of this work seemed to undermine his health, he went to visit relatives in Dundee. Returning after two years of rest and recreation, he became apprenticed at the age of eighteen as an engraver. At this time his writing talent began to manifest itself, and as a result of his early literary efforts he was made, at the age of twenty-two, an assistant editor of the great "London Magazine." This led to his acquaintance with Lamb, and in this volume are many happy stories of their cordial friendship and extracts from numerous letters that passed between the middle-aged essayist and the young comic poet. Another important friendship which grew out of his editorial position was that with John Hamilton Reynolds (the intimate friend of Keats) whose sister, Jane, Hood married in 1824. Resigning from his editorship after three years, he devoted his time to the preparation of his own volumes,—“Whims and Oddities,” the successive issues of “The Comic Annual,” and his novel, “Tylney Hall.” In these books appeared such immortal punning ballads as “Faithless Nelly Gray,” with her soldier lover

“O Nelly Gray! O Nelly Gray!

Is this your love so warm?

The love that loves a scarlet coat,

Should be more uniform!”

and “Faithless Sally Brown,” who loved a sailor:

“His death, which happened in his berth,

At forty-odd befell;

They went and told the sexton, and

The sexton tolled the bell.”

and his gem of serious art, “The Dreams of Eugene Aram.”

As was the case with Scott, the failure of his publisher involved him in serious financial difficulties, and, like Scott, he courageously and honorably chose rather to meet his obligations by earning more money with his pen than to nullify them by entering into bankruptcy proceedings.

His health fast failing, he went to Germany to live, staying on the Continent five years in the vain hope of recuperating, and working all the while as steadily as his strength permitted.

Returning to England in 1840, he became editor of "The New Monthly," and a contributor to the newly-founded "Punch"—wherein appeared "The Song of the Shirt." Difficulties with the proprietor of the former journal led to the establishment early in 1844 of his own periodical, "Hood's Monthly Magazine." Much of his good work appeared in this—"The Bridge of Sighs," for example—and many notable literary friends contributed to it,—Dickens, Browning, Bulwer-Lytton, and others.

Financial troubles pursued him even here, and his health failed rapidly. Friends came to his aid, carrying on the editorial work during his sickness and securing the grant of a royal pension to Mrs. Hood. The end came in May, 1845.

This is the record of a valiant spirit. Far more than a mere punster or practical joker (though both of these), Hood is revealed in these pages as an earnest, sympathetic, home-loving, truth-seeking Christian gentleman, the embodiment of all those spiritual qualities which make for true manhood, and which sublimate the faulty endeavors of frail and imperfect humanity into beacon lights for the guidance of fellowmen.

Plays for Amateurs

Little Theater Classics. 2 vols. Adapted and edited by Samuel H. Eliot, Jr.

Realizing the need of the Little Theater movement as a means of satisfying the "drama-loving, art-loving theatergoers," and being of the opinion that the various theatrical societies have not been able to write anything great, the editor of the Little Theater Classics has scanned the dramatic literature of centuries past and selected his "classics" from a number of such works as have proved themselves "survivors of the fittest." These classics range between B. C. 426 and A. D. 1775. "Hecuba" of Euripides. Greek plays are rarely produced and twentieth century novelty. It has not been Eliot's aim to select and edit plays for "literary curiosity or academic pleasure, but for the test of artistic production." And so by clever shiftings and eliminations he has given us something *new* from the *old*—a series of good one-act plays.

Among these classics is found *Polyxena*, taken from the "Hecuba" of Euripides. Green plays are rarely produced and seldom appear even in the repertoire of the best stock companies on the continent. The tragedies of Euripides are so musical and so sublime—so remote from our civilization, that, in order to produce them successfully, Eliot feels that a rearrangement is necessary in order to gain in "naturalness, reality and intimacy." This he does in *Polyxena* by bringing the main action more boldly to the foreground and keeping the choruses in the background.

The two miracle plays entitled *A Christmas Miracle* and *Abraham and Isaac* date, of course, from the middle ages,—from the years 1539 and 1470-1480 respectively. These adapt themselves easily—not only to the Art Theater, but also to open-air theaters and to the schoolroom, and they are especially well suited for a Christmas community celebration. Crude and even clumsy, they are at the same time quaint and sincere, and

if prepared for the proper occasion are bound to be impressive. Moreover, the tender realistic touches in the characterization of *Isaac* and the sympathetic realism of the *Christmas Miracle* call forth child-like joy and admiration and make a strong human appeal.

Doctor Faustus is adapted from Marlowe's version of 1604. It can hardly be pronounced strong dramatically, but the costumes and masks of the *Seven Deadly Sins* as produced by Sam Hume at the Art and Crafts Theater, Detroit, must call forth a sort of merry interest in the drama, and certainly the super-human conflicts of the hero's last agony will not fail to grip the audience.

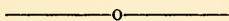
Richard and Viola, a romantic comedy chiefly by Francis Beaumont, has been adapted from *The Coxcomb*, found in the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. (1647). This play perhaps more than any other in these volumes has really *enjoyed* a shifting of acts and scenes as well as happy eliminations, the *Ricardo and Viola* story being the underplot of a rather unpleasing main plot. It is an excellent stage play, the dramatic action of which is well interspersed with the coarse vulgarity of the *Drawer*, the *Tinker* and his *Trull* and with the graceful touches of the *Milkmaids*, thus rendering it replete with diversification and suspense.

The Loathed Lover, adapted from *The Changeling of* Thomas Middleton and William Rowley (1622), belongs to the same period as *Ricardo and Viola*. However, this drama requires such subtle art in acting and an audience not easily disgusted that it probably will never be attempted by mere amateurs. Eliot, however, says of it: "The coherence, logical development of character and cumulative stage technique of this short tragedy ascribed to both authors alike, are of the highest order; it is a recognized masterpiece of the English drama, yet is here for the first time freed of its dross and offered to the modern theater."

"High-brow" as the Little Theater is supposed to be, it

does not exclude the farce. In an evening of one-act plays including such tragedies as *Polyxena* and *The Loathed Lover*, it would seem as if a bit of diplomatic kindness had been bestowed upon the audience to send it home after a merry laugh over such a joyful farce as *The Scheming Lieutenant*; taken from Sheridan's *St. Patrick*; or Moliere's *Squarelle* and especially over *Patelin*, by Alecis.

All of these plays (with the exception of *The Loathed Lover*) with their simple staging, vital dramatic value and good material—would be well worth trying out by the various dramatic groups on our campus; and, if well presented, they would furnish good amusement of educational value to the audience.



Some American Story Tellers

Cooper, Frederic Taber

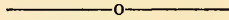
N. Y. Holt, 1911

Did you ever wonder about the literary merit of your favorite novel whose author is not perhaps ranked among the great writers? Did you discover also how hard it is to find any criticism of this same favorite?

There has been added to the library recently a book which will give this desired information about fourteen American writers—Marion Crawford, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Winston Churchill, Robert W. Chambers, Ellen Glasgow, David Graham Phillips, Robert Herrick, Edith Wharton, Booth Tarkington, O. Henry, Gertrude Atherton, Owen Wister, Frank Norris, and Ambrose Bierce.

In these essays Mr. Cooper gives a very fair analysis of

the literary merits of the authors mentioned above, who rank mostly among the lesser known writers of the century. The value of these criticisms is greatly increased by the bibliography contained in the last part of the book. Here you find listed for each author the (I.) Published works (II.) Critical estimates, and (III.) Separate views, which confirm Mr. Cooper's judgment of the power he attributes to their genius. A portrait of each of the "story tellers" is also given which is a very pleasing feature of the book. If this book were of a more recent date it would be one of the most valuable books in the library, but let us be glad to know of a place where fourteen of our innumerable authors are ably criticised and where further criticism is listed to supplement our study.



The Steeplejack of all Arts

Unicorns; by James Huneker, 1917

In its entirety this is a book for the reader of catholic tastes. So diverse is it that some part of it must appeal to everyone. Mr. Huneker (pronounced, so the "Walking-Stick Papers" tell us, as if the first syllable were in "Hungary") is first of all a critic of music, but he is a writer of diverse accomplishment and justly occupies a distinctive place in the front rank of contemporary American essayists.

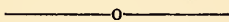
For the musician and music lover there are critical papers on MacDowell ("a born tone-poet"), Brahms ("an inexorable formulist"), Chopin, ("the most poetic among composers"), and Wagner. "My First Musical Adventure" is his account of a visit to Paris "impelled by a parching desire to see Franz Liszt." "The Grand Manner in Pianoforte Playing" and "Violinists Now and Yesteryear" are self-explanatory titles.

In literary criticism he roams far afield. He is truly cos-

mopolitan. Familiar and unfamiliar names sound constantly through the book. Of Artzibashef, the Russian pessimist; Remy de Gourmont ("the Admirable Crichton of French letters"); Mme. George Sand ("neither a moral monster nor yet the ardent Bohemian that legend has fashioned of her"); Joris-Karl Huysmans ("a perverse comet in the firmament of French literature"); Henry James; Mallock; James Joyce, the Irish realist; Oscar Wilde; and George Moore he writes brilliantly and with a just perception of their value. "The Great American Novel," "Style and Rhythm in English Prose" and "Cross-Currents in Modern French Literature" are additional papers which display his breadth of knowledge and his facility of criticism.

The book contains further articles of a miscellaneous sort. "The Case of Paul Cezanne" is a discussion of the French painter. "The Queerest Yarn in the World," "Four Dimensional Vistas," "A Synthesis of the Seven Arts," "Little Mirrors of Sincerity," "Pillowland" and "Riding the Whirlwind" are all titles that intrigue the reader's imagination.

Mr. Huneker, always modern in viewpoint and tone, can be depended upon to stimulate. "His great merit is that he has banished solemnity and cant; he talks about books because he loves them, and there isn't an ounce of pedantry in his whole nature."



Recent Accessions at the Library

Bachelor, Irving. A man for the ages. 1919. 416p.

the author has woven all the facts and stories of the Lincoln tradition into a novel which, though not strictly historical, gives a picture of Lincoln, droll, wise, sympathetic, helpful. The story covers his career from the time he clerked in a country store in New Salem, Ill., until his first inauguration as President.

Bennett, Arnold. The roll-call. 1919.

Though this story may be read quite independently of "Clayhanger," "Hilda Lessways," and "These Twain," it relates the adventures of Hilda's son, George Cannon. A story of London before and at the outbreak of the war.

Bourget, Paul. The night cometh. 1916. 312p.

A thoughtful, reverent presentation of the idea of death as it appeared to two men about to die in Paris. One was a surgeon, an agnostic, the head of a military hospital in Paris; the other a captain, a devout Catholic, fatally wounded in battle. The third man writes of their contrasting beliefs and their effect after death on the surgeon's beautiful wife whom both men had loved.

Conrad, Joseph. The nigger of the Narcissus. 1914.

The story of one voyage of the sailing ship "Narcissus," from Bombay to London—a story dealing with calms and with storms, with mutiny on the high seas, with bravery and with cowardice, with tumultuous life, and with death, the releaser from toil.

Conrad, Joseph. Nostromo. 1916.

The history of a South American revolution. In this story of vast riches, of unbridled passions, of patriotism, of greed, of barbaric cruelty, of the most debased and the most noble impulses, the whole history of South America seems to be epitomized.

Jacobs, W. W. More cargoes. 1897. 231p.

Fifteen short stories in the author's best manner, breathing the tang of the sea.

James, Henry. A landscape painter. 1919. 287p.

Four stories written before the author's twenty-fifth year and published in magazines shortly after the Civil war. They are undramatic tales, tinged with irony and ending in frustration, but written in a clear simple style contrasting with the author's later intricate method.

Locke, Wm. J. House of Baltazar. 1920. 312p.

A typically interesting Locke story. John Baltazar, a mathematician, shuts himself off from the world by going to China for eighteen years. Returning to England, he secludes himself with his Chinese servant in a country place and knows nothing of the war until his house is destroyed by a German airplane. His reaction to the war and his renewal of old friendships and love is vividly told.

Marshall, Archibald. Many Junes. 1920. 316p.

The hero seems the sport of fate as he loses one after another of the people he loves, and makes an unhappy marriage. Gradually he and his wife reconsider values and come to an understanding which gives promise of contentment.

Marshall, Archibald. Sir Harry. 1919. 375p.

The story of a few years in the life of a pure-minded, manly English boy, heir to wealth and position, isolated from the outside world that he may not repeat the messaliance of his dead father. The test of this experiment comes with his idyllic love experience and his answer to the call of war. The theme of the spiritual influence of the war is prominent, and here consolation comes in a beautiful spiritual form.

Masefield, John. Captain Margaret. 1916. 371p.

The time is the 17th century and most of the action takes place on the sea. The book is full of feeling for the beauty and the brutality of life, and the beauty also of sea and land.

Snaith, John C. The undefeated. 1919.

A story of wartime England and of the changes wrought in character by the war.

Swinerton, Frank. Nocturne. 1917. 250p.

The evening that brought the moment of highest romance to the lives of two young English girls of the working class. The happenings of a single evening, but shown as the result of many things skilfully suggested with a feeling of the consequences to follow.

Swinerton, Frank. 1919. 304p.

A subtle and beautifully worked out analysis of the char-

acter and reactions of a lovely woman, thirty-eight years old, long since disillusioned about her marriage, when she finds herself in love with a younger man. She is contrasted with a young girl who loves the same man. The setting is an English country house and London just before the war.

