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Member



## Sea-Town

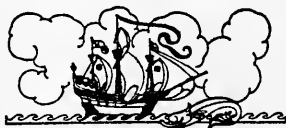
I'll find a friendly sea-town  
Where vessels, green and white,  
Sail out from bay at break of day,  
And back again at night.

Where tiny girls with tapaz curls  
Run barefoot on the sands,  
And little lads with freckled face  
Catch fishes in their hands.

I'll build the smallest house of stone  
Where jasmine flowers grow!  
Where foam and mist from off the sea  
Against my windows blow!

I know a song that lightly sings  
Of ocean waves to me—  
The sweetest place—a little town  
I know beside the sea.

MARY ELIZABETH DAVIS



# Shaw as a Sociologist

By CELESTE MIMS

*I shall make a duchess of this dragtailed guttersnipe.*

—PYGMALION

THE title of this paper may, to the uninitiated, connote a Shaw quite unlike the playwright as he is known to the theatres, newspapers, and one-hour college courses. To some minds the word "sociologist" pictures a slim, nervous young man with a Christian Endeavor voice who goes about pulling waifs out of snowdrifts and adjusting delinquent youth. But such a caricature is yet to be applied to Shaw. To assert that he is a sentimentalist is a consummation devoutly to be avoided; to avow that he is not is a work of supererogation. Rather his salient wit, clever quips, and devastating satire furnish efficient instruments for the dissection of the abuses and dissimulations of society. Yet his tactics are paradoxical: he hands not buns to the breadlines but puns to the headlines.

In *Mrs. Warren's Profession* Shaw deals with the age-old problem which, since the days of Greek hetairas, Egyptian dancing girls, and courtesans of Louis XIV's glittering regime, has furnished the world with scandalous morsels for conversation. In the words of Mrs. Warren, the rich owner of "hotels" in Berlin, Brussels, and other metropolitan centres, Shaw extenuates the position of prostitutes and at the same time jabs sharply at Philistine respectability (his favorite literary sport). "I suppose, she says, our father was a well-fed man; mother pretended he was a gentleman; but I don't know. The other two were only half-sisters—undersized, ugly, starved looking, hardworking, honest poor creatures—they were the respectable ones." Is respectability sufficient reward for such abject poverty and discomfort? The "tinselled pleasures" so dearly paid for by indiscreet ladies in sentimental ballads and moving pictures seem to possess more compensations than the privilege of working oneself to death in a factory to remain "a decent woman."

Again, in regard to marriage for money, Mrs. Warren says "—as if a marriage ceremony could make any difference in the right or wrong of the thing!" Oh, the hypocrisy of a society which makes pariahs of prostitutes, but allows young girls to "work in a whitelead factory twelve hours a day for nine shillings a week until they died of lead poisoning." Or perhaps the smug complacency of the middle classes prevents their realizing to what extent outrages are committed within the law. "The

English are a nation of shopkeepers," observes Napoleon, *The Man of Destiny*. Was ever a nation's mediocrity so aptly summed up as in this Shavian epigram?—One wonders if he considers the Americans, *en masse*, as automobile owners or Tastyeast consumers.

In *Pygmalion*, on the other hand, Shaw tries to bridge the abyss between the cultured and uncultured classes by a clever use of phonetics. Liza learns to speak like a lady, but her early vocabulary has a habit of bursting forth at the most inopportune times. She can converse profoundly on the weather, but at her hostess' query if she is going to walk home through the park, Liza ejaculates, "Walk! Not bloody likely; I am going in a taxi." She has the plebeian idea that to be aristocratic one must ride in a carriage. And the duchess, though charming externally, is still attached to the vernacular of the guttersnipe.

In addition to his interest in phonetics as a social leveler, Shaw is mercilessly ironical in regard to English aggressiveness, "peaceful penetration," or just plain greed. "He (the Englishman) waits until there comes into his mind a burning conviction that it is his moral and religious duty to conquer those who have got the thing he wants." In this instance hypocrisy is replaced by rationalization; the shopkeepers retain their shrewd business methods even in war. Like the Mohammedan conviction that slaying an unbeliever insures a future paradise, surrounded by lotus-eyed houris, this credo possesses a certain invincibility. Convert the heathen so that right may prevail—and incidentally get what you are after.

The subservience of the masses to public opinion or, sociologically speaking, "group pressure," is as widespread as their imperialistic delusions. The clever young lady in *The Man of Destiny* who unscrupulously robs the lieutenant of his papers, then persuades Napoleon to burn them, is speaking for all conventional humanity when she says: "I really am truthful and unselfish and all the rest of it; and it's nothing but cowardice; want of character; want of being really oneself——".

But there is little danger of Shaw falling prey to such timidity. He speaks in his plays with a fearlessness that is often quite shocking to the orthodox. To achieve his effect he shamelessly exaggerates, but that is an abnormality peculiar to the drama and essential to Shaw. His brilliance is over-exaggerated; his vegetarianism too often a theme for anecdotes; his peculiarities as overdrawn as were once Scotch jokes at the expense of Harry Lauder. But Shaw thrives on it; he himself is the chief instigator of his remarkable reputation. Yet, in spite of the bombast and trumpet calls of wit associated with the name of Shaw, he is not fatuously

conceited. What he said of Napoleon might be said of himself—"he is imaginative without illusion, and creative without religion, loyalty, or patriotism." Above all he has an intellectual energy coupled with a mocking laughter equalled only by that of Voltaire.



## Praise

Thank God for autumn leaves that burn and blaze  
Like torches on the trees that walk this hill;  
That burn bold crimson and a fiery red  
For one grand hour, and then fall to the ground,  
Dark ashes, all their glory gone,  
And mingle with the grasses and the dead.

Have you not seen their smoke climb up the sky  
And hide the sun from sight of mortal men?  
Have you not smelt them burning on long nights  
When rain fell softly from far distances?  
Have you not torn a branch from a tall tree  
And watched the leaves blaze scarlet and blood red  
The while you held your breath and dared not breathe?

Have you not praised the God who lights these fires  
And keeps them burning on the far-flung hills?

PENELOPE WILSON



# Aphorisms

The withered flower on the vine smiled at the fresh one being picked,  
the fresh one smiled back.



The candle fly becomes angry when kept from the candle.



The fountain pen bubbles its emptiness; the ink pot sits by and grins.



The flame of a burnt match dies out leaving only smoke.



The eyes of the faun painted upon the lamp shade grow tired with  
the intent look given them by the artist.



Summer leaves clothe the gnarled and warped body of the tree bared  
in time by winter of adversity.

MILLIE OGDEN



## Hurt

It is not by furrows between your  
Brows,  
That I know I have hurt you,  
Nor yet by the expression in your  
Eyes,  
For life has taught you how to  
Control them,  
But by the weary droop of your  
Shoulders.

MILLIE OGDEN

# A Romance

By HELEN EDWARDS

IT was late in the evening before Parthy Jane finished her task. As she rung the black greasy water from her scrubbing cloth she glanced anxiously at the setting sun.

"Wonder what's keeping Pa," she thought. "Reckon it's just as well he ain't come 'tho. He'd surely be whining 'cause I ain't got no supper cooked."

She picked up the tub of water with which she had scoured the kitchen floor, carried it outside, and emptied it in the yard.

The red ball of the setting sun sank lower and lower. A breath of wind stirred the leaves of the sycamore tree which stood in one corner of the yard. The ceaseless croaking of frogs came in a chorus from the pond across the meadow, mingled with the chirping of katydids and crickets. Now the wind was still. Great waves of heat seemed to roll toward her from the hot, dusty road which stretched before the house. Slowly the sun sank behind the trees and disappeared.

As she stood there in the shadows of twilight, the tired woman's face assumed a softer expression; she dreamed. Perhaps someday the tangles of her life would be unraveled. She and Jed would marry, and all these unhappy years would be forgotten. This was her happiest and tenderest dream. Suddenly, however, she thought only of the wrongness of things. Resentment against her mother filled her heart.

Ten years before when her mother lay dying, Parthy would have done or said anything to give the tiniest flicker of happiness to that woman who had labored so long and so patiently for her husband and daughter. She promised that she would never marry as long as her father lived, scarcely realizing the significance of her act. She thought only of those pain-stricken eyes, waiting so eagerly for her answer.

It had been hard to tell Jed. The memory of that expression on his face had never left her.

"I know—I know how it is," he had said, "and I'll be waiting for you."

After he had left she went into her mother's room, threw herself across the bed, and cried bitterly.

At times she thought of marrying Jed, and letting her father live with them, but a sense of honor kept her from breaking the promise made at her mother's death-bed. And Jed remained faithful. Often as

she stood in the door she could see his head bobbing among the corn rows as he plowed. If he saw her, his wave and smile brightened her whole day. But in some way he had changed this last year. She could feel the change in him, even though he seemed as faithful as ever. Oh, why did things have to be as they were?

A sharp pain in her side suddenly broke in on her reverie, and with a sigh she turned and reëntered the kitchen. Before long the smell of the frying fish filled the air. From time to time Parthy wiped the drops of perspiration from her forehead. Her cotton dress clung to her body. The heat was almost unbearable. She walked to the door for a breath of air and saw a dark figure coming down the road.

"That you Pa?" she called. There was no answer.

She stood silently waiting until the figure drew near enough to be recognized.

"Oh, it's you, Jed. I thought at first you was Pa. He ain't come home yet."

"He was down in front of the post office this evening, Parthy, but I ain't seen him since then."

He turned in at the gate, and walked silently toward her. At the steps he stopped.

"Come on in and eat some fish, Jed; they're right hot."

"No, I can't," he opened his mouth as if to say something else, but closed it before the words were spoken.

"Let's go inside then. The mosquitoes are getting bad out here."

The man stood silently looking up at her as she stood in the doorway. Her hair, damp from perspiration, lay in disordered curls around her face. The light from the kitchen threw a soft glow around her, and the tired lines in her face were smoothed out. She seemed again the happy girl of ten years ago.

"Ain't you coming in, Jed? Has something happened?" she asked anxiously.

Still he remained silent. A feeling of apprehension overcame her. What was wrong? He had never before refused her invitation to come in and eat. In fact, he usually needed no invitation. His face as she looked at him, was troubled. A fretful movement of the wind rustled the leaves. The silence was broken only by the humming song of a mosquito as he buzzed around Parthy's head. At last the man spoke.

"Parthy, I'm—I'm married."

He could not see her face. Not the slightest movement of her body betrayed the fact that she had heard him.

"It's going on eleven years that I have waited, Parthy. I've told you that I'd take care of your Pa if you'd marry me, but you wouldn't. I married Sadie Jarlson yesterday."

Still she stood motionless in the doorway.

"Ain't you going to say anything, Parthy?"

There was a choking feeling in her throat. It was over—all her dreams—gone. The lump in her throat stuck. She couldn't speak.

For a while they stood thus, then he turned away and walked slowly toward the dusty road. She stood watching him. A few feet away he turned. She was still standing there, her arms placed on the sill supporting her, her face a dark spot against the light of the kitchen lamp. He turned, and his figure melted away in the darkness.

\* \* \* \*

As Parthy lay across her bed, a beam of sunlight fell across her face. With a start she jumped up. It was late and she must fix Pa's breakfast. Then she remembered Jed was married. Slowly she pulled her shoes on. The hungry chickens cackled in the backyard. She'd feed them before she cooked breakfast.

He was married—Sadie Jarlson his wife—his wife. A jay screamed far off, the chickens clucked contentedly as she threw the corn on the ground, but she did not hear them.

Back in the kitchen she saw the pan of cold fish that she had fried last night. Why, didn't Pa eat any? It was perch and he always said that there was nothing better than fresh perch. She didn't remember when he came home last night.

Standing in the door of his room, she saw that his bed was empty. His night clothes were laid across the chair just as she had placed them. He had not come home.

Down the road she saw a wagon driven by John Hempel. She'd go out and stop him when he got in front of her house. Maybe he could tell her what to do. Maybe he knew where Pa was.

The wagon stopped before the gate. In the back, Parthy saw the body of a man covered with an old coat. It was her father.

# Chaucer on the Canterbury Pilgrimage

Another man ther was upon this pilgrimage  
That might forsooth be taken for a sage,  
For sober he lokèd first and studied alle  
From an hors that looked twere goon falle.  
As for his dress thers naught of it to seye,  
He werèd it as neat as in that deye  
A traveler, or a scholar wolde himself arraye  
For pilgrimage he planned not long to steye.  
Upon his face ther seemed understanding  
As though he wer of wit right high in handling,  
A jolly foreheed high and wide, we see;  
Eek a mustache shapèd full fetisly!  
And after that we traveled some distance  
This man had lerned us ech in every instance,  
For such a power of talk it seemed he hadde  
That not our inmost thoughts concealed we, good or badde.  
He lerned through our tales or straight from everyone  
Our dedis past and all our ambition.  
But think not that he got nor gave us noon—  
We heard from his his lyve since it bigonne.  
And of his travels had he muche to telle,  
And to the wordes he seyde, ech listened welle—  
To stories told of him as page to Edward's daughter,  
To tales of court that made us swell with laughter.  
He was a worthy soldier in the war  
Yet all this tyme a bisy young scholar.  
So as to him the king a fancy had y-taken  
And public man of him for lyfe had maken.  
Ther seems not many a man as he is found  
A slave to public lyfe, yet in private to rebound  
To writing, done for hobbye, if for no other cause,  
Enough to winne for him full honour, and applause.

JO LICHTENFELS

# A Far View, Not Fair?

By ARLINE FONVILLE

THERE was once a very rich man who, lying on his bed of pain, prayed that he might die. Therefore, the good Lord spoke to that great black angel on His left: "Go down, Death, and bring to me the rich man from Milltown, Pennsylvania."

Death leaped to do the bidding of his master and stepped out into space. At last he came to Milltown, Pennsylvania, and said to the rich man, "Come with me." The rich man rose, put on his hat and followed Death with very little fear in his heart, for he had lived a life which he considered good, and was ready to die.

Then Saint Peter, who saw Death coming afar off, took his place at the Golden Gate; and all the lady angels adjusted their halos at a more becoming angle. Thus, when the rich man arrived in heaven, everything was in readiness.

Death brought the rich man before the great white throne, and the Lord said, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"I visited the sick and in prison," said the rich man. "I fed the hungry; I cared for the poor. In all such causes have I spent my money liberally. I gave \$500,000 to a school. I have given to the churches and supported the Community Chest. I have often given my employees presents of food and clothing."

Then asked the Lord, "What wages did you pay your workers?"

"My foreman attends to all that for me. They are sufficient, for my people have no light and water bills to pay. They live in fine houses cheaply."

Then the Lord took the rich man by the hand and led him to the edge of heaven. They both leaned out over the balcony, and the rich man saw his village spread out before him. He saw the man who fed a family of five on \$18 a week, the woman who had tuberculosis because he had not put in the sprinkler system to keep down the dust, and the boy who had gone to prison because his working mother had not been able to keep him out of the streets. He saw the old woman on the poorhouse steps who had not been able to support a family from \$22, the children who had left school to work, the Negro who drank to drown his poverty.

And then the Lord took the rich man by the hand and led him back to the Judgment Seat. He spoke to the shining white angel on his right hand.

“Go down, Life,” he said, “and return this man to his people. He shall work in the dust of his own mill and live in his own poor houses. He shall have many desires and few of them shall be fulfilled. He shall work sore, yet gain nothing; and always he shall be cursed with the fear of poverty. And if, when his days are accomplished, he shall have raised his people one inch out of the mire, it shall be well with him.”

And the rich man groaned and wished rather for a Hell of fire and brimstone.



## To a Girl Who Did Not Like Toadstools

I saw her snatch the stool from where it grew—  
With fae charmed hugeness in their lawn, and then I knew  
That life would always be that way for her  
And nothing more. What shame no beauty can bestir  
A healthy living creature on such a gorgeous living day.  
There is so much that she could find, it seems so strange to know  
No vital element can move her. For her there's no joy in seeing grow  
From the first hot stir, beauty to its fulfilment, then beauty dying  
    though  
More beauty than I dream of I may find before the setting sun  
And thrill to having found it, she will not see one  
Of these things on her chosen asphalt routes. Her face  
In living thus is set and dull. She sees space,  
Feels time, alone as marked in figures on a page; and I, somehow  
I could not mourn her should she die.  
I think I'd hope that on her funeral dawn  
There'd be a large white toadstool in her lawn.

HELENE COOGAN

# Our Lover's Labor Lost

By BARBARA LINCOLN

JOSEPH CICERO GIOVANNI was lost—really lost in the Great City. The main trouble was that he didn't care—he had set out with the purpose of getting lost, and now he had really attained it. Of course, you understand, Joseph could easily have found himself had he wanted to, because he had lived in New York all his life. But now he was blinded to all the world. He was disappointed in it, and tired of the raw deals handed out to him. He had not always felt that way—oh, no!—but now everything seemed to crumble for the first time, and he hoped that something might happen on this excursion to make him forget the incident of the past night.

Joseph was now slumping along, head down, feet shuffling, hands in his pockets, altogether presenting a rather dejected appearance. Hearing the shouts of dirty children playing in the streets ahead, and wishing to avoid them, he turned up a narrow alley. He followed this for a way, kicking at the garbage cans along his path, then turned up a street that was fairly deserted.

"Dis is better," muttered Joseph to himself. "I don't want to see people. Dey maka me seeck—'specially women. Guess Carlotta ain't good enough for me anyways."

And feeling better after this self-consolation, he strolled along more confidently, beginning to take interest in his environment. Store after store lined the streets, dirty, cheap little shops, and Joseph saw that almost every one was a furrier shop, with occasionally a second hand furniture or book store.

He stopped in front of one store to view his reflection in the window glass. He straightened up, removed his dusty cap, brushed it off, and replaced it. Then he buttoned up his shirt, re-adjusted the elegant purple and red tie that had been hanging from his collar-button, brushed off his black-and-white-checked trousers, and again surveyed himself from head to foot. Not completely satisfied yet, he searched in his pocket, drew out a big, black cigar, chewed off the end, and placed it carefully in the corner of his mouth. The picture was complete. He looked just as he wanted to look, tough yet swanky, truly "The Kid from the Bowery," as his associates termed him.

Joseph's attention now wandered to the contents of the window that had reflected his image. His eyes fastened on a price tag, on which was printed ONLY \$25; this was attached to a long silver fox fur.



"Twenty-fi' dollars!" exclaimed Joseph half aloud. "Why, for dat I could taka Carlotta to da show for months. But, no, I forgot she ees mad at me. She tell me never to see her again. So! But why? Ain't I good enough? Maybe she tinks I'm too stingy—just lika da women. She ees like all da rest, I bet. Well, she ees not my Carlotta, now. Dat skunkin' low devil, Angelo Mazzini, ees sporting her out. She lika da way he spend money, I bet. Say, wouldn't she lika dat fur? She notice me again maybe if I got it for her. But no——"

Joseph Cicero broke off his monologue as he peered into the shop. There—there was his rival, Angelo, the dandy. All dressed up, was he, from his snappy straw hat to his spats and cane. He was twirling his waxed moustache as the salesman talked eagerly.

"Spik of the devil—but what's he doin' in dere? I——"

And he stopped again as he saw the salesman come to the window to remove the fur. Joseph drew his own conclusions. He could see Carlotta with her beautiful fur, strolling down Fifth Avenue, leaning on the arm of Angelo. No, that would never do. He began to look around a little; then, concealed behind a pile of boxes, he rolled up his sleeves, and waited for the appearance of Angelo.

A few seconds passed by, then out stepped Angelo Mazzini. Joseph viewing him through a crack in the pile of boxes, saw him pause in front of the door of the shop to peer up the street in either direction. He noted that conditions were favorable—few people were passing by, and dusk was beginning to fall. Then he held his breath as Angelo turned in the direction of the hiding place. He was walking very confidently, and whistling "Yankee Doodle" as he swung his cane.

It was only a matter of seconds when Angelo was stretched out on the sidewalk, very much mused up, and Joseph Cicero was headed up the street, running for all he was worth, with a package under his arm.

When he considered he was afar enough away to be safe from any possible pursuer, he stopped running and ducked into an alley. Panting for breath, he planned his next move. So far the plan had worked out beautifully. Angelo had not seen who knocked him down, and no one had seen the attack. As for the fur, Angelo could not prove this was his stolen fur because there were many others like it. Again the picture of Carlotta wearing the gorgeous piece came to his mind, but this time she was leaning on Joseph's arm. She would be his Carlotta again!

He decided on immediate action. And so it was that in half an hour, he was ringing the rusty doorbell of an old tenement house. His heart was beating like a trip hammer, and under his arm was the stolen

package. The door opened just wide enough to reveal the figure of a slim, dark girl. Gradually the crack widened and Joseph stepped forward hopefully.

"Carlotta!" he said.

"Joseph! Is it you?" exclaimed the girl. "I am so glad you come after I got mad last night. Come in."

But Joseph needed no invitation. Eagerly he stepped in, removed his hat, and followed Carlotta into the dimly lighted living room. Blinded with love for the girl, he found himself unable to speak. She led him to a horsehair sofa, and they sat down.

Carlotta looked at him questioningly, waiting for an explanation of his return. Nervously, he handed over the package, and managed to stammer a few words.

"See, Carlotta, for you—this package. It's for you. Open it. O, don't you see—I love you, Carlotta, an' I want you to wear dis for me. Open it."

Carlotta's eyes opened wide. She looked at him awhile, then as the box was thrust into her outstretched hands, she began to tear at the string, murmuring:

"Joseph, I was angry las' night when I tole you to leave. But I'm glad you came back. The package—what ees it, Joseph? Why did you bring to me a gift?"

At last the wrappings were off, and the two dark heads bent over to see the contents. Carlotta's slim arm darted forth and pulled out not a fur, but a silk striped dressing gown! It was red and purple striped with gold trimmings—a hideous affair. The two looked at each other in astonishment, and back at the article again.

Joseph's mind was in a turmoil. The fur—where was it? Where was the silver fox fur he had stolen for his beloved Carlotta, placing love above honor? There was some mistake; and then the truth dawned. Again he saw Angelo step out of the shop, look up the street both ways, then stroll down the walk, swinging his cane, with a package under *each arm*. Next he saw Angelo sprawling on the pavement, while he, in his haste, had grabbed the wrong package. And now—what could he do—explain to Carlotta the true circumstances? No, that would never do, he reflected, looking at her face that registered surprise and reproach at the joke she thought she was the victim of. At last Joseph saw the only course open to him. He stood up stammering—

"Eet's all a meestake, Carlotta—I didn't—eet's not—I thought—I mean—you don't see——"

There was no use in attempting further speech. He bounded from the room, seized his hat from the rack on his way out, and soon breathed fresh air once more. He did not stop running until he reached "The Brown Mug," his favorite saloon; then he walked in, sat down at the bar, and ordered his favorite Italian wine.

While he waited, he raised his eyes to the wall, and stared at a soiled picture of two lovers strolling among cherry trees. And as he watched, the lovers took on the forms of Carlotta and Angelo; the trees turned into tall buildings; and—what was that around the girl's neck? It was—O, Padre Mio!—it was the silver fox fur.



## Sonnet on Autumn

In attitude of solemn messenger  
The wind of autumn cries, "Persephone,  
From earthly regions ruled by Jupiter  
Come to the land of Shades as Fates decree."  
Even the air is chill and damp with gloom:  
The maiden sadly leaves the world behind—  
A dismal land like olden castle room  
In which the darkness seemed to be designed.  
The sky of tarnished gray reflects the grief  
Of melancholy earth and air and wind.  
So quickly vanished is the fallen leaf,  
No summer residue shall winter find.  
But—oh, my love, if you were here with me,  
This gloom and awful sadness could not be!

MARGARET KERNODLE

# The Cousin from Mexico

By ROSALIND TRENT

## CHARACTERS:

Robert Vaughn  
Edith Vaughn, his sister  
Sue Vaughn, his sister  
Raymond Morris, his chum  
Angelica Rosamonde Smith, Sue's friend  
Bernado de Ruize y Ribiera, the Vaughns' cousin

## ACT I—SCENE I

*The living room of the Vaughn home—in great disorder. Robert lying on the sofa with books. Edith just visible behind a newspaper in a chair at the right.*

ROBERT: (*closing his books with a bang and sitting up*) This is the life! But gosh, we surely must clean up before mom and dad get back.

EDITH: Oh we will. Don't think about it now. (*Puts newspaper down and yawns.*) I didn't get up until ten o'clock this morning. Don't see why I should be sleepy.

ROBERT: I'm hungry. It's Sue's day to cook. Where in the heck is she?

EDITH: Gone to town, dear brother, to buy beefsteak and onions and devil's food cake. Want some?

ROBERT: (*Throwing cushions at her*) Hush! I'm starved! (*Outer door bangs and Sue rushes in burdened with bags and clutching a telegram.*)

SUE: Take the things, Bob! I've a telegram! Met the boy at the gate. (*Robert dumps bags on the sofa. Sue reads telegram and shrieks dismally.*)

SUE: O Edith! O what ever shall we do! And the house is such a sight.

EDITH: (*Running to take the telegram*) What in the world? (*Reads it.*) O, Sue of all people! O what a mess!

ROBERT: Who's coming? Don't say Aunt Caldony, for cat's sake! I'd rather have President Hoover.

SUE: It's Angelica.

*The* CORADDI

ROBERT: O, lord! Why not Mrs. Vanderbilt? I'm leaving.

EDITH: You can't, Bob. We'll just have to do our best. But why ever did she decide to come?

ROBERT: That's what I'd like to know. What does Angelica Rosamonde Smith, the romantic, seek in our humble abode? It's a mystery.

SUE: O, no it isn't. I told her in my last letter that Cousin Bernado was coming this week.

EDITH: And of course she just had to meet a romantic Mexican! Just like her.

ROBERT: But Bernado isn't coming this week. He just telegraphed the second time that important business would delay him.

SUE: Dad says that Bernado is a good business man. I bet he wouldn't interest Angelica even if he were here.

EDITH: O, yes he would! All Spaniards are romantic.

ROBERT: Well, that isn't going to help us out, but I know what will. We gotta keep Angelica entertained or she'll drive us all crazy. Now why not invite Raymond over for the rest of the week? He likes to flirt, and he'll keep her happy and have fun at it himself.

EDITH: Bob, for once you've used your brain, but I can improve the idea. Doesn't Raymond speak Spanish?

ROBERT: He knows a little. 'Bout as much as we do.

EDITH: Fine! We'll introduce him as our Cousin Don Ramon Bernado.

SUE: O, great! And it'll serve Angelica right for wanting to flirt with a Spaniard so much.

EDITH: We'll do it. Bob, go get Ray while we clean up the house. Tell him to wear a red tie and a belero.

ROBERT: O. K. (*Leaves stage at right. Sue and Edith straighten room.*)

SUE: We can't have steak and onions for dinner now.

EDITH: Hardly. We'll have to fix a salad, I suppose. Well, let's get at it. (*Sue carries packages off stage at left.*)

SCENE II

*Robert and Raymond enter at right.*

RAYMOND: Buenos dias, Edith. Where's the pretty señorita I'm to make love to?

EDITH: 'Lo, Ray, her train gets here at three. Bob, you had best go to the station now.

The CORADDI

RAY: Sure, va pronto, hombre!

ROBERT: Dry up, will you, I hear all of that blab I want at school.  
(*Leaves at right. Sue comes in left.*)

SUE: Hello, Ray, I'm making all the things you like for dinner.

RAY: O, gosh, Sue! Eating isn't romantic. I must totally disregard food, sigh deeply, and stare at her with passionate, soulful eyes. I certainly hope she is good-looking!

SUE: O, she really is lovely.

RAY: That's encouraging. I say, how do all the girls get the idea that only a Spaniard can be really romantic? I can make any Spaniard eat my dust when it comes to dates.

EDITH: Go to it, Don Juan. Just don't forget all the little Spanish you know the minute you see Angelica.

RAY: Don't worry about that. Just listen to this—I have it all by heart.

De un corazon que te ama  
Recibe el tierno amor  
No aumentes mas la llama,  
Piedad a un trovador.  
Y si te nueve a lastima  
Mi eterno padecer  
Como te amo amame  
Bellisima mujer!

How's that?

SUE: Fine. How long did it take you to learn that?

EDITH: What does it mean? You'd better not say too much—even in Spanish—to Angelica.

RAY: O, I don't know. I didn't stop to translate it. Just love poetry.

SUE: Here they come! Sit here, Ray, (*pushes him in a chair*) and look as romantic as possible!

RAY: O, lord, I've forgotten how to say, "Glad to meet you!"

EDITH: Think in a hurry! (*Robert and Angelica enter at right. She is quite pretty, overdressed and very excited. Robert is loaded with bags. She rushes to embrace Sue.*)

ANGELICA: Dear Sue, it's so nice to see you again! Hello, Edith.

EDITH: Hello. (*Angelica turns to Ray. He rises and bows to her.*)

SUE: Angelica, this is our cousin, Ramon Bernado. Ramon, esta es mi amigo, Señorita Smith. (*Angelica offers her hand. Ray kisses it.*)

The CORADDI

ANGELICA: (*Aside to Sue*) Oh, isn't he wonderful? (*to Ray*) I'm ever so glad to meet you.

RAY: (*Speaking very carefully*) Tengo much gusto en conocer a id.

ANGELICA: O what does he mean?

ROBERT: Says he is glad to meet you.

ANGELICA: Doesn't he know any English?

EDITH: O, yes, but he hates to use it. I'm afraid he is awfully bored here. Do keep him entertained, Angelica. Sue and I must get dinner. (*She leaves room at right, Sue with her. Robert follows with the bags. Ray motions Angelica to the sofa and sits down by her.*)

RAY: (*Taking her hand*) Ud tiene las manacitas lindas, nina.

ANGELICA: O, thank you. You have lovely eyes, truly.

RAY: Gracias, y ellos de ud. tambien Señorita, yo——

ANGELICA: O, do call me Angelica, won't you?

RAY: An-ge-li-ca, me gusta llamarle asi. Es en nombre bonito por una bonita nina.

ANGELICA: What is your name in English? Tell me about yourself.

RAY: Ramon-dice Raymond.

ANGELICA: How nice. Do you like it here, Ramon?

RAY: Si, now you are here, I like very much.

ANGELICA: Your tie is crooked. May I fix it?

RAY: Si, amiga mia. (*She begins to pull his tie straight. Enter Robert at left.*)

ROBERT: For mike's sake, Angelica! Who do you think he is? Bim Gump? Sue wants to see you a moment.

ANGELICA: All right. Tell him I'll be right back, Bob.

ROBERT: Dice que vokvera pronto.

RAY: Bueno. (*Angelica goes out at left.*)

ROBERT: Gosh, Ray, how do you stand it?

RAY: Gee, I think she's cute, Bob. I wish I hadn't gotten in this mess. I'd rather she knew who I really am.

ROBERT: You are a nut, Ray. (*Door bell rings. Robert answers it and comes back with open telegram.*)

ROBERT: Well, Ray, you are going to get your wish! Here's another telegram from Bernado. He will be here at seven this evening.

RAY: Dern all Spaniards! Now Angelica will have it in for me!

ROBERT: Gosh, you don't mean you really like that little nut, do you?

RAY: Yes, I do. I like her awfully.

*The* CORADDI

ROBERT: I tell you what—make her a most humble confession and apology. Girls always fall for that. I must go to the station again now. I'll tell Sue and Edith to keep out of your way. Buen suerte, Don Ramon!

RAY: Oh, dry up, Bob. (*Robert leaves at right. Angelica enters at left.*)

ANGELICA: Of what are you thinking so seriously, Ramon?

RAY: Angelica, do you like me?

ANGELICA: Oh, yes, Ramon.

RAY: I wish you'd say Raymond.

ANGELICA: Why? I like the Spanish better.

RAY: I am not a Spaniard or a Mexican either.

ANGELICA: What ever do you mean?

RAY: Come over here and sit down, Angelica. Now listen. Sue didn't expect her cousin until next week and she wanted you to have a good time, so she called me to pretend that I was her cousin. I am really Raymond Morris and I live in this town. But I really do like you a lot, Angelica. Please don't be angry.

ANGELICA: O, I think you are just mean! I hate you! (*Sue and Edith enter at left.*)

SUE: O, Angelica, please don't be angry with Ray! It's my fault really.

EDITH: Don't cry, for goodness sake. Bob will be here with Bernado any moment, now.

ANGELICA: O, is your cousin really coming? How nice! (*She jumps up and begins to powder her face. Ray takes off bolero and puts on coat.*)

ANGELICA: I just know he will be terribly romantic! I can't wait!

RAY: Hades!

SUE: Here they are. (*Robert enters with his cousin, Bernado de Ribiera. He is a little, fat, practical business man, as far from romantic as possible.*)

ROBERT: Cousin Bernado, these are my sisters.

BERNADO: I have greet pleasure in meeting you, girls. You are very like your mama. That is too bad, for she is not beautiful.

SUE: These are our friends, Mr. Morris and Miss Smith.

BERNADO: How are you?

RAY: I've a pain in the neck.

ANGELICA: I am glad to meet you. (*She offers her hand. Bernado promptly shakes hands. Bob takes his cousin's hat and stick.*)



ANGELICA: Señor Ribiera, look at the beautiful moon.

BERNADO: The moon? Why look at the moon? In the sky it was last night, there it will be tomorrow night. I am hungry. Let us eat.  
(*He leaves the room with Robert, Sue and Edith.*)

RAY: So all Spaniards are romantic, are they?

ANGELICA: I think you are just mean.



## You and the Rain

Long ago you stopped mattering,  
Very long ago;  
The driving of the rain against the house  
Shuts out the memory  
Of how long ago it was.  
Once in a while  
You try to come back,  
But the beating of the endless rain  
Cuts out the sound  
Of your attempts.

Long ago I welcomed the beating—  
The forgetfulness.  
The only wrong was letting me care then  
At the first—  
Now there is nothing  
But the constant rain  
Beating everything away.  
Rain, never stop beating long enough  
To let me hear the whisper  
Of forgotten love.

HELENE COOGAN

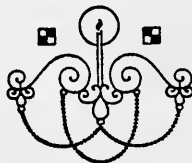
# EDITORIAL

IN studying the life and growth of a nation we find continual reference to the terms freedom and tolerance. Each time the problem presents itself: what is tolerance? what is freedom? If we should be forced to answer the question it would be a sad situation. If we may be permitted to answer for ourselves, well—we'll try it.

Freedom is always the ideal toward which tolerance is advancing. We cannot ask of any community that it allow absolute freedom—even of speech—that noisy nothingness. We can and we do ask for tolerance. The world is, loosely speaking, placed on an individualistic basis. So much we can do without injury to others, and so much we may do. That much we should allow for others to do with as they please. That far we should allow for weaknesses; nothing is or ever will be perfect. Perhaps it would seem a bit too radical to advise tolerance of weakness in any form; perhaps it would seem that with this there could be no progress toward any sort of ideal. In this case perhaps we should remember that tolerance works both ways, and remembering we can be tolerant of so much tolerance.



It has been requested that we again explain how the CORADDI comes by its name. The magazine was first issued as a product of the first three literary organizations, the Cornelian, Adelpian, and the Dikean Societies. The name is derived from the first syllables of these three, COR-AD-DI.



## BOOK REVIEW

SPARKS FLY UPWARD. By *Oliver La Farge*. Boston. *Houghton Mifflin Company*, \$2.50.

"He was beginning to think it was his character to do the strange thing. He wished he understood himself and why he did what he did." Thus Don Estaban de Cerromayor in *Oliver La Farge's* fine, new book seeks always to find himself, his actual place in the universe. He is a primitive exposed to an alien civilization. Through his mind and aspirations we see the unrest, the insecurity, the battle upward, and the final regression to native level of a young Indian.

Estaban is of mixed breed, born of a Ladino (a low class Spaniard) and an Indian "soldadera" (a female camp follower of the Central American Army). His mother, desiring a pair of boots for her dead soldier, rescues a wounded officer, one Don Geronimo Cerromayor, on a revolutionary battlefield. Don Geronimo "as a token of the gratitude of the Lion for the mouse" rears the young Indian as a sort of bastard son on his hacienda.

As he grows older, Estaban, sensitive of his low birth, is rather proud of his high position in the household of his Spanish patron, but within him there is a conflict between the Spanish and the Indian. Each year he becomes less Spanish and more "Rashti." Leaving the ranch of his patron, he enters the Central Army and leads an exciting military career rising higher and higher, fighting always for the propertied classes and striking at the Indian savages, his own people. Always within him though there is the same terrific struggle to find himself. Finally, he realizes that his way lies with his own people of mixed breed, and as a revolutionary general he establishes the liberalism for which they have fought so long a time.

A secondary but most interesting conflict in the life of the young halfbreed is his love for the wife of his patron on the one hand and for an Indian "soldadera" on the other. Two entirely different types of women are Don Favia, a charming, delicately beautiful young Spanish patrician; and Marta, an inscrutable, patient, Indian girl. Of the two, Marta is the

more sympathetically portrayed. It is through her and through their child that Estaban at last finds himself and is at peace.

From a psychological viewpoint, this and La Farge's *Laughing Boy* are of interest as a study of the primitive in a superior and alien civilization.

Dr. Henry S. Canby writes of this book: "La Farge is an uneven novelist who can write superb chapters like many in this book, and then blunder on for awhile in a sort of chronicle, but his material is superb, his scenes fresh, his knowledge great, and his sense of narrative excellent."



## Revenge

I shall hide myself in those far hills;  
And sometimes in the long and lonely night  
When'e'er the moon has ceased her pacing down the sky  
And has quite trod the clouds beneath her feet,  
The wind shall hush and undeniably sweet  
The night shall linger for a moment still.  
And then my love for you shall break the dark  
With such an agony you cannot help but hear,  
And wakeful you shall turn and startled hark  
To those old things which have become most dear.

ARLINE FONVILLE

# Pen Feathers

## If Patrick Henry===

By CARRIE STEBBINS

I ALWAYS liked to visit Aunt Sarah and look at the collections of family portraits. She was a true lady of the old school, for nothing gave her more pleasure than talking about her ancestors. We used to walk around the library and look up at Great Grandmother in her wedding dress, the glaring eyes of Uncle Louis, and the timid Aunt Mary's timid smile, until we came to an undistinguished looking man in a brown wig. I always said, "Who's that, Aunt Sarah?" (Of course I knew but I liked to hear Aunt Sarah tell about him.)

Then she would say that he was my great-great Uncle Patrick Henry who had lived in Charlotte County. And she would tell me the stories her mother told her about his home. "You know my mother was a Henry," she would say as she gazed almost with awe at the portrait.

I looked at it with almost as much awe until I began reading about "the great-man theory of history." Then I began to wonder. I used to look at Aunt Sarah and surmise as to what she would say if she knew that Patrick Henry was not inherently a great man. The Revolution was great and that made him a hero.

I rather liked that way of looking at things. How many geniuses there are in the world that nobody knows about! There just doesn't happen to be anything to let them express themselves. Why, I may have been Joan of Arc if something like the great French war had occurred.

I suppose Patrick Henry's life would have been just as useless as any other dreamy person's if the opportunity to say, "Give me liberty or give me death," had not arisen. So just because I like to think about it, I used to gaze at Patrick Henry's portrait and imagine for him another fate.

Patrick Henry leaned his head comfortably against a tree and watched his float bob lazily in the stream. He wondered if the bait were still on his hook. O, well, it didn't matter; the woods were sure pretty in the fall.

A caterpillar was crawling up his dirty grey shirt. He watched it until it began to disappear through a large rip. Then he knocked it off

gently, stood up, yawned broadly, and swung his line out of the water. Yes, the worm was still dangling on the hook.

It was dusk when he plodded across a scrubby corn patch, crossed over the yard, and went into a little house. His wife was sewing buttons on a soft pink dress. She didn't look up.

"Mr. Williams came by about that bill, Patrick."

"O, he did!" Patrick was carefully putting his fishing rods in a corner.

"What do you think we had better do this winter?" his wife continued. "I don't see how we can stay on here much longer."

"No, don't guess we can," Patrick said between mouthfuls of biscuit. "Believe I'll sell the slaves and try the store again. Did you notice how red the trees are getting?"

In a month Patrick had knocked the boards off the windows of the little store that he and his brother had operated several years ago, bought some supplies, and settled himself comfortably with his feet on the counter to wait for the first customer. Soon old Bob Thornton ambled in.

"Hey, Pat, see you're in the business again. Glad to see it. Now I can get credit for the rest of the year." He laughed heartily.

"Yes," said Patrick lazily, "come on back and sit down."

Bob sat down on a shaky rocking chair and looked about.

"Looks about the same as usual here. Got in any new fishing tackle yet?"

"No, too early," Patrick replied. "Caught anything in your trap?"

"Well, not much, but I've got a new fangled one set out, one I got from a man in Halifax County. He said it was a plumb good one. Want to go out and take a look?"

"Sure," said Patrick getting up slowly. "Wait till I lock up. By the way, when are you going exploring up the river. I'd like to go along and take a look."

"Henry's store" was the neighborhood club house. At all hours of the day a crowd of men could be found lounging around the store, chewing tobacco, spitting on the floor, discussing everything and everybody in the county, and telling and listening to fishing yarns. Little boys stood on one foot a long time before they got the pound of sugar their mother wanted.

Everyone was sorry when Patrick had to go out of business. The proprietor stood his loss rather lightly, however. Anyway it was Spring, and there was no time to loll indoors. Why, the very air was calling him.

He spent several happy months of dreaming and exploring. There was one delightful ramble in the mountains with Bob Thornton. And the streams were simply alive with trout.

One day he startled everyone by announcing his intentions of becoming a lawyer. To rather amused questioners he simply replied that he didn't seem to be able to do anything else but maybe he could talk.

For the next month Patrick pored over law books. And soon he went to Hanover to get permission to practice his profession. The committee looked rather dubiously at this unusual candidate. After much consideration he was allowed to practice on the condition that he study hard in the future.

He opened up an office; but since he did not have many clients at first, he spent most of his time at the tavern. His father-in-law owned the inn and Patrick served drinks and entertained the customers. There was no doubt that he could talk.

People were not long in finding out that he could argue a case competently. In fact, during court sessions, he had more cases than he could handle. They were mostly drawing up pleadings and handling petty criminal cases of which Patrick soon tired. He kept his clients as long as he cared and then gave them up.

One day he was walking down the street to his office. His face had an animated expression, for he was composing a stirring speech, a plea for liberty. The words that came to him made his face burn with a challenge. "What good did it do him to have ideas for stirring speeches," he thought. He could not use them to plead for a chicken thief.

He was so absorbed by his thought that Tim had to call him twice.

"Hey, Patrick! Wake up. How's the law business?"

"It's rotten. Hope fishing isn't as bad," he replied.

"Come on. Let's try it."

"All right. Wait and let me go by the office for my poles."

\* \* \* \* \*

Suppose everything had happened like that, no Parson's case, no plea for liberty. How different everything would have been. When I visited Aunt Sarah and asked about the man in the brown wig, she would probably have said, "O, that's a distant uncle." And we would have hurried on to Great Grandmother Penelope who had once dance with a king.

# On Getting My Wisdom

By A. B. C.

Beauty unadorned is not adorned most. For example I think that I am particularly beautiful now, and I am adorned with a right jaw that sticks out like next month's rent bill. Naturally the explanation is an entering wisdom tooth.

Just at present I am not altogether certain that its entrance is one of triumph or of tragedy. The possibility of a triumphal entry is justified by the fact that it jumps in queer throbs, rather as though it were giggling. Such a feat, I am assured by all those who should know, is entirely improbable. Nevertheless I stick by my guns and declare that it is not only probable but actual.

However the second interpretation of its entry has its good points. The leaps may be translated to result from sorrow for hurting me as they do. When I am feeling particularly sympathetic, I can see the tooth hanging its head in sorrow over its cruelty, then jerking suddenly to save me prolonged pain. The idea of a wisdom tooth having a head is not really so incongruous. It must have one—how otherwise would it be wise?

Taking both interpretations into consideration, I am again convinced of the satisfying fact that unadorned beauty is not the most adorned for now I know I am gorgeous—red cheek, swollen jaw, stiff neck, grouchy nature, and all.



## To a Mourning Poet

Into verse your grief was turned.  
You sold it for a price.  
If losing him was worth so much—  
You'll try to lose him twice.

ANNE COOGAN



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NEAR N. C. C.

LAUNDRY LAMENT

My linen skirt has been  
starched so  
When I jump in, I feel as  
though  
I'm moving into a  
bungalow.

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FANTASY

Tell me, oh morning, where has gone the moon?  
Did it just fall apart in little bits of gold  
That tinkled down?  
Or did it roll away, like a child's hoop, over the world,  
And will it bump into some star or sun,  
And when the day grows dim, come rolling back again?

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How do I travel?  
How do you suppose!  
By rail. See the trunk lines  
In my hose.

P. W.

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## SORROW

The day dawned golden and it died that way.  
Not so my thoughts:  
At first, so like the day,  
Being all bright and shining; when dark came  
They trooped, like children, to me, lonely, gray.

P. W.



