

The Coraddi

Magazine of the North Carolina College

Greensboro, N. C.

October

Vol. 24

No. 1

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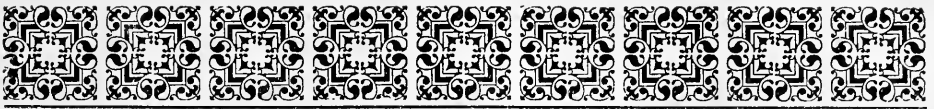


Our "Y" Hut

E. GOFORTH, '22 DIKEAN

Dear brown hut,
Deep, deep in the woods,
Deep, deep in our hearts as well;
Comrade of pine,
And of squirrel and bird.
And we?
We are comrades of thine.

Dear brown hut,
Quiet, free within,
Shrine of sincerity;
Great open fires
With books and games.
And you?
You're all our heart desires.



The CORADDI

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpgian, Cornelian and Dikean Literary Societies.

Terms : \$1.00 per year, in advance- Single copy, 15 cents

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VOL. XXIV

OCTOBER, 1919

No. 1

The age of a tree is told by the number of its rings; and as each year's layer of green wood is added the inner layers become more compact and firm. So each year in the history of our college is marked by a broadening-out and by an inner development. It is apparent that last year's ring was a broad one for we begin this year with a number of advantages which last year could not show. We have a fine new dormitory a spacious wing to McIver, wide cement pavements in place of narrow board walks, new combination post office boxes, a handsome roomy office for the registrar, a beautiful new grand piano, a splendid college newspaper and a large number of new faculty. Let us be as worthy as we are proud of our new possessions, and perhaps this year's ring will even exceed last year's.

College spirit is invisible and intangible but it should be in everything we think and do. If we had the proper college spirit toward each other the faculty, and the college would never be subject to petty rules because we would rise above them and they would no longer be necessary. The substitution of a bigger, finer college spirit for rules and regulations would not mean freedom to do the things prohibited by our present laws but it would mean self-restraint and active work for the welfare of the college, not because the "Handbook says so" or "a Board member might see us" but because wherever we go we represent the North Carolina College for Women and we can make or mar its reputation. The college in assuming responsibility for us makes us all debt

ors. An honest man never thinks of not paying his debts but a dishonest one occasionally has to be forced to give a square deal. After all, paying this debt of ours works no hardship on any of us. It's like taking stock in a big corporation. The more stock a man has the bigger his dividends. The more college spirit, loyalty, and love we have the more we shall mean to our college and more our college will mean to us.—*L. W. '20.*

What is the Young Women's Christian Association on this campus to be this year?
FACE THE QUESTIONS

Is this not a question for each student to face squarely? What constitutes the Association? The organization of departments and committees, the officers, or cabinet? These are necessary part, since the Association is made up of individuals. Are you a member? Then you are the Association and upon you rests a great responsibility. If you are not a member you still have a great responsibility in determining the progress of the Association. If the Young Women's Christian Association is standing for worthwhile things why are you not linked up with it? If it is not measuring up to your ideal why not become a part of it and help to raise its ideals and further its work?

What may I ask again, is the Young Women's Christian Association on this campus to be? This I must leave for you to answer.—*H. Graham, (Y. W. C. A. Sec.)*

Fans—what does that word signify to you? To some it brings memories of

Lady Macbeth and her telltale fan. On a picture of long feathers waved by obedient slaves, who spent their lives in keeping "My Lady" cool. Others see a tiny bit of creased tablet paper which was held very gingerly as we, in our infancy tried to imitate a grown-up. The southern born person recalls the palm leaf with its soothing sensations which are distributed to white and black alike. Some may by chance see an ostrich feather fan which has a vanity case buried in its midst. To these sweet memories of graduation return. Then a few may see a long, bountifully laden table which is presided over by a white haired lady who constantly waves back and forth a stick, on one end of which is tied streamers of newspaper. Frequenters of drugstores recall tantalizing souvenir fans with "Drink Chero-Cola" ads, that are made alluring by a display of too much stocking! To the business man appears a vision of a big chair in front of which on the "hottest of hot" days an electric fan whizzes unceasingly. But better than any of these is the human fan. We have many kinds of these, but the most noticeable ones are the movie and baseball fans. It is with the latter that we are concerned. Step Up! be a baseball fan. Join in and be a fannette fan where athletics is concerned. Send your complexions to the regular bleacher beautifier, and take voice under our noted

cheer leader. Come one, come all! Give you "pep," your interest, your enthusiasm. Make yourself into a "zippy" athletic fan, and let us be able to say "Hail, Hail, the Gang's all here!"
—E. B. '20

Lincoln was a man who became a great leader because he refused to allow privilege to separate him from the crowd from which he emerged. He, neither in appearance nor in fact, would allow place or privilege to obliterate the marks of his origin or to divorce him from the masses. "Manners maketh a man, when they are as deep as man. "The nickel plating gives no power to the engine." We all know that it requires a great nature to fill a second, third or fourth place greatly, and we acknowledge that ambition and self-importance will surely spoil a person for it. To the competitive motive, the reasonable alternative seems to be Aut Caesar aut Nullus.

There is scarcely a better incident to be found of a struggle for second place than that between Darwin and Wallace. Though both simultaneously hit upon the principle of the origin of species, each desired the other to receive first place. After much deliberation Darwin took first place, and Wallace modestly took second.

We are now entering upon a new college year. Each organization has its new officers. Some of us hold first place, some second, some third, and some fourth place as members of the Student's Board; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Society and Class Officers, and the like. We can do either of two things—act the part of Darwin and Wallace or choose the opposite. Lets not only

hope but do our part in advancing the Darwin and Wallace spirit at N. C. C.
—M. E. K. '20

An interesting thing in educational circles of our state was the reunion of the former students of the North Carolina School for the Deaf held at the school in Morganton during August. This reunion, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the school, proved to be a great success in many ways. The fact that twenty-two who were present the day school opened twenty-five years ago, were present at the home coming reunion shows that unusual interest in the school and its work was manifested

Under the direction of Superintendent Goodwin the school has made rapid strides and the education of the deaf in the old North State has become one of the important questions of today.

In organizing their alumnae association the former pupils of our state school took a step that shows us they stand for education in their state and through loyal support and cooperation they hope to bring it more to the front in the future.

Our deaf brothers and sisters, we congratulate you! We wish for you every success the future has in store for you.

From time to time there has been marked literary talent that has manifested itself in the work of students of this college. In this issue of the magazine will be found a poem by Eoline Everett of last year's graduating class the music for which Prof. Scott

N. C.
LITERARY
TALENT

Hunter composed. Another girl, Mirriam Goodwin, formerly of this college also wrote a poem which she put to music. This was done in a very interesting way. One day while walking on the college campus she became so filled with the joy of Spring she wrote almost instantaneously the words to the poem "Breath-o'-Spring" which Prof. Scott. Hunter thought so beautiful on seeing that he could not resist the temptation to put to music. This song as been sung on many different occasions at the college and is well liked. Yet other songsters are needed. Prof. Brown wants a new college song. Last spring he said he would like to have a song contest and offer a prize perhaps for the best words or words and music submitted. Why does not some one try? Other girls from this college have had *some* success at least along other literary lines. Carrie Goforth an old girl a few years back had one of her poems accepted and published in a book called "Poets of the Future"—a book of the best student poetry in America gleamed from all of its various colleges. Meade Seawell since leaving has had a volume of poetry published. She also has sold some of her poems on a royalty basis to be used on postcards and calendars while Verla Williams has had her poetry printed in the leading newspapers of the state and has received many letters of praise from unknown readers.

Much talent has been discovered also in our "new girls." Tales come that some of them have sold stories and plays. Then too there are rumors of other girls here having had offers from music companies to compose music for their poems on a royalty basis and of girls who have sold short stories or

poems. There is no reason why there should not be more girls selling their work—at least two members of the faculty have suggested on their own initiative that such a thing was a possibility. A good many people advise young authors to go very slowly about publishing their work since criticism will kill even budding geniuses they think. They always point to Keats—never remembering the many other people who have survived. Then too the majority of magazines because of the large amount of material they have to select from are not likely to publish anything that is very bad. Of course even slight success—one acceptance—may mean much patience and many rejections but when it does come it gives an impetus for greater effort giving fresh ambition to gain that polish necessary for all true art—to help one to learn by practise for "it is he who moves easiest who has learned to dance."

This is not a cute editorial but a plea for the ninth life of "CUTE" the butchered word OVER-WORKED cute. Last year a campaign was instituted in this college which lasted for one week wherein the students tried to keep from "murdering the King's English." This year we hope that a similar campaign will be started to last a year if necessary to keep this word from being overworked. The authoritative Student's Standard Dictionary says that it means "sharp" or "clever" while other dictionaries have the added meaning "bowlegged." But will some one please inform us which meaning is intended when this adjective is applied to "Fatty" Arbuckle, a baby's toes, a sermon's ending,

a man's dancing, the flowing of the crowing, Mary's high heels and the
"zip" from the pitcher, Billy Sunday, poetry in the magazine.
a professor's finger nails, the rooster's



A Carolina Evening

P. SOUTHERLAND, '21, ADELPHIAN

At a twilight in September when the evening star hangs low,
And the plume pines beneath it whisper softly as they blow—
When the last bright fleck has vanished from cloud castles in
the west,

And a phalanx of grey shadow lulls all the world to rest,
I've a blessed feeling somehow of an unutterable peace
For in my heart there's joy and from care there's all release.

While the pale cloak of the twilight rests upon the fading day,
And the last faint "chick-wid' widow" dies in the night away,
Rising slowly o'er the barn roof, with a mild mock-dreaming
face

Steals the moon up in the heavens to behold each lovely place.

Beams the moon on mammy's garden with old-fashioned
golden-glow;

Sees the white head of old mammy nodding in the open do';
Gleams upon white cotton patches; listens to the green maize
leaves

As the rustle silken soothings to the sighings of the breeze.

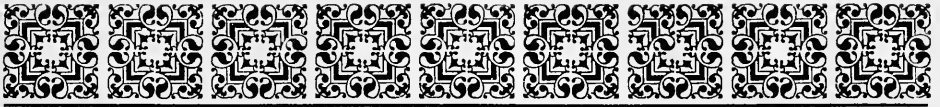
From the grass a cricket chirrup, and along the fence there
comes

Every now and then low boomings; tis the bat with base of
drums.

List! the sound of darkies voices, softly, plaintive on the air,
Swelling, ebbing as a river, fraught with good will, free from
care

Now a pause of restful silence; now a moment's solitude;
Then a silver church bell gives its blessing to the ever-toiling
good.

Carolina, shine there richer. Thine is Inspiration fair!
Happy goddess, linger ever on the Southern twilight air.



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GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1919

No. 1

The Development of the Modern American Woman

C. BATCHELOR, '22, DIKEAN

The new woman is not so much the product of any sudden radical changes but the highest expression of the evolution of mankind from the beginning of time. She is the very embodiment of the civilization of the present and the richest promise of that of the future. Since the time of Eve woman has been struggling against fearful odds for her freedom; and the result of her struggles is shown in the woman of today and the heritage she will leave for the woman of tomorrow. The American woman of the present is the most perfect example of this result since from the beginning of her existence she has had a firm foundation on which to build because her European sisters before her had already rooted out the oldest and most securely rooted prejudices. She has worked wonders since the time when, along with the newly established nation, she became a being distinct from the woman of Europe and she will leave for her successor, the American woman of the future a marvellous inheritance. What will this heiress of all the ages of womanhood do with her

heritage? "How will woman respond to the call that comes to her out of the past with its limitations and the present with its onrushing of events?" This is the question now confronting us and the answer to this question of the American woman's future can best be found by a brief survey of woman in various ages and conditions and a conclusion based on her advancement in the past.

In the time of Augustus a woman was considered inferior to man although she had obtained a few liberties. At the age of twelve she was allowed to make a will but only under the supervision of a guardian. Indeed all through her life she did everything under the supervision of a guardian who was her father, a male relation on the paternal side or her husband. She had the nominal right to consent or object to her marriage but seldom did she oppose the wishes of her father. On the question of divorce however, the Roman woman was on a nearly equal footing with her husband since she did not have to struggle against that double code of morals

which is tolerated today in nearly every country but which was not tolerated by the Roman Senate. Her property and inheritance rights were few as the major portion of the property of the Imperial City was held by its male population and handed down from father to son rather than from father to daughter. Considering her position in the Stone Age however the Roman woman of the time of the Caesars realized that tremendous steps had been taken in her emancipation.

But if woman under pagan Rome had obtained some liberties the early christian church in the first years of its supremacy deprived her of even those which she had come to consider as her natural rights. Submissiveness was taught her from earliest childhood; her own inferiority was held up to her throughout her life. Marriage was considered an evil since it was necessary for a man to wed such a low being as a woman. The woman of course had not even the nominal right to offer any objections to such a favor as a chance to marry a member of the superior sex and as for her trying to obtain a divorce it would have been easier for her to become a cardinal. She had no property rights and those possessions in real estate or money which were hers by right of inheritance were either given to a distant male relative of their former owner or confiscated by the church.

The English woman whom we always feel is most closely related to the American woman not only in language but also in ideals and ways of thinking has taken great steps in the gaining of rights for the women of the world. In spite of her great accomplishments she has not yet suc-

ceeded in procuring equal legal status with men. From its origin until the present time English law has held the same position in regard to the father's control over his family. He has the right to disinherit his children completely and no one can force him to leave a disinherited child the smallest portion of his property. An English girl must have her father's consent before the law permits her to marry and her father may have the benefit of any work she may do while living with him. Under the older common law an English woman's husband had absolute sway, including the right to "correct and chastise" her. Under the civil law, he was given even larger rights such as the privilege of giving her "a severe beating with whips, clubs." In 1891, the right of a husband to restrain his wife's liberty is said to have become obsolete, but wife-beating is still a common offense in England. Divorce was before the Reformation regulated by Canon Law and, hence, theoretically prohibited. After the rise of Protestantism, however, everyone declared that marriage was not a sacrament and could, therefore, be dissolved. But to say the least the laws made with regard to this dissolution of the marriage tie were extremely unjust to woman. In spite of their injustice, they remain in active force today. A husband can get a divorce on proof of his wife's infidelity, but the wife can get it only by proving that her husband's unfaithfulness was aggravated by great cruelty or by desertion. A single woman has, from early times, had a nearly equal legal standing with man as regards private rights. She could, and still can, hold property, make contracts, and, if a widow, be the guardian of her children.

Men have always been preferred, however, in the question of inheritance. As to public rights, the English woman has made a long and hard fight to secure them. As early as 1792, the agitation for woman's rights had begun. Many able thinkers advocated complete equality for women and finally (in 1850) Ontario took the lead by giving all women school suffrage. Partial suffrage has since then been given by various colonies of England. We are all familiar with the recent behavior of the militants, but no true suffragist could ever consider these women types of the earnest seekers after political freedom for women, who have substantially won their battle on English soil. English women will, in the future, gain not only complete voting equality with men but also the right to hold great offices of state, not by the excited emotionalism of the few militants but by the steady striving of the great multitude of high minded feminists—the noblest of England's womanhood.

The rise of women's rights in America dates back about a century. Hardly had our nation become securely established and completed its first war as a nation (the War of 1812), when the agitation for political equality of men and women was started by Frances Wright, a Scotchwoman, who visited the United States in 1820. No particular advancement resulted from this agitation in its earliest years but the American woman was doing some independent thinking and, in the year 1848, the first Woman's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls, New York. Large crowds of broad minded women, women who thought for themselves, women who stand out in the history of suffrage, such as Elizabeth

Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Mary Ann McClintock, and Pauline Wright Davis, attended and drew up a *Declaration of Sentiments*, following the plan of the Declaration of Independence. This document illustrates clearly the status of woman at that time. The following extract will show the general tone of its contents: "The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this let facts be submitted to a candid world." There are enumerated, at this point, various ways in which man has made woman an inferior being, namely, politically, economically, morally, educationally, professionally, socially, religiously. This convention held by the women who were really the instigators of the woman's movement in America, had no immediate result, it is true, but it had planted the seed of independence in the minds of millions of women in America with the consequence that they have undergone evolutionary changes since then and no longer regard life as trusting children, but as reasoning adults. Jean Finot says, "Woman's transformation proceeds from civilization itself and we have not the power to arrest it." It not only proceeds from civilization, it promotes and advances with civilization. The test of any nation's civilization is the place which it assigns to woman and no truly cultured nation can continue to place woman in the same position which she occupied centuries ago. A system evolving out of feudalistic conditions and having for its basis the assumption of the weakness, ignorance, and dependence

of woman has no more place in twentieth century civilization than the horse cars of some of the oldest Eastern cities would have among the electric coaches of the new West. The deepest thinkers in America have realized this and have fought against the prejudices of the narrow, for the enfranchisement of woman. In some places they were successful and, in 1914, women had complete suffrage in twelve states of the Union and partial voting powers in several more.

Then came the Great World War, and who can dare to say that its benefits were not manifold? "The war has done such great things for women," says Helen Frase-, in *Women and War Work* (p. 259), "So many of them so naturally accepted now, that it is almost difficult to get back in thought and realize where we stood when it broke out." The call of the world,—of heroic Serbia, of desolated Belgium, of glorious France,—reached the ears of America, and America's womanhood, no less than her manhood, answered this call. A vast army of American women, laboring women side by side with the luxurious, extravagant daughters of wealth, all classes hastened to the relief of suffering humanity. "They were found," says Dr. H. A. Hollister, "in the ranks of the hosts

of earnest workers for the weal of the race." They alleviated, in a measure, the awful suffering of the war by their work with the Red Cross, as nurses or as workers at home; they saved the men in the armies from starvation by their untiring efforts in conserving food; they preserved economic equilibrium by taking up the work of the fighting men. None of this wonderful work of woman was done for her own selfish gains but in answer to the call of humanity; yet it has contributed an untold amount to her recognition as man's equal.

We see the American woman of the rising generation facing the world, unafraid of the problems it presents. She is a true citizen of a Democracy and treated as such, a citizen who follows the universal law of "give and take," realizing that there is no such thing as complete independence but that only through independence comes strength. Shoulder to shoulder with man she fights the battle of life, not imitating man at the risk of losing her own personality but thinking for herself, a capable human being, "knowing what she wants and taking it, asking no leave of anybody, doing things, and enjoying life,"—a free woman,—the American woman of the future.

To Alma Mater

E. EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

**(A Song at Parting.)*

Mother, kind Mother,
 Thy bidding unfaltering
 Quickens to vigor
 The whole of our youth:
 "Up to the combat—
 Thy world calls for service!
 Child of my being, go forth;
 War for truth."

Mother, kind Mother,
 The morning light beckons us,
 Stirred by thy bidding,
 Well up and away.
 There is scarce time
 For a lingering parting
 Thou, and our world, and we
 Whisper "To-day."

Though we are leaving
 Thy homestead kind Mother,
 Truly we ne'er can be
 Parted from thee.
 We are thy very self—
 Thou art our mother,
 Whither thy children go
 There shalt thou be.

*The music for this song was composed by Professor George Scott-Hunter.

Who Won the Contest?

M. STAMPER, '22, DIKEAN

Alice prissed across the street just as the street car turned the corner bearing a truant youngster or two hanging out of the window waving a gay farewell to school and its duties, and dreaming of the luxury of a swimming hole, or the tranquility of a nap underneath the alder bushes while the fish gorged on the fine worms suspended from the fishing poles stuck in the mud. But Alice was thinking of even more important things. She was thinking of herself—she often did that either before the mirror with the pretty little face reflected in it, or even away from it. She really thought herself the prettiest girl in the Senior class. Most of the boys in this class said so too; but the girls although they secretly thought it never had the courage to admit such a thing to any one—even to each other.

"Too late!" called a cheery voice behind her and suddenly she felt the books pulled from out from under her arm. Turning with a sweetish smile Alice saw Larry—Larry Westmore with his pretty pompadour and his high-school strut. "Oh never you mind we can walk it. I like to walk with pretty girls; I do," was his pert rejoinder as he smiled down into her eyes. She pouted for an instant with her lips stuck out and her nose tilted and then smiled too and answered. "I guess I had just about as soon walk—especially if I have a young gentleman to carry my books for me." And then they both see-sawed their

way back and forth on the sidewalk to school, smiling every now and then at each other in that soul-understanding way.

"Say Alice," remarked Larry as they came in sight of the school building, "have you heard about our new classmate?"

Alice looked surprised. "No who is he?" It was usually a boy who started into school late. Larry smiled.

"It doesn't happen to be 'he' this time" he explained. "The new student is a young miss of about seventeen summers very good to look upon and I have heard said very winning in her ways, and also very brilliant in her studies."

"Phew!" Alice gasped, "Where did you get your speech? Whom are you quoting now?"

"Bill Diggins" replied Larry. "Met him uptown yesterday and he said Sue had seen her and was wild about her."

"Oh—so?" replied Alice with a touch of sarcasm in her usually pleasant voice. "When does she begin?"

"Tomorrow" said Larry as they parted at the door. "How about a game of tennis this afternoon?"

"Sorry Larry" answered Alice "but I have an *important* engagement with Sue Diggins which cannot be broken. Goodbye!"

When Alice entered the classroom she was greeted on all sides by smiles and cheery words of greeting.

"Ah Alice!" exclaimed Sue, "have you heard about the new girl?"

"Oh yes" replied Alice "And" she added with a toss of her pretty head, "I hear that you are perfectly devoted to her."

"Sure I *am*" answered Sue with a touch of Irish brogue that was always creeping out. "I think she's rather pretty."

"And Sue says she wears the prettiest dresses! Everyday ones as nice as our Sunday ones!" burst out Ella Merrill.

"And she has curls too black ones" added little red-headed Marie Ayers.

"Evidently you are all very much taken up with her charms" scoffed Alice as she removed her wraps "but as for my part I don't care to see her."

"Allee!" exclaimed half a dozen voices "what in the world!" But before she could answer the bell rang and no more could be said.

She had come face to face with a new situation in her career. True she had always been the most pleasant and sweet-tempered girl in the school but then most anybody will be pleasant when everything heart can desire is in reach; and from the moment she had entered the building on the first day she had been the queen of the hive and when she buzzed the whole swarm had buzzed. But now she reflected with a pang of jealousy, another girl had come to wrest her throne from her. And Sue of all the girls in school — Sue was simply worshipping the usurper!

As the morning wore on the girls forgot that Alice had suddenly changed her disposition and when the noon hour arrived they crowded about her joking and giggling in the typical high school girl way.

"Come Alice" called Sue, "a race to the pump!"

"I'll not run" said Alice "but I'll walk, I want to ask you something;" so the others left the two to go alone.

"Sue" said Alice when they were out of hearing, "tell me about this new girl. Who is she? Why is she coming here and everything about her."

"Well Alice" said Sue, "Taking your questions in order: She is Elsie Palmer; she is an orphan and she is coming to school here because she is living with her aunt, Mrs. Elton. As for your last question I know nothing else except that mother was calling on Mrs. Elton and she met her and says she is quite a charming young lady. So there! you have it all now and please don't worry dear. Don't be so snappy about it for we must be polite to the new girl. Besides I love you better than all the curly-headed girls in the world," and she gave Alice an affectionate little hug that proved her words were true.

"Certainly, we must be polite to her," said Alice, "and as long as I have you, Sue, I can be polite to most anything."

She fully intended to be polite to the newcomer, but the next morning when she entered the school room, she stopped short on the threshold, for no one even looked at her. About the middle of the room there was such a boisterous uproar that one might have mistaken the bunch of high school seniors for a class of beginners. Standing on tip-toe Alice found that the center of the group of babbling girls had curly hair!

Without a word she removed her wraps and walking to her desk, seated herself, took out a book and tried to study, never once seeing the group in

the middle of the room. Presently some one noticed her and exclaimed "Here Alice! Come meet your new classmate! Miss Palmer meet Miss Jensen."

The new girl nodded cheerfully, but a stiff bow was all she received in return. And Alice turned to her books without so much as a glance at the other girls. A sudden silence fell over the group, and no one seemed to have anything to say. Even Elsie noticed that there was a strain in the few words that were spoken. Soon the bell rang, and it was a very much disturbed bunch of girls who went to their seats.

However, upset they might have been, Alice was more ill at ease than any of them. Yes, she just hated that new girl! Curls, indeed! Bah!—and she slammed her book, and sat staring at poor Elsie as if she were a snake charmer and had exerted her powers on her.

As the weeks passed, and Elsie Palmer's popularity increased, Alice Jensen became known to all the high school students as the most snappy, spiteful girl in school.

"Why she's as jealous as a cat!" exclaimed Marie Ayers.

Even Sue had turned traitor and was following the leadership of Elsie Palmer as closely as she had followed Alice. Sue had found that it was hard to love a girl who was forever nagging a perfectly peaceful and innocent classmate, and since Elsie's company had become so much more pleasant than Alice's Sue naturally turned to Elsie. Alice came to be avoided by the boys and young Larry Westmore turned all his attention to Elsie Palmer, all of which greatly added to Alice's discomfort.

She was not only failing in her social standing, but in her studies as well.

At first she had determined to outrun the new girl in her studies, but when Elsie began her recitations with such ease, Alice lost her desire to lead, since she found she would have to put a great deal of her time on the lessons. Heretofore, she had relied to a great degree, on her own brilliancy and used her books only when the lessons were tedious.

Every day her grades fell lower and lower, until one day she was startled to life and to study by an announcement from the teacher, to the effect that there would be given, by the County Superintendent of Education a prize of a twenty-dollar gold piece for the best essay on any subject chosen by the writer. Only seniors were eligible for this. Suddenly, there arose within Alice a determination to win the gold piece. She would show the world that Elsie Palmer was *not* the only girl on the face of the globe; and immediately she set to work on her composition.

But months of worry and neglect of studies had dulled her brain, and she found that her mind would not form thoughts as readily as it had done before. Nevertheless, so strong was her determination, that she kept on, and the day on which the essays were to be in the hands of the teacher found her standing before the teacher's desk with her finished production.

She was not alone in her efforts for Elsie Palmer was also trying. Others entered the contest too but no one doubted that Elsie would be the winner. Still Alice had hopes for herself and as she laid her essay on the desk she heaved a sigh that expressed the hope that she would be the fortunate one.

She was the last to leave the school

building that afternoon. She had remained to straighten her desk and as she passed the teacher's desk her eyes fell on the pile of essays which the teacher had neglected to put away. She paused—. There on top lay Elsie Palmer's. Curiosity prompted her to pick it up, and once she had it in her hands she could hardly refrain from tearing it into bits. But after stopping a second she laid it down. For one long moment she stood staring at the essays and then with a long-drawn sigh she turned and left the room.

Just outside the door she met Elsie Palmer.

"Hello Alice" said Elsie. "I see some one else believes in Wednesday as clean-up day." And with a smile she entered the room trying to remove the tension between them.

Alice did not reply but she smiled faintly as she reflected how she had escaped being disgraced. She might be jealous natured but she was at least honest.

Next morning Elsie was unusually merry and even Alice condescended to smile weakly once or twice. The essays had disappeared from the table, the latter noticed also. She went into her studies with renewed vigor for the next few days. The prizes were to be awarded on the following Friday, and the public was invited. The four best papers were to be selected by an appointed committee, and the readers would be handed their papers as they rose to read them.

Ten o'clock Friday morning found the chapel of the school filled to overflowing with interested citizens who had gathered to hear the judgment of the essays. Promptly as the clock struck the hour there filed into the

room four very much excited young ladies. Elsie Palmer led the line; then came Ella Merrill, Marie Ayers, and last, Alice Jensen. Alice's face was flushed her eyes bright with anticipation. When silence had been secured the chairman rose.

"Miss Elsie Palmer will honor us with the first reading" and he bowed low.

Elsie rose with something of a smile about the corners of her mouth and received her paper. At her first words Alice started. Surely it could not be—and yet it was! Elsie was reading *her* essay! How under the sun!"

Her heart was pounding like a trip hammer. There certainly was some mistake. But then perhaps Elsie had copied her essay. That was it! The mean cat! What could she do? She could not stop her—that would cause a commotion but—ah what could she do? What would she say when they asked her to read? Oh—

But Elsie was through and the chairman was again bowing. Alice sat perplexed while the audience listened to the reading of Ella Merrill's and Marie Ayers' essays. Then she heard him speaking. He was bowing for the fourth time.

"Miss Jensen will now honor us."

Alice rose, dazed. Her head was swimming. The great crowd swayed before her but she steadied herself and stepping forward she took the paper from the man's hand.

"There is a mistake" she quavered in a whisper. But the chairman did not hear.

Alice looked at the paper. It was not her own! But—yes there was the name "Alice Jensen." For one second she was puzzled and then like a stroke

of lightning the truth burst upon her. She could hardly believe her eyes; yet there before her was Elsie Palmer's essay! And her name was written on it! Elsie had changed their papers so *she*—Alice Jensen—who hated the very thought of the dear girl would win the prize! Tears of shame and admiration for Elsie filled her eyes and for one long minute she fought the impulse to rush across the stage and fling her arms about Elsie's neck there before the whole audience.

Finally gaining her composure she raised her head and in a voice calm and quite unlike the pounding heart beneath her dress she began. The audience was deeply interested and when she had finished there came forth such a burst of applause that it seemed to rock the building. As calmly as she had read she seated herself and waited the decision of the judges. The chairman rose for the fifth time that morning.

"Will Miss Jensen please step forward?" he kindly inquired.

Alice stood as if in a dream while the chairman delivered his speech of presentation. Then with a nod and a "thank you" she turned and without a pause crossed the stage and laid

the tiny jeweller's box in the hand of Elsie Palmer.

Then clenching her fists and swallowing hard to keep back the tears she returned to her former position on the stage and throwing back her head with its flashing eyes she answered the question in the mind of every one present.

"I did it because she won it" she declared. "I have been a selfish unreasonable pig and have treated her unfairly and accused her unjustly. She knew she stood a better chance of the prize than I did; so she changed the names on them. And—*she read my essay and I read hers.* And she's the finest girl in this whole school and I dare anybody to disagree with me! I just dare you!"—And then everything went black—

When Alice revived she found herself lying on a bench in the president's office looking up into Sue's and Elsie's faces.

"Oh you dear!" breathed Sue.

"You know you deserved it," said Alice then to Elsie. "But why did you do it and how did you do it?"

But Elsie only looked down and said "I did it to win the prize myself—I thought your essay better."

Wondrous Rest

E. GOFORTH, '22, DIKEAN

Far, far away in France he lies.
 The skies—
 No longer are they filled with missiles of warfare.
 By day the warm sunshine
 Smiles down on the mound that holds
 So much of life and love to me.
 By night the soft, soft breezes
 Stir in the scarlet poppies
 That bear the message "out of death comes life."
 The star of peace is e'er at watch above the crest
 When out of the west the thin new moon comes rising
 From the once battle-scarred landscape
 Sculpturing a scene of wondrous beauty—
 Wondrous rest.

Daises

E. GOFORTH, '22, DIKEAN

Daises:
 Pure daises,
 Daises raising smiling faces of gratitude to God;
 Democratic daises,
 Daises growing along the dusty highways and shady lanes;
 Daises growing around the little log cabin in the woods,
 Daises that persist in living in the grass before a costly mansion;
 Sweetest symbol of God
 Pure daises—
 Free, sweet-faced daises—
 Motherly daises,
 How I love them!

Lanier's Message

R. CLIFFORD, '20, Adelpian

It seems almost presumptuous to attempt an appreciation of such a man as Sidney Lanier. No more beautiful poem exists anywhere than the life of this Southern singer whose brief career seems little more than a heroic struggle with hardship and suffering ending only in an untimely death. But in the midst of his pain and poverty his noble spirit clung to a lofty idea and was never broken by the horrors of war, starvation and disease. He had early resolved to devote himself to the sublime arts, music and poetry—for he was naturally gifted with a musical and romantic temperament—and the prosaic mundane struggle with conditions did not lower his standard or make him swerve from his kingly devotion to these. Nor do the poetic works which he has left us fall short of the "golden strand of purpose known as his mission." They are representative of the great spirit which conceived them and we realize that he was to the last a priest of beauty and love.

The external form of Lanier's poetry shows that he was almost a worshipper of beauty. The diction which he uses is always felicitous and highly characteristic of the artist trying to voice the beauty which he saw and felt about him. With so much to say and so little time to say it he could not cling to the simple language of everyday life. His fertile imagination was found to overflow and sometimes run into decoration and arabesque. But even

then it cannot fail to please us for his diction is always that of a true poet. It does not seem to have been chosen with care and effort but to have come straight from his hearts. Such lines as:

"But now when the moon is no more
and riot is rest
And the sun is a-slant at the ponderous
gate of the West
And the slant yellow beam down the
wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads
from a dream."

and

"And look where a passionate shiver
Expectant is beading the blades
Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmer
and shades—
And invisible wings fast fleeting, fast
fleeting,

Are beating
The dark overhead as my heart beats
and steady and free
Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh
to sea

(Run home little streams
With your lap-fulls of stars and
dreams.)"

will suffice to show the perfect mastery which he had of poetic diction. His verse simply abounds in the most original and suggestive epithets such as "satisfying symphonies," "lapped leaves," "sweetheart leaves," and "lone dismay," and such compounds as "back-mottlings," "fibre-spirallings,"

"leaf-flickerings," and "thirsty-cupped." And these together with the beautiful figures of speech which we found throughout are some of the devices which he has used to make beautiful the expression of his gospel of beauty. When we have read but a little of his poetry we are ready to agree with Lowell that "Lanier has a rare gift for the happy word."

Nor is it only in diction that Lanier's genius for expression can be seen for in the music of his lines we find artistic beauty which cannot be rivalled. Not even Poe excels this Georgian songster for nice understanding of metre and wonderful variety of verse forms. The musical gift which he inherited from his romantic Elizabethan ancestors manifested itself in his poetry and we need only to read:

"When nature from her far-off glen
Flutes her soft messages to men
The flute can say them o'er again
Yea, nature singing sweet and lone
Breathes through life's strident poly-
phone
The flute-voice in a world of tone."
and

"Inward and outward to northward
and southward the beech lines
waver and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that
clings to and follows the firm
sweet limbs of a girl
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curv-
ing again in to sight
Softly the sand beach wavers away
to a dim gray loophole of light."

to see the perfection which he has attained in developing the harmonic possibilities of English poetry. Assonance, alliteration, onomatopoeia, echo, —all the musical devices of the poet

are so skillfully used in these flexible verse forms that we cannot miss the melody of this master musician's composition than which more beautiful has rarely been written.

But the structure of his poetry was merely a means to an end and though his style—if we may call it by that name—alone would mark him as a gifted poet, it is more in the noble thought expressed that we see Lanier's message of love and beauty. Catholicity is one of the most prominent characteristics of his verse. In his patriotic poems we find a universality of sentiment which rises above partisan prejudices and sectional bitterness. Out of the terrible conflict which has just ended the most popular and best-loved lines that have come are:

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row
That mark our place and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly
Scarce heard among the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived felt dawn saw sunset glow
Loved and were loved and now we lie
In Flanders Fields."

For the sentiment expressed here is one of love only and can appeal to all people the world over. Such was "the broad sweep and sustained beauty" of Lanier's patriotic verse. Loyal confederate that he was in his poetry, he forgot North and South. There was only America and humanity in his heart when he wrote "The Psalm of the West." And in the midst of the cruel Reconstruction era he could say that the Southerners "have risen immeasurably above all vengeance" and could sing with all sincerity—

"The South whose gaze is cast
 No more upon the past
 But whose bright eyes the skies of
 promise sweep
 Whose feet in paths of progress
 swiftly leap
 And whose fresh thoughts like cheer-
 ful rivers run
 Through colorless ways to meet the
 morning sun."

Nor was he behind the times in his
 thought. He was a thinker who spoke
 wise words on the vital problems of
 the day—often a pioneer ahead of his
 times. Problems of state religion
 society and science did not frighten
 him and he has voiced them all in his
 poetry. He criticized Whitman's beast-
 man democracy as having "no pro-
 vision for rich or small or puny or
 plain-featured" and as representing
 "really the worst kind of aristocracy
 being an aristocracy of Nature's favor-
 ites in the matter of muscle." But
 he was not a destructive critic only.
 He did not shrink from the task before
 him. With as much fervor as he had
 once sung of languishing trade and
 poverty he sounded the note of warn-
 ing against the mad desire for money-
 getting, the cruelties of an industrial-
 ism which Grant's administration had
 ushered in and which was fast gripping
 the country.

"And the kilns and the curt-tongued
 mills say Go!
 There's plenty that can if you can't
 we know
 Move out if you think you're
 underpaid
 The poor are prolific: we're not
 afraid
 Trade is trade!
 - - - - -

And oh if men might sometime see
 How piteous—false the poor decreæ
 That trade no more than trade
 must be!
 Does business mean Die you—live I?
 Then trade is trade but sings a lie
 'Tis only war grown miserly."

Seems to be the cry of a modern
 socialist—not of the man who a few
 years before had been fighting for the
 cause of the slave-holding South.
 But his method is not that of a socialist.
 He does not propose any radical up-
 heaval of all social and economic
 systems. But this problem like all
 others, he would solve by love and it
 is the real Lanier who says:

"And ever Love hears the poor-folks'
 crying
 And ever Love hears women's sighing
 And ever sweet knighthood's death
 defying
 And ever sweet childhood's deep
 implying
 But never a traders glowing and
 lying."

This nobility of thought is nowhere
 better seen however than in his treat-
 ment of nature which thoroughly con-
 veys the message of Lanier. His uni-
 versal impersonal standards of patri-
 otism and of democracy show the pro-
 gressive mind of the man but his
 nature poetry shows his really per-
 sonal philosophy. Not serious cold
 and reserved always like Bryant, not
 looking through the spectacles of other
 writers like Longfellow, Lanier found
 in Nature "a most lovable but pro-
 foundly mysterious creation." He
 longed to pierce the mystery beneath
 the simplicity and beauty of external
 Nature. The loveliness of the little

things about him. "the clover, whose round plot, reserved in the field," "the peddler bee" the cricket "telling straight his simple thought," the "picked pebble," the little reeds, and the little brook singing "till," did not escape the sensitive sight of the poet but the philosopher would not stop there. He must seek out the fundamental character of Nature, her awful strength—which he expresses in the "Marshes of Glynn."

"And I would I could know what
swimmeth below when the tide
comes in

Or the length and the breadth of the
marvelous marshes of Glynn."

And as we read:

"Ye marshes how candid and simple
and nothing-withholding and
free

Ye publish yourselves to the sky and
offer yourselves to the sea!

Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea
and the rains and the sun.

Ye spread and span like the catholic
man who hath mightily won

God out of knowledge and good out
of infinite pain

And sight out of blindness and purity
out of a stain."

we see him giving Nature an intellectual dignity and human understanding. Vast and awe-inspiring though he saw her he had a wonderful confidence in her and "in the wild-wood privacies and closets of lone desire" had known the "passionate pleasure of prayer" and joy of elevated thought. "Impressed but not overwhelmed" he saw in Nature applications to his own existence and to that of his fellow men and throughout his life her influence never left him.

Thus we see that in expression and in thought Lanier's poetry is expressive of the beauty and love which it was his mission to teach. So closely connected with the thought expressed that some may think it overlaps, is the tone of his poetry which we feel to convey his message throughout. There is a certain moral earnestness, and religious atmosphere, about all that he has written, which even a casual reader cannot miss. Romantic Southern cavalier though he was, he had in him a faith in God like the Puritans of old and this "faith which hallowed love and life" was always with him. God he saw in all things and bitter hater of dogma and sect, he did not fail to distinguish between church and christianity and so to defend his Master at all times as to win the appellation of "The White Christ." Perhaps there is in all literature no more beautiful and tender poem about the Master than Lanier's Ballad of the Trees and the Master which we quote in full: "Into the woods my Master went

Clean forspent, forspent

Into the woods my Master came

Forspent for love and shame

But the olives they were not blind
to Him.

The little gray leaves were kind to
Him.

The thorn tree had a mind to him
When into the woods, he came.

Out of the woods my Master went
And he was well content.

Out of the woods my Master came
Content with death and shame

When Death and shame would woo
Him last

From under the trees they drew Him
last.

"Twas on a tree they slew Him last,
When out of the woods He came."

In his Larenody to Bayard Taylor his personal grief at the death of his friend is lost in the glorious faith which he has in the immortality of that "bright spirit." And when he himself passed away it was with a song of the sunrise on his lips that he went.

"And ever my heart through the night
shall with knowledge abide thee
And ever by day shall my spirit as
one that hath tried—thee
Labor at leisure, in art—till yonder
beside thee
My soul shall float, friend Sun
The day being done."

For to him, Death was "a cordial old and rare" which he "would drink down right smilingly" whenever Time willed to hand him the cup.

And along with this confident trust in his Maker an idealism, a longing for something which he could not attain pervades the poetry of Lanier and makes his verse more than ever—a gospel of beauty and love. We have studied his life enough to know that his ideal to make something of his music and poetry never left him. In the midst of the bitterness of conditions here, art was an ever shining light in the distance beckoning him on and encouraging him so that he never lost hope or become despondent. He had no selfish individualism. He did not want to attain the pinnacles of his dreams because of the glory it would bring to him. Art meant love, to him, and lover of people that he was he

was thoroughly unselfish in his work, singing—

"And yet shall Love himself be heard
Though long deferred though long
deferred
O'er the modern waste a dove hath
whirred
Music is Love in search of a word."
Of course he never reached the goal

of his desires—the perfect union of music and poetry. Ideals cease to be ideals when they are no longer in the distance. But it remained with him to the end of his life "the happy valley hopes beyond the bend of the roads." And no where is this idealism better manifested than in the impassioned lyric "The Song of the Chattahoochee"

"Out of the hills of Habersham
Down the Valley of Hall
I hurry amain to reach the plain
Spit at the rock and together again
Accept my bed or narrow or wide
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham
Far from the Valley of Hall."

Such a poet as this cannot but live in our literature—this priest of the highest beauty and love. His "perfect life in perfect labor wrought" alone would endear him forever to his countrymen who must see in him a model that "shames all cowardice and half-hearted endeavor." But the man is dead while his spirit still lives in his writings. Few though they are, they are everyday becoming more and more popular. They have stood the test of time.

The Clouds at Play

E. BOYTE, '20, CORNELLIAN

Fluffy clouds drifting through the sky
Play hide and seek—or plain, “I spy.”
A race they plan lined row by row
Awaiting a signal off to go.

They slide and glide, and pause and sail,
Accompanied by the music of the breeze's gale
They scatter; they gather; they dip—careen,
And for the jolly moon make a lovely screen

Fleecy and soft, tinged with yellow light,
Flirting with the silvery God of Night
Watched by the moon as they tireless play
Until the gray dawn comes, and the stars fade away.

Grandmother's Consolation

V. TERRELL, '23 ADELPHIAN

Elizabeth Ray rushed in the front door like a whirlwind, threw down her books and flung herself on the couch, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Elizabeth," cried her mother kneeling quickly beside the couch, "What in the world is the matter? Is your tooth aching or have you missed your lesson or has someone stepped on your sore foot?"

"No-o" came faintly from the pillows. "But a whole crowd has trampled on my feelings, Mother," and Elizabeth sat up suddenly, "I think our school is the most awful one in the world and if I weren't a senior I'd quit tomorrow. I wish I could chew up every teacher and girl up there. Oh-o"—and dropping back on the pillow she started wailing afresh.

By this time Grandma and little Brother had come rushing in. But no one could make Elizabeth utter anything but dire threats against the whole school in general. Then little Brother tiptoed out and soon came back, triumphantly carrying his pet kitten in his arms.

"Thister," he said "If 'oo wont tell us what 'dey's done to 'oo tell Goldylos and she'll tell me and we'll go shoot 'em all dead."

Elizabeth raised up and looked at them in astonishment.

"Don't you all know? Why I thought everyone in town knew." Here she sniffed suspiciously but then continued.

"Well, you know Will Kimble is

just as funny as he can be and this morning he wrote me, of course just for fun, a love letter in French. Miss West caught him slipping it to me and made him translate it out loud. Oh-oh- I thought I'd die. Everybody laughed of course, and some of the boys hollered "When will it be?" "We'll be there" "Look how she's blushing." and all like that, and at recess the bulletin board had an announcement of our wedding written on it and the girls nearly teased me to death. And I know they'll put something about it in the quarterly."

Just here Grandmother smiled broadly. "No Elizabeth I'm not laughing at you, I'm thinking of a similar case to that, which happened when I was going to school. We certainly gave that girl a chase."

"I bet you didn't treat her like they did me."

"We treated her much worse, my dear but she told me the other day—yes, she is still living, that it was the greatest blessing that was ever bestowed on her."

"Well, for goodness' sake tell me about it. I can sympathize with her though I'll never find any blessing about this."

"It was when we were seniors in college, a co-ed college," Grandmother began reminiscently "and Nancy Dean was my special chum. Everybody liked Nan because she was so funny and good natured. She wasn't pretty, but was very, very smart. She and

James Graham had led the class for two or three years. Nan had no earthly use for boys, and Jim wasn't at all crazy about girls.

Several times they were put on committees together and never could agree about anything, they just couldn't get along together. Soon this became noticeable to the rest of the class, as Nan was not in the habit of fussing. It really seemed as if she had swallowed dynamite.

We all laughed at her, because Jim seemed polite and nice to us, but Nan would never come near us if she saw us talking to her "sworn enemy."

She tried to show us that he was ugly and conceited and sissy, and we almost began to believe it. She never denied that he was smart, although she said he tried to show it to everybody.

She was not even polite to him. Everytime he spoke to her she snapped him up and made remarks that I am sure he heard, several times. She spent her spare time drawing ridiculous pictures of him and making faces behind his back, keeping the class almost in convulsions. There was one time that I can never forget. Even now when I think of it a cold shiver runs over me. Nan was at the board working a hard math problem. Jim, seeing a mistake in her work, asked if he might correct it. Before the teacher could answer Nan wheeled around, her eyes blazing.

"It's not wrong" she said angrily.

"It is," Jim answered quietly.

She looked at him steadily for a second, then suddenly she drew back and hurled her math squarely in Jim's face.

No one moved. Even the teacher stood as if turned to stone. Then Jim

jumped up, anger, as well as a big red spot where the book had struck him, showing plainly in his face. Nan had been leaning against the wall seeming to try to realize what she had done. But seeing Jim get up, she rushed toward him and struck him again, this time in the eye. This woke us up and simultaneously we all rushed forward. The teacher grabbed Nancy by the arm and pulled her back.

"Nancy Dean" she exclaimed furiously, "You will apologize at once or receive fifty demerits."

Nan wrenched her arm away. Her face was pale and her eyes, usually twinkling with fun, were large and wild looking.

"Apologize," she shrieked. "I'd rather have a hundred demerits. I deserve them for not breaking his neck while I had a chance." With this she slammed the door and was gone.

Of course this caused a big sensation in the school. There were teacher's meetings, conferences with Jim's and Nan's parents, and finally a meeting of the Board of Trustees. But Nan remained in school, with most of her privileges taken away. I guess she was too brilliant a pupil to lose. But she didn't seem to mind. She and Jim didn't speak any more than was absolutely necessary. We got lots of fun out of it by teasing Nan. We could make her furious by telling her that hate was first cousin to love and that Jim looked at her all the time with adoring eyes.

"When the class rings came there was a good deal of confusion about getting the right ones to the rightful owners.

"The boy who was giving them out handed Nan hers and hurried off. Nan did not glance at the initials on

the inside, she was so proud of the seal on top.

“Oh’ she cried ‘I am so glad they got here in time for the Junior-Senior party tonight. I’ll sure be proud to wear mine.’

“We were all certainly proud of our our rings that night, the Juniors exclaimed about them enough to suit even us, and we were so happy over them that we enjoyed the party a great deal more than we had expected, for school parties are not much fun as a rule you know.

Just before the party broke up we were playing forfeits. It was Nan’s turn to forfeit.

“I haven’t got a thing’ she said. I’ve already lost my handkerchief’ ‘Give your class ring’ some one said, ‘Oh, no, I wouldn’t trust it off my hand,’ Nan answered.

“Yes,’ said the boy who was taking up forfeits, (and incidentally it was the one who had given out the rings.) ‘I demand your ring.’

“Oh, well, you can have it, but I must kiss it goodbye, even for that short while,’ Nan agreed, laughing, and handed over the ring. The boy took it and examined it closely.

“Ah! Ha!’ he said very seriously, ‘I see why Nan didn’t want to give up her ring,’ and he read the initials on the inside, ‘J. G.’ Everybody roared, and quickly forming a ring got Nan and Jim on the inside. Around and around we went singing all sorts sorts of ridiculous songs while Nan turned redder and redder. Jim really felt sorry for Nan, for he saw that the ring had been given to her on purpose, and he tried to make us stop. But on we danced until Nan, becoming thoroughly angry began to cry. We saw then that we had carried the joke

a little too far. Jim saw that we had carried it entirely too far. He went up to Nan and tried to apologize for the rudeness of the rest of us, but she turned off very impolitely and asked me if I were ready to go. I was only too glad to go, I assure you. Jim told me the next day that he thought Nan had been treated terribly and he wished I would tell her that he was sorry any of it had happened.

“Why Jim, I thought you hated Nan,’ I exclaimed.

“Weil, that black eye wasn’t any lovelick,’ he said ruefully, but if you all would let her alone she wouldn’t be that way. I think she’s a pretty spunky girl.’

“By the way, did you know that you and she are to be the “leading figures” in the class play “Romeo and Juliet?” You have the most votes for the boys and Nan for the girls.’ I smiled for the situation was striking me rather humorously.

“He however, did not see it that way. ‘I’m sorry not that I mind’ he put in quickly but I know Nan won’t like it. And I think she has been teased enough.’ ‘But it can’t be helped’ I protested, ‘The votes are for you all, and then you know that you can both act wonderfully.’

“Humph, I reckon Nan will have to do some pretty strong acting to let me play Romeo to her.’ As we expected Nan was not pleased over the prospect of playing the leading part with someone she detested. But she knew if she quit it would hurt the whole class, so like the good sport she was, she stuck valiantly to her part. The practises were perfect torture for her and indeed no better for Jim. But the rest of us, I am almost ashamed to say it. got the greatest delight out

of watching Jim trying desperately to make love in a real way while Nan hung over the rather shakily constructed Italian balcony and looked perfectly foolish with an expression which she tried to make at least interested, but which looked more like that of a bull which some one was taunting with a red rag. This was the scene that gave the director the most trouble.

“You don’t put in enough expression,” he stormed, waving his hands wildly in the air ‘For goodness sake. Miss Nancy, look real, look as if you were in the last stages of love sickness.’ And you, Graham, look as if your heart were set on winning the lady’s hand at all costs, you act as if you were apologizing for being here at all.’

“By the time of the dress rehearsal, he was worn to a frazzle. ‘The play will be ruined,’ he exclaimed hopelessly. ‘That is the main scene, and if Miss Nancy is going to look like a prize storm cloud and Graham like a country galoot, there is no hope for success. I wish—Aw—, excuse me. but I was counting on such a successful play. Miss Deane and Graham are both fine actors.’

“As we were leaving the hall Jim fell in step beside me. ‘Honestly’ he said ‘I’m ashamed of myself. I did want the play to be a success, but I just can’t tell Nan that she is the darling of my heart, when she is looking at me as if she would like to stick a dagger in that vital organ at that very moment. I wish she’d let me speak to her long enough to try to make friends.’ he said gloomily. I clutched his arm suddenly. ‘Jim,’ I squealed excitedly, ‘I have a plan that will make that scene a screaming success. I know how you can draw Nan’s

attention and at the same time devote your whole heart to the cause.’

“Jim caught my enthusiasm and in a few words I unfolded my plan. ‘Instead of trying to make love to Nan, explain to her all about your side of this disagreement. Tell her you are sorry it happened and all that. She will be so surprised she cannot help but listen and the audience can’t hear what you say any way on account of the guitar. They are just supposed to know you are making love.’

“Jim agreed heartily. I could hardly wait to see how my plan would work. I was standing in the wing with the director at the moment when Romeo went strolling in, playing his guitar. I saw how worried and anxious the poor man was, but I was afraid to say anything. Breathlessly we both watched Romeo’s supposed proposal to Juliet. My heart began pounding; she was actually paying some attention to his words and beginning to blush. I could see the blank expressions which came over my companion’s face. And when Juliet actually dropped a rose upon her suitor I held myself up long enough to see him fall weakly against the scenery.

“The scene was really the success of the play. Everybody rushed up after the performance was over to congratulate Nan and Jim and it was a long while before I could make my way to Nan’s side. ‘Lucy’ she said nodding brightly over her bouquets and bouquets of flowers ‘You needn’t bother to wait for me; Jim will take me to the dormitory.’

“I didn’t even stop to congratulate them on their dazzling success, but I rushed to my room and between laughing and crying I got so hysteri-

cal I had to get out my smelling salts.

“But to make a long tale short Nan and Jim were married a year later. He is now the respected governor of this state and Nan is no other than his loving wife, and you know that everybody says they are the most devoted couple in the world.”

“Gracious,” grandmother, “that’s fine, I’m going to tell the girls that story at school tomorrow, you don’t mind do you?” Elizabeth asked, the tears gone from her bright eyes. and her threats against the school forgotten.



His Blanket

R. HAYES, '20, DIKEAN

What is that he holds so closely
 As he's marching out of camp
 With his tiny, scarlet chevron
 Shining as a gleaming lamp?
 It is some great trophy
 That he's won now in the test
 Or is it some remembrance
 Of a pal who—"went west?"

Perhaps it is some purchase
 That he made in gay "Par-ree,"
 Or perhaps it is a gift
 From a fair "petite Marie."
 No, it's none of these, my friends—
 For if you gaze into his heart
 You 'll know it is his blanket
 That he's fondled from the start.

No—it's no "joli" blanket
 For as you see it in his pack
 It's even slightly holey
 And with dirt it's almost black.
 But what does Sammy care
 When he's been dirty too?
 For all that he's a-asking
 Is a pal that's ever true

Oh it's been a good old comrade—
 This b'anket o' cozy brown,
 And it's covered many a heartache
 When his tears went sliding down;
 So here's to the good old blanket
 That makes the teardrops start
 In the dauntless, youthful soldier
 With his dauntless youthful heart.

Making a Life

M. WARREN, '23 DIKEAN

It is more important to make a life than to make a living. When people ask you, as they often will, either in puzzlement or hopefulness. "John, Mary, what are you going to make in the world?" you can truly answer "I am going to make a life."

Now how should one, who has but one to make, make a true human life?

First comes decision. You must decide just what kind of a life it is you want to make. We read in the Bible how the boy Samuel was awakened in the middle of the night by a voice that called three times to him, and would not be silent until he had answered. You will not get your call that way. It will not be loud. It may not come to you in stillness; it may not be repeated.

The call of many a boy or girl to a life work was simply the having his interest so aroused by something curious or wonderful in the world that that thing became thereafter his or her passion. We have heard how Galileo was set to work to investigate great laws of nature by noticing the stately movement of a hanging lamp which was swinging in the cathedral of Pisa. We have been told that Watts studied the possibilities of steam after experimenting with his grandmother's tea-kettle. The principle of the suspension bridge was discovered by a boy who had made a study of a spider's web. Pasteur, the great French scientist, was led to his life work by being shown a microscope

when he was upon a school picnic. Michael Faraday was led to his remarkable discoveries by reading some pages of the Encyclopedia Britannica when as an apprentice to a bookbinder he was fastening them together.

Your call may be the encouraging voice of a friend. It is said that William McKinley was drawn to the work which made him famous by the encouragement of Rutherford B. Hayes, who urged him to make one great subject, the tariff, his special research. Dwight L. Moody, an unprepossessing clerk in a shoe store in Boston, was unmoved by the eloquence of his brilliant pastor, Dr. Kirk, but was made a new man by the touch on the shoulder of his Sunday School teacher, Edward Kimball.

Discouragement and disappointment have sometimes spurred youth to success. When Alphonse Daudet, the French novelist, was a lad he excited the ridicule of his playmates because of his poverty, by wearing a blouse which was ragged. Even his teacher insultingly addressed him as "What's his-name." He determined then and there to make a name for himself that should not easily be forgotten. It was Walter Scott's lameness as a boy that made him a reader, and his reading gave him that marvelous fund of historical information which made possible the Waverly Novels. Had Theodore Roosevelt not had to contend against near-sightedness and feeble health when a boy, perhaps he would

not have won those victories in life which handicaps inspire in people of pluck.

Your call may be only the still small voice of daily duty. Miss Dorothea Dix was led steadily on by the success of her endeavor to free one and another hopeless person from prison torture to reform the entire prison discipline of America. A beautiful story is told of John Ruskin that when he was in Venice he was in the habit of giving everyday a small alms to a beggar that crouched in his way, and that one day, the beggar, in gratitude presented to him a relic from an ancient church, which led Ruskin to the discovery of the frescoes of Giotto and to the writing of his masterpiece, "The Stores of Venice." The bell that calls you may not be a cathedral chime; it may be only the tinkle of the school bell or the sound of the shop gong, that calls you back to your regular hours of work.

The essential thing is to be watchful. John B. Gough's terse statement is familiar. That most people possess three hands, a right hand, a left hand and a little-behind hand. Day by day and task by task, you will learn what work you are good for and the next thing is *preparation*.

Dr. Parkhurst has rightly said "The most important thing a young person ever does is to get ready." You will today hear many persons decry a liberal education. One wealthy man boasts: "I made a fortune by getting up at five in the morning, sweeping out the office and building my own fires," and he thinks success can be won in no other way. Another of great natural ability tells you that schools are impractical, school-

time is wasted time. A young man, who is already out in the world earning money, points to his fifteen or twenty dollars a week and asks you pityingly how you can be contented to plod away and get nothing for your work. But do not listen to the exceptional man or men who have not finished the experiment.

Two contractors of the same general ability start two sky-scrapers at the same time. The one dumps a few loads of broken stones into the ground and immediately goes to work on his superstructure. The other, though equally ambitious to erect a tall and lasting structure, curbs his tending toward haste and occupies four years perfecting his foundation. The first reaches ten stories but his foundations settle and he is forced to stop. He has reached his limit. Meanwhile, the one who was slow in starting, passes ten stories and arrives at thirteen. If you are satisfied with ten stories, all right, but thirteen-story men and women are scarce. And the matter of the last story or two, is the difference between success and eminence. Nor is the last floor dependent on the builder, but on what he did twenty years before, on the blocks that are out of sight underground.

The figures show that the average income of college graduates in this country is three hundred per cent more than that of those who are not. A trained man is not only in the fairest way to success, but he has all along that finest and rarest pleasure, the ability to live with himself, and not be lonesome. A cultured man has a mind that makes living enjoyable.

After preparation comes perseverance. Doing what can't be done is the glory of living. This can be explained

by the story of a woodchuck. It is a known fact that woodchucks cannot climb trees but this one was chased by a dog and came to a tree. He knew that if he could get up the tree the dog couldn't get him. "He had to, so he did." This would be a good motto in life. Doggedness is a synonym for perseverance that I like. It indicates that steady, almost sullen persistency with which a great purpose must be fulfilled. One man has said of General Grant—

"He followed duty with the men
Of but a soldier in the ranks."

That is, without any fuss, he just plodded on. Plodding along you don't seem to get ahead much, but wait. Get to a good *place to look back* and you will see how splendidly far you have *traveled*.

But underneath all life as its foundation, and behind all living as the background must be uprightness. Money is good, but who remembers who was the richest man in Greece when Socrates lived, or in Rome in the days of Seneca, or in America when Washington was the father and Lincoln was the elder brother of the nation? When we visit a cemetery we do not search out the graves of rich men. It is the little flags over the graves of heroes, that hold us.

It is character which chiefly makes a life. Character is what a man is in the dark. Uprightness might be invested and defined as right side upness. In darkness or daylight it is

to have the right upmost in one's principle and conduct. What a splendid tribute was paid to the elder Chuckering, the piano maker, by a friend who said: "He is like his pianos, square, upright and grand."

Uprightness makes one dependable to others, but better than that, it makes him dependable to himself. In the frescoes of Lorezetti, there is a picture of the last judgment. The souls of man are represented as hastening to their destiny. In the center stands King Solomon irresolute. He never knew and does not know now to which side he belongs. What every one needs is a certain amount of automatic goodness—having a few things settled, if he is going to make a true life.

A person may be upright in one of two ways. He may be held up from the outside or from the inside. He may be propped upright by the strength and conscience of others, or he may stand erect because he is true within. To use a homely figure, a boy's body may be made erect either by his suspenders or by physical exercise. So it is with character.

The fifteenth psalm sums it up in a fine phrase: "He speaketh the truth in his heart." His conscience is not a door-bell which people can come to the outside and pull. In that still and secret place where one lives alone with God there alone is the making of a life.

Two Different Angles

K. WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

I entered a street car
 And I wanted to laugh—
 To laugh laugh, laugh,
 Laugh with cold, satirical laughter:
 At the piccaninny with red petticoat dangling, fondling a cone of cream;
 At the tired woman with baby in pink silk dress;
 At the freakish girl slyly powdering a faultless nose;
 At the fat man grouchily reading his paper.

I looked again
 And I wanted to cry—
 To cry, cry, cry—
 Cry with warm sympathetic tears:
 For the negro shared her cream with the baby;
 And the freakish girl smiled and gave them a penny;
 And as she smiled, the grouchy man threw down his paper
 And carried the baby for the tired woman as she left the car.

 Living

K. WILLIS, '20, ADELPHIAN

Oh the joy of just a-living—
 Just a-taking, lending, giving—
 Just the rolling, rollicking way of it,
 The beauty of day of it
 Mellowed by hearts throbbing, aching,
 Over each new undertaking;
 Then the exclusion of every care
 By laughter, music, words or prayer.

Our Pines

E. JONES, '21, CORNELIAN

Against the sky the pine trees stand
 Etched in colors gray—amid colors grand
 That paint the slow, fading day.
 Clear cut as sculptured day they seem
 To whisper softly—as in a dream
 I gaze, wondering what they say.

Coraddi

M. KINARD, '20, ADELPHIAN

Cornelian gives music to my name
Onward pushing always the same.
Rugged sometimes is my path—
Adelpian gives me all she hath,
Doing always her helpful part;
Dikean adds youth and art
Implying fame.



Contributor's Club



In New France

M. GOODWIN, '22, DIKEAN

The afternoon was clear and beautiful. Craft of every description great and small plied its way up and down the blue St. Lawrence. As our car sped on into the country, leaving quaint Quebec behind, the scenes about us became more and more interesting. As tourists, we were somewhat of curiosities to the inhabitants and the picturesque little French villages and their still more picturesque peoples fascinating to us.

With great blue mountains towering above us on the one hand and the fertile valley of the St. Charles lying below us on the other, we passed farm after farm, each a symmetrical patch in the great quilt of the hillsides.

The little villages with their quaint adobe cottages, each one with its gay flower garden, often a very tiny one, were the homes of the thrifty French Canadians. The thrift of these people impressed us very much. All the way through their farms never once did we find a sagging fence corner, a brush heap or unsightly tin cans scattered hither and thither about the premises. None of these things that we find so often on our American farms did we see there.

Along the highways and by-paths were the wayside shrines—places of comfort and rest for the weary traveler

or the pilgrim on his way to the church of St. Anne at Beau-pre!

And then St. Anne's de Beau-pre, our journey's end. My friends, I cannot tell you all, but there in this community, there was much for me to learn from the lives of these French.

The quaint old church, built during the seventeenth century, and kept open now only for tourists, overlooks the St. Charles from one hillside and the Scala Scanta, or the praying stairs, overlooks it from another.

Higher still stands the great grey stone monastery of the Redemptistine Sisters. This is the only monastery of the Redemptistine order on the American continent. The nineteen sisters there came over from Belgium several years ago, and their life is one of absolute seclusion. They see no one—not even their priest. The sacraments of the church are administered to them through a tiny opening in the wall of their cell. Their time is given to fasting and prayer—prayer—their belief is—will save the world. Within the bounds of the monastery is a small cemetery. When one of the sisters die, the others lay her body to rest there. Not even the priest is there to read the funeral service.

Far down below the monastery on

the banks of the river is the new church of St. Anne. This famous church is almost a mecca for pilgrims. Thousands of tourists from all parts of the world flock there all through the year. There are at the church twenty priests—some of them students. As our guide for the afternoon we had one of these student priests, and by his explanations our visit was made much more interesting.

There is a peculiar interest about this church and that is the miracles that are said to take place there. At the rear of the church are to be found huge pyramids, of crutches braces, canes, and even bandages, left there

by those whose afflictions have been healed by St. Anne, the grandmother of our Savior.

Last but not least we find at St. Anne de Beaupre, the wonderful cyclorama of Christ's trial and crucifixion. This great painting, one of the most famous in existence, gives the whole wonderful story in perfect detail. The figures, coloring, and perspective are so wonderful that it is hard for one to realize that the figures cannot step out from the canvas and speak. This cyclorama is worth going miles to see.

I cannot tell you all—it cannot be described.

Associations In Washington

P. SOUTHERLAND, '21, ADELPHIAN

During the war, our nation's capital was crowded with people from every state in the union and from many foreign countries as well. In the great mass of humanity that daily sought work in the many government bureaus was myself—a girl from the Old North State, who for the first time went out to work in this way. It was interesting especially to note the many different kinds of people with whom I was thrown.

There were first, those whom I never saw—those with whom I corresponded. Into the War Risk Bureau came letters sublime, ridiculous, and pathetic. The people needed money which their enlisted relatives had allotted them. Some threatened to send lawyers to collect it. One wrote as follows: "Please my boybreak is lag against the table which is four years

old. I want my money." One woman whose boy and only dependence was in service was ill with pneumonia in a large city and was living alone in an old shed house. She said he would probably die by the time we received the letter. This was sent "special" for the allotment. One colored woman also wrote that her race was not receiving any consideration down south!

Most of the people in the Bureau were school teachers, superannuated and otherwise, and most of them were women. The supervisors other individuals, and even whole units were constantly moving from one part of the building to another it seemed. This Bureau is the largest government bureau in the world, recently having had as many as eighty thousand employes. Those of them who worked there as I did and who, also boarded

at the same place as I did, were from many different states. Each one of them seemed very much interested in the various brogues and dialects and the entertaining things that were said concerning things that they were not accustomed to.

Street cars and cafes were always crowded. Poor service was inevitable. If one actually did manage to catch a car and to find standing room there was no straps. This jostling tried the temper of all. One could either laugh or get mad—the latter was usually the easiest. The Fourteenth Street cars might be said to be the original “pack-jammer line.” After four o’clock in

the afternoon sightseers had a most delightful time if they were Goliaths. Even then it took much “rubbering and elbowing.” But even in this “City of Spacious Distances” there was one spot that held itself aloof from the pushing, pulsing crowd. This was the Capitol Hill. The Capitol with the Library were large enough for the many soldiers marching in just after arriving from overseas.

Washington will never again be the city that it was before the war, the old residents say for many of people that came to it in an emergency have remained there and have gained much and given much by so doing.

The Summer School

S. SOMERS, '20, ADELPHIAN

In early June 1919, there came to the North Carolina College from the surrounding country a troop of girls to attend the summer school. On the face of each one of them was a sad and longing expression which was due to the fact that they felt they had renounced for the next two months all the pleasures of the summer vacation. In their minds there had been visions of camp suppers, mountain hikes, dances, fishing parties, moonlight rides, lazy summer afternoons passed in sleeping or in reading, and countless other things that go to make summer time the favorite season of the year. But it was commonly agreed that attending summer school meant the giving up of everything pleasant.

Instead of the usual varied vacation it was generally accepted that there would be work—both hard and abundant, with little relief in the way of

privileges and amusements. It was quite natural that they should think also of the good summer-time things to eat back home and have fears and doubts as to what they would be called upon to eat here,

In a very few days however, it was unanimously decided that their conception of a summer school was entirely wrong. The work was not drudgery in any sense of the word. It seemed that each course had been planned to give the most results at the least expense and the teachers were very considerate and inspirational — which facts do by no means go to prove that they did not demand the same high standard of work that is demanded during the regular term.

Then there were privileges which no one had dared to hope for. One of these was the right to go to the little grocery stores at any time during the

day—a privilege much appreciated by those who found it impossible to get to seven o'clock breakfast. Also every one was allowed to go down town twice each week—the privilege which induces every girl to run for proctor. But more appreciated than either of these was the right to walk off the campus to the distance of four blocks every evening after dinner. The result of this could be seen in the strolling of dozens of girls down Spring Garden Street, watching each passing automobile in the hope of seeing some one from home.

One of the most exciting and enjoyable days of the term was the seventeenth of June when the "six weekers" began to arrive. Their newness gave to each of the already initiated girls the opportunity to recall how she felt on her first day here. In some cases it was possible also to foresee how she would look several years hence as a school teacher. They were all heartily welcomed for sixty students was rather a small and lonesome crowd in a place where one was accustomed to eight hundred.

In the way of entertainments no one could have asked more. There were lectures by some of the most able lecturers in the country, and on some

of the most vital subjects of the day—recitals, some of which were highly appreciated by all, and some others which were a little less appreciated by some. Then there were moving pictures twice each week, to which one was able to buy a season ticket for only twenty-five cents. But one of the most generally enjoyed occasions was the supper served in picnic style in the park, followed by some clever stunts. At this time every one present became contaminated with the pest known as "chiggers" or "red-bugs." To state all the remedies for these would be interesting, amusing, pathetic and educational, but it is enough to say that in Guilford Hall where six of the men faculty stayed there were at least six different and highly successful remedies. And the Hut, the place nearest to our hearts at all times, was the scene of many happy gatherings—ranging in degree of pleasure from the pressing of one's best dress to the participation in a watermelon feast.

Due to these things, and to many others quite as delightful, each one of the girls declared at the end of July that she had never spent two summer months more pleasantly and profitably.

A Somer Skule Tagedie

(Composed by the Girls Taking English I at Summer School)

'Twas in the mad month of Aprile
 When a' the world was greene
 When four and seven giddie girls
 Did watch the movie screen.

REFRAIN

Did watch the movie screen
 Did watch the movie screen
 When four and seven giddie girls
 Did watch the movie screen.

The teacher said "Beware; beware;"
 The girls a' said "Nay; nay—"
 They came unto a' soda fount
 And wasted their time away. *Etc.*

'Twas in the merrie month of May
 Teacher they cam' to see,
 And said unto the bonny man:
 "Our grades, what might they bee?"

From out the east, from out the west
 They rode on milk-white steeds
 For to come to somer skule
 To pay for their wicked deeds.

With blood-red lips and cherry cheeks
 They had the yaller curl;
 And silken had they dresses green
 That were bedight with pearl.

'Twas in the happy month of June
 When they again did play.
 The teacher said, "Beware; beware—"
 The girls a' said, "Nay; nay."

'Twas in the month of hot July
 Teacher they cam' to see;
 And said unto the bonny man;
 "Our grades what might they bee?"

Just then they turned so pale and wan;
 And then when it was dark
 They jumped into the wee streamlet
 That rippled through the park.

The tiny waves surged o'er them a';
 But one did moan and wail
 For she of a' that bonny crowd
 Was left to tell the tale.

Above this awful, doleful spot
 The garlic grew so strong
 To warn the other wicked girls
 The end that comes from wrong.

Notes

There are eleven different versions of this popular ballad, the names being, "Eleven Foolish Virgins," "The Tragedie of a Somer Skule," "Children Eleven," etc. The setting of this tragedy was probably the campus of the North Carolina College for Women, once called the State Normal and Industrial College. Some authorities think these girls must have been engaged in some industry there. The ballad itself does not say, most of its charm lying in the omissions which leave the imagination of the reader to fill out. These omissions occur in the form of "leaping and lingering" between verses three and four, and seven and eight, no account being given of how the time was spent between the regular session and summer school in the first place, and in the second place, no account being given of what their grades were, or what they did to plan the tragedy. In verse three we also see that the word "the" is left out at the beginning of the second line. This is a typical ballad because it uses both parallel and incremental repetition,

and also the dialogue. The latter is exceedingly brief. Willis thinks this is because the people of that time did little talking by mouth, but did most of it by telephone and telegraph. This ballad is also very effective when sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle" its is also said.

"Mad month of April"—Mad here probably means foolish. Foolish would not do says Benson who is an authority on such matters because the meter would not be right.

"When a' the world was green"—
 "A fitting background for the people"
 says Oliver.

"Movie screen"—Some critics say this was the Isis, and others that it was at the Bijou. Klutz holds to the latter for she says vaudeville were given at the other place and the girls were not allowed to attend them. She has an old chronicle with frayed edges (chewed by a yellow dog) that states that the girls were allowed to go to the picture show once a week by using their weekly downtown per-

missions. This manuscript is entitled the "Students' Hand Book."

"Soda fount."—Either "Greensboro Drug" or "Fariss-Klutz" where sanitary drinking cups were used after the influenza epidemic, thinks Belle.

"Bonny man."—Critics differ as to this being the right word to have used. Farmer frankly says it is an exaggeration, while Hatcher thinks it is immodest.

"Milk white steeds."—Probably street cars or Fords.

"Yaller curl."—An old woman named Richardson that Benson traveled many miles to see said that people of this time often used peroxide or common baking soda to keep their hair blonde.

"Bedight with pearls."—Somers thinks they were either bought at Kress' or Woolworth's.

"Happy month of June."—Happy because June was considered the month of brides. Willis thinks the

pathos of this poem is largely due to the girls having to study during this month.

"Wee streamlet."—English teachers say they know that there must have been water of some kind in the park, because in all the Freshman themes that they have unearthed, there has been constant mention of a "rippling brooklet," a "streaming riverlet," a "gurgling stream," a "rollicking rill" and a "bubbling brook," in the park.

"One did moan and wail."—We have no evidence that a one survived. The noise heard was probably that of a croaking frog.

"Awful."—A term much used by these primitive people.

"Garlic."—A European plant of the lily family, having a tunicated bulb and a pungent perfume. Somers thinks that onions must have had a peculiar significance to these people since onions were cooked with everything they ate.



A Farmerette's Soliloquy

N. M. TILLEY, '20, CORNELIAN

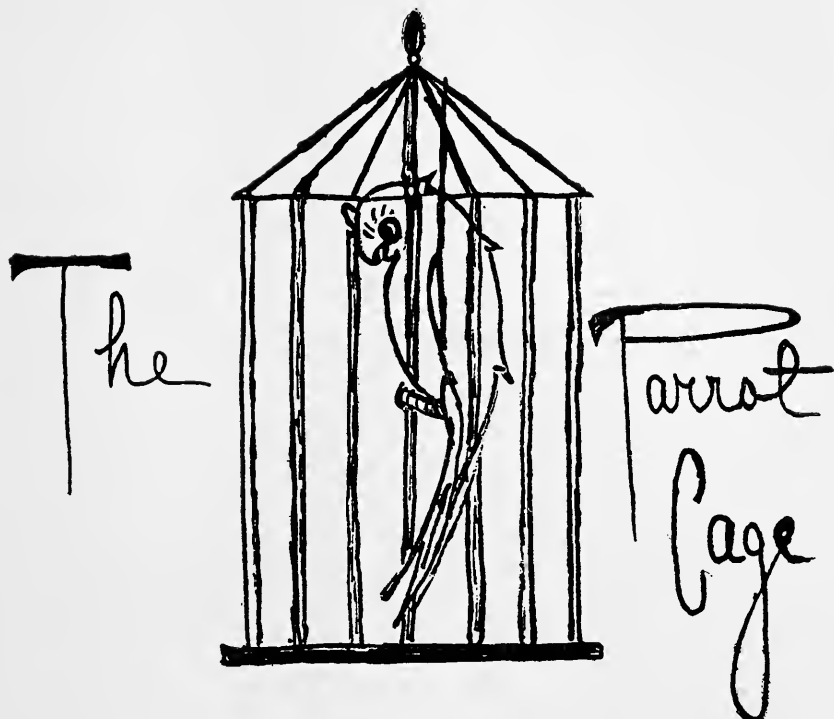
(Written to prove to the magazine editors that I can not write.

Oh, I went out this morning to see my golden crap,
 And as I walked around and 'round a thought came with a snap.
 Suppose the Lord made 'taters climb—suppose they grew some other way;
 Suppose they grew on pine trees. How would we get them pray?

Suppose the sun flower grew by some strange plan—like the peanut
 in the ground,
 How in the thunder would we see them when the sun turned 'em around?
 How would we eat 'taters; how would we see flowers
 If the things were so contrary they thwarted all our powers?

Now, if the Lord has placed you high, or if the Lord has placed you low,
 Do not sit a-meaning, and don't a-groaning go—
 'Cause you're put there for a purpose—and a mighty good one too;
 So just stay there contented and help this old world through.

—Q. E. D.



Nearly all of the pupils in the Livy class were drowsy. One poor girl continued to draw out a very mediocre translation. Suddenly her face brightened up and she said, "Oh, I have it now—Hannibal crossed the river with forty elephants in (by) a Ford (ford)."

(Sleepy room mate to her room mate):
"Please stop chewing gum. I can't sleep a wink as long as you play tunes on it."

(Sleepy room mate later): "Can't you ever behave. Why are you standing up there in bed for anyway?"

(Room mate): "Oh I am chewing 'The Star Spangled Banner.'"

(Miss M. T. M.): "Will all of the D Freshmen please arise and come to the platform immediately."

(Dignified Senior): "Madame Presi-

dent, I move the motion on the floor be laid on the table for two weeks until our next meeting."

(Senior): "Although my budding youth has departed I still feel young and green. Why I feel green just like a tree. In fact I must be a tree for I am now leaving. Goodbye."

Ding-a-ling-ling—

(Voice): "Is that the State Normal School?"

(Telephone girl in stately accents): "This is the North Carolina College for Women."

(Voice): "That's so—but say can you tell me if a Mr. Foust teaches out there?"

(Telephone girl): "Dr. Julius I. Foust is the president of this institution."

(Voice): "May I see him?"

(Telephone girl): "I am very sorry but he isn't in just now. Is there anything I can do for you?"

(Voice): "No I don't guess so. Oh yes I guess you can tell him I have a red cow I want to sell him. Tell him she's a mighty good cow, now,—she comes in fresh tomorrow."

A Freshman was walking over the campus and in her promenade met another Freshman and said "Say girl, are you an old girl?"

"Naw not so much, only sixteen" was the indignant reply.

About twelve o'clock the bells began to ring very loudly. A poor Freshman who was deep into slumberland rolled out of her blankets to investigate the matter. She found the hall lined up with girls. One who seemed to be the leader, yelled out "Get in line." Freshie called sleepily, "Ane do we have to line up to say our prayers?"

Almost as sarcastic, was the Freshman who remarked innocently, "Do we have to take our payment cards to get into church Sunday?"

(Sophomore): "Oh, just send my new hat out to the college."

(Clerk): "Whereabouts—to the Greensboro North Carolina State Normal and Industrial Female College for Women?"

Mabe; (speaking of girl whose profile stood out black against a bright window): Oh, look at Ruth's soliloquy!

Head of Table: Will you have coffee or milk, Blanche?

Freshman: I'll take postum, please.

Head of Table: Well, we haven't any postum.

Freshman: Oh, dont take the trouble to make any for me!

"I have a wonderful last-go-trade for you, Mildred!"

(Mildred pours forth some extravagant compliments.)

"Well, Miss F. said you looked ever so much like Mona Lisa."

"Mona Lisa! Who's she? I don't believe I know her."



EXCHANGES



This year as usual we wish to exchange our magazine with other colleges, offering and giving helpful criticism which we think will benefit all concerned. Colleges as well as everything else nowadays can not be absolutely set apart to themselves. There must not only be college spirit but intercollegiate spirit, and the magazine as representative of the institutions are the best means of creating this. We feel that the exchange in the past has not meant quite so much as it should be. Not only could the exchange be made a place to show faults and good points but could also perhaps be made a place to ask questions pertaining to problems that the magazine has to face, and it may be that other colleges could answer these questions. At one time a body of various college representatives met together to form a permanent organization to discuss problems, but this worthy delegation after a brilliant beginning forgot to meet again. Our idea is to have the

exchange department take the place of this would-be organization.

The Neophyte number of the University Magazine need not offer any apologies for the work of the Freshman and Sophomores, for the magazine has a truly literary flavor. The articles on a whole seem to be children of inspiration. We heartily agree with the editorial in this magazine which says, "The purpose of a college magazine is not only to produce a likable publication, and one which will compare favorably with those of other colleges, but at the same time to develop local literary talent. This it can never accomplish by drawing its contribution only from some dozen picked and already clever writers." Adopting this policy, this magazine broke away former custom and published work from the lower classmen only with a very artistic result. We are anxious to see the "cream which will rise from the milk," and are also anxious for other magazines to catch the same spirit.



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