

CORADDI



OCTOBER



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The Coraddi

June, 1925



Out of Life's Scrapbook

Frances Garner, '26.

It was late afternoon in the mountains. Along the valley that skirted either side of the rushing mountain stream the sun still strove for prominence. At places it was successful, at others it was defeated by some aggressive ridge that reached almost to the river, resulting in a checkerboard landscape of alternate shadows and sunlight. In the narrow valley which clung tenaciously to the High Balk on one side and Balsam Top on the other, notwithstanding the fact that it was cleft in twain by Bear Branch, it had given up the struggle two hours since and "gone down" behind the distant peak, crouching in shame behind the monarch which had defeated it.

In the shadows far up the Bear Branch road might be detected a small cabin. The "big house" which consists of two rooms is of logs, but the kitchen, evidently added as an after thought, is of rough, unplanned lumber, as is the veranda; bespeaking the presence of a Sawmill in that vicinity at some previous date. The yard is uncared for and the grass and weeds grow in wild exuberance. Around the veranda the wild columbine and Virginia creeper flourish in the devil-may-care style of untrained and uncared for youth.

On this veranda on this particular afternoon sat old man Tom Simpkins. He had had a hard day following the headstrong, self-willed Haley through the "middles" of his cornfield, which to use his own expression, was hung on the mountainside. Finishing his plowing he had fed Haley her well earned hay, milked the cow, prepared his supper and partaken of it without relish. Afterward he remembered that he had used the last of his coffee and sugar and made a hasty trip down the mountain to the little country store, for replenishments. Returning with these he had set them down on the most substantial looking of the rotten stoops and sunk wearily beside them.

Not only was Tom weary of body, he was weary of soul. Two years previously he had come from no one knew where and bought the little rugged farm from John Harrell, for the latter had sold the birch and hemlock timber on his mountain tract for a for-

tune, bought a farm and built a pretentious home at the crossroads. The mountain folk were suspicious of him from the first. In vain he attempted to become one of them. He dressed as they did and they said he was some "movie feller." He visited their homes, and altho he was invited cordially enough to "set a spell" the calls were never returned. He patronized their store and his money was carefully examined to see if it were counterfeit. Stubbornly they clung to their just belief that he was "a runnin' from the law" and as such he was treated.

Tonight all these things were passing through his mind. Pipeful after pipeful of tobacco was consumed as he recalled many instances of the manners of his neighbors, aloof yet ever courteous; as unscalable as the most rugged peak of Old Rough, as impregnable as the rocks that planked her base.

"Howdy, neighbor."

As the sound of a cheery voice broke upon the unhappy meditations of the old man he raised his eyes and with a startled look gazed into the cheery face of a youth who had passed through the rickety gate and was coming up the walk where the pinks and marigolds, sole survivors of earlier days, still battled bravely with the invading grass and weeds. He was a young man of open countenance, and his winning smile at once reached the heart of Tom Simpkins. He dropped leisurely on the stoop beside him.

"I have been hearing about you ever since I came home," he began frankly. "I have only been here two days but it seems that everyone I meet asks me with the second breath if I have seen the fellow up at the old place." He looked squarely at the elder man, who had not yet spoken, but the gathering shadows almost obliterated his face. "I used to live here," he went on, "My name is Edward Harrell." The other gave a perceptible start, but the youth, full of reminiscences, did not notice it. "Many are the good times I have had here with Wilfred, even tho he was always sickly. We read the same stories, played the same games, fought the same boys and hated the same teachers. Why," he added, pointing to a gnarled tree in the yard,

"I bet that old tree is still slick where we used to slide down it after we had filled ourselves and our pockets with June apples. Wilfred died when he was twelve." He ended brokenly, his heart full of tender memories of the brother whose weak constitution was unable to stand the ravages of dystherio.

After some moments of silence the other urged:

"Please go on with your story."

"When I was fifteen my father sold his timber for a fortune, as you have no doubt heard. After that he devoted himself to bettering conditions in the community and to my education. I graduated from the city High School, then from college in '23. Aren't these mosquitoes bad?" he suddenly asked sympathetically, for the other man had jumped hastily to his feet. However, could he have known it, it was the mention of that well known Eastern University rather than the onslaught of the mosquitoes that caused his momentary start.

"Sure thing," responded his companion, regaining his composure, "I'll have the porch screened soon. And where have you been since your graduation?"

"Since leaving college," young Harrell continued, "I have traveled in Europe and at the same time kept on with my studies in archaeology. I haven't been home in two years. That is why I hadn't seen you," he finished.

"What are you going to do now? Settle down to business in the city?"

"Not on your life," young Harrell quickly returned. "I am going to settle down right here if you will sell me your place. That is really what I came to see you about. I am going to build a hotel right on this spot, with a twenty-foot highway winding up to it from this valley. I am going to reforest these mountains with another growth of birch. Then I shall build a club house where the young folks may get together for a good time."

He talked on enthusiastically of his plans for several minutes. Such is the willingness of youth to unfold its dreams to an attentive hearer.

"Here I am monopolizing the conversation," he finally offered apologetically, "and what I really came for was to see why my neighbors are so curious about you, and to see if we could come to terms on the place. Now you talk," he invited pleasantly.

"Yes," said Simpkins, "I'll sell the place and at your figure. Can you settle it tonight?"

"Sure, I have my money accessible, and can close the deal any time," answered the young man, somewhat startled by the other's abruptness. "But then if you want to stay on for a while, I am in no hurry."

Disregarding the suggestion, Simpkins started toward the door. "Come in, I'll get a light, and sign over the deeds," he said.

The room which they entered was well furnished and spotlessly clean. The light from the glistening lamp at first blinded Harrell after the gloom of the porch. After a few moments in which his eyes became accustomed to the light, he looked at his companion and gasped in sheer amazement.

"Good Lord, it can't be you!" he blurted.

"Knew you would recognize me," the other answered easily, now entirely composed. "That is why I was anxious to settle tonight. My resources aren't such that they will take me far."

"But where——" Harrell began to stammer.

"You wonder where the money is that I took from the college treasurer's office? Well, it is gone with thieves whom I helped to rifle the safe. You may remember that it was a pet theory of mine, though disputed by many, that mankind may at any time in life adapt himself to any environment and become a part of any class of people by simply living with them and sharing their experiences."

Again the self-possessed college professor Simpkins talked rapidly on. "It was for the purpose of proving my theory to my own satisfaction that I cultivated the acquaintance of the gang of thieves. For a while the scheme worked admirably. During the day I was an esteemed professor, when I met my gang I became a first-class crook. Of course I should have seen that I was being used as a tool when the robbery was proposed, but I didn't. I saw only the success of my theory."

"But," he resumed after a moment of hesitation, "it failed. After the robbery they knocked me down, took what little money I had of my own, cursed me as an easy mark, then left. I've never seen any of them since."

He paused, and the young man, who looked at him pityingly, made no comment.

"You heard of my disappearance simultaneously with the robbery, and naturally connected the two. I read it all in the papers. Since then I have tried numerous positions, abandoning one when another more appealing presented itself. It was while passing through here with a party who were prospecting for ore that this place attracted me. The old idea came back to me once more, so I decided to buy the place and become a farmer and a mountaineer." He laughed mirthlessly.

"This has proved a more miserable failure than the first. All have suspected me from the start. I know not what it is about me that repels these folks. Sometimes I feel that they can penetrate the sham and define the pitiful excuse of man I really am, when

Hatsy

Fadean Pleasants, '28

Time will steal her dear, childish peculiarities—already it is taking them—but when I am perplexed with a college girl's problems, I shall think of Hatsy with delightful relief; and I shall think of her just as she was, the first summer I knew her during my counselorship at camp.

I can see her now, lingering behind the others as they follow the winding river path that leads under the hollows of the immense rocks, from which Camp Hollow Rock has justly derived its name. She does not like the river path today; her pouting lips, her babyish cries as her tender feet come down unexpectedly on a sharp rock, or a sheaf of brier bush across the path, tell me this. It is Harriet's way not to like the path directed, and so she always pouts on her way to the river at swimming time. Today she had begged for the road, but what a charming picture she makes along the cool river path, the scarlet of her bathing suit against the mustiness of the rock background. I wait in answer to her persistent cries for me, and stand smiling as she wails out her complaints tearfully. And if I had taken them along the road her lachrymal resentment would have been poured out to me, because she preferred the other way! What a Hatsy she is!

Even as she pouts I catch the gleam of a mischievous little smile in her eyes; and when she finds a laugh in my own, she puckers up her red lips defiantly in the assumed pout that has become so natural, and the dancing light deepens in the hazel eyes as she says "Hateful! *Hateful!*" I could have caught her to my heart! But how she would have resented that!

She loved the river—after she had been persuaded that the leeches wouldn't attach their fat, shiny selves to her sturdy limbs. She had to be persuaded each time she went swimming, though, and luckily for me, one never did get on her. After she waded out deeply, she never wanted to get out, simply because she knew she had to, when the shrill peremptory command was given with the whistle—not because she really wanted to stay in the water longer.

Oftentimes we went back to camp by the road, and after she had ceased her pouting because I didn't choose the river trail, she would walk along by me, stopping now and then to dig her toes into the hot sand. Once, I remember, we were talking about school. (Harriet hates going to school, but this is

one of her favorite topics of conversation.) As we came to the last bend, where the road changes its hot sand for shining pine needles, she looked up at me with wide, thoughtful eyes that are so enigmatic at times, and asked, "Which school do you like best of all—grammar school, high school, or college?"

"College, I believe." And then I had to laugh at Harriet's next question, not only because it evoked such ludicrous picture, but because it expressed so clearly Harriet herself.

"Can you do anything you *want* to there?" she asked in surprise. My answer had implied that, she thought.

Hatsy never wants to do the obvious thing to do. She dreads going to bed because it necessitates the removal of her clothes; she hates to get up because she has to put them on. She doesn't want to brush her teeth because it's too much trouble. And she doesn't want anybody to do things that "are so much trouble." She'd rather let Pal, the dog, lap the water dripping from her bathing suit than trot down to the spring for a drink because "it's so much trouble for the poor dog to have to trot everywhere."

Her name is her sole embarrassment. Harriet *Foote* W. It is the middle one that incites her anger every time she thinks of it. *Foote!* So commonplace! She cannot understand why in the world her mother and daddy couldn't have named her Frances, or *anything* except *Foote*; and she signs her name Harriet F. in the hope that the initial will be taken for something else. To appease her humiliation she gives her dolls the most beautiful story-book names she can find.

It has been such a joy knowing Hatsy. One cannot help but love her and want to keep her a child a little longer; but she will grow up all too soon. I shall think of her though, as Hatsy in a red bathing suit with a pout on her lips. On dark blue, star-lit nights when I am too tired to sleep, I shall fancy myself back at Hollow Rock; and when the low growl of a dog disturbs the night silences, I will think of Pal, alias Comet, the city-bred, who barked at everything he couldn't understand. Then I will strain my ear through the darkness to hear Hatsy's tremulous whisper from across the shack, "What's Pal barking for?" and I will answer, and go quietly off to sleep with her childish "good-night" ringing in my ears.

Hallelujah, I Am Orthodox

Katherine Grantham, '26

Orthodox people are either born that way, or are forced at least to become so. It is with a sigh that I realize the fact that one can not self-consciously will to become orthodox. Orthodoxy means both peace and comfort, and there are times when I long for both.

The most comfortable people in the world are those who are born orthodox. The little gods have freed them of the necessity to make decisions, and there are never two possible choices: their path has already been selected. Life to them is a town or state highway which has been accurately mapped. They are never betrayed into false positions, never wooed into taking up arms with the losing side.

Crazy people always have commanded exceptional treatment from their fellow men. They were accorded at one time a certain deferential respect, for men were naturally rather shy in dealing with one whom they considered possessed with seven devils. Today we can say with ease of them what we find it hard to say of our enemies, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." We free them of the responsibility of their actions. But the position of the orthodox is even more enviable than that of the crazed. And because, from their very nature, they can please to do only that which is correct, they are applauded.

It would be convenient—infinately convenient for one to be born without the questioning attitude, for one to have his opinions handed to him, his standards already formed. It would be comfortable—incomparably so—if one could be born minus an inquiring mind. Always, men punish the dissenter. Those who question the accepted modes of conduct, the accepted patterns of thinking, are first watched with a jealous eye, and at last slain by a righteous indignation.

Break society's conventions; ostracism follows, which is all as it should be! Even Shelley with all his talk of free love, realized that "We are the slaves of circumstance" and submitted himself and Harriet to the marriage ceremony. Deny the gods accepted by the state and drink your cup of hemlock. Set up your teachings in the face of the accepted teachings of mankind, and go to the cross. Christ was crucified because he dared to say "Ye have heard it said unto you of old—but I say unto you." If you go to the Baptist Church, do not, for the sake of comfort, remember the fact that a member was put out of the church without a trial. Swallow down without blinking the notion that Baptists are the most democratic of denominations and that your particular church is the most democratic of Baptist

churches. You might swallow both Jonah and the whale, if you truly desire comfort. Forget the fact that your pastor and a member had a most awful row today, and sing with pious gusto the song, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." Do not become amused when your neighbor's daughter plays *Home Sweet Home* while the mother quarrels with the father in the kitchen. To the orthodox, "Whatever is, is right."

Even here at college, the most comfortable are those who were born with accepting dispositions. Those who rank next in comfort are those who can put on the "tarnhoppe," the cap which renders them invisible when they go to class.

What a delightful fellow you are, if you do not instinctively distrust an instructor who tells you that he is not going to be dogmatic! (People who are not dogmatic do not once think of announcing the fact, just as an honest man does not ordinarily protest his honesty. They take the attitude for granted.)

Acceptance is a convenience. Beware of comparison; it is a snare. It is advisable that we forget our last class, when we march into the next. It is a praiseworthy, certainly comfortable, attitude if we can smile in approval when we are addressed in the honeyed tones of sentimentality, provided—*provided*, we can nod emphatically when our next instructor tells us to test all knowledge in the cold light of unimpassioned reason and experiment. We are such lovely, sweet, bright girls if we say, "Yeah, tha's right" when we are advised to cultivate conventionality and to regard the accepted standards, provided, *provided*, we can say, "when our next instructor tells us to free our minds of the prejudices of our past training, and to criticize society's customary reactions to stimuli, and accepted norms. If we can do all these things, brethren, we are truly, because universally, orthodox. We possess the secret of comfort. We do, when in Rome, as Rome does.

Yet orthodoxy is like the shell of a turtle. It guarantees comfort under normal conditions, but it prevents adventure. The orthodox people do have poise, but it is damnable poise. They are comfortable; but it is deadly monotonous comfort. They are inoffensive; but they are sleeping beauties who will never wake up—to *life*.

Of course I know that eventually I will come to

(Continued to page 22)

EDITORIALS

A Personal Word

To the New Students and Others Not So New

We want all of you to be interested in the Coraddi. You would probably protest your interest in it, if we asked you, out of politeness if nothing else. But we want you to try to write for it, too. At that the "howl goes up," you couldn't think of it, oh, you couldn't!

But consider this—we try to make the standards of our magazine high. But it remains a college magazine. Its contributors are not noted authoresses, at present at any rate. They are the students. The list of contributors, except for an occasional faculty contribution, is limited to girls between the ages of perhaps 16 and 23. These are among the very girls you have to compete with in classes, in activities, some of the very 1,700 or more you live with. They are now a coterie of unapproachable genuises.

They write about the things they see, feel, think about, and are interested in. They let their fancy weave stories, theories, as you do. But they share them.

As to the editors—there is not a one of them to whom you wouldn't be willing to show a theme you were going to hand in any say, "Do you think that'll do?" You would even be glad of suggestions.

Now, why not write something? Why not let us see the things you are writing? Simply ask us, "Do you think that'll do for the Coraddi?" instead of "For my English teacher?"

Milk On the Fox's Tail

"The old woman threw the pan of milk on the fox's tail, and from that day to this all foxes have had a white tip on their tails." How innocent children are, to absorb tales which display such logic, we think as we close the third grade reader.

But we have not yet ceased to apply this puerile logic to our opinions of classes of people. Perhaps Pope was thinking of the confirmed generalizer when he said, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." At any rate, the person with the chronic habit of generalization is a faithful example of the saying.

The tendency to generalize is often one of the first symptoms of an education. At first we do not know, so we do not dare to hazard an opinion about things. Then we dip here and there, gather a few facts or pseudo-facts and begin to generalize! We have read

of an act of German barbarism, an account of Bolshevik cruelty, a story of American humanitarianism or Jewish parsimony.

We begin to talk enthusiastically, dogmatically, about those barbarous Germans, those unspeakably cruel Bolsheviks, the noble Americans, and the grasping Jew! And we speak as though all the evidence were in and we were delivering ultimate, unquestioned certainties.

The first instances we read were no doubt true as are also the following: We owe to the Germans countless medical discoveries that have saved millions of lives; the Bolsheviks have established library trains that put books into the hands of the common people; America absolutely refused to join the League of Nations; and the Jewish people made the largest free will offerings to humanitarian organizations of any group of people in the United States during the recent war.

These are random facts. They do not prove that the Germans are barbarous, or that they are not barbarous. They only warn us as to the use of generalizations.

We were all pretty much the same kind of babies; bright, dull, or indifferent. The baby of one nation is not very different from that of another. We all have similar instincts at birth; or at least, if the psychologists no longer permit us to have instincts, inherited reflexes. We know that everything we become must be built on these instincts or reflexes. They are fundamental, modifiable, but not eradicable.

So, after all, circumstances change us slightly but we all have the same tendencies, as to the pugnacious tendencies, witness mob scenes in America. So we all have also the tender emotions of love, pity, kindness, sympathy, etc. No nation or class of people has a monopoly on them. They are part of the heritage we receive because we are human.

If you still believe that all the Epicurians spent their lives in drunken orgies; that all Greeks were philosophers; that the French people have no morals; that the negroes are all hopelessly ignorant and limited as to brain capacity, you have only begun your education.

If you must generalize, let it be on a fact. And this fact is unquestionable. We are all human and therefore kin. As Gibran says in his book, "The Prophet": "The Holy and the righteous cannot rise beyond the highest which is in each one of you.

"And the wicked and the weak cannot fall lower than the lowest which is in you also."

"And Down Came a Spider—"

Kate C. Hall, '26

Trudie brushed away the last of the short, stinging hairs from her neck and ran her fingers through her close-cropped locks with great satisfaction.

"Well," she said, surveying her mother, the shears, and the disordered floor with a quizzical mixture of amusement, relief, and apprehension in her face. "Well, if the boys don't think that at least I *look* like a good sport now, I shall be disgusted. But, no—really, Mumsie, short hair is just *great!* Where are my khakis now?"

Five minutes later Mrs. Baum was introduced to an entirely new version of her daughter. This laughing, short-haired child, slender in khaki shirt and trousers, was surely not her demurely pretty young daughter of an hour ago! Mrs. Baum shook her head a little before she smiled, as mothers have to do, to see her child so radiant in her change.

"Ah, Trudie, you look like a pretty little boy now, but I miss my sweet daughter. Do you think, Baby, that the boys will not miss their little saint to worship?" Trudie tossed her short, curly bronze hair with scorn.

"I *hope* not. If they don't like a girl better than a-a saint, I don't care a snap for *their* opinion. Oh, they disgust me, anyway. Why did they ever think I was different from the other girls? Well, I'm not any more; I'm not; I'm not; I'm not! And this weekend on the camping trip that they've at last condescended to ask me to, *I'll* show 'em."

With a mother's fondness, Mrs. Baum was thinking that in spite of her vehement denial, her Trudie was still different from the common run of girls, but she only said, "But Trudie, Kathy said that Frank wouldn't like it. He told her one night at a basketball game she took you to that you had the prettiest hair he ever saw in his life and you were the most womanly girl. He——"

"Oh, Frank!" said Trudie, scornfully, "Frank and his everlasting 'womanly girl' make me tired. He probably won't like it or approve of me or anything, but I don't care. He hangs around in the magazine office enough for me to get good and tired of his brilliant mind and his slow talk and his eternal good nature. It's some of the others like Bill Jenkins and Tom Wilkins and Harvey Westbrook that I want to quit looking at me as if I was a tin angel, as they've been doing for the two years I've been at that H. S. Oh, they think I'm practical enough when it comes to work. They give me the offices and the jobs where I can show my efficiency and my 'angel-like' temper, if

I have any after the daily grind with that magazine material. But when it comes to being practical and needing to play—well, they think I'd rather fly, and fly alone. Oh, why *will* they act so? Well, after tonight——"

When her young rebel-angel was packed away in a big car with about eight other laughing, khaki-clad youngsters, equipped with camping grub and outfit, Mrs. Baum sought her elder daughter, Kathy, to tell her all about it. But Kathy only laughed, although she put a sympathetic arm across her mother's shoulder at a sigh from that troubled and harassed woman.

"Oh, the kid will be all right, mother," she said, encouragingly. "Fact is, I'm glad to see her coming out like this. Those boys at the High have been fools. I don't teach over there for nothing! Well, we'll see what the camping trip will do. In the meantime, trust Trudie. If she overdoes the 'sporty' thing this once, her 'natchel born' good sense will soon reassert itself and bring things more nearly to a level than they've ever been before. Well, I think that camp is in for a with a twenty-foot highway winding up to it from the sensation. Methinks I saw a wicked gleam in Trudie's eye as she ran out to that car."

Kathy was right; Trudie certainly did not disappoint her expectations. The laughing, joking, hilarious boys and girls were amazed to find that Trudie, whom they had admired from afar, ever since she had come to them at the beginning of her sophomore year, two years ago, as some one good, gracious, capable and kind, but far too distant to care to ever mix with them, was as good a sport as any in the bunch.

After joking away their comments of surprise at her bobbed hair, she demanded that Tom let her drive the car, and she sent it racing along at a great pace over the smooth dirt road that wound up the mountain to where their little camping cabin stood. Tom, notably the most reckless driver in town, held onto his cap with a rather forced grin, while the girls shrieked and the other boys laughed. But with a sure hand, Trudie got around the sharp curves and came to a stop with a flourish in front of the picturesque log cabin. Nobody had ever dreamed that Trudie could drive, for the simple reason that few of the bunch had ever thought of asking her to even ride with them. There had been something quiet and reserved in her manner—but now! She flew eagerly to examine the cabin, while the others followed more leisurely, whistling their amazement.

All the rest of that Friday evening she continued to

amaze them, and that night before the fire, she sang them funny negro songs, accompanying herself on her guitar, until they nearly split their sides laughing.

"Well, I tell you what, Trudie," said Tom, as he moved off to go to bed in the loft, banished at last by the third command of their chaperon, "we were a bunch of unlucky dogs not to have you all those other times. Why in the——?"

"Nobody asked me, sir, she said," laughed Trudie, as she turned and left a somewhat discomfited young man. The girls went to bed on their side of the gallery with a little feeling of bewilderment and just a "teeny" bit of pique that this newly discovered star should so completely eclipse them that first night, while the boys, especially young Tom Wilkins, went to sleep, patting themselves on the back because they had discovered her.

Only one figure was left before the fire to keep it burning and the flimsy cabin warm, as it was still cool here in the mountains, even on early June nights. This solitary tender was Frank, the quiet boy of whom Trudie had spoken to her mother so scornfully. After building the fire up well, he sat down with his chin on his knees and mused in the firelight, with trouble on his thin, kind face and in his honest, near-sighted eyes.

"I wonder," he was thinking to himself, "what has got into Trudie, and why she is acting so. I'm not sure——" but he did not finish.

Saturday morning brought to light the fact that Tom Wilkins intended to adopt Trudie for his "girl," at least for this trip, and also that the other boys were going to pay a lot of attention to her and depend on her to give them a good time. But with instinctive wisdom, the wily little rascal refused to pay any more attention to Tom than to the others at first, although in her heart of hearts, she was more than pleased to have the most popular football star in the high school and also one of the nicest and most likeable boys in town paying her attention. She was also wise enough to see that she must not antagonize the girls, if, indeed, she ever had an unkindly thought toward them; so she managed to not shine as exclusively as she had the night before and yet to make them like her more and more. She threw off completely that reserve which she had adopted when she first came to school, because of her father's financial losses and because she was among strangers, and which circumstances had seemed to combine to make her keep. In fact, she showed them that she was the kind of good sport that healthy boys and girls like to have on a camping trip. She climbed trees, ran races, danced, cooked and did everything with a grace and daring that was likeable and admirable. True to her wish, the boys found that after all, they liked her much better as a healthy, mis-

chievous girl than as a guiding angel.

Only Frank held aloof, although even he admitted—to himself—that the short, slightly waving hair was quite lovely and gave piquancy to the sweet little face with its golden freckles and seemed to bring out a laughing gold light in her hitherto grave gray-green eyes. He had hated to see that glory of long hair go, but still he had to admit—— But it wasn't about *that* that he was worrying. It was just that he wasn't quite sure——.

Not for the world would Trudie have noticed his attitude toward her. She passed by his aloofness with a sublime indifference, going about her work and merrymaking as if he were not there, as if—he thought bitterly, as he glowered at her mildly from afar through his thick spectacles—she had not worked so much with him in that magazine staff room all the year.

The crowning glory of Saturday was the fishing trip in the afternoon. The boys, born mountaineers, most of them, had fished in the mountain streams all their lives and had determined to initiate the girls, who unfortunately had been more confined to the city, into the mysteries of the delightful art. Here, at least, Trudie, who had never fished, would seem to be at no advantage with the other girls, but matters did not turn out that way. With a shriek or a shudder all of the other girls turned from the job in disgust when told to put a worm, a wriggling, slimy worm on a hook. They even refused to take the silver-finned fish from the hooks when their teacher had gallantly drawn them in for them, because the fish were "so slick and—ooh!"

But none of that for Trudie! With apparent indifference, even if a little awkwardly at first, she baited her hooks, and with glee she drew in and unhooked her first fish. Who knows to what heights of daring one's desire may take her! The boys gave a hurrah of approval when they saw that. Nothing could take Trudie from her new shrine of "a plum good sport," after this. A girl who would bait a hook and handle fish! The boys hadn't really expected to see any of them do it—but Trudie was certainly surprising!

Cool and gay in her triumph, Trudie sat, calmly fishing, with an admiring crowd of girls and fellow fishermen around her, until, presently, a call for luncheon sent them all helter-skelter over to the little clump of trees farther up the bank, where they were to eat. Only Trudie stayed behind to catch one last fish, making Tom go on with the others, so that he could save her a banana before they were all taken.

When they were all gone, she looked around slowly, with seeming carelessness, but seeing a solitary figure

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BOOK REVIEWS

Inez Landon

Sea Horse

By Frances Brett Young

There is something rather fantastic about Sea Horses and as we are a race to whom the novel and unusual appeals, this story appealed to me somewhat more than the prevalent modern novel. Truly it is not art; one might say that it rarely approaches it; yet there is something vital about the book.

As its name implies, Sea Horses is a tale of the sea. An English freighter, *The Nege*, commanded by Glanvil, a rather young Englishman, is chartered by an Italian company to go to Panda, Portuguese East Africa. The ship is not a passenger ship but Glanvil's sympathy is caught by the strange sad story of one Helen Salvia, an Englishwoman. She with her child is anxious to go to Panda in search of her Italian husband, and this is the only ship sailing there. Glanvil makes the rare concession of allowing her to go. Around these two personalities, Glanvil and Helen Salvia, the tale is woven.

The general spirit of the book savors strongly of the sea. We get a vivid and realistic picture of sea life—its monotony as well as its picturesqueness. Panda with its lethargic atmosphere and its exotic landscape gives oriental color to the story.

The Mother's Recompense

Edith Wharton

I must confess a very distinct disappointment in Mrs. Wharton's new book. It is well written, and well characterized; yet it misses being effective at least for

me. The biggest criticism I have to offer is that it is a bit too dramatic in parts.

The Mother's Recompense is a story of a woman who, having made an unfortunate marriage, runs away with another man, leaving a three-year-old baby girl. After this first digression from conventions, she lives quietly and decorously for about twelve years. At this time she has a rather deep but unhappy love affair with an artist some ten years her junior. The story opens three years after the termination of this affair. She is living on a rather mixed and perhaps somewhat questionable melie in the Riviera. Two cables are received on this momentous morning—one announcing the death of her mother-in-law, who has been the guardian of her daughter since her husband's death, and the other a summons from her daughter to come home. She returns to New York and one can guess the rest. She is charmed by her daughter; in fact it is mutual. The daughter falls in love with her mother's lover—the artist one, and the mother does all in her power to prevent the marriage. Witness many storms and heartrending scenes! Finally the mother withdraws her objections and sanctions the wedding. There is the usual ever-present family friend and counselor who has been in love with the mother since her youth and who now urges her to marry him. But the mother, having made her recompense, goes back to her life in Europe.

If one wants something light and fairly interesting, The Mother's Recompense might answer. My objection to that type of fiction is that after I had finished reading it there was nothing definite or indefinite that I retained from it. It presented nothing new, neither in philosophy or fiction.

The Deserted House

A summer past this little house
Was full of love—a baby's smiles and tears,
And a brown mother's crooning;
But now it stands empty and forgotten,
Under the willow, oak, and silent pine,
The heart of it gone.
And I, sad with the hint of fall in the wind
Think how like myself it is
With you a thousand miles away.

POETRY PAGE

Quartet of Sea Songs For a Lover Of Ships

Kate C. Hall, '26

1. VENICE MORNING

Thus, I think, they lie in Venice,
With pointed sails,
Little fishing vessels in the quiet lagoon,
Waiting for the pale dawn to break
Into a thousand brilliants as the sun bursts
Over the far horizon.
Then, sunburned lads,
Clad in bright colors, like their little boats,
Come, singing softly, to launch them,
As you do, in your dreams.

2. FIND

I have found one little boat, with sails,
That is small enough to slip
Unnoticed into the still bay
And creep up to the sand where lies the treasure
We despaired of ever finding.
You know so much more about boats than I
That I should like to give this little one to you,
If you will take me with you,
As a ballast.

3. FROM A QUIET LAGOON

Thus I could sit for centuries, beloved,
Where the tall black trees stand outlined on a lemon-
colored sky,
Reflected in a lemon-colored sea,
And my boat rocks softly, as the immense quiet
Gathers in soft folds about and touches me.

4. SHADOW SHIP

You always loved boats with sails!
So you will love the thousand sails that fly
Above the shadowy dream ship
That goes sailing across the moon's face
On such clear, white nights as this.

Desire

Let love come to me, like strong October winds,
Sweep me from the tangled grasses,
Into the cleansing blue of autumn skies,
Hold me briefly, above all singing leaves
And then, with lowering swoop,
Leave me, vivid and quivering,
In a hollow under hills
To dream upon the flight.

—*Martha Hall, '28*

God!

Brooks Johnson

What an artist God is!
He paints one sunset after another!

How God loves music
He is always whistling gay little tunes
Or humming haunting melodies.

What a lover God is!
He brings me armsful of stars and flowers
And teaches my heart to sing.

My Mountains

Christina Curtis, '26

Mountains give to me an almost indescribable experience, whether I climb to their summits or remain in the valley. When I am in an active mood, they call me to come up to be with them, and sometimes a leisurely occasion combines with the irresistible beauty of a late summer morning to start me on this rare adventure.

Oh! the joy of climbing the steep trail, or pausing breathlessly to rest while I turn to see the valley below and the city far away. I realize then that nature becomes weary of monotonous levels and lifts herself up on her high hills. We unconsciously follow her when we build for ourselves towers, and tall monuments, and skyscrapers, or simply feel a vicarious joy in the high swaying trees which surround our homes. We, too, must be up from the levels now and then. He who has stood on the cloudless summit of a mountain, exhilarated and exalted beyond expression, knows the satisfaction of this need. We can never quite attain our ideals in our ideal way, but up there in that calm stillness, surrounded by the vast panorama of the

Blue Ridge, I have the joy and inspirations that might be mine if I at least touched my star, if my castle did not fade away, but became instead an enduring habitation. Then I am free indeed.

Not often can I be on the peaks. But from the valley I view my mountains in their hazy blue distance. Then a feeling of mellow peace and reverent awe fills my spirit. Sometimes they lift me out of myself, as strains of organ music do, and carry me up, up, until I feel that I "grow nearer the sky" with them. Baseness and sordid thoughts are shed like an old, outworn garment. I become clothed in the royal purple of these noble hills. At other times they leave my spirit in the valley, and I am glad as a child is glad who rests in his mother's arms, for they encircle me and enfold me with a serene sense of unceasing protection. Then I say in the words of that old sweet singer:

"I lift up mine eyes to the hills
Whence cometh my help."

Hill Houses

I own a beautiful palace-house
High on a stately hill,
Where lovely ladies come and go
And gentlemen walk at will.
The walls of my house are laden
With tapestries of gold;
Its columns, made in Gothic art,
Stand straight and sternly cold.
The gentlemen bow and the ladies nod,
Speaking low as ladies should;
And there're servants there like strangers
Carved from polished wood.
There's a death-like stillness
In the marble-lined pool,
And the garden is untrodden,
And the house is quietly cool.
But just behind my hill-house
There's a path that I must go,
Down to a sun-lit cottage—for
They're laughing there, I know.

—*Nancy Little, '27*

For M. C. S. (Whom I Loved)

Long ago in my heart
I let the others go
One by one I gave them up
Because we could not know
Each other;
But you I kept.

Long ago in my heart
I believed in you—
(Strange now, it seems
That I thought you knew
Me, ever,
Or I knew you).

Tonight dead fires have blazed anew,
But I am strangely still and cold;
And yet I throb with pain. I know
My heart is grown too old
To believe
In you again.

Fadean Pleasants, '28

"Reminiscent"

Lilly Gilly, '27

It was one of those hot July mornings when the clouds seem near the earth and it is terribly hot at nine o'clock; slight breezes blow.

We were to spend the day with Aunt Jane. Many happy memories are connected with the little town in which she lives, because I spent my childhood there.

I was glad when my little sister asked me to go for a walk, for I knew the place which I wished to visit. We walked up the street that once bore the name of Morgan. It can hardly be called a street now, because an asphalt road has been built, making what was once the back yards belonging to the houses in this street become the front yards. Vines have covered the porches; now and then an old worn flight of steps is visible. Some of the steps have fallen in. Weeds have grown up in the yards. There are no pathways. Tubs and buckets that boasted of being receptacles for flowers and plants have decayed, and have almost become plant matter themselves. There are little circles of bricks dotted about in some of the yards, but the space between is bare. Giant oaks are growing beside the road. The ground is covered with acorns. There are no signs of life—not even the squirrels come to pick up the acorns. The old wire fences have rusted and the plank gates have fallen off the hinges. The road that was once the scene of much traveling is worn away by lack of use and denudation. It is rocky and steep. Now and then one can see a rusty horseshoe and a rubber buggy tire. There are few footprints and these not such as would renew the heart of some "forlorn and shipwrecked brother." All bespeaks of ruin, decay and desolation. Soon we left this scene of quiet and desolation and reached my destination—the little old, the dear little old Red School House.

I approached from the side nearest the road. This room is what was once the high school room, the place where the greasy pole was located, and it was also used as the chapel. Here Professor De Shazo presided. Here he weighed us in the balance of knowledge and nearly every time he found us wanting. But now—ah, all is changed! Where is the chapel, the long benches, the rostrum on which I said my "last day of school speech," the greasy pole, the little old red-faced professor, and the balance of wisdom. It has been converted into a beef market. Instead of the professor standing on the rostrum, a modern day butcher now stands, and he weighs animal matter, but not in the same scales, nor does he find it wanting. Instead, he finds an over-amount, and contrary to the professor, he cuts off a slice and puts it back.

I came out of this room and thought and looked. Here was the same old oak tree under which in autumn days, I played "dead man in the leaves." Here I also asked Hazel which she loved the better Dotty or me, and she always answered, "You, but don't tell Dotty." I could not look in at the window as I used to do. The shutters were nailed fast. So I went around to the door. Instead of the plants in the window, the long, straight-backed chairs with the double desks in front of them, there were bales upon bales of hay; bags and bags of shipstuff, beet pulp and larro. Wherever a ray of sunlight fell I could see gauzy spider webs. Everything smelled of the meadow with the new mown hay, and the fragrant hayloft.

The door was closed; I could not go through to the one remaining room that I had not visited. I went outdoors again and went around.

The long flight of steps with the sleek balusters on either side have been replaced with steps of stone. On the ground step, in the right hand corner there is some mason's signature, which resembles an Oriental symbol more than it does an English letter. I went in the room. Here is the room in which I recited Hiawatha.

"By the shores of Gitchee Gumee

By the shining big sea water—"

The spirit of Hiawatha seems to linger in this room to this day. For there are birds and beasts and fowls and all the woodland folk that were Hiawatha's friends. They do not fast now as they did in his day to prove their strength. On the contrary, here they eat and grow fat, until the piercing eye of the plump old butcher rests upon them.

The blackboards are here yet. My name is on the board with the gold stars beside it; each star represents the number of times I went head in the spelling bees. There are the dolls and the kites we drew.

I went outdoors again. There is no grassy plot where we played "King William was King George's son," and "Go in and out the window," in which game I stretched my arms to my utmost capacity to measure my love to show Paul, so that he would carry my books, instead of Florrie's home from school. But Paul and Florrie are married now, and I doubt if ever they come this way again. The grass has worn away under wagons. There are no darkeys clad in blue patched overalls, holding the reins and whips, driving the old gray mares. But there are dark clad browns, decorated with shiny buttons, managing the wheels of state-ly coaches.

I mused on. At length my little sister urged me on and we started down the street of desolation again.

The Lady Below the Moat

Hermine Warlick

I was lost. At last I acknowledged it, but I had really known it for some time; lost in the old pleasure palace of Jean Paul Maris, duc de Bremigne. All day we had wandered thru its gorgeous rooms, admiring, standing with clasped hands and parted lips before some particular bit of loveliness. We had eaten our lunch in the shade of a shadow-filled palace, and then we went on, ever on to something new. We marveled, Francis and I, at all the beauty and let our imaginations wander back to the great days of Jean Paul Maris of Bremigne. I had sighed and almost wished I had lived then, but when I told Francis so he only smiled and pointed out an exquisite bit of carving.

It was only when we came, at the close of the long day, to the keep that we parted. He wanted to see the dungeons, and I had wanted to see the place where some of the stores were kept. On some desire to see more of it, I had left the party, and now I was lost, lost somewhere below the moat, for the walls were full of moisture, and here and there they were wet. My thoughts began to turn toward the old tales I had read, of men buried alive, the horrors of the Inquisition and the rest of the gory train. I tried to shake off my fears and began again to hunt for an opening in the wall, but it was intact except for a large crack that I had not noticed before. I began knocking on the wall in hope that some of the party might hear me. Unless they did hear me, I had small chance of ever seeing the light again. The guide himself had said that tourists were seldom allowed in that part of the palace. He added that ours was to be the last party taken thru, for they did not like to run the risk of people getting lost in the maze of passageways that honeycombed the keep.

I smiled as I remembered this. Well, the fact still remained that I was lost and that the draft was increasing. It seemed that the last time that I had passed the crack that it was larger, and as I passed it this time I thought I heard a movement beyond it somewhere.

"Nonsense," I told myself. "Now don't get silly. Buck up!"

But I had to admit that the draft was getting terrible. It was almost sucking now, and when I gained enough courage to look at the crack I saw it was much larger. I could almost see it moving!

Horrified, and filled with a nameless fear, I ran on out the passage and to another, and yet another, but always I had to return to that one place. There was no way out; I could not even find the place where I

had entered. I leaned against the wall and tried to keep from breaking down. Why didn't Francis come? Wouldn't they ever find me?

Where was the place I had entered? Oh, just to get away from the sucking draft, and that widening place in the wall that seemed to be drawing me toward it. I hid my face in my arms and shook with the sobs I could no longer control.

"Francis!" I screamed, and then stopped as if fascinated by the figure in the wall. It was a woman who was hardly a woman, with the face of a child, a beautiful child, and with snow white hair. Never had I seen anything as white as her hair! Her eyes were as black as night and as full of horrors. Her black velvet gown was ever changing about her beautiful body; it was drawn by that sucking draft into a hundred beautiful folds, and still it changed! In her arms she carried a small white dog, a little white ball of fur with buttons of eyes.

"You are crying," she said in a child-like voice that held all the anguish in the world.

"You are crying, but you have no cause for tears. See, I do not cry. I ceased weeping long ago. Tears can never get you anything." Her eyes were fastened on my face, and her voice was poisonously sweet. I thought of the magnolia blossoms at home, and shuddered.

"Tears did not keep them from taking me from my mother. They brought me here, here for a plaything for monsieur! And he was a gracious master until he saw the captain of his guard kiss me in the moonlit gardens. And my tears did not keep them from killing my captain a little at a time while they held me and made me see the anguish of his soul. He died at last, but they would not let me die. Oh, they were too cruel to let me die! They buried me here without food. They left me only Le Petit, and they left him so I could see him die slowly, oh, very slowly before my eyes."

Her black eyes left my face and seemed to caress the little form in her arms. I watched her and was unable to move. I tried to scream and could not.

She stood just outside the opening and the sucking of the air twisted and pulled her dress into a thousand folds. Fascinated, I watched her lips. They seemed frozen and hardly moved when she spoke. I stood charmed by her voice. That voice! There was no resisting it!

(Continued to page 20)

The Wonder of Life

Mordecia Eaker, '26

A child wandered one morning out into the shadowy gray mist of early dawn. On every side was stillness and such beauty as caused her to draw back in terror. She was alone with the morning, and the wonder of it startled her. Suddenly the mists cleared and the yellow sun shone clearly upon a beauteous sleeping world. It was all too strange. She could not understand it.

Upon a lofty mountain a young girl stopped in the noonday splendor and gazed out upon the world below. There in the city was happiness and discontent, love and hate, all mingled and flowing incessantly into the everyday music of life. Her heart responded to the strangeness of it and she yearned to know and feel it all. She looked toward the calm sun and wondered at all life.

An old woman sat in the gathering twilight and gazed at the changing shadows. Her face was sweet with the remembered pictures of childhood and girlhood and womanhood. Her eyes were those of one who has tasted of the deep experiences of an abundant life. She watched the sinking of the glorious sun and understood the wonder of life.

The Call of the Wild

Bertie R. Craig, '26

"Ah-ee-ee-ce! Ah-ee-ee-ce! Ah-ee-ee-ce!"

I woke from my dreams with a start. From somewhere out in the damp shadows of the early morning that weird call came again.

"Ah-ee-ee-ce! Ah-ee-ee-ce! Ah-ee-ee-ce!"

With a swelling nasal twang it rose higher and higher till it vibrated through the heavy silence, startling all drowsy creatures even before the dim mist had risen from its bed in the low damp valley.

Again it came—questioning, quivering, piercing—the call of savage man in his search for food. Straight through the dead centuries that echo of the jungle life came to me. The sound struck chill to my timid heart. Shivering, I crept from the warmth of my bed and peered out the window into the half-shadows outside. Suddenly I screamed, "I'll take fifty pounds this morning, Jim. Be careful not to break the milk bottles when you put it into the refrigerator."

Old Tree

Oh! how did you call the wind to you
And how—
Did you make it rumple up
Your silver leaves
And blow those dead ones
From you to the ground?
And say—tall tree
How did you hold your fingers
When I heard
Those soft low harp notes?

—*Maxine Westphal, '27*

Grey Night

Another mist-grey, June night
With tall, dark, trees against a dulling sky
And dimming stars wide-scattered
In heavy-rifted sky;
With wan moon dying in the mists
Like hopes born yesterday
And far below the glaring, crowded city
With empty noise and tiring way.

.
Oh grey June nights that once I loved
You do not hurt me with your beauty now.
I have no heart; I am as dull as age-worn river rocks,
And I am too tired to care.

—*Fadean Pleasants, '28*

Jeff

Blanche Armfield, '27

It was some years ago, when I was in my 'teens, that my thoughts on the subject began to take form. As I was born and brought up in the North, I had had only vague ideas on the negro question, and the reading of books so directly opposed in sentiment and thought as those of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Thomas Nelson Page had not given me any enlightenment.

At the time of which I speak I was visiting a friend in the South, Alice Lee. The Lees were an old Southern family, and their home was the typical Colonial home of decayed grandeur that one finds so rarely now. Several negro families who worked the land as renters lived back of the house. I was eager to discover the relations between the Lee family and their negro tenants and was thoroughly disgusted when I became acquainted with the true situation. I hated the servile attitude of the blacks, their cringing and fawning and, more than that, the attitude of the family toward them. It was not the haughty bearing of the conqueror toward the conquered; it was rather the unconscious sense of superiority which had been built up for generations and which it would require generations to destroy. The fact that I recognized it as such made it all the more hateful.

One member of the family to whom I took a distinct aversion in this connection was the youngest son, Charlie. He was twelve years old and as spoiled as a boy of that age can be. His only playmate (he had no playmates among the white children of the neighborhood, for he was too domineering) was Jeff, one of the blackest of the negro race. The relation between the two was that of haughty master and abject slave.

"Jeff," Charlie would say when he was tired of play, "Go get my book."

"Yessuh," Jeff would answer, his invariable reply to any demand of Charlie's, and go trotting off like a puppy commanded to fetch a stick thrown into a pond.

As soon as the book was brought, Charlie paid no more attention to Jeff but became absorbed in his book. Jeff would lie down by his side until his services were required again.

This injustice always made my youthful blood boil with indignation. I left the South in disgust with the whole situation, angry at the white because he maintained an air of superiority, angry at the negro because he did not resent it.

It was not until many years later that I began to question this opinion. I went South to remain some years, working on a daily newspaper in the capital of

the state in which the Lees lived. In fact, Alice and Charlie Lee had taken up their residence at the capital. Charlie, though only in his thirties, had been a state senator for several years. Alice, who had never married, had come to make a home for him, and brother and sister were two of the most prominent figures at the capital.

In my work as a reporter I soon learned all the gossip of the capital. Another reporter, who became a very good friend of mine, was a past master at the art of ferreting out news. We often talked together about the Lees. She was quite able to satisfy my interest, for every one in the city knew Charlie.

"He is undoubtedly the most brilliant member of the legislature," she told me. "And he has such a fascinating personality that I think he could get almost anything he wanted from any one."

"A sort of demi-god," I suggested laughingly.

"It almost amounts to that," she insisted.

"Well," I said rather angrily, for the memory of Charlie's haughtiness had always annoyed me, "as a child he was certainly the most arrogant creature of my acquaintance. He had a negro servant named Jeff, and of all the bullying——"

"Why, Jeff is still with him," she exclaimed. "He goes with Charlie everywhere."

"Then there is certainly one person who has not succumbed to Charlie's charm," I said sarcastically. "He always treated Jeff like a dog, and I'd be willing to bet that he still does. People of that sort don't change."

"He still bullies Jeff," she admitted slowly. "But as to Jeff's hating him, I couldn't say. You can't tell what negroes feel."

I soon found that she was right about Charlie's ability. I often spent entire days in the senate-room at the capital, taking down discussions of the more important questions and in these Charlie always played an important role. Strange to say, though he was very much the aristocrat Charlie always took the people's part, and favored a number of causes that proved him the people's advocate.

The only drawback to Charlie's brilliant career was the fact that he drank—a great deal too much, Alice tearfully confessed to me on one of the occasions when I visited her. I soon saw it myself, and he seemed to be drinking more and more heavily as time went on. Jeff, however, followed Charlie everywhere. When

Between You and Me

Susie Wall Robinson, '26

Coming back to College after a year's absence I see things with new understanding. Our President for one. I watched him stand before the Student Body to deliver his customary address of welcome. There emanated from him a strength, a sweetness, a gentleness. He has all of these and more. He is ours; he loves us as father might. He has done much for us and will do more. We praise you for your career—and love you for what you are, Dr. Foust.

* * *

Some call Education an industry. I prefer calling it a comedy, because it may end happily. The overly homesick and the not very ambitious Freshmen may be allowed to go home. The intellectually endowed students can always find problems regardless of the "factory system" which would crush weaker individuals.

* * *

Humorous situations are furnished by the faculty and students who take themselves too seriously.

* * *

Let us enjoy this Comedy of Education. We are the actors. Let us play our part joyously and well. Tomorrow our hair will be gray and our eyes saddened.

* * *

There are laws on the campus forbidding indulging a taste for moral dirt—riding, smoking, chewing (tobacco), but we have neither laws nor attitudes against contact with certain perfidious, subtle stimulants to the imagination. I refer to the very popular erotic magazines. Smoking isn't nearly so harmful to the nervous system as is a constant perusal of "Dream World" and others of its dirty tribe. Moralists take your choice!

* * *

Have you ever observed the mutual condescension and contempt the "Intellectuals" and the "Mediocres" have for each other? Neither type is especially broad-minded or cultured in that respect. There is no room for contempt in the mind of an intelligent philosopher. He can search for a gleam of truth among the lowliest objects, the most mediocre people. Where else can one find the secret of those forces which keep men living together? How else can one learn to understand the nature of men?

Out of Character

Brooks Johnson, '26

Dear Mac, my dear, dear Mac, with your quaint stilted phrases, your ponderous politeness, and your courtly courtesy; you might have lived in the time of Sir Roger de Coverly and have been a devotee of the coffee house.

Shiver my timbers! There flies the black flag! I look at you again and can almost see the skull and crossbones on your hat and hear the swish of your cutlass as you say calmly and deliberately:

"Dead men tell no tales." Pieces of eight! Ship ahoy! and your trusty brig runs down another stately galleon loaded with treasure.

"No quarter," you command. Then as an after thought you smile and add,

"Save a few to walk the plank"

Spirit of D'Artigan! Watch the swashbuckling soldier, the best swordsman in France and a servant of the queen. Danger?—an invitation. Life—nothing. Reward?—a smile is sufficient. Recklessness in your eyes and daring in your heart, and always the gallant gentleman.

There you come swinging up the road, black eyes gleaming beneath blacker hair and great gold ear rings dangling against your swarthy skin. Your white teeth flash as you smile and thrust a gold coin in your red sash. Then night by a glowing fire, while the soul of a violin cries out in the dark, and sleep on a high hill under the stars.

—————○—————

Traveler

I am night!
Bind on your dream sandals
And journey with me
From the gates of the setting sun
To the portals of the moon.

—————○—————

Comfort

Dearest, I come on winged feet
To chase away your troubles with swift kisses.

STUDENT OPINION

If you have an opinion, share it with us. This is your department.

To-day's Great Challenge

Susie Wall Roberson, '27

The thoughtful, curious student is hearing today the call of many voices. Some are pleading with him to cut out prejudices, to cease to be indifferent to the problems of his world, to seek the truth. To heed these voices is the privilege, nay, the duty of youth. But, in that quest for truth, in the attempt to be tolerant, the mind often finds itself in a labyrinth of puzzles or caught in a snare of false reasoning. The problem most apt to be puzzling to every student is religion.

There is no single problem confronting us today more vital than religion, because it is the background of our attitudes toward human beings, it is the driving force which makes possible most great changes for the moral good of humanity. If one wishes to guide people in the art of living, one must have a worthy ideal to offer them as a standard. One's concepts of democracy and of what will be for the best welfare of society are determined by the appreciation one has for human personality, which in turn is greatly influenced by religion. A headline in a recent newspaper said that religion and prohibition are the only questions which awake much interest among the American people at present. There is a possibility that a saner religious respect for law will emerge from these heated discussions.

Members of some college circles consider everyone who is not either an infidel or an atheist—though, they don't call themselves by these terms—*passé* or unequipped for the sacred enlightened realm of the "Intellectuals." (They aren't modern; they are just twentieth century variations of a skepticism which has appeared in each generation for hundreds of years.) I have gone to the depths of skepticism. Those by analysis which seemed to me logical, denied all the fundamental doctrines of the orthodox Methodist Church. From that skepticism and denial I have arrived at certain conclusions, only two of which I shall present here.

Thinking, learned young people all over the United States are acutely concerned with the tremendous in-

justices, the hatreds, the prejudice and intolerance, and pathetic indifference present among us today. They criticize the church; so do I. But it is one thing to rebel against the perfidy of adherents to an institution or followers of an ideal and quite another thing to rebel against the institution or the ideal itself. This is the mistake critics of the Christian Church often make.

I have come to the conclusion that there is no substitute on earth for pure unadulterated Christianity. I do not mean the world needs the Jehovah or the science of the Tribal Hebrews, or the doctrines of the great apostles of Christ, from Paul to the present dogmatists. I mean the world needs to believe in the precepts and the person of Christ. If we cannot believe that Christ is divine we don't believe in an omnipotent God. For myself I am too great an egotist to worship any but an omnipotent God. There is no modern nor ancient philosophy or religion which will give to its followers the nobility of character, the peace of mind, the humanitarianism that the religion of Christ gives to its true followers. It seems to me that every cult has been practiced in the world at some time except the cult of intelligent love of one's fellows. The "Christians" have professed to practice it and haven't.

I believe that the greatest challenge to youth today is to love, to live by the most difficult standard in the world—the standard crystallized by Jesus Christ. The precepts of Christ though, cannot be applied without intelligent thinking. Past history—and present—has proved this to be true. A fool or an intellectual and spiritual coward can't live by the ideals of Christ.

Here, then, is my hypothesis which needs to be tested by the scientific method of investigations and experimentations; let the youth of the world accept this challenge and there will be a spiritual and intellectual renaissance which will make prejudice, hatred, intolerance, injustice, greed, and selfishness impossible of practice among men.

A Defense Of Toleration

Mary E. Smith, '27

Some one has observed that we all are more or less victims of the "crowd" idea. In others words, few of us are free because we do not know that the true meaning of freedom lies in individuality.

Take, for instance, the most interesting person you know—yourself (You are, whether you admit it or not). When you first arrived at college you heard, saw and felt the general exuberance and enthusiasm of the "old girls." This had one of two effects on you: either you became wildly enthusiastic yourself over the splendid college spirit and the apparent universal love; or, you felt barred by it, missed the point of contact, and withdrew into your personal shell to tearfully and determinedly wish you were at home among those whose understood your character and eccentricities. You immediately became embarrassed by the new and strange customs and surroundings even more than those of you who were not homesick.

In any case, within a week you became sophisticated. You felt as though you had been "living here a thousand years"—as one of you remarked the other day. You thought that you were perfectly acquainted with the material college; and, so thinking, you felt it your divine right to state your opinion of all people and conditions with which you were thrown into contact. Immediately, you began making and losing friends.

Now, Truth is a noble ideal. We can be truthful, however, in a kindly healing constructive manner, as well as brusquely, religiously frank. Many of us take the latter course. We are all too self-satisfied, critical, prejudicial, intolerant.

Simply because a certain girl's physique, or moral standard or mental power does not meet with my unqualified approval is no reason that I should scorn her.

We all remember the old quotation, whose substance is that no one of us has the monopoly of either—all the good or all the bad."

However, we rarely apply it in our daily lives. The best friend of my high school days is a girl to whom I took an instant and absurd dislike at the beginning of our high school careers. She made a statement which I thought "silly," and I promptly turned up my nose, without looking beyond her words to their possible cause and true significance. A year and a half later, a very slight incident brought us together quite as illogically as we had been kept apart, and we have always regretted the time we lost.

This old world is filled with an infinite variety of conditions. No one of us is acquainted with everyone of them. We cannot know it all. Consequently, we should not judge people, organizations or conditions at face value. We must learn to look beyond for the causes.

While we are members of this college community, as well as the remainder of our lives, we shall have to deal with people who do not appeal to us and with situations to call forth our prompt adverse criticism we shall never find happiness. If, however, we tolerate disagreeable conditions as inevitable for the time being; but always subject to any improvement we may furnish by courteous, kindly means, we shall find contentment. We shall truly interpret the meaning of service and of democracy.

A Mistake

I thought my heart was broken,
And though the day was long,
I shut my voice within a cage
And would not make a song.

But oh, a sudden moment
Of autumn's ecstasy.
Took leaves from many painted trees
And music notes from me.

Back to the wood it was born of,
The little song I sent,
I thought my heart was broken,
But it was only bent.

Martha Hall, '28

"AND DOWN CAME A SPIDER——"

(Continued from page 9)

smoking and silently winding up his reel farther down stream, she dropped her eyes. She had been wondering where old Frank was. After all, she *would* like to see him behave a bit more decently than this. Of course, she didn't care, but this was going rather far. He had scarcely spoken to her since they left her house the day before. Oh, well, if he wanted to act like that——

"Tom," she called, as she landed her last fish, "I got him. Are you saving that banana?"

At an affirmative shout she began hurriedly to wind up her reel. Just as she stooped to lift her basket of fish, she brushed against a thick bush and something round and black with long legs fell on her arm. She shrieked and struck at it blindly. The violent motion knocked the poor little insect off, and she stood shuddering and looking down at it with horror. Before she could move Frank was at her side. His face was troubled and solicitous.

"Oh, what *is* it, Trudie?" he cried. "What happened?"

"A-a spider!" wept Trudie, clutching his arm with both hands. "Oh, kill it; oh, take it away!"

With a gentle, quizzical look, Frank picked up the leaf upon which the poor little insect was walking and threw it way from them.

"Why, a spider won't hurt you, Trude," he began.

"Oh, I know it, but I *cannot* bear them. It's a 'spider complex,' or something like that, Kathy says, and she thinks I can get over it, but oh, I *can't*. They scare me to death and always have. Oh, you *don't* suppose there are any more around?"

"Probably not near us," he said soothingly. "But you were not afraid of the worms. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know, it's just spiders. Oh, how the boys will laugh. Do you suppose they heard? Oh, I should——"

"Trude!" came a loud call from the vicinity of the dinner table. "Come on, or it's all gone. Frank! Where are you?"

"Coming," called Frank steadily.

"Oh, thank goodness, they didn't hear. Oh, Frank, I know you despise me. It is weakness, but oh, I *would* hate for the boys to know. *Would* you mind not telling them? I can bear for you to laugh at me, but they would make *such* fun, and I've tried so hard to be a sp-sport."

The tears came afresh, and she fumbled unsuccessfully for her handkerchief.

"Here," said Frank gruffly, holding out a big white square, "take mine. Why, sure, I won't tell, though I don't think they'd take it as you think. As for me,

well——"

"As for you?" prompted Trudie, looking up at him with interest, as she took the big handkerchief from her eyes.

"Well, as for me, I'm *glad* you screamed. I was getting awfully scared that there wasn't any of the girl I used to like left. I m-mean any of the grown-upness and womanliness—oh, I can't say it, Trudie, but I hope you don't mind. I know you want to be a good sport and you *are*, but a boy kind of likes to be sure that a girl is not *only* that, but—well, a *girl*, too. I hope you don't——"

"Frank! Trudie! Are you together? We are about to eat everything up. Do come on!"

"Oh, hang them!" said Frank vehemently.

"I suppose we'll have to go."

"Yes," said Trudie, without enthusiasm. "I suppose we had better. Only, Frank, I—well, I *had* rather you wouldn't tell the others, though I'm *not* sorry about my 'spider complex' like I was.—Well, I'll race you to the eats and see which one of the editors of 'The Pine Cone' can beat the other."

THE LADY BELOW THE MOAT

(Continued from page 14)

Oh, mon pauvre petit he did not die. Neither can I. We both suffer the pangs of death continually, and still cannot die. We must suffer, suffer, always suffer, buried here in the dungeon of Monsigneur!"

She moved nearer to me, and her voice took on a new tone of pleading.

"We have been alone for hundreds of years, mon Petit and I, but we shall be no longer alone, for you, you shall come to keep us company thru the rest of eternity. Come, come! See, we are drawn back into the dungeon! You cannot choose, but come! Oh, you shall live always suffering, never dying. But I shall no longer be alone!"

Her voice was rising triumphantly, for I was being drawn by the sucking current after her. She lifted her arms and smiled, but her smile was horrible to see. On I was drawn to that crevice, and now she was inside, and I had nearly entered when the smile froze on her face. She reached out her hand, but could not touch me. Her voice rose to a scream.

"I can no longer draw you! Something is holding you from me! Why do you not follow? Oh, I know now, some one loves you with all his soul and that is keeping you from me. Oh, come, come, but follow——"

But I had fallen just outside the crevice. Something had saved me and I fell unconscious just beyond her reach.

And there I lay when Francis found me.

JEFF

(Continued from page 16)

Charlie entered the senate drunk, Jeff stood in the back of the room and waited. If Charlie rose to speak and seemed to lose control of himself, Jeff walked quietly up the aisle, took him by the arm, and led him out. It became in time quite a common sight.

An event happened about this time which aroused the interest of the entire city. Jeff shot and killed a man, a prominent citizen. According to the story which went over the city, the man had slapped Jeff, who shot him on the spot. Charlie, of course, took the case for Jeff.

I was assigned the story of the murder and the trial to write for my paper. On my visits to the cell in which Jeff was confined I often heard Charlie questioning him about the murder in order to prepare his argument.

"You d—n nigger," I heard him say once, "what did you do this for? It's very inconvenient for me, especially now, when I am so busy."

It made me extremely angry. It was a most brutal remark, I thought, when Jeff was in such trouble. But he took it stolidly and did not answer. He never answered any remark of Charlie's except a direct question.

Charlie, however, worked on the case night and day—and won it. He won through the sheer brilliance and fire of his argument, for there was not a shred of evidence except Jeff's word, and that counted practically nothing. There were no witnesses to the murder. The plea was self-defense. How Charlie really did convince the jury nobody ever knew—which was another of his characteristics.

And the night he won he "got dead drunk" as they say down South. The strain had probably been greater on him than anyone realized. He walked into the senate that night staggering and flopped into his seat as the galleries applauded, rejoiced to see their old favorite back. He gave the people a nod and remained silent during the proceedings until an important matter came before the assembly. He rose to speak.

"Mr. Speaker," he began and could go no further. From habit he turned with a vacant look toward the back of the room. The crowd, also from habit, turned its glance. Down the aisle came Jeff, an old Jeff from his months in prison pending trial. He took Charlie by the arm and led him out. The proceedings went on.

I do not quite understand these people. There is some relation between the Southern white and the negro that is invisible to me. I have given up my attempts to see it.

"OUT OF LIFE'S SCRAPBOOK"

(Continued from page 4)

judged by their standards of uprightness. Here are the deeds," he broke off suddenly, as he handed them to Harrell.

"I'm sorry," Harrell breathed softly, as he blotted the check. "Of course I will respect your confidence. What will you do now?" he asked gently.

"Do!" Simpkins spoke harshly. "I don't know, but I am through chasing theories. I am going to spend the rest of my life in hard honest labor. That is all that is left for me now that I am too old to begin again and prove my worth to an unforgiving world!"

Such is the despondency of age as it looks into a dark and hopeless future.

Harrell remained silent for several moments, his heart full of tenderness for his old professor. A thought of his golden dreams flitted through his mind and he registered a vow to keep his own life clean. Finally he arose and held out his hand to the erstwhile Tom Simpkins.

"Good-bye, and good luck," he murmured brokenly.

At the threshold he turned, his face, shining, so quickly the moods of youth may change.

"The moon has risen!" he exclaimed. "I am going down to the river and take a swim."

Are You 100 Per Cent?

- If you scorch at meals and stroll away to the little store, add 10%
- If you vow you made a six and made three, add 10%
- If you explain most of your lesson failures by inability to get a book at the library add 10%
- If you stand outside the postoffice in blatant expectation of a letter from Him for at least three-quarters of an hour before the light is turned off, add 15%
- If you consider the riding rules of this college "plumb tacky," add 15%
- If you refer to Professor George M. Tompson as "Pinkie," add 15%
- If you roll your hose and wear your skirts to your knees, add 15%
- If you think the author of "The Adventure" is Adonis Reincarnated, add 15%

—Ruth Linney, '27

O angry wave, how like you are
To a tempestuous creature whose passion
Breaks with a momentary crash and
Whose instant aftermath is delicate
Ripples of laughter as dainty as
Your foamy tracery on the sands
Like lace unraveled—

The Duel

Gladys Chase, '29

"The light bell has rung, Mary;
So go to your room," Susie said.
"Alice, do you know your history?
I'm going to study in bed."

The pillow fight continued,
And pillows flew more and more
Until Mary, dodging a cushion,
Slipped outside the door.

An inspiration seized her,
And she crept softly down the hall.
Returning with a glass of water,
She hid and made a low call.

The door flew open quickly,
And Alice appeared all gowned;
A smothered laugh from somewhere is heard,
And Alice is almost drowned.

The bell has rung for the second time.
But Alice must have revenge.
She rushes over to Mary's room,
And the door squeaks on its hinge.

The fight is on in earnest;
A scream, and then a crash—
A knock on the door now warns them
Then proctor will settle their hash.

"Come in," is heard from somewhere,
But a chair placed behind the door
Prevents it now from opening,
Which angers her more and more.

At last she stuck her head in,
"Come out from under the bed;
Go to your rooms this minute,
Take a call-down each," she said.

HALLELUJAH, I AM ORTHODOX
(Continued from page 6)

love comfort and peace more than I will love life. Perhaps I will sit in the chimney corner and talk disparagingly of iconoclastic youth. I will put on orthodoxy when I put in my false teeth. I will accept the accepted, when I accept old age.

Then I will comfortably shout, "Hallelujah, I am orthodox." But just now I must say, I know not what course others may pursue, but as for me, give me orthodoxy—with death!

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Questions

(Adapted) by Marion Eley

Do ships have eyes when they go to *sea*?
 Are there springs in the ocean's *bed*?
 Does Jolly Tar blow from a *tree*?
 Can a river lose its *head*?

Are fishes crazy when they go *insane*?
 Can an old hen sing her *lay*?
 Can you bring relief to a window *pane*?
 Or mend a break of *day*?

What kind of vegetable's a policeman's *beat*?
 Is a newspaper white when its *read*?
 Is a baker broke when he's making *dough*?
 Is an undertaker's business *dead*?

If you ate a square meal would the corners *hurt*?
 Can you dig with the ace of *spades*?
 Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon
 Just to give a *lemonade*?

The Moons

There is a great red-orange moon—
 A monarch proud, who rules the air;
 And the stars are but lowly vassals,
 Which are his to command up there.

And there's the pallid death-white moon—
 Who's a ghost, and haunts the sky.
 He watches those that prowl at night,
 And hovers o'er tombs where dead men lie.

But my lover is the harvest moon—
 He is cold and haughty and fair.
 And I long to climb to his blue abode
 And to stroke his pale gold hair.

—Katherine Gregory, '27

On Neighborhood Unity

Katherine E. Grantham, '26

In every neighborhood there should be a termagant. Now I say the word termagant just as one might think cereal before saying Post Toasties. What I really mean is not termagant at all. A wife-beating husband would admirably serve the same purpose. A daughter who quotes Neitchze to the enthusiastic readers of Harold Bell Wright does splendidly. Nor is there any one more suitable than a University fellow who displays his golf hose and knickers every morning on the porch, though his younger sister swears that he still has a blister on his hand from watering the lawn last week.

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