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Editorials



Honesty is the Best Policy

Honesty is a word which is used to help describe the character of a person. When anyone speaks of a person as being honest he means he is true, upright, sincere, trustworthy, fair and free from deceit. You might speak of a rogue as being open, undisguised, bold, and frank, but he has not the ability to be trustworthy, sincere, and free from deceit.

The honest man does not steal, cheat or defraud; the honorable man will not take an unfair advantage that would be allowed him; the honorable man always plays a straight game. He realizes that there is a God in Heaven, and that He has asked us all to be honest and true in everything we attempt to do. An honest person has the ability to respect the rights of other people as well as himself.

We have good examples of dishonest people in our schools today. Boys and girls unconsciously will copy one another's work. It seems as though they do not realize they are doing a great damage. They seem to forget they are disobeying God, and that they are writing fraud all over their diploma if they are lucky enough to get one. Often these boys and girls are caught doing this work and are quietly sent home. There was never a truer statement than this: "Honesty is the best policy."

Interest

One of the driving forces of the world today is interest. It is the factor that makes things go, that to a large degree brings about success. In the business world it is the man who is interested in his work and who uses all his powers to make it so that finds success. The nurse whose heart is in improvement becomes efficient. The school teacher who never lies down on her job, but works with a will, finds success. The same thing is true of organizations. If the members are interested, the institution develops and becomes worth while. Similar organizations whose members are not interested eventually die.

There is an organization on the campus that needs support and interest. Because of the lack of interest shown it, the magazine has not been able to function as it should. All magazines are composed of subject matter which is the result of the thought and enjoyment of writers. But material is the body of the publication. Unless the students stand back of the magazine it cannot function; it cannot live. The magazine staff this year has not had adequate support to allow it to publish as many issues of the Coraddi as it wished to publish.

The new staff will soon take charge of the magazine. It would like very much to have a new issue of the Coraddi ready for distribution at Commencement. Are you going to do your part to make this desire a realization?

Short Story Anthology

In a group of thirteen hundred girls there must necessarily be some who have real ability to write. Of course for a number of reasons such as lack of time, inducements and encouragement this ability may be as yet undiscovered or latent.

Realizing the presence of this dormant ability the N. C. Collegiate Press Association is going to try to arouse it by publishing a short story anthology. Every student will have an opportunity to have a short story of her very own printed in this real, sure-enough book.

Not only will this anthology be a thing of pride to the individuals who are fortunate enough to have their stories published but it will be a source of pride to the College and State. North Carolina, in spite of the mighty strides she has taken in manufacturing, fruit growing and good roads building, is still far down the line in producing writers, poets and artists. O. Henry, Avery and John Charles McNeill just about comprise the

literary list. Surely, from a state as progressive as North Carolina is in other ways, there should be more real literary figures. The Press Association thinks that the College is the place to find these writers, embryonic though they may be, and the anthology is anticipated with great pride and hope that it will really mean something and serve as an incentive.

As North Carolina abounds so abundantly in folk love it seems that this would be a good field for the short story writer to work in, with the mountains and coast fairly bristling with tales, to say nothing of the countless other sources for plots. Any person really interested cannot help from finding something to write about.

This short story anthology is to be published in a short while. Every college student has a chance of winning. N. C. C. W. must be represented. Let's show the state what possibilities there really are right here at N. C. C. W.!



A Correction

The editors wish to correct an error that was made in the first issue. That issue was a Freshman Number, composed entirely of very creditable material written by the Freshmen. The editors want to assure the Freshmen that it was wholly unintentional on their part not to give them all honor due.

Joys

(With Apologies to Rupert Brooke)

- To see a graceful boat dip in the sparkling, briny foam;
 - To find great forest trees and woodland paths—and there to roam;
 - To see a friendly face and meet it eye to eye;
 - To live and laugh and love—and cares defy;
 - To come up cool and dripping from a summer's swim;
 - To rest and dream and slumber under the oak's great limb;
 - To chatter to a friend—of small things and of great;
 - To puzzle over life and its mysterious fate;
 - To test each nerve and sinew in a game of strength and skill;
 - To play, high courage rising—and to play on with a will;
 - To be pushed and knocked and jostled in a busy city street;
 - To be borne on in the tide of strange new faces that I meet;
 - To see the postman bringing me a letter from afar;
 - To speed down road or boulevard in some swift-moving car;
 - To don new dress or bonnet in a flurried happy way;
 - To say "Yes, I've been working; now I'm free—just for today;"
 - To watch the panorama of the life that round me moves;
 - To be a "part and parcel" of its many joys and loves—
- All these—and more—have been life's joys.

Elizabeth Duffy,
'25, New Society.

Dolores

Mae Graham, Corenlian, '25

The swirling crowd swept around the ball-room. In and out they went as they kept time to the music. Behind the palms, out on the veranda, and in the enchanting garden not a person was to be seen. All were dancing. The beauty of the night, and the gaiety of the music seemed to have made them drunk with excitement. Most of the dancers were New Englanders who were spending the winter at Palm Beach. They were not accustomed to such nights as these—the heavy odor of magnolia blossoms, the dew that made everything seem wonderfully fragrant, and the soft light of the moon all seemed trying to outdo themselves, and show these strangers what a real Southern night was like. And how the dancers responded to it! They had never been so vitally and truly alive before—they had caught the spirit of the night and were reacting in a way that would have seemed all but impossible for people of their temperament.

One young couple seemed even more alive than the others. The man was several inches taller than the girl, and his dark hair and eyes contrasted strongly with her blonde loveliness. They were talking and laughing and never seemed to tire. It was the third or fourth time that they had danced together that evening, and they had just started another waltz when her hand on his arm tightened, and she said:

"Oh, Guy look at her! Isn't she the most superb looking creature you have ever seen? Do let's go over in that direction and see her better. Don't you see her? The one over by the curtains."

More than one pair of eyes was turned toward the newcomer. She was

beautiful enough to attract attention in that ball-room which was more than many women could have done. How she got there was a mystery, but she was there, and that was all that mattered. Her dress of brilliant crimson made her look like a living flame against the dark curtains. Her hair was arranged close to her head, and bronze shadows were thrown on it by the lights. Her lips were almost as vivid as her dress, and parted in a half smile. Many people would have looked out of place in that costume on a night like that, but no one could imagine this woman dressed in any other way. She was part of the night.

"Guy," the girl murmured, "do you suppose they had her made to order?" The laugh that accompanied this sounded slightly hysterical.

"Eileen, I'm sure I don't know. I am afraid that if they did she was not made by an especially new pattern."

"How cynical you are! You know nothing whatever about her, and have no right to make such comments."

An hour later practically every man in the room had danced with the stranger, a young bride who had come to Palm Beach to live, after a honeymoon to Europe. She and Guy Wright looked so much alike that they might have been taken for brother and sister. Her eyes were blue, but they were so dark, and her lashes covered them so completely that they might have been mistaken for either.

"Do you know," Mrs. Wilson, the new-comer, remarked to Wright, "that you remind me very much of a person I knew when I lived in Granite Park,

New Hampshire? You are exactly like him, except that his hair was a little lighter than yours, and that he had a small scar over his right eye."

"Am I? Who was it?" and an almost imperceptible tremor caused the man to shudder slightly as she responded.

"It was Murray Leland, but it was years ago that I knew him."

"I say! How interesting! I used to know a chap named Leland. It was five years ago, during the war. He was engaged to some girl, and once when he was wounded you should have heard him yell for 'Dolores.' Do you suppose it was the same one?"

"It might have been. He died the year he came back from the War."

"Then it was the same fellow. He died about six months after our return, and I remember now that his home was somewhere in New Hampshire."

On the way home Eileen was silent for a long while, and then she asked, "Guy, what was the matter with everybody tonight? I have never been anywhere before when I felt exactly as I have tonight. What was it?"

"It was the night. Everybody in the place probably felt just as you—that is everybody except possibly Mrs. Wilson."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she has probably never experienced an emotion of any kind in her life. Things like that pass her by, and leave her as cold as a piece of stone."

"But underneath that flaming gown and cold exterior don't you think there may be something worthwhile? And you will have to admit that she is marvelously beautiful."

"As beautiful and remote as the moon."

"Well you know that moonlight is fascinating."

"In the dark it is."

The next night, sitting in that moonlight which she had called fascinating, Guy Wright told Eileen his life history—all of his troubles, ambitions, ideals, and day-dreams. "Since I was a small kid," he remarked, "I have been striving for something—something that I have never found. I have never been really happy. I always knew that there was something worth-while in life that I was missing, and for twenty-nine years I have been desperately hunting for it. As I have told you, one time I thought I had found it, but I hadn't. Now, however, I know where I can find my happiness, and you, my dear, can give it to me. Eileen, will you?"

"How do you know that I am your happiness? Aren't you afraid that I am just another mistake you are about to make?"

"Yes, I am afraid you are a mistake. I am horribly afraid that you are, because I am afraid that you are too good to be true. I can't believe that I was ever intended to have such a treasure as you. That is the only way you can ever be a mistake to me."

"If you are sure that is the only thing you are afraid of, I assure you that I am not a mistake at all. You may get your wish this time."

That night Eileen Arnold looked at herself in her mirror in starry-eyed astonishment. "Why," she thought, "I am rather pretty." She hardly did herself justice in this statement, because even Mrs. Wilson's cold unblemished beauty could hardly be compared with the beauty of this girl with the golden curls tumbling over her shoulders. "My face looks as interesting as hers, and I don't see why, because she looked so vital and

intense with that crimson dress on, and her lips parted that way," she added aloud. "I should like to know why she made that sensational entrance."

Several afternoons later Guy Wright met Mrs. Wilson and a friend of hers at "The Lakeside Tea House." He accepted their invitation to talk awhile, and they chattered of everything from the weather to the next dance. Soon the friend excused herself, and these two people, practically strangers, were left alone together.

"Mr. Wright," the woman began, "I am glad that I saw you today, because I thought probably you would like to hear some more about Murray Leland, as you knew him."

"Won't you please tell me all that you knew about him? I was very much interested in him."

"My home, too, was in Granite Park, where I lived until two years ago. Murray and I went to kindergarten together, and on through high school. The year he finished college we became engaged, and were to have been married a year later. Then he went to War, and I was the 'Dolores' he talked of. When he returned he could find no work to do, and he went to Chicago, where he died. Several years ago, I met my husband, and now there is one thing I am very thankful for—that I did not marry Murray. I always had some doubts about the wisdom of the plan, but that is another story."

"Mrs. Leland, her son, and daughter are still living in Granite Park. Jack is a successful lawyer, and Betty seems to be more beautiful each day.

"Why I have told you all of this, I don't know, but since the other night I have been wondering if I would ever have the opportunity to."

"I am glad you have told me, and now will you listen to my story? Please do if you have time," and the man continued to play with a pencil that he had taken from his pocket.

"I knew Murray Leland quite well all the time we were in France, and after we came back, I met him in Chicago and tried to help him get work. He told me how financial affairs were at home, and that unless he could get a position his mother and younger brother and sister would lose their home, and possibly have to go to work. He had twenty-five thousand dollars life insurance, but it was going to do him no good at all, and we tried to find a plan which would serve our purpose."

"You don't mean he committed suicide do you?"

"No, Mrs. Wilson, Murray Leland is not dead."

"Not dead?" and she half rose from her seat. The color had left her cheeks, and she was nervously fingering the mats on the table.

"Won't you be seated again? No, he didn't think it necessary to kill himself. One day I dropped by a morgue, and there I found a man who looked so much like Murray that he might have been his brother. The man had died a few days before in the hospital, and none of his people could be found. It was a simple matter to give him the name of Leland, convince the morgue-keeper and the authorities that he was my long lost brother, and have the remains shipped to Granite Park for burial."

"When this was done the real Leland under an assumed name, went to San Francisco, and there found work after a long while. As you know he was

a good civil engineer, and one year ago he was made vice-president of the firm he had started working for as a clerk."

"Last spring he returned to Granite Park, still calling himself by another name, and told his mother his story. People did not recognize him, and she introduced him as the son of a distant cousin. This fall he persuaded her to come to Palm Beach with him, and they have been here about three months."

"Murray Leland at Palm Beach?

Mr. Wright," she asked after a few seconds pause, "if you have any more to say, please hurry; Leone will be ready to go."

"I have told you all that I know."

"You are his friend, do you suppose there is any danger of me seeing him before he leaves?"

He arose to go as he saw his friend approaching, and replied, "I don't know whether you will see him again or not, Mrs. Wilson, I am Leland Murray."

N. C. C. W. Current History

M. R.—*Cornelian '23*

N. C. C. W. is a very famous institution, where *Kings, Kisers, Earles, Popes, Knights, Nobles* and *Ayers* meet in a *Boddie*.

She is very well-known because of the various employees called there, among which are a *Long, Stout Coleman; a Brown Cook; a Minor Sadler; a White, Black, Green and Gray Taylor; a Noble Shepherd; two Hunters; four Millers, eight Smiths* and two *Weavers*. These employees keep one *Shipp* and two *Carrs* and one *Ford* busy in *Waters* and on *Land*.

N. C. C. W. has beautiful *Groves* in which *Byrds* love to *Hoover; Brooks* in which *Herring* fish and *Seals Beam*, and on the *Banks* of the *Rhyne* and *Hudson Fox(es)* have holes; *Hills* which the *Walkers Pierce; and Woods* in which *Robbins* and *Parrots* and other *Byrds* sing their *Birdsongs*, and where *Peacocks* strut daily.

On Sundays the *Bigg, Brown Bells* of the *Kirk Drew Mann* away from the *Drehear, Stone Halls*. But the *Bell* grew so familiar that *Howard* mistook, for it, a *Strong, Ritch Noyes*, which was only *John Mendenballs*.

Fishing

Irma Lee Sadler, Adelpian, '24

Everything would have gone very nicely if Beth Ware hadn't been blessed with two exceptionally pretty sisters. But she was, and for a time everything went very badly indeed. You see it's a rule in this world that everybody and everything must be judged by comparison. The dear little field daisy with its hosts of poetic press agents would have easily won in the Beauty Contest if it hadn't been for roses and orchids. As it is the daisy is used only in those weddings "beautiful in their simplicity," yet roses and orchids flagrantly appear at every possible opportunity.

That was the way, it was with the Ware girls. It wasn't that Beth was so particularly plain, it was just that she appeared plain in contrast with Mary Lee and Wilma. She was shy, too, and worse than that she hid her shyness behind a great gray wall of reserve. The little dunce! She never let anybody know the dear, clever, whimsical little person she was, and of course they never bothered to find out for themselves. It's a rare person who takes the trouble to climb a high wall for flowers when some are growing right at his feet. A wise salesman always displays his goods at the most advantageous place, and if people still refuse to look and buy, why he goes out among them and praises his goods until they are afraid to let slip such a wonderful chance to purchase the prize. But Beth was a very poor salesman, and so for a time the prosperous firm of Romance and Love neglected to add her name to their long list of employees.

Now after the very successful double wedding of Mary Lee and Wilma. It must

have been successful because the brides were described as "two of the city's most charming and beautiful young ladies," and the grooms were discovered to be "two promising young business men." Nay more, "the wedding was of state-wide interest" and—but no more. This is sufficient proof that it was successful. As I was saying, after the marriage of her two older sisters Beth should have assumed the title and social status of "Miss Ware." But she didn't. She remained just Beth, and worse than that, she remained at home both specifically and generally speaking. Yes, for four years Beth dwelled in the house of her father. Oh, she went out occasionally to the "delightful party given by Mrs. Waters in honor of her neice," but she didn't go to the 9:00 o'clock movies with a laughing, careless bunch, and she didn't hop in a crowded car to race out to the swimming pool on a hot July afternoon.

But after all that was her own fault. She had no business running off down paths of her own choosing. It isn't a safe thing to do in this world unless you want the procession to leave you, and the minute Beth's sister stars had fallen into oblivion, she should have donned her make-up and clown's suit and joined the merry parade. There was not need for her to try to be "herself." The kind old world furnishes a ready-cut pattern for girls, and people don't expect them to have sense or sensibilities. All that is required is that they giggle and "adore" everything from men to peanuts. Yes that is their task until they "make a haul." Then presto! They should become sane women who can manage a household with one hand and a capri-

cious man with the other. Such is our good old American social system, and it took Beth nearly four years to discover wherein she was wrong. At the end of that time she saw quite clearly that if you are going to catch fish you must offer them the same old bait they've been biting for ages, and so she began to brew her magic.

Night after night she stood before her mirror and practised her art; that quick wide-eyed, upward glance that makes one look like a startled child; the quizzical look that is obtained by raising the eyebrows and pursing the lips just a tiny bit; that slightly naughty, illusive effect gotten by tilting the head back slightly and cutting the eyes sharply down to one side; and last the haunting, wistful little smile that has caused more than one man to talk and act indiscreetly. Yes, she practiced them all, and by the time that the hero appeared she had become quite proficient in exciting the curiosity of the cat and the sympathy of the dog.

But somehow it didn't occur quite as Beth had hoped. She had begun the day as usual, but immediately after breakfast Mary Lee called up and besought Beth to come over and keep the house and kiddies—that's what Mary Lee called 'em—while she went with Rob on an unexpected business trip. They wouldn't be gone but a day, and she would bring Beth something wonderfully nice if she'd come. Of course Beth went, and of course old Fate had to present the hero on that very inauspicious day.

When she reached the Brent's very conventional bungalow, Bob and Mary Lee had already gone, and so Beth assumed full charge. She planned the lunch and helped the cook get it started, then she took the two youngsters in the back yard to play. They dug wells, made mud pies, got hungry and ate bread and jam,

made dandelion curls and finally, too tired for anything else, they "wanted to go on the front porch and swing." They went, and it was just as they were turning the corner of the house that Rodney Gray, commonly known as "Rod," came up the walk. He was young, good looking, attractive, and the word "eligible" popped into Beth's mind with such force that she gulped with embarrassment; it seemed as if he must have heard. The man came on, and a smile of recognition came on Beth's face—"Why it was Mr. Gray who had been best man at Mary Lee's and Wilma's wedding."

"Isn't this where Mr. Robert Brent lives?"

There wasn't a hint of recognition in Rodney's voice and Beth's face turned a shade redder. The horrid man had forgotten her entirely. She'd show him who could be dignified and distant—but she didn't, for Nancy, the oldest one, got there first.

"Uh-huh," she volunteered, "this is our house."

And Beth felt like a loquacious kid as she added her explanation.

"He lives here, but they've gone out of town on a business trip, and I'm keeping the—"

"Oh," said Rodney, "Oh, I see, and you—" a look of recognition flashed into his face—"and you, why you're Misser-Miss Ware, aren't you?"

Beth wanted to slap him, but you would never have guessed it.

"Why yes," she smiled, "I am now, but I wasn't then."

Surprised appreciation peeped out of Rodney's eyes for a moment, and then he laughed—men are so easily amused.

"Why no, you weren't," he agreed, "but I know now what your name was. It was Bet, wasn't it?"

Beth threw back her head, cut her eyes sideways at him, and laughed that bubbling, gurgling laugh she had practiced so long.

"I'll bet you on it," she said.

And the fish bit!

Together they strolled up on the porch and sat down—Rodney in the swing and Beth in one of those low, lazy wicker rockers which the sentimental Mary Lee had purchased. On the other end of the porch Nancy and Junior busily pulled the heads off the nasturtiums growing in the porch boxes. But Beth didn't care, in a true fisherman's manner she ignored everything except the catch she hoped to land. With easy indolence she turned from them and met Rodney's amused and rather interested look.

"Say," he questioned, "if your name isn't Bet what is it? I was sure it was but—"

Beth leaned back and tried a look veiled by her lashes.

"Never mind," she teased.

And then quoted in a gay, bantering voice—

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

The effect she desired was accomplished. Rodney's pique was aroused, and he entered the fray with all of his weapons of persuasion.

"But one doesn't talk and walk with a rose—"

"Nobody asked you to, sir," she said.

The old, old story was being told again.

But even if they were satisfied to talk on forever, Nancy and Junior weren't willing to pick flowers forever for the simple reason that they soon gave out. When this calamity befell with customary directness they sidled up to Beth and announced their desires.

"We'se hungry."

It was Junior speaking, and he laid a grimy little hand on her knee. Beth gave him the sweetest smile possible and it was not effected either.

"All right, honey, run in and tell Ellen to get you ready and then we'll have lunch."

Happy with the prospect of eating, Junior trotted off into the house, but Nancy lingered. She had something she wanted to tell, and after waiting a suitable length of time she announced it with that frankness and delight which only children have.

"We're going to have ginger-bread for our lunch."

Rodney smiled, and with that courteous attention which visiting adults always show for children made the very interesting remark of,

"You are?"

"Uh-huh, and auntie Beth made it."

Ah here was something worth while, the mystery was solved; her name was Beth. With a knowing look he turned to her.

"So," he jibed, "your name is Beth, and you make ginger-bread."

Beth made a very humble mock bow.

"I plead guilty to both charges, your honor."

Rodney folded his arms and looked over imaginary glasses.

"The accused person shall be freed on condition that she change her name to Bet and that her ginger-bread be good," he announced judiciously, and then with a mischievous grin added, "one Rodney Gray to be judge of the latter."

And here is where nature betrayed Beth for pride in her skill overcame her caution.

"Well I can make good ginger-bread," she boasted, "and if you don't believe it, just try it and see."

"Sure," said Rodney, "sure Mr. Gray will be delighted to dine with Miss Ware and sample her ginger-bread."

Only then did Beth realize the high price of jesting. The man was going to stay for lunch! As sure as fate, Nancy would refuse to eat bread, and Junior would turn over his water. She would be too embarrassed for words and everything would be ruined. But civilization is a wonderful mask behind which to hide. Beth smilingly made her plea.

"Will you excuse me just a moment while I tell Ellen?"

And taking Nancy by the hand she led her into the house.

Once inside she couldn't decide whether to have lunch in the little breakfast alcove as she had planned or to change to the dining room. If she changed Nancy and Junior would be sure to tell and that would be terribly mortifying. The alcove was attractive anyhow and would really be friendlier. But there were many other little details to look after, and these directions she hurled at the cook, one after the other.

"Ellen, for Heaven's sake be sure to pour oodles of the caramel sauce on the gingerbread and please watch Junior. Take his plate away just as soon as he finishes and give him just a little bit of water at a time. Set his high chair beside me and be sure to put Nancy on the bench on the other side of me. Mr. Gray will sit on this side by himself, and I'll run get him while you get the kids seated."

Then a swift rush upstairs and a rapid look into the glass. Heavens! Her nose was shiny and her hair was blowy.

But there wasn't time to comb it. A splash of water—a dab of powder, and she whisked downstairs again.

"The sacrifice is ready," she announced from the door, and turning led the way in to the table.

There sat Nancy and Junior in their most expectant manner. Beth and Rodney sat down, too, and then began that unforgettable meal. The children did everything expected of them and added new turns. Beth strove to be firm and yet pleasant which is the accepted manner for adults to assume at the table where there are children. Between directions and corrections she talked to Rodney.

"Junior, hold your glass with both hands."

"Did you say that you saw Wilma when you were in Chicago, Mr. Gray?"

"Junior! There it's gone over, but don't cry."

"Mary, please come and stop this flow of sound and water.

"Nancy, dear, you must eat some bread."

"You say you took dinner with Wilma and Henry? How very nice, I'm planning to visit them next winter."

"Nancy, lets don't play flagman with our knife, please."

And on, and on, and on.

Finally the last bite of caramel soaked gingerbread had been eaten, and Beth with an inward sigh of relief marshalled them out of the room, Junior and Nancy were sent up to bed, and she and Rodney went again to the porch. For perhaps a half an hour they talked idly and then Rodney prepared to go.

"May I thank you for a wonderful time and for the gingerbread," he said in his nicest voice.

Beth took a good look at him and put on fresh bait.

"We aim to please," she quoted in a brisk salesmanship voice.

But Rodney went on quite irrelevantly.

"Do you think I might call tonight," he queried.

"I'm sure Bob and Mary Lee will be at home then," Beth deliberately misinterpreted.

"But will you?" Rod was not to be side-tracked.

"If you insist," granted Beth.

Rod picked up his hat and started down the steps.

"Then I'll see you at your home about eight," he persisted, making sure of it.

Beth opened the screen and perched saucily on the door sill. Her eyes were wide with childish wonder.

"Well," she suggested with great seriousness, "well you might go blind before then."

And popped inside leaving him staring.

When Beth went home late that afternoon, the sautior which Mary Lee had brought her wasn't the only thing she had acquired. There was an air of mystery, a shine in her eyes, a note which had never been there before. And Mrs. Ware, as all mothers do, saw it at a glance.

"Why, Beth, what on earth have you been doing to make you look that?" she exclaimed.

And Beth, well Beth actually snickered as she made her enigmatic reply—"Just fishing."

And skipped upstairs to dress.

* * * * *

Two weeks later Beth and Rodney were sitting on the Ware's side porch trying to

bring their acquaintanceship to a safe and sane conclusion. It was Rodney's last evening, and it had passed in much gaiety and friendly comradeship. Rodney had been as discreet as any young business man should be, but all of Beth's bait wasn't gone yet. Strange to say, though, it was Rodney himself who guided the conversational bark into dangerous seas of memory.

"You know these two weeks have been wonderful. The trips and hikes, and talks! Why I never dreamed that anyone could be such a pal as you! Most girls are so—so—"

Beth saw that the fish was floundering, and knowing that it was for his own good, she reached out and selected her biggest, most attractive bait.

"Yes, it has been wonderful," she agreed. It isn't often one has friendship like ours has been. Why it's been beautiful, so beautiful that I can't bear the thought of its stopping. Ending it is like putting out a lovely candle flame."

Her voice caught and wistfully caressed the words as if she were loath even to let them go. Rodney looked at her in silence. Her month was haunted with a wistful little smile, her eyes were shining with reflected starlight, and her hair framed her face with shadow. With one movement he covered the distance between them, and caught her hands in a grip that showed his knuckles white.

"Beth," he pleaded, "Beth, let's don't end it. Let's let it shine on and on to light our path of life."

* * * * *

Fishing is a queer thing. On one end of the line is the fisher. On the other end is the fish. Which is caught?

In the Spring an Old Maid's Fancy Lightly Entertains New Hopes

Dozine Covington, Dikean, '26

'Twas March, the month of blustery winds; winds that play havoc with bobbed hair, that cause feminine apparel to give vent to curious, undignified demonstrations, winds that were particularly frisky the afternoon that Miss Lillie Hathaway walked gingerly down "Busy" street.

In way of description, Miss Lillie was an "old maid;" not a modern, shock-proof spinster, who succeeds in hiding a number of her fears in the mysterious regions of beauty parlors. No, Miss Lillie was the type of old maid that is practically extinct, the scrawny, prissy, sentimental, modest and highly respectable type, with her antiqueness quite visibly stamped upon her countenance.

As she hurried along in the direction of the "Grand" theater, where Marion Davies' most lavish and successful picture, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," was to be presented to the enthusiastic public, she was on the verge of franticness so fearful was she that her "ankles" would be brought to view, as the wind tantalizingly whipped her skirts (note plural number) in every conceivable direction. She breathed a deep sigh of relief when the bright advertisements caused her to be aware that her destination was finally attained.

The picture, an exceptionally good portrayal of the chivalry that existed in the olden days, caused our "heroine's" eyes to glow brightly, for, as previously stated, Miss Lillie was exceedingly sentimental. And though her prospects for

obtaining a "man" (Ah, how vast was the significance of that word to her!) were noticeably mild, her "motto," as it were, continued to be "Where there is life there is hope."

When she reentered the street dusk had descended, and the frisky playfulness of the wind had given place to an unmerciful fierceness. Among the flow of pedestrians headed for the next corner, there to catch a car, was a tall man with a splendid physique. He was just in front of Miss Lillie, and she wondered as to his origin, morals, etc.

At this juncture, when her thoughts were beginning to picture him vividly and romantically as a possible "suitor" in her near future, a sharp gust of wind lifted this same man's headgear from his head and blew it directly against Miss Lillie, who caught it with a dexterity to be envied by the "Giant's" best.

The hat was dark felt, against which Miss Lillie's fingers tingled with a feverish excitement, and her hopes soared then if never before. How she wanted him to prove to be unmarried and a "gentleman." The man turned and seeing that she held his "seven-and-a-half," advanced in her direction.

"Lady, dat's mah hat," a husky voice stated.

Hearing the dialect Miss Lillie handed him the hat without a word, and rushed blindly on.

Ah, the irony of fate!

Some Reasons for Educational Retardation in the South Prior to the War Between the States

Frances Brandis, Dikean, '25

From the day the Susan Constant, the Good Speed, and the Discovery brought the members of the Jamestown Colony to the coast of Virginia, the South has played a great and glorious part in the history of this nation. The mountain peaks of this history were fashioned by the South, but between these peaks were deep and dark valleys. We should know our illustrious history, not that we may be puffed up with vain glory, but that we may be ever mindful of those high ideals of Southern culture and patriotism; not that we may be content with past accomplishments, but that we may be spurred on to greater achievements. It is one of these valleys, the valley of illiteracy which focus the problem for our study. In the field of education our accomplishments were very small compared with our accomplishments in all the other fields. Very definite reasons may be assigned to this educational retardation in the South prior to the War between the States; namely, first and greatest of all, the traditions and historical background of the South; secondly, the climatic and geographical conditions in the South, and thirdly, the ideas prevalent among the Southern people.

Men may rise above great difficulties, but only a superman can break with one stroke the shackles of tradition. The traditions of a people, thru the ages, have shaped the course of nations, and determined the destiny of races. Then the South, a nation of outstanding traditions, must have been affected

by this great factor. Time alone could break these bonds of tradition, "for the thoughts of men are broadened with the process of the sun." The traditions of an undemocratic England were inculcated in the settlers which she sent to the Southern states. England of that day was parliamentary but not democratic. The English people believed in a rule of the landed aristocracy and the suppression of the lower classes; hence those who cast their fortunes with the colonies maintained those same ideas. Universal education is a great agent of democracy, a mighty leveller of aristocrats, therefore the idea could not thrive among the type of colonists who settled the South.

In considering the historical background of the South, we must consider the type of settlers, who crossed the turbulent waters of the Atlantic, to begin a new world. These people belonged to the aristocratic class of England, not to the middle and lower classes as did the Puritan fore-fathers of New England. By the English custom of inheritance, the eldest son inherited the title and property of his father, hence the younger sons were left without a title and without wealth. They, then turned their faces toward America to find pleasure, wealth and adventure. Again during the period of Commonwealth in England, many of the royalists were forced to seek refuge in America, and they came to the South. Therefore, the Southern colonists were of pure Anglican blood, interspersed by very few immigrants of other nationalities. Their religion was that

of the Anglican church, hence they did not feel the need of universal education in order to enable the people to interpret their religious ideas, and in order to propagate their new religious beliefs. Then, we may say that the ideal of the Southern colonist was to implant in this new world the same ideas of a landed aristocracy and suppression of the masses and to maintain, uphold and promote in this country a nation modeled along the same plan as England.

The climate and physiography of a land, must, of necessity, play a great part in determining some of the general tendencies of a section; thus it was in the South. Nature has been partial to the South, for to the greater part of the South she has given almost perpetual spring. In a land so fertile with a climate so equitable, the new colonists were not slow to realize the untold wealth which awaited them in the cultivation of the land. The new settlers unaccustomed to the semi-tropical climate of the South, were unable to till the soil effectively, hence they soon imported negro slaves for whom the climate was more favorable. With the advent of slavery, the already sharp class distinction became even more pronounced, and the feudalistic tendencies of those English aristocrats received a new impetus. Since the Indians were their friends, there was nothing to fear from them; therefore the settlers did not feel the necessity of living together in communities for protection. The South, then grew to be a more and more individualistic section. The English colonists formed another great landed aristocracy where English aristocrats ruled over their plantations in all the splendor of a fifteenth century baron over his manor. With such an isolated populous, universal education

was practically impossible, for the cities were the centers of most of the educational progress of this nation.

The third reason for educational retardation in the South prior to the War between the States were the ideas prevalent among the Southern people. It is very difficult to set the reason apart as entirely distinct in itself, because it is the consummation of the traditions and of the climatic and geographical conditions of the South. Their ideas of a social system were those of England, affected by the climate of this which they had brought with them from section. Their social system was truly a caste system in which the negro stood on the bottom rung of the ladder, and the "poor whites" stood on the rung just above them. With such social ideas it is quite natural that they had no ideas of universal education. The educational idea of the South was that of private family controlled schools. The children of the landed aristocracy were taught by tutors, and there were no more cultured people in the world than this class in the South, but they failed to think in terms of universal education. As for the negroes and "poor whites" they thought that they had little need of education. The negroes were much better off than they had been in Africa, and the struggle for a livelihood was so hard for the "poor whites" that they had little thought of education. The charity or pauper schools of the South, also, did much to retard education, for even the promise of an education could not induce many people to acknowledge themselves as "objects of charity." People realize their needs and their deficiencies only by seeing the advantage of these things, which they do not have, enjoyed by others. In such a caste

social system, the people of one strata of society, never having an opportunity to rise above that strata, are satisfied with their own conditions, thus it was in the South.

During the period of our history, the South was thinking in national terms, rather than sectional or personal. While the North was turning her attention to her own personal improvement and aggrandizement, the South was turning her individual attention to shaping the policies of this nation. This fact may be added as another potent reason for educational retardation. The best of our manhood, the flower of our civilization was poured unstintingly into the hands of this nation. During the period of independence, union and self-government, during which time the perils of the young government were many and far-reaching, writing the constitution and organizing thirteen colonies so widely separated geographically and temperamentally, was a task requiring the finest judgment and widest knowledge, Southern men played the role of leaders.

No wonder that there was little time or attention paid to education in the South.

Perhaps the South was slow to grasp the importance of universal education, but we criticize this. No, probably we could not have done half so well. Viewing in retrospect the work of our forefathers, there is nothing in it which we would criticize, but their work would be worth little if it were perfect. It is the imperfections of it which we would remedy. They left us a heritage far more precious than any educational system, however perfect it may have been. And now as we help to make this greatest period of Southern history, the period in which the South has come into her own, when barriers of sectionalism have been torn away and we stand "hand in hand, and clasping hands," we should try to emulate the noble example of our forefathers, and attempt to carry forward to greater perfection the work so well begun by them. Thus, with hearts thrilled with the glory of such an heritage, our reverent prayer should be:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet!
Lest we forget, Lest we forget!"



The Wind

Alice Taylor, Dikean, '26

Sitting here, listening to the wind as it gently teases the great pines outside my window, takes me back to my first vivid impression of the wind. I was a very despondent little girl when the wind lastingly made friends with me.

It was late, and for more than two hours I had hopelessly searched the mountains for the cows. My dog had deserted me to chase a rabbit. I gave up in despair and started home. I was plodding along a path through a dense pine grove when something softly caressed my cheek. I jumped back and said, "Stop that!" before I saw it was only a pine bough. Somehow, then, the realization came to me that it had been the wind which had blown the bough there; and for several minutes I stood and marveled at the lovely ways in which the wind seemed to be laughing, teasing, and whispering to the trees. Forgetting the cows, dog, and my ill temper I skipped

home merrily. For many days after that evening I wondered about the wind, and knew it was the same as the soft breezes that makes the water ripple, as the gales that carried our kites up in the air, and the same that blew off John's hat. I was delighted that I had found something new and strange and I thought constantly about the wind's great power.

Then, again, one night I heard my new friend in a different voice. A storm had been brewing. The house creaked, the windows rattled, and the big poplars near the house moaned and rocked. I felt that the wind was angry, and I was greatly disturbed as to its real nature. I picked up a dictionary which was lying near and found that wind was air in motion. But, to me, it has never meant an invisible, odorless mixture of gases in motion, but something which is expressed like the peace, gentleness, storms and feeling of our own lives.



Desire

O to ride the cloud ships from the
mountains

To go far from the well traveled mains
To walk where the sea beats white in
wrath,

Or to follow the wind's wild path.

H. Watts, Dikean, '24.

An Unexpected Position

Ruth Mason, Dikean, '25

Just before the Easter examinations Donn Nelson and Julian Woodard, or Jack as he was known by nearly every one on the college campus were in their unorderedly room studying. Most of the boys were strolling through the park observing the works of nature. Jack was a young man of twenty-two. As he sat beside his desk his cold black hair glistened, and his keen brown eyes rested firmly on his book as he turned the pages with his large strong hand. He had been in college three years and had won many honors. Donn was just the opposite, he thought college was a place to have a jolly good time, and he spent most of his time gallivanting, but he had decided to give up one evening as he was on the "flunking" line.

Suddenly, they were interrupted by an unexpected knock on the door. Donn called in a loud voice, "come." James Bennette entered the room with the daily paper.

"Look, Jack, your father needs a secretary and heres where he can get one, Peggie Odell of Asheville, North Carolina."

"Good heavens, I haven't time to attend to daddie's business. I'll do well if I get these exams up."

"Ah, don't bother with exams, let fate be your guide."

"Yes, if I do I will end about like you did on Chemistry last fall."

"Jack, don't be so sentimental, go ahead and answer the advertisement, you might get your daddy a secretary and you———," said Donn.

He gave no answer but returned to his desk and continued studying as before.

About a week later Jack took from his box a letter addressed in an unfamiliar hand. His eyes widened, and he gave a slight start. He quickly turned to the close of the letter and his curiosity slightly abated. Jack carelessly leaned his graceful figure against the wall and continued reading, Donn and James suddenly appeared filled with curiosity.

"Evidently you answered the advertisement for me."

"Well, Jack old boy what did she say?"

"Oh, don's worry, it is an interesting letter. It certainly was kind of you boys to start a correspondence for me."

"We doubted that she would answer after we added that informal post scrip."

"She knew that was just a joke and since she is a good old sport she answered it just for the novelty of the thing," said Jack.

Peggie and Jack's friendship grew rapidly and instead of recieving one letter a week they increased to two. They both looked forward to their letter day as the happiest during the week.

James and Donn tried every way possible to learn something about Peggy, but Jack refused to tell them any thing. Her letters must have been interesting as Jack read them over and over until he almost learned them by heart.

After examinations were over Jack accepted a position with the Madison and Monroe Company as traveling sales-

man. To his surprise they gave him the western part of North Carolina to canvas, and he began work immediately.

He reached Asheville about seven o'clock and started to the hotel but met one of his college friends, Monroe Lanier.

"Hello Jack, I am surprised to see you," said Monroe.

"Oh I'm just here on a little business."

"How long will you be here?"

"About seven or eight days."

"Well, good, there is to be a dance here tonight, and will go if you wish."

"Sure, I am always ready to go to a dance."

They entered the ball room about nine-thirty. The room was beautifully lighted with rainbow colors. For a moment it seemed as though they were in fairy land. Brilliant rays of light gleamed from one side of the room to the other. There were pretty girls in various colored evening dresses and men in dress suits dreamily waltzing from one space to another. As Jack glanced over the room he paused for a minute and gazed eagerly at a slender, graceful girl dancing with a handsome young man. The lights shown upon her golden curls and turned then to a delicate halo about her lovely face. Her deep blue eyes sparkled as she lightly glided to the strains of music.

During the intermission he looked around and saw Monroe and this unknown friend standing near him. His heart throbbed with joy because he was very anxious to meet her. Monroe turned around and said, Miss Odell, meet my friend Mr. Woodard."

"Miss Odell I am glad to know you."

"Your name sounds familiar, I wonder if we have met before."

"I guess not, this is my first trip to Asheville. I am Julian Woodard or Jack as I am known on the campus at the University of Virginia."

"Well Jack, we have met at last, I am no other than Peggie."

Every one at the dance seemed to have spent a pleasant evening but I believe Jack and Peggie really spent a happy one.

Afterward they were seen together very much and the near by gossipers said they were really devoted to one another, and it did appear as though they were.

A few months later Donn and James took from their box a large white linen envelope which was a little thin. Their eyes widened as they quickly opened the letter.

"Jack Woodard's wedding invitation. Can it be true," said Donn, "and to Peggie Odell."



Hamlet on Studying

Myrtle Ellen La Barr, Adelphian, '26

To work, or not to work; that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to labor
Over tests and work of outrageous teachers,

Or to take up pleasures amidst a sea of studies

And, by neglecting, flunk them? To laugh; to play;

No work; and by our play to say we end
The drudgery and the thousand daily tasks

That students must do; 'tis a situation
Greatly to be wish'd. To laugh? to play?
To play, perchance to rest; ay, there's the rub;

For from that rest of thoughtlessness
what results may come

When we have thrown aside our tiresome books,

Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so much study;
For who would learn the sines and cosines of trig,

Perrichon's travels, George's calculations,

Feel the pangs of thwarted joys, the clock's delay,

The heartlessness of Aeneas and the teachers

Who cruelly deprive us of our wonted ease,

When we ourselves might our own bliss make

With two holidays? who would Spanish read,

To groan and sweat during a weary test,
But that the fear of something afterward,

The awful wrath of a parental glance,
When he beholds our G's, and knows the cause,

Makes us rather bear these ills we have
Than fly to others we know well of?

Thus G's do make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of our inclination

Is subjugated to the will of books,
And momentous enterprises of great pleasure to us

With this regard their success turn awry,
And lose all taste of pleasure.

Sunset

Jo Grimsley, Dikean, '25

Softly I glide through the dusk;
 Joyfully I watch the glowing husk
 Of flaming light that clings and shrouds
 The burning disc of the sun in clouds.
 Wondering, I see a white-sailed ship
 Gleaming as it sails from clouds to slip
 Across the blazing surface. I know
 'Tis a pirate-ship caught in the glow
 And being consumed, burned, sunk.

Star Dust

Maude Goodwin, Dikean, '25

The city's ways close crushingly above
 me,
 Its dingy, callousing walls oppress me;
 My spirit longs for free, unbounded space,
 Some brow-bare hill above the mirroring
 River, where I can slip, exultingly,
 To greet the summer wind the mountains
 send
 Across softly to still my soul at dusk;
 To look up, listen, and talk with the
 stars.
 Oh for the vastness, the immensity,
 The freedom, beauty and truth of the
 stars!
 Beauty and revealing truth, where are
 they!
 I rebelled against your benumbing world,
 When, through the trotting street sweep-
 ers eyes
 I saw, bright, a flash of star dust gleam-
 ing!

Laughing Gas

Tremblings of a Freshman

Trembling—I go to my teacher
Weary and worn and sad,
Instead, I find a preacher
With sermons just like dad.

Trembling—I ask for my grades,
Frightened, heartbroken, in despair,
Every hope possible quickly fades
Life's more than I can bear.

Trembling—I hear him say—
“Young lady, you are quite young,”
Then his tone suddenly becomes gay
“Latin—an excellent grade—one.”

Trembling—I listen for more
Wondering if it be true,
When he looks rather sore
And shouts “Math—only a two.”

Trembling—I am now overcome
The next what will it be?
“It is not so terribly bum,
On history you get a three.”

Trembling—I wait and think
Can there be many more
My heart is about to sink
When I hear—“Biology four.”

Trembling—I grow very weak
How can I ever survive?
He pauses—hating to speak
Then growls “How's this?—English
five.”

That he is about to fix
Trembling—I await my fate
Of college I have got my bait
When on Gym—I get a six!

Mr. Wright (Physics Class)—“Now if
this experiment is not carried out exact-
ly right the substance will explode and
we will be blown sky high. Now gather
around closely so that you may follow
me.”

Clerk—This clock will run 8 days
without winding it.

Customer—Well, how long would it
run if you wound it?

Miss Ragsdale—“That example dates
back to the thirteenth century.”

Freshman—“Miss Ragsdale, did you
have examples like that when you were
in school?”

Senior—Was the Devil a Roman or
Greek God?

Miss G—No. the Devil is a product
of Christianity.

Mary had a Math book
With pages worn and old,
It worried her from morn til night
And a failure, she fortold.

She went to stand an exam one day
Her mind was a perfect blank.
And when she read the questions
Her spirits to zero sank.

Now Mary goes to Math no more
Just why I'll now tell you,
Just one week later to the day
She received a billet-doux.