



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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DECEMBER, 1917

No. 3

“The sweets of victory will be won sooner by conserving sugar.”—*Newark News*.

We are now saving over a barrel of **WE'RE WITH** sugar a week. This **YOU, MR.** means that by deny- **HOOVER** ing ourselves, we are saving \$30.75 every week for our college and increasing the sugar supply for the rest of the country. Keep it up! We can do even better!

Christmas returns, and as with every other experience in **OUR TRUST** our life, it means to each of us, each year, what we make it. Essentially alike and yet so unlike the rest, each individual gets a different truth from the anniversary of our Lord's birth. To some, it is mainly the debits and credits of material donations; for others, there is added a spirit of good cheer which penetrates the gloomiest corners. In the breasts of some, returning Yuletide awakens only memories of past sadness; in some, Scrooge still lives to darken the happiness of others. A few, regardless of temporal joys and sorrows, see in Christmas its greatest significance.

Nearly two thousand years ago God looked down on a sin-stricken world, and with compassion more boundless than the deep, gave His only begotten son as a propitiation for our sins. Christ so humbled himself as to be born of a virgin—to become flesh, to suffer and be tempted as we—and the virgin Mary, in turn, with unchanging mother love, sacrificed *Him* for the working out of the great, incomprehensible scheme of things.

When the morn of the next Christmas day is ushered in, the destiny of this same great scheme of things will be more acutely at stake than ever before in our existence.

What the outcome will be rests upon our response to the tremendous call for service. Hurling upon the battlefield to shed blood for what we hold right and against what we hold wrong, loathing the horror of it, knowing not the end of it, we can only put our faith in the Father who has been merciful and just since the creation, and trust infinitely in his wisdom. That magnanimous spirit of sacrifice which is the origin of Yuletide must be born afresh in the hearts

and minds of the whole universe. The patient long-suffering of the Christ child must be manifest for the sake of the world of humanity with which God has entrusted us.

A. H., '19.

Christmas! Santa Claus! We learned Christmas first through Santa.

CHRISTMASSES It meant a big, fat, laughing Santa Claus loaded down with toys and good eats. Of course we were told why we had Christmas, of the Christ child who was born on that night and how he lived just as we are living, but this thought was given a secondary place in our minds when the bulging stocking was handed down. Mirth grew to happiness, happiness to unrestrained joy as each successive treasure of the fat stocking was discovered. Then there was pure happiness, dancing for joy, running from one member of the family to another to show the wonderful gifts, and earnest rejoicing of every one over each trivial gift!

Christmas—the home folks are making preparations for the return of the sons and daughters. They meet them with outstretched arms and open hearts, and, just for old times' sake, the stockings are hung in their usual place beside the blinking, dancing fire. Then at grey dawn on Christmas morning, music calls us from the land of dreams back to reality, but to reality on the day when dreams come true. From a band of singers out on the stillness of the new-born day come the words which still echo down the ages from the angels' song two thousand years ago: "For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. * * * Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." And they echo in our hearts with the true meaning of Christmas—love.

Again Christmas comes, in nineteen-seventeen. How are we to spend this one? The broader and deeper meaning of Christmas has been caught. The childhood Christmas has passed, the girlhood Christmas has passed: as women we spend this Christmas. As never before, the joy, the greatness, the solemnity of our Saviour's birth is felt. Around the hearth at night, places will be vacant. Some will be where duty calls them in the name of humanity to defend the things that are most precious to us—home, country, freedom and God. No idle, merrymaking Christmas this year. Each one has a definite part to play; our country needs food to send to our brothers and friends in France; we can omit in our meals the foods needed for transportation. The soldier boys who are giving their lives in our defense are cold; we can knit, sew or give of our means to help the work. Our boys will be away from home, among strange people with no restraint of home ties; we can by cards, letters and packages remind them of home and the loved ones who believe in them and trust in their purity and nobility of heart.

M. L., '20.

Nearly all of us have brothers, cousins, or friends in the army, so we have tender feelings for khaki-clad men and all that concerns them. We do not appeal, therefore, to patriotism, though it is to be hoped that you possess it, but rather to your personal interest in the army. Are you doing what you should for the men who for you are undergoing privations, hardships and danger, and who will soon be fighting your battles? They are willing to sacrifice everything, even life, for America and you. Does it not seem selfish, if not even cruel, to withhold money from soldiers' funds, in order to buy little

**TEARS, OR
MUFFLERS?**

luxuries, or to knit gay-colored sweaters instead of khaki-colored ones. The girls who knit wraps for themselves use wool which could have been used by the Red Cross Society, and thus lessen the supply. In addition to this, they take for themselves time which could be given to the soldiers through the Red Cross. Despite this selfishness, the girls weep floods of tears and expend an enormous amount of sympathy if they hear an appealing speech. Tears will not amuse the boys in khaki, nor will sympathy, however ardent, keep them warm during the winter. Is it not inconsistent to weep over their hardships without helping in the alleviation of them? Which are *you* giving to the cause, tears or mufflers? K. E. W., 19.

“Do your utmost,” not your bit, **YOUR** has become the slogan **CHRISTMAS** of the people of the **GIFT** U. S. A., and especially of the students throughout the length and breadth of the land. But *how* can we do our utmost is the question now on the lips and hearts of so many, anxious to do all they can. There are so many ways of doing our utmost and many of these we have done; we have given up our pin money, we have given up our fine clothes, we have sold our jewels, we

have given our time, and some have given up the long anticipated trip home at Christmas. It seems as if we have done all we could, and yet there is still another way in which we may sacrifice. The very mention of Christmas, which is swiftly approaching, brings with it the memory of the gifts that were received in former years, gifts dear because of the love and good will accompanying them, and of the ones we found so much pleasure in giving. The times have changed, however, and there is a greater joy to be gotten out of this coming Christmas than of any heretofore, because this year we can offer a gift to our country—a gift to the world, by sacrificing our Christmas presents to the great cause of humanity. Why not abandon the idea of giving any Christmas presents, and instead of these, to every person whom you intend to remember, write the very best letter you know how; a letter that will carry with it the spirit and breath of Christmas. It will certainly carry a more personal message of your love and good wishes. This is a small matter insofar as it is measured by the scale on which affairs are reckoned today, but it is the small things that make up the big—it’s our little “bits” as well as our big that make our “utmost.” N. B., ’20.

The Seekers

VERLA WILLIAMS, ADELPHIAN

Across the dew-damp sands
The wise men went,
Each bearing in his heart
This one intent:
To find the Christ.

And in their wake
Yea, multitudes have gone,
Some in vast companies and some alone;
Some o'er sands that ran with human blood;
Some o'er sands where tears of sorrow flowed;
Some when the sands were sweet with pleasant peace,
As sweet as evening after toil's release.
But in each heart the same intent
That urged the wise men as they went:
To find the Christ.



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For the Ashes of His Fathers

LUCY GAY COOKE, '19, CORNELIAN

It was Christmas eve; but a drizzly, slippery, slushy Christmas eve of sulking skies and sneaking cold; a Christmas eve of wearied shop girls and snappish shoppers. The very jumping-jacks in the windows grinned with a forced grin, as if they would not have grinned at all if their faces had not been painted on hard and fast. Santa Claus had a jaded look and the Christmas trees seemed cold, with their artificial snow that looked only too real. In short, it was as dismal a Christmas eve as ever delighted the little blue imps at the expense of a poor, lonesome outsider.

The victim in this case, Private Brinkley, making his way through a jostling, squirming crowd down a street redolent with gasoline, roasted peanuts, celery, and dagos, turned down a more quiet street. He wanted to get away from the loneliness of the crowd. That was the reason he had left camp. The other fellows were jubilant over boxes or letters from home, comparing notes on past Christmases, wishing they could be at home and wondering how "the folks" would get along without them this Christmas. He, Private Brinkley, had not even a picture post card. There was a lumpy resentment in his throat, just as there had been when, years ago, in the orphans' home, adopting ladies had passed by a certain little red-headed, freckle-faced

boy, with a not too enviable reputation, and taken a good little, pretty little boy or a little curly-headed girl. The resentment had vented itself then in faces made behind the matron's back, the pulling of a little girl's hair, or a fight picked with another little boy. He had not known much about Christmas then, and since the memorable time when inspired by the achievements of youthful heroes of Horatio Alger, he had taken an abrupt and unceremonious leave to seek his fortune in the world. Fortune being rather elusive, he had had little time to think about Christmas. It had meant merely a day off. And now when the other fellows compared notes he felt something missing.

They claim that the American soldier is never sentimental, but likely as not there is a time for all of them, when the strain relaxes, that sentiment—or call it what you will—that they would never acknowledge, creeps in. Private Brinkley felt a loneliness and longing for something; he knew not what. It was just like the old days in the home. He was not an individual but an insignificant part of a uniformed whole. He had not volunteered. He had been too busy to think anything about it and he saw no reason why he should leave a good job for something he didn't know anything about. He had been taken in the first draft and had gone rather

reluctantly. Of course, when people talked about the Lusitania and the Belgians one wanted to "get a swat at the Huns," and one didn't want to be a slacker. But somehow it all seemed so impersonal and far away. He had made his own way. He did not quite understand why he should give up everything for strangers thousands of miles away. Some of the fellows talked about how hard it had been for the folks to sacrifice them. No one had sacrificed him. When he should "go over the top" and stop the bullet of a Hun no one would care—no one would know.

It was at this point that he saw the Little Old Lady. She was a soft gray-looking little person, with fluffy white hair; just the kind of grandmother-looking person who would keep a cooky jar for good little boys (who were sometimes bad). Perhaps she did. Perhaps all these packages she was carrying were Santa Claus goodies for these same little boys. And again there was the resentful lump.

Even as small a thing as a banana peeling may change destinies. The banana peeling was where it ought not to have been. Private Brinkley saw it and saw that the Little Old Lady did not, and sprang forward just in time to save her from a fall. But he was not in time to save the packages and they were scattered on the ground, with apples and nuts rolling everywhere.

"Now, that's too bad, ain't it?" he sympathized. "Well, maybe we can pick 'em all up," and he suited his action to his words.

The Little Old Lady took in with silent astonishment his uniform, his rather obvious red hair and freckles and his honest blue eyes.

"Scuse me, lady," he said with embarrassment as he restored the last apple, "but it looks to me that that is a mighty heavy load you're carry-

in'. If you don't mind, I'm going your way and I'll take them for you."

She silently yielded them up to him. "The little kiddies liked to missed their treat, didn't they?" he awkwardly volunteered after some time.

"There are not any children," was the sharp rejoinder. "The things are for myself. I am unmarried and live alone. Is there anything else you would like to know?"

That overwhelmed him for a time, and then feeling the silence oppressive, he ventured again:

"This is what I call being sure enough patriotic—carrying home bundles like this. If there was more people in this old U. S. A. that had this idea in their heads there'd be a lot of money and labor saved for other things."

At this she stared still more surprised. She opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again. By this time they had reached an old-fashioned house fenced in and surrounded by shrubbery. She went through the gate and up the walk and he followed. At her knock a white-capped, white-toothed negro girl came and relieved them of their bundles.

"This is a mighty comfortable looking place," he wistfully remarked, still lingering.

The Little Old Lady suddenly warmed up. "Won't you come in and dry by the fire? You must be damp and cold. Of course, though, you needn't if you don't want to," lapsing into brusqueness again, fearful of having betrayed eagerness.

The glow and crackle of the fire within overbalanced the slight incivility of the invitation. Private Brinkley went in and a delicate flush of pleasure overspread her softly lined, porcelain-tinted features. The firelight and the old-fashioned comfort of the room cast a spell over both of them. She was more genial and he

was more animated. At their entrance a large maltese cat, curled up before the fire, got up and stretched and then seeing the newcomer, walked haughtily to the side and sat eyeing him with disapproval.

"I don't believe your cat likes me," he laughed ruefully.

"Tommy isn't used to strangers," joining him with a nervous little laugh. "Tommy, you mustn't act that way. This is a nice soldier who brought home our bundles."

"Do you mind if I sit on this footstool?" indicating an old-fashioned affair.

She did not, and he settled himself with satisfaction.

"Now, if you want to do any of your Red Cross knitting, I could hold the yarn for you."

"Knitting for the Red Cross?" Then she abruptly left him and returned with some gray yarn and age-yellowed needles.

As he sat at her feet, holding the yarn for her to wind, they warmed toward each other and he became confidential.

"I hope you won't think I'm a softy," he boyishly confided, "but when I was a kid I used to dream about a little grandmother and she always looked just like you."

This grownup little boy, with his red hair and freckles and honest blue eyes, had a peculiar appeal about him. He reminded her of another boy ages ago.

"You are not like those dames that don't raise their boy to be a soldier," he mused after a while, gazing at the fire.

"I certainly wouldn't have raised him to be a slacker," was the suddenly fierce response.

The other boy had fallen in the war between the states, leading his men to a mocking victory, spurred on by the thought of two flaming southern eyes.

"There was a piece I learned at school," she resumed more calmly, "that I always think of when I think of fighting. Let's see, it ran something like this. She folded her hands in her lap like a little girl and recited:

"For how can man die better
Than when facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

"I reckon the guy that wrote that was right," he slowly assented. "I guess that's what they mean when they talk about ideals and all that sort of thing."

The striking of the sonorous old clock aroused him from his reverie.

"Well, I must be getting back to camp," he regretfully observed.

"I wonder," she wistfully inquired, "would you make a lonesome old woman happy by helping her eat her Christmas dinner tomorrow?"

"Will I? Well I reckon I will!" and then somewhat embarrassed, "I ain't much on the soft stuff, but I'd like to tell you just what I think about you. I think you're just a little angel of a grandmother, that's all you are!" and with that he left her.

"Did you hear that, Tommy?" she laughed softly after catching her breath. "He said I was just like an angel. Why, Tommy, I believe you are jealous. Well, you needn't be. It won't do any good. Eliza Jane Worthington, you're a selfish old woman! Yes, you are! He thought you were carrying those bundles to be patriotic and you were carrying them because you had got them at a new grocery store where they don't deliver just to spite your groceryman. He thought you were patriotic and you haven't ever given a penny for the Red Cross or anything. It's lucky you happened to have that yarn tucked away. I wonder what he'd think if he knew the children around here called you 'Old Cross Patch.'

He called you an angel. Well, Tommy, we'll keep him deceived, won't we? The poor boy was dying for some petting. But we must hurry and finish this muffler. He'll get *one* Christmas present tomorrow. He looked fearfully cold and likely as not there's others just as cold. We'll have to keep on knitting, won't we?"

Private Brinkley went out into the cold world with a feeling of inside warmth—a lifting of the head and straightening of the shoulders. The world was not so cold after all. It was one brilliantly lighted palace with twinkling lights overhead, all around, and reflected on the shining wet pavement. What if he should buy her a Christmas present? He had always wanted to give a present to someone, but had had no one to give it to. He went into the first shop he came to and a sympathetic salesgirl, interested to enthusiasm, helped him select some sort of soft lacy thing, he didn't know what, and wrapped it in tissue paper and holly ribbon with festive-looking seals besides.

There was a toy shop next door and

before the window there was a diminutive mite of shining black humanity ardently gazing within. The object of his worship was one of the self same jumping jacks, now grinning with a will. He was talking to it and trying to get as close to it as possible. Private Brinkley entered the shop and purchased the jumping jack together with a mechanical toy and then with a shamefaced look around to make sure that no one saw him, placed them in the hands of the little negro boy. That one, showing the whites of his eyes and his teeth, ran off with his treasure, leaving Private Brinkley with such a feeling of pleasure as he had never before experienced. Did one, then, gain such joy from giving a trifle like this? Suddenly a thought came to him, and a wave of emotion, very terrible and very sweet, swept over him. What would not one feel in giving one's work, one's life for the plucky little Belgians and French! Nay, not only for them—for the Little Old Lady—the little black boy—for all humanity—"for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his God."

Peace

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

The glow of Orient-star plays 'pon the face
 Of earth—and stillness gains its former might:
 Still are the guns; the heart of man is still,
 Hushed both in awful reverence for the sight.
 O, everywhere let every man re-sheath
 His sword—he's weary of the fitful fight;
 For just one moment let him wait in peace,
 Peace with the star-lit earth! 'Tis Christmas night.

Speaking of Christmas

LUCY C. CRISP, '19, ADELPHIAN

Speaking of Christmas, I have heard it rumored that our American Christmas will be changed this year—that it will be different from those that have gone before. When I hear this, a peculiar fear grips my heart and creeps in among the happy anticipations that always take possession of my thoughts as this joyous time approaches. It is as if I were waiting to greet a long-absent friend—happy in the thought of seeing my friend again, yet anxious lest some change should have taken place which would make difficult a continuation of our friendship. As I passed a group of girls a few days ago I chanced to hear one of them remark: "No, I'm not giving any presents this Christmas." I hope she did not mean what she said, for if the spirit of giving, which is indeed the very soul of Christmas itself, be absent from our Christmas celebration, only a poor, empty sham will be left.

Always since that time, far back in the very beginning of the years, as we number them, when on the first Christmas night the Great Heavenly Father sent His Son as the Little Christ Child down into the still, star-adorned world, and the wise men came with their gifts from afar to worship at the feet of their new-born King, the King's birthday has been celebrated by the giving of gifts.

Not always, however, have the gifts been as acceptable as were those of the wise men. Here in twentieth century America we have at times in our everyday life lived so far away from the King that we have not been able to keep His birthday as He would have it kept. Seemingly, bound by

the iron bands of custom and convention, we have allowed our Christmas *gifts* to loom large and fill our whole horizon, leaving no room for thoughts of the *giving*. We have at times looked upon Christmas as a custom-made holiday, when everyone should give gifts and be merrily happy in the midst of a round of "good times." Small wonder it is that, with this idea in mind, we have sometimes missed the marvelous significance of the day—the birthday of Him who was sent us by our Great Father, and who was Himself the first and greatest of all Christmas gifts. It would be a strange thing if, on the birthday of one of our friends, we should send no gift to that friend, should perhaps not even give her a place in our thoughts, but, on the other hand, should shower gifts large and small upon many others who were mere acquaintances, and who cared nothing for gifts from us. Yet thus have we often kept our King's birthday.

I am glad that these unwelcome and unacceptable gifts have not been able entirely to destroy the spirit of true Christmas giving. In millions of American homes there has been, at Christmas time, the deep, pure joy that comes from hearts giving freely of their abundance of love. There have been gifts for friends and those we love that have sent the bluebird of happiness to build his nest in many hearts. There have been birthday gifts for the King, too, that must have made Him feel as He did when He said of the woman: "She hath done what she could."

Because of the great joy that these gifts of love bring, I do not believe

that the Master would have us leave out the giving of gifts in our keeping of His birthday this year, even though the world is plunged into chaotic blackness of war. I have heard speakers, in the midst of stirring addresses, cry out: "How *can* you be happy and carefree when there are millions in Europe suffering the bitterest agonies that can be conceived in the hell-inspired brain of the god of war?" And yet I do believe that the Master would have us here in America, insofar as it is possible, happy at this Christmas time. I do not mean that we should be carefree—that, forgetful of the suffering in the world, we should selfishly claim happiness as our own because we do not suffer as those in Europe and even those in America who are not so fortunate as we. But for the sake of those we love, and of the ideals that we hold sacred, and of the King Himself, I believe He would have us as happy as possible at Christmas.

There will be sons and brothers and husbands and fathers from our homeland over there amid the suffering ones this year, and I do not believe that they would have us pessimistically sad and gloomy because they are not with us at this Christmas. They will like to think of us back here at home happy and glad because it is our King's birthday, and their hearts will be filled with some of the warmth and cheer and love that should pervade the Christmas day if they can think of their homes in that way. We must be happy for them and for the

greatness of the cause for which we are all fighting. We cannot be sad if we realize that we are all doing our part in making the world a better place in which to live, and in bringing nearer the day when we shall see the King in His glory.

This happiness, I believe, will come only through the giving of gifts. I hope there will be gifts in our homes—tiny gifts, perhaps, but given in the spirit of Walter's words, "I would be giving and forget the gift." Then there must be great gifts to satisfy the needs of the suffering ones. These will be bought with sacrificial means—and will be sweet and fragrant with the incense of the sacrifices made that they might be given. But greatest of all, I believe there will be holier and more beautiful gifts for our King at this time than ever before in the history of our nation. Hearts, the most precious of all gifts to Him, will be given into the Master's keeping, and lives will be dedicated anew to His service.

Yes, I believe that the American Christmas will be different this year. Because of the changed conditions of the world, it cannot be kept as we have kept it heretofore. It is ours to change it as we will—in outward expression. The old, old meaning and true significance will always be the same, but it is ours this year to take away the blemishes that have marred the surface of this symbol of God's covenant with us, and to keep the King's birthday as He would have it kept.

The Greatest Adventure

ANNIE LEE STAFFORD, '19, CORNELIAN

The chill winter rain swept down outside, freezing as it fell. The gaunt gray branches of the trees shivered and crackled with the cold of their icy coats and it was nearing evening.

Though the coals burned red in the grate, the large old-fashioned room was not warm.

Then it was that the tone from the little mandolin came,—the lonesome little mandolin on top of the old square piano in the back of the room. Physicists would explain the tone as a sympathetic vibration caused by sound waves. I accept their explanation without contradiction, for I know that it was a sympathetic vibration; for the little mandolin was lonesome, and so was I.

I took it from its dusty case and brought it to the fire, that plump little mandolin in its yellow and black striped coat, and toasted its toes, so to speak. It cuddled down in contentment, and after it was warm and comfortable I gently touched the worn strings and out of gratitude I suppose for the humble service rendered, the little mandolin told me a story. The first tones were a Christmas carol; the very atmosphere of the room grew warm with the spirit of it. The swaying trees outside were firs and hemlocks, for I could smell their fragrance, and the bed of coals on the hearth was one immense wreath of holly.

It is a New England Christmas. There is the square brick house with a wreath and light in every window. Little sister had spent many painstaking hours on the wreaths and now she is lighting the lights in all the windows, for her Gene is coming home from the university. From the

“toppest” window she saw him coming, and all of Christmas is one glad rush from the instant that she flew to open the door for him and was whirled up in his athletic arms to the instant when she flew away from the door so he shouldn't see her cry the day he left for the university after the holidays. But in between these two “flights” came the holidays, the happiest she had ever known.

Little sister was eleven, the age when little girls are usually the homeliest, when their hair is growing out from being bobbed, their frocks are neither long nor short, and they have passed the “cute” stage and have not yet reached the age of beauty. But little sister was blissfully unconscious of her shortcomings, for she lived “in days of old when knights were bold,” and those people whom she knew were knights and princesses, witches and wizards or nobodies.

Her knight was Gene, and he proved himself worthy of her hero worship; for at all the merry gatherings where his genial spirits won him the central place in the merriest crowd little sister was there too. The sleigh was never too crowded but that little sister had a place when her champion was there. He never forgot to pull candy with her, once anyway, at the neighborly gatherings when there were no age limits. Best of all were the tramps over the snow-covered fields when he told her wonderful plans,—plans for them both when they should own their ranch and grow up together with the great west where his life's work was going to be.

When she helped him pack his trunk to go back to the university she

put in her little mandolin, for who ever heard of a knight with no musical instrument with which to serenade his lady love? How Gene had laughed when he found it there together with the note, but she had not seen him laugh and he thanked her in as courtly a manner as ever Sir Walter doffed his coat for Good Queen Bess.

If, at eleven, you were thin and your hair was stringy, your dresses neither short nor long, and you had a splendid big brother, you know all about little sister's feelings the day that her knight went away after the holidays, her knight who never forgot to wave from the turn in the road to the "toppest" window where she watched him out of sight.

In the spring he graduated from the university, a "real civil engineer." He did not come home, for there was a splendid opening just then for a "real civil engineer" in the United States reclamation service. He was to be one of those to "blaze the trail" into arid America in the southwest where they were going to "drive the desert back inch by inch."

* * * * *

As far as the eyes can see is an arid stretch of sand, a sheet of glimmering gold. Here and there are the gray bunches of sedge and the cacti.

The only sign of life is a broad-shouldered, khaki-clad man on a horse.

The man raises his field glasses as if to see where this endless sea of sand with its myriad waves of violet and rose, the mesas and plateaus fading into blue distance, ever calling, beckoning, are leading him. He seems to inspire the horse by his own revived spirits, for he sees an oasis, a clear lake of water and green trees. The tired animal quickens his pace only to be stopped a moment later, for the trained eye of the man recognizes it

to be a mirage, the most wonderful of all the wonders of this "no man's land" through which he has been traveling for three days with a dry canteen.

Night has come, night on a desert. The great sand sea is silent and gray. The stars come out one by one,—comforting things, stars.

The man unsaddled the horse. From the saddle bags he took a bundle of letters and papers and a little mandolin. He wrapped them carefully in the saddle blanket and then in his coat.

"It's all right, old man," he said, tenderly stroking the drooping head of the horse. "We aren't going to complain. Why, lad, we can't let a little mite like Peter Pan be any braver than we are. Don't you remember, he was standing there with his little sword ready, just as near the 'dividing line' as you and I are, and he said, 'Now, for the grandest adventure of all.'"

Notwithstanding his attempts at convincing himself, Gene, for it was Gene, wearily sat down on the sands to think it out. He knew that he had followed the fascinating work too far into the great heart of the desert. His dream of making the desert a place where cities and towns and homes might rise, where men and women and little sisters, especially, could live, his life dream, burst like a beautiful, shining bubble. He felt somehow like the other wise man, alone on the desert and with no gift for the King.

Of course there were others, competent ones, who were carrying on the work, but it was his life work, too. Was it fair?

A man, broad-shouldered and strong, with the swinging step of one accustomed to life in the open, appeared in the distance and came swiftly toward him across the sands.

The newcomer placed his canteen to Gene's lips and then gave some of the water to the tired horse. He sat down and listened while Gene told him all about the reclamation work that he had hoped to do, and now, just in the beginning of it all, was it fair for him to have to leave it?

Then Gene listened, wondering, while the stranger told him a similar story—how he also was an engineer and of the great reclamation work which he had started. His had been the task of reclaiming an endless desert, the world, the task of making it a place where men and women and children could live in the perfect fullness of real life, and then, at the age of thirty-three, just Gene's age, he had been called away and had been obliged to leave it all in the hands of a few untrained men.

Gene's work seemed so small, so insignificant in comparison, and to think that he had asked if it were fair!

He groped for the other's hand and thrilled at the steadying grasp that he received. He turned to the stranger to speak, but what he found in the understanding, comrade-like eyes answered his question. He was not a stranger, but the Nazarene.

The two arose and went across the desert together and were lost to sight in the blue distance, behind which was their new field of work.

* * * * *

A year later one of the engineers brought back the bundle of letters and papers and the little mandolin which he had found, wrapped in Gene's coat somewhere out in "no man's land." And now for the first time, I, little sister, who had been wondering so long about the passing of my hero, knew at last. Looking out of the window I saw that the storm was over and the morning stars, who had seen it all themselves, confirmed the story.

My Altar

IDA GARDNER, '19, CORNELIAN

My altar is not one of marble
 Such as Dido of Carthage adored,
 Or yet one of stones
 Such as Isaiah of old built at Bethel;
 My altar is the great Presence
 Of Him whom we find in Humanity.
 Before it I kneel right reverently
 Offering incense of Love,
 Strengthened by a knowledge of Trust,
 Sealed by the spirit of Fellowship.

The Light of the Yule Log

EDITH RUSSELL, '19, CORNELIAN

Without, dry crunching of crisp, white snow, cold gleams of crystal moonlight, green, enameled smoothness of stiffened magnolia leaves, clear challenging air. Within, soft, soundless fall of glowing coals, warm, dark shadows in uncertain corners, flickering rosy lights that dance and sink to rest, that appear and waver and disappear from showers of flying sparks and fall of graying ashes—Christmas eve. Not one Christmas eve set off alone and left isolated, with all its joy, all its promise, all its pain untouched by other days and other years, is it; but another repetition of that promise of the centuries long ago, another assurance of that boundless love which links the years and the life of them into one vast whole, whose spirit is caught and held for a brief space as each year rises above the horizon of time.

The firelight flickers with an almost understanding tenderness over the bent figure of the little white-haired woman in the deep, warm chair, coaxing into her heart thoughts of other Christmas eves. The chime of old-time sleigh bells fills her ears, their musical tinkle never ceasing as the great sleigh is pulled through drift after drift of snow. Their merry music gives way presently to the deep tones of Christmas church bells, and under the spell of the yule log light she hears again the glory anthems filling the air and her soul with their power and their beauty. With a sigh of full contentment, she yields to the spell of the hour and her dreams of the past.

The great log emits a shower of

sparks whose ruddy glow illuminates and brings into clear relief the two brown heads so near the hearth, and deepens the radiant, expectant light in two pairs of brown eyes. For them the sparks are not merely sparks, but messengers of the Christmas Saint that wing their way far up through dark and unknown regions above the hearth to St. Nicholas, who waits on the chimney's edge for their tidings. They hold their breath and dream of the coming midnight visit, fraught with mighty possibilities of joy and disappointment.

Playfully, whimsically the light of the yule log flickers over them; but it flares with a merciless, all-revealing light upon the man on the other side of the hearth. It brings him under the spell of the Christmas hour, and recalls to him the Christmas eves of other years. Bright lights it shows him, the gleam of polished floor, of silver, of crystal, of jewels, of velvets and silks. Gay sounds it brings back for him, of music, of laughter, of badinage, of clinking glasses. Bright lights, fair gleams, gay sounds—but wistful, sorrowful thoughts. He sees behind him, in long array, wasted years, spurned opportunities, blighted hopes, fruitless ambitions.

Fair had these Christmas eves seemed while yet they were with him, before they vanished to join the vast whole; now in the light of the yule log he sees their tinsel worn away, and they are tarnished, misshapen, and forlorn. Useless years would they be indeed, but for this one moment of complete realization, this one moment of glimpse into things as they are and things as they might yet be.

Without, soundless drifts of scarcely trodden snow, pale rays of waning moonlight, gaunt shadows of rigid branches, wintry, tingling air. Within, imperfect circles of wavering light, dusky recesses in impenetrable corners, heaps of gray and darker ashes;—broken outlines of a once mighty yule log, dying embers, and far, deep in the crevice of the log, a warm, glowing heart of red, red fire—Christmas eve.

There Is Christmas in the Air

KATHERINE E. WILSON, '19, ADELPHIAN

There is Christmas in the air,
 Everywhere;
 For I feel its presence near,
 And I know 'twill soon be here.
 Chilly, crisp, December air,
 And the sky so blue and fair
 Make us feel it. There is Christmas in the air.

There is Christmas in the air.
 White and fair
 Is the peaceful evening star
 As it gleams from heaven afar.
 Lovely are our home-dreams bright,
 Sweet the strains of "Silent Night,"
 Softly telling us there's Christmas in the air.

Is there Christmas in the air,
 Over there,
 Where there's suffering and strife,
 Constant danger, loss of life?
 Is it felt amid the tears,
 Hardships, pain and cruel fears?
 Or have big guns driven Christmas from the air?

Let's send Christmas over there,
 With a prayer
 That the conflict soon may cease,
 That the nations may have peace,
 That through ages there may be
 Joy, good-will, and charity,
 That all may feel the Christmas in the air.

The Gift of Myrrh

ELIZABETH ROUNTREE, '18, ADELPHIAN

“Mother, oh mo-ther!” The excited voice rose almost to a shriek as Mary flew up the walk with a letter in her hand. Mrs. Ellis, fearing lest another blow had come to shatter her few remaining hopes, hurried to meet her. What had happened? She dared not stop to think, for already she felt the old horror coming over her. Since her boy—her “baby” Jim—had sailed for France her life had been a long, long struggle against fear, foreboding of evil that was crushing her minute by minute. Besides Mary, he was all she had. She had fought so madly to complete his education, to keep Mary fairly well dressed and both of them fed, on the meager little income that her own “Big Jim” had left her. Then just as a partial victory was hers and Jim was ready to take up the good job in the draft office up town, the great call had come and he had answered. She had told herself that she would not have had him do otherwise, that her son could never be a slacker—that his father would have wished him to go—and yet, the agony, the exquisite suffering that she must endure with a smiling face! Mary could not understand, she was too filled with the mad enthusiasm of the very young for glorious war! Her nation had at last gone to pay its great debt to France, to avenge the wrongs of Belgium and of the Lusitania, to win liberty and democracy for the world! She was sorry, of course, for Jim to have to go, but she was also proud that he had been one of the first to answer the summons. She threw back her head

scornfully as other girls told of their brothers’ being drafted. She would have nothing to do with “slackers,” as she disdainfully called them—with men who thought more of their bodies, their money, than they did of their nation, of the world, of humanity! She was enthusiastic over Red Cross work and first aid courses, but even these failed to bring to her mind the terrible reality of war.

On this day, however, as she flew to her mother, the novelty of it had somewhat worn away and the newspaper accounts of Americans in France had begun to make her fear just a little. The picture of battlefields flashed across her mind as she handed her mother the letter with the foreign seal. Mrs. Ellis took it fearfully, glanced at the address, and sank into a chair with a sigh of immeasurable relief. It was in Jim’s handwriting. At least he was alive when he wrote this. She closed her eyes and pressed the letter to her breast for a long time in silence.

“Mother, please hurry!” cried Mary, too excited to wait. “Do open it and let’s hear what he says! I think I shall *die* if I don’t find out *quick!*”

Her mother opened her eyes and looked up smiling.

“All right, dear,” she said. “Sit here on the arm of my chair and we will read it together. Oh, Mary, I’m so thankful that it has at last come.”

She tore open the envelope very slowly and paused again before spreading out the letter itself. It was such a thin little letter—only a single sheet—who knew but that—but Mary was again hurrying her and

she resolutely smoothed it out and read:

"Dearest Mother and Sis:

We have surely been having an exciting little game over here and I've had some awfully funny experiences with my miserable French. But the fellows have been awfully good about it and helped us 'Yanks' along like good sports until we could get enough to ask the way back to camp. After some time of nothing to do, they called us into action and we've been pushing forward steadily now for a month. Yesterday it slipped through that the Italians were broken to pieces and if it is true it will mean a great deal more will depend on us. Another bunch of our fellows will be here soon to help us out and they will surely have to hurry! Those devils are crowding us back as hard as they can, but we are giving them a gay little fight for their money. I've been out of it for a week with a pretty bad leg. A bit of shrapnel got me there and the doctor says"—the mother stopped and closed her eyes, then opened them and read on—"the doctor says it is not doing so well and it may have to come off. Don't worry, though, mother, darling, it really isn't so bad and I don't believe he knows what he is talking about. At any rate, I'm to be sent home on the next transport—and mother o' mine, I will be with you Christmas! Isn't it just too great to be true? My little 'lady with the Red Cross on her sleeve' tells me I must go to sleep and that she will see that this gets off. God bless her! Good night, my mother, and know now that I am *coming home!*

With all the love in the world to you and little sis,

Your Boy."

Mary sat still for a moment, then with a cry of joy sprang up and ran from the room. She hurried out on the street to tell the news to every-

body—to anybody—just to tell it to somebody! When she finally came back, breathless, her cheeks flaming, her eyes sparkling, she found her mother still sitting with the letter in her hand, her eyes full of dreams of Christmas with her little family, her soldier boy.

"Why, mother, dear," Mary cried as she ran up and put her arms around her, "what is the matter? Surely everything is right in the world now!"

Mrs. Ellis rose and said, choking, "Ah, yes—everything, Mary—and I am so—so happy—and so thankful—that I—I can't—stand it!"

She pressed her hands to her eyes and with great sobs shaking her whole frame, hurried up stairs. Mary stood mystified for a moment, then laughed softly to herself and went on making her happy preparations for the Christmas that was to come.

* * * * *

The long hours of the night dragged themselves away one by one. To the man tossing on the narrow cot by the window in the great base hospital just behind the firing line they seemed an eternity! Once every two hours the tired nurse came to his side to take his pulse. These moments to the sufferer were oases in the dreary desert of the black night. In the distance he heard the occasional rumble of cannon and started up, then fell back with a moan at each outburst. How vividly he saw the scene—the trenches filled with dead and dying men, their drawn, agonized faces lit up by the occasional flare of a bursting shell, and then the swiftly moving figures of the field hospital corps bending over bodies here and there and rushing them from the field in litters. Always he saw this picture, the picture of his last battle, the battle in which he was himself one of those crumpled bodies on the ground over which a

merciful figure bent. Gradually as he lay thinking he realized that the firing had become louder, nearer and that the gray dawn had come. He sat up and tried to get to the floor, but the agony in his thigh was overpowering, and he fainted. When he became again conscious, Miss Laura, his nurse, was bending over him, her face anxious.

"Why, Ellis," she said, "what *were* you trying to do? Don't you know, if you don't take care, the transport will leave without you? That was so childish of you to try to get up!"

"Oh, God!" he groaned, "I've got to get out of this! Don't you understand? I've—I've—got to get out!"

"Of course," she assented, "I understand! Your mother and sister are watching for you and it will soon be Christmas! You must get out and go home!"

"No—no!" he almost shouted, "It's not that! You don't understand. I've got to get back out yonder. I've got to go 'over the top' with the others in the big drive today. Let me out! Let me go!"

"No, no, you can't; it's impossible. Your wound! Now lie down;" she arranged his pillow and forced him back, "and let Doctor Stone dress that leg. If you don't be good, I'll tell on you!" She laughed bravely as she went for the hot water. What was she to do with this man who was so nearly crazed with the pain he had endured for almost a month, and who still fought everyone who tried to treat him, keeping himself from gaining strength by his constant efforts to get out and into the fight again! His ceaseless worry and vain efforts to rise constantly drained his meagre supply of strength until now he had practically nothing to go on except nerve force. How vividly she remembered the night, so like the past one, when he was brought in unconscious

and nearly frozen. How they had worked to bring him back and how bravely he had smiled at her when he opened his eyes and realized that he was indeed out of the game for a long while. Then on that day when he was told that he would be sent back home and that his leg would probably have to go, his face turned an ashy hue that she would never forget. But summoning his wonderful smile again he had asked her for a pencil and paper and she had supported him as he wrote the cheeriest letter she had ever read to his mother, telling her the good "news" that he would be home Christmas and only mentioning that it was possible that he would have to lose his leg. Recently the wound had grown worse. In spite of all they could do, gangrene had set in and now it was hopeless. He was too weak to suffer that any longer and Dr. Stone, she believed, intended to amputate today, in spite of the poor facilities there for operating. Well, even if that was necessary, it would not be so hard to heal and perhaps he could yet go home on the transport, home to the patient little mother and sister who awaited him. He had told her much of this happy home and family and in his delirium he had revealed to her the terrible struggle through which his mother had passed since the father's death—that struggle that he alone understood. Her own dormant mother instinct was awakened and she yearned over this poor boy in this great far away struggle and her heart bled for the mother heart that would break if her boy failed to come back.

From thoughts of Ellis she was startled by a moan from a cot near her. Ah yes, that was the poor fellow whose right arm and shoulder had been splintered two days before in an air raid. Next him lay a man whose eyes had been destroyed, and next to him—the cots stretched on and on,

each with its burden of broken manhood. A wave of sick horror at the hopeless, unending monotony of it all swept over her. The place reeked with iodoform and battle smoke. Through the haze she could see a doctor and nurse bending over a man who was dying, babbling of home. She pulled herself together with a jerk and, taking her dressings, moved swiftly between the lines of white cots. The drawn faces looked up at her beseechingly as she passed, watching for the smile that was sure to come. Suddenly she stopped and turned; something had caught her skirt. She looked down, then shuddered and drew away a little; it was the German who had been brought in the day before. His imploring eyes looked up at her from beneath the blood-stained bandages about his head. He seemed about to speak and she moved closer. Panting and gasping for breath, he poured out his heart to her in a torrent of words of which she could understand nothing. She knew that he was sending his last words home, for she caught the words "kinder" and "Vaterland," but she was helpless. She felt that the smile of understanding which she tried to give him was weak and drawn and as he fell back unconscious, his eyes glazing over, she turned to hurry away with the blackness of despair in her heart. She had been unable to ease the suffering of the men and now she was failing them in their dying moments.

She reached Ellis' bedside and found him smiling cheerfully and talking with Dr. Stone of his plans to leave France. He was even joking over the probability of submarine capture. As Laura came up, the doctor took Ellis' emaciated hand in one of his big, strong ones and said very gravely, very quietly:

"My boy, you belong to the Legion

of Honor. You have endured much and now for your mother's sake you must endure more. You gave all you had out yonder except your life, and God has spared that for your mother. You received a wound which under the most favorable conditions might have been cured, but which, owing to our pitiful equipment, has taken a bad turn. Brace up, boy! Your leg must be amputated at the hip."

Still holding his hand he felt the desperate pressure as he said the last words, and strong man that he was, he was unable to look into the face of the broken boy. Turning to the window, the doctor gazed with unseeing eyes toward the firing line. Suddenly he realized that a man was running toward the hospital, waving and shouting. He motioned the nurse to come and himself went to the door. The messenger fell exhausted on the step.

"Colonel says," he gasped, "move hospital back in town. Line—weakening—don't know what might happen—must—get—back," and he struggled to his feet, staggered and fell. The doctor hurriedly took him inside, gave his orders to move, spoke a few words to Laura and hurried out. She, with pale face, slipped to Jim's bedside and leaned over him. His face was smiling wanly again and his eyes held something of their old lustre. The shells were screaming quite near and an occasional one flew over the hospital itself. The roar grew louder and louder until finally he could stand it no longer.

"Hold me up," he begged, "and let me have my musket. Help me out. I must go and die in the trench like a man."

"No, no!" she cried, "you cannot! Think of all it means to you to be quiet and avoid any unnecessary strain. You can't help as you are; you must wait patiently."

Just then she turned away to answer

a doctor's summons and so did not catch the grim, fierce light that flashed into his eyes. He watched until she was out of sight, then reached for the crutch of the man who lay on the next cot to his. Struggling desperately against weakness and pain he staggered up and stood swaying by the window.

The roar was deafening now and the house trembled and shook from its foundations at each more violent outburst. Suddenly a crash of splintering timbers sounded above him, followed instantly by a sheet of red flame. Men screamed as they were hurled upward and then dropped to be pinned under heavy burning timbers. Ellis, the wild light burning in his eyes, once more stood straight and proud to meet the enemy. Then as the rafters came crashing down, he felt a sickening blow; then came merciful, eternal oblivion.

* * * * *

Christmas day dawned white and bleak in the little middle western American town. The children, as usual, raced madly from house to house telling what Santa Claus had brought them, but even they felt the strange tense atmosphere that pervaded every household. Their stockings had not been so full as usual and there was more than ever the new talk

of giving to "relief funds," of "sacrifice," of "the struggle over there." In homes from which brothers and husbands had gone, the women's faces were wan and pinched as they tried to laugh gaily over Christmas stockings, trees and Santa Claus.

In the Ellis home on main street there were no little children, but Mary had hung up her stocking as she had always done and had laughed and chattered as she dumped its contents on the floor by her mother's bed early in the morning. She had laughed and pretended so much in the weeks past while her heart grew numb that now on *this* day she felt she could not go on with the play. Her mother grew paler and weaker day by day as the postman came and went with never a line from Jim. If word did not come today, each secretly felt they could not endure the strain longer. Mary summoned her smile once again and resolved to keep up the sham until noon when the postman would come. She hurried about the little duties of the day praying for time to pass quickly. At last she heard the fateful whistle and ran to the door, but her mother was there before her. Trembling she received her gift of myrrh. It was only a few words from casualty headquarters:

"James Seeward Ellis killed in explosion of French base hospital 29."

His Gift

MARY GORDON, '19, ADELPHIAN

Only a little Child

Heralded by the gleam of a star,
Yet a Light was set in the hearts of men
Whose rays are seen afar.

Can you be a little child again,
Heart-pure and wonder-eyed?
Then meekly enter;
For the portal of Love is just so wide.

"And a Little Child is in the Midst of Them"

CAROLINE L. GOFORTH, '17, CORNELIAN

MARGARET H. GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

The editors are very glad to continue this page from the Christmas number last year and welcome the reappearance of last term's editor-in-chief within our pages.

Little Chickens

I had some little chickens oncet
That peeped and bustled round
A-peckin' things, a-runnin' 'back and
forth.
You'd take 'em up and think they's
soft and round,
And then they'd be all feet and bills,
A-walkin' and a-peckin' in yer hand.

Reedy River

Reedy River's mighty muddy,
Mighty deep and mighty muddy.
Pap says 'taint got no more bottom
Den the hell the parson talks of;
Jes' as dark, too, and as awful.
Hell—the people roun' here called it
When it swallowed up Jim Reynolds,
Gulped him down and closed him over
And we ain't seed Jim no more.
I ain't tole what I aimed to,
'Kase I got off on Jim Reynolds,
But I've got some news to tell you,
Mighty strange and mighty currous.
Reedy River's got a bottom, ,
'Kase I seed it yestiddy.
I was up the river fishin',
Fishin' for the perch and suckers
Up near old man Tompkins' place,
And I seed old Reedy's bottom
Plain as I can see your face.
It was clearer more than common
So and I could see the bottom,
And I seed it plain as day;
Purty much the same the sky is—
Just as blue with clouds a-floatin',
As I saw it yestiddy.
Reedy's bottom's mighty currous,
Mighty strange and mighty currous;
They wuz trees down there a-growin'

Upside down there with their top
parts

Sticking straight in Reedy's bottom.
Yes, I seed it, and it's currous,
Currous how the sky is down there
Same as 'tis up in the heavens.
'Taint no hell down there, I'm sartin',
For 'twere all the world like heaven.
Wonder where old hell is—currous!

I Spy

The moon man's playin' hide and
seek with me;
'N when I say I spy,
He winks his yuther eye,
'N hides behind a cloud.
'N I count one, two, three,
With my eyes shut, n'en
He's out again!

Weather

Folks talk 'bout snow and Christmas.
Us ain' got no snow,
Ner icicles, ner skatin',
Ner nuthin' for to show
We know the way that Christmas
orter be.

The grass and things ain' got no sense
To our town.
Things keep right on a-lookin' green.
Earth ain't put on no "widder's
gown,"
Ner shed no "glories," I'll be bown,
To our town.

When I get rich and grow great big
I'm goin' 'way up north
Where weather's got some sense to act
Like Christmas 'stead of glorious

Fourth

Away on in December.

Christmas Music

KATHERINE E. WILSON, '19, ADELPHIAN

To Christian peoples throughout the world, Christmas is the most joyful day of the year, because it is the anniversary of our Redeemer's nativity. It is obvious that we should be glad, and that we should express our jubilation in music, the medium through which happy emotions are most satisfactorily expressed. When the cup of joy is filled beyond its capacity it must overflow; hence the great stream of Christmas carols and hymns, which has flowed steadily down the ages. Because hymns have echoed the peace, good will, joy and praise which we feel at Christmas, we treasure them in our hearts and are never weary of singing them.

Carols have emphasized the idea of joy, as we may imply from the name, which is derived from the Italian *carolare*, and originally from two Latin words, *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an exclamation of joy. The first carol was "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The singers were angels; the audience, a band of shepherds "abiding in the fields" near Bethlehem of Judea. The elements of peace, joy, praise, and good will are magnificently comprehended in the angel's familiar words. Many succeeding carols have imitated the first one, but none have equalled its grandeur or its simplicity, because carols, like ballads, are songs composed and sung by the people. Their subject matter treats of Biblical incidents connected with the Nativity, or of secular customs observed at Christmas.

In England, carols flourished during the gay, brilliant Elizabethan

Age. To this era belong "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen," "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing In," and "As Joseph Was A-Walking." During the Commonwealth, when stern Puritanism held its sway, carols were not in favor; but the exiled Cavaliers observed the custom of singing them, and revived it at the Restoration. Despite the sternness and sombreness of the age, it has given us several great Christmas poems, which are products of individual composition. The greatest of these is Milton's "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which is noted for its depth of thought and matchless description. George Withers' "As On the Night Before This Happy Morn," and Herrick's "What Sweeter Music Can We Bring?" are lighter poems by a Spenserian and a Cavalier poet. When the eighteenth century was ushered into time, people turned unanimously to prose; therefore, carols, like other forms of poetry, were sadly neglected. From the beginning of the nineteenth century further development has been made by individuals, but they are no longer composed by groups of people.

In Germany, carols were as popular as in England. Martin Luther was a singer and a writer of these pleasing songs. Perhaps his best is the one which he wrote for his little son, which is, "From Highest Heaven I Came to Tell." It was rendered by a boy who was dressed as an angel and lowered into the church by a rope. One day the rope broke, and the "angel" had a fall which resulted in his death. This sad accident ended a custom which was beautiful but dangerous.

As people became more cultured, and learned how to read and write, they outgrew carols and sought more dignified expression of their emotions, and they found hymns. England is especially rich in Christmas hymns, because she has produced the greatest writers of these sacred lyrics. Isaac Watts, who is noted for sublimity and intellectuality, has given to Christendom a masterful hymn, whose very title, "Joy to the World! the Lord Has Come," echoes the deep, sincere Christmas joy. Charles Wesley's "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," contains an exultant, jubilant strain, especially in these lines:

"Joyful, all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

In this, as in all of Wesley's hymns, there is fervor and warm religious feeling. Bishop Reginald Heber makes use of the Adoration of the Magi to emphasize the true spirit of worship, in his exquisite hymn, "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning." In one splendid stanza he gives us the ideal for worship:

"Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor
secure,
Better by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of
the poor."

James Montgomery left us "Angels from the Realms of Glory," which tells us of the angels, and of the Wise Men, and finally summons us to "Come and Worship Christ, the New-born King."

It is to Germany that we are indebted for Luther's Cradle Hymn, and for that sweetest of all songs, "Stille Nacht." In addition to his fame as a preacher and reformer, Luther has

acquired considerable renown as a hymn writer, especially of "Eine Feste Burg," and the beautiful cradle hymn which we have known from childhood:

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His wee head.

Little ones love this hymn, because it presents a picture of a sleeping child. This picture is also presented in "Stille Nacht," especially in the lines:

"Holder Knabe im lockigen Haar,
Schlaf' in himmlischer Ruh!
(Lovely boy with curly hair,
Sleep in heavenly rest.)"

No other hymn is so full of Christmas atmosphere as this simple German song. To appreciate it fully one should know it in the original, for the German language is onomatopoeic, and lends itself to descriptions of sound. It makes us feel the intense hush and solemn silence which accompanied the advent of the Prince of Peace.

Phillips Brooks, one of the American hymn writers, has artfully described the serene Christmas silence in his immortal hymn:

"O Little Town of Bethlehem,
How *still* we see thee lie,
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The *silent* stars go by."

A better known American Christmas hymn is Edmund Sears' "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear." The Angels' Song is the theme of this lovely hymn. The first stanza gives the story; the second tells us that the beautiful song may still be heard above the "Babel sounds" of our noisy, discordant earth; the third invites all those "beneath life's crushing load" to listen to the song; and the fourth assures us that the Prince of Peace will eventually come, and

“The whole earth give back the song
Which now the angels sing.”

In all of these hymns there is reflected praise, reverence, love for humanity and the Christ-child, and peace. It sometimes seems, in these days of strife and bloodshed, that there is no peace or good will on earth. Despite the turmoil and unrest, the

spirit of peace is in the hearts of many. Out of the strife the day will come when peace shall cover the earth
“as the waters cover the sea.”

“The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.”

The Sweater

MARGARET GEORGE, '18, CORNELIAN

To E. S.

I

She had worked for months upon it,
And tired her little fingers day and night,
And labored, muscles tense and nerves astrain,
And now 'tis but a sagging mesh of holes.
'Tis not a garment to keep out the cold
Of freezing nights in trenches
Nor keep the blood warm when the chill creeps in
When waiting for the order to advance;
And yet the little drop-stitched pully rag
Is dear to me and does me actual service;
For when I look at it and touch its yarn
Her little fingers worked at,
My heart pounds until my blood goes racing through my veins.
And while the other fellows in their well-knit ones
Sit around and shiver,
I am warm clear through!

II

Cold—
Dull, numb cold,
With red-hot needles pricking now and then.
I would not mind my hands and feet,
I'm used to that; I'm working, anyway.
But my whole body's cold.
A sweater? Yes, I have a sweater.
I didn't buy one, for she said she'd knit me one.
She did, and sent it late.
She could have stitched a hundred sheets
The while she twiddled needles over this poor holey rag of wasted yarn.

“Inasmuch”

LOIS WILSON, '20, CORNELIAN

The cries of strong men in agony wailed above the thundering of cannon. Those anguished cries, however, though not unheeded by the Germans behind the firing line, caused no slackening of the slaughter, for the orders from headquarters were: “Do not cease fire until the last Russian caught in swamp is killed or wounded.” Not one of those brave soldiers was so hardened by the “blood and iron” principles of the war that he did not feel the intense disgust of the strong man for a brute job. Every man knew that if he did weaken for an instant he would have to be shot down by his comrades, steeped with the horror of it just as he was well-nigh crazed at being forced to massacre impotent foes, herded together in a swamp. Officers pulled their helmets down over their faces in a vain attempt to conceal their dumb horror and rebellion from the brave men whom they must goad on against defenseless and offenseless foes. Men stared straight ahead and struggled to keep their ashen lips from trembling. Occasionally the long line would be broken by the dropping out of a soldier whose eyes glowed with a strange and fearful wild light that they had come to know too well in this fierce contest of might against mercy. The unceasing roar of cannon mingled with the wails of men in mortal agony rent the quiet of the night. Finally the lurid glare and the awful rumbling of the firing died down and the dead cold of the darkness was disturbed only by the hoarse groans of the dying. It had been considered unnecessary to waste any more ammunition on the “cattle.”

When the roar of firing ceased the passionate screams came with renewed appeal to the German lines. Those battle and grief scarred men tried in vain to close their ears to the screams. Finally one of them approached the officer in command and said in a voice harsh with the effort at self-control:

“I can’t stand it any longer, sir. It would be bad enough at any time, but this is Christmas and I’ve been thinking—” his voice broke. “I can’t stay here and listen to those poor wretches. I’m going out there to see if I can do anything to make some of them die easier.”

The officer stared a moment and then said slowly: “You are doing an unheard of thing. It is against our policy, but go, and may God bless you.”

Carrying hot coffee and coarse food, the supper he had not cared to eat, he slipped out across the field, torn in deep furrows, ghastly in the moonlight, to the frozen swamp where the pitiful remnant of the Russian forces endured the agony of wounds as well as freezing. An almost unbearable wave of revulsion swept over him and clutched at his throat as he gazed horrified at the mangled men huddled together, dead or dying. When he had sufficiently recovered from the paralysis of fearful awe he moved on and knelt down beside the first wounded man he came to. Taking off his overcoat he covered the man and forced him to drink some of the coffee. The man, too weak to protest or thank, accepted the service dumbly. He stood up without his overcoat, his uniform was revealed in

the white moonlight. A Russian, wild with suffering, seeing only that the man was a German and an enemy, summoned his last ounce of strength and fired. The rescuer heard the shot; then all was dark. Gradually a soft light broke in upon the darkness and he saw, before him, a man in flowing white robes with a face of mystic sweetness, all compassion and sorrow. About him spread a holy

glow of light. Gazing at the beautiful figure he forgot all his pain of body and mind and became filled with a silent all-pervading joy, mingled with sympathy for all the world. The white-robed one pointed at the huddled shape under the overcoat and spoke:

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

The Stars

MARY L. JACKSON, '21, ADELPHIAN

God could not leave us in the darkness wholly,
 Lest we His truths should fail to realize—
 To grasp; I think for that reason solely
 He gave us night—and vast, star-studded skies.

We count them great—our continents and nations—
 Our little problems that perplex us so—
 But realize our narrow limitations
 When gazing on the distant worlds aglow.

Almost we pierce—we puny weakling mortals—
 The veil that hides His glory from our eyes;
 Almost we see the infinite, fair portals—
 Almost we read the future in the skies!

The Army Blues

Laura Linn Wiley, '18, Adelphian

"To the rear—march! Squad right—squad left!" There was a heavy, even tramp, tramp of feet. Everything was going like clockwork. A fleeting smile of satisfaction passed over the sergeant's face and was gone, for his eyes fell on "Grubby," who, despite his efforts, was keeping step with nobody but himself.

Awkward, indifferent, "rear-buck" Grubby was the goat of the whole company. He had volunteered, not knowing or caring what would become of him. It was a novel experience—that's all. He had never had a job in his life. His indulgent father had given him a *position*. When he first arrived at camp and found out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, he was ready to take the next train home. Work started the very first day and continued without intermission. Grubby had thought he knew what work was when he was on the football team at Yale. His theory was certainly exploded.

The first day suits, blankets and recruit kits were given out. These kits contained only the bare necessities for a toilet. The captain informed them that any unnecessary articles would not be allowed. This meant that Grubby's tailor-made suit, pink-edged towels and fancy handkerchiefs could not keep company with him. He really didn't mind about anything but the pink-edged towels, but he did not want "her" to know that he was not using them. The next day bunkmates were assigned. Grubby's were an unruly pair. Both of them had worked in a garage and neither one looked like he had ever been quite

able to remove the marks of his calling. The unfortunate thing was that one had worked in a Ford, the other in a Paige garage. So it was that for hours after "lights off" they lay awake discussing the respective merits of a Ford and an automobile, occasionally almost coming to blows. Grubby in desperation one night threw a respectful fit which he attributed to lack of sleep, and since then his slumbers had been undisturbed except for the occasional call to arms during the night.

Another thing which disgusted him no little was that those Frenchmen in camp could not understand French; that is, Grubby's French. He had always prided himself on nonchalantly seasoning his conversation with French phrases and had noticed that it took well with the fair sex who visited the fort on Sunday. He positively could not understand why it was that those Frenchmen could not understand him when he used whole sentences instead of phrases. Why had that young Frenchman glared at him across the table when he had said: "Vous ethes grande femme!" instead of what he intended to say: "Nous avez un grand faim!" Since then he had been attending strictly to his own business and as is nearly always the case had gotten no credit except for being unsociable. In short, everything seemed to have gone wrong so far, and Grubby had a bad case of the "army blues."

So much for that. We left our company marching to the left. Unless we soon stop them they will be out of sight. "Halt!" came curtly from the "top" sergeant. Mess call inter-

rupted any further drill and they "fell out" to wash up.

Several weeks later Grubby received a very important letter. The giver of the pink-edged towels was coming to pay him a visit at Christmas. A crowd of girls were coming down on an excursion.

"Oh, boy! Won't we kill a big 'un?" This was addressed to his friends, the recent enemies, his bunk mates. They had all had an attack of homesickness about the same time and were now on quite friendly and sympathetic terms.

"Fellows, I tell you we are going to have a high time. I want to see her like everything, but—" and Grubby's enthusiasm suddenly flagged, "what in thunder am I to do? She thinks I'm a perfect wonder. I know I oughtn't to have written her all that hot air about how well I was getting along and all that stuff. She'll expect to find me the star drummer in the bunch!"

He fell into a reverie. Visions of Nancy's disappointment in him flitted across his mind. If she only knew! He did everything wrong. At least it seemed that way to him. The captain had more than once threatened to throw certain ones in the guard house—the "mill" as it was popularly termed. Grubby knew that he would be one of them. He had certainly been trying lately, but he could see no improvement. He didn't mind wearing the army "blues," because they were not just ordinary overalls. He didn't mind scouring dishes or cooking mess. In fact, he wouldn't have minded being thrown in the "mill," but now that Nancy was coming and Christmas along with her, he just could not bear the idea.

It was Grubby's turn now to keep the others awake talking about coming events, and no one minded. Friend-

ship brings about such marvelous changes.

The twenty-fourth of December found the fort a scene of merriment and good fellowship. Quite a few home folks had arrived; others were expected on the noon train.

A crowd of jolly boys had assembled in Grubby's tent. His happened to be a corner tent and therefore favored with a stove. Grubby was apparently in high spirits. He had even gone so far as to take down the sign off his door which read: "No. Ad. unless you have an armful of wood. This means you!" But somehow way down in the heart of him Grubby had a quaking premonition that something was going to happen. What would it matter? He was just a "rear-buck" private. He could hardly help being happy in that jolly bunch.

"Fellows, I don't believe that train is ever coming. Slow? I reckon! Don't see why they don't put the cow-catcher on the rear end. An old cow might stroll in that way!"

"Oh, boy! Let's sing!" yelled one of the number. "Tune up!" said some one, and in a second all were loudly singing

"Good-bye, Broadway; hello France,
We're ten million strong.
Good-bye—"

The singing suddenly stopped. Everyone looked up. An orderly stood in the door of the tent.

"The Captain wishes to see private Myers at headquarters." With a quick turn he was gone.

"Well, I knew it was coming," sighed Grubby resignedly. "I've been feeling it all along. Of course it means the 'mill' this time."

"I'm sorry, old fellow. Maybe not. Cheer up!" came in sympathetic tones from all the boys.

Grubby rose from his cot. "If I don't get back in time meet the train

for me, boys!" With that he stalked out, down company street to headquarters.

Nobody spoke for some time after he left. "How deucedly rotten," ventured Percy McGuire after some minutes had elapsed. "It's rather a shame that the old chap should get in bad now."

A long, loud whistle blew. The boys jumped to their feet. "How are we going to know the lady?" asked one.

"Rummage around in some of Grubby's stuff and find her picture," suggested another. This done, they all started on a run toward the small station. But just as they left the tent, Grubby darted from the Cap-

tain's quarters, passed them and arrived at the station just as the train rolled in. He threaded the crowd and stood waiting with eyes glued to the train door.

It seemed hours to him before Nancy jumped from the steps. The fellows came up about the same time.

"O, Grubby, you don't look like yourself. You are so big and brown and straight and — everything!" Nancy fairly danced for glee. "You are a real soldier now! Aren't you?"

"No, I'm a *corporal!*" and Grubby's mingled pride and excitement almost overcame him.

"By jove!" exclaimed the irrepressible Percy. "How deuced—"

"Come on, fellows! Let's give three cheers for Corporal Grubby!"



Contributors' Club

"Dere Ain't No Santa Claus But Mu"

JULIA WEST, '20, CORNELLIAN

It was the day before Christmas. "Pete, I knows somefn', but I ain't er gwine tell, less in case mu' might fin' it out." Rastus' little kinky head bobbed knowingly as he looked dreamily over the wide stretch of snow-covered field.

Pete's eyes shone like two large diamonds while he said coaxingly, "Sho', Rastus, you's gwine tell yo' ole brudder. Co'se you know you is."

The black wooly head signed a negative.

"Please, Rastus," pleaded his brother.

"Perviding dat you takes on de vows of nebber telling, and nebber telling means keeping yo' mouf shet all the time, eben if Satan's angels gits atter you."

Pete's thick red lips went together like those of a snapping turtle, while his eyes fairly bulged with anticipation.

"No sir, dat ain't ernuf, you son of a gun. Dere's got to be a heaps of cer'mony like Bru' King done when he babsized mu'. Come on!"

Curiosity prevailed. Down went the shivering Pete on his knees in the old ditch at the back of Mister Rhem's pasture. Imitating the solemn voice of "Bru' King," Rastus began: "I swear—"

"I swear," echoed Pete.

"I swear to—" began Rastus once more.

"Lawdy, Rastus, ain't I done swearned ernuf?" broke in Pete miserably. "Dis here water's cold as frog toes!"

"I swear," began Rastus a third time, "to nebber let on what—"

"Rastus, say Rastus, jes' look at dem dere sassy wild ducks! Ain't mu' done said wild ducks is jes' as good fer Christmas as turkey? Rastus, I'm er gwine to hab one of dem dar ducks."

Welcome duck, farewell secret.

A flying stick, a fluttering of wings accompanied by a loud squawking, and one victim from the fast vanishing flock remained.

"Say, Rastus, ain't he er beaut?"

"Goldarn you rusty, kinky-headed, two-legged coons! So this is where my prize ducks have been going, is it? Fall in line. Step lively, you rascallions you." Big farmer Rhem was a powerful man, and no one dared test his temper.

"Oh, Lawdy, Massa Rhem," began the quavering Pete.

"Shut up and get a pace on you," thundered the mighty voice.

Five minutes elapsed. A crestfallen voice muttered: "Say, Rastus, you ain't done tole me what 'twas."

"Oh, Lawdy, it's done worsen 'an Massa Rhem. Dere ain't no Santa Claus but mu'."

Christmas Over There

SYBIL BARRINGTON, NELLE BARDIN, '20, ADELPHIANS

Somewhere in France,
November 22, 1917.

Dearest Mother:

You know I told you in my last letter that we had been moved to this old town, or what used to be the town. It is a crazy old place and one of the oldest towns in this country; but since the war they, what few inhabitants are left, tell me that it is not at all like it used to be. I wish I could have seen some of the buildings before they were mutilated as they now are.

I want to tell you about something which happened yesterday, for I believe it is going to lead to an adventure. About twelve o'clock on my way to camp I passed a particularly large and curious mass of ruins. Judging from the small back part which was still standing, I think the building must have been at one time a church. I stood looking at it, my thoughts on other things—Christmas at home, I guess, when I saw a little boy climb out of the ruins. He looked almost starved to death and was shivering with cold. As he came near, I called to him, thinking to put into practice the French we have been studying in camp:

"Sonny, where are you going, and is that your home?" pointing to the pile of ruins.

"That's where we stay now," he answered, "since mother can't walk any more."

"But why can't she walk, child?" I questioned.

For a second he looked eagerly into my face and then said: "Mister, are you a doctor? Oh, say you are, and come and help mother. For mother's sake, come."

Mother, you know that the last ap-

peal would have carried me, if I had not even wanted to go. I went with the boy, clambering over the rubbish and finally came to the part from which he had come. We entered as best we could, and what I saw there made me realize more than I have at all that the results of this war already are terrible. On a rough pile of rubbish, covered with weeds, lay a woman. Beside her on the floor were two little children, while an older girl sat crumpled up at her side. I saw at once that the woman was undergoing the most acute suffering. I crossed the room and kneeling by the rough bed asked: "How are you suffering? Tell me how I can help you?" In my eagerness I had forgotten to speak in French. When she looked at me with questioning eyes I remembered and repeated my question in the best French I could muster. I made out from her answer that she, with her four children, had been wandering for two weeks. Her husband had been killed during the first year of the war. She had managed to do enough work to keep herself and family living until two weeks ago. At that time a raid was made through the village in which she lived and she with the others had been forced to leave. The day before she had fallen and broken her ankle, and the older boy and girl had managed to get her into this place, where she had remained during the night.

I saw that her greatest need now was a doctor, so I hastened to the camp for one. In less than half an hour we were back and had brought with us enough food to give them at least one meal. We returned to the camp about nightfall, after having done all we could for the poor people.

But somehow I didn't feel at all comfortable, and last night I told a bunch of fellows just what I had seen. They were interested at once and finally one said: "Say, fellows, let's make up our lack of home Christmas by giving those kids and their mother a sure 'nough Christmas."

We took him up on the proposition at once and he gave us his ideas. Today we have done nothing but plan and decide upon how we can carry out our plans for this Christmas celebration. It is past for taps.

Dec. 24.

I thought I would have mailed this letter before, but since I wrote the other, we have been putting in every hour drilling. Still we have snatched time to finish our plans for the celebration. There are about ten of us in it. Hal with three others went out today and cut the Christmas tree. They also brought evergreens of all kinds for the room. I really can't write more now, but I don't think I shall mail this until after tomorrow night, so I can tell you how the plan goes through.

Dec. 26.

Well, Christmas is over, and I want you to know that there was not an unhappy or lonesome moment in the whole day. I received the things you and all the homefolks sent early Christmas morning. They did no little part towards making the day a happy one, not only for me directly, but also indirectly, because some of the things helped to make our adopted French kiddies happy. And your letter, mother, was best of all.

But now let me tell you how the great plan went through. About twelve o'clock we ten left camp, carrying the tree and what each one of us had been able to give to put on it. And don't think that there wasn't much. It is really surprising how many things we did find to give. Then

those of us who happened to have any money bought things from the one shop the place boasts of. We were glad to do it, too. The spirit among the fellows was something splendid, mother! Why, some of them gave up their precious cigarette and stamp money in order to swell our little fund! I heard one of the fellows tell Hal that he had not been treated square, for Hal had told somebody else more things to get than had been assigned to him.

I don't guess I need to go into detail about how much those people appreciated what we did for them, for you have done so many things of the kind that you know. But, little mother, I just wish you could have seen the almost awed expression on the faces of those little chaps, when they first saw the tree and the gifts, and then the joy that fairly radiated from them when they realized that it was for them. The happy, thankful look in the beautiful eyes of the mother was not the least of all either. We had to explain to them about the American Christmas, but the Christmas spirit was here all right.

This is a rather long letter, but I have so much to tell you that when I get started to writing I don't know when to stop. Anyway the thing next best to getting a letter from you is writing to you. Tell Bess that there is a little girl over here who knows all about her, and if she would like to, she might save her pennies that she gets for her good reports and send them to me. Then I will give little Antoinette (for that's her name) a present and tell her that it is sent especially from her American cousin in the "big United States." Give my love to Dad and Sis, but save the biggest share for yourself. It's too late for a "Merry Christmas," but here's the biggest and best of New Years, from
Dick.

Locals

Student Government Notes

At our mass meeting on November 3rd the student body was glad to have Dr. Foust as a representative of the Faculty Advisory Committee. At this time he gave us a short and interesting talk in which he reminded us that each individual represented her college and that now is the time for American students to "do their bit." Since the armies of Italy and Russia have gone to pieces America must fight harder and American students have a bigger part to play. Dr. Foust gave us a real and vital interpretation of our duty as students by advocating conservation of small things, definite service in the Red Cross organization and sacrifice of selfish wants in every possible way in order to contribute to the many calls from the war needs. By doing this we not only make the college, the nation and the world a better place in which to live, but we also develop ourselves into broad-minded efficient college women, ready to add our strength to the winning of the victory of any great fight in the world.

The student body pledged their Thanksgiving day as a day in which each will do some definite Red Cross work. Not only did the students offer their cooperation with Miss Brooks, the dietitian, in conservation of food, but they also resolved to stop indulging in cold drinks and all "between-meal confections" that have no food value. More strongly than ever the girls felt the call to "do their bit" as patriotic citizens and all joined in offering their service in every possible way.

Initiation

The initiations of both societies were entirely secret this year. Here again the students showed their patriotism in a practical way by dispensing with the elaborate banquets usually following the initiatory exercises and buying Liberty Bonds with the money which would have been spent in this way. Not only was the spirit of sacrifice and patriotism a gratification to students and faculty, but the returned alumnae and upper classmen of both societies say that the initiations as held this year were more beautiful and impressive than ever before. Many have gone so far as to declare that they hope this year's plan will be continued.

Both societies feel themselves particularly fortunate in the promising group of Freshmen which have been initiated this year and in the splendid spirit with which they have entered into the work of the societies.

Adelphian Society

Before the evening of Saturday, November 3rd, Samuel Pepys and his Diary suggested to us little more than a few pages in Long's English Literature. Since Saturday night Adelphians have been more interested in Samuel Pepys, because they saw at that time "The Privy Council," a short play based on an incident found in the Diary. The atmosphere of the play was perfect in its quaint, adventurous spirit and the acting was in perfect tone with the play. We hope to see more plays of this type on the society stages. The play was ably

presented by the Sophomores of the Adelpian Society. Miss Henrietta Alston starred as Samuel Pepys, for which part she was particularly well fitted, and Miss Mary Wynn Abernethy acted brilliantly the part of Mrs. Knipp. The cast was as follows:

Samuel Pepys, Secretary of the Admiralty Henrietta Alston
 Sir Christopher Mings, Admiral of the White Minnie Smith
 Sir William Killigrew, Maritime Regiment of Foot Lela Wade
 Mrs. Pepys Catherine Cobb
 Mercer, her maid and kinswoman
 Lois Lytle
 Mary, a chambermaid . Nelle Bardin
 Mrs. Knipp, of the King's playhouse
 Mary Wynn Abernethy

On the night of October 20th the Adelpians presented Booth Tarkington's charming play, "Beauty and the Jacobin." The play offers opportunity for the cleverest of acting and character portrayal and we feel that Mr. Tarkington's well-known production received adequate and able interpretation by the following cast:

Vakin Elizabeth Rountree
 Louis de Valny Cherault Rouss Hays
 Dossonville Macy Parham
 Eloise D'Auville Theresa Williams
 Anne de Laseyne Mary Gordon

Miss Williams showed remarkable talent in the interpretation of her very difficult part and Miss Rountree did a notable bit of heavy acting. The play was well chosen, well cast and excellently presented.

Cornelian Society

On the evening of November 3rd, the Senior class of the Cornelian Literary Society very successfully presented as the literary program the play, "The American Flag." The cast was as follows:

Bob McMillan, an American
 Annie Newton
 Judge Oliver, an American consul in France Catherine Wilson
 Ignatz Schell, an honest Israelite
 Leta Tripp
 Commander Wolff, of the enemy's forces Marie Lineberger
 Major Marvin, an American officer
 Margaret McIver
 Karl Steinberg, a German soldier
 Pauline Benton
 June Oliver, an American girl
 Dorothy Phelps
 Dixie McMillan, a little patriot
 Lucile Reams
 Rosika, a Hungarian gypsy
 Nancy Porter

A spirit of patriotism permeated the whole atmosphere throughout the play. The "little patriot," Miss Lucile Reams, won all the hearts, while Miss Leta Tripp, "an honest Israelite," furnished the fun and laughter of the evening. The play demanded rapid movement and brilliancy and we congratulate the Seniors on their dramatic ability and patriotic spirit. We would like to see such able actors in a play which demanded real character portrayal.

At Chapel

We have been very fortunate in our chapel exercises during this month. On October 15th Mr. Smith read and gave us a new and vital interpretation of the old and yet always interesting story, "Bringing Home the Bride," in which Isaac finds his life companion. Mr. Smith again read and interpreted a Bible story for us on October 17th, when he presented "The Dream of Nebuchadnezzar at the Great Tree."

October 19th being Friday we had our regular musical program, in which Mr. Scott-Hunter gave us some interesting and valuable information

about the organ. By explaining the four tones produced he gave us a better appreciation of the orchestral power of the organ. To illustrate these tones he played for us several familiar folk songs and closed his program by Schubert's "Andante con moto," from the Symphony in C major, No. 4, a favorite with the students since Mr. Scott-Hunter played it in his recital this fall.

During the week of October 22-27 Mr. Jackson gave us some very interesting discussions of the life and works of Martin Luther. During the next week these talks were followed by some similar lectures by Dr. Lesh, who presented the personal side of Luther. It was not only opportune to hear of Luther on this the four hundredth anniversary of his birth when he is in the minds of the protestant world, but it was of interest to us all to have Luther presented to us in the pleasing and unusual way, characteristic of both Mr. Jackson and Dr. Lesh.

On November 6th Miss Harriett Elliott gave us a short but interesting talk on the history, organization and rules of the Red Cross Society. After this we reorganized the Association and elected new officers for this year: Miss Belle Mitchell, president; Miss Mary Bradley, vice-president; and Miss Mary D. Murray, secretary and treasurer.

"Friday in chapel" means to the Normal girls the weekly half hour when those among us who are really musical share their appreciation with the rest. The program on November 2nd was especially enjoyed by the student body. Miss Evelyn Shipley sang from the oratorio "St. Paul" that beautiful selection, "I Will Sing of Thy Great Mercies," and was accompanied on the pipe organ by Mr. Scott-Hunter. Miss Annie Moran sang two

lovely little songs of Schumann's in the German. These renderings were marked by beauty of expression and by splendid voice control. The two instrumental selections were a Mendelssohn's "Song Without Words," by Miss Mary Wooten, and "Arabesque," by a Russian composer, played by Miss Vera Tucker. These numbers, showing as they did sympathetic interpretation, met with extensive appreciation.

On November 9th our musical program was begun by Miss Marguerite Brawley, who played "An Indian Tale" with skill and charm of interpretation. Following this, Miss Mary Howell interpreted two of Edward MacDowell's selections from his "Woodland Sketches." In both selections, "To the Water Lily," and "Uncle Remus," she showed a fine appreciation of the work of this greatest of American pianists. Following this Miss Rawlins sang "Die Maenicht," by Brahms, accompanied by Miss Katherine M. Severson. The beauty and perfect control of Miss Rawlins' voice was accentuated by rare self-possession and naturalness. Miss Sarah All completed the program, playing Chopin's "Impromptu in A flat," in which she displayed her usual fine musical talent.

During the week of November 12-17 we have been trying to get that touch of fellowship that makes the whole world kin, that touch of brotherhood the world round. We have been especially fortunate in securing speakers for our chapel exercises.

Since the week of November 12-17 was the Y. W. C. A. world-wide week of fellowship, our chapel exercises were in charge of Misses Scales and Read.

On November 12th Mr. Elmore, a native of Nebraska, who has spent many years in India and who is now

working among the soldiers at Camp Greene, brought us a message of fellowship in camps and fellowship in India, both of which, said Mr. Elmore, come through service. Our special music was a beautiful arrangement of the well-known hymn, "Just as I Am," sung by Miss Severson.

On November 14th, Miss Mary Gordon made us a splendid talk on fellowship in South America. After very cleverly presenting the history and conditions of South America, she told us something of the life of the South American woman. She then presented to us our opportunity for brotherhood with our near neighbors. Miss Lura Lulsdorf, of the music faculty, very beautifully sang the special selection, "Arise, Oh Jerusalem."

Miss Boddie Entertains the Granddaughters

Each year there come to the college a larger number of its granddaughters. This year there are ten. On the evening of November . . . they were the honored guests of Miss Boddie's dinner party, given at the chrysanthemum show in the West Market Street Church. The hostess provided car tickets for the party—for convenience, she said. The dinner was indeed a treat, with the following menu:

Turkey and Dressing	
Fried Oysters	Creamed Potatoes
Cranberry Sauce	
Bread, Crackers	Coffee, Tea
Ice Cream	Cake

This was characteristic indeed of those pleasant parties which Miss Boddie so often gives the girls.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Miss Ruth Kernodle, our last year's president of Student Government, was with us as leader of our Sunday evening services on October 21st. Miss Kernodle, who is doing work

with the Young Women's Christian Association near the camps at Petersburg, Va., brought home to our minds and hearts in a very vivid and forceful way the conditions and needs of young women and girls around the camps. Her talk also made us feel at the same time our responsibility of living up to the biggest and noblest ideals of well-poised womanhood.

The Recognition Service

"What are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng?"

Girls in white, carrying lighted candles. It is the recognition service of the Y. W. C. A.

The service, always beautiful, was more impressive than usual this year, for the girls knew that they were becoming a part of an organization which has not only a wonderful past, but which is playing, and is to play, such an important part in the great world work of this generation.

The candles seemed to carry a two-fold meaning. They are significant of the "Father of Lights, in whom there is no shadow," and, too, they seem to signify the home fires which these vestal virgins are to keep burning during these days of great changes, the fires of love, purity, strength, and fellowship to all mankind.

Blue Ridge

At 6:30 on November 7th, the curtains rose and the prayer meeting attendants saw the sleeping porch of the Normal cottage at Blue Ridge. The bugle aroused the sleepers, who after various comments on the beautiful mountains towering in the morning mist, went off to breakfast. The next scene of the day at Blue Ridge was the interesting veranda scene so characteristic of the life at Blue Ridge Conference. After going to the dining room, "Miss Kath-

erine Hawes" made the announcements and various Blue Ridge songs were sung. The quiet hour scene was also representative of various stunts, such as the orchestra which the Normalites organized while at Blue Ridge. The close fellowship feeling so evident in our family at Blue Ridge was shown as the girls gathered around the evening fireside to share with one another their biggest thoughts and impressions of the day. Between two scenes, Miss Marie Lineberger spoke for a few minutes very impressively on the "Spirit of Blue Ridge."

Miss Fort, who was with us at Blue Ridge, added much to the life and merriment of the "Day at Blue Ridge" by her witty remarks and sayings.

War Friendship Fund Campaign

On November 12th the war fund of the State Normal College students amounted to \$4,628, and it is expected that at the end of the campaign the amount will reach \$5,000, or more. President Foust asked the students to state in writing just what sacrifices they were planning to make in order to meet their pledges, as he had asked in the beginning that the gifts be made through some sacrifice. He didn't ask that the girls sign their names to these statements, unless they wished to do so, and many of them did not, and so they are not known by names the different girls who denied themselves in order to give what they could to the great fund.

Last night a reporter from the News looked through those letters, and thought what a story they would make if they could all be published, and was impressed with their splendid spirit, and it wasn't just the little luxuries that they were giving up, those things that are desirable but that can be spared without discomfort; they gave up without hesitation what would

seem to be almost the necessities. The thoughts of new clothes were cast aside, dresses, suits, coats, everything that they could possibly do without, and the checks meant for them were unselfishly given. And there were the girls who promised to have the old suits cleaned and pressed, so that they would "do" another year, and the old hats are to be retrimmed, and the shoes can be worn again, too. And there was one girl who wanted furs, a luxury to be sure, but so desirable. That money has been turned in, too, because it is so much more important that the soldiers be comfortable. Almost without exception, the students offered to do without some article of dress.

Many of them aren't going to buy any more drinks at the drug stores, or candy, and they will give up their trips to the grocery stores, and they won't buy any more lunches from the lunch room at the training school. They are not even going to the picture shows this term; and something they have looked forward to for a long time, they won't attend the Russian Symphony concerts. They are entitled to go to one of these concerts, but most of them want to attend both. One girl says, "the sacrifice that hurts most, though amounting to little, is the price of the second Russian Symphony concert, to which I have been looking forward since I came."

Graduating dresses are things to be looked forward to, and to plan for, and yet two of the Seniors won't have graduating dresses at commencement. And just now, right after initiation, all of the new society members have been looking forward to wearing their pins. They are proud of their societies and this badge on them means much, and yet thirty girls will give the money they would have spent for these pins to the war work fund. One of these girls wrote: "Instead of

buying the pin I will gladly give the small sum to the fund. The pin is a real sacrifice, for I love my society very dearly, and had been eager to own a pin."

There are so many that have an appeal. The sacrifices seem to be made so willingly, even eagerly. Many have promised all their spending money, one will write home only once a week instead of every day and will ask that the home folks do the same. Week-end trips home or to relatives will be much less frequent. The Thanksgiving boxes this year will be few, and as the girls have no holiday at this time, the good things mean much to them. One girl says, "I have determined not to buy another car ticket this year." Many are giving up this little luxury. Saturday night at the Normal is the only night that the girls are free from study, and it is usually a night of feasting, but they are going to stop having it so, many of them, and the fund will gain this money also.

Many students have borrowed money to meet their pledges, and will pay it back out of their first salary next year, and one will work during the summer to meet hers.

Somehow the sacrifice that has an especial appeal, is that of the girls

who won't go home for Christmas this year. There are ten of these. The holidays are the times looked forward to almost from the beginning of the school year, the happiest times of the year, one might say, especially for college girls, their one long vacation before commencement. And yet these have given up this pleasure. One writes, "having before sacrificed everything else, I am now sacrificing my trip home Christmas." She tells it so simply, and yet one knows what it means. Then there are those who will give the money usually spent in buying Christmas presents, and they will ask their people instead of giving them presents to give them the money instead, so that this also may be added to the fund.

And it wasn't all decided in a night. The air has been full of the spirit for two days. One girl who has two brothers in the army has realized for some time that the time for sacrifice would probably come, and since the beginning of the term she has been saving money on car fare, drinks at the drug store, etc.

This is the character of the fund which the girl students of North Carolina at the State Normal College turn in for work among the soldiers.—*Greensboro Daily News.*



Goin' Home

Goin', goin', goin', to the station!
 Here's Christmas come
 Again—blissful expectation.
 O leave all rules behind us,
 For they cannot come our way
 To where the train's a-coalin'
 Up that takes us home today.

We're goin' home, we're goin' home!
 Our train is in the yard,
 And don't delay, be up and away!
 For to wait is mighty hard.

They'll turn us out at the station,
 Home, in cold and wet and rain,
 A-wearing our best coats and hats,
 But we will not complain.
 We may all take pneumonia—for
 That is just the way,
 But a fig for colds and chilblains!
 Girls! we're goin' home today!

Goin', goin', let's all give a cheer!
 Here's to Normal College—the while
 That we're not here,
 The faculty and students—all
 Who've got to stay—
 St. Nicholas, don't forget 'em,
 Whoop! we're going home today!

Ruby Sisk, '19, Cornelian.

Normal Specials

Freshman (to Social Service Chairman of Y. W. C. A.): "What will I have to do to join the Civil Service Committee? I want to join."

Senior to Freshman: "Where are you going in such a hurry?"

Freshman: "I have got to go over to the infirmary to evaporate again."

German faculty (to Freshman who had just fallen in the snow): "Was ist los?"

Freshman: "O, I didn't lose anything except my feet, thank you."

French faculty (to class): "At Christmas and other special times the fountains are allowed to play."

Interested student: "This Christmas the fountains in Marseilles will play the Marseillaise, won't they?"

Freshman (to Junior sister): "Do we have to get permission to go home Christmas?"

Senior (to Freshman): "What is your idea of happiness?"

Freshman: "Nothing to do and lots of time to do it in."

Senior (teaching T. S. History): "Kenneth, can you tell me in what battle Nelson was killed?"

Kenneth (thoughtfully): "In his last, I think."

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ORGANIZATIONS

The Student Self-Government Association

Lucile Reams	President	Lucy Crisp	Secretary
Victoria Mial	Vice-President	Rouss Hayes	Treasurer

Marshals

Chief—Dorothy Phelps, Sumter, S. C.

Cornelian

Margaret H. George	Alleghany County
Sue Ramsey Johnston	Gaston County
Margaret McIver	Moore County
Katherine Phillips	Edgecombe County
Edith Russell	Wake County

Adelphian

Eleanor Robertson	Robeson County
Susie Brady	Mecklenburg County
Laura Linn Wiley	Rowan County
Mary Wooten	Edgecombe County
Arnette Hathaway	Perquimans County

Literary Societies

Adelphian and Cornelian Societies—Secret Organizations

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Winnie Leach	Vice-President	Frances Walker	Critic
Annie Bell Harrington	Secretary	Laura Linn Wiley	Cheer Leader

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Macy Parham	President	Bessie Boyd	Treasurer
Jennie Kirkpatrick	Vice-President	Ruby Sisk	Critic
Margaret Harris	Secretary	Bessie Stacy	Cheer Leader

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LaRue McGlohon	Vice-President	Natalie Coffee	Critic
Sybil Barrington	Secretary	Henrietta Alston	Cheer Leader

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Grace Rice	Vice-President	Mary Blair	Critic
Helen Eskridge	Secretary	Mildred Barrington	Monitor
Kathleen Mosley	Treasurer	Josephine McCorkle	Cheer Leader

Y. W. C. A.

Ruth Reade	President	Mary Johnson	Secretary
Mary Gordon	Vice-President	Veritas Sanders	Treasurer

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Martha Speas	Junior Vice-President	Mary Nell Hartman	Secretary
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Elizabeth Jones	Freshman Vice-President	Ruby Sisk	Critic

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